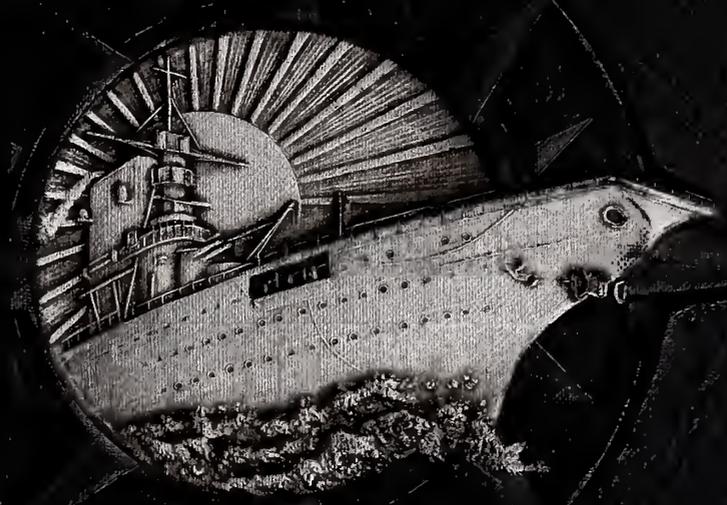


BAG



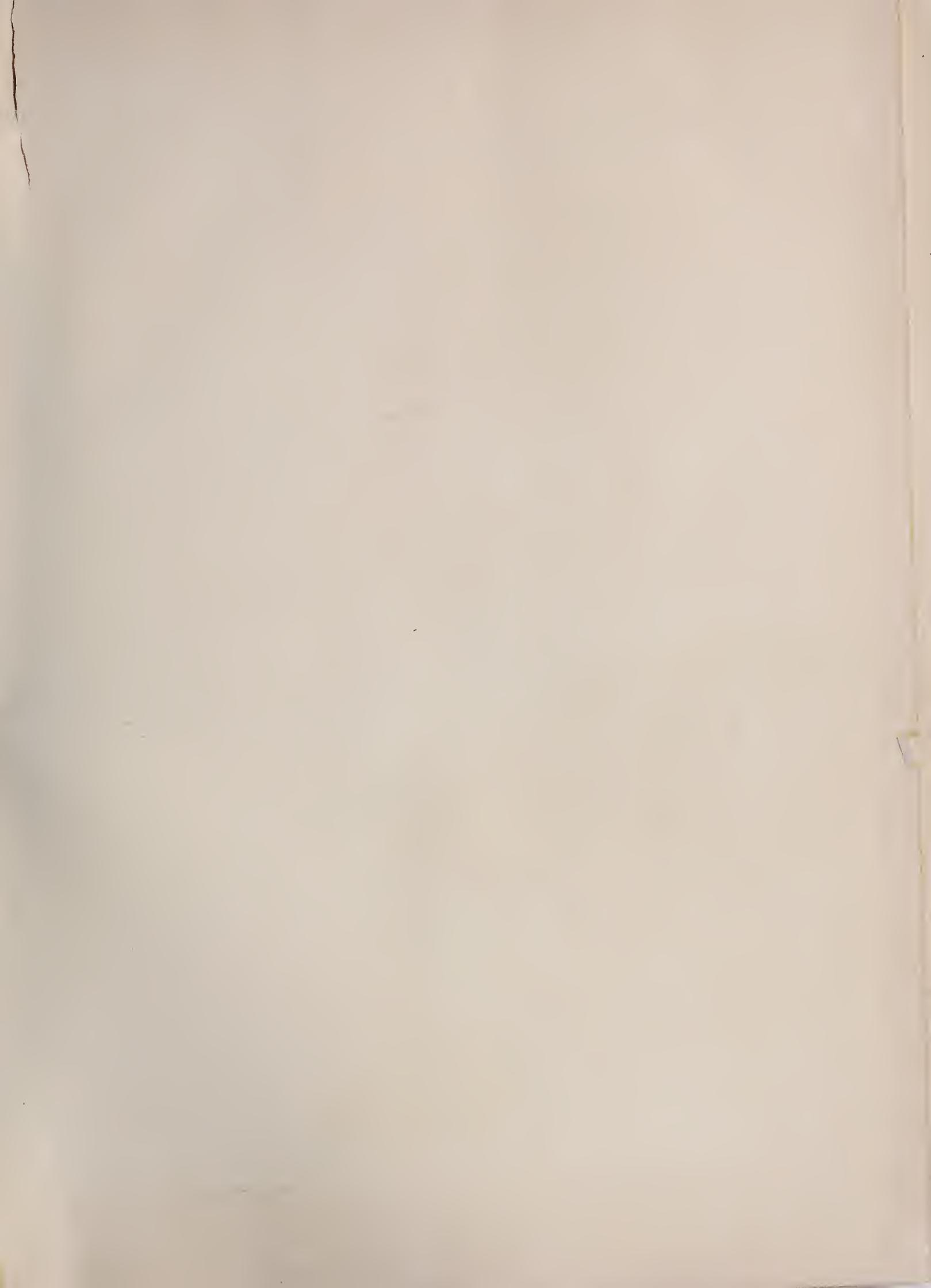
22

MR. AND MRS. STOKES







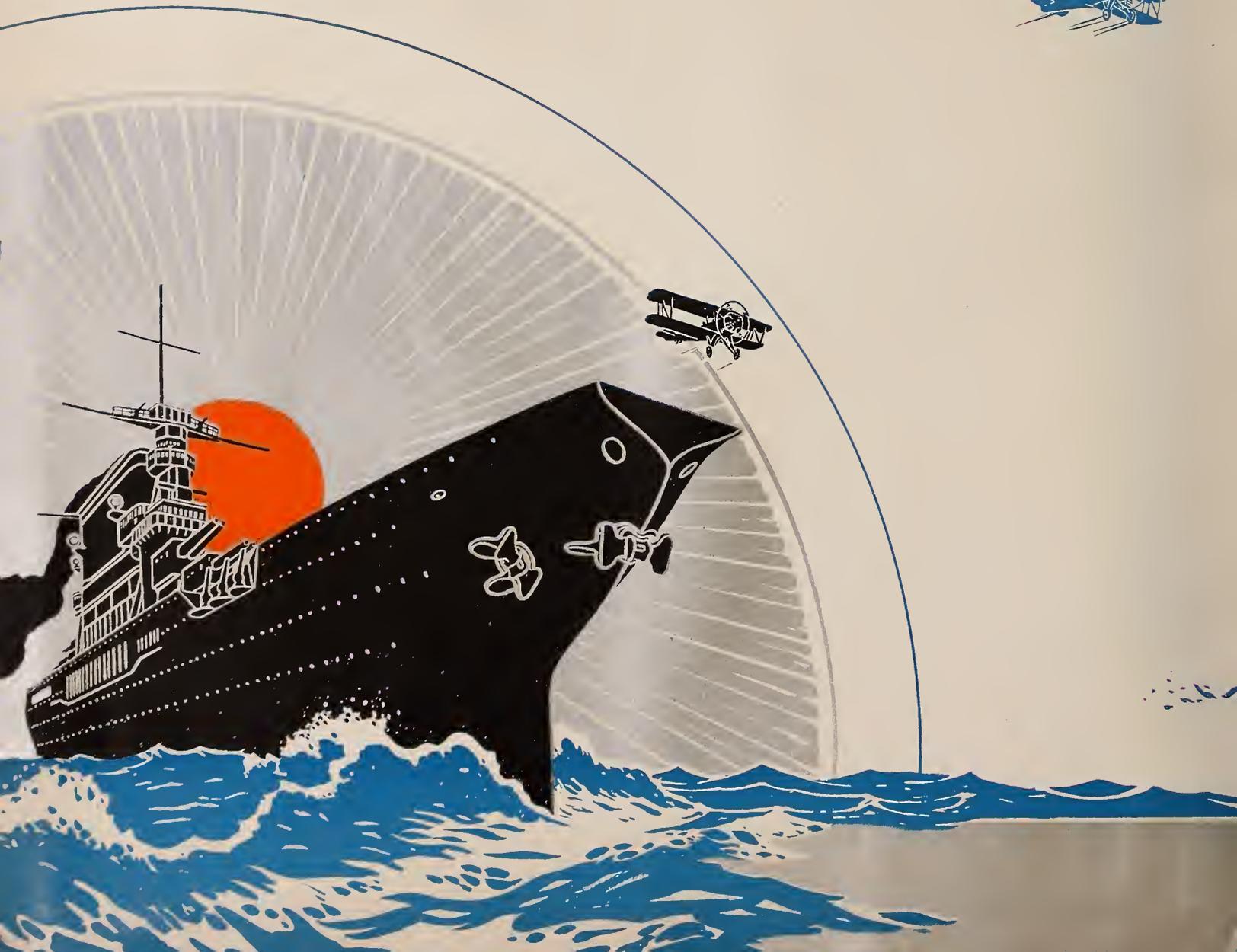


C O P Y R I G H T

1 9 3 2

A. G. WARD
EDITOR

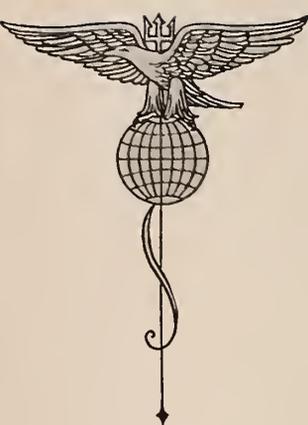
R. T. SIMPSON
BUSINESS MANAGER



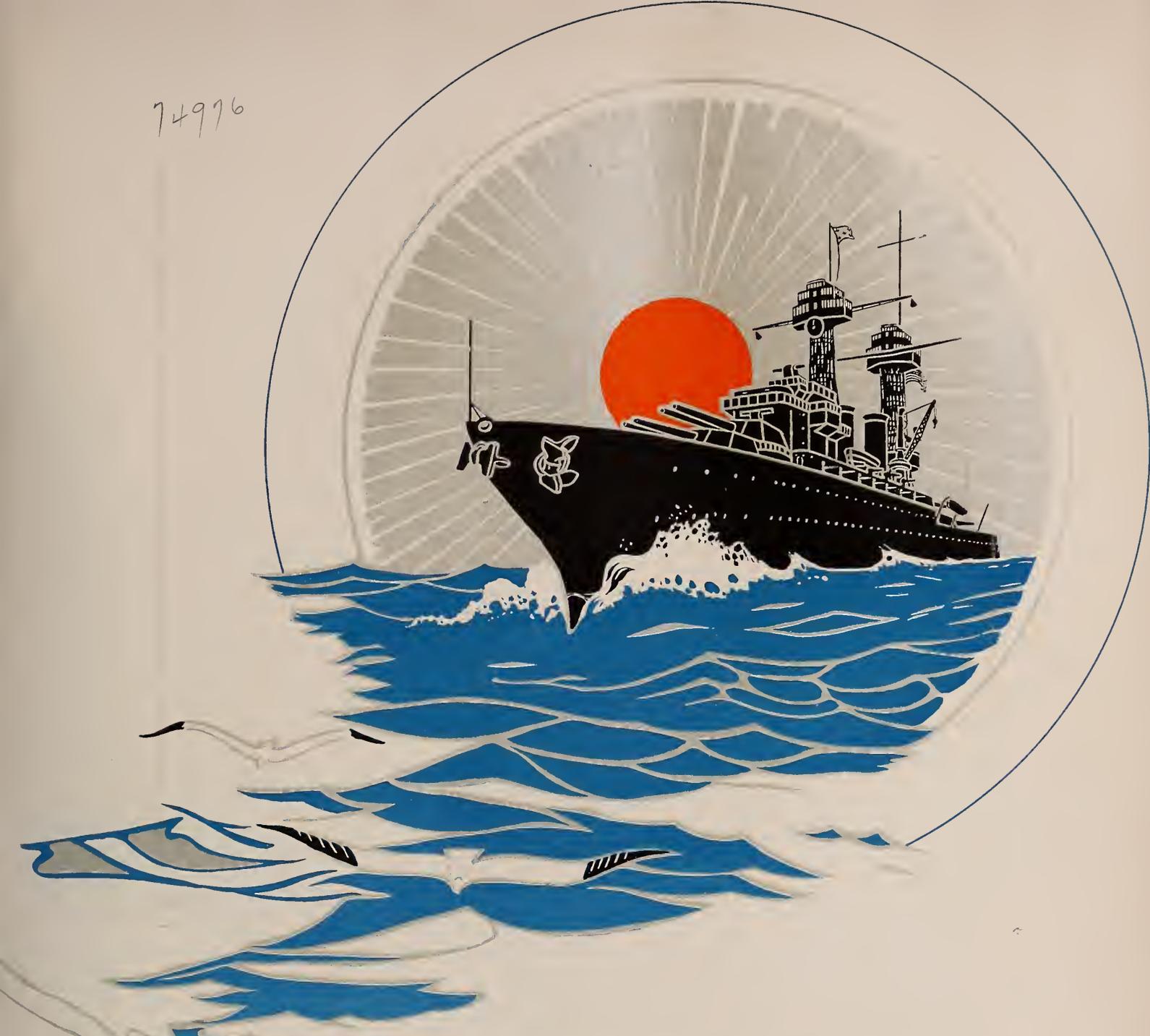


HIS IS THE NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY TWO

LUCKY BAG
OF THE SERVICE



74976



THE NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY TWO

LUCKY BAG OF THE SERVICE

THE ANNUAL OF
THE REGIMENT
OF MIDSHIPMEN

**UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY**
ANNAPOLIS • MARYLAND





THE MISSISSIPPI TURRET EXPLOSION

After the chaos that followed the accidental turret explosion on the Mississippi, Lieutenant Zellars was found grasping the flood valve which extinguished a burning powder train and saved his ship. Flaming death was not as swift as his sense of duty and his will to save his comrades at any cost to himself. His was the spirit that makes the Service live.

We give you
THE SERVICE!

 AN INSTITUTION COMPOUNDED NOT
ALONE OF SEAS SHIPS, AND SALUTES, BUT
A DOMAIN A THRILL WITH
MANY WIDELY VARYING DUTIES
PRIVILEGES AND OPPORTUNITIES,
WITH MOMENTS OF SUDDEN
TENSE DRAMA AND UNSUNG
DEEDS OF HEROISM AND
SELF SACRIFICE INSPIRED
NOT BY THE HEAT OF
MARTIAL EMERGENCY, BUT
BY THE DICTATES OF
THAT UNSLEEPING NAVAL
ALTER-EGO WHICH MAKES
US EVER A PART AND
PROTECTOR OF



 The
SERVICE







F O R E W O R D

WHEN MEN GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS OF OUR NAVY, THEY ENTER A DOMAIN AS BOUNDLESS AS EARTH ITSELF. FROM POLE TO POLE, FROM TROPIC TO TROPIC, ON THE WATER, UNDER THE WATER, AND IN THE AIR, THE SERVICE IS A REALM VASTLY COLORFUL, PROLIFIC WITH ITS OWN PAGEANTRY OF EXISTENCE. FROM "ANCHORS AWEIGH" SOFTLY ORCHESTRATED FROM THE GAY FORECASTLE OF THE BATTLE-WAGON TO A SUNSET IN THE ORIENT; FROM PROUD CHARTINGS OF FIRE CONTROL TO SUDDEN CHALLENGES OF DISASTER AND EQUALLY SUDDEN HEROISMS; FROM A FRIGID WATCH TO A GALVANIZING SOS AND A SWIFT CIRCUMVENTION OF HUMAN TOLL--HERE, INDEED, IS THE SPICE OF LIFE A HUNDREDFOLD. NO SINGLE VOLUME CAN ADEQUATELY PAINT THE MULTI-PATTERNED PICTURE OF THE SERVICE; THE EDITORS HAVE, IN THIS LUCKY BAG, SIMPLY SKETCHED A FEW GRAPHIC IMPRESSIONS WHICH WILL IN SOME MEASURE HELP TO PASS THE SERVICE IN REVIEW.

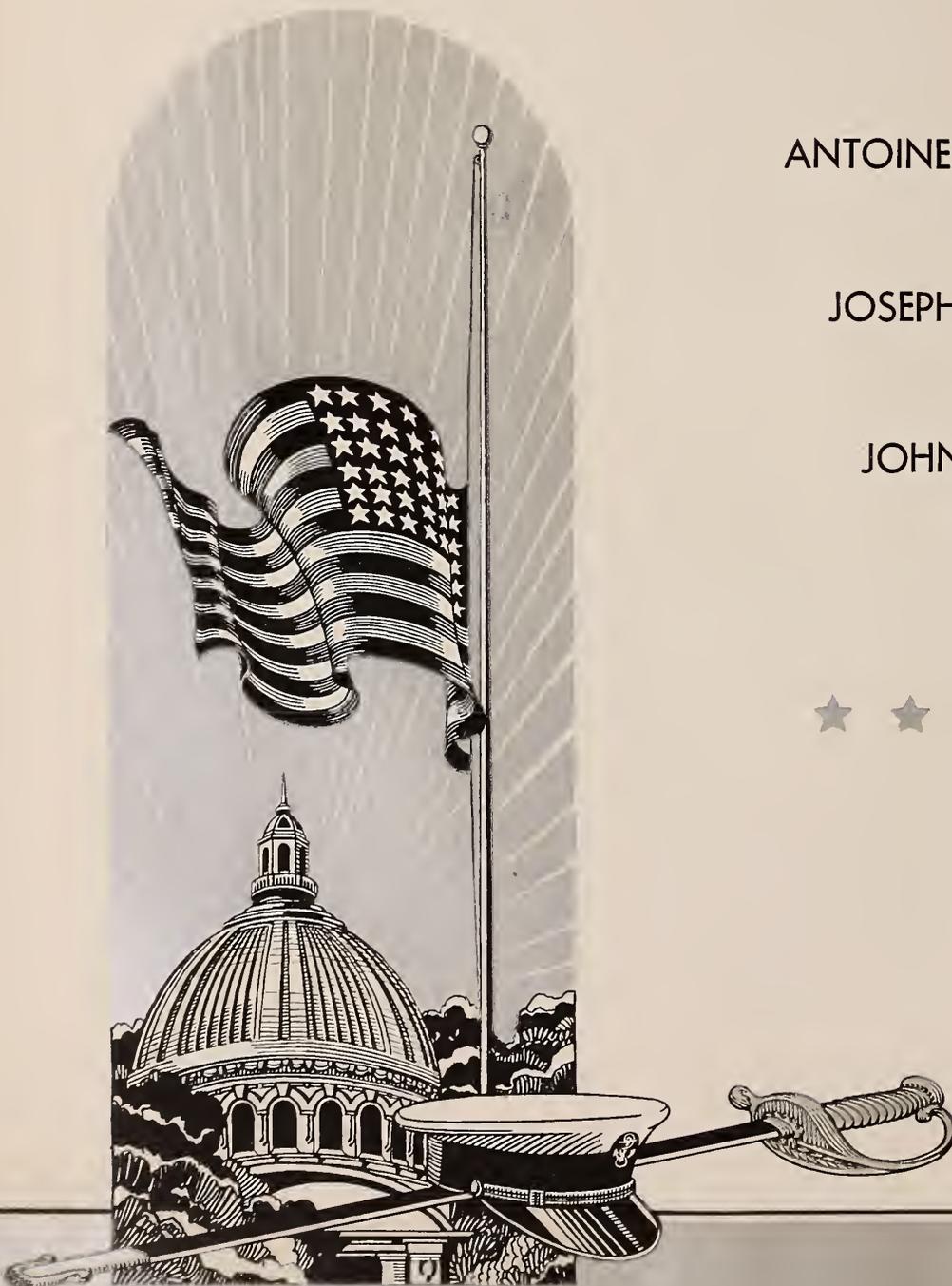


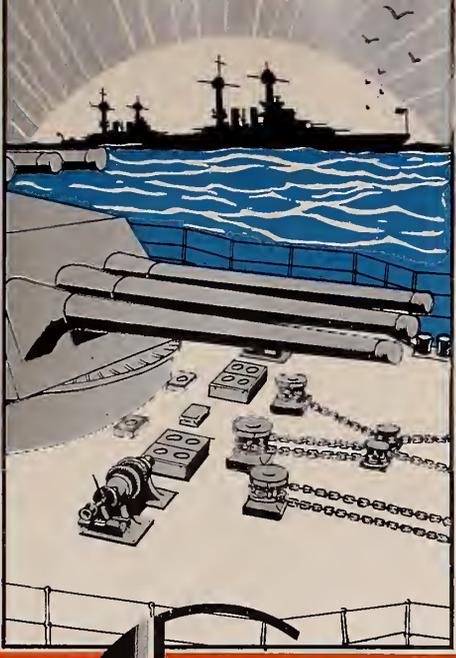
In Memoriam

ANTOINE NEILL BOHLINGER, Jr.
1908 • 1929

JOSEPH CLYDE READER, Jr.
1909 • 1931

JOHN PAUL JONES, Jr.
1908 • 1932





C O N T E N T S

T H E Y A R D

ADMINISTRATION

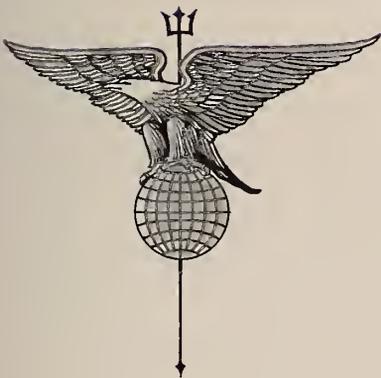
BIOGRAPHIES

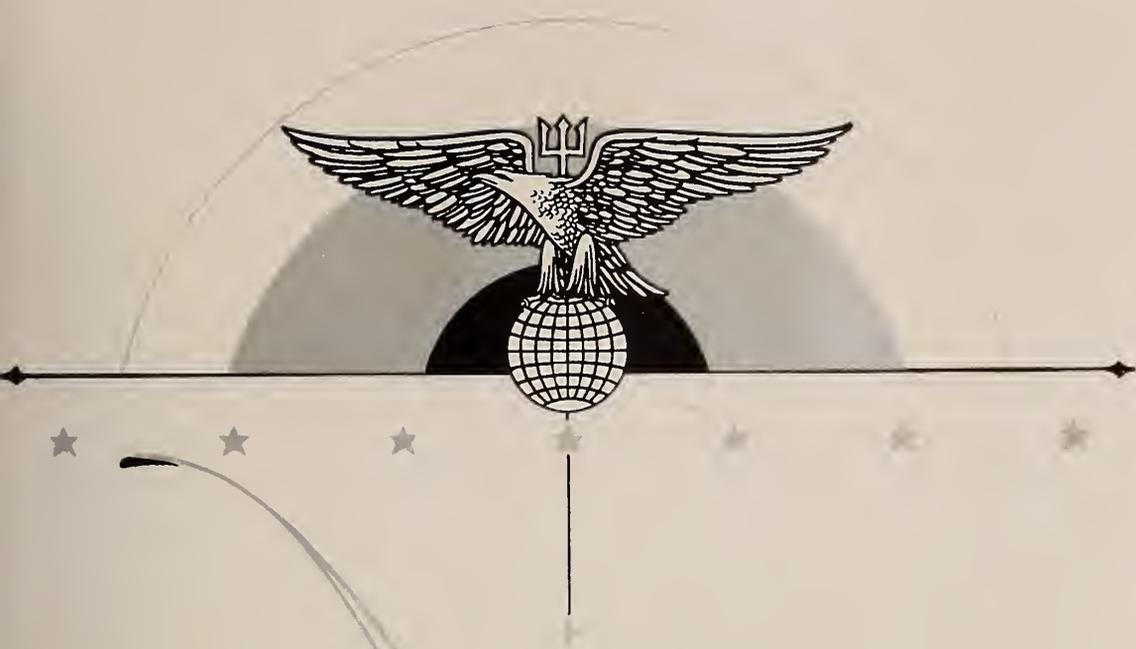
CLASS HISTORY

J U N E W E E K

A C T I V I T I E S

A T H L E T I C S





N

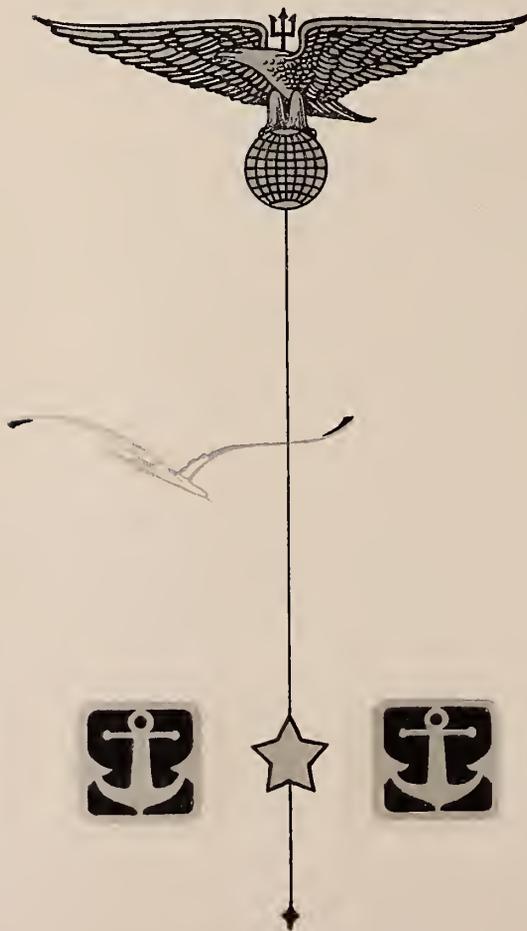
ANKING IN 1927





Nanking in 1927 ...

WANTON destruction and sudden death as warfare rages through an ancient Chinese city. American refugees send distress calls to a man-of-war in the harbor. Ensign Phelps and a small landing force rush to aid them, and succeed in covering their retreat to the city wall. Here, aided by a protecting screen of shells from the warship, they scale the wall with hand-made ropes and successfully complete their dash to safety.

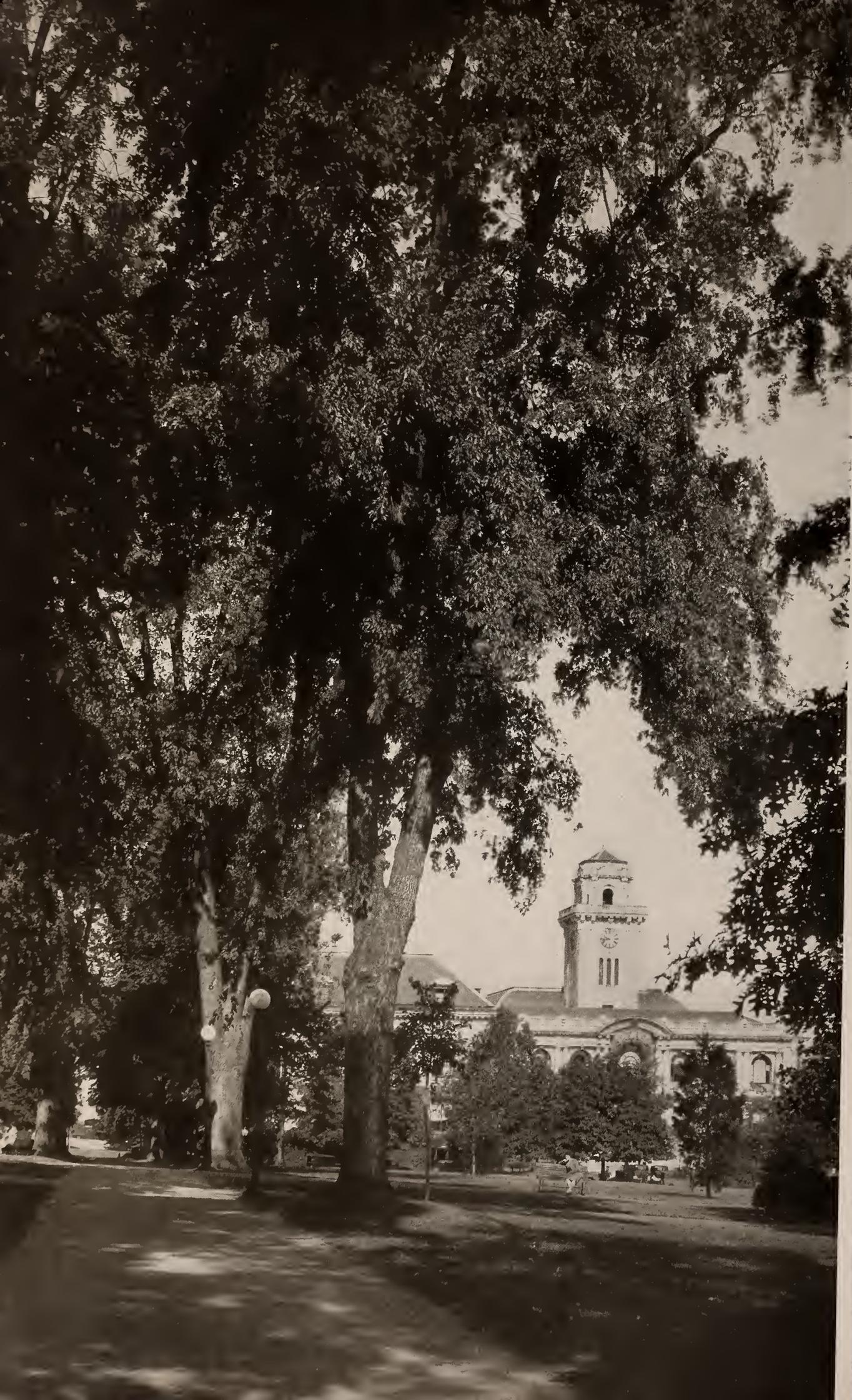




THE YARD



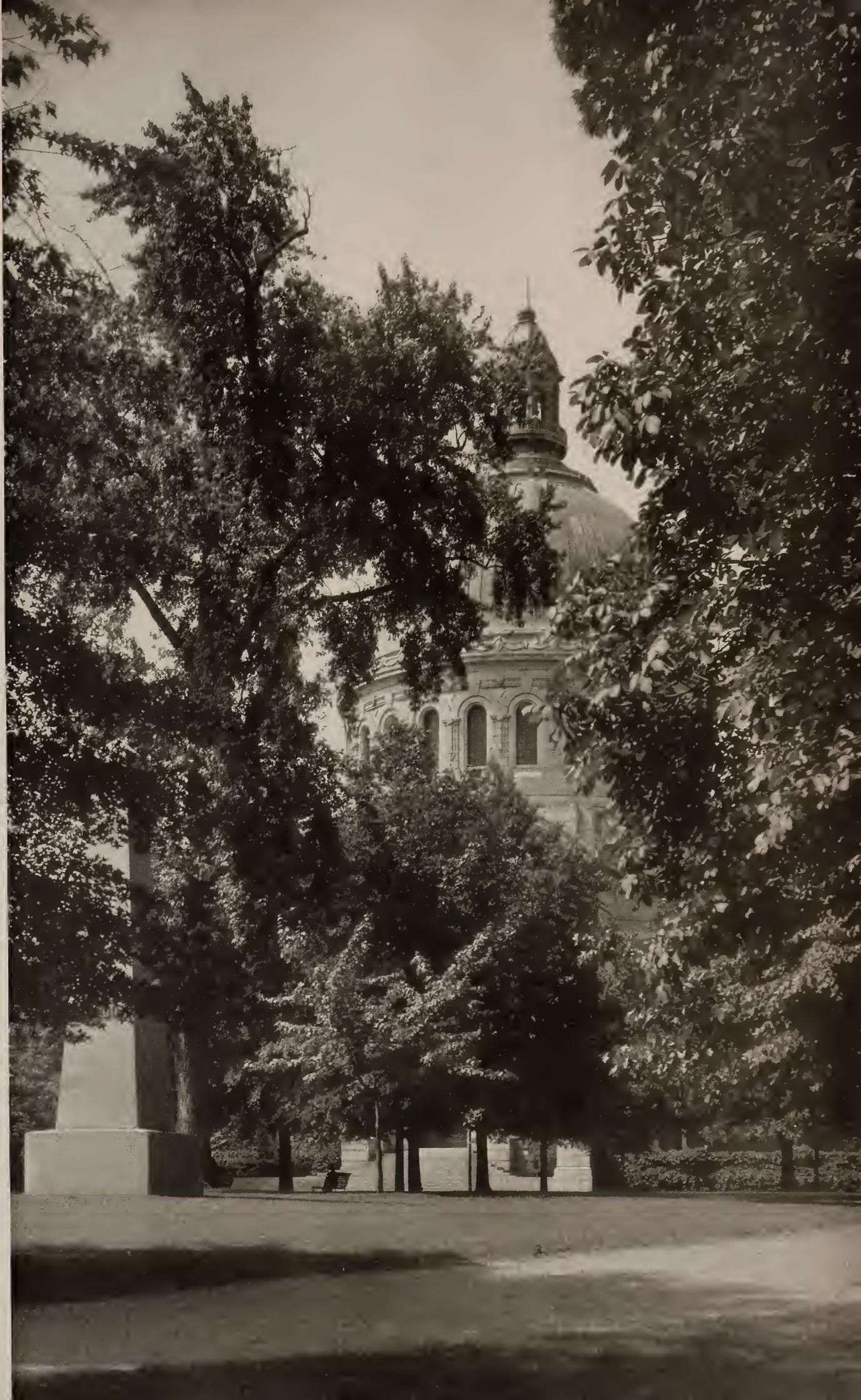




The
ACADEMIC
GROUP



The
CHAPEL





DAHLGREN
HALL



WINTER



MEMORIAL
HALL



The
CRYPT

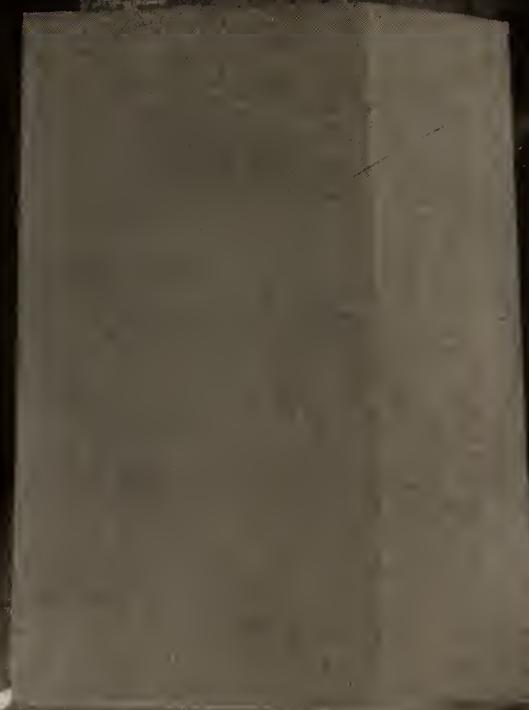




The
OFFICERS'
CLUB



TECUMSEH





BANCROFT
HALL



HUBBARD
HALL



DAHLGREN
HALL



BANCROFT
HALL





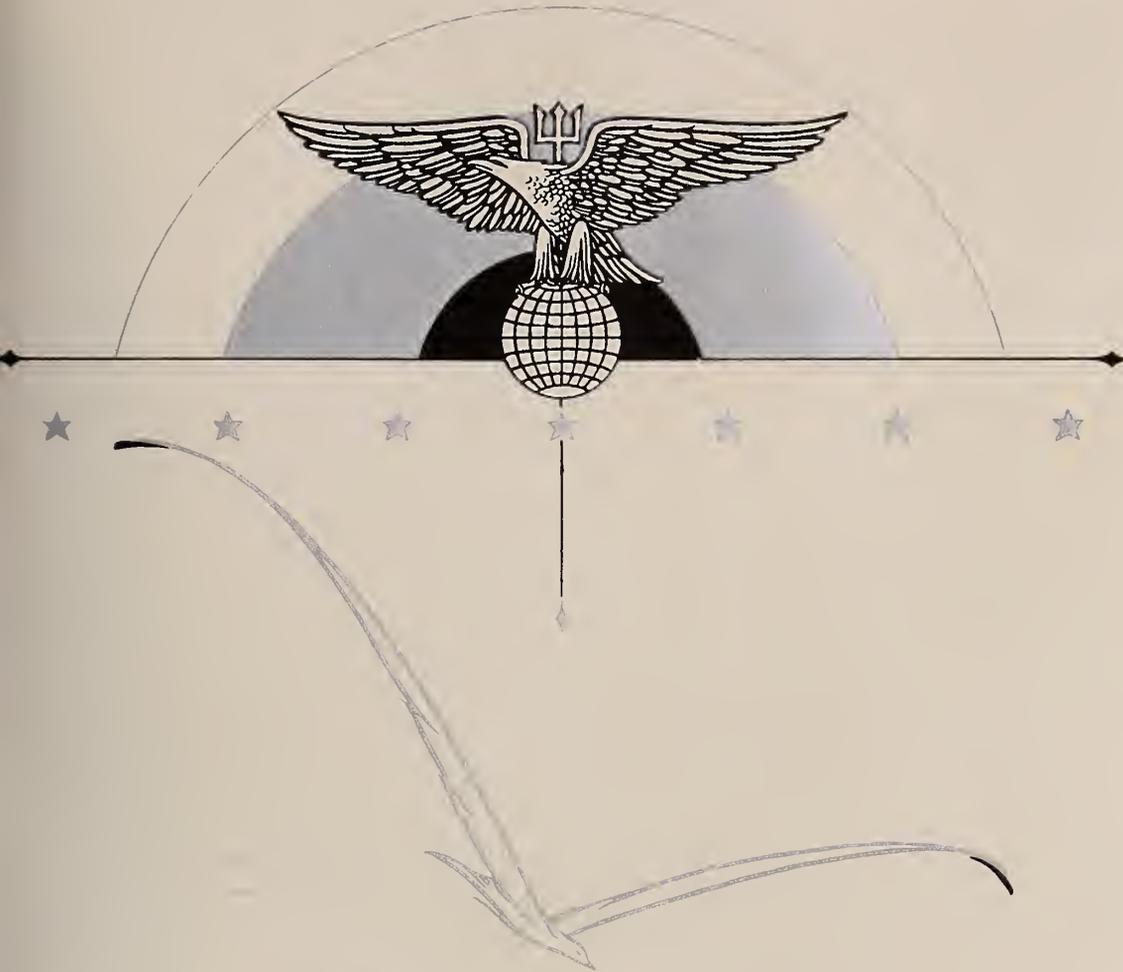
MAHAN
HALL



The
CHAPEL







I HE RESCUE OF
THE VINH LONG

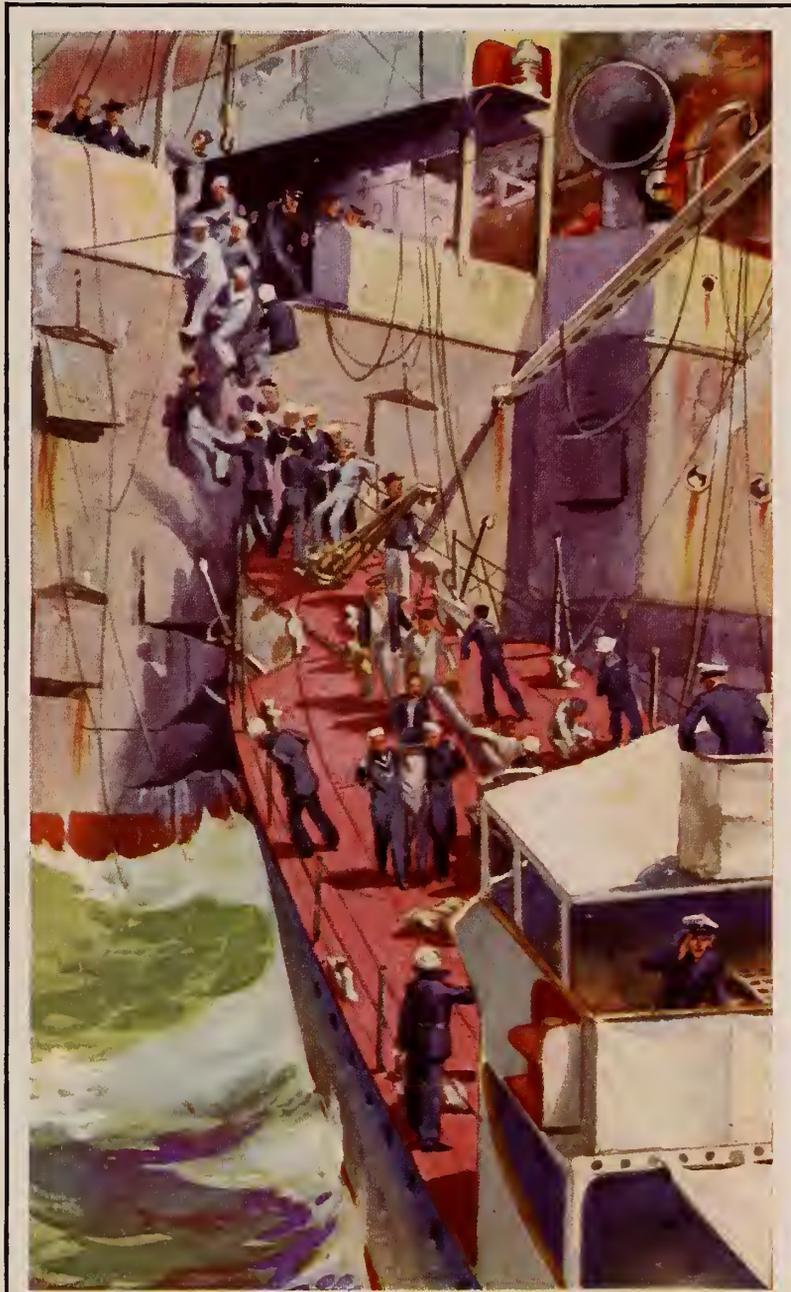




The Rescue of the Vinh Long...

CIRCLING the blazing French ammunition ship, Vinh Long, in the sea of Marmora, the destroyer Bainbridge tried desperately to get a line aboard. Meeting confusion and failure, her commander, Atley Edwards, unhesitatingly rammed the stricken ship and despite the bursting ammunition and exploding gasoline held this precarious position until every man had clambered over the side to his decks and to safety.





ADMINISTRATION



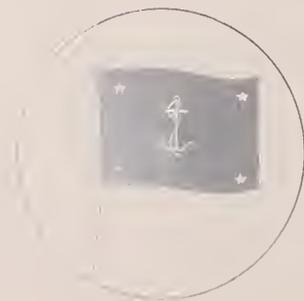


HERBERT CLARK HOOVER
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
Commander in Chief





CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS
Secretary of the Navy



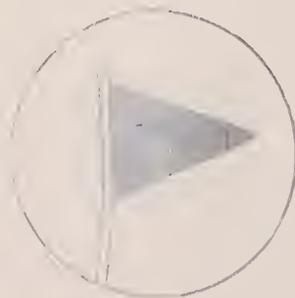


ADMIRAL THOMAS C. HART
Superintendent





CAPTAIN H. D. COOKE
Commandant of Midshipmen





COMMANDER W. W. SMITH
Executive Officer





FIRST BATTALION
 LT. COMDR. GLANN
 LT. SMITH
 LT. CRUZEN



SECOND BATTALION
 COMDR. HILL
 LT. THACH
 LT. O'REAR



THIRD BATTALION
 LT. COMDR. GREEMAN
 LT. BOLTON
 LT. (J. G.) HAYS

FOURTH BATTALION
 COMDR. COOPER
 LT. SWANSTON
 LT. (J. G.) FOLK



COMDR. KING
*Assistant to
 Executive*





*First Row: HILL, McRITCHE, W. W. SMITH, COOKE, SCHUMANN, COOPER, KING
Second Row: DeTREVILLE, BOLTON, SWANSTON, GLANN, GREENMAN, McMILLIN, THACH, HAYS
Third Row: THOMPSON, CALLAGHAN, CRUZEN, FOLK, O'REAR, R. H. SMITH, PHILLIPS, WRIGHT, ELDRD, CROSELY*

Executive Department

THE mission of the Naval Academy is to mold the material received into educated gentlemen, thoroughly indoctrinated with honor, uprightness, and truth, with practical rather than academic minds, with thorough loyalty to country, with a groundwork of educational fundamentals upon which experience afloat may build the finished naval officer, capable of upholding whenever and wherever may be necessary the honor of the United States; and withal giving due consideration that healthy minds in healthy bodies are necessities for the fulfillment of the individual missions of the graduates; and that the fullest efficiency under this mission can be obtained only if, through humane yet firm and just discipline, the graduates carry into the service respect and admiration for this academy.



First Row: DuBOSE, HINCKLEY, DAUBIN, STEVENS, WOLFE, HOOGEWERFF, GRASSIE
Second Row: SUITS, MEADOWS, LOWRY, RUSSELL, GREENSLADE, MACLEAN
Third Row: DEUTERMANN, LANDSTREET, LAJEUNESSE, LANKENAU, HENSEL, CASSTEVENS
Fourth Row: SADLER, METZGER, YOUNGREN, MORGAN, KIRBY, DUNLEAVY, FOY, OLAVESSEN, BARBOT, STEVENSON

Seamanship and Flight Tactics

THE mission of the Department of Seamanship is primarily to help provide the broad foundations upon which the young officer may confidently build to become proficient in commanding men and ships; and secondarily to help provide him with such practical experience and knowledge as will enable him to become, soon after graduation, a useful member of the United States Navy.



COMDR. L. M. STEVENS
Head of Department



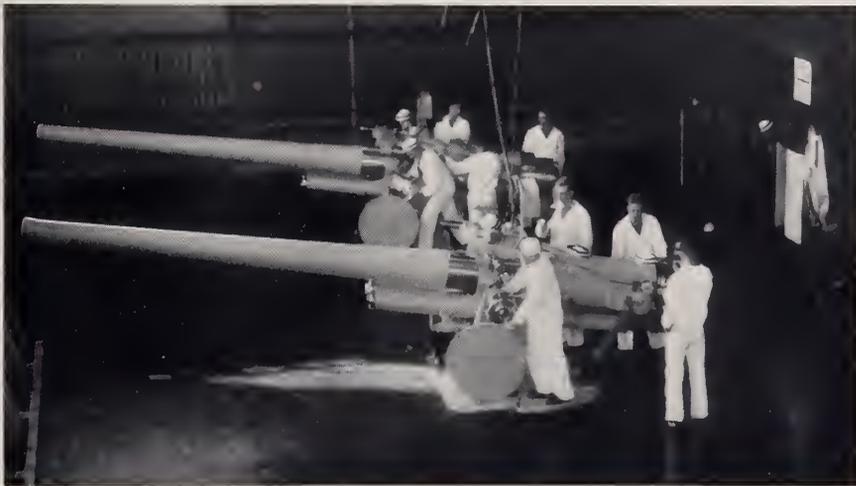


*First Row: LEAHY, PEYTON, REORDAN, ROBINSON, LAKE, WELCH, HITCHCOCK
 Second Row: STOUT, WOLLESON, ROANE, EVANS, BRYAN, RAMSEY, DAVIS
 Third Row: BULLINGER, BOLTZ, HALL, DANCY, HARTWIG, WINECOFF*

Ordnance and Gunnery

TO educate Officers with "practical rather than academic minds"—such is part of the mission of the Naval Academy. This distinction in terms of Gunnery language is the difference between hits and misses—success and failure—victory and defeat.

Ballistics, fire-control, torpedoes, mines—the long hours spent in study of these subjects may some day be well rewarded when in battle we hear sung out over JB "No Change—Rapid Fire!"



COMDR. C. R. ROBINSON
 Head of Department





*First Row: PATTERSON, O'BRIEN, BENSON, CALHOUN, LOGAN, GATCH, WILD
Second Row: JOHNSON, GEARING, BRITAIN, IRISH, KINCAID, ARNOLD, ABSON, AUSTIN, FLOYD*

Navigation

TO point the way between the sky and the sea from one port to another has been the duty of the navigator since history began. To insure the mastery of fundamental principles of navigation and to provide that, at graduation, ensigns will be prepared to perform navigational duties afloat is the aim of the Department of Navigation.



*CAPT. W. L. CALHOUN
Head of Department*

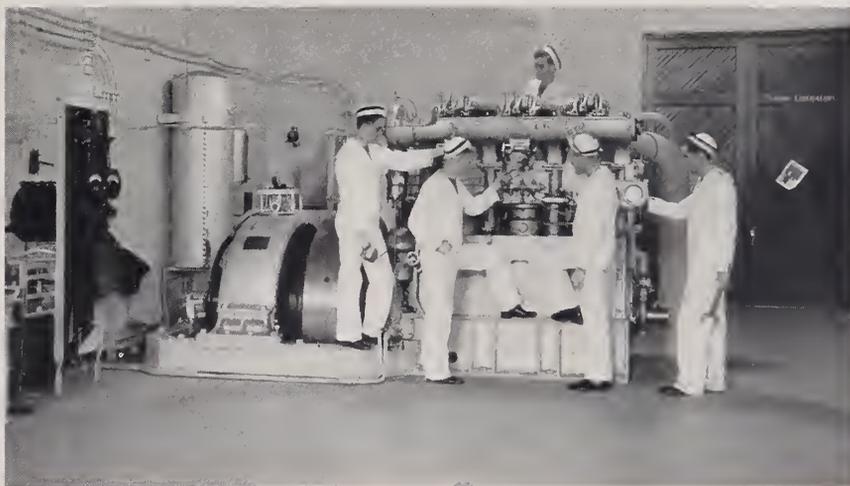




*First Row: BOLGIANO, WOOD, ERTZ, LEIGHTON, PENN, JOHNSON, BOOTH, HUTCHINSON, BENEZE
 Second Row: DOYLE, SCHULTEN, HOBBS, DECKER, CANDLER, EDGAR, MITCHELL, PETERSON, FARRELL
 Third Row: BELL, McCARTY, SHOUP, WRIGHT, BRYDON, CHRISTOPH, CRAIG, GOKEY, ZIMMERLI, MORRILL, DAVIS
 Fourth Row: HEDERMAN, CAMERON, STUART, GRAF, ODEN, McDOWELL, PAGE, MAGRUDER, BEAUMONT, RICHARDS*

Engineering and Aeronautics

A MAN-OF-WAR, be it a battleship, a submarine or an airplane, is a complex engineering machine. Intelligent operation requires supervision and direction by competent engineers. Proficiency in engineering drawing, a thorough study of basic mechanisms and structure and engineering materials, the theory and laws of gases and their application to power machinery, the development of a resourceful mind able to cope with intricate engineering problems—is the aim of the Department of Engineering and Aeronautics.



COMDR. A. M. PENN
 Head of Department

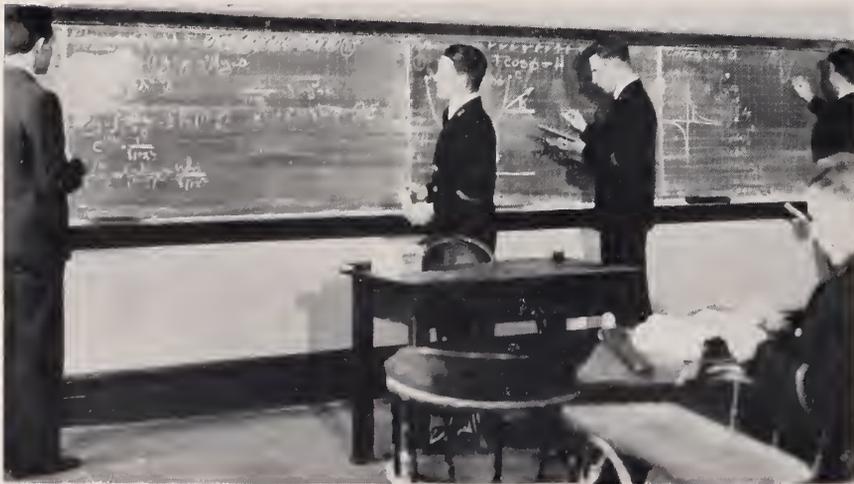




First Row: O'REGAN, EPPES, CAPRON, RICE, MCBRIDE, LEIPER, RUST, GALLOWAY, DILLINGHAM
Second Row: BACHMAN, BLAND, ROBERT, SCARBOROUGH, TYLER, CLEMENTS, MAYER, LAMB, CONRAD, WILSON, WOOD
Third Row: MAUPIN, KERN, KELLS, STOTZ, LYLE, HAWKINS, WINSLOW

Mathematics

MATHEMATICS at the Academy deals with exact relations existing between quantities or magnitudes and operations, and of the methods by which, in accordance with these relations, quantities sought are deducible from others known. The backbone of the Academics, it is the stern Goliath attacked daily by midshipmen with slide rule and pencil. Were it not for the existence of this ancient science and naval officers thoroughly versed in its intricacies, there could not be our Navy.



CAPT. L. B. MCBRIDE
Head of Department





First Row: UMSTED, NASH, CHANDLER, BADT, BARLEON, DASHIELL, ENGLISH, FEINEMAN, MULLINIX
Second Row: GRIESE, CANAN, PRATT, PATTERSON, FIELD, MCEATHRON, THOMSON, HOWARD, ROBINSON, DUVALL, NESSER
Third Row: WHEELER, MCFADDEN, FARRELL, THAYER, COLEY, HALL, DOE, NUTTER, CURLEY, CHANDLER
Fourth Row: MCLEAN, AGNEW, AUSTIN, MOOSBRUGGER, BASS, COFER, HAYTER, MANSEAU, MARSH, SOUTHWORTH, GRAY

Electrical Engineering and Physics

IT is the aim of the department of Electrical Engineering and Physics to acquaint the Midshipman with the fundamental laws and principles of chemical, physical, and electrical science so that when he leaves the Academy he will take with him a scientific habit of thought that will enable him to enlarge his professional knowledge and usefulness and to find the solutions to the technical problems that arise.



COMDR. J. S. BARLEON
Head of Department



First Row: MILLS, NORRIS, ELDER, WESTCOTT, ALDEN, McMORRIS, KRAFFT, HAMILTON, McCORMICK
Second Row: VERGE, BRERETON, LEWIS, PEASE, KELSEY, STURDY, MERRICK, FITCH, MYERS, DIETRICH, HOBBY
Third Row: WEST, OLIVER, COOK, DARDEN, DOTY

English and History

ENGLISH and History are seemingly far removed from the practical work of the future officer as he goes to the bridge, turret, spotting station, or engine room, yet they are fundamentally related to every activity he will have in the Navy where administration by spoken or written language is essential, and where he is equally concerned with traditions, great leaders, vitalizing ideas, and whatever gives significance to life.



PROFESSOR C. S. ALDEN
Head of Department





*First Row: COLTON, OLIVET, SHELLY, BEAUREGARD, FERNANDEZ, ZIROLI, FOURNON
 Second Row: LAJOYE, PURDIE, SCOGGINS, MAIGRET, WEAVER, C. V. FOWLER, WINCHELL, CHANLER, CASKIE, BEIGHTLER, HOLBROOK
 Third Row: COLDWELL, STARNES, CAMPBELL, SEWELL, MICHELET, JORDAN, DAHLGREN, WARE, SMITH, McPEAKE, J. W. FOWLER*

Modern Languages

IN the life of a naval officer, who as a class is the widest travelled of men, there come many times when a thorough knowledge of a foreign tongue is necessary and useful. To produce graduates who can converse with moderate ease upon normal subjects and service life in either French, Spanish, Italian or German is the aim of the Department of Modern Languages.



*COMDR. A. T. BEAUREGARD
 Head of Department*





*First Row: GIBBS, LACY, HENRY, OLD, RIDDICK, DURRETT, SNYDER
 Second Row: TAYLOR, BURR, GOODBODY, ZEARBAUGH, LOWRY, MILLS, FAUST, THOMAS, BAKER, BANCROFT
 Third Row: YANQUELL, OWSLEY, LYNCH, MORRIS, LAUGHLIN*

Hygiene

THE aim of the department is to provide a haven for minor ills and a place where major ills may be healed and to inculcate the essentials and habits of first aid, naval and personal hygiene and general sanitation, the great value of which it is essential that a commanding officer should appreciate in order to conserve the health and morale of his command.



*CAPT. E. H. H. OLD
 Head of Department*





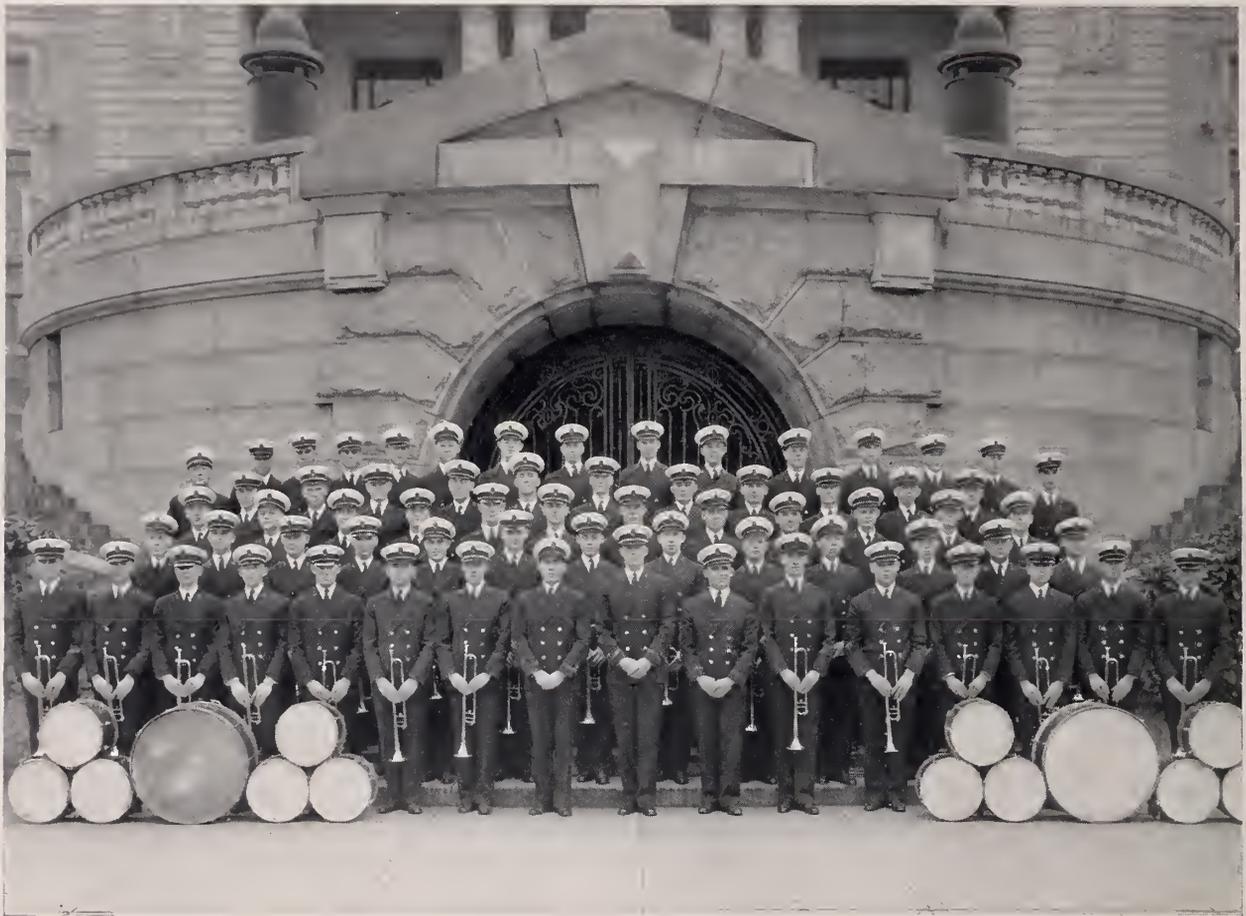
*First Row: MANG, HUGHES, BOWSTROM, HALL, WILCOX, OVERESCH, E. B. TAYLOR, THOMAS, SCHUTZ
 Second Row: WEBB, ORTLAND, FOSTER, WALSH, DOC SNYDER, SAZAMA, T. G. TAYLOR
 Third Row: DELADRIER, LYNCH, WILSON, AAMOLD, PIRROTE*

Physical Training

THE NAVAL ACADEMY is a school for real men. Every phase of physical effort from football to fencing and boxing is thoroughly organized and coached to develop the physical side of us all. The Regiment takes great pride in the many athletic victories won every year, which are a result of the great prowess and spirit of our teams and the untiring efforts of the Physical Training Department.



*CAPT. J. W. WILCOX
 Head of Department*



R. H. LAMBERT
Bugle Corps Commander

D. W. SHUMWAY
Bugle Corps Sub-Commander

R. E. GOODGAME
Mustering Petty Officer

Second Class

BRONSON, F. S.
BULLOCK, J. E.
CUNDIFF, C. A.
HATCHER, J. S.
KLOPP, J. A.
TUCKER, J. F.
ZIMMERMAN, R. P.

LAWRENCE, W. H.
MERRILL, R. B.
PAYNE, R. B.
PFOTENHAUER, F. D.
RISSE, R. D.
SCHNABLE, A. G.
SCHWARTZ, J. E.
SCHERER, D. A.
SCHRIVER, F. B.
WARE, C. L.
WOOD, R. L.

FINNIGAN, O. D.
GABBERT, J. S. C.
GAGE, N. D.
HINXMAN, C. E.
KAIL, R. B.
KINTZ, H. L.
LANGSTON, C. B.
MILLS, L. H.
NICHOLSON, R. F.
O'CONNELL, G. A.
OSTERGREN, N. M.
PETRIE, C. W.
RIEVE, E. V.
SANGER, K. J.
SARVER, V. W.
SCHACHT, K. G.
SCHOCK, L. L.
SCHROEDER, W. F.
SCHELBURNE, C. W.
WILSON, J. C. G.
WRIGHT, H. A.
WRIGHT, F. D.

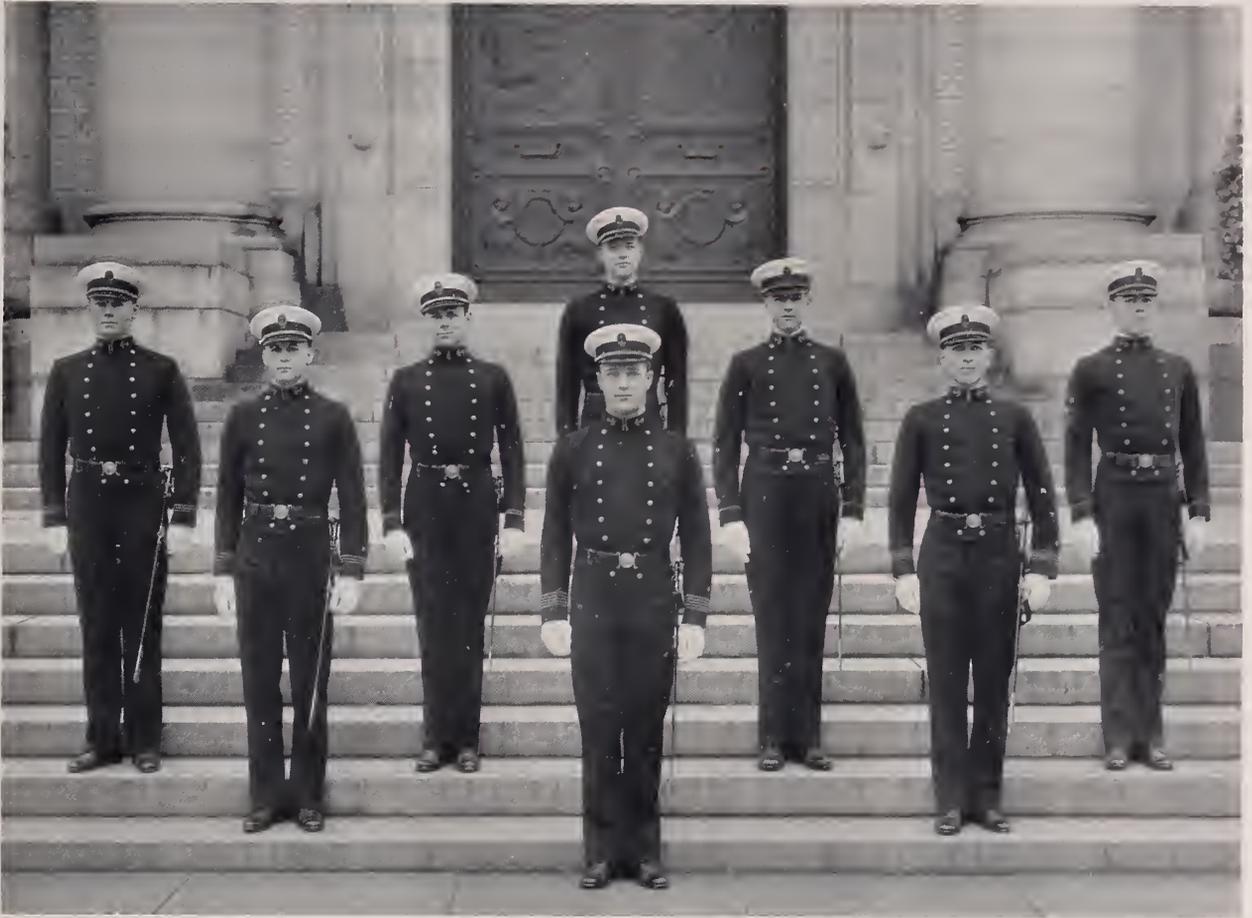
Third Class

ARTZ, G. E.
BUTTERWORTH, C. C.
BROCK, J. W.
CARTER, C. R.
CHENEY, W. H.
DICKY, J. L.
EDRINGTON, T. C.
FRULING, W. H.
GERLACH, C. H.
INGLING, A. L.
KLEPPINGER, L. H.
KRAPF, A. E.

Fourth Class

BROGGER, L. G.
BUCKEN, G. B.
CALDWELL, T. F.
CAMERON, G. R.
COFFIN, H. C.
DARWIN, F. A.
DETWEILER, L. M.
FARNELL, R. M.





REGIMENTAL STAFF

C. J. ODEND'HAL
Color Bearer (National)

H. E. SHELTON
*Regimental
Signal Officer*

H. SOSNOSKI
*Regimental
Commissary Officer*

G. W. JEWETT
*Color Bearer
(Regimental)*

J. C. WYLIE
*Regimental
Chief Petty Officer*

F. H. BRUMBY
Regimental Adjutant

C. J. WESCHLER
Regimental Sub-Commander

L. A. BRYAN
Regimental Commander





C. S. WILLARD
Battalion Commissary

G. W. BAILEY
Battalion Adjutant

J. B. DAVIS
Battalion Commander

P. W. PFINGSTAG
Battalion Sub-Commander

M. SILVERSTEIN
Chief Petty Officer

FIRST BATTALION



FIRST COMPANY

H. L. REITER

H. C. LOCKWOOD

E. K. PAYNE

T. M. FLECK
Platoon Commanders

C. L. FRAZER
Company Commander

L. W. SMYTH
Company Sub-Commander

H. G. MUNSON
Chief Petty Officer

F. M. GRAMLICH
Guidon Petty Officer

SECOND COMPANY

H. R. PRINCE

G. W. KEHL

E. D. HODGE

J. H. KUHL
Platoon Commanders

E. W. HURST
Company Commander

H. R. BRANNON
Company Sub-Commander

B. L. BAILEY
Chief Petty Officer

S. A. ERNST
Guidon Petty Officer





H. HULL
Battalion Commissary

C. J. PALMER
Battalion Adjutant

O. D. WATERS
Battalion Commander

T. K. BOWERS
Battalion Sub-Commander

E. P. ABRAHAMSON
Chief Petty Officer

SECOND BATTALION



THIRD COMPANY

F. CONNWAY

L. S. BROWN

B. McCANDLESS

F. D. FOLEY

Platoon Commanders

L. M. MUSTIN

Company Commander

J. A. JAAP

Company Sub-Commander

J. W. WINTLE

Chief Petty Officer

C. F. BRINDUPKE

Guidon Petty Officer

FOURTH COMPANY

J. B. SMITH

R. L. EVANS

J. W. HUMRICHUSE

D. G. BURDICK
Platoon Commanders

T. E. CHAMBERS
Company Commander

W. W. BROWN
Company Sub-Commander

W. T. ZINK
Chief Petty Officer

F. A. VAN SLYKE
Guidon Petty Officer





E. G. KONRAD
Battalion Commissary

C. K. MALLORY, JR.
Battalion Adjutant

R. T. SIMPSON
Battalion Commander

M. G. SCHMIDT
Battalion Sub-Commander

E. A. RUCKNER
Chief Petty Officer

THIRD BATTALION



FIFTH COMPANY

T. E. CARPENTER

J. S. MILLER

H. L. JUKES

D. C. GOODMAN

Platoon Commanders

A. D. CALEY

Company Commander

J. H. KAUFMAN

Company Sub-Commander

A. E. GATES

Chief Petty Officer

A. W. DICKINSON

Guidon Petty Officer

SIXTH COMPANY

W. E. TOWNSEND

T. A. NISEWANER

R. S. CRAIGHILL

R. B. MOORE

Platoon Commanders

G. H. MITCHELL

Company Commander

F. B. SCHULTZ

Company Sub-Commander

G. CORSON

Chief Petty Officer

E. W. TAYLOR

Guidon Petty Officer





R. E. COOMBS
Battalion Commissary

L. O. SMITH
Battalion Adjutant

A. G. WARD
Battalion Commander

V. B. MCCREA
Battalion Sub-Commander

J. L. COUNIHAN
Chief Petty Officer

FOURTH BATTALION



SEVENTH COMPANY

H. C. DE LONG

J. J. LOUGHLIN

R. H. WEEKS

D. I. THOMAS
Platoon Commanders

J. R. LEEDS
Company Commander

J. MUNHOLLAND
Company Sub-Commander

D. D. SCOTT
Chief Petty Officer

H. M. COLEMAN
Guidon Petty Officer

EIGHTH COMPANY

P. G. OSLER

J. F. FAIRBANKS

E. C. WOODWARD

J. C. FORD
Platoon Commanders

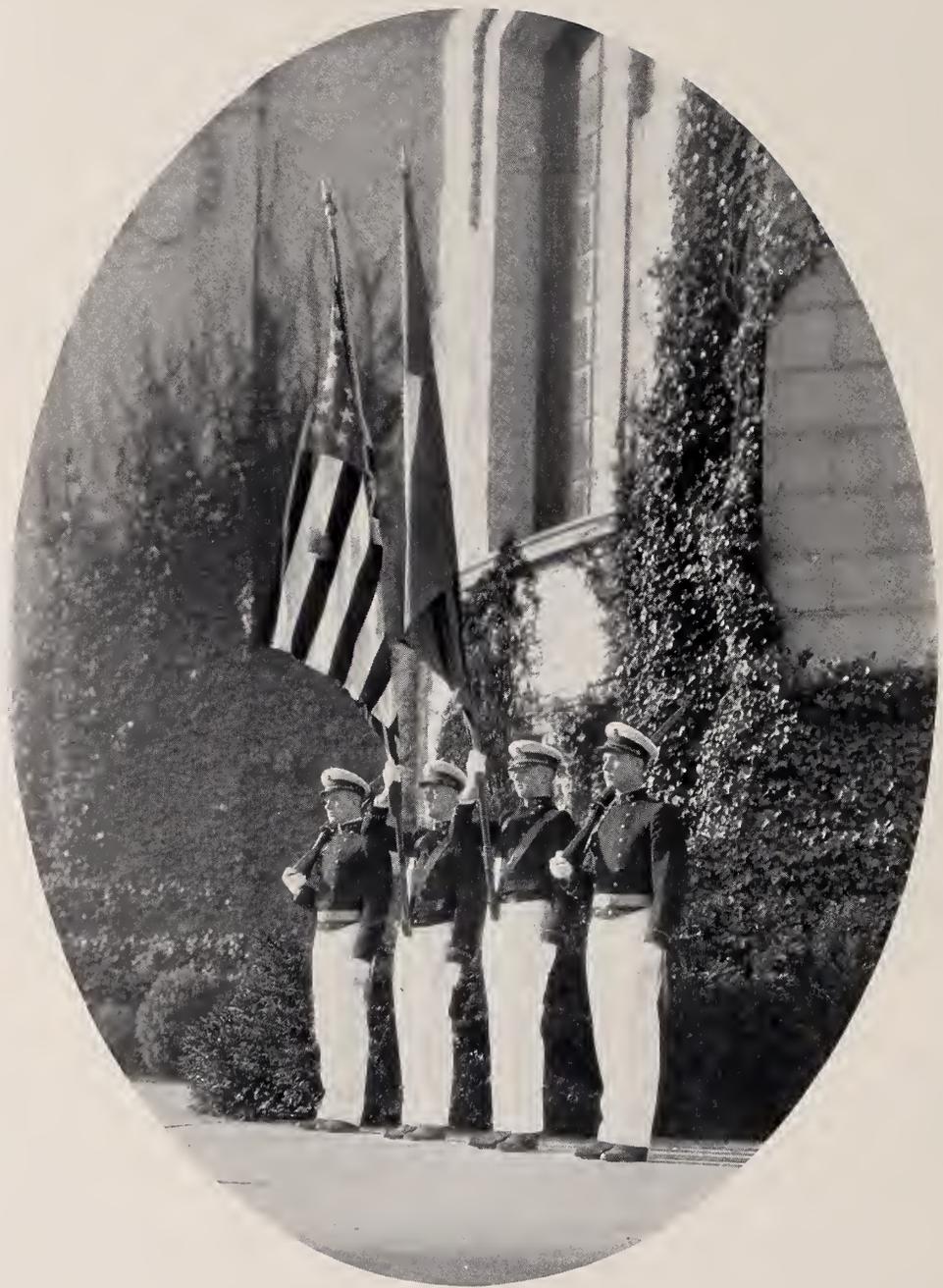
L. J. KIRN
Company Commander

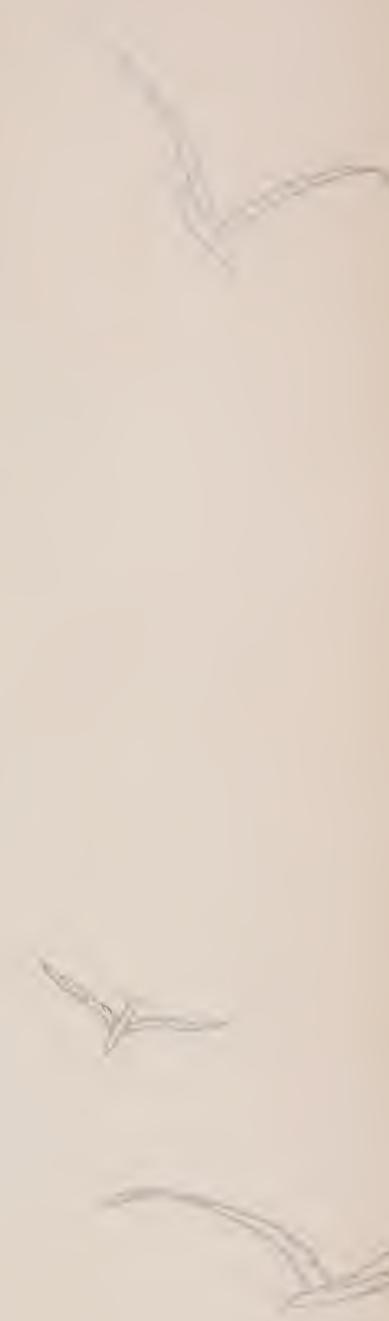
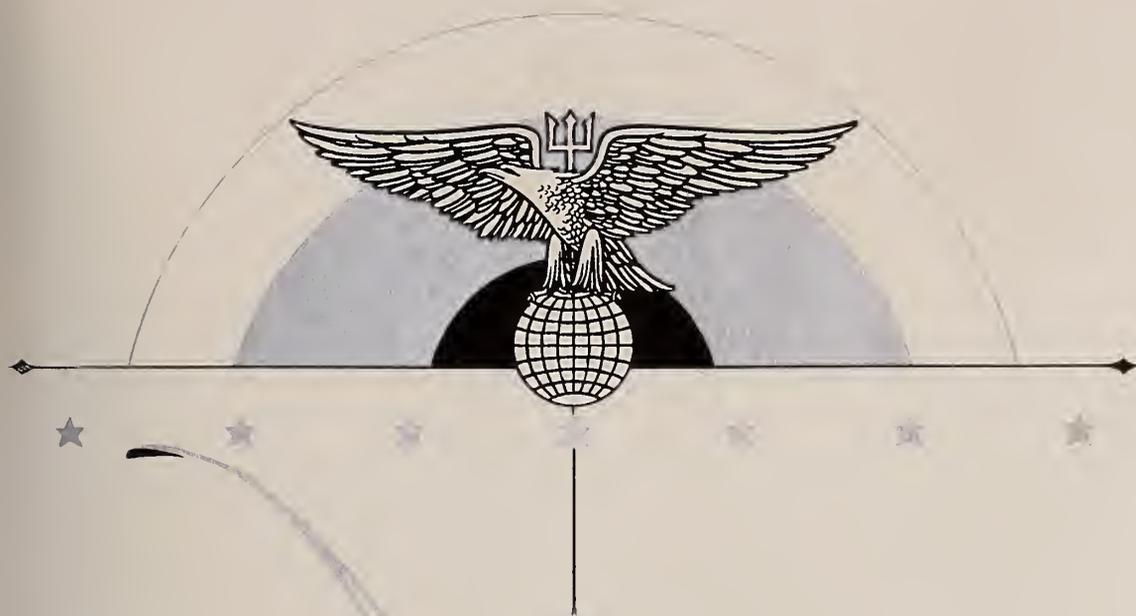
B. K. ATKINS
Company Sub-Commander

A. J. TUCKER
Chief Petty Officer

J. S. FAHY
Guidon Petty Officer







*S*ALVAGING THE S-51





Salvaging the S-51 ...

FATHOMS deep in the icy seas of the North Atlantic, the volunteer divers from the Falcon worked desperately against time and deadly gas to rescue the imprisoned crew of the S-51. Unable to get reliefs, they remained below far longer than it was safe for them, braving the dreaded "bends" in their vain, heroic attempt to save their comrades.





BIOGRAPHIES

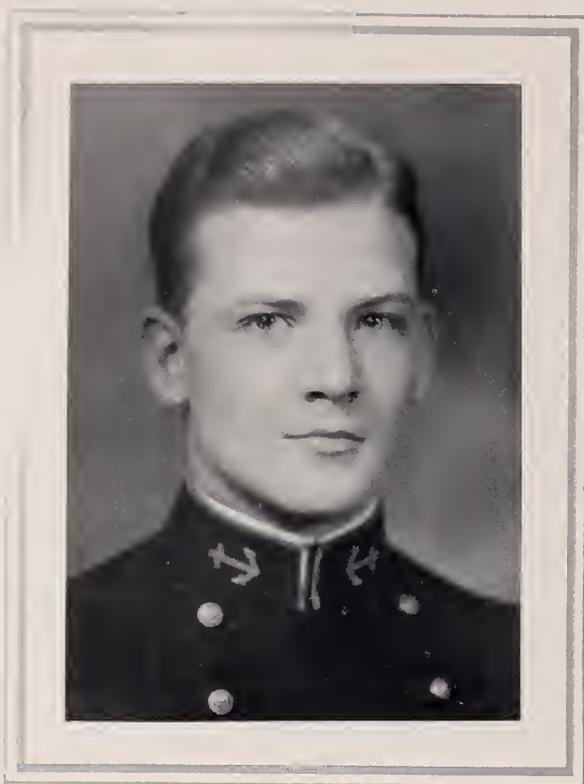




Biographies

ONE would think that after four years together that everybody would know all they wanted to know about everyone else. But, no. You have to compile a biography and extol his merits in no uncertain terms and leave out all about the times he has borrowed money from you and how many times he has gotten under your skin before breakfast and aggravating habits that after awhile become cumulative.

So what you see here is the censored edition of our own impressions of our roommates—exaggerated and smoothed over and prettied up by a copyreader. But we've lived with them for four years, so they must be worth while, after all.



JOSEPH BURTON DAVIS
 "Burt" "Dave" "J.B."
 YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

BURT left many friends and an enviable four-year high school record as a versatile athlete at Youngstown, Ohio, to be one of '32—a classmate we are all proud to have.

The first summer was spent in training for that plebe varsity. In fact, every spring and fall will find Burt playing that game of football with everything that's in him. A snapped ankle, leg, a wrist or a hand has made the going all but easy though there is nothing that can keep him out. In the winter boxing takes his time. As a protege of Spike Webb, Burt can hold his own in any ring. For keeping fit he delves into every sport and every spare minute will find him in some corner of the gym.

Conscientious work coupled with an old sacred inspiration helps Dave to tackle the academics hard. His many and varied academy activities bring him in close contact with both the officers and men of all four classes.

Living a cheerful, serious day—always doing his best to help others—makes Burt a real companion, a perfect shipmate.

Football; Boxing Capt.; Class Vice-President; President; N.A.C.A.; Company Representative; 4 Stripes.



DEWITT WOOD SHUMWAY
 "Dave" "Shum" "DeClinton"
 POTSDAM, NEW YORK

DAVE came down from Potsdam, New York, with an old-timer's record in baseball. However, his hopes for participation in Navy athletics were shattered when he received a broken condyle and a permanently weakened jaw from a collision sustained at Plebe varsity baseball practice.

He did not allow over two months at the hospital, during plebe year, to keep him back in the Academics or in making youngster cruise, but kept right in with the rest of the class.

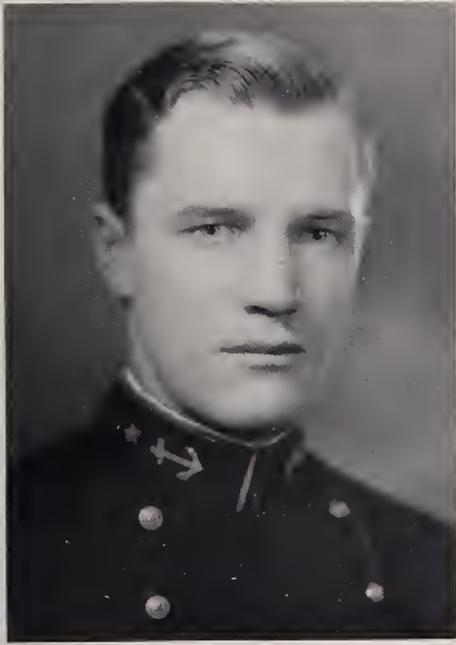
Determined to find some useful outlet for those few spare moments, DeWitt turned his attention to music. A group of music lovers could be found in Shum's room any time listening to him pound the xylophone or play the cornet.

DeWitt could always be depended upon for his best. He laughed off his disappointments and was always ready to start the next morning with a cheery "Let's plug 'em today, Burt."

We all know that Dave, through his quiet, determined, and never failing efforts, will make his way in the Fleet as he has done here at the Academy.



Musical Clubs; 1 Stripe.



LOUIS ALLEN BRYAN

"Lou" "Our Al" "Gadge"

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

"WHY, when I was seven years old I made twenty dollars a day driving a mule team." Such a statement might sound a little far-fetched coming from some people, but Lou is the sort of person who can say something like that and make incredulous listeners believe it.

In spite of certain utterances like the one that begins this discourse on our hero from the Blue Grass and Horse State, Lou was not given to exaggeration in some things by any means. There was no exaggeration in his actions on the football field. Who hasn't seen him toiling away on Farragut Field during the long fall afternoons—who hasn't seen him in a sweat-soaked football suit smashing holes in the line, smearing ball-carriers, and otherwise making things unpleasant for the opposition on Saturday afternoons? He was and is what is known as "one sweet tackle."

Happy-go-lucky, yet still able to shoulder the heaviest responsibilities; savvy as the savviest savoir but always eager to learn; Lou will always be remembered as one who richly deserves the respect and admiration that is his.



EDWARD RUGGLES HODGKINS

"Ted" "Hodg" "Gadge"

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

"THROW a fit for us, Ted!" "Throw a fit!" Whereupon chairs, tables, beds and even his pals took a terrible drubbin',—who can forget those realistic exhibitions "Our Gadge" gave us "Youngster Year"? Thus began the indelible impression Ted has upon all of us.

As an athlete he is a crack infielder and not a day passes in the spring but that this boy boasts of a swollen hand from stopping hot ones at short. He is certainly faithful to the game, even throughout Second Class Summer, and will no doubt be one of the best by the spring of '32.

Academics hold no terrors for him because, even though he stayed within these walls during two Christmas leaves, he can still lay them aside for a good "session." He handles responsibilities like a "chief" and with a memory that would put Ripley in the shade, he has a flair for the blasé and worldly things of life.

We are with you, Ted, whether you are on the China Station or back here with your cheese-knife—may the best be always yours!

Football; Crew; Class President; Pep Committee; N.A.C.A.; N.A.C.A., President; Class Swimming; N. Club; Ring Committee; Farewell Ball Committee; 5 Stripes.

Baseball, Captain, 1; N. Club; Football; Stunt Committee; Class Swimming; M.P.O.



SAMUEL PEMBERTON MONCURE
 "Sam" "Pem" "Fu"
 ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

SAM joined our class late in Plebe Summer, a quiet, unobtrusive fellow. His period of seclusion was short, however, since his name began to appear prominently on the athletic lists and it has remained on those lists since then. Although best known on the lacrosse team, Sam has been known to engage in football and basketball, finding time to make the Varsity squads in both sports. Versatility is Sam's second nature.

Sam has not limited himself to gaining fame in the field of sport alone; he is also one of the most popular fellows in the class, both with those in and outside the Academy. His perpetual smile and his ability to decide just what should be done under the prevailing circumstances have contributed much to his popularity, and to the fact that his list of friends and acquaintance is endless.

It would be futile to wish Sam "Good luck" since luck plays such a small part in his make-up; rather let us say "Here's how to your success in future life, Sam, and may we always be shipmates in spirit if not in the flesh."

Football; Basketball; Lacrosse; Ring Committee; Reception Committee; Lucky Bag Staff; N. Club; 2 P.O.



GEORGE ELLIS PIERCE
 "Garge" "Fatboy"
 TULLAHOMA, TENNESSEE

BORN in Panama, with an undying thirst — after knowledge; he has spent his life in quenching this thirst, and making various attempts to straighten curly hair. The hair won't be straightened but the knowledge has been garnered from here, there and yonder, and it covers many things, not the least of which is Academics.

He proved his versatility by being a member of the water polo squad and the Hop Committee at the same time, and he didn't neglect the things in between these extremes. Bad luck made him give up the suicide club, so he spent his time climbing ropes for exercise.

Blessed with a good nature, a smooth line, a great liking for playing the game, any game, and a wide grin whatever happens, whether it's on liberty in Barcelona or taking a bad exam—he takes them as they come.

A man who would go through hell's fire for a friend, truly one the Navy can be proud to have graduated, and we are proud to have for a classmate, that's the Fatboy.

"I ain't putting out the dope."

Water Polo; Football, Class; Lacrosse, Class; Hop Committee; 2 P.O.



THEODORE HARRISON WHITE

"Ted" "Teadore" "Whitey"

FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

"HEY, Teadore! How in the devil do you work this prob?"

Stop by the room any time and you will hear Ted patiently explaining something to someone. He is not satisfied with doing his own work but is always willing to help a struggling roommate, classmate, or an unsat plebe. If Teadore knows how, he is always ready to put out the dope.

Even though Ted rates among the select few in class standing, he doesn't let the academics take all his time, by any means.

No football team is complete without its manager; so Ted determined that nothing should be lacking in the Navy football team, and consequently became varsity manager.

Ted's good nature and willing smile help to pass away the gloomiest moments of Academy life. Freely lending a helping hand and a little encouragement at all times has made everlasting friends for Teadore. Carry on the way you have started, Ted, and your naval career will be something to be proud of.



GEORGE REES WILSON

"Tallula"

"Rees"

TALLULA, ILLINOIS

THIS carefree lad, after gracing the Illini campus for a while, decided to let Uncle Sam's Haven for the Weary be his Alma Mater. From the first his career has been one long battle with the Steam Department. He always crashed through at the end of each term and showed them more about their engines and gadgets than they knew themselves. He breezed through the other Acs as easily as he did through checks from home.

Tallula is always ready to drag your brick, or stand your watch, or smoke your skags, or do anything else you ask him to do. He can talk anyone out of anything, and many is the time we have paid him back for things he has borrowed from us. At every bull-session he sat in his story always ended the discussion; no one could beat it. In athletics he carried on as in everything else. As there was no heat in the radiators in the spring, our hero went out for track and did well enough.

Tallula has been a darn good wife, for better or for worse; here's luck, and hoping we're shipmates again.

Varsity Football Manager; Plebe Tennis Squad; Log Staff; Lucky Bag; Reception Committee; 1 P.O.

Track: 2 P.O.

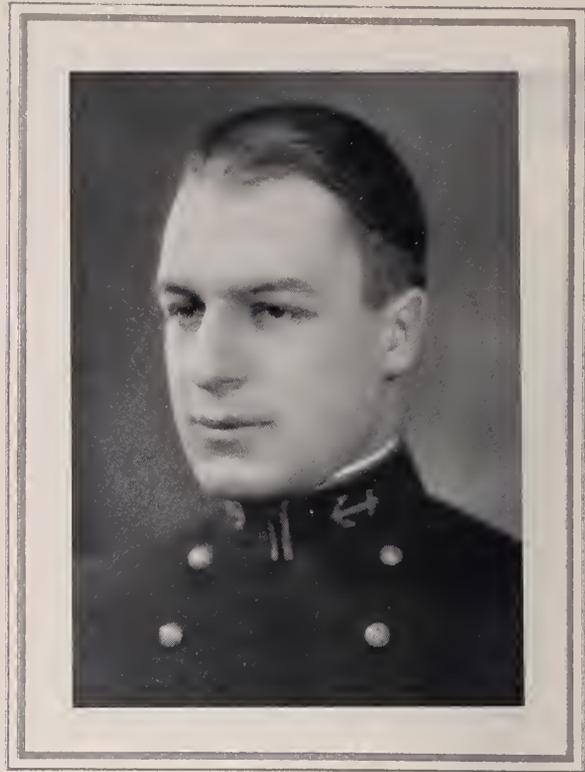


WILLIAM PONDER HOLLOWAY
"Bill" "Whoopee" "Hoop" "Willie"
 TEXARKANA, TEXAS

"WHOOPEE" HOLLOWAY, despite his name, did not ride into Crabtown from his native plains of Texas with a whoop and a holler, amidst the clatter of hoofs and the spatter of bullets on the storied bricks of Annapolis. In fact, he did not even ride a horse, but like most Naval Academy candidates arrived on our own Toonerville trolley, the W. B. & A.

Like them in that respect, Whoopee differed from the majority of his fellow aspirants to naval fame in that he possessed a certain cool and unobtrusive self-assurance, a trait which had already carried him through a successful prep school career at the renowned Marion Institute of Alabama and which was destined to make him a midshipman and an officer of the higher type.

Cool and self-reliant, yet quiet and unassuming, a sincere friend to all those meriting his friendship, but a tough hombre when he is crossed—that's Whoopee Holloway—Up Five!



ALLEN MAYHEW SHINN
"Al" "Shine" "Elayne"
 NILES, CALIFORNIA

TAKE one look at this tall, bronzed fellow and you can rightly guess that he is from California. Al spent his boyhood near the town of Niles but this little city could not keep him long. The University of California was all right for two years but then the desire to go to sea became so strong that he joined the Merchant Marine. Panning gold in Alaska, beach combing in Manila, carrying on in Nagasaki, buying straw hats in Ecuador and traveling around in general were Allen's chief occupations during this period. This life on the sea appealed to him so much that he came to the Naval Academy.

The Academics have yet to give this savoir any trouble. Several points above starring in Dago, Al's one wish is, "Damn all this other stuff anyway; I wish we had five periods of Spanish."

Whether in the Service or out of it, Al's sterling character, self-assurance, and attractive personality will carry him to the top and anyone who has associated with him will be proud to say, "I was once shipmates with A. M. Shinn."

Wrestling; Expert Rifleman; 2 P.O.

Track; Company Representative; Football; 2 P.O.



ROLAND EMIL STIELER

"Sti"

"Rolo"

COMFORT, TEXAS

FROM the broad prairies of Texas to the rolling waters of Chesapeake Bay is a long, hard journey, but Emil was dauntless and an adventurer who had a heart of oak, triple-bound with brass coupled with a desire to become an admiral. So he easily overcame all difficulties placed in his way by the powers that be.

After spending two years at Texas A.&M. learning the basic laws of military science and a smattering of engineering, he was well equipped to overcome the obstacles of the Ac department.

And in the springtime with his bat and mitt he went whistling merrily to baseball practice. During the long winter months you were always able to find this Don Juan out at Carvel Hall meeting, and conquering, the hearts of the fair Washington and Baltimore debs. In the fall he was out fighting for the honor of "'32" in the hard-fought Sunday afternoon gridiron classics.

He is always cheerful and ready to lend a hand helping a classmate. Truly the kind of a shipmate everyone wants to have.



JOHN RYNIER VAN EVERA

"Van"

"Innocence"

CROSBY, MINNESOTA

VAN left Minnesota determined to join the Navy and see the world, from the air if possible. A few weeks of prepping in Crabtown convinced him that he wanted to stay longer and as a result he entered with the young hopefuls of '32. Since then the success of his career at the Academy has never been in doubt academically, athletically or socially.

Athletically Van is a star pin-pusher. Attracted to the sport early in Plebe year he soon became a valuable member of the team and was elected to captain it his last year here.

Van has no end of friends, in the Academy and out. The day is never complete unless he has received at least two letters and a "special"—in all likelihood from the same girls' school. He is always devising new, if impracticable, inventions or designing new sketches that should have been in the steam book.

His personality and good nature will continue to make friends for him wherever he may go and we predict a long and happy cruise.

Baseball; Class Football; Class Basketball; M.P.O.

Fencing Capt.; Company Soccer; 1 P.O.



CHARLES LEONARD FRAZER
"Len" "Hopeless" "El Frazoo"
 OTTUMWA, IOWA

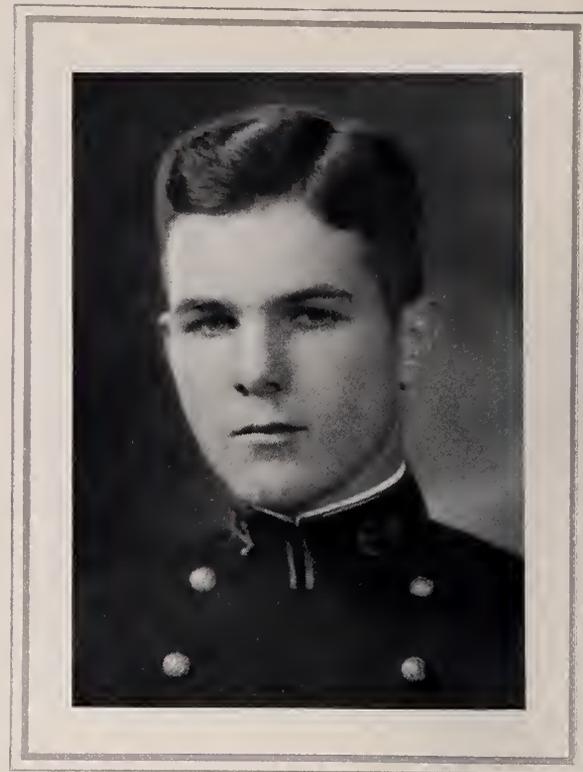
LADIES and gentlemen, there comes a time in the life of every young man when he must make a bow to his vast and mighty army of hero worshipers. For your personal satisfaction, El Frazoo.

"Where is this guy Frazer?" Thus began the successful career of Hopeless as one of that mighty organization of "Youse Middies." Hailing from the Great Corn State, but without the customary ears of corn sticking from his pockets, he took to the Navy like a true son.

An outstanding figure on the basketball court and cinder track, Len nevertheless found no difficulty in standing among the first few of his class academically. He always had time to help a struggling classmate or a bewildered plebe to get that old 2.5. The "Star Department" lost money when Hopeless decided to star, because anything he set his mind to do, he did with such enthusiasm that nothing could stop him.

Frazoo, a true friend and a real classmate. Here's luck to you.

Basketball; Track; N Club; June Ball Committee; Ring Dance Committee; 3 Stripes.



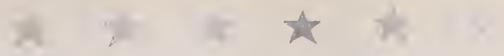
FRANK MAHLON PARKER
"Oscar" "Sharty" "Halfpint"
 BUTLER, INDIANA

OSCAR is the original halfpint whole-hearted Hoosier—little but loud, friendly, and absolutely irrepresible. "Say, where I come from ninety per cent of the high school basketball teams could take these Eastern outfits." We've been hearing that for four years now and some day we're going to find out about it. Academically, Oscar stood two in his high school class—(they graduated the other three to get rid of them) but the Navy's Math Department played tag with him for two and a half years. "Whatja get for the fourth prob? 'Sfunny, I got four times that much!"

Parker's size kept him off the Varsity but he dampened more than one hopeful guard's ambitions with one-handed baskets from impossible angles. And class football—! The kid smeared lots of plays because the opposition didn't see him—had he weighed forty pounds more he could have found a suit small enough.

A great believer in Jones' Constants—"If you divide my answer by five thirty-sevenths you get the one in the book. This stuff is fruit!"

Basketball; Class Football; Class Baseball; Class Lacrosse, M.P.O.



PAUL WILLIAM PFINGSTAG
 "Paul" "Piffen" "Fing"
 HUDSON, IND.

LLOYD WITHERS PARRISH
 "Mike Fink"
 DEMING, NEW MEXICO

EARLY one morning in July, 1928, another big college man burst forth in all his glory upon the naval authorities and was warmly welcomed by the medical corp, as usual—in the usual place.

Plebe summer found "Piffen" deeply engrossed in the circle of events and then Plebe year swallowed him up for the first year of his career at the Naval Academy.

Youngster year came and went with the young lad well entrenched in good standing with the academic departments. Second Class year passed quickly with many funny and pleasant experiences that every embryo Naval Officer goes through, and a full-fledged first classman emerged upon the horizon to finish his day at Annapolis.

Piffen's principal habit is to listen well and say little. This makes him respected and liked by everyone. However, when the time comes to talk, he is right there with good dope.

Not greasy, not a red Mike, but far from a snake—we wish you luck and happiness, old pal.

MIKE FINK, out run, out hop, out jump . . . and just as good a boy as his name indicates. Not a Red Mike, either, not by a long shot; but just a good fellow with both sexes.

Our patient early decided to lead a military life. We find him at the New Mexico Military Institute for the preliminary stage of prepping for the Naval Academy. Then one fine day in July, Mike decided to come for an extended stay at the Academy. Plebe year passed with quite a few "spoons". For in his youth fame had come to our short boy.

He wasn't so "savvy" but his room was a Mecca for the lovelorn, and the bull sessions recorded in the annals of the radiator club find Mike presiding with much joviality. Mike Finks are few and far between boys, but you're lucky when you know one. That's the way we feel, although 'tis said he'll never see thirty-five again.



Rifle; Handball; Squash; 3 Stripes.

Masqueraders; Handball; Squash; Reception Committee; 2.P.O.



ROBERT JOHN COSTLEY MAULSBY
"Bob" "R.J.C." "Gorgeous"
 DES MOINES, IOWA

BOB has that rare quality, found in few, of making friends with everyone with whom he comes into contact. To know him well is to form a friendship never to be forgotten,—a lasting bond immeasurable in its warmth and sincerity.

Shanghaied the middle of youngster year as a result of an extended tour in the hospital, he accepted fate with a smile and proceeded to win laurels in many fields, including athletic, academic, and social. As an executive he proved his worth as Chairman of the Ring Dance Committee and directed and advised to the smallest detail—to make a deserved success of one of the most important of the class functions. The time-worn phrase "What?—No mail?" must be mentioned but it may also be said that he does not have occasion to use it too frequently as he has, although he will never admit the fact, a way with the "wimmin". Pipe dreams amid imposing clouds of smoke are continuous, for he has an unparalleled collection of briars—a pipe for every hour of the day.

Track; Crew, 150-lb.; Reception Committee; Hop Committee; 2 P.O.



CHARLES EDWIN PHILLIPS
"Charlie"
 FT. MADISON, IOWA

CHARLIE is that wonderful combination of a fighter and a friend. He doesn't make useless expenditures of energy, but once he has started something he can be counted on to finish it. He has had his weak moments, some of which have never become public, but he has always been able to take care of himself. Charlie is loyal to everything that commands his loyalty. He is willing to work and able to get results as his five years on the Log have shown. Oh yes, he is a five year man as a result of spending most of his youngster second term in the hospital. His outstanding social assets are a tenor voice and wavy blond hair. These combined with other characteristics pleasing to the feminine mind and heart have kept him from any loneliness on weekends, but as yet he thinks himself immune from any serious attempt on his freedom.

Charlie's loyalty, his strong personality, and his courage will help him toward a successful career. And it will be good fortune to be shipmates with him whether in the Navy or in the world Outside.

Track; Gym; Boxing; Log; Associate Editor; Lucky Bag Staff; Assistant Advertising Manager; "E" Gun Captain; 2 P.O.



WILLIAM HENRY RAYMOND, JR.
"Ray" "Felix" "Snorter" "Billy"
 AT LARGE

BEING an Army junior, Ray entered the Service under a handicap, but he lost no time in living it down, and we soon forgave and forgot.

His early history reads like the diary of a traveling salesman. Home to him is wherever he happens to be, and he is full of tales of far places.

A devotion to horizontal exercise and Cosmo has cost him many hard battles with the Academics, only one of which went an extra round, however.

"Too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work" is the way he explains his failure to collect any "N's," though he's tried everything once, including the radiator club, which finally claimed him for its own.

He habitually drags 3.5's and claims to be a red mike; he hardly ever bones, yet stays sat. and swears he's wooden. More power to him! We know he'll be successful, no matter what the task.



ROBERT LIVINGSTON DENIG, JR.
"Joe" "Bobby" "Bob"
 SANDUSKY, OHIO

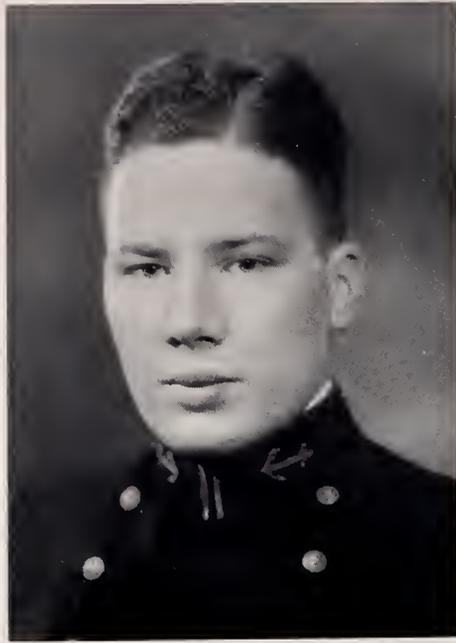
JOE started his career by shooting bandits in San Domingo, fighting mosquitoes in Haiti, and exploring dangerous jungles in the Philippines. Later on in his young life he attended Manlius Military School in New York; but desiring big game, along with the wish to become a "Mighty Marine", he soon landed in Quaint Old Annapolis.

Bobby has encountered two big obstacles during his stay at the Academy: finding a suitable radiator to play pinochle by and being able to at least think he is in love. But on the other hand he has his good qualities—as all sailors happen to have said articles. Bobby never worries about academics, although if you should happen to pass his room at night you would probably hear a murmured "Aint it Awful".

Being a Marine Junior Bob has made many friends throughout the Service and will probably add many more before his days are over.

*Asst. Mgr. Football; Lucky Bag
 Photographic Staff; 2 P.O.*

Soccer; Lacrosse; M.P.O.



GEORGE LOUIS RARING
"Rip"
 HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

SINCE early Colonial days Pennsylvania has provided the Navy with many stalwart "Wolunteers." George is one of the best.

Graduating from John Harris High School, "Rip" came to the Academy with great ambition to learn the seafaring art. He was good material to start with, and his interest in technical subjects has given him a knowledge of details which is the envy of many—his roommate among them. Ask him the number of turrets or the displacement of a new cruiser and the answer is exact and quickly given.

With never a fear about studies, he has devoted his recreation time to muscle-building sports for four long years, and liked it. The Log has claimed much of his time—and the ladies!—well, no one resists that sunny disposition.

All in all, Rip is a real Navy man whose place is out in the Fleet. He has made many friendships "by the Bay," and his future success is certain. So, with graduation, it's—"Goodbye, and the best of luck!"

Wrestling; Class Cross Country; Crew; Log Board; Log Staff; Reception Committee; 1 P.O.



GEORGE WINSTON BAILEY
"Win"
 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

WIN, born and raised in the "Great American Desert" must have had a deep water sailor somewhere in his ancestry or else his childish hours spent in the very salty Great Salt Lake instilled the desire to be a real "salt" and join our Navy.

Our young hero inherited the old Mormon traits of captivating the fair sex and making life enjoyable whether it be in a desert or Naval Academy. It was a lucky day for Navy when Win decided that he could do better shining bright-work than building bridges and so leave his engineering course at Utah U. for the school for young boys on the Severn.

Winning a reputation as a savoir early in plebe year, he has held his star with little boning and much snaking. But Win's gifts are not confined solely to these lines, for he was one of the stalwarts of the tennis, wrestling and cross country teams for three seasons.

This is a man machined to a water-tight fit for his place in the service, and we can only predict the brightest of futures and wish him the best of luck.

Wrestling; Class Cross Country; Tennis; Log Board; Log Staff; Reception Committee; Lucky Bag Staff; 2 Stripes.



HARRY LEE REITER, JR.
 "Harry"
 DENVER, COLORADO

HARRY was at first more or less a wanderer. Born in South Carolina, an Army junior, he lived in Texas, the Philippines, Maine, and Colorado. Of them all Colorado towers in his estimation and he will try to sell it to you any old time.

Academics are one thing which never worried our hero, who starred plebe year and stood very near stellar positions during the remainder of his course.

We do remember a sad tragedy which hit him soon after youngster Christmas leave; but for the hardy son of the west that he is, new flames sprang up from the ashes of the old.

On the tennis courts Harry can make the best of them step and on no few occasions has he upset some of the cocky boys.

One thing he always has in stock is plenty of refreshments. He refuses to serve them but they're all yours for the taking.

Always ready to work that tough problem, lend his last cent or stand that hop watch, Harry might readily and justly acquire the name of "old faithful."



FREDERICK MARTIN GRAMLICH
 "Fritz" "Buddy"

Fritz arrived at the Academy one early July morning during plebe summer with his left wrist all bandaged up. He had fallen off a house while helping his big brother put up a radio aerial. He's a south-paw; but he had to learn to eat with his right hand, as he still does.

"Never worry" is his slogan and how well he inspired his two wives with it. His cheerfulness is contagious and he possesses a personality that wins him countless friends.

Buddy never came back from leave without having met a new O.A.O.—far more lovely, wonderful, inspiring, fascinating, unrelentingly bewitching than ever before. "Just wait till you see her picture. She's a cold 4.0!"

Athletics seemed to be as natural for Fritz as being exceedingly savvy in academic work. Running the "half" was his track specialty. Boxing interested him a great deal.

Fritz is an active mind, overflowing with life, always genial, a ready wit, easy to like, and above all an unbeatable comrade in arms.



Swimming; Tennis; Musical Clubs;
 Class Handball; Star; 2 Stripes.

Track; Lacrosse; Reception Committee;
 Log Staff; Boxing; Radio Club;
 Class Cross Country; G.P.O.



CHARLES WIEGEL MUSGRAVE
"Charley"
 DEFIANCE, OHIO

TRULY this is a hard task, for in so short a space as is allotted to us, Charley's qualities can never be shown at their best.

Out of the wilds of Ohio he came. Stopping first at Marion Institute, he finally arrived at the portals of a four-year training in preparation for a naval career. At the very outset of his course Charley suffered an injury that hampered his athletic career. He was showing much promise at end on the football team when a broken leg sent him to the hospital and off the squad.

As a roommate he cannot be equaled. Congenial, smiling, and agreeable at all times he could never make himself disagreeable if he had tried. He never tried, however. There was no shirking of his share of the responsibility. In fact he usually accepted more than his share. That smile was and always will be ever present. When he greeted you with it you could almost feel its warmth.

May you have a pleasant and profitable journey into the future, Charley.

Football; Track; 1 P.O.



THOMAS MARTIN FLECK
"Sonny Boy" "Tom" "Tim"
 UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO

WHAT! have you not heard of the Dayton Flyers and their bombing exploits? "Sonny Boy" decided that bombing was too crude; so he came to the Academy to learn torpedoeing. At the start football claimed our blushing young hero; he is really a high flyer, he craves an N Star.

As a pal he has no equal; as a wife one could not ask for a better choice. "Sonny Boy" has a smile ready for all from the Admiral down to the lowliest Plebe; no one could possibly say that he is a "High Hat"; he is your friend no matter how the tide is running. We who know him would hate to lose him because as an officer the Navy will in him have the best. His ship will be a happy ship.

Upper Sandusky? my, oh my! you have not heard of it? Why, we have the best and largest courthouse in Wyandot county. We believe you, Tom, but we have the best Navy; so we claim you for our own although the native sons of Wyandot county have lost their greatest asset.

Football; Basketball; Lacrosse; Christmas Card Committee; Boxing; 2 Stripes.



HENRY GLASS MUNSON
"Hank"
 SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

"H EY, Hank! How do you work this prob?"

After three repetitions, "en fortissimo," a pair of blue eyes will be raised from the book (anything from "Bowditch to "Wild Women"), and fix the intruder with a vacant stare while a good-natured voice answers, "Huh? I don't know; let's see it." Many of '32 owe several class numbers, even their places in the regiment, to Hank's cheerful assistance. And he didn't endanger his own standing in the least—he stood too high for that. Brains and hard work have put Hank where he is.

Not many of us were lucky enough to have our mothers come along to see that we did not forget our manners, but Hank was, and we imagine that is why he is different. For he is different, you will notice. Quiet and unassuming, yet not retiring; congenial and friendly, yet never ingratiating, he is a perfect roommate and chum. You can see and feel the power in him. He has a purpose in life and as long as it is being an officer and a gentleman we know he will be successful.



JOHN ORIN SPEER
"Jo" "Galileo" "Asteroid" "Bucket"
 CRAFTON, PA.

"H EY, Galileo, what is that, a water heater?" Say that to Jo and then duck. He is small but serious. Anything and everything to do with the great unknown outside this little planet of ours is of interest to Jo. He is gifted with one of the best qualities of an ardent astronomer, an ability to go for indefinite periods of time with little or no sleep. We really don't know of all Galileo's nocturnal activities, for he is invariably up and going strong at taps and reveille; but a guess that the large boiler which takes up so much room and was of such great interest to the D. O.'s is the center of his activities would not be far wrong. Of course the trips to the far corners of the hall in search of any and everything that a former owner had no further use for may have occupied some of his time.

A rosy little fellow with a small pair of wings and a large bow and arrow has been seen quite often in Jo's neighborhood. Be careful old man, it's leap year.

Fencing; Juice Gang; C.P.O.

Boxing (4, 2); 2 P.O.



RICHARD HOWARD GORSLINE
"Clipper Bow" "Dick" "Gozzy"
"Goose" "Red" "Fish"
"Scupper"

RIVER FOREST, ILLINOIS

OUT of the teeming boiling capital of the Middle West, out of the bustling turmoil, stock yards, gangsters, big business, grain, cigar smoke—came Youth, refreshed with Life's first glimpses of untold mysteries. The ties of home and high school to be forever broken—the career of a sailor beckoning him. Thus Clipper came among us, with us, and for us, on that hot July day many moons ago—head up, and shoulders high, ready for what might come.

Clipper has always managed to straight-arm the academics. Very rarely is he not able to finish up the hour with a few pages of the current book of the month. Reading and water polo are his favorite pastimes.

You have only to see the bow wave rising over his features as he heads for the goal in the pool to know whence came his nickname, Clipper Bow. You have only to watch him play to realize the meaning of "Suicide Squad."

Water Polo; Soccer; Class Swimming; 1 P.O.



THOMAS GEORGE HARDIE
"Tom" "T.G."

OTTUMWA, IOWA

OTTUMWA, having contributed so many personages of importance, condescended to relinquish its world-breaking record by sending Tom to our great institution. Possessing all the characteristics of a gentleman, "T.G." acquired a host of friends and has proved himself capable of fulfilling the requirements of a good officer.

Confidentially, Tom, what is this outfit you've been running for the past four years? Oh! it isn't an outfit, just a pastime. Well, that explains everything; you see, we all thought you were the proud manager of a circulating library.

Although not extremely active in athletics, and inactive because of the desire to find out what the next page has to say, we all know that he can, and when he loses his library, will surprise us by breaking the world record for the high jump.

His choice of femmes is unique. Nevertheless, they all approximate a cold 4.0. Where in the world does he find them? Some day he'll say: "Gather 'round, fellows, and I'll tell you how it's done."

Track; Reception Committee; 2 P.O.



NORMAN JOHN SAMPSON
 "Delilah" "Sam" "Sammy"
 NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

"DELILAH" spent eighteen years in New Haven weighing the pros and cons of a life at sea against that of an opulent plutocrat, and then, realizing the curse of riches, wisely chose the course to Crabtown. He soon made known a select repertoire of shower-bath opera and a propensity for making friends.

"Sam" is neither to be classed as a snake nor as a Red Mike; he seems to maintain a happy medium, though undeniably susceptible to feminine wiles. The combined efforts of some seven or eight academic departments deny him the right of being a savoir; math. caught him in a weak moment lasting three months during his youngster year and nearly succeeded in shanghai-ing him to the cold outside, but an eleventh hour rally, prognosticating happily for the future, saved him to the Navy.

The service will gain by his admission to the roster. His amiable disposition will make him well liked wherever he is on duty, and the harder the sledding the better he likes it.



ALVIN WEEMS SLAYDEN
 "Al" "Altrocious"
 WAVERLY, TENNESSEE

OUT of the mountains of Tennessee came "Our Pal Al" to answer the call of the sea. He has answered it in true seagoing fashion; so well, in fact, that some scoffers 'low as how he must have been baptized with salt water.

That sunny Slayden smile has illuminated the corridors of old Bancroft for four long years without even a hint of degenerating into a mere grin. The fact that Al hails from the warm southland is the explanation for his charter membership in the radiator club. He's Scotch that way; believes in conserving all his energy for emergencies.

Somewhere he picked up a fair—quite fair—share of savviness, as his scores against the Ac departments bear witness. Not quite starring but at times giving the enemy a few gray hairs while coming close.

Never a snake or a red mike, Al steers the safe middle course and keeps 'em all happy; how he does it so consistently we don't know, but we'd give a lot to find out. It's a gift.



Gym; Tennis; Reception Committee;
 2 P.O.

Class Football; Basketball; 1 P.O.



GEORGE MALONE OTTINGER
"Bunky" *"George Mike"*
 MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

"WHERE are you from, mister?"
 "Memphis, Tennessee, suh.
 Where yo' from?"

And Bunker Hill Jr. becomes a sailor. It was not as easy as that though. He was sinking for the third time when a small voice came to the rescue and said "Go get 'em, George!" And George got 'em. Constant hard work made one-time green academics ripen into delicious fruit.

Although a Red Mike of the nth degree he was unable to escape the wiles of Miss Springfield with whom he spent many a leisurely afternoon strolling around the terrace.

There is nothing indefinite about Bunky. He makes up his mind to do a thing and does it. Always ready to do a good turn, a truer friend never lived. He has a smile for everyone and is readily distinguished by a sincere and inimitable laugh.

Bunky's biggest weakness is a diminutive blue-eyed Rebel back in sunny Tennessee. There is only one cure for which both have been patiently (?) waiting. God bless them.

*Wrestling; Class Cross Country;
 Track; 2 P.O.*



ALBERT DAVID KAPLAN
"Al" *"Kapple"*
 INDEPENDENCE, IOWA

A YEAR at Iowa State University left Al with a happy memory and a determination to see what the rest of the world looked like. He joined us early in the bewildering period of Plebe summer, and soon learned that the books he had read concerning the life of a midshipman had painted idealistic pictures.

Short, conscientious periods of study have kept him on the safe side of academics. The remainder of any study hour is always willingly spent in swapping yarns and discussing his absorbing interest in life—people and their actions.

Al believes that athletics were developed solely for amusement. One afternoon he can be found in the gym wrestling. The next will find him shooting, bowling, or playing soccer.

The future? The only admission he will make is this, "Wait until I get outside of the wall and see which way the wind is blowing."

A spirit of friendliness, an ability to conquer reverses, and a determination that carries him to the finish make Al a real shipmate.

Masqueraders; Class Soccer; Class Rifle; Radio Club; 2 P.O.



HARVEY HATCHER HEAD
 "Hatch" "Ali" "Cabeezer"
 ATHENS, GEORGIA

TWIXT Harvey's two pet Southern descriptive expressions of "little ole" and "gret big" lay many morsels of humorous tales which will go down to Davy Jones' Locker with any of the boys who may have been fortunate enough to be around during one of his impromptu joke spreading feasts.

Like all true Gawgians, the lad considered it a natural pride and joy as well as a sectional requisite to be well versed in a new line of Southerly rhetoric at all times, and that boy could swap them with the most renowned of the artists on the Second Deck. Leave was merely a process of acquiring horizon for Harvey, and his mania for gathering a new stock of banter was exceeded only by his extreme love for chocolate eclairs.

Possessed of a colorful individuality, Ali has surrounded himself with a host of friends. He's convinced of one basic fact in life; namely, that there is no rule of law, love, or roommates that can possibly apply to him personally if it is inconvenient. And you have to admire the lad for it when you see how peacefully he sleeps.

Cheer Leader; Mandolin Club; Class Football; Wrestling; Gym; 2 P.O.



JACK ALVEY BINNS
 "Jack" "Pins" "Pince and Needles"
 LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

ORIGINALLY from Philadelphia, Jack migrated at a tender age to California, and immediately went native. In spite of—or because of—four years by the Bay, he's still as rabid as any native son.

Al's four years at Annapolis haven't been dull; but, on the contrary, have carried with them most of the spice in life—including the bumps. It's still a matter of question as to whether making the football team in his Youngster year, the source of those letters from Long Beach, or that Plebe Christmas leave in Philadelphia gave him the necessary confidence; but the fact remains that he has it, and with it has made his mark—in spite of the fact that the anchor sections knew him well. Never a man to let books interfere with his education, he has learned much about many things.

Quiet, as a rule, but on occasion has all the boisterousness of a twelve-inch projectile at muzzle velocity. Canny, dependable, and a good judge of beauty, music and drinking water.

Football; Squash; Wrestling; Sub Squad; "N" Club; 2 P.O.



RICHARD HALSEY BEST
"Dick" *"Best, Aye Aye"*
 EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

WHEN Dame Fortune frowned upon our Dick, the Army lost a potential "shavetail" and the Navy garnered an embryo Admiral. Since 14 June, 1928, his classmates, as well as others, have discovered that to engage in an argument with him is more than useless. What could anyone do against such a vehement verbal tirade of facts, figures, and what not, presented with such a conviction as to render a retort ineffectual. Being a savoir "au naturel," Dick was inclined to belittle his academic abilities in favor of improving the cultural rather than the technical phase of his career. His methods of boning were uncanny—a mere glance at printed matter, a flash of the sketches, and the dope was his. Then followed direful moments for his wives. His playing of the Victrola with a study hour hook-up, inane remarks, puns, and other capricious actions were the bane of their existence. "What, no mail?" "Where's my paper?" "Anybody want anything at the store?" "Who let the vic run down?" (and so far, far into the study-hour).

Lacrosse; Class Lacrosse; M.P.O.



EDWIN KENT PAYNE
"E. K." *"Kent"*
 HUNTINGTON, WEST VA.

BEHOLD, one and all, the above noble physiognomy with its beatific expression and crown of curls (God's gift to struggling young manhood). 'Tis none other than that of our Kent, a fine southern gentleman, who spent his adolescent period gathering specific data on the coal industry in the primeval haunts of West by—Virginia.

For E. K. the sailing of the uncharted seas of Academics held no real dangers. Now and then a nasty squall off the Spanish coast strained his rigging but by skilfully observing the danger angle he managed to keep clear of the rocks and to gain deep water with his lee rail only slightly awash.

Kent's magnetic personality and readiness to help have ensconced him in the hearts of all who know him. Integrity and justice make him a man of no mean character and, in due course of time, we hope to hear great things of him in the Fleet. Certain it is that here is a friend whose memory we will ever treasure and we hate to acknowledge the parting of the ways. We pay our one and lasting tribute—a real shipmate.

Co. Football; Class Football; 2 Stripes.



FREDERICK WOLSIEFFER
"Effie" "Freddie"

AT LARGE

CLOTHES make the man—to be experienced and Cosmopolitan; those are his maxims. Atlantic City lost, just as the Navy gained, when Effie's love for the life of a sailor led him to enter the service of Neptune and the Naval Academy. Freddie arrived with a list to port, a slight trim by the stern, and a good humor, acquired, we know not where.

He captained the sub-squad for three years, and his efforts on the gridiron were ever disturbed by misadventure and ill-luck, but not so his conquests of the so-called weaker sex. There, to him, a conquest meant victory, and victories there were many in his search for the one girl.

Academically, Freddie is "easy-going" though ever at a great distance from the dividing line, and he has proved conclusively that a Dutchman can also speak "Dago."

He is quick to make friends, and we are sure that Effie as a naval officer will well represent the world's finest service.



CHAUNCEY SHEARER WILLARD
"Bud" "Spud"

LACOCHEE, FLORIDA

EVEN though he was born in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, his dad an officer in the armies of the United States, Bud found himself ensconced in ye olde Bancroft Hall one afternoon in mid-June, 1928. Once established, he became a platoon leader and an M. P. O. in turn; but the worries and toils of the summer, although they failed to turn his hair gray, gave to the regiment that discordant and disconcerting rumble that went to issue from the "Hell Cats."

A year's indoctrination, and he was ready for anything; so when the cruise reached the continent that young cyclone cutting the wide swath up the land could easily be traced to that disorganizer of men, C. Shearer. A letter from England, from Spain, and once, as current rumor has it, from Russia, lay bare a trail of broken hearts. An easy air and a gracious smile still do it in Crabtown; so be warned; praemonitus, praemunitus.

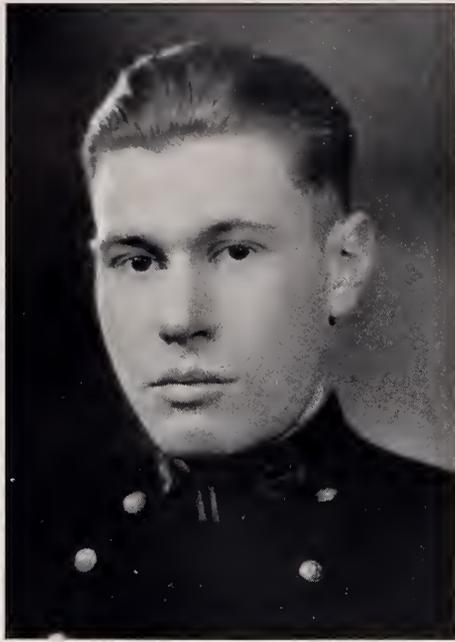
A savoir, a snake, and the best shipmate out of Davy Jones' Locker. Here's to an equally pleasant cruise for you in the Fleet.



Football; 2 P.O.

Manager, Gymnasium; Star; 1 Stripe.





JOHN JOSEPH SUTTON
"John" "J. J." "Jo-Jo"
 BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

IT was with a firm and mighty resolve that John wended his determined way from a far inland province to the birthplace of briny careers. That was back in the days when Thirty-two was arriving by small and self-conscious increments at Sick Quarters for the first nerve-racking physical. The years that have elapsed since his entrance have only served to strengthen John's resolve, which was, apparently, to work. Thus were the academics defeated before even the contest was begun.

Of course, it is reasonable to conclude that under these circumstances John could have little if any time for the fairer sex, more or less. But since history has disproved the existence of any definite relation between academical standing and snakish propensities, it will be safer to stand upon the firm foundations of the whole truth, by telling it.

Anyone who knows John well will predict for him a long, spotless, and efficient career in the Navy if he chooses to remain in the service.

2 P.O.



CARL PHILIP NELSON
"C. P." "Phil" "Nels"
 BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA

ALTHOUGH North Dakota lacks scenic and natural beauty, it redeems itself by producing good men, and remarkable weather phenomena. Without blushing, Phil gives proof of the latter, and this at great length and in most vivid detail. Proof of the former point is substantiated by Phil's abilities and accomplishments. In a scholastic way, Phil has consistently stood high, showing in his work an inventive nature and a comprehensive understanding of mathematical processes. Not satisfied with the material in the text, Phil often shows how some device might be changed to perfect the working of the whole, or how an entirely different principle might be utilized. In an athletic way, Phil has, likewise, proved his worth by the oar he has pulled. To pull lustily one night is not hard; to pull hard every night requires real stamina—but Phil has it.

In all, Phil's ability makes him capable of undertaking increasingly greater responsibilities.

Crew; Gym; Boxing; 1 P.O.



FRED ARTHUR PLETTA

"Abe"

"Fritz"

OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

THIS lad is a combination of many characteristics and moods. Abe showed us from the beginning that he was a serious thinker and a scholar. A love of good books and music keeps him occupied in the few idle hours that creep into his active life.

He has a strong liking for water. He likes nothing better than to sail or to swim, and he has spent many pleasant hours doing both. Plebe year saw him as a member of the "Suicide Club," and first and second years saw him on the swimming squad.

Our Abe is not what you might term a "snake" nor is he by any means a "Red Mike." The steady influence of the O. A. O. at home early determined his course along these lines.

Usually solemn-minded, possessing a keen sense of humor when the occasion demands, and always at ease under divers conditions, Fritz is able to exact the utmost from his Navy life. We hope that Dame Fortune will continue to smile upon him, and here's wishing old Abe the best of luck both afloat and ashore.



GEORGE PEARSALL ROGERS

"Will"

"Jolly"

OKEECHOBEE, FLORIDA

BORN with the spirit of restlessness, Will decided that the life of a civilian would be altogether distasteful. He heard the echo of the Navy's call and decided to find the source of the noise.

Will has the ability to make friends wherever he goes. He is never bothered by life's irritating details. Neither an optimist nor a pessimist, he takes fortune's gifts, both good and bad, with the same cheerful smile.

"Shipshape" is his byword. With this motto he has always been able to accomplish his ends, giving just the right amount of effort to each task.

He is a professional pipe smoker. Instead of the famous "Cosmo" he enjoys "Popular Science." A good pipe, a "Popular Science," some spare time, and he is happy. His afternoons have not been wasted. Besides athletics, he has always enjoyed tinkering with a few tools and any odd pieces of material that happened to be handy.

A keen sense of humor, a practical mind, and a darned good friend—that's Will.

Water Polo; Swimming; Class Rifle;
Class Cross Country; 1 P.O.

Class Soccer; Class Rifle; Class Cross
Country; Lucky Bag Staff; 2 P.O.



ALLAN ALFRED OVROM
"Bull" "Sonny" "A Squared"
 WAUPACA, WISCONSIN

BULL hails from Wisconsin although in his less sober moments he sometimes confides that Chicago was the city of his origin. This fact coupled with a wild spirit of adventure accounts for his presence in the Navy. This aforementioned craving for adventure has often led our Bull into what less fearless ones might call narrow squeaks. While his escapades are many, few are privileged to hear of them, as he is not a proponent of the first person.

Plebe Year nearly spelled finish as the Ac-Departments gained what seemed to be an unbreakable hold. However, the agonies of an unsat Christmas leave worked wonders and the end of the term found him sat, "without velvet." Exams hold no fear for him as he believes a book or a magazine is the best preparation for the worst of them.

Bull's friendly nature and ready smile make him not only a good friend but also an ideal shipmate with whom we can look forward to having many pleasant hours.

Class Football; B Squad; Boxing; Wrestling; 2 P.O.



MICHAEL BERNARD O'CONNOR
"Mike" "Bugs"
 BAKER, OREGON

BEHOLD a little Irish rose born in the mountains of Oregon where the woodbine twineth and—.

The Navy's call reached even to this far country and Our Mike heeding this call pulled his stakes and forthwith came to be one of "the spoiled and pampered pets." Early in his career here at the school of future admirals he showed his ability to succumb to the arms of Morpheus. "Oh, gosh, I am tired." Then Mike starts the most uncalled-for of melodies. This horizontal drill does not seem to cause him any worry as far as the "Acs" go, as he always manages to stay sat.

He loves to swim, a fact which made him a contender for high honors on the sub-squad for three successive years.

Mike is an ideal wife, being argumentative, ornery and without the borrowing habit. At least this last has not grown upon him.

A good shipmate and a fine friend, may his career in the service be the greatest of successes.

Wrestling; Radio Club; 2 P.O.



HARRIS CADE LOCKWOOD
"Hairbreath" *"Emil"*
 HANNIBAL, NEW YORK

HENRY TILMAN KLINKSIEK
"Hank" *"Oscar"* *"Klink"*
 JOPLIN, MISSOURI

HARRIS derived his nickname from that famous sleuth, Hairbreath Harry. Not that he was a crime investigator but that the title seemed quite appropriate for his cognomen.

Early he became interested in electricity. After a year of night school at Carnegie Tech and a couple more years at the Westinghouse East Pittsburgh plant he became so bold as to decide to try to help Uncle Sam.

And so he became one of the Pampered Pets. Sad to say, Hairbreath had some death struggles with Dago. One memorable day he was at a Spanish class. The instructor tried in vain to decipher Hairbreath's vocabulary and finally exclaimed, "You haven't got the *Lock* but you surely got the *Wood*." After things like this he would try all the harder.

In practical "juice" he is a savoir. When the fellows didn't know how to make the things work Hairbreath always seemed to know how to show them. He is always willing to do his part and do it well. We hope that he will always be shipmates with us.

HENRY hails from the middle west. He has a charming personality and is welcomed by everyone.

He possesses the ability of applying himself. Studies do not faze him; of them he most enjoys math. He is always ready to lend a helping hand to those who seek assistance and advice. He can always produce money from mysterious places to lend the destitutes.

When an extra hand is needed for a card game, Hank is right on hand. He is an expert rifleman and can hold his own with any man. He has that pleasing way of doing things that will never be forgotten by those who meet him. Looking into the future, I can see great attainments which will be carried on by no less than our sincere friend, Henry.



Plebe Football Numerals; Cross Country c32c; Class Track; 2 Stripes.

Sub and Weak Squad; Company Rifle; Company Small Bore; Rifle Small Bore; 2 P.O.



ALBERT EUGENE HANSON
"Gene" "Swede" "Chinch"
 ELMHURST, ILLINOIS

SWEDE finished his High School career in the middle of the year and after working a while he decided that he was too young to face this cruel world alone. Therefore, he decided to join the Navy and let Uncle Sam worry about where his next meal was coming from. He went through "Boot" training at Great Lakes, and while there he conceived the idea of coming to the Academy and getting into the Navy in a big way. After prepping at San Diego he came in on the 29th of June to begin training for his chosen profession.

Gene has never had any trouble with the Academic Departments. He always stayed several jumps ahead with very little effort. He did spend part of his first Christmas leave here, though, on account of being scored upon by the Department of Physical Training.

Swede has made many lasting friends at the Academy, is liked and respected by all that know him, and is predicted a bright and happy future in the career he is about to enter.

2 P.O.



JOHN HENRY STEWART JOHNSON
"Hiram" "Webfoot"
 RICHTON, MISSISSIPPI

AFTER graduating from High School and spending a year at Marion Institute, Hiram figured that he was all set to learn the ways of the Navy; so he journeyed up to Annapolis to give it a try, and it has been one continual try ever since. Try to stay sat in Math, and not go unsat in Steam. Try to stay in love with an O. A. O. in California with a townful of Crabs, and Eastport just across the bridge.

He's the most one-way person in the world, but that one way is your way most of the time. And he thinks nothing of calling you everything from A to Z, but just let him hear someone else doing it, and he will be on them with all fours. It took him two years out of the Bayous of Mississippi to learn to talk fast enough to keep awake.

The Academics hit him pretty hard, but you can't keep a "rebel" down. "Hey, when ya gonna translate this Dago? I looked up all the words last night." And that is just where he will get the jump on a lot of us, because he can "look up his words" ahead of time.

2 P.O.



JAMES ALEXANDER FLENNIKEN
"Jim" "Jaf" "Weasel" "Flenny"
 HAMBURG, NEW YORK

CHARLES SLACK HUTCHINGS
"Hutch"
 DE LAND, FLORIDA

"HEY, Jim, that's not a radojet injector you're sketching there. Knock off those cartoons and get down to studying or you won't know a damned thing about Steam today."

Jim does two things at once most of the time, and one of them is always sketching. His sketching paper is rarely anything that was originally intended to be covered with cartoons; his desk blotter, a juice notebook, a protruding cuff, and quite often exam papers. His drawings in the *Log* have made him known and liked by the whole regiment. His popularity does not stop there, however, as is evidenced by the number of fan letters from unknown readers in the civilian world.

He does not confine his activities to sketching, as any frequenter of the soccer field in the fall and the wrestling loft in the winter will know.

Probably his most outstanding eccentricity is his choice of his branch of the Service; Jim has wanted to go into the submarines ever since he can remember.

A keen Irish wit and a ready smile will make him popular with his shipmates in the Service.

BORN and raised a man in the school that the land is the safest, Hutch characteristically decided that it was the sea that should be his calling.

As a Plebe Hutch made a fair bid to achieve fame as an athlete, but a natural, easy-going indolence turned his attention to less strenuous outlets for his talents. A love of warmth and comfort soon made this protege of the alligator state a confirmed devotee of that far-famed organization, the Radiator Club. In this setting Hutch has passed his time, working more over the academic troubles of others than over his own work.

It can be truly said, whatever Hutch set out to do he did with the utmost of his ability. Stubborn at times, yet likable in that stubbornness, he bids fair to succeed in that he adheres to the quotation, "Be willing to change, but first be convinced, and thoroughly so." A man of his type, good-natured, easy-going, sincere and thorough, ready to help when help is needed, and a firm believer in his own convictions, should make a success of whatever course he chooses to follow.



Radio Club; Log Staff; Class Soccer; Crest Committee; Log Board; Wrestling; 2 P.O.

Class Bowling; 2 P.O.



FRANK EDWARD WIGELIUS
"Wig" "Wiggy" "Trusty"
 SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

THEY couldn't manage to hold on to Wig way out there where "Men are Men and the ladies like them that way"; so here he is, and still is, in spite of various and sundry difficulties with certain things called Academics (of which he loves Math best). He always managed (around January time) to give that old devil 2.5 a beating.

Wig has tried his hand at almost everything, including a year at the home of the "Huskies," a try at "private secretarial," and fifty hours credit in the Naval Air Reserve.

Snake? Well, we don't know. He tells us to put him down as a very red Red-Mike. Nevertheless, we still seem to remember coming back from many first hour recitations to find our table bare of mail but Wig with a letter written in a very feminine-looking hand. He tries to allay our suspicions by going around mooning "I wish I had a girl." We've heard it before. He won't admit he's hard hit.

Wig makes friends easier than anyone we know. Do you know Wig? Sure.

Cross Country; Track; Class Football; 2 P.O.



ROLAND HARPER DALE
"Brute" "Red"
 BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

BEANS, Coolidge, and Brute all came from New England. His stature is small; but what he lacks in that respect he makes up in mind and spirit.

Tecumseh almost caught him Plebe year, but Red took warning and from then on the old Warrior lost sight of him.

Brute has tried his hand at many things, but he confines his activities to tennis, crew and sailing. He likes nothing better than to go cruising up and down the Severn seated in the stern sheets of his "galley," or sailing over the Bay in some sailboat, with the tiller in his hand, and the salt spray in his face. Apparently, ships are as close as Red ever comes to a "she," but occasionally he weakens and joins the struggling throng at Dahlgren.

He is a gentleman. With experience he will become a capable mariner. In short, Time will make him the finished Naval Officer. May the Service recognize its gain.

Wrestling; Crew; Reception Committee; Class Tennis; 1 P.O.



LAWRENCE WILLIAM SMYTHE
"Larry" "Fillyloo"
MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA

HEY! Got a skag? Steady everybody, it's Smythe after his customary workout; refuse him and he breaks out a pack of his own, with a smile.

Larry's athletic abilities fall into many categories, the chief one being lacrosse.

His bulldog determination to succeed has pulled him through many a tough spot. When he has a job to do he never lets up until it is done, and done well.

"Still water runs deep" and so it is with this unassuming student who with all the worries available from academic troubles has managed to keep a hearty smile. We might say, using a homely expression but a good one, Larry's got the "makins."



ARCHIBALD WILSON GREENLEE
"Bill" "Archie"
CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

BEING a navy junior by birth, and a candidate from Severn by luck (?), this youth entered our school for pampered pets a little wiser in the ways of the navy than most of us. Maybe that is the reason that his name burst into print so promptly, and so it has been doing more or less ever since, he and the Executive Department playing tag each year, sometimes he being "it" and sometimes not.

No one could even call him a snake and get by with it. True, there was a memorable ride along the Strand at moonlight and that will help out in an emergency; but that's all the records show.

As for activities, he is very fond of the security of the Radiator Club, with a little radio work on the side. At letter writing he excels, and rare indeed is the day when he fails to write at least one. In spite of these activities he has, however, taken an active interest in class bowling and baseball.

Bill is headed for aviation. He has the conviction, and the determination—and his feet aren't flat. He'll wear wings yet. Luck to you, Bill!!!

Plebe Football; Class Lacrosse;
'Varsity Lacrosse; 2 Stripes.

Baseball; Bowling; Radio Club; 2 P.O.



RICHARD HUTCHINGS BLAIR
 "Dick" "Rabbit" "Sparky"
 DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

THE quiet waters of the Dan and the virginal wooded valleys of old Virginia must have dealt magically with the rearing and upbringing of a youth destined to yield at an early age to the call of ships and the sea.

Dick's calm complacency and cool self-possession in face of all circumstances for a while irritated and worried those who came to know him. But as time rolled on these inherent characteristics developed and grew into perfect naturalness. We who have claimed his friendship for four years can but stand off and admire.

"Sparky" is a left over from plebedom. And "Rabbit" he contracted on his first cruise.

Academics have harbored no illusions of "trees" and things "unsat," for the mind of this man knows not how to worry, and dispenses with work with a wry and knowing sense of humor.

The confidence and respect that his work well done inspires and commands can but have its counterpart of success and all its attributes in his life in the fleet.

2 P.O.



WILLIAM JACKSON CATLETT, JR.
 "Cattle" "Willie" "Bill" "Jack"
 CANTON, MISSISSIPPI

ALTHOUGH born in Colorado, "Cattle" by reason of ancestry and upbringing should be rightly called a Mississippian, for it was the little town of Canton in that state that saw most of his boyhood.

Nineteen summers rested easily upon his head when he joined the Navy with us in that memorable summer in 1928. Four years of joy and suffering have not materially added to that weight.

In the course of time we were duly impressed with those latent literary talents which were later to take finished form in the *Lucky Bag* and *Trident*.

While not especially athletically inclined he found time to manage a victorious second-class team in the fall of '31 and spend many a spring and summer afternoon with us on the tennis court.

Having firmly established himself in our hearts during these four years, it is without trepidation that we prophesy the extension of his admirers to embrace the officers of the fleet with whom he will come in contact.

Success has crowned his efforts here as we know it will in the Service.

Lucky Bag; Trident; Business Manager Trident; Class Football; 2 P.O.



JOHN PAUL ROACH

"Beetle" "J. P." "Johnny"
PARIS, TEXAS

THE mighty winds sweeping eastward from the Rockies over Texas and Oklahoma found a youth in Paris, Texas, who after nineteen years of stubborn resistance to this driving force was swept up to us at the Naval Academy and on unto the sea.

Although usually full of spirit and fun, he is capable of intensive and unremitting effort in the direction of his desires.

Literally and figuratively speaking, he is versatile in sports. As a devotee of football for four seasons and crew for two he filled the interim in the gym.

These activities did not, however, overshadow his less strenuous propensities. Many a young lady will testify as to his ballroom prowess and ability to enliven a drawing room conversation. While not a self-admitted snake, there are those who might go as far as to say that he has never dragged a brick willingly nor did he ever show the slightest hesitancy in dragging a forty.

Here he has given sound proof that the Academy's loss will be the fleet's gain.



EDGAR GRIFFITH CHASE

"Barney" "Ed" "Izzy"
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE tow-haired boy is another example of our men without a country. He hails from that section of our country generally known as Washington, D. C. And, therefore, forfeits all rights to partisanship in titanic "rebel" arguments.

Barney, the record shows, has found himself oftentimes being weighed in the balance of the academic departments and found not wanting, but sometimes by the merest scratch. They have been baying at his trail at every turn, but since the burial of Math (?) he has valiantly shaken them off.

Being unsat with the academic and executive departments, while for the moment vexatious, has not altered this care-free boy's happy nature. In fact that is his dominating characteristic: to look upon nothing but the sunny side of life. Week-ends and hops find him bubbling over with happiness over a new find or a recurring old find.

Barney is as stout-hearted a fellow as ever won the esteem of his classmates. We can but look forward to serving with just as stout-hearted an officer in the fleet.

Class Football; Class Lacrosse;
Crew, Expert Rifleman; 2 P.O.

2 P.O.



SIDNEY ALFRED ERNST
"Sid" *"Sigma"*
 GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

GRAND RAPIDS, Great Lakes, U. S. S. Maryland, San Diego, Annapolis—thus reads the itinerary of the cruise (1926-1928) that brought Sid to the Naval Academy. By means of his untiring and capable efforts, his keen mind, and his extraordinary memory, he rose rapidly from the "bottom" of the Service up to one of the highest standing members of his class.

Academically a four-year star man, Sigma was always willing to share his knowledge and to aid those who came to him for information or help. Although he found much time for books and "Cosmo," studying always came first. Somewhat enviously we pay him this tribute—he knew how to study.

One of Sid's chief diversions after plebe year, when he earned his numerals as a member of the gym team, was the piano and his music.

In our associations with Sid we have admired him for his straightforward, unbiased, frank opinions and criticisms, and for his wit. He is a man of ability and energy—a gentleman.

*Gym; G.P.O.
 Lucky Bag Adv. Staff; Glee Club;*



BURL LEONIDAS BAILEY
"Burl" *"B. L."*
 LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN

FROM the fair state where "the whisper of the forest tree, the thunder of the inland sea, unite in one grand symphony" came a tall, dark-haired lad seeking new fields to conquer. Born and raised within sight of the sparkling blue of Lake Michigan, it is not surprising that he acquired a fondness for the strenuous life of a seaman.

During his years at the Academy his love for the water became almost an obsession. Plebe year it was crew, but not content with being merely *on* the water he had to get in it as well; so he joined the w.k. Suicide Club.

Studies held no terrors for him, nor did he regard them with the rabid eye of a "savoir."

And femmes? Why, this rosy-cheeked youth had to beat 'em off with a club. But he couldn't hold out forever and soon became the snakiest of snakes.

His aptitude for detail and keen mind, sharpened by always keeping physically fit, coupled with that conscientiousness born only from a true love for the sea, are qualities which are sure to make of Burl a splendid officer.

Crew; Water Polo; Company Football; Reception Committee; Reef Points; Ass't. Editor, Lucky Bag. 1932; Orchestra; C.P.O.



ROBERT OAKLEY BEER

"Bob"

"Cerveza"

GENOA, NEBRASKA

LIKE Columbus, Bob's home port was Genoa (Nebraska, not Italy), but Columbus beat him to the job of discovering America. Therefore Bob decided to try something at which Columbus didn't have a chance and so left the rolling plains for the restless seas.

Academics never worried this lanky son of Nebraska, for, by hard work judiciously put forth, he has managed to stay several jumps ahead of all departments when leave was near at hand. When someone else growled about a tough exam, he was frequently heard saying, "That? Why, that's fruit!"

The high jump interested him and efforts along this line have scored points for his Alma Mater and earned awards for him ever since he entered the Academy. He could hardly be called a Red Mike, but he very seldom dragged, except to help a stranded roommate.

After four years of living with him and his ready smile, it requires no wizard to see that wherever he is and whatever he does, those with whom he will be associated will find him ready to meet them halfway in work and in play.



HORACE RUPERT BRANNON

"Horace" "Steamer" "Skipper"

HEADLAND, ALABAMA

HAILING from Alabama, Horace lives up to all the tradition of the South. Truly, he needs no act of Congress to be called a gentleman; and as an officer, we feel he will be one of the best. Courteous and considerate at all times, his friends have steadily increased since his initiation into the Navy, Plebe summer.

His small stature did not prevent him from making his mark in Navy's athletic annals. As coxswain, he was an all-important cog in the machinery of the lightweight crew. His endeavors along the crew line were not restricted to the Academy. Homesick for a shell, while on Youngster cruise, he visited a boat club in Naples, and the ensuing incidents will undoubtedly never be forgotten by the Neapolitans. A welcome addition to a party at the Academy, we have not a doubt that his future days, afloat and ashore, will be filled with friends, happiness and success.



Track; Log; Orchestra; 2 P. O.

Crew; Hop Committee; 2 Stripes.



ROBERT BURWELL FULTON
"Bobby"
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHILE still in High School, dreams of gold lace, three-star barges, tropical breezes, heaving decks and beautiful women pervaded the mind of our Bobby, and after four years he still dreams of the beautiful women. Blessed with a sunny disposition and a sunny smile, he has managed to sail peacefully through four years and in those years to make more friends than any man we know.

In the dragging line he can always accommodate a friend or two and drag cold 4.0's for them. Girls, however, are the least of his worries. Academics come easy, and few and far between are the times that Bobby has found his mark for the week posted on the well-known (to the rest of us) trees.

His greatest diversion is chewing the rag, so to speak, which he has ably done for four years as crew coxswain; his greatest aspersion—"Anybody got a skag? The Juice lesson is fruit." Wherever he goes, we'll wish that luck may follow him, and whatever he does, you can bet it will be something to be proud of.

Crew; 2 P.O.



JOHN CARROLL DEWITT, JR.
"Nitwit" "John" "Neewah"
 DECATUR, GEORGIA

GEORGIA is famous for many things, and, according to John, rightly so. However, after two years at Georgia Tech he decided that the Navy was just the place for him, and he was right, for with his good-natured disposition, which often belies his true seriousness, he can make the best of any tough situations that may come his way.

While he hasn't worn any stars on his collar, the Academic Departments haven't caused him an excess of worry, because a little early velvet always was able to carry him through any ensuing difficulties. In the late afternoons, John has divided his time between managing soccer, and collecting and arranging bits of humor for the *Log*. In his spare moments he by no means took a back seat when a bull session got under way. He could argue either way, it didn't matter, as a subject was all that was necessary.

The Femmes certainly got their share of his attentions, for no one's locker was quite so replete with pictures. But here, as in anything—"one will always stand out." Our best wishes and sincerest hopes for the future go with him.

Log; Trident; Reception Committee; Soccer Plebe Mgr. (4); Assist. Mgr. (3, 2); Mgr. (1); 2 P.O.



JACK IRVING BANDY
"Jack" "Irv" "Jellicoe"
 YUMA, ARIZONA

FOUR years ago there came to Bancroft on the Severn a boy from the great desert spaces of Arizona. He has never yet explained his real reason for the change in locality, but it must have been his desire to see a bit of water mixed with the sand.

Once, in his early youth, he heard a doctor say that every growing lad should have at least twelve hours of sleep each day, so Jellicoe has followed this advice carefully and faithfully, and it is no strange sight to see him stretched out during study hours to catch a few winks.

Early in youngster year he met the lady of his heart, and since that time he has used his recreation periods for dragging. However, he has managed to find time to devote to the art of pole vaulting.

When graduation rolls around and everyone is scattered, countless fellows will miss that familiar old cry, "What's the juice lesson?" uttered, usually as formation busts, by our ambitious boy trying to make good in a "crool woild." All in all he's a pretty good fellow and will win a name for himself some day, somehow, somewhere.



RALPH MARTIN WILSON
"Doc" "Popsy" "Ralphums"
 BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

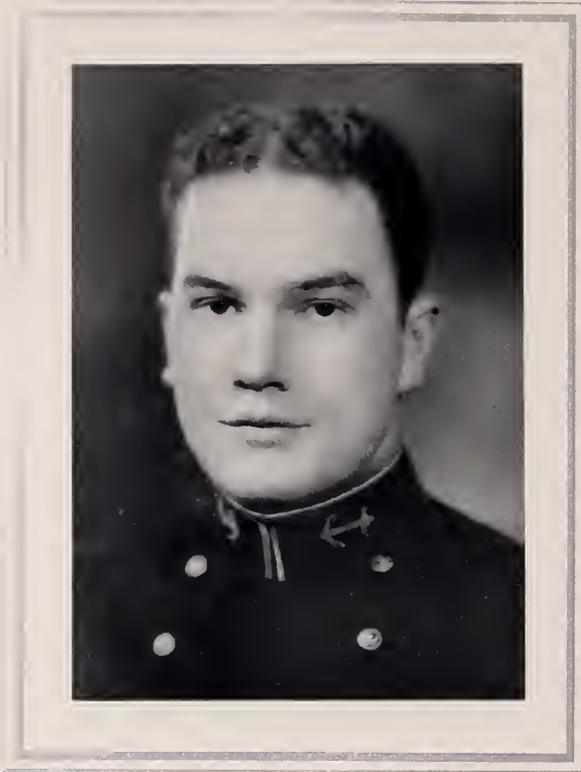
"DOC" WILSON began his official sojourn in the United States Naval Academy on a hot day in June, 1928. He brought with him from the home podunk, Blairsville, Pa., many memories of "collitch days" spent in Carnegie Tech; but he soon forgot them under the pressing demands of "oars get thee out and pull" and other plebe summer drills. He was a welcome addition to the ever-swelling company of "Wensylvania Wolunteers," for as a bridge shark he was much in demand.

Academics held no terrors for him except the Dago department and occasionally steam. In both of these it was always a "Hard winter." His familiarity with dx's and dy's, and other forms of torture known as math, made him first section leader most of the time and held his class standing high.

R. M. is also a mighty swimmer. Three years on the sub-squad have made him perfect in the art of drinking the pool dry, and his friends have rewarded his untiring zeal with a little tin fish.

Company Football; Track; Class Football; M.P.O.

Football Manager; Lacrosse Manager; Lucky Bag; Reception Committee, Chairman; Christmas Card Committee; 1 P. O.



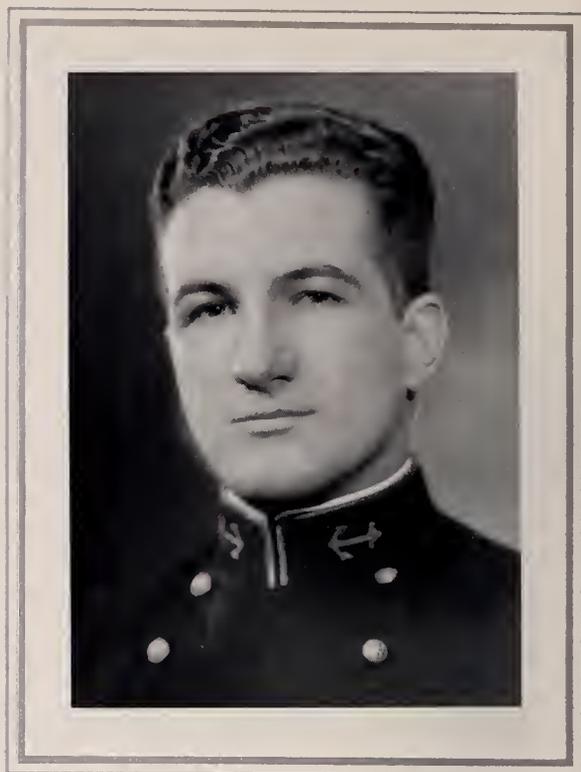
HAROLD LAZELLE SARGENT
"Sarge" "Childe Harolde" "Mizzoury"
 HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

FROM the Mississippi to the Sea." Snatched from the shores of the ole Mississippi, Sarge was hurled into the labyrinth of Bancroft Hall.

Mark Twain's stamping ground of Hannibal, Missouri, was the Childe Harolde's home. And, needless to say, the homefolk are proud of their illustrious son who went East and made good. For he did make good! Not a star man but a pleasant sort of student to work with; grasps new things readily, and will explain them.

A wide and varied reading has kept him abreast of the times, and has cast to oblivion a plebe-year nickname. Once a year he breaks out the sax, and gives an outlet to the music in his soul by playing in the Musical Club orchestras.

Modest and unassuming are two intrinsic traits that have made him friends here and will continue doing so. I prophesy an inevitable success.



MELVIN THAYER YOUNG
"Mel" "Umptie" "Bismarck"
 CLARENDON, VIRGINIA

MERELY a plebe, his qualities were recognized by the appellation, Bismarck. A big man, he had the ability to look beyond our horizons and the fortitude to obtain his objective. Bismarck, the diplomat, autocratic and uncompromising, was soon overcome, however, by the friend Umptie.

Off to a bad start with an injured knee, the rest apparently gave him the impetus, not only to overtake, but to outstrip the best of us. What he has attained is not due to breaks but to good old-fashioned plugging.

He has many likes but each is subject to his will with the exception of crew. Interested in all sports and accomplished in many, he resolved early to specialize; and crew received his illimitable energy with mutual advantage.

Never pessimistic, angry, or discouraged, he lightens one's troubles when their weight becomes oppressive. An ideal roommate, he will make a good shipmate.

*Class Football; Boxing; Orchestra;
 Lucky Bag Staff; Reef Points Staff;
 Reception Committee; M.P.O.*

*Crew; Reception Committee; Track;
 Class Water Polo; 1 P. O.*



WILLIAM HEALD GROVERMAN, JR.
"Bill" "Grove" "Smut"
 HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

HE is a native of nowhere, none too ambitious to set the world aflame with his own ingenuity, yet not averse to working when the occasion demands. "Bill," when in his late 'teens, came skidding into the Navy merely because Congress had an extra appointment. Since then he has found a firmer footing, has rolled back the dismal clouds of ignorance, and has allowed the bright rays of the "Ac" Departments to show him the way to graduate in four years. He has learned much and has forgotten some of it, but most of all he has remembered not to tell all that he knows, and nothing that he doesn't know.

"Bill" is a true worshiper at the shrine of Venus and Bacchus.

He is an artist of note, a poet of merit and a musician for pleasure. When the orchestra needed a bass "fiddler," "Bill" mastered this little instrument.

A pal in necessity as well as foolishness, makes "Bill" a shipmate to be respected and well liked.



GEORGE ORRIN HOBBS
"Ike" "Ikey" "Horsey"
 RUPERT, IDAHO

AFTER two years at the University of Utah this good-natured farmer decided that a suit of overalls was not debonair enough for his high social ambitions. No sooner thought than done, and we find our "Hobbyhorse" riding through social activities both at the Academy and in the environs with the nonchalance of a born Beau Brummel. His social ladder lacks a top rung, and we feel that in time his name will grace the annals of cigarette papers, as does his predecessor's, Lord Chesterfield.

Having wrestled for two years at the "U" before entering the Navy, "Ike" was left only one year to participate in Inter-collegiate competition. Had this not been the case, we are certain the team would have found an invaluable captain in this "Sandblower." Whether up or down, his disposition is always jovial. His wit is inspired, and when it is coupled with his friendly attitude we need search no further for a real pal.

Orchestra; Company Soccer; Crest Committee; 2 P. O.

Wrestling; Class Rifle; Log; 2 P. O.



CLARENCE EMERY KASPAREK
"Gus" "Cowboy" "Kas"
 ODELL, NEBRASKA

AWAY out in the wilds of Nebraska, our big, handsome Bohemian first decided to cast his lot with "those who go down to the sea in ships" and came barging into Crabtown late one day in June, 1928. Since then we've watched his progress from a lowly plebe to a venerable first classman.

Gus is naturally fickle, no one girl ever having been able to hold his attention for more than a month. Witness, Second Class summer when he had six O. A. O.'s in three months. He is not a snake, but when he drags you can look for a 4.0.

Though not a star man, "Cowboy" stands high enough in his class to be assured of a commission in the "Gyrenes," a lifelong ambition.

A good nature, a keen sense of humor, and a cheerful disposition are bound to make a lot of friends for "Gus," no matter where he is—in the Marine Corps or digging ditches. And, no matter where he is, there will be lots of his classmates, scattered all over the globe, pulling for him.

Water Polo; Class Water Polo; Company Basketball; 2 P. O.



CLARE BROWN SMILEY
"Chuckles" "Baldy"
 BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

"CHUCKLES" wanted to go to the South Sea Islands and reasoned that a boat was one of the necessities. He enlisted the aid of a negro preacher and a lot of enthusiasm and the result was his first "sea-goin'" craft. The strain never grew foreign to his blood and Smiley entered Marion Institute with the intention of entering the Naval Academy.

This came to pass and Smiley awoke one morning to have somebody tell him that "damn Yankee" was two words. Here was pure heresy in Clare's estimation.

As an athlete, his attention has been riveted on class football and water-polo. During Plebe year, it was feared that Smiley would develop gills in place of lungs, so ardent was his attempt to win a berth on the suicide squad.

Clare is temperamentally suited for the life of a Naval Officer. He is savvy, refuses to worry over trifles, and thrives on the unusual. Ask any of his classmates about the time he went to breakfast formation without a collar and tie.

Water Polo; Class Football; Class Water Polo; 2 P. O.



EDWIN WILLIAM HURST
 "Bus" "Rosy"
 SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

"WHAT'S the Capital of South Dakota, Mister?"

"South Dakota, why, sir—I don't believe it has a Capital."

Capital or no Capital, we know that Hurst hails from that good midwestern state of South Dakota, where the girls know nothing about battleships but are willing to learn.

Those girls are quite well educated now because Bus did his work very well while home on leave. That is one of his minor accomplishments. Back here he did much more, getting into the navy swing from the start and remaining up with the first section boys without undue effort.

Energy plus classifies Bus. He couldn't be content unless doing something whether it was playing basketball or lacrosse, making close harmony, or giving his usual smile and ever-flowing line to some fair femme. Lovely girls and good music never escaped his keen judgment. We know Bus as an agreeable roommate who furnished more than his share of the magazines, whose humor and pep kept things going.



JOSEPH LA PRADE HARWELL
 "Joe"
 BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA

JOEY often tells us he is from Brunswick, Georgia. As he possesses all the qualities of a Southern gentleman, even to the well-known drawl and slurred r's, we have often thought of letting it go at that. After a year at Emory University, he found he would like to try the life at the Naval Academy. Here he found mutual friendship that held him until the Secretary of the Navy handed him his diploma.

Size, he is but five feet six inches, has not been an overwhelming obstacle to Joe in athletics. In the fall you find him playing soccer. He led the Second Company to a championship and to runnerup in two successive years. An inopportune appendicitis operation kept him from his place on the Varsity Second Class Year. (Ask him about *His* operation.) Winter finds him playing an excellent game of basketball and spring, with a ready lacrosse stick in his hand.

Although naturally serious-minded, we have found him with a never-failing good nature, a broad grin, and an earnest desire for the other fellows' welfare.



Class Lacrosse; Lucky Bag Staff; Musical Clubs; Glee Club; Star; 3 Stripes.

Soccer; Class Lacrosse; 2 P. O.



JOSEPH HOWARD KUHL
 "Joe" "Hotshot" "Byron"
 ALTON, IOWA

THEY raise some good men in Iowa, along with their songs, and they lose some, too. What Iowa lost this time the Navy gained, for Joe heard and heeded the call of the sea after spending a year at Iowa State. Amidst the gripe and grind of plebe and youngster years he almost decided to return to the tall corn, but, as is often heard, the place grows on one, and he proved to be no exception.

The Academics have never caused this lad any trouble, chiefly owing to his fidelity in performing any assigned task. However, he has his worries, and in this respect the picture tells the tale.

His athletic tendencies have included class football and lacrosse, and the letters have taken care of the literary side of his nature. Good-humored, rarin' to join any fun, yet Joe is always willing to settle down to work. His numerous friends have found these characteristics, together with that something under the surface which distinguishes a man, enough to make his friendship a lasting thing.

Class Football; Class Lacrosse; 2 Stripes.



CLIFFORD ARTHUR JOHNSON
 "Cliff" "Johnny" "C. A."
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

AMONG other famous people Chicago has presented us with "Cliff." The call of the sea was heard by him via ripples on Lake Michigan; and as long as tennis didn't have to be thrown into the discard, he was more than willing to follow the path of his Viking ancestors.

Cliff spent one year at the University of Illinois. While there he began to master the art of playing tennis. Since then he has rapidly become proficient.

Squash also had its attractions and when the powers that be threatened to make it a recognized sport he practiced in earnest and won the regimental championship.

Among his characteristics are his love of good books and a desire to get his full quota of sleep so that in an emergency he might not be caught napping.

The Academy's loss is the Fleet's gain, and June Week will see a mighty good man going out to try his hand at taking charge of a real ship. With his pleasing personality and willing hands we feel sure that as the years pass he will have more than his share of success.

Tennis Capt.; Academy Squash Champ.; 2 P.O.



JOHN STEPHEN LEWIS

"Jack" "Steve" "Deacon"

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

"Do you know what?" "No, what?" "That's right, know what." Although a maker of rotten puns, Jack is not just another Lewis, but a real tribute to the clan, rating with Strangler, J. Ham., and Ted. His banjo, shrewd commonsense, and nimble wit have won him innumerable friends both here and on the outside. Steve left Northwestern University at the end of his sophomore year and we are still wondering why they let him go.

His main objective has been to overcome the handicap of being underweight. To accomplish this, he has taken part in numerous athletic activities; lacrosse, soccer, boxing and basketball. Jack has shown his business ability by his work on the LUCKY BAG staff and his musical talent through the Mandolin Club. Here again his banjo has won him recognition and many of us are beginning to believe he takes it along with his smooth line when making every leave.

As a roommate and pal, there has been none better; and not one of the gang will be missed more when the service calls us to its widely separated duties.



HOWARD FLETCHER STONER

"Red" "Fletch" "Shikepoke"

ROCHESTER, INDIANA

LOOK who they have playing on their team—two from Fort Wayne and the others from Gary and Indianapolis." After talking to Red for about five seconds one would know where he was from and would be under the impression that all basketball players come from Indiana. His handicap in height kept him from becoming varsity material in his lost love.

An early tangle with the dago department showed "Red" his ability along the academic lines, and since then few first sections have been posted without his name. Always ready to help a less fortunate classmate, he has often heard the question, "Hey, Red, didja get that 'prob' for tomorrow?"

Combining a tenacious determination with an unusual sense of humor and an ability to make and hold friends, Red will make a fine officer; as a roommate, classmate, and friend he has no equal; and when Red leaves us to go out into the fleet there will be a hole which will be hard to fill. Good luck, Red!



Soccer; Class Soccer; Lacrosse Manager; Ass't Adv. Mgr., Lucky Bag; Reception Committee; Musical Club Shows; Leader Mandolin Club; 1 P. O.

Tennis; Class Football; Ass't Circ. Mgr., Lucky Bag; 1 P. O.



JOHN JOSEPH McCORMICK
"Mac" *"Jig Jig"*
 BARNESBORO, PENN.

JOHN JOSEPH McCORMICK established a record the day he entered the Naval Academy. He was the first man from Barnesboro, Pennsylvania, to enter in many moons. Since that eventful day he has fought right valiantly to be worthy of Barnesboro's wild enthusiasm.

Despite academics, John has found time for other activities. His first attempt was boxing. This sport was given up, however, because he decided it was too easy—too easy to get cauliflower ears and hard blows on the chin. Since giving up boxing he has pitched for the company baseball team, played center on the company football team, and has been in the second "fifties" for two seasons.

His greatest assets, however, are his cheery spirit and good nature. Because of them he has been a good classmate and will be an excellent officer when it is his turn to go out in the fleet. There, no doubt, he will make many friends and will continue to be an asset to the service.



ERNEST DEBBES HODGE
"Micky" *"Tuolumne"*
 TUOLUMNE, CALIFORNIA

How "Tuolumne" ever managed to break away from Paradise, or California, which is next to it, is a wonder. But he did, and became resigned to live for four years away from his beloved state and made the best of Maryland. Much to his surprise it wasn't such a bad place after all.

An injury early in Plebe year put an end to his athletic hopes, forcing him to concentrate his physical efforts at company sports. Company rifle competition is his specialty.

Micky is not what one would call savvy, but by dint of hard and continuous study and an excellent start from Summerville Union High, back in Tuolumne, he has raised himself to a place among the ranking men of the class.

He is occasionally seen dragging, though he seldom goes to hops or informals. From the prominent place on his desk occupied by the picture of a beautiful girl with dreamy eyes and a wistful smile, we think he must be in love. And didn't we see a miniature on his desk some time during second class year? Congratulations, Micky!

Boxing; Crew; Musical Clubs; 1 P. O.

Cross Country; 2 Stripes.



REX BEACH LITTLE

"Moonbeam"

"Rex"

LYNDON, KANSAS

ALMOST immediately upon his arrival Rex became famous, or rather notorious, through his deadly accuracy with the firehose and was ever and anon seen leading his comrades forth in a daring charge in the wee small hours of some Plebe Summer morning. When questioned about his ability he replied demurely that he had belonged to the championship fire brigade of Osage County.

He soon put away childish things, however, and began seriously to study his chosen profession. He was inveigled into the thankless job of Plebe roustabout for the Masqueraders. His services being found indispensable, he continued the work and was finally made Business Manager first class year.

Rex has profited by his stay at the Naval Academy. Quiet, good natured, with a heart as big as all outdoors, he has made more lasting friendships in four years than most men in a lifetime. May his career as a naval officer be long and pleasant.



MARTIN MATHEW KOIVISTO

"Mart"

"Matt"

"Koivie"

ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN

MART came to us after a year at the University of Michigan and consequently wasn't quite as befuddled as most of us were Plebe year. In fact he has never had any trouble with academics while in the Academy.

Nothing said about Koivie would be complete unless his inimitable sense of humor were mentioned. It keeps one rolling with laughter one moment and seeking a belaying pin the next.

Mart has tried most sports and is forever taking a workout; but while no conspicuous athlete, he has faithfully supported the sub-squad for three years.

Koivie has gathered a host of friends who will always remember him for his sparkling wit, perpetual good humor, thoughtfulness, and willingness to help out a friend any time. And as a roommate, there are no better.

"Aw, this isn't cold; you should see the snow up in Ishpeming—Hey! What's the idea? Close that window before we freeze."



Business Staff, Masqueraders & Musical Clubs; Business Manager, Masqueraders & Musical Clubs; Soccer; Track; Choir; 2 P. O.

Class Football; Lucky Bag Staff; 2 P. O.



DANIEL FLETCHER SMITH, JR.
 "Dog" "Fletcb" "Dan'l"
 SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

THE thump of a chair hitting the deck and the excited rustling of a newspaper is heard. "Here it is, boys, here it is; right in the center section: 'Come to San Antone, where the sun spends the winter!'" And the tall "wife" is off on another of his famous stories about Texas and how things are done there. "Diesie F. Dog Dan'l Fletcher, Jr.," having been in Galveston once, first answered the call of the sea in 1927. His struggle with the Steam Department was a vain one that year, but he came back with our class and has stood on the winning side of a 2.5 ever since.

"Dog" is the embodiment of the fabled Texan, six foot two, lean and rangy, possessing that sun-cured color and outthrust chin. He is also the owner of a polished, gallant Southern manner and a drawl to go with it.

We predict great things for "Fletcb" in the future—for who could ask for a better shipmate? His tales will make history in some ward-room, and even as an Admiral he will have new ones to tell of San Antone.

Lacrosse; 2 P. O.



JACK ROUDEBUSH
 "Jack" "Roudy" "Flatbush"
 GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

OUT in Glendale, California, winner of innumerable Rose Tournaments, a young man heard of Uncle Sam's School for boys on the banks of the Severn and became interested. He soon entered with high hopes and determination.

Jack has retained his original optimism and has gone through with the philosophy that petty worries make life dull. As a result, studies gave him no serious trouble. One would be led to believe that engineering should have been comparatively easy for him considering the fact that he has owned and successfully operated four Model T Fords, Magnolia I to IV inclusive, to recall fond memories. However, he found the practical side a little different from the theoretical.

Tennis is his hobby, and he has devoted a great deal of his time to the sport, along with soccer. His presence was felt in both.

Jack has always had a keen sense of humor, that genuine gloom-dispelling kind. His cheerfulness made everybody with whom he came into contact a friend. Here is wishing you continued success and happiness.

Tennis Manager; Class Tennis; Soccer; Wrestling; 2 P. O.



BERNARD WILLIAM FREUND
"Bernie"
 PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

WASHINGTON, Lee and Freund—the Old Dominion is proud of them all. Bernie, unlike the others, started life in one of our seafaring cities. And it was not long before the salty spray of Hampton Roads covered our little lad and made him resolve to spend his life on the briny deep. Graduated from Woodrow Wilson High School and coached by a famous Portsmouth teacher that has aided many of our Virginia boys, Bernie made the grade and started on the career of his dreams.

Here we have weighed him and in the balance he's not wanting. You can recognize him by his ability to laugh, his readiness to give and take a joke, his favorite pastime of ripping collars, and his "What? No mail?" He always did dislike the radiator club and its proceedings. Hence, you could always find him engaged in some sport.

None of us have ever known him to have an enemy; all that knew him were friends. We know that when he leaves us and enters the Service he will carry with him all those characteristics that have made us like him.



ANTHONY HENRY DROPP
"Tony" *"Dropsy"*
 MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

"A REAL representative of the great Northwest—and proud of it." Tony also lived near one of the Great Lakes where the alluring call took hold, and not being able to resist, he decided 'twas the Navy for him.

After making several visits to the Great Lakes Training Station, he took the exam, passed, then shipped for Annapolis, and before he knew it had exchanged his sporty "cits" for the very comfortable white works of a Plebe. Then the fun began. It wasn't so long before Plebe and Youngster years had passed. He will tell you that all in all it wasn't so bad.

Tony has a hobby of "knowing a little about every sport." He made the class football team, was out for track, tried wrestling, likes to throw a baseball, and when he wasn't otherwise occupied you could find him working out in the gym.

Once you know him, you like him. I'm sure that if he decides to stay in the Navy, he will be a man the Service can be proud of, both as an officer and a gentleman.

Class Baseball; Class Football;
 2 P. O.

Class Football; Plebe Track; Class
 Wrestling; 2 P.O.



WILLIAM JOSEPH DIMITRIJEVIC
"Dirk" "Dirkovitch" "Dimie"
 ASHLAND, OHIO

"DIRK" immediately came into prominence the first time a "pap" was read and ever since his life at the Naval Academy has been eminent.

His distinctive features and that impressive name are entirely in keeping with his latent abilities and his personality. One of the gifted few—his poetry many a time filled a page of the *Log*. His omnivorous reading together with his knowledge of human nature endowed him with a magnetic flow of speech, and the priceless faculty of making friends easily and retaining them indefinitely. Naturally a man so armed is untroubled by amorous entanglements. His O-A-O is subject to change without notice—an indication that having broken a large but finite number of hearts and having seen enough of the others he will eventually cling to the one.

Because of Dirk's natural sincerity he has made a creditable showing in his academic work; and in the athletic field we find him a boxer and a fencer. He is one of the only few to wear that big "N."

Boxing; Fencing; Membership Committee — Trident; Editor — Trident; Radio Club; 2 P.O.



WILLIAM PAUL SCHROEDER
"Bill" "Caballo"
 IRON MOUNTAIN, MICHIGAN

ONE look at that innocent face will convince you that here is one of Nature's children; and a fuller acquaintance with the owner will prove your impressions. A shyness, a flashing grin, a bouncing walk, and an idealism that has survived the wisecracking of four years' association with more cynical classmates—these are the things that make Caballo himself.

The business world lost a potential "John D." when Bill came here; for with all his ingenuousness, he possesses an unusually acute business mind. At the least provocation, he'll use reams of paper showing you just how he could make, or save, or remanage any particular transaction to a greater profit; and the fact that his "amount available" was always a maximum proved his theories.

A shoulder that wouldn't stay put deprived him of the coveted "N," but winter afternoons usually saw him in the gym, climbing ropes and pulling weights for the good of his soul. The old call "Fall in the sub-n-we-e-ak squads" haunted him up until the verge of Second Class Christmas leave.

Sub Squad; M.P.O.



GEORGE WILLIAM KEHL
"George"
 WACO, TEXAS

A BIT of quietness, a lot of fun, a bit of seriousness, a lot of sense, a bit of laughter and a lot of song, thoroughly mixed and exercised daily, and the result is George. His ready smile and laughter, his quick response to help a friend in trouble, and his whole-hearted participation in any practical joke give him welcome wherever he goes and he never leaves without adding to his long list of friends.

A good athlete, George's prize possession is a pair of dumb-bells. He will end a strenuous hour's workout by tossing one of the steel pests to an unsuspecting roommate with a whispered warning of "catch, catch." Although he excels at no one sport, he is adept at all of them and any time his class or company needs a good player George is always there.

He is a true friend and after we are scattered at graduation his friendship will go with us over the world, something real and certain—one of our cherished possessions.



PAUL HENRY GROULEFF
"Shendoff" "Hipper" "Growler"
 BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

"Aw, that's fruit; here's how you do it"—and he can really make hard things appear easy. He has more facts stored away under his unruly hair than any person we've ever run across, and what makes him unusual is the fact that he knows how to apply them.

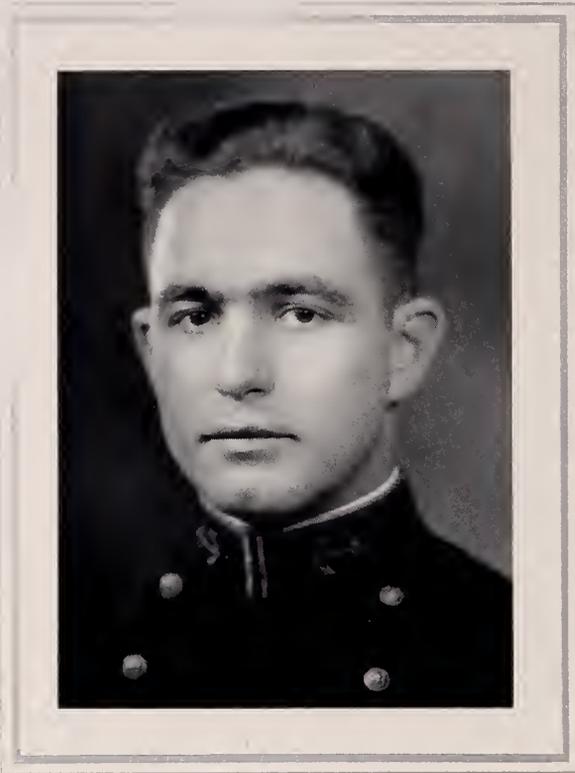
The Academic Departments have never given him one minute of trouble and that has enabled him to spend four peaceful years at the Academy, calmly viewing the haste and bustle around him and enlivening his room with wisecracks that are really wise, or otherwise.

Although never on a varsity team, Shendoff has contributed his share to the Athletic Department by being both good and consistent in wrestling and soccer. He believes that a Navy as well as an Army travels on its stomach, and chow is never safe with him in the vicinity.

A sincere friend and a good roommate, a scholar and a real fellow, Shendoff goes into the fleet destined for big things.

Lacrosse; Football; Baseball; Choir;
 2 Stripes.

Crew; Soccer; Track; Wrestling;
 2 P. O.



HOWARD RICHE PRINCE
"Principé"
 CHICKAMAUGA, GEORGIA

HAVING tired of a career of wrecking Fords, selling books, and playing football in the South, Prince joined the Navy. Here his Ford was banished and his books took on a new significance, but football held all its old appeal. Two years of good work promised to develop a varsity player, but an injury in the third year unfortunately took away the last vestige of his old life and kept him from the coveted letter.

He never seems really happy unless he is either getting into or out of a scrap, but his lack of a line and his sincere attitude always bring him clear and have made many genuine friends for him.

He has never acquired a nickname because "Prince" describes him and no one has originated one better suited. Good natured, savvy, and with a leaning toward adventure, Prince will be at home in the fleet and will carry with him many friendships which neither time nor distance can destroy.



THOMAS FORT WILLIAMSON
"Pete"
 MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

ONE of Pete's greatest ambitions is to sleep twenty-four hours a day. Perhaps his younger days in sunny, carefree Alabama developed this love of Morpheus, the god of slumber. He has never been known to be himself at reveille or very soon thereafter. In fact it takes until after his morning cup of Java for him to get in phase.

With an unquenchable love of good music he has kept the room well supplied with new Vic records. Should you enter the room some time when only the study lamp is lighted and soft strains are coming from the Vic, it's a cinch that Pete is perched alongside it looking out of the window into the night and thinking about a little girl, a little car, a little home, in a little town in Alabama.

Pete always has a smile for everyone. This trait has ever helped him to make new friends and hold all his old ones. His amiability and whole-hearted generosity, which extends to giving one the shirt off his back, have made him beloved by all his classmates.

*Football; Class Football; Crew;
 Class Water Polo; 2 Stripes.*

Ring Committee; 2 P. O.



WILLIAM LEROY RICHARDS
 "Red" "Richey" "Dick"
 COLLINGSWOOD, NEW JERSEY

ROY absorbed all the education that Collingswood High School had to offer and then began to look around for a school with a more difficult course. Within a short time he had become a Midshipman. By the end of Plebe summer Roy was inaugurated into the Academy routine and got off to a good start in academics. He found little difficulty with the course and coasted smoothly through four years with little worry, and less studying. He is one of the few who not only talked of rolling up velvet at the beginning of each term but actually did so.

In the fall he is active in company soccer, not only getting a good workout but also assuring himself of a high grease mark. Winter finds him busy with the Mandolin Club; in the spring he spends his afternoons across the Severn with the rifle team.

A man possessing such an attractive personality is sure to make a success of life and can look forward to a pleasant future.

"I just heard the best record down in Dave's room."



PHILIP LEROY SNYDER
 "Phil" "Snitzel"
 CINCINNATI, OHIO

UNTIL he entered the Academy our Plebe Summer Phil was ever a "fresh water sailor," having gleaned his experience on rainy days in Cincinnati. He took well to salt water, however, and after a hectic Plebe year he made the Youngster cruise and returned a wiser, saltier youngster.

The challenge of academics called up Phil's fighting blood, and for the first two years it was nip and tuck until the end when "Snitzel" got in that little extra bit that assured his career. When academics grew dull his delight in good combat took him out to where the "B Squad" struggled or to the wrestling loft.

Through all the trials and tribulations of his years here and through his long siege in the hospital, Phil's everlasting optimism and good humor have made him numerous friends who are his forever. Even though sickness keeps him from graduating with us, wherever we may be Phil's smile and cheerful words will always be welcome.

Rifle; Mandolin Club; Soccer; Reception Committee; 2 P. O.



HERBERT JOHN CAMPBELL
"Scotty" *"Rusty"*
 KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

SCOTTY came to us out of the great West, completely Oregonized. Plebe summer made its usual changes, and as a result we've had the pleasure of his company for the past four years. Academics hold no fear for him, although a certain Youngster Math course woke him up considerably, and since then he's made an enviable record.

In the line of athletics, his best sport is soccer. His stocky build stood him in good stead in the center position, and few goalies cherished the idea of his crashing in to chalk up the needed points. Although never an active candidate for the gym team, his work on the rope climb cannot be overlooked. The length of the rope is enough to discourage most of us, but when time is a factor the rope climb becomes a feat accomplished well by few.

As for his social activities, we know very little about them before he entered the Academy. Youngster year he stepped out in great style, and since then has held up his share of the social life.

Plebe Soccer; 'Varsity Soccer; 2 P. O.



RICHARD JOHN LAVERY
"Dick"
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DICK, a proud son of Chicago, gave up ambitions of becoming a corporation lawyer to obtain a commission in the Navy. His optimistic disposition, gay abandon at play and seriousness at work assured from the first that he would always be well liked.

A little difficulty with "steam" and a troublesome ankle kept Dick from earning a major award early in his career.

Dick's inclination toward athletics led to some trouble with academics and vice versa, but that was to be expected since he was never a member of the radiator club. He did not spend his time in the upper sections, yet he was able to secure a place near the first section when necessary. Since he was neither a number jumper nor a wooden man, it is small wonder that he was and is popular with everyone from first section leader to anchor man.

Few realize how versatile Dick is, but it is only necessary to add that among other things he is a good musician and a real horseman.

Soccer; Basketball; Lacrosse; 2 P. O.



GEORGE LELAND HUTCHINSON
"Hutch" *"Herc"*
 GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO

HE joined the Navy—no, not to see the world as a sailor—but to become one of the pampered pets—a midshipman. And judging from his picture and numerous athletic achievements, it is a safe bet that he did succeed and attain his ambition.

Medium height, herculean build, a veritable mass of muscle, make him an asset to any lacrosse or soccer team. His worth in the latter sport was made evident when he was given a berth on the Princeton All-American Soccer Team. As a lacrosse player he is an excellent attack man, and many an opponent's body has felt the stinging blow of an unintentional whack.

As a plebe, Hutch caused his first-class sea-daddies a great deal of consternation by his easy-going, deliberate attitude. But this constant factor of nonchalance remains in his make-up, and has won him many friends.

It is no wonder that Hutch's friends are countless, because he combines sincerity, good-nature, and frankness in such a manner that few, if any, are able to resist his charm.



MASON JAY HAMILTON
"Mase" *"Ham"*
 MARION, INDIANA

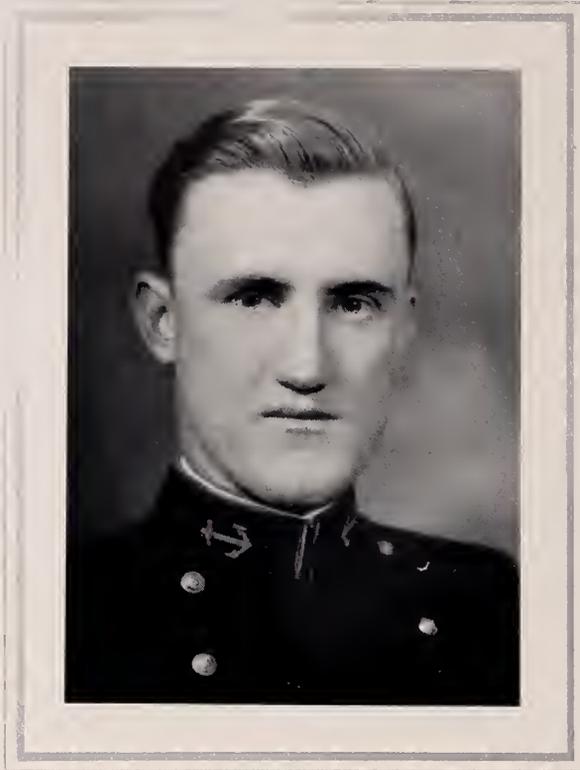
FOUR years ago Marion sent her best to Uncle Sam, a tall dark-haired young man with a name that promised much in the way of notoriety. He made many friends during the three happy-go-lucky months of plebe summer, and the following four years have not found him wanting in that respect. His classmates who know him admire him for his willingness and geniality. Not a few, however, have seen flashes of temper and sparks of lightning leap from his deep brown eyes, but, like lightning, it is gone in an instant, leaving only the good-natured and clowning Mason.

From the very beginning of his life as a midshipman he had to struggle against adversities. An operation and an injured knee have prevented him from developing his possibilities in the athletic field. As a result he turned his attentions to his lost love, the LUCKY BAG, and he capably filled the hard and thankless position of Advertising Manager.

We look forward with pleasure to being shipmates with him in the fleet.

Soccer; Lacrosse; "N" Club; 1 P. O.

Advertising Manager, Lucky Bag;
 1 P. O.



JOHN TALIAFERRO WEST
"John" "Chin" "Gadge"
 SEVERNA PARK, MARYLAND

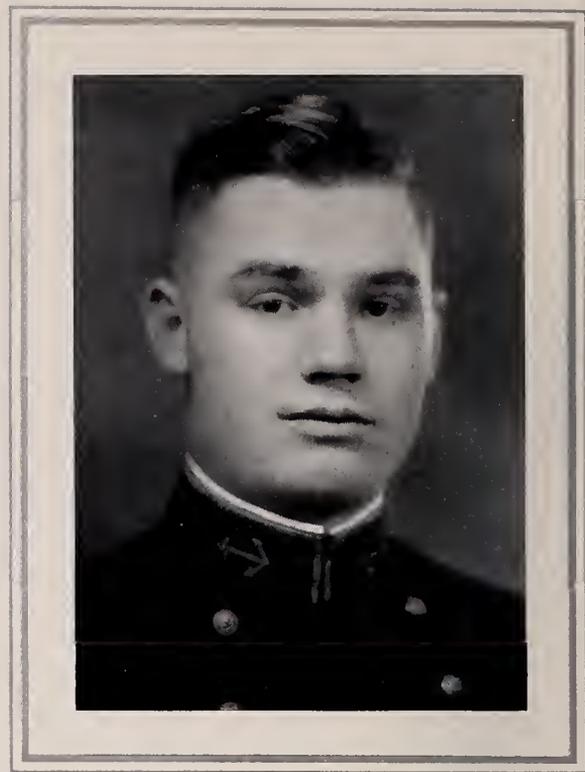
WHAT Ho! Why, West Ho, of course!

From the banks of the dreamy Magothy there sprang this agile youth who seems to be all arms and legs. It was in this wild and overhanging shrubbery that "Our Chin" learned all the tricks that he knows and there seems to be nothing that he didn't learn up there. If there is anything that you want fixed, phonographs, yo-yos, bed-springs, radios, etc., well, you have come to the right man.

However, the Magothy was not the only cruising ground for this lad. He made several adventurous trips out in the Chesapeake, where by chance he saw the Naval Academy through a porthole.

"Well," says John, "I guess I had better investigate." And, lo, we had in our midst this versatile athlete. Whether it's freebooting the old apple around the yard, turning the fish green with envy by his swiftness through the water, or running around with a gadget that looks suspiciously like a tennis racket but is used to club guys on the head, we always find him out there fighting.

Soccer; Swimming; Lacrosse; 2 P.O.



PHILLIP DECATUR QUIRK
"Red" "Sarge" "Gadge" "P.D."
 AT LARGE

“WHAT month is this, Red?”
 “Let's see—January, February, March, April, May—No, April!”

Though he has trouble keeping his months straight he knows his ships when he sees them. Since he chose to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors Red decided to take some theoretical instruction before he went further in his maritime work.

"Sarge" wished to learn his profession from the bottom up, so he began his career with us pulling an oar in a Plebe shell. "Studies interfere with my practical work," said Red, but in spite of it he is fast becoming a master oarsman. "But say, pals! A man has to know how to swim well to be a navigator, doesn't he?" said the red-head as a plebe. "Guess I will go over and practice on the First Class." So out he goes and wins the 220 and 100 yard events and helps out on the relay team.

Through these four years he has cheered us with his happy, carefree disposition and his ability to take a hard knock with a broad grin on that handsome, befreckled countenance.

Crew; Football; Class Swimming;
 Goat Keeper; 2 P.O.



OSCAR ALLEN HEINLEIN
"Oscar" "Heinie"
BUTLER, MISSOURI

IT is an accepted fact that every organization must have its Heinlein. If you come in some bright and cheery afternoon after a hard workout up the river, and find your locker upside down, your bed half out the window, footprints on the ceiling, and any of many other slight departures from the regulation arrangement of the Midshipmen's Quarters, be nonchalant—look for Oscar. If you find him, don't forget the old maxim of spare the rod and spoil the Heinlein.

Heinie is very sensitive about some things. Plebe year, a first classman having an errand to be performed always had to convince Oscar that he was not trying to run the poor plebe before any results were evident. On youngster cruise, Oscar was still sensitive. That's why he intends to spend his future guarding the streets of Heaven's scenes.

Oscar has often brightened a dull moment for all of us. This little ray of canned sunshine will be a memory of the happy years in Bancroft Hall which few of us shall ever forget. We are sure that in the future, as soon as Oscar has landed, he will have the situation well in hand.



WILLIAM ALVAH THORN
"Bill" "Ted"
LORELEY, MARYLAND

IN a quiet town situated some forty miles from Crabtown, Bill first heard about the ships that go down to the sea, and he soon decided that he was best suited for a seafaring life. So, with this motive, to emulate "John Paul," Ted climbed aboard one of those parlor cars for Annapolis early on the morning of the thirteenth, and ere the day was done William A. Thorn officially appeared on the register.

Bill's lot while with us has been merely a continuation of a brilliant career which began at Baltimore Poly, and with surprisingly little effort he has been able to distinguish himself on the athletic field as well as in the classroom. Track is his favorite sport, and to date he has been awarded letters and medals as a proof of his merit.

A pal and a friend that any man would be proud to have, we wish Bill full speed ahead and good luck in the years to come.

2 P. O.

Track N; Cross Country; Board
Track; Lacrosse 31.



MAX SILVERSTEIN
"Murph" "Max"
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A CHORUS of yells rises from the bleachers, a multitude of pleas to "Go get 'im, Murph," "All right, Max, give 'im the works!" and a determined-looking lad gets up from the bench, goes to the mat, and applies the pressure. Not much of a talker, this Max boy, but he certainly produces, not only on the wrestling mat, where he has shown himself one of Navy's greatest wrestlers, but in his everyday intercourse with his classmates.

His attitude shows itself in his every action . . . on the mat he makes no grimaces, strikes no attitudes, but goes in and ties his man in more knots than a salty old bos'n could fathom. Wrestling, with its body-to-body contact, ranks with boxing in its capacity for developing the fighting man, not the showy type, but the persevering plugger. In the Service it's the plugger, the square-shooter, that makes the best officer, and we're all expecting Max, after he has thrown his last adversary on the mat, to continue winning his bouts with life in the Service.

Wrestling; "N" Club; Batt C.P.O.



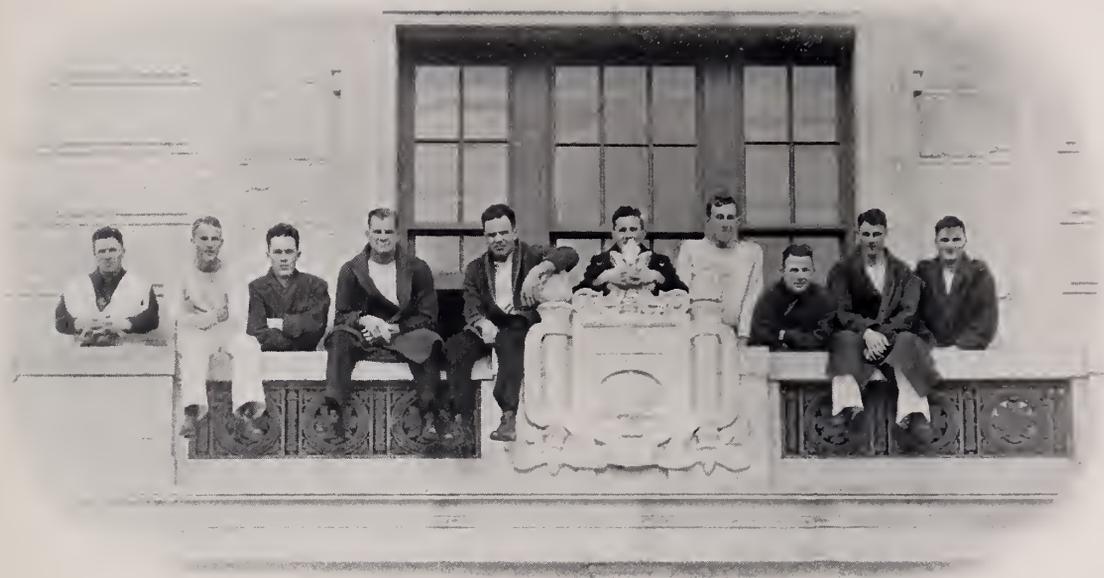
EARL ALVIN LAPIDUS
"Al" "Lapie"
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

A SCHOLAR but not a student. After getting a Phi Beta Kappa and Kappa Beta Phi average at the University of Nebraska, this lad joined our ranks late in July, Plebe summer. Staying in the awkward squad only one day, he was the company guide for the rest of the summer. The Academic Departments never made him dream of hobgoblins, but he is one of the advocates of the theory that all to be learned is not taught in books. His is an understanding nature combined with a keen judgment of human character. His "Have you got anything to read?" especially during exam week, has caused many a Bowditch to burst its bindings on a closed door.

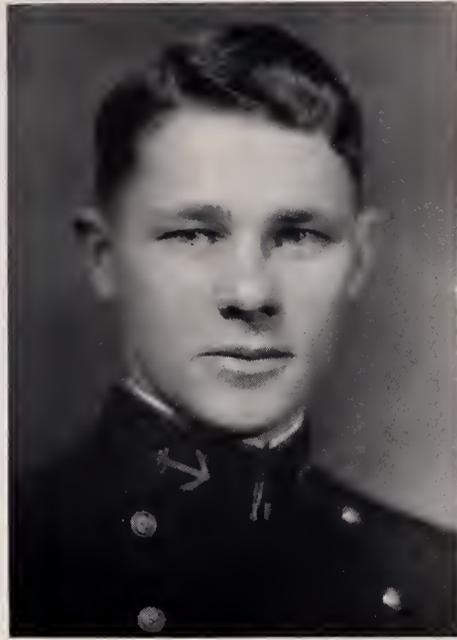
Lapie was one of the fighting members of the sub-squad for three years, and to prove that his athletic abilities were not one-sided, he combined with Scherini to win the doubles handball championship of the Academy.

Summary: A real pal. Lots of luck, Al.

Soccer; Lacrosse; Handball; 2 P. O.



The Second Battalion



ERNEST PERCIVAL ABRAHAMSON
"Abe" *"Abie"*
 PORTLAND, MAINE

ABE—not the original Abe, but still original in being an old salt from Portland, Maine, which he says is the best place in the world. He is right, it's home to him.

Quite a fellow—this Abe—stolid as we all try to be, likable, and savvy as our "ole" friend, the owl. Though not athletically inclined, he spends a good deal of his time keeping the faltering fleet-footed sat. Pigskin toters, ham-and-egggers, basketeers, or any others, including those inevitable snakes who have not time to study—he packs brains into them all. Yes, Abe is a savour even though he does not claim that distinction. "I bilged another exam, only got a 3.6."

According to Abe, he is a confirmed "Red Mike," but the number of letters he receives makes us wonder—?

Abe seems to be quite successful in all his undertakings and when he does go to take charge of his submarines we may rest assured that he will not fall down—although he may bump his head. "All I ask is a good tall sub—." Good luck, Abe!

Manager Plebe Basketball; Battalion C.P.O.



GEORGE ROSCOE BEARDSLEE
"George"
 OWOSSO, MICHIGAN

"HALT! One-Two! Where are you from, Gadget?"
"Owasso."
"Owasso, what?"
"Owasso use, sir!"

It was through George that everyone in the class discovered that Owosso really did exist, and that most automobiles come from Michigan. Every little town has some redeeming feature. And that's where George comes in. He's really a likable fellow. There isn't a thing that he wouldn't do for one. When one wants to "borrow" a "skag" he gives and smiles. Troubles don't seem to faze him; that is, studies don't.

No great men ever cared much about studying. George is no exception to the grand old custom. He doesn't worry about studies nor does he have to. His only burning ambition in the line of boning is to know enough "dago" to keep his name from the list of weekly sacrifices. He has always liked French—liked to be through with it. But who doesn't? If he doesn't become an admiral of the Swiss Navy, at least, we'll be disappointed.

Small Bore; Outdoor Rifle; M.P.O.



HARRY HAYES DREANY
"Bull"

LA CROSSE, KANSAS

A COUPLE of years in college and one in the regular Navy gave Harry a more mature outlook on life. Out of these experiences, he formed a philosophy based on maximum accomplishment with minimum efforts. Not that Harry is averse to work; he is merely a staunch upholder of the Law of Conservation of Energy. And his system has worked with surprising success. For example, in the academics, he has nearly always managed to star in the first two months of a term so he could devote the last two to his many other interests. All things have had their proper time in this man's well-planned curriculum. Whether it was garnering up one of high marks for the month in Nav, to bolster up the class standing, or merely catching up with a little lost sleep during drill period, Harry managed it with a certain finesse which seldom admitted failure.

Cheerful, good-natured and keenly discerning, Harry is always master of the situation. There is no reason for wishing him good luck. If luck doesn't come his way, he will succeed without it.



ODALE DABNEY WATERS, JR.
"Muddy" "Dab"

MANASSAS, VIRGINIA

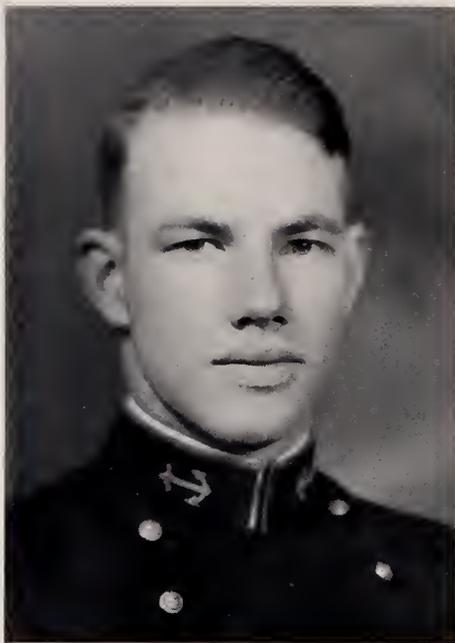
FROM the site of Bull Run came this worthy descendant of the gallant gentlemen in gray. The phrase, "a scholar and a gentleman," aptly describes this true Virginian. From the beginning his tact, friendliness, and ability have marked him as a born leader.

There are many to whom the cognomen of "savoir" can be applied, but here is one who fulfills every possible meaning of the word. In academics, nothing seems to be too difficult for his mind to grasp; and his help to his less fortunate fellows has been a source of relief to them, and has given him a real pleasure in being a help. In general knowledge, too, he stands among the first, and a remarkably astute memory makes him a well of helpful information.

He is gifted also with a pair of speedy feet that have been a material aid to the Navy teams. A certain indescribable charm and an easy way of saying the right thing at the proper time have made him as popular among the femmes as any man could desire to be.

2 P. O.

*Plebe Soccer, 32; Track, 32, N.A.;
Lucky Bag Staff; Star; 4 Stripes.*



LLOYD MONTAGUE MUSTIN
 "Lloyd" "Mustie" "Mustang"
 AT LARGE

WAY back in June, 1928, this fair-haired lad came down from Washington and took the Naval Academy under his special care. You would never suspect him of being a Navy Junior, for he was a *savoir*, and, moreover, fair to look upon. Those of us who are fortunate enough to really know him marvel at the man. Such *savoir-faire*, *virtute non verbis*, et cetera, ad infinitum.

Early in his career, Lloyd realized the futility of attempting to elude the *femmes*, so he started meeting them half way (in the yard, at the Main Office, or out in town), and he slays 'em all with a glance and leaves them to languish.

As early as Plebe Summer, he achieved fame as an athlete, and the Natatorium was his castle. Each year found him the shining light on the Swimming Team, breaking records here and there, winding up the season with more block Ns.

Academically, his life was serene—a star man in the classroom as well as the drawing room, Lloyd will reach the top at anything he undertakes, for "It isn't luck, it's skill."

Swimming, 32, N, Captain; Class Football; Ring Dance Committee; Hop Committee; Star; 3 Stripes.



WILLIAM CAMP FITZ-HUGH
 ROBARDS
 "Bill" "Billy" "Will" "Roe"
 AT LARGE

BILL came over from Washington, where we go when we want to have a big leave, and he brought the spirit with him. He's our original dynamic personality. Week-ends, Carvel, Hops—never complete without him. And when it comes to absolutely non-aesthetic dancing, Virginia Beach stuff rates with the Ancient Greeks alongside his brand of syncopated whoopee.

It wasn't long after signing in Uncle's league before he took to the water, and he has been pulling a mean "dorsal stroke" ever since. His other athletic loves were trips to the rifle and pistol galleries in the interest of the company, and a shot at track. Maybe training table chow helped along his effervescence.

But the thing he did best of all was keep the women apart (practically). He can't claim much of the credit, though—it was too easy. Just give the boys a look-see, and presto—an army of interested, not to say eager, assistants. Oh well, 'stough to have taste in that line.

Long may you wave, Bill.

Swimming; Class Football; Soccer; Track; 2 P. O.



JACK WILLIAM WINTLE
 "Jack" "Garp" "Wintly"
 PITTSBURG, KANSAS

JACK had the distinction of being the first man in '32 to sign the "Big Book," thus receiving the coveted laundry number "2." He hails from way out West in Kansas where men and women are glad of it, but, nevertheless, he upholds the good old Navy line and claims, incidentally, to be a buffalo hunter. Jack's sunny disposition and generous ways have made him many friends from the first days of Plebe summer right on through, with the result that everybody knows him and everybody likes him.

The Acs have never caused him to lose either sleep or pounds. He has plenty of reserved boning power stored up in case of need, but it will be unusual if he ever needs it. Just let him put on his glasses for you and you can readily see why all the people say O. K.

He has given his bit to athletics in both football and in basketball and is a member of the reception committee.

Jack gave up a brilliant future as a teacher to cast his lot with us in the Navy. He has all of the qualifications of a good Naval Officer and is headed for a successful career in his chosen profession.



FRED LEE RUHLMAN
 "Spike" "Freddie"
 YORK, NEBRASKA

IT is rather a mean loss to the business world to have put Freddie in blue. His tendencies have shown him to be one "most likely to succeed" when placed on his own resources. The factor making his attempts fruitful has not been rare bursts of genius of a fertile mind, but, more to his credit, a grim, tenacious attitude in carrying out the plans where in others have fallen because of fear of too strenuous a task.

Academics do not resist him long. He goes out after them with a will to learn.

Freddie is a follower of the idea oft spoken but rarely practiced, "A thing worth doing at all is worth doing well." Spike guided the football team for three years as a managerial mainstay until he left to assume the duties of first class.

Somehow, the older ladies are won over when he happens around. It may be his cheerful philosophy, or perhaps he really enjoys making waffles on Sunday afternoons. An ardent adherent of the Terpischorean art, he is always found on Saturdays and Sundays delighting some few maids with his twinkling toes.

Plebe Football; Basketball; Reception Committee; C.P.O.

Manager Football, N.A.; M.P.O.



THOMAS KENT BOWERS
"Red" "Tom" "Tommy"
 ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

PRIOR to entering the Naval Academy Tom spent a happy though rather unproductive year at Severn. During that first eventful summer he distinguished himself by his abilities in athletics and his knowledge of the Academy grounds.

Unlike many who can get from under the axe without any special effort, he decided to star and as a result has been sporting one ever since.

Among the "wooden" there are many who are indebted to Red for straightening out the snares of academic departments.

It has almost become a proverb in this day and age that athletes are not over-bright. However, the Redhead has proved himself to be an exception. His first attempt in football was rather disastrous because of lack of weight. However, in basketball and especially in lacrosse, where weight is not so important, he was a valuable addition to the varsity.

In short, Tom is the sort of fellow that you are proud to call a friend. When he leaves to join the fleet there will be many who wish him the best of luck.

Lacrosse, 32, NA, N; Basketball, 32; Class Swimming, 1932; Class Football; N.A.C.A. Council; Class Secretary; Star; 3 Stripes.



GEORGE SHEARMAN JAMES, JR.
"Buck" "Jesse" "Jimmy"
 HYATTSVILLE, MARYLAND

LIVING so near the home of the Navy, Buck has naturally leaned toward the naval life. Opportunity knocked and Buckie was not so slow in answering. Thus we find him in our midst.

Jesse is an all-round man. Anything that he undertakes is well done, especially in the athletic line, where, with his six feet two of brawn, he finds a ready place. In academics, he is not a star man, but he is not slow to grasp facts. Being a rebel, Buck is inclined to be lazy. "What, ten minutes? I can't possibly read this over in that time!" In addition to his devotion to athletics and academics, Jesse still finds time to devote to the fair sex. He is by no means a red mike, and one may always find him where a dance is in progress.

When Buck graduates there will be many who will be mighty sorry to see him leave. But we rest assured that wherever he goes he will fit in. We also know that there is one ship in the fleet that is going to benefit greatly by his presence. So long, Buck, our best wishes go with you!

Football, 32, N; Basketball, 32; Swimming; Lacrosse, 32, N, Captain; N Club; 2 P.O.



ALPHA LYONS BOWSER

"Alph" "Al"
CRAFTON, PENNSYLVANIA

WHEN "Alph" first dropped in on us he had left behind him in Crafton an enviable record in athletics, dramatics and music. It is quite natural, then, that he has done so much along those lines while one of Uncle Sam's pampered pets. Although never quite a headliner, he is always found battling with the best in any chosen activity. This characteristic also shows up in his academics, as he has seldom if ever been unsat, because of his determination to succeed.

He is perfectly happy when he is harmonizing with some of the boys. In this respect, his hearers are also happy, for he has a very pleasant tenor voice.

His chief weakness is an interesting habit of bringing some record that has caught his fancy around to his friends' rooms, saying, "Listen, boys, get a load of this number,—it's absolutely the smoothest trumpet solo you ever heard!"

Al has been blessed with a cheerful outlook on life and a congenial disposition. He is a straightforward, hard-working friend and will surely leave his mark on his associates.



HOWARD JOHNSON TURTON

"Parson" "Turt"
MERIDEN, CONN.

FROM Meriden, Connecticut, came "Parson" back in the early summer of '28—fresh from high school after having succeeded in getting that long-dreamed-of appointment. Like others riding South about the same time, he little realized what Plebe year had in store. Plebe year was tough for "Parson" both academically and otherwise; but that made him emerge a whole lot wiser and stronger as is evidenced by the way he now "flits" around the savvy sections.

"Turt" is one who thinks well before he leaps, but when he leaps it's a hop, skip and jump. "Turt's" even disposition and cheery smile are the outward manifestations of a warm heart and a mind that always sees things in their proper perspective.

"Parson" has chosen the Marine Corps with its mules and red stripes. *Semper Fidelis* is no new motto for him. All those whose ambition is Pensacola and a pair of wings may see him soon, as he looks forward to wings also.

Tennis, 32, NA; Basketball, 32;
Manager Plebe Cross Country; Choir;
Glee Club Leader; 1 P. O.

Musical Clubs; Company Pistol;
Class Football; Rifle; Boxing, NA;
1 P. O.



CHARLES FREDERIC BRINDUPKE
"Brindy" *"Charlie"*
 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

FROM the beginning of his Naval Academy career, "Brindy" has been a Navy man; and it is his intention to devote his postgraduate days to the service. In fact, he has always taken a keen interest in ships and boats, from his Naval Reserve days in San Francisco through his Academy course. He was a devotee of the activities of the San Francisco yacht clubs and Pacific Coast yacht races, and did considerable boat handling himself in the "Golden Gate" Harbor.

"Brindy" has made a place for himself among the members of '32, a place by reason of his wide acquaintances and activities while at Annapolis.

Though not always at the head of the class, "Brindy" is very popular for his practical scholarship. He is a smart lad, is a good judge of beverages, can furnish the latest jazz on the piano, can make any radio operate and sings a smooth tenor in "Sweet Adeline" and other well-known melodies. He has always been a good member in good standing of the Dunhill Club, rarely having less than a dozen good workable pipes.

Cross Country; Manager Plebe Basketball; Plebe Track; Rifle; Crew, 32; Radio Club Vice-President; Glee Club; Musical Clubs; Choir; Reception Committee; G.P.O.



DANIEL CLYDE KNOCK, JR.
"Eno"
 COLUMBUS, KANSAS

AT various times during his boyhood career Clyde wanted to be a professional musician, a lawyer, a newspaperman; and finally he joined the Navy. The various professions lost a good prospect and the Navy gained a good man.

Although an inland boy, he has taken to seafaring life avidly. On Youngster Cruise he proved himself a real "salt." Eno boy is a great dragger; in fact, a week-end didn't pass during Youngster year but that he had some sweet young thing on the string. He continually raves about some blonde, brunette or whatever the case may be—Redheads? Never! Academics never gave him any trouble and he could probably have starred if he had not spent so much time helping out less fortunate classmates.

Clyde has an active nature and therefore is a member in very poor standing of the radiator club. Out of doors, his first love is soccer; then in the spring the clay courts have a strong call for him. In the wintertime he does not park on the radiator but helps the Musical Clubs along both in the orchestra and the Glee Club.

Orchestra; Glee Club; Musical Clubs; Soccer N; Manager Tennis; 1 P.O.



LAWRENCE SHEPARD BROWN
 "Larry" "Brownie" "Lotty"
 GLOVERSVILLE, NEW YORK

TAKE a look at this big blonde boy from the north country and then just think what a life he must lead. But we won't go into that; we'll just consider the outward and visible signs. With pictures of the fairest of the fair on his locker door, he bites his lip over what he'll tell the last one now that a new one's on the make. Larry seems immune to the little cherub's arrows—it's just a great big game to him. They worry about him on two continents—maybe you've heard of his Battles of San Sebastian and London town.

Anyway, Larry eased into our midst by the skin of his molars on an umteenth alternate, but found little trouble thereafter. Academics have never bothered him in the least, but neither has study hour. Perhaps his greatest passion is lacrosse, but every fall has found him working with the "B" squad.

We like this Swede, we do; a great boy to make a liberty with and that in our mind qualifies anyone. Reliably pleasant, intent on his work, worldly in his ways, but above all, full of the love of living.



JOHN DIETRICK LAMADE
 "Jack" "Lumley" "Stuffsbirt"
 WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

HERE they come, right down the main street of Billsport, and off the front page of "Grit"—"Gabby" Street, ole "Mule" Haas, and Jack himself. All wool and a yard wide, that's the one. Jack entered this place singing and laughing. They moaned at his songs but they couldn't drown him out and he has been going his cheerful way ever since, never griping, never blue, always dispersing little rays of sunshine—and he's got a bagful of 'em.

Did you ever hear how Jack always had the dope Plebe year? Did you ever hear him play the piano? In Rome, did you ever hear of anything particularly devilish that he didn't know something about? Never. Did you ever watch him fake a nosebleed after an attempt to walk through a wall? Anything for a laugh. Good humor and biceps are his big points.

Jack's a real pal; he might hook your skivvies on the cruise, but he'd split his skags or java with you just the same. He's the kind of man who's not a kind of man; he's the genuine article.



Lacrosse, 32, NA, N; Football, NA; Lucky Bag Staff; 2 Stripes.

Cheer Leader; Class Football; Pep Committee; Class Supper Committee; 2 P.O.



CHARLES JOSEPH ODEND'HAL
"Odie" *"Corrode"* *"Rosenthal"*
 BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS

ONE day late in August of our Plebe year a tall lad came in through Gate Three for a four-year sojourn. Although he didn't know what it was all about, and insisted on sweeping everything under the locker for the first days, he soon became aware of the fact that he was a midshipman.

Odie only goes to prove the rule that you can't judge a man by where he comes from. A rebel at heart, but appointed from the Bay State, he has lived about everywhere in the country and its possessions, and was once one of those well-known Baltimore boys.

Up until Second Class Year, his favorite amusement was singing and whistling during study hour, but after that one could almost always find him among the scattered parts of the Victrola, to which he was making improvements.

In the fall, company soccer claims him, but the rest of the year he is free to help push one of the one-fifty shells up and down that Severn.



PHILIP WINSLOW CANN
"Phil" *"Cohen"* *"Whanya"*
 AUBURN, MAINE

LAM-CHI, from the University of Maine, Phil has known the score since the first days of Plebe summer. It's a big jump from hunting moose to learning about things naval, but Phil made it and finds it right in his line. We remember the evening of the Dartmouth game in 1929 when Phil steered a party of green Youngsters safely through the pitfalls that beset their path in the great city of Philadelphia.

Cohen is a conscientious worker. We can attest to that fact by displaying his awards won in small bore and in rifle since Plebe year. When the football season closes, the radiator club loses a member in excellent standing and the small bore team gains a hard-working manager. First on small bore and then on outdoor rifle until June week, Phil labors for the glory of the squad. It is a tribute to his industry that no one has even come close to taking either manager jobs from him.

Phil is a snake, but doesn't take his duties too seriously. So far, the O. A. O. hasn't appeared. The lad might be a Red Mike deep down in his heart.

*150-Pound Crew; Musical Clubs;
 Glee Club; Press Club; 2 Stripes.*

*Manager Small Bore Rifle; Manager
 Rifle; Reception Committee; 1 P.O.*



OWEN ELKINS FANG

"Wu"

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

FOR four years Wu has successfully kept his friends guessing as to just what he would do next. As solemn as an undertaker one moment and appearing to have gone mad the next, his methods of self-expression are effective, though at times a trifle violent.

Wu has always maintained that he should have been an actor. His willingness to prove his contention has helped to brighten many a dull moment for highly amused spectators.

Time never hangs heavily on Wu's hands. He always has one or two good books on his shelf to read in spare moments.

As for his faults, we regret to say that he has two. He has the alarming habit of suddenly emitting hair-raising shrieks. Also, he has a passion for wooden mallets. Wu with a mallet in his hand is like a Malay who has run amuck. Luckily, bung starters are scarce in the present era, so he is generally a quiet and tractable gentleman.

When Wu's puzzling exterior is penetrated, one finds that he is as sincere and obliging a friend as could be wished for.



THOMAS JACK COLLEY

"Jack"

"Jee"

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

“PUT on the other side and change the needle,” as he settles himself more comfortably to enjoy the music. Jee is a great music lover and can enjoy anything from Wagner's Valkyrie to those barbarous renditions of present-day jazz. His other amusements consist of the “Cosmo,” McClelland Barclay in particular, The New Yorker and a special weakness for Jack Oakie and Aesop's Fables. That intangible quality of appreciation of a companion's good points plus the graciousness to overlook the bad ones has resulted in all friends and no enemies for our Jee. After Plebe year he left the arduous duties of basketball manager to engage himself in such pursuits as drawing and making puns for the Log. For four years he has been one of the main cogs of the booming bass section in the choir, and was one of the charter members of that group belonging to the “Old Navy,” who used to gather at the top of the ladder after evening meal and render with class “A” barber-shop harmony their version of “Good Sailors Never Die.” Here's luck to you, Jee, boy.

Track; Cross Country; Plebe Gym;
2 P. O.

Plebe Manager Basketball; Plebe
Track; Choir; Glee Club; 2 P. O.



FRED CONNAWAY

"Fee" "Adolf"

FORREST CITY, ARKANSAS

OUR Fee was originally from the Lone Star State, but claims Forrest City, Arkansas, as his home. One day while guarding the levee (a process consisting of smoking big black cigars to keep the mosquitoes off and shooting at mud turtles) he received word that he had passed the exams to our noble institution of learning. Fee quickly packed his bag and boarded the Memphis Special for Crabtown, where history was being made, as the class of '32 was forming for a gallant and famous four-year career. Famous!—no end.

Earl Thomson caught him and by the time that the track season had rolled around he was beating the varsity high jumpers fairly regularly. Youngster year, he amassed an awesome number of points to win a block N.

We may forget his achievements in track; but we'll never forget his spirit of friendly helpfulness which so endeared him to us. Good luck, old Fellow!



SALEM AUGUSTUS VAN EVERY, JUNIOR

"Van" "Guzz" "Neuve"

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

YES, girls, this is Guzz, but you are not his first victims. Many have fallen for that innocent, appealing gaze, that quiet manner, and have been unable to come out from under the spell. We rather suspect that a fair young femme back home occupies his mind, but he is still susceptible.

Academics? His worries in this line are few as shown by, "Wife, wake me up when formation busts." Gus is a caulker of note and wide renown for his knack of dropping into the arms of Morpheus at any time, anywhere, with the calm serenity of a babe.

Van had ideas of being an athlete. He has tried football, tennis and boxing, and although he still packs a mean wallop, he has become an advocate of the life less strenuous. He still labors under the impression that he can play tennis—poor, misguided youth. "Give up, Van!"

For a long time Van has been considering the merits of peanuts, but no matter where he is, or what he is doing, he has worlds of friends who wish him every success. "Best of luck."

Track, 32, N; Class Football; 2 Stripes.

Boxing 32; 2 P. O.



LYNN THOMAS ELLIOTT
"Fin" "Fish" "Lute"
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

THE Sigma Chi's of Kansas University lost a mighty munificent brother when Lynn decided to don a midshipman's uniform. Finishing his Freshman year, he hastily scurried through his home town and made his way to the Academy in a dilapidated Ford.

The activities for Lynn have held a potent lure. He has done everything from editing the Plebe Log to tangling with the Army in the Army-Navy game. He has even experienced the thrill accompanying the successful completion of a re-exam. He had enough, however, and has not been bothered with the grim spectre of Academic Insufficiency again. "It's just a case of concentration," says Lynn, with one of his slow smiles, when questioned by our reporter; and our reporter was convinced.

Lynn battles away conscientiously on the football and lacrosse fields and it is this mannerism of the athlete which caused him to help check up many wins for the Navy. His perseverance and startling ability to set his mind and keep steadily on his course in spite of rocks and shoals has won for him the admiration of all who know him.



PHILIP CHRISTIAN HOLT
"Casey" "Bill" "Jack"
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

A GOOD wife because he is the wrong size to borrow clothes, only takes up his half of the room, always does his share, possesses humor at all times, studies occasionally, and, last but not least, he always has the latest news, secrets, dope and lowdown of affairs from the nearest scuttlebutt. He will offer small odds on a sure thing and large odds on one not so sure. He never fails to have a good time whether it be in athletics, in society, or in the latest gripe session—therefore, for four years, Casey has qualified as a real roommate and pal.

Bill hasn't always been in the Navy. He used to live in Kansas City—that glorious Capital of the World—and after a ten-thousand-mile bumming tour his desire for adventure brought him forth to a place where things happen, and Saturday night life comes once a week.

For a specialty Jack has taken boxing and the little "Dynamiter" has proved two lefts are better than one right. His ability has drawn him above the ordinary class to where such specialists arrive—the top.



Editor Plebe Log; Associate Editor Lucky Bag; Football, N, 32; Lacrosse N, NA, 32; Swimming 32; Basketball 32.

Track; Soccer; Boxing; Cross Country; 2 P.O.



CARL FRANKLIN FAIRES, JR.
"Junior" "Carlos" "Fairs"
 ATLANTA, GEORGIA

"Now where does this connection go through?" and similar queries may be heard issuing from Carl's general direction during the hour immediately preceding a Juice or Steam recitation. He has never been bored by the Ac's, since they have always managed to push him close enough to the requisite 2.5 to insure at all times an interesting contest.

A hop is incomplete without his presence, and few indeed have been those which have not found him dragging—in fact, he has won himself a reputation, in spite of the missionary work exerted by his wife in an attempt to save him from the errors of his ways.

His is a mild disposition, and about all an attempt to start a nice interesting argument based on anything from the latest scuttlebutt on up gets out of him is a disinterested "I dunno, are you?"

Carl doesn't know yet whether he's joining the fleet or the U. S. S. outside on graduation, but wherever he is, his many friends will wish him a sincere "Good luck."

Boxing; Swimming; 2 P. O.



JOHN MARION LIETWILER
"Liet"
 POMEROY, OHIO

WHEN Liet answered the call of the Service, he had already spent two years at old Ohio U brushing up an acquaintance with Horace, Pliny, Xenophon and other popular novelists of that ancient day. Just what made him choose the Navy we cannot say—perhaps the dryness of Livy made wetness in huge chunks seem desirable. Or maybe some steamboat jaunts on the Ohio did it. Anyway, he came, he saw—he might even have conquered if it had not been for Math, Steam, Juice and other enemies of the language-minded.

He frankly admits that he regards chess and checkers as the finest sports—except perhaps the rope-climb and other small gymnastic feats. Ping-pong?—too strenuous! However, he has found time to take part in that classic sport of wrestling. He also belongs to that select group known as the Fusileers, having inherited somewhat of a shooting eye from his gran'dad. The Musical Clubs take up the rest of his spare moments.

One thing we can say—Jawn is no fusser—no parlor snake. He rarely drags,

Outdoor Rifle; Wrestling; Musical Clubs; 1 P. O.



JOSEPH ABRAHAM JAAP
 "Joe" "Jo Jo" "Jap"
 DENVER, COLORADO

THE only Jaap in the Naval Academy—yes, sir, that's true, but at the same time it is far from being the only distinguishing characteristic about Joe.

Joe got his bearings in about nothing flat, which is another way of saying a cozy little room in the Second Batt., and started out to make a thorough success of his newly chosen career. He couldn't quite decide whether he wanted to shine academically or athletically, so he did both. Few, indeed, are the sports at the Academy which have not seen his participation—football, wrestling, lacrosse, track, basketball and numerous others kept him busy continuously. Though not graced with quite enough ability to make the varsities, Joe did more than his share every year to bring the Harvard Shield to '32. Second Class year marked the advent of more activities for him.

Joe's academic excellence was one of continued improvement from year to year, and not a few of us will attest that his meticulous care in explaining obscure details helped to keep us from adorning more trees than we did.



FRANCIS DRAKE FOLEY
 "Navy" "Francis" "Kitty"
 NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

WHEN "Navy Junior" is suggested, one naturally thinks of a man who has visited many places and seen many things. And Francis is a thoroughbred Navy Junior. By his power of observation and his ability for concentration he hasn't missed a thing; and he has stored his storeroom of knowledge until we begin to wonder just how on earth a man of his proportions can know so much.

Francis' life at the Naval Academy has not been a rose-strewn path; but the complacency with which he has smiled at trouble has endeared him to everyone. With a marvelous amount of "stick-to-it-iveness" and his omnidental smile he has always done everything that he has set out to do, and he has always done it well. His Log, Lucky Bag, Pep Committee and Ring Committee are good examples.

As for the ladies—they have come from everywhere to have him do the dragging.

Now let us take stock of the man. Assets: Perseverance — maximum; Enthusiasm—the old Navy spirit; Congeniality—plenty; Dependability — 4.0.



Lucky Bag Staff; Reception Committee; Press Club; Radio Club; Wrestling '32; Track; Class Football 1932; Class Lacrosse 1932; Class Basketball; Star; 2 Stripes.

Log Staff; Editor Log; Lucky Bag Staff; Press Club; Pep Committee; Chairman Sign Committee; Hop Committee; Company Representative; Editor Army-Navy Game Fire; Track; Boxing; Trident Society; Ring Committee; 2 Stripes.



WILLIAM BYFIELD SHORT, JR.
"Bill"
 LARCHMONT, NEW YORK

THE Three Fates grinned at one another on the fifteenth of June in '28—they knew that their protégé, Bill, was going to step into something—sudden!

Bill walked from a peaceful suburb of New York, Larchmont it's called, into a maelstrom—the situations into which he was tossed, "Les Moments Déplaisants," are strange enough to make a fair-sized book worth writing—but that's another story.

In spite of all of his difficulties, his careless motto, "Think Nawthin' of It," seemed to be "Open Sesame" to a fruitful sojourn in his "Good Old Crabtown." Such a fact would be impossible without one's friends, and many of those he has made with his ever-ready, "What's the trouble, Pal?" Bill could never be accused of not paddling his own weight in the canoe—after all, what more can be said of a man's integrity?

The way of least resistance is the longest road, and the most comfortable—never do now what may be done later, because later it might not have to be done!

Plebe Soccer; Rifle Small Bore 32, NA; Rifle Outdoor 32, NA; Class Swimming; 2 P. O.



GEORGE CUTHBERT HUNTER
"Ducky"
 DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA

"DEADEYE DICK from Deadwood" is perhaps too long and too fanciful a title for every-day use, but it is certainly a fitting and descriptive one, for it has been well earned. Not only is he one of Navy's crack riflemen, but also a bonafide native of Deadwood. While on the subject of titles, it may not be amiss to mention that "Ducky" is the standard one for equally appropriate reasons.

This military life, irksome though it may be, seems to agree with this lad from the wild and woolly West. Even a military prep school was not enough to show him the folly of his ways; moreover, he is the first man to go on record as saying that he did not hate infantry drill. Serious, steady and conscientious, he has the ideal temperament for this type of existence, particularly insofar as his shipmates are concerned.

We are certainly glad that fate altered his course from sheep ranching to the School of Mines to Navigation, or perhaps, to become an Ordnance prof, who knows? In the meantime, we have had a good team mate, a delightful companion, and a real friend.

Small Bore Rifle 32, N, Captain; Outdoor Rifle 32, NA, N; 2 P. O.



CLEO RAFTER KEEN

"Runt" "Pee Wee"

MOBERLY, MISSOURI

SOME people from Missouri may have to be shown but Runt usually finds out for himself, and along some lines he is a regular Columbus. Pee Wee does lack length. A stick of dynamite is not very large—but what a myriad of things it can do when it's lit off! He loves his fun and is always in on any bull-sessions, sings, water fights or shower parties.

Pee Wee does use his power for some good purposes. In the fall, whenever his knee is in joint, he shows the boys what to do with a football, but he is always looking forward to spring, because Runt is a smoothy on the hot corner. He's also somewhat a swimmer, being wont to practice in fountains at two A. M.

Although sometimes close to the ragged edge, Pee Wee stays sat, sufficiently so that he does not have to worry a great deal.

Runt is pretty much a ladies' man, but he does not seem desirous of remaining in one place. He is just holding out 'til the right girl comes along and then look out!

"What, the 23rd, why, I can do that un myself."



WALTER DEANE INNIS

"Walt" "Tubby"

KNIGHTSTOWN, INDIANA

WALT came to the Naval Academy a chubby little rosy-cheeked lad from the corn State of Indiana, a true representative of his State. Since then he has changed considerably. Old Bluebeard had nothing on Walt, for his blue chin and soft eye have charmed many a maiden's heart.

Tubby has been a matter of concern to Mates of the Deck ever since Second Class Summer. Those finely penned letters from Roanoke, Virginia, have been having a marked effect not only on the Mates, but even on Tubby.

Since Plebe year he has been known chiefly throughout the Regiment as that trombone player in the N. A. Ten. He has gone in for the Musical Clubs in a more or less tolerable manner, having worked with the Glee Club and the Orchestra.

Not generally athletically inclined, our Walt has shown that he is able to handle himself when the occasion demands.

All persons holding the friendship of Walt will quickly agree that he is a loyal and generous friend.



Football 32; Basketball 32; Baseball 32, N; N Club; 2 P. O.

N. A. Ten; Gymkhana; Musical Clubs; Orchestra; Glee Club; 2 P. O.



HALFORD A. KNOERTZER
"Hal"
 DEER PARK, WASHINGTON

HAL was born in the land where wheat and forests flourish, but after spending his childhood there he decided that such was not to be his life; he chose to be an officer instead of a farmer or lumberman.

After the newness of the service was past, he soon found an outlet for his energy in the Juice Gang. Being another one of these infernal savours, he was well equipped for thinking up new intricate lighting effects and sign boards for the Masqueraders. The "prop room" of the Juice Gang was seldom without his cheering presence, and when there were hard jobs he was always there. To risk death in getting a sign up meant nothing to him, and as a reward all he asked was a good cup of Java and a friendly bull session with the gang.

For two years he nearly convinced us that he was a confirmed Red Mike, but even the best of us fall. Though his locker door was covered, we are of the opinion that there was one picture upon which he gazed more frequently than others.

*Electrical Gang; Masked N; Star;
 2 P. O.*



GARRY WILLIAM JEWETT, JR.
"Babe" "Gay" "Bill"
 POMEROY, WASHINGTON

CURSED with that same ambition for higher things that leads us all into four years where "Severn joins the tide" was Garry in 1927. Within a year he started on his Academy career as a member of Thirty-Two.

Perhaps it was his sudden introduction to water in large quantities after years spent in the wheat lands of Eastern Washington, perhaps not. At any rate, Garry saw a shell and decided that he could and would row with the best of them. He rowed with the Plebe crew, then went to Poughkeepsie and missed the worst of Youngster cruise. The end of Youngster year saw him sporting an "N."

Faced by the necessity of strict training, he had very little time for the usual vices of the Regiment. However, now and then, during the off season, we found that he went over big with the fair sex on any and all occasions. But then he always had a line that flashed into action quickly and accurately.

In several instances it was necessary for Garry to prove the mastery of mind over academics, but he always was the victor. Here's wishing him luck!

*Crew; Small Numerals: N, N Cross
 Oar; N.A. Ten; 1 Stripe.*



JOHN PHILIP LUNGER
 "Plunger" "One Lung"
 MONTOUR FALLS, NEW YORK

"DID you see those sketches for today?" No, Johnny never cared for Steam. In fact it caused him a lot of worry at times—so much so that he could never take time off to indulge in his favorite sports, basketball and baseball.

However, this Cook Academy that Johnny brags about certainly did teach him Dago. It also helped to keep many of the Second Batt boys sat, because Plunger never minded helping the fellows out.

When it comes to women, Johnny is at the head of his class. That grin of his seems to get them just as it has made him so many friends in the Academy. Some lucky girl will probably grab him some day, however, if she never hears him sleep, and then the Navy will have to share Johnny's interest.

After First Class Cruise, however, we hold no fears for John's interest in the Navy. Whenever anything was being done top side, John was watching. His ideas on seamanship should make him welcome on any ship. His grin and general atmosphere of geniality will put him at the top of the muster in short order.

JAMES CECIL TOFT, JR.
 "Joisey" "Sweatshirt" "Cec"
 TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

THE Ramblin' Wreck from Carnegie Tech turned out to be a salty sea lawyer. The wilds of Jersey sent us a white-haired boy whose faults are few but marked.

He would rather read than eat—almost, unless, of course, the material is textbooks. Cec is also partial to sleep and music, but they can hardly be called faults. Has always been savvy and sat, indicating that he is to go far in this old world, and his ready grin is going to help him over the rough spots. The girls (except one) are the least of his worries, and he might even be called a Red Mike.

He is a Lacrosse player of note in spite of his fourth-platoon stature, which once deceived even our doughty clean-and-press establishment into putting an M over his hard-earned 32.

Cec lives from day to day, and from leave to leave, and hasn't a care in the whole world. Determined, savvy, good-natured, and carefree—a darn good combination. Happy landing, Whity!



Class Baseball; 2 P. O.

Plebe Varsity Lacrosse; Class Football; Class Lacrosse; 2 P. O.



ROBERT ARLAN MORGAN
"Bob" *"Fisty"*
 LEBANON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

BOB swept down from the woody northland full of hope, energy, and a determination to make good. The Academic Departments have fired their broadsides, but when the smoke of battle had cleared away we always found Bob right side up. Early in his career, he went out for soccer, but Fate intervened and he was destined never to realize his ambitions in athletics.

Although not an athlete, he is always working out on those contraptions in the gym. However, a good game of bridge will always keep him indoors. Perhaps he would have been a *savoir* if he had not taken his game so seriously. Notwithstanding this weakness, he always knew when to take time out and crack the books when his status as midshipman became seriously insecure. He is a quiet, good-natured fellow with many friends. He always accepts his fortunes or misfortunes philosophically. His ability to see things as they really are will certainly stand him in good stead in his future life, and all hands join in wishing him the best of luck in everything that he may undertake.

Soccer; 2 P. O.



CHARLES MALAHER LYONS, JR.
"Ben" *"Charlie"*
 BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

MIDSHIPMEN may come and midshipmen may go but there will always be one who will remain in the memories of his classmates. Such a man is Charlie Lyons, commonly known to his friends as Ben. Whether it be "hunting snipe" or walking extra duty, one can always depend on a smiling countenanced, wisecracking Ben to aid in whiling away odd moments.

Not an athlete by nature, Ben has always displayed the utmost interest in sports about the Academy. It is a certainty that he would have become a Naval Academy star had he the stature necessary for a position on a major team. With the fairer sex, his abilities were quite another thing and he has shown himself to be no "palooka," possessing the trait of a remarkable dancer and that auburn curly hair which draws the femmes. Some girl up Massachusetts way is sure to be "sitting pretty" when Ben tucks his diploma in his strong box and takes on thoughts of the future.

Ben's future is sure to be a success and, one and all, we join in wishing him the best.

Cross Country; Track; 2 P. O.

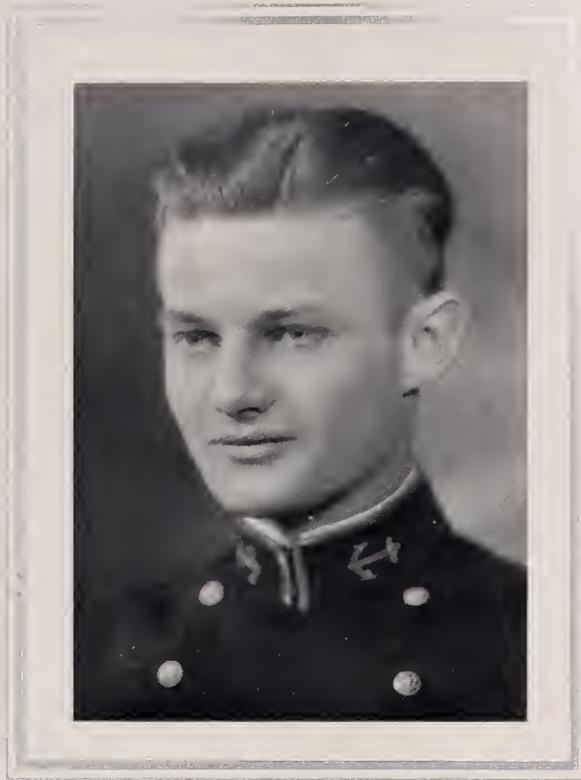


EUGENE HUGH MAHER

"Pat" "Patrick Hug"
 OGDEN, UTAH

FAITH! Who did you say? Maher, pronounced "Mah-her," please, everybody. Hails from Utah, with the original limb of the tree sprouting in County Clare, in the land of Shamrocks. Grew restless at an early age, and received his first taste of the sea at the San Diego Preparatory School. From there it was a short but inevitable step to the banks of the Severn. When we heard he was from Utah, we thought that at last our boyish hopes of some day seeing a real, live Mormon were fulfilled, but not so. Though we might say he has slight tendencies in this direction.

We despair of presenting Pat's personality in such limited space, for it is, indeed, worthy of a great deal. Congenial, indolent, generous, disposed to interest in anything containing the element of chance, possessing a rare sense of humor and a typical Irish wit, he finds life very simple, deriving nothing but joy and pleasure from both work and play. One never catches him in a mood, his disposition being one of consistent amiability; we have found every association with him a real pleasure.



CHARLES HUBERT SMITH

"Charlie" "Smitty"
 ALBANY, GEORGIA

GEORGIA produced more than pecans when she gave us Charlie. He came to us from an adventurous career at Marion Institute where he kept out of trouble long enough to amass the necessary gray matter to pass the entrance exams with a flick of the wrist and join the class of 1932.

As a platoon pusher during Plebe Summer, he exhibited the old ability to keep cool in the crisis, and has shown plenty more of same ever since, from the perils of Plebe year through the snares set for seniors. His nature is one of quiet geniality, and a taste for good books, music and women give him the soul resting recreation that he needs to be happy; a periodic game of basketball, or a workout in the boxing loft enables him to preserve the splendid vigor which he brought, along with his soft Southern accent, from his beloved Georgia.

We are sure that Charlie will be right there at the right time all during life, and we would not be surprised to see him make a name for himself.



Class Football; Class Boxing; 2 P. O.

Lucky Bag Staff; Press Club; 2 P. O.



BRUCE McCANDLESS
"Bunge" "Micky" "Oosie"
 FLORENCE, COLORADO

HE came to us from Colorado, Constantinople and way stations after spending his youth on a destroyer; for proof, see his rolling, bouncing destroyer-man gait. From years of seagoing and study, he knows more about navies and naval men than any two other men in the class. Caution: start him talking about Turkey or navies at your own risk.

Micky is a gadget fiend, delighting to bewilder inspecting officers with telescopes, sextants, globes, ship models, protractors, chronometers, and what-have-you. But once you wade in through all of the junk, you find him generously eager to lend you any or all of the finest set of tools in the Battalion. What he hasn't got he'll be glad to get for you.

For several years, in the ancient days, "when I was a Plebe" and "when I was a Youngster," Micky lived in Crabtown and dispensed great quantities of hospitality and food. For this and many other pleasant memories, we remember him with our blessings.

Cross Country; Boxing 32; Press Club; 2 Stripes.



MORTON SUNDERLAND
"Modoc" "Beans" "Marmaduke"
 FORT SHAFTER, HAWAII

OUR boy was born at Ft. Ward—an island in Puget Sound—and has been at sea ever since. Being an Army Junior, he for a long time contemplated going to West Point, but while prepping at Severn, he saw the error of his ways and decided to come with us.

Marmaduke is quite handy with all manners of blunderbusses and holds several medals for excellence in small arms firing. He is a consistent member of all the small bore teams and at times is a big bore also. His success is due to his guiding maxim; "Hold 'em and squeeze 'em."

He also has the amusing habit of being in the shower whenever formation busts and has to do the last fifty yards in zero flat—but he always gets there before late blast. It is a most inspiring sight to see him come charging along the company front pulling on his clothes as he comes. Aside from that and a few other "faibles" he is quite reg.

An exponent of original thought. Will argue on any subject whatsoever on no notice at all—and will generally convince his opponents that they are wrong.

"Bilged again—went down to third!"

Rifle 32, NA, N; Choir; 1 P. O.



ERNEST MAYNARD SNOWDEN
"Ernie" "Power Dive Ernie" "Brute"
 BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA

ERNEIE hails from Beaufort, North Carolina, but received part of his high school education in Miami, Florida.

All of Ernie's athletic endeavors have been spent rolling around on the wrestling mat perfecting the scissors, grapevine, double bar and many other holds.

Like most of us he has to meet many obstacles in his academic path but that "old Navy fight" has pulled him through so far in life and probably always will.

His weaknesses are twofold; namely, women and a full moon. Were no mention made of Ernie's dragging activities an important side of his nature would be left untouched. Tea rooms and Carvel Hall thrive on his patronage, and that of the poor soul he inveigles into dragging blind. For to no one person he confines his attention; but instead almost weekly, bebies of the fair sex enjoy his good nature and cheery personality.

For four years we have laughed at this embryo admiral, and enjoyed every word of his conversation. We are sure to miss him, and we look forward to the future days when we shall talk over Midshipmen days with him.



Wrestling 32; NA; 2 P. O.



DONALD KING MCLEOD
"Mac" "Don"
 RENO, NEVADA

YES, ladies, he's a Rambler. You can't name a place that he hasn't been. He started out early in life with an undaunted ambition to see the world but never thought that it would be "through a porthole."

Mac admits that life at the Academy is no bed of roses. He is the fellow that you may knock down but can never knock out. Academics haven't scored a knockout yet, but, boy, they surely have had him down for the count of nine twice. He's a sure bet to pull sat.

No. Mac doesn't claim to be a great, big brawny athlete but should the occasion arise, we know that he would be master of the situation. He's all there mentally, morally and physically.

And is he a wow with the ladies! Et, comment!! The way that he handles that Navy line makes one think he's a Texas cowboy. Just see if you can go to a hop and find Mac absent.

Now that this story is about finished, we'll sling a few bouquets and hope that Mac isn't Scotch. He's a real, regular, honest to goodness good fellow.

Plebe Soccer; Pep Committee; Press Club; Thompson Trophy—Sailing; 2 P. O.





ROBERT POWER WALKER
 "Bob" "Hairbreadth" "Pansy"
 LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

IT was the call of the sea—not the call of the wild—that brought Bob all the way from the land of sunkist maids to the Naval Academy. Bob hails from the Sunshine State, better known as California, and lays claim to Long Beach as his home port. He says all good ships hail those parts. Ask him! The early summer of 1927 found Bob answering the call of the sea by donning the uniform of a Plebe at the U. S. Naval Academy. Oh, yes! Four more years were spent as a midshipman, during which time he has managed to keep always one jump, or perhaps two, ahead of the Ac Departments making for himself a successful and enviable record in that direction.

Here's to Bob in his future endeavors; may they be as enterprising and as successful as those of his past. His future shipmates have in him a prize, of which we know they will be proud.



ISADOR JOSEPH SCHWARTZ
 "Dory" "Skeevartz" "Izzy"
 PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

A SUDDEN commotion, strange noises, laughter and behold, Dory is in the room. Good-natured, congenial and well liked, Dory will be long remembered as one of the boys that helped make '32 the class it is.

For amusement, Dory thumped a drum in the Hell Cats for three years, besides dragging frequently and satisfactorily. His drags kept up the average at the Hops during his career as a midshipman.

A firm believer that "Plebes are Plebes," Dory is well known amongst the Fourth Class. He has that knack of running the boys, though, which affords them as much amusement from it as he has.

The number of fellows down to the room after chow in the evening testifies to his popularity, and his generous disposition has won him a host of staunch friends that will always remember him. So here's to you Dory, "Bottoms up," "Skol," happy landings, and all the rest of them. If good wishes have anything to do with it, you should make Admiral the first cruise.

1 P. O.

Bugle Corps; Orchestra; Masked N;
 Juice Gang; 2 P. O.



JAMES GENE SMITH

"Jimmy"

"Smitty"

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

ONE often hears, "The best things come in small packages." Well here's proof. Jimmy came to us from Missouri University where for a year he had indulged in the habits of college from going Kappa Alpha to wearing a bearskin coat. His quiet and retiring but likable manner soon won the friendship of many of his classmates.

He has a yen for juice and early in his career received a license as a radio operator. The radio club has taken some of his valuable time, academics seldom worry him. When horizontal exercise grew tiresome, the wrestling loft held a certain lure. Smitty is another one of our well known Smoke Park athletes, indulging not only in that brand of baseball, but being a strong supporter of terrace basketball as well.

Jimmy says, "Who knows, maybe the tallest man in the crowd is standing on a rail." As yet we don't know where our blonde boy will settle down, but wherever it is we have an idea that there will be plenty of beer there also.



FOREST CARSON THOMPSON

"Redeye"

MARSHALL, INDIANA

REDEYE hails from Indiana and is proud of it as all good Hoosiers should be. He found life at Purdue a bit too strenuous; so after some two years of trying to become a civil engineer, he came to the Academy with the usual high hopes and ambitions. However, as time goes on we find that most of these have succumbed to an easy death.

He seldom, if ever, buys cigarettes and is constantly borrowing matches. Plebe summer he exhibited a strange and unnatural liking for that delicacy known as redeye. The subject of this abnormal passion was rapidly transferred to him, and the name has stuck throughout. During Plebe year we heard of him as the Indiana farmer on the wrestling mat. Although he had never played football before, a big N was proudly displayed during second class year.

"Have you seen my new girl?"—that's a favorite of his, for during four years he has six times fallen prey to the fairer sex. But he still admits that he is holding out for that million! Power to you, lad!



Wrestling; Company Rifle; Radio Club; 2 P. O.

Football 32, N; Wrestling; N Club; 2 P. O.



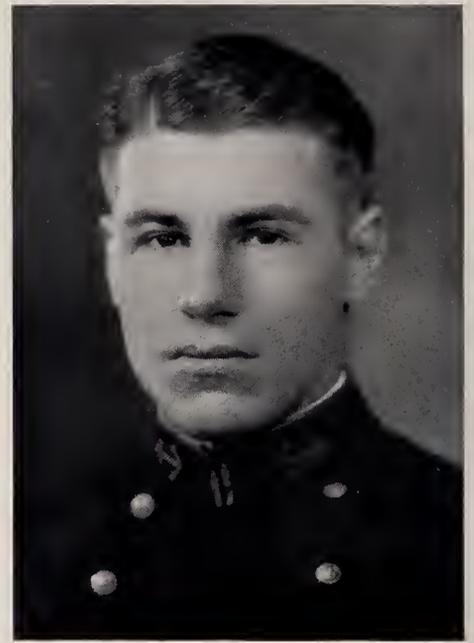
LAWRENCE SMITH
"Larry" *"Smitty"*
 BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY

"WHERE from, mister?" His reply would contain enough answers to give Richard Haliburton a contest for having "been places." He started his career in the service at Fort George Wright, Washington, and then partly because of his desire to see the world but mainly because of parental direction, he visited in rapid succession practically every post occupied by the army.

From his early life on army posts and his military bearing you'd expect him to be one of the Executive Department's staunchest supporters. Well—he is; in fact the hours spent on the awkward squad and the extra duty squads prove his love for the old army game of carrying a rifle.

Every September finds Larry back at the Academy giving his efforts holding down left end on Navy's eleven. In the Spring, you'll find him out on the lacrosse field showing the "Hameneggers" how to get the little rubber ball past the goalie, and academics don't give him half the trouble that he thinks they do.

Football 32, NA, N; Lacrosse 32, NA, N; Boxing 32; M.P.O.



HARVEY CURTIS TSCHIRGI
"Slippery Joe" *"Harve"*
 GRUNDY CENTER, IOWA

JOE DE TSCHIRGI — Grundy Center—Ioway—Slippery Joe—round hulking shoulders—uncombed hair—that's Harvey Tschirgi.

Harve knew enough to stay away from here but his curiosity got the best of him. He heard that somewhere across the Father of Waters and the high mountains was the great water. (An old Indian chief told him.) So Harve set out.

When he got here all he found was sea nettles and footballs. What he did with the sea nettles is one story and what he did with a football we all know. Besides football, Harve went out for Lacrosse but he was so rough he had to stop it because killing people was against his nature even though he does come from the west.

Off the field he is always found with a smile and a personality that you just can't help but like, and he has a winning manner which will aid him in reaching the top.

By the way, we all know him as "Slippery Joe." Why? Well, you know some people are called greasy.

Plebe Lacrosse 32; Class Rifle; Football 32, NA, N.



WALLACE HUMPHREY WESTON
 "Wallie" "Cowboy"
 MADISON, MAINE

WHEN Cowboy decided to leave the University of Maine he left it in body only, for his heart was still there. Long before the rest of the world became tired of the Stein Song the more patient of us down here were debating whether to drown him or send him back.

Athletics are a constant source of pleasure to him. Each fall he plays class football, while in the winter and spring he devotes his attention to rifle. His real love, though, is handball, which claims all his spare time.

He has an uncanny knack for getting to the source of information. Whenever any scuttlebutt does has to be verified, Cowboy is visited, like the Oracle, by incredulous individuals. If he affirms it, then it is truth, indeed.

His cheery smile and sunny good nature have made him a host of friends. His never failing source of information about "Now when I was up to Maine . . ." has always afforded his listeners much amusement. We know that he will be a welcome addition to the fleet at the end of our four years together by the bay. Best of luck, Wallie!

Class Football; Rifle; Track; M.P.O.



RICHARD CLAGGETT
 WILLIAMS, JR.
 "Dick" "Roger"
 BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

DICK is another Baltimore boy who decided to "make good" and take a chance on mess-hall eggs. In the first he has succeeded, and to the latter he has become immune. He is always happy, but it cannot be said that he is dumb as he has been peculiarly successful in missing the trees.

Athletically, Dick spends the fall in cross-country, the winter in fencing, and the spring in track. During the summer he is either in the swimming pool or on the tennis courts taking a workout.

Although he makes extravagant claims about being a Red Mike it is seldom that he misses a hop; while, after every leave his thoughts and correspondence are always considerably increased. It may be truthfully stated that these and his workouts are the things that he takes most seriously.

He is a gentleman, a scholar, a connoisseur of prunes and cake, and a judge of good drinking water. His pleasant disposition and optimism make him a good friend and pal.

Plebe Wrestling Manager; Track;
 Cross Country NA; Fencing; 2 P. O.





ROBERT DU BOIS UNDERWOOD
"Bob" *"Undie"*
 CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

BOB entered the Naval Academy as a fresh lad of sixteen, his heart beating high in hopes of service in the romantic life of the sea, having prepped at Swavely amidst the atmosphere of Manassas Marvels and Bull Run lore.

Judging by his names, one might imagine Bob wooden, but on the contrary he is usually sat for at least a good part of the time. First sections hold no terrors for him, nor, on the other hand, is he unduly alarmed by temporary and infrequent trips to the other end of the ladder.

Upon looking in at an informal at Carvel Hall, one might often find Bob tripping the light fantastic. And then again, one might not. Bob is like that. About once a year he contracts the well-known heart attack, in the spring of course, but usually pulls through before the cruise.

Although a small fellow physically, Bob is an enthusiastic follower of swimming and water polo, and may often be seen splashing about the pool.

Quiet and discreet, Bob will always be a good estimate of the situation.

Tennis; Water Polo; Track; Masqueraders; 2 P. O.



PORTER LEWIS
"Lewy" *"P Lewis"*
 BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

PORTER joined the pampered pets at the tender age of seventeen years, with the innocent bloom of youth and an optimism that could laugh at the worst that the Navy could offer.

Porter is a very serious-minded young man. He likes to argue, and has made it a habit to take the opposite side from his "wife," whom he declares is always wrong. To academics, he is invulnerable; an examination is but a mere detail. But it is true that he cringes slightly at the vaporous hiss of "steam." Porter's neatness of person and room has been the delight of the Executive department. Some day there will be a ship on which cleanliness surpasses Godliness, and its skipper will be Porter Lewis. Unfortunately, girls, he is a confirmed red mike and has never been known to drag any of the deadly sex.

"Being a red mike is being sensible," quoth Porter in many brilliant orations delivered in hopes of converting his roommate. "Think of all the money you save, all the worry and care avoided—experiences of other unfortunates have proved that I am right."

Crew; Orchestra; Musical Clubs; Star.



JOHN CORRY

"Jack"

"Red"

SAYLESVILLE, R. I.

ENTER a plebe: "Sir, will you help me with this math? I just can't see the light." And in ten minutes, another fourth classman is ready to crack a 4.0, having located one of the few men who remember what they've rushed through during the first few years of academics here.

So it is not strange that when four years ago this industrious Rhode Islander chose the Navy for his calling, he hurdled the exams and very quickly found himself among the outstanding men of '32. Of that happy clan known as the savvy (and, to boot, a diligent worker) Jack starred in studies and furnished a living example of the meaning of "asset."

In athletics Red has won deserved fame. For four years he has been a strong link in our soccer team, this last year—its captain. Soccer out of season, you are likely to find him with the boxing squad. But, then, "Red Mike," you say? By no means. "Sir, the situation is well in hand." An exceptional example of the true gentleman, sound and wholesome, Jack has earned the respect and esteem of us all.



FRANK CLEMENTS ACKER

"Frankie"

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

"HEY, ACKER! Got any good books to read?" Who in Bancroft Hall has not heard that well-known cry?—a cry to which a response has never been lacking, regardless of the tastes of the individual. Frankie's private library has always been extensive and pleasing; his preference for the latest mystery stories is remarkable. Does this indicate a possible ambition for the future? Perhaps only a hobby, for radio seems to have claimed him as one of its devotees.

Where sports were concerned, Frankie was never meant to star; so he quietly took his place among the non-athletic. His ability to pass every swimming test after hard work and then develop a stroke proves that he is very diligent.

New York and New Jersey bred Frank in a salty air, but offered him few opportunities to exercise any bent towards naval life. Four years with the Regiment and in contact with the fleet have given him a polish which, in addition to his shining virtue of good fellowship, qualify him as an officer and a gentleman. We are sorry to lose him to the outside.

Soccer 32; NA; N; Captain; Boxing NA; Class Tennis; Star; 2 P. O.

Radio Club; Sub Squad; 2 P. O.



DUNBAR GRAVES BURDICK
"Dub" *"Pop"*
 REDMOND, OREGON

GIVE him a little fire in the mountains, some flapjack flour and water, and then stand by for a meal fit for a king. While this is a very excellent accomplishment, it can hardly be called the best background for unraveling the mysteries of navigation. However, "Dub" has fared better than the average in the battle with the academic departments, for he always knows how to work the prob.

On outgrowing the rifle of his youth in the mountains, our Dunbar felt a strong yearning to play with the ponderous poundage of Naval ordnance. Accordingly, one bright and summer day he appeared in Crabtown, firmly resolved to revolutionize the Navy. During second class summer Dub came into his own. Like a mother hen protecting her chicks, he herded his flock of "sand blowers" back and forth, thereby gaining the appellation of "Pop."

We are sure that the characteristics that have made him many strong friends at the Academy will continue to make him many more friends when he joins the Fleet.

Crew; Football, B Squad; Class Football; Radio Club; 1 P.O.; 2 Stripes.



THOMAS EDWARD CHAMBERS
"Tom" *"Mike"* *"Bonecrusher"*
 DYERSBURG, TENNESSEE

WORD finally penetrated the inner fastness of the Tennessee wilderness via the grapevine telegraph and the Bonecrusher broke through the brambles and bushes in time to keep an appointment at Bancroft Hall. He brought with him a big grin, a broad Southern accent, a pair of big feet, and some football ambitions that have since been realized.

It was not until after he had battled the first week fog that he was able to distinguish between fellow plebes and Ensigns. About two experiences of knocking off rates with the latter had a persuading effect.

Tom is just about a charter member of the Cosmo Club and any obstacles imposed by the academic departments have failed to disturb him. Football came in for a lot of attention early in Plebe year and since that time the Bonecrusher has assured himself of a berth on the Varsity.

The four years at the Academy have made Tom a lot of friends, and the same characteristics which have made them and have brought him success in football and academic pursuits will stand him in good stead in later life.

Football 32 N; Plebe Crew 32; Boxing; 3 Stripes.



LIONEL ALEXANDER ARTHUR
"Bat Eye"
 NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

AGAIN New York presents its offering to the altar of the great—great in stature, we don't mean square, but built "that way." Apollo was a cripple compared to the physique that this walking Atlas carries. Interested in the "for better or worse" bait? Only passingly. He looks at 'em, loves 'em, looks for another and leaves the passing fancy to scoop up the remnants of a shattered left auricle and mend it as best she may. It seems that the ladies prefer blondes as well as gentlemen. Bat will go far and make the trip with ease. His good nature, good looks, and his "Good God, let's eat," will always make him a desirable sidekick for anyone. Nothing will ever stop him, lest it be a "blizzard*." In athletics he has attained success when his radiator cronies did not seduce him to Al Moore's for a "coke" on Saturday and a movie afterwards. Ask any of his opponents in water-polo whether or not he is largely responsible for that organization being called the suicide club. Happy-go-lucky, capable, sincere—we like him. (*Blonde.)



OTIS BASCOM KING
"Bass" *"Chippy"*
 DOTHAN, ALABAMA

WE NOMINATE FOR THE HALL OF FAME:

Otis Bascom King.
 Because he was born in the second best state of the Union;
 Because he is a gentleman in spite of the fact that he believes in Prohibition;
 Because he fought for his ring;
 Because we like him.

Age-old tradition tells us that everyone has his little star up in the heavens—his lucky star. If this is true, we think Bass's star must be one of those female luminaries that are continually twinkling and changing, for never has a man had to fight harder against misfortune and ill-opportune events than has Bass. But pridefully do we say—never has anyone come out on top in such a gallant fashion.

And what an athlete! Four years have molded this iron man into the most stellar stationary forward ever seen on a basketball team at the Academy.

Socially, he is the King of the Lions; financially, he's sat; physically, he's perfect; musically, inclined; mentally, inclined; finally, tremendously likable.



*Plebe Football; Plebe Crew; Water Polo;
 B Squad Football; Boxing N; 2 P.O.*

Basketball 32; 2 P.O.



CLARENCE OCUMPAUGH COBB
"Ochum" *"Ty"* *"Tyro"*
 ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

HAVING spent a year at Colgate and some time searching through Europe, our "Ochum" decided that a military career was the only thrilling trade to follow. Debating between the Foreign Legion and the United States Naval Academy, and choosing the lesser of the two evils, "Ochum" strolled through No. 2 Gate one sunny day in June and dropped his suitcase in the Rotunda.

During his four years' sojourn within the mighty Halls of Bancroft, "Ochum" has led a carefree life, free from overwork and worries. Studies came easy and demerits were few and far apart.

Tyro's understanding is something to marvel at and even his drags, who were many and very devoted, have often been heard to ask; that is, when they were able to break a piercing gaze from his soulful eyes, "What size shoes do you wear, Darling?" the answers were varied and quite clever but never definite.

Good natured, cheerful, sincere—a true friend and a fine classmate, that is our "Ochum."

Manager Water Polo; 2 P. O.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BAILEY
"Ben" *"Benjie Boy"*
 NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

"WHAT, no mail?" is a favorite expression of his upon returning from class, but don't let that deceive you. Watch him closely—what is that envelope, so obviously addressed in a feminine hand, that he is adroitly trying to slip under the blotter? "Just a letter from a fellow I used to know," he ventures weakly upon being apprehended.

It was not such a long way from New London to Annapolis, but it seemed a long way back to Ben, especially when perturbed by thoughts of the aforementioned originator of that feminine handwriting. Many would doubt that such thoughts really could disturb him, as his genial outlook on life seemingly precludes all worry.

Ben has had no tender spot in his heart for the radiator in either warm or cold weather. Every fall finds him forward passing with the hustlers or line plunging for the glory of '32. And even the coldest weather is no deterrent to him.

He has been a true friend to us all. Always there to give a fellow a hand when in a tight squeeze.

2 P. O.



HARRY IRWIN ALLEN, JR.

"Harry" "H. I." "Bag" "Al"

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

ON the summer of 1928 our Al came out of the West to join the Navy. Although he came from the land of farmers and gunmen, he was one of the few that knew the ways and customs of this new life. With his good humor and easy-going manner, he soon made a host of friends.

As for academics, they were mere trifles. He was not a savoir and had his troubles, but they soon disappeared when he decided to go to work. His favorite pastime was to go "unsat" in the fall and then do work of first-section calibre to get his Christmas leave. In the languages he was more than good. Dago was simple. And how often he has awed his friends with the "rhetorical bombast"!

Football was his sport and when not in the "Pull Sat Before Christmas" Club he was out with the "B" squad giving and receiving legal murder. His success in another line was a little short of phenomenal. The collection of feminine pulchritude displayed on his locker door was enough to please even the most critical.



WALTER ASMUTH, JR.

"Walt" "Woz" "Wozo" "Red"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ON the sixteenth of July, 1928, Central High added another segment to our first line of national defense in the person of one Woz.

He came imbued with what seemed boundless energy, both physical and mental. The former manifested itself in any available form of athletic workout and not infrequent "rough-houses." His mental curiosity seemed insatiable, even when directed along academic channels. His favorite textbook was, however, Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, which he chose, no doubt, for its wide diversity of subjects. His disposition was subject to the usual ups and downs which are man's privilege, yet never did his irrespressible wit desert him, wit bespeaking Celtic forbears. It soon became apparent that he who dared to oppose him in either argument or repartee stood somewhat less than an even chance of winning the moral victory. Whether he remains in the Service or seeks his fortune on the outside, he is well equipped with the intelligence, personality and common sense to justify his decision by success.



Football; Plebe Class; B Squad; Plebe Fencing; Crew; Lucky Bag Staff; 2 P. O.

Plebe Boxing; Plebe Tennis; Company Basketball; 2 P. O.





FREDERIC NORTHY HOWE
"Nemo" "Fred" "Waz"
 WATERLOO, IOWA

EAST is East and West is West, but the Middle West is—well, just ask Fred. Laboring under this obstacle, Nemo had a lot to live down but, starting right in, he soon achieved the impossible. With a strong desire to build up a formidable physique, Fred managed to pass the afternoons of Plebe year working out in the gym; later this occupation was succeeded by track Youngster spring; then boxing and class football Second Class year.

Athletics do not take all of the points with Nemo, however; just gaze at some of his art that appears so often in the Log, and you will realize that the artistic side is being taken care of as well. Then, too, we cannot overlook his musical trend, which generally gets the better of him while waiting for inspections Saturday mornings.

By nature, Fred is quiet, agreeable and likable—we've all found that out; in fact he has become one of those whose friendship we cherish among the better things of life; so you see, "Four short years have made him perfect."

Class Football 1932; Track 32; Boxing; NA; Wrestling; Company Basketball; Log Staff; 1 P. O.



JAMES WALKER HUMRICHOUSE
"Jim" "Humric" "Omrig"
 ITHAN, PENNSYLVANIA

"GIVE a man a horse he can ride,
 Give a man a boat he can sail;
 And his rank and wealth, his strength
 and health,
 On sea nor shore shall fail."

Jim deserves a lot of credit for the way he has cast handicaps aside the last few years. Can you imagine a more unfortunate situation than his—a Dutchman born in the Philadelphia Navy Yard?

The old story of Plebe academic troubles applies to Jim, too, but the old will to win took care of that all right. For the most part Jim could pull down a 3.5 any day in anything but steam if he wanted to, but his interests were not strictly academic by any means.

Neatness, steadiness, thoroughness and a mind for the systematic have always been outstanding in Jim. He's the boy who always did the incidental thinking for the "family," saw that the room was ready for skipper's inspection, looked ahead when all else were concerned with the present, and counted the days until leave.

Company Soccer; Plebe Tennis; 2 Stripes.



PERIS GRAVES BUNCE

"Pete"

PAVILION, NEW YORK

P AVILION lost not only its all-round athlete but also five per cent in population when Pete decided to get seasick. Since Plebe year Pete has left a perfect record. In athletics his prowess is demonstrated chiefly on the diamond. He uses a baseball glove for a pillow, with the natural result that his sweater now carries an "N" with a white background. Pete enjoys basketball—terrace variety—and our new and strenuous game of ping-pong, at which he is surpassed by few. Academics? They're all too easy for him. Even the Cosmo can't bilge him, and he believes that only God can make a tree. Executive department—a happy medium; he pleases both the Officers and the Midshipmen. Don't be misled by his picture, girls; he isn't that handsome. However, the fair ones seem easy for him, as he gets plenty of fan mail.

He contributes to the Hall an air of seriousness when working and a cheerful smile and greeting when not seriously engaged. Though at times reserved, this quietness, combined with his perpetual good nature and sense of fair play, makes him a shipmate desired by all.



GEORGE EGBERT PORTER, JR.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

C OME on, turn out, John, that's not a fire alarm or wedding bells, it's reveille, so out you come. It is thus that George is launched on many a weary day.

George is always happy—even before steam exams. Although he has received some hard bumps, he always comes through with a smile.

A game of cards, a good dance, or a soft bed pleases him. The evenings generally find him in bed with one or more textbooks. "What's the assignment, Pete?" After scanning the pages, he finds that there is really nothing to the lesson, so he closes his eyes and doesn't bother to open them until reveille the next morning. However, in the big battle with academics he has always managed to keep a fair amount of velvet between him and the old 2.5.

When he drags, it is always his ray of sunshine, so he says, and we don't often doubt his word. We don't see where he gets it, but he surely seems to have plenty of drag with a goodly number of the fairer sex.

George is a friend worthy of being called a friend. Here's luck to you.

Baseball 32 N; 1 P. O.

2 P. O.



HAROLD EDWARD BAKER
"Eddie" *"Cannonball"*
 YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

EDDIE is the possessor of an engineering mind that gets those critical little details out of an assignment which mean the difference between a 3.0 and a star average. A chemical engineering student at the University of Washington, to his surprise he found himself one day on his way to Crabtown to become a full-fledged member of our sketch and describe artists. Since that time he has made good an admirable course through these uncertain academic seas of ours without appreciable set or drift. If you don't get the skinny of things, Eddie can usually set you right.

Have you ever seen a rNt gyrating a mad course about Smoke Park? If so, it was probably Eddie on roller skates.

As for weaknesses, we might mention school teachers and singing in the showers. Eddie shoots small bore and outdoor rifle very well and has proved a valuable addition to these teams.

We shall always remember him as savvy, even to brilliance, through steady and consistent effort.

Log Staff; Literary Editor Log; Small Bore; 32; NA; Rifle NA; N; Star; M.P.O.



CHARLES JOSEPH PALMER
"Charlie" *"Pammer"*
 HAMPSTEAD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

WHEN Charlie took the midshipman's oath, Dartmouth lost a good man. He hails from New Hampshire, and supposedly he was to patronize a home institution; but the Navy sounded a stronger call, and fortunately for us he heeded it.

He is a true student; if there is something that he doesn't understand, he stays with it until he finds out what is what. Consequently, he stands high in his class, his standing improving each year.

It is an off day when the Mate fails to bring him at least two letters, excluding advertisements. Pammer's large correspondence is his pride and joy and our envy.

Every afternoon Charlie can be found in the gym participating in some sport or the other. He uses his strength very handily in quelling any insubordination in his room. Generally the culprit finds himself in a cold shower before he realizes what has happened.

Charlie will always be remembered as a man who appreciates a good joke, even if it is on himself, and the one who is the kind of a shipmate everyone wants.

Log Staff; Star; 2 Stripes.



WILLIAM IZARD BULL

"Willeye"

"Bill"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILLEYE doesn't talk much between taps and reveille. He plays the banjo when you can't talk him out of it. He won't admit that he's a saavoir, and doesn't go to sleep at Hygiene lectures.

He came down to Annapolis with all sorts of ideas about how the Regiment should be drilled—Washington High School Cadet ideas—but he quickly stuffed them in a laundry bag and the laundry lost them.

As an athlete, the lad does quite well. He centers for the class football team and catches on the nine. He helps out the Ham'n Eggers, and is at home on the tennis court; but—give him a pair of knickers, and his mashie-niblick, and Bill is in his element. We knew that he could talk a mighty good game, but first class year he showed us that the long line had a good score on the end.

Bill's inexhaustible patience and his good nature, which is always in a state of very dynamic stability, have made him a classmate with whom in the future we will all be glad to share our beans and prunes.



HARRY HULL

"Ike"

"Harry"

ATHENS, GEORGIA

AFTER journeying from Athens to Washington to make the world safe for democracy, Harry decided that his life had been too confined; so he joined the Navy to see the world.

Hardly had Plebe year started when Harry became Ike, and undertook to break in his new "nom de plume." After a Plebe year spent exploring the tops of lockers, sitting on records, and testing the acoustics of the corridor with a Victrola, Ike started on a Youngster cruise.

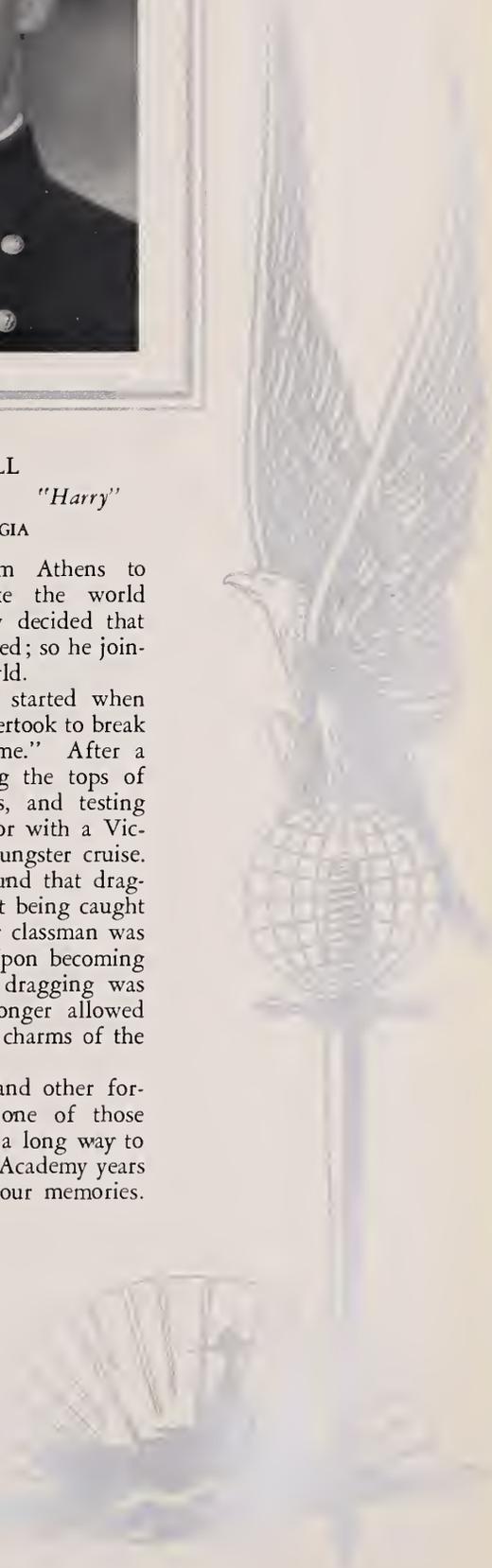
Plebe year, Sir Isaac found that dragging every so often without being caught by some all-knowing upper classman was a worth-while pastime. Upon becoming an upper classman, when dragging was within his rates, he no longer allowed himself to be taken by the charms of the fair sex.

But with his savviness and other forgivable vices, Harry is one of those whose friendship has gone a long way to make our four years at the Academy years to be cherished always in our memories.



Plebe Baseball; Class Football; Class Lacrosse; Property Gang; M.P.O.

Plebe Soccer; Class Tennis; Class Lacrosse; Manager Plebe Water Polo; Lucky Bag Staff; Star; 1 Stripe.





WALTER HENRY LEWIS
"Walt"
 PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

AFTER spending a year at Carnegie Tech, Walt left for some reason unknown, even to himself, and became a member of the class of '32. We are mighty glad that he made such a decision—it gave us the finest of classmates.

Athletic inclinations were curbed by an unfortunate knee injury which occurred in Plebe year football, at the very outset of his career. In spite of this handicap, he was a member of the Plebe wrestling and lacrosse squads and since has participated in other sports.

Academics never bothered him and, be it to his credit or otherwise, the fairer sex never caused him perceptible worry.

Those of us who have had the privilege of really knowing Walt are indeed fortunate. Level-headed, steady, reliable, the truest of friends, may convey an idea of the man he is to those who did not have that privilege. Walt's ideas and ideals aim for success and our slightest wish for him is just that—success in whatever he undertakes. If he does not choose to follow the sea, the Navy will lose a good officer and a thorough gentleman.

Football; Plebe Lacrosse; Class Lacrosse; Class Tennis; 2 P. O.



LUCIEN EDWARD WAGNON
"Ned" *"Scagem"*
 UNION, SOUTH CAROLINA

FROM the corn lands of the South, Ned came forth to be one of the pampered pets. Why he left the University of South Carolina, why he left a trail of broken hearts—we do not know, but we have enjoyed his companionship.

Plebe steam had Ned on the ropes, but he staged a good comeback. The books haven't bothered him since, nor has he bothered the books a great deal. A pleasing smile, a lot of common sense, and a good word for all have won Ned a lot of friends and no enemies—although some are rather jealous of his powers. He really doesn't bother with the women—they bother him mostly.

Of course, we all have our weakness, and he has his. He smokes Camel cigarettes, detests to write letters and is fond of his sleep.

We can't look into the future and see what Ned will be, but it is a safe bet to say no matter where he goes he will be well liked. Four years haven't changed him much—he came to be an officer and a gentleman, but Ned was a gentleman long before he ever heard of the Naval Academy.

Hop Committee; 2 P. O.



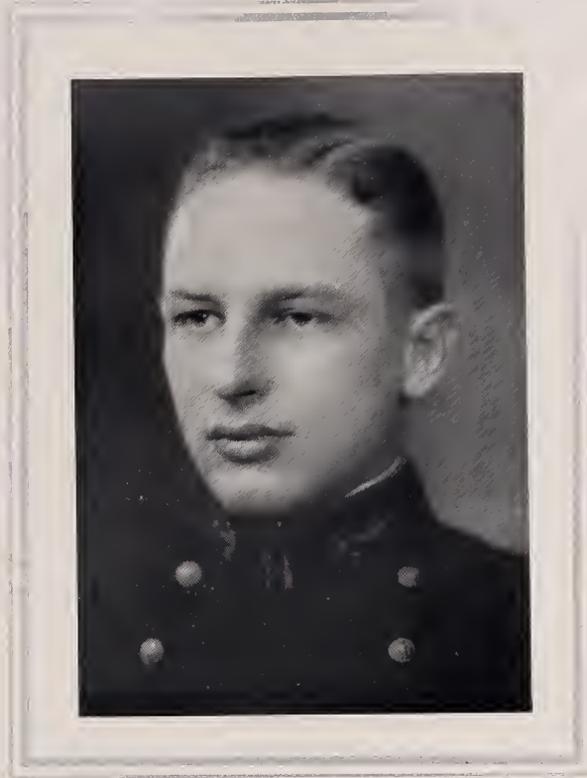
WILLIAM LEONARD TAGG
"Bill"

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

FROM the wild and woolly plains of Nebraska, Bill came to the Academy to proclaim that besides having the Indians under control the men of the West are very adept at mastering the mysteries of the sea. Not all of Bill's navigation, however, is limited to the watery surfaces of the earth, as one is liable to find him, with leave only eight months away, draped over road maps of half of the country plotting the course for his next trip home.

As an artist, he has few superiors in the Academy; his drawings appear regularly in the "Log." All the reward for his artistic ability, however, is not the satisfaction of seeing his efforts appreciated; the complimentary tickets received for designing posters for any and all kinds of shows are still another sort of remuneration.

In the years to come when the class of 1932 looks back with fading memories at their four years spent together on the banks of the Severn, Bill will be able to clarify any questionable features; his scrapbook will be a foundation on which a history of the class could well be written.



JACOB AUCKER LARK
"Gus" "Jake" "The Bird"
SHAMOKIN, PENNSYLVANIA

WE'VE often wondered why all the W Pennsylvania Volunteers aspire towards a career of an Admiral in the Navy when they have a big state so full of wim, wigour and witality; well . . . Gus is one of the many who decided or maybe convinced himself that he was meant for the sea; so July 6, 1928, found him safely harbored at the Naval Academy.

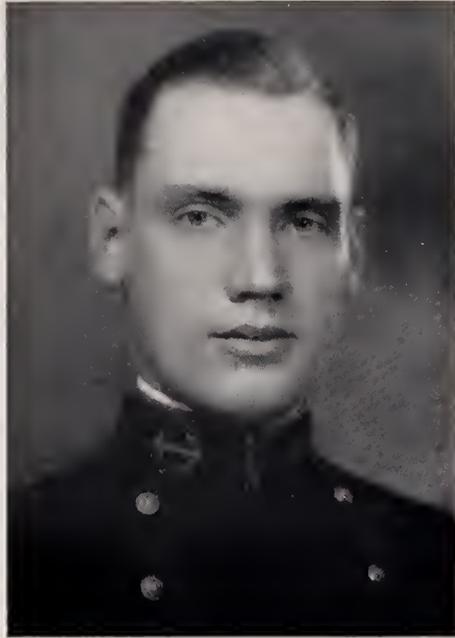
Plebe Summer he acquired the name of "Gus" as a result of his athletic activities in wrestling, and it has since been adopted as his official "nom de plume" among classmates. A varsity wrestler his Plebe year, he was held back Youngster and Second Class years by injuries.

Novelists may take pages to describe characters but here we do it with a few magic yet self-explanatory phrases: willing, acquiescent, well versed, always cheerful no matter how cold the room is in winter, dances, drives a car (ask him what happened to it during Second Class Christmas leave), likes a good time! . . . C'mon, tell me, what more could you want of a roommate?



Plebe. Soccer 32; Plebe Gym 32; Track 32; Wrestling; 150 Pound Crew; Class Gym 1932; Company Soccer; Chairman Christmas Card Committee; Log Art Staff; Ring Committee; Reception Committee.

Plebe Soccer; Company Baseball; Class Wrestling; Wrestling; Track; M.P.O.



WILLIAM TALBOTT ZINK
"Bill" "Tecumseh" "Bus"
 BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

WE just had to like Bill in spite of his home town, which was Baltimore. He was never too busy to help out a more wooden classmate or an under classman, and there were plenty of them. Bill spent his leisure hours on the end of an oar and through conscientious hard work he landed himself a berth on the "Hundred and Fifty."

"Our Bill" was never too regulation to engage in a bit of skylarking, as the papsheet shows, and on liberty or leave, wow! Study, why, when you rate first and second sections anyway? Math was his long suit; and when anyone sought the solution to a particularly stiff problem, if he called on Bill, his search ended right then and there.

Tecumseh spent quite a few hours composing letters to the "Oh so fair ones," and what luck? "Oh boy." But he tumbled and settled permanently to one. We wonder just how long the bereaved ones will have to do without him. We are sure that he will be back in circulation before long.

Crew 32 NA; C.P.O.



JAMES CAMPBELL BIGLER
"Jim" "Bigler Boy" "Oswald"
 GETTYSBURG, OHIO

FROM the home of the presidents he came, not to be a president, but one of those unfathomables, a midshipman. Starting off with a bang, he helped to make Plebe Summer memorable to all of us, but Youngster cruise he gained true fame as the sick seagull. All of which answers the famous question of why the H— is a Marine? Second Class Summer, well, there were a few things that he had forgotten two years before. As a full-fledged second classman, Oswald almost turned into a snake but he braced up in time.

Sleep has been Jim's chief non-athletic activity, that is, when he wasn't writing letters; any M. C. can attest to his proficiency at both. Studies were a minor worry, for when one can bring down that old 3.0 without the annoyance of books, he must look to other things.

An all-around man, Jim has been a boxer these four years, with football or soccer during his rest periods. For he can't keep still, and that goes for studies and femmes as well as sports. When we look back on these four years we can say—well done, Jim!

*Football; Boxing; Class Lacrosse;
 Company Soccer; 2 P. O.*



ROBERT OMER BISSON
 "Bob" "Buffalo" "Beesse"
 CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

IN the first place, Bob is a man of the world. Maybe he hasn't been to Russia yet, or Madagascar either, but it is quite safe to presume that he wouldn't feel lost in one or the other. Evidently he has lived in about half the states in the Union at some time or other. He tells strange tales of barracuda fishing in Florida and automobile racing in Illinois, cow punching in Texas and mule raising in Missouri.

As for "gunboatin' on the Yangtze," well, that wasn't so successful. Bob had a little trouble with History Youngster year, but he ended up by tucking it away in fine style, and now with no more math to go unsat in, he's rolling along.

And rolling means just that, too. Ever since Youngster September leave, he has been parading around with a rather large moment of inertia. Woe unto him who stands in the way of the chevalier of the flying hips.

Bob is exceptionally good natured, and has made a lot of friends during the last four years. He even gets along well with the steam profs; but then, he's a steam savoir, so why shouldn't he?



RICHARD HOLLAND LAMBERT
 "Diamond Dick" "Dick"
 TYNGSBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS

DIAMOND DICK hails from Tyngsborough, Massachusetts—some place in the near vicinity of Lowell. Dick Lambert, the fellow who plays the trumpet—thus he has been recognized and designated for four years. The NA Ten and Musical Clubs since the first jazz band of Plebe Summer have continued to occupy a large part of his time. In spite of this each fall and spring have found Dick out on the river pulling an oar.

With most of his time spent with the Hell Cats, he missed a lot of good rifle toting, but gained fame in his own line. Not too frequent extra duty periods have somewhat served to make his acquaintance with Miss Springfield. Dick found sea duty so interesting that he enjoyed an extra cruise of some thirty days during Second Class Summer.

We might add that he has great potential possibilities as a snake—they all like him. In fact, we all do. Give him a juice prob or a radio that won't work and he's happy. More power to you, Dick.



Class Water Polo; Reception Committee; 2 P. O.

Crew; NA Ten; Musical Clubs; 2 Stripes.





WILLIAM WHEELER BROWN
"Wild Bill" "Henrie" "Cupie"
"Guillaume"

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

THIS, ladies and gentlemen, is "Henry" Brown, prominent clubman of Auburn, Ossining, Atlanta and Knoxville, snapped by our photographer in an informal pose up in the Fourth Company, where he has been spending this and many other winters. He came from 'way down yonder, filled with a desire to get rich quick, but tries to deny that after he makes his fortune, say in eighty or ninety years, he's going to hire a regiment of mokes so he can be called "Colonel."

For four years the weary workouts of the swimming team have been lightened by this portable sunshine in the managerial sweatshirt, and many a time and oft has the training table been lightened by this same sunshine (not so portable thereafter).

When the tumult and the shouting die, and the classmates and what not depart, the thing we'll all remember is the number of "first sections" he inhabited with a minimum of studying. Great success in the fleet, Bill.

Glee Club; Choir; Hop Committee; Manager Swimming; Lucky Bag Staff; 2 Stripes.



HARRY CESSNA HUMMER
"Harry Hume"
 LATROBE, PENNSYLVANIA

EVERY great institution of learning must have some mark that endears it to the students, some wonderful thing that makes them value their fellowship with each other, some person or thing that they enjoy being near at all times. At the Naval Academy this great friend, this pleasant companion is—Smoke Park; and here during the hot tepid days of spring, fall and summer may be seen Harry Hume, always resting, always basking in the sunlight.

But alas!—every great man must have his weakness; Harry has about as much chance keeping away from the fair sex as an elephant has of keeping away from peanuts. He (Harry) never fails to find some new girl to think of in his hours of sweet rest in Smoke Park. He has a wonderfully big heart, however, and there is room for all—but they are in such a jumble that they fight continually to see who reigns supreme.

As a final little flower in a roommate's bouquet of roses—"Reveille, Harry Hume!"

All quiet on the Western Front.

Drum and Bugle Corps; B Squad Football; Star; 2 P. O.



GEORGE NICHOLAS CARROLL
MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS

ENDOWED by nature with a diminutive stature George arrived at the Academy to find a splendid place awaiting him. By sheer virtue of a prodigious memory and an extreme fondness for Christmas leaves he has continued to fill that gap in that last squad, fourth platoon. Through four years he has staunchly maintained that academics are "fruit," and that cruises are a luxury.

Having just completed a tour in the Merchant Marine, via Hamburg, his Plebe year and Youngster cruise passed in a serenity that has remained undisturbed. Although he has striven mightily for aquatic glory and even for a time endeavored to assert his ability as a broad jumper, he has conscientiously avoided notoriety.

Numerous enduring friendships mark his passing and his infectious tranquillity has worked wonders with a roommate who finds time to swear by him as fervently as at him. Despite his self-effacing nature favorable attention has continuously sought him out, and whatever his future vocation good fortune shall as surely travel with him as do the sincerest wishes of his classmates.



ROBERT REED PORTER
"Bob"

CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN

"WELL, maybe that bell means that we had better go some place." Thus for four years has Bob voiced his futile protest against the bells which seem to have the unhappy faculty of disturbing him just as he slides serenely into the arms of Morpheus. Despite an insatiable desire to remain dormant he has proved himself a scholar of no mean aptitude and academics have held no terrors for him. But his energies are by no means limited to academic pursuits. The balmy days of spring find him covering himself with mud and glory on the lacrosse field except when his penchant for testing the bouncing qualities of 5-inch shells forces him to desist from his athletic activities.

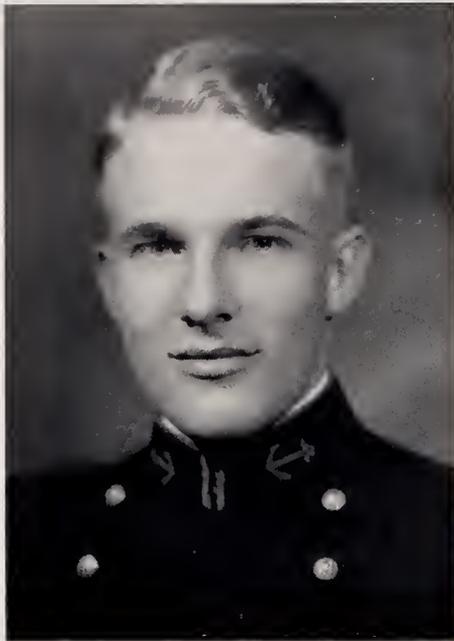
A firm believer in the old adage of safety in numbers, Bob has appeared at each hop with a new drag but has allowed none to occupy his thoughts.

Youngster cruise brought out the best in him, as cruises will, and strengthened his desire to become one of "them there Marines." And the Marines' gain is our loss, for during his four years here he has proved himself a friend and pal.



Plebe Swimming; M.P.O.

Plebe Lacrosse 32; Plebe Fencing 32; Lacrosse NA; 1 P. O.



JOHN LESTER CHITTENDEN
"John L" *"Chit"*
 MASSENA, NEW YORK

FROM the northern reaches of that Indian territory known as the Grass River Country, located in the northern part of New York, John Lester has come forth from the town of Massena to carve out his naval career. With the advantages that can be gained from a post-graduate course in high school, John has come to test his abilities with the "cream of American youth." Maybe it is this extensive preparation that has made the academic struggle so easy for him.

In the time that we have known him, John has gained a place in our hearts as a friend. His customary smile brightens many a gathering of the wise where events of interest are discussed. His generosity and foresight make him one to whom the "snake" can turn in time of need. Cupid finally sank his arrow in the heart of John. It took him two years to do it and it looks as though it is a permanent job. The friendship and fellowship that we have known with John are the high lights of our stay at the Academy and we will always remember them with pleasure.

Basketball 32; N Captain; Class Football; N Club; 2 P.O.



ROBERT LLOYD EVANS
"Ruby"
 SPRAGUE, WASHINGTON

RUBY hails from Walla Walla. After spending his youth in the wilds of Washington, he decided to see the world and found himself stranded in Crabtown without knowing why. He brought with him both his good and bad points. His bad habits are many, worst of which his capacity for consuming great quantities of chow, especially outside of the mess hall, and his maniacal delight in wrecking other people's rooms. These are quite overbalanced by his good habits, chief of which is his ability to indulge in silent and peaceful sleep. It is then that Ruben is at his best.

The lure of the cinders crept in Ruby's blood as a Plebe and it is there that he divests himself of his surplus energy. He gained fame in the quarter Plebe year and did still better Youngster year. His future is even brighter.

A staunch friend's loyal comrade, Ruby is well liked by all who know him and the memory of his friendship will always be a pleasure.

Company Representative; Track 32; NA; N; Class Football; Lucky Bag Staff; N Club; Star; 2 Stripes.*



HARRY GRIMSHAW MOORE
 "Red" "Pinky" "Grimshaw" "Hoishel"
 STATESBORO, GEORGIA

"GEORGIA pines-pining for me." From the far South trails comes this auburn-haired classmate of ours. After a decade or so of living as a red-blooded he-man in the back woods of the South, Red looked around for new worlds to conquer. The wide sea appeared as a suitable opponent, so Red hied himself to the Severn to learn the ways of the deep. Here, being as amiable a fellow as one might hope to meet, he quickly made everlasting friendships with his easy-going and good-natured ways. Pinky easily traversed the trials of Plebe year, at the end of which he pronounced "fruit." His ready talent as an entertainer will long be remembered by those who have gone before and those who are to follow. With a winning personality, he has been a port of refuge to "we woodens." A naturally active nature would not be contented with a membership in the Radiator Club. Consequently, "the mighty" is a familiar figure around the gym.

"Drop in and partake a skag"—and we do drop in and in leaving we wish Grimshaw bon-voyage in both deep-sea and dry-land sailing.

ALFRED LOVELL COPE
 "Al" "Doc" "Copie" "Alkapony"
 SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

"H AS the mail been delivered on this deck? My Savannah bum-wad didn't come yesterday." Although Al early accustomed himself to life at the Naval Academy, his thoughts are ever roaming homeward, and we can't blame him after meeting his Georgia drag.

"Well, tomorrow's lessons are fruit; we can bone them between breakfast and the first period." Al is noted for his ability to obtain the maximum knowledge with minimum effort. To "sketch or describe" or to "calculate the armature current" is duck soup for him.

Al is one of Spike Webb's fistic artists and every afternoon of the year finds him engaged in some form of athletics. Soccer is his hobby when he is not boxing, he having been one of the Plebe team and varsity squad for three years.

Al's winning smile and easy-going manner have won for him close friends of both sexes. He is a friend who can be relied on in pinches—the kind of a friend that counts. His good points may be summed up in one sentence—"Take him all in all, he is a man."



Reception Committee; Plebe Football
 32; 2 P. O.

Soccer 32; Boxing 32; 2 P. O.



FRANCIS EDWARD NUESSELE
"Noz"
 BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA

COMING to us from the West via the University of North Dakota, Noz is one of those individuals who, having looked at their lessons once, can say "fruit," and then show us how easy it is. North Dakota's loss is our gain.

Tall, dignified, and good natured, our Francis always has a smile to offer, even when his own troubles and woes bear down upon him.

While the rest of us were dry land cruising during Second Class Summer, Noz pulled a fast one on us and added some more time to his "days at sea." Although his ship—the *Reina*—was off the bottom only when it rained, Noz is now the saltiest of the salts.

As a letter man on an Intercollegiate Championship gym team, he has shown us that his interests have extended in more than one direction. He likes other kinds of letters, too. The mailman stops at his door quite often, and when "that letter" arrives he gives a contented chuckle and retires behind a dense fog to read it. Fortunate indeed will be those who can call him shipmate when we are scattered throughout the fleet.

*Class Football; Plebe Gym Team;
 Plebe Track; Gym Team, N; 1 P. O.*



SCOTT KENDALL GIBSON
"Hoot"
 SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

HE never says anything about it himself, but some of us know that he's from Washington State. Hoot once got the ambition to be a Midshipman and worked hard until he finally found himself all dressed up with gold anchors on his collar. He didn't stop there, however, but kept plugging so that by the end of his Youngster year he had earned his "N," and was among the celebrated few who are known as pretty savvy. Keeping up the good work, he became Captain of Cross Country in his First Class year. Hoot can boast of one thing that most of us can't; during all four years he has never been on the Radiator Squad. But maybe he doesn't know what he has missed.

Scotty has one ambition which tops all the rest—to be an electrical engineer. The gusto with which he socks all the juice exams gives us a hunch that his seriousness and his savviness are going to land him at his goal in short order. We have no doubt that in a few years we'll all be proud to be able to throw out our chests and say, "We knew him way back when—."



*Track 32, NA; N; Cross Country
 32, N, Captain; 2 Stripes; 2 P. O.*



SAMUEL STANHOPE LABOUISSÉ
"Sam"

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

THE cheery visage you see smiling benignly upon you is none other than that of S. S. (The Great) Labouisse. Sam's first effort as a ward of Uncle Sam's was a trifle disastrous when the Feb. tree came up, but undaunted, he returned and '31's loss was '32's gain.

Chief's friends and Chief's fame are legion. It is said that if a satisfactory means could be found of writing his voice with Joe E. Brown's oral cavity radio would be a dead industry. If you needed it, Chief would cheerfully give you his last shirt or his only dollar. His eternally buoyant spirit and flutelike tenor have helped make the fourth deck a more cheerful place.

Athletically, his abilities in that gentle brand of mayhem known as intercompany basketball helped in no small way the fourth company to win the regimental championship. In his halcyon days he was no mean harrier as a "32" will attest.

Afloat or ashore, right side up or sinking, Chief will always be remembered as a true shipmate.



DANIEL SHINTON GOTHIE
"Dan" "LaGoth"

TAMAQUA, PENNSYLVANIA

WE have with us above, in this Rogue's Gallery, number 1654, commonly known among his little playmates as "the Goth."

As men of the Navy, as well as of the Legion, do not ask questions, we are in ignorance of the reasons for his departure from "somewhere in Pennsylvania." Enough.

His seduction, by old college chums, to our most excellent club, the Radiator, took place at an early age, although it is true he manages to elude their clutching fingers long enough each spring to keep up in his rifle and pistol shooting.

As water off a tin roof, so his affairs of the heart. Yet have we to see him pale at the sight of a telegram, or a feminine epistle, though behind him at Carvel Hall and other dens of our fair city are left multitudinous bills, broken hearts, and what not.

In the future we may expect anything from Dan. He may not follow the sea with the rest of us, but what e'er betide, whether Admiral or not, he will always be to us boys all there, and one of the boys.

Plebe Cross Country 32; Plebe Tennis 32; Company Basketball; 2 P. O.

Plebe Track; Class Football; Rifle; 2 P. O.



ROBERT HARTLY KERR
 "Bob" "Rob"
 BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"WELL, shiver my timbers." This is the usual way that Bob enters the room and grabs his three letters after knocking down a cold forty at the first hour recitation.

Words haven't sufficient force to describe this handsome, well-mannered, gracious young man who donned the blue and gold four years ago. All Baltimore is proud of their "local boy" who is making good.

Robert is more than just good looking. It takes but a minute of observation to see that he is conscientious and hard working plus many other things that go to make up his wonderful character.

In athletics, Bob stood far from the well-known Radiator Club and though he did not make the varsity, the class always found him one of the first to turn out and fight for the Harvard Shield.

Those of us who know him, and there are few who do not, have but little doubt that to him will come the fruits deserved by one so upright, loyal and true; and above all, one with spirit, perseverance, and will to win!

Class Lacrosse 32; 150 Pound Crew; Hop Committee; 1 P. O.



THOMAS WALTON HOPKINS
 "Hop" "Tom"
 ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

ANY attempt to describe Hop adequately in the few words to which we are limited is bound to be futile and result in being insufficient to do him justice. This is primarily due to the fact that his personality is made of so many different and almost conflicting characteristics.

Upon meeting him the first thing that strikes one is his cheerfulness and interest—no matter what the occasion may be. One of Hop's outstanding characteristics is his vigor. His football and lacrosse indicate that his athletic career would undoubtedly have reached the greatest of heights if he had not had continually to fight with the academic departments. He is always ready to go through and there is a certain strength radiated by him that soon convinces one of his resolute capability.

Four years with a man is enough to say with some accuracy that Hop does not have a single selfish motive in his make-up. His personality is pleasant, his character irreproachable; consequently, he has made many friends who all are sincere in wishing him the success he merits.

Plebe Lacrosse 32; Class Lacrosse 32; Class Football; B Squad; Class Wrestling; 2 P. O.



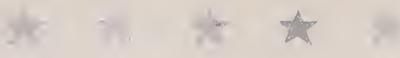
HINTON ALLEN OWENS
"H. A."
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

THOSE who know insist that Hinton never cracked a smile before the ripe age of four. At that time the explosion at a munition depot so amused him that this marvelous record was broken. Be that as it may, in the time since, only the privileged have seen that famous smirk, and those who have heard his laugh are members of a most select group indeed.

The Owens is one of Georgia's natural wonders worthy of classification with Ty Cobb, Bobby Jones, and peaches. He stands ready to inform you of this too, interspersing his eulogy with pungent observations anent General Sherman and all others who wore the blue in '61.

He sprang full-mouthed into our midst direct from the service and Tia Juana, his affections centering around the latter. Promptly he gained the notice of the powers that be by his method of wearing a hat.

In spite of these troubles and his solemn face his good nature is constant and makes amends for anything else. The result is a slightly temperamental but staunch friend and is quite satisfactory.



STANLEY HOWARD JOHNSON
"Sammy" "S. H."
ROCKFORD, MICHIGAN

IF you have anything to say against Michigan or the Middle West, don't say it around Sammy or you will find yourself drawn into a hopeless debate by one who has at his command a staggering array of facts. This knowledge is not bound by geographical limits but has an extent of the world at large and includes the studies of all of the arts. His range of reading is immense—the envy of most of us who know him. Athletic participation and the restricted course outlined for him have given way before his academic pursuits, but at almost any time he has been able to adjust his marks at will.

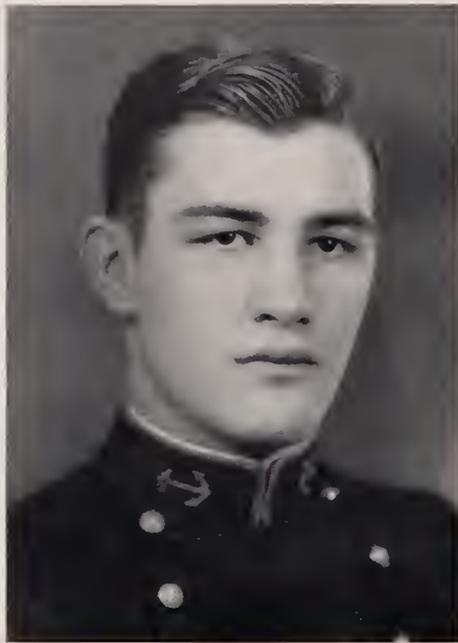
At most any moment during the day, you will find him taking the floor in a large "bull session" entertaining every one with his unusual personality and stubbornness which is really humorous.

He is intensely interesting and has drawn about him a circle of good friends, who appreciate his company and wish him every success.



2 P. O.

2 P. O.



WILLIAM EDWARD KENNA
"Bill" *"Billy"*
 CATLETTSBURG, KENTUCKY

IT is surmised that a Fox News Reel was responsible for Bill's decision to become a midshipman. He couldn't resist the life of a midshipman as depicted on the screen. After spending a year at George Washington University getting a collegiate atmosphere, Bill reached the conclusion that white works would suit him better than Oxford bags—for four years anyway.

Bill is a confirmed Red Mike except on the days that he rates liberty. His letters come from almost every state in the Union but he seems to be interested most in those from Kentucky.

A flattened nose and an occasional black eye lead us to think that Spike Webb is involved. Quite correct; but don't let the battle scars mislead you. The other fellow usually sees a few gloves too. Academically, there is not much to be said. Not a star man, not wooden nor lazy; just a case of too many outside activities. As a shipmate Bill can be given an unreserved O. K., and we are sure he will make good out in the fleet as he has done here at the Academy.

*Class Football; Boxing; Stage Gang;
 Musical Clubs; 1 P. O.*



WILLIAM WINFIELD VANOUS
"Bill" *"Venus"*
 ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

From Annapolis paper, summer of 1928:

"WILLIAM WINFIELD VANOUS, popular member of the younger set of this city, today reported to the Naval Academy, passed his physical examination, and was sworn in as a Midshipman, U. S. N. Mr. Vanous has a host of friends around Annapolis and we predict that he will be quite successful during his Academy career, both academically and in the art of making friends, an art at which he has always excelled."

That's Bill—and the paper was right, too. He got in, and what's more, he stayed in—easily. A tendency to disregard textbook methods has kept him from the grades that might have been his but academics have never worried him.

His athletic activities have been limited to cross-country and rope climbing, both unofficial. Maybe that is why he sleeps most every afternoon? ? ?

His individuality and rare humor have won him many staunch friends and they are certain to do so for the rest of his days. He has been a perfect classmate and is sure to be a welcome addition to the fleet.

2 P. O.



THOMAS DAVID FRANCIS LANGEN
"Tom" "Hotshot" "T. D. F."
 DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

TOM is everything that a real shipmate should be. A hard worker, his same genial self, he has gathered a host of friends about him. Even the innumerable lists this lad is forever confronting us with have not altered the course of true friendship.

Tom's ten activities are a measure of his versatility. Occasionally he finds time to study, that is if he has the daily letter written.

The Navy is a love with Hotshot. Try knocking it sometime and you will receive a real lesson in Naval Tradition and seafaring life. Submarines are his chosen field. The undersea fleet will gain its greatest champion when Tom reaches it. "It's only a short jump from the Eagle-boats anyway," is the way he explains it; and if you do not know the inner and outer workings of these crafts, you do not live in the Second Batt.

A fourth at bridge—never; but suggest a hike and you have come to the right place. Tom is a real pal and a perfect roommate. This Boston boy has made a splendid beginning on what can only be a successful career.



JOHN BERNARD DON SMITH
"Jay Bee Don"
 BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A MAN with an ideal has to have common sense if he is to maintain his balance. Jay Bee has both. His popularity attests to his balance. We all know that the Navy is his ideal. The common sense must be there. The class knows that it is.

At no time does he show his love for the Service as he does on a cruise. Youngster Cruise, there wasn't a happier man in the Squadron. Up on deck or down in the fireroom. Don didn't care. He was on a man-of-war. Nothing else mattered. Not that he didn't like his liberty—he was ashore with the first boat and aboard with the last one. But when he was aboard, he did his job whether it was bright work or notebook work, and did it well. You have to love the sea to do bright work well.

Selection boards will never worry him. His is a natural aptitude for the Service that the future molders will recognize. '29, '30 and '31 know his Service reputation to be high. Those who went before cannot be long in realizing the same thing.



Cross Country: Plebe Manager; Manager. Fencing: Plebe Manager; Manager. Track; Lucky Bag Staff; Log Staff; Trident; President, Reception Committee; Vice-Chairman; Christmas Card Committee; Secretary-Treasurer. Pep Committee: Press Club. Costume Gang. 1 P.O.

Class Swimming; Class Football; Crew; Track, 32; 2 Stripes.





ROBERT CRAVEN LEONARD
"Benny" *"Bob"*
 GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

OH, we met that man from the South. Instead of chewing a cigar he was the proverbial fair-headed boy with the Pepsodent smile.

The birds were singing merrily and the leaves on the trees were a verdant green. Benny said, "Gee, what a great place." So he unpacked his bag and decided to stick around for a while.

The Math Department tried to talk him out of the idea during the course of his second year, but he still maintained he liked our noble institution too well to leave just then, and he proved he was right.

Only a select few have ever heard him pour out his vituperations against things which have for some reason gained his disfavor, but they can assure you that if he doesn't like a thing he doesn't like it.

The ladies, always the ladies. A dreamy stare into blank space doesn't mean he is trying to figure out that prob he missed in the last class. Don't get Benny wrong. He is just trying to plan how soon he can have his fair one over to see him again.

2 P. O.



JOHN DWIGHT SHEA
"Mike" *"Dwight"*
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

FROM the battlefields of the "tea fights" the local hero came. He came, he saw, he conquered. Over all obstacles, stubborn academics, blackmail, and pap sheets, he surmounted with the tenacity of an Irish terrier.

The fog may be thick, the awkward squad may double time and overtime but—it's all in a lifetime. "Whad'ya expect when you joined the Navy, a picnic?"

He's the easiest man in the regiment to find. Just go to the room from which emanate the moans of a rundown victrola and the first greeting on entering the room will be, "How's to wind the vic, I'm busy reading this letter from my girl."

Which brings us to the next point. The fair sex is, and long has been, his strong suit. As far as Mike is concerned the week is just an in between time to praise the merits of the wonderful young Washington debutante he had down the weekend.

In peace, as in war, the longest way around is the shortest way home, Bonjour, bon voyage and good luck.

2 P. O.



ROLAND OMER LUCIER

"Rol"

WHITEFISH, MONTANA

To one part Montreal add two parts life in the Rockies, two parts Navy environment, and a pinch of salt. Mix well. The result is somewhat different than you ever experienced before, and something to look forward to. Rol is neither the product of a section nor an organization. He can tell you about the Canadian girls, the Western girls, the Eastern girls, and the European girls with equal fluency. And he knows whereof he speaks. He is one of those persons with the ability of enjoying himself under practically any circumstance and at the same time making it interesting and pleasant for those around him. He has a mind of his own and an individuality as attractive as it is forceful. In his conversation—perhaps his favorite pastime—one feels the results of both experience and thought. He is bound by no constricted views or opinions, but rather takes a broad outlook on life, and makes no pretence to that which he has not. It is these qualities which place him far in advance toward that ideal of our earthly existence to which love and success are only means—happiness.



RUFUS ALBERTSON SOULE, III

"Rufe"

"Bud"

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

FROM the port of tall ships and strong men came Rufe with a smile on his lips and a chanty in his heart. His childhood on the bleak shores of New Bedford combined with his early sailing fitted him well for the Academy. Possessed of a good mind which has kept him near the top in his studies, he developed his body by pulling an oar with the hundred and fifties; being slightly short in stature kept him out of the first boat, but many is the time he has stroked the second.

Dragging from the four corners of the earth, Rufe has shown the Library to a large assortment of girls. He, however, invariably must have several days in which to recuperate after a strenuous week-end.

Retaining his New England accent, he claims that the English language is spoken incorrectly everywhere south of Connecticut. Never quite so much at home as when giving his impression in some bull session, he usually has something of importance to say.

In future pilotings there is no doubt that Rufe will sail his ship through all the rocks and shoals safely into port.



2 P. O.

Class Football; Class Lacrosse; 150-Pound Crew; 2 P. O.



FRANCIS ALLEN VAN SLYKE
"Slap" *"Van"*
 FLINT, MICHIGAN

SLAP joined the rest of his classmates here sometime during June, '28, fresh from that institution of higher learning—Flint Junior College of Flint, Michigan. All of his life Van has had an unbridled passion for the sea and the navy. When a mere youth, after having read the life of "J. P. Jones," Van fell overboard and thus nearly terminated a great naval career. With such enthusiasm, it is not unusual that we find him way up near the top of his class. A rare combination of mathematical genius and common sense, our hero has been in the first sections ever since Plebe year. Selfish? I should say not! Every evening he could be engaged in some indoor sport or pounding his ear, you will find Slap surrounded by ten or twelve unsats (the wife included) explaining dynamics of a rigid body or integrating $\int dx$.

Not confining his efforts to purely scholastic endeavors alone, Van earned a place on the cross country training table second class year and has been going strong ever since.

Track; Cross-Country; G. P. O.



LOUIS WILBUR MANG
"Loke"
 ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

WHEN Loke came to this government boarding school, Crabtown welcomed back one of its most promising young men, a popular wide-awake gentleman who was well known in the field of athletic endeavor. Outboard motorboating was his hobby, but Locus the Focus found time to excel in many other lines. Indeed, one of his most outstanding characteristics is his versatility. Along with his other activities, Loke played basketball, boxed, swam and ran. As an example of his versatility, he blew a smoke ring the first time that he tried.

Loke might have become a savoir but he always believed that the anchor section was the best because he did not have so far to go to formation and that is certainly logical enough.

A rare combination of natural ability and energetic determination enabled Loke to come through with the results whenever he started anything. If he doesn't become a naval aviator, we expect to hear of him as a successful designer and manufacturer of outboard motorboats.



Boxing; Track; Swimming; 2 P. O.



The Third Battalion



ROBERT BREVARD MOORE
"Whitey"
 CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

FOLKS—here is a man—a man in every sense of the word. Webster could have adequately lauded his self-discipline, his point-blank honesty, his perfectly functioning set of ideals and the rest of those traits that go to make up the Whitey that we know. We cannot do that but we can say—he is a man.

When this tow-headed Southerner first heaved into sight in the summer of '28, with his guitar under his arm and a gleam of warm friendship in his eye, we put our okay on him without further ado. To him Youngster Cruise was just an interesting experience, and we all learned that we were in for the fun if we went ashore with him, in Barcelona, London, Norfolk, or anywhere. Aviation summer was much to his liking and we found that if the Navy sees fit to give him a pair of wings, the Bureau of Aeronautics is headed for success.

We've enjoyed these last four years with Whitey—working, playing, laughing, groaning, and irking with him—four long years, and we are all hoping to see lots more of him.

Rifle Team; Reception Committee;
 Class Bowling; Advertising Staff
 Lucky Bag; 2 Stripes.



ROBERT TATE SIMPSON
"Tater"
 HOUSTON, TEXAS

"TATER" galloped across the Appalachian Highland with a little "battleship busting" in view in the stead of the famed bronco busting of his domicile. As he entered the gate of this enormous corral on the banks of the Severn he realized that there were many wild ponies to be ridden. He tossed his chaps aside, donned the Navy blue and gold, and with the song, "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You" on his lips, set out to tackle the biggest with the best.

Plebe year passed along smoothly enough and June Week found him "Tater like" dragging the fairest of the fair. Then three months at sea and the boy was more than ready to steer for home. At the beginning of second class summer Tate took over a company and the next two years treated him as well. He won the highly coveted and responsible position of Lucky Bag Business Manager and proved to be, aside from a born leader, a gentleman, and a son of the sea, a very capable business man.

As a boy he is the best playmate possible; as a man he's among the world's finest, ever full of diplomacy and the ability to put across what he thinks right.

Plebe Lacrosse; Plebe Boxing; Reception Committee; Hop Committee; Ring Dance Committee; Advertising Staff Log; Business Manager Lucky Bag; 4 Stripes.



CHARLES KING MALLORY, JR.
 "King"
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHEN this tall, straight, and fairly blonde young man was at the tender age of two, he decided to come to the Naval Academy. It is quite natural, therefore, that we find him some sixteen years later, donning the unbleached white works—the symbol of a brand new Plebe.

From the very beginning, King has played the game in a one hundred per cent way. His enthusiasm, energy and personality have made him active in many fields other than the academic. Tennis and the Hop Committee have each claimed large portions of his time.

King has three outstanding hobbies: tennis, beautiful ladies, and entertaining. Of the first, nothing need be said to anyone who has seen his eyes brighten at the sound of a smashing forehand drive. Of the second, we can do no more than ask you to go back with us to any Saturday night when escorting privileges were granted and to notice the charming company that he invariably kept. Of the third, we have only to refer you to any one of the multitude who have taken part in those house parties for which the Mallory home is justly famous.



WILLIAM ADAMS DOBBS
 "Willie" "Bill"
 ACKERMAN, MISSISSIPPI

ONE day his father called him in from his favorite haunts where he spent much time in hunting, fishing, and "courtin'" to ask him his ideas on going to college. A year in Mississippi College gave him the thought that perhaps engineering might be quite the thing—hence a year at A. & M. Not satisfied with the easy-going life of a Southern college student "Willie" finally succumbed to the insistent, far-reaching call of the sea.

Bill as a Plebe was a problem to the upper classmen—as an upper classman has been a problem to the Plebes ever since. His first year he aspired to the glory of a potential center on the football team only a short time later to become the hope of the wrestling team. Feeling that these achievements were easily attainable, he heeded the call of the little sailing boats, the squash and tennis courts, not to speak of the Radiator Club with its many distractions, among them the harmony so characteristic of the boy we know so well.



Tennis Team, Class Bowling; Hop Committee; Ring Dance Committee; Farewell Ball Committee; Reception Committee; Lucky Bag Staff; Log Staff; 2 Stripes.

Plebe Football; Wrestling; Lucky Bag Staff; Rifle Expert; 2 P. O.



MARVIN TIPTON STARR
"Emtee"
 SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

Did you ever notice those men about the ship who spend most of their time polishing brass buttons and buckles, cleaning rifles, and standing an occasional watch at the "skipper's" or the "exec's" cabin? Here's one of them. He won't deny it, for he's rather proud to be an ex-Marine in spite of having to learn the Navy's favorite version of that famous Marines' Hymn as a "plebe."

Though the "devil dog's" greatest enemies are supposed to be sailors, he found a new adversary when he met Dago. Whether he took an aversion to Spanish in his experience in Panama or whether he just found it hard we do not know. But if it was the former, he surely overcame that in Spain. If it was the latter, we can say he overcame it too, for he put Dago in the same class with the rest of his subjects. Second class year found him opening a book occasionally, but he seemed to find little necessity for even doing that. After all a Marine's claim to recognition is not his linguistic accomplishments, but his ability to fight. He can do that.

*Class Football; Plebe Crew; Class Water Polo; Juice Gang.
 2 P. O.*



FLOYD BERNARD SCHULTZ
"Chaplain" "Schmaltz" "Schultzie"
 BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

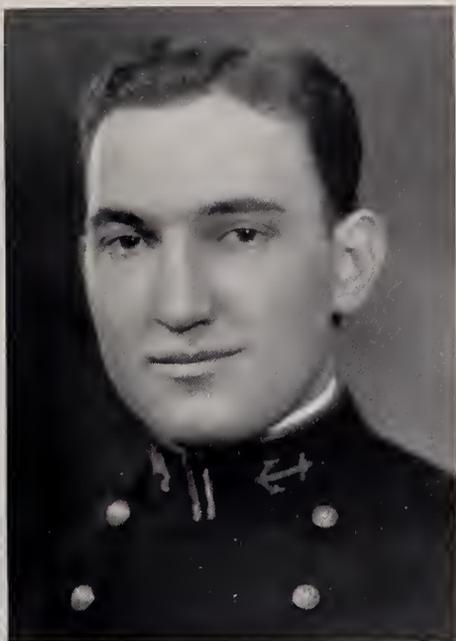
SAGINAW BAY must have prompted the Surge that caused "Schultzie" to go "down to the sea in ships." The Navy, however, could not break him of his savoir instincts. He has always stood at the top, or very near the top, of his class in spite of all the Academic Departments and his "wives."

It was greatly feared at first that Floyd might end his career as a Naval Constructor, but we are beginning to have hopes that the line may claim him yet. There are dire forebodings that he may eventually skipper one of Uncle Sam's subs.

Although not an athlete, he has indulged in a variety of sports; it is even whispered that he is a golf pro. He almost broke his back at the end of a Plebe crew oar; so he took up canoeing instead—it doesn't interfere with dragging.

Old pal, when you are out in the fleet or building warships, remember that we all have a hallowed spot in our memories, dedicated to the best of "wives" and a true friend.

*Boxing, Assistant Manager; Reception Committee; Class Football; Star;
 2 Stripes.*



EDWARD BAXTER BILLINGSLEY
 "Tecumseh" "Senator" "Dan"
 MELBOURNE, ARKANSAS

"WAKE me up about ten minutes before formation," characteristic words of this broadly smiling, easy-going, beatific son of the Southland. Raised on hominy grits and razorback po'k, he astounded the greybeards of the University of Arkansas with his grasp of learning. Having seen and done everything in Arkansas, he heard of a wonderful place in the East, where young gentlemen are educated at government expense. Avidly pursuing the new sensation, Baxter came, and conquered with his invincible good nature.

His smile is the significant feature of his character. Friends decry his amiability, insisting that it sometimes passes good judgment.

Life is a series of ups and downs for our hero; when academics are not beating his unbowed head, he is in the fell clutch of body-building.

Always ready to help a friend, to listen to your joke, to do what you want to do, may he always have the best of men for shipmates.



WILLIAM RITCHIE WILSON
 "Ike" "Bill"
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

FOUR short years ago the "City of the Big Shoulders" lost one of its most promising young citizens. Chicago's loss was the Navy's gain.

If still water runs deep, then Bill must have depths at which we may only guess, as he is never demonstrative. Probably only a few of his more intimate friends have learned that here is a wise and tolerant student of humanity who is able to soften his criticisms with choice wit.

Academics have never held any terrors for "Ike." Had not the lure of a good book or magazine been so often appealing, he might easily have starved. By dint of sheer natural ability he has been able to stand well up in his class.

At various times Bill has tried his hand at football, boxing, and track, but swimming is his own true love. When the days began to lengthen he could be found in the pool every night, religiously seeking perfection.

Whether Ike stays in the Service or seeks his fortune in the world, we predict fortune and happiness for him.

Masqueraders; Class Football; Class Water Polo; 2 P. O.

Plebe Swimming, S32T; Class Swimming, 1932; Varsity Swimming, S32T; SNAI; Class Water Polo; Class Boxing; Plebe Track, 32; Class Football; B Squad; 2 P. O.



ALFRED RICHARD MATTER
"Dick" *"Bennie"*
 BUTTE, MONTANA

AFTER deciding in favor of a Navy career and spending a few years in ardent preparation, Dick came through Number Three Gate that momentous morning full of hope, ambition and plans for big things.

In retrospect, these past four years haven't been the easiest in Dick's life; but, as they have been filled with fight, determination, and the will to win, the result has been inevitable. Dick's time has been filled with a variety of things that make for a well-rounded existence. Academics, athletics, and the company of the fairer sex all have had their place. His exuberance and vitality almost overwhelm us at times. He is ready for anything at any time, and his ready wit and repartee keep us all on our toes every minute from reveille to taps and sometimes after. Combined with all this he has the right amount of common sense to make for a well proportioned life.

We who know him are confident that the boy will succeed despite any obstacle, and we join in wishing him the best of luck.

2 P. O.



CHARLES MAURICE SUGARMAN
"Sugar Babe" *"Rose"*
 PORTLAND, OREGON

STRAIGHTWAY from Portland he came with a fresh beaming smile bestowing upon all the aroma of good nature and friendliness. Without hesitation "Babe" and his smile entered the Academy, for they recognized their mission in life. The smile paved the way for a successful career while "Babe" following close on its heels was building a staunch foundation.

Unpretentious, "Babe" is one of the naturally "savvy." To the aid of all Math, Steam, and Juice parties he came and checked the answers in the books. Dime novels and Western stories became his obsessions and only when they or his daily "specials" were encroached upon did a frown displace his smile.

"Babe" is indispensable as an arbitrator in arguments concerning the Navy—he knows his Navy from sea to sea. It is his pride and glory and he derives as much pleasure from it as he does from forming generalities. If one can put up with this and it is not hard, one finds him otherwise quiet and unobtrusive, two lovable and highly desirable qualities which place him as the perfect roommate.



2 P. O.



ARTHUR HENRY VORPAHL
 "Pop" "Vorp"
 LARAMIE, WYOMING

ROBERT LAWRENCE STRICKLER
 "Strick" "Son" "Albie" "Bobby"
 ENID, OKLAHOMA

A TRUE son of Wyoming, Pop came to us from the land of the high wooded mountains and crystal streams. His first year at the Academy was spent amidst varying degrees of fortune and misfortune until the latter finally won, by a mean trick of fate. It was with great sorrow that '31 was forced to give him up and with open arms that '32 received him.

An athlete of no mean ability—if it so pleases him to be such. Swimming first claimed his attention, but his interest soon turned to Lacrosse, in which his success would have been unlimited, but for a knee injury sustained early in Youngster year. Pop has been like a father to us for four years, and more than once his fatherly advice has turned us from the path of wrong-doing to that of righteousness.

With his foot on a table and a skag in his lips, with a fluent line of conversation that never tires, and a listener who will allow himself to be browbeaten by remaining passive, we have a perfect picture of Pop that we will never forget.

STRICK came to us from '31. Their loss was our gain, and a real gain it is. Strick hails from Enid, Oklahoma, and if Enid feels the same way about him that we do they must have been sorry to see him leave his native heath. They should be perpetually proud of a product like Strick, and no doubt they are.

Strick is one of our staunchest supporters of baseball. Every game, be the weather foul or fair, will find him in the stands lending his moral support to the team and ready with plenty of expert (?) advice. Though baseball is his first love he supports all athletics to the best of his ability.

Strick has graced the afternoon swimming squad since Plebe year and his manful efforts find plenty of appreciation in the large audience that never fails to gather when he makes his appearance in the pool.

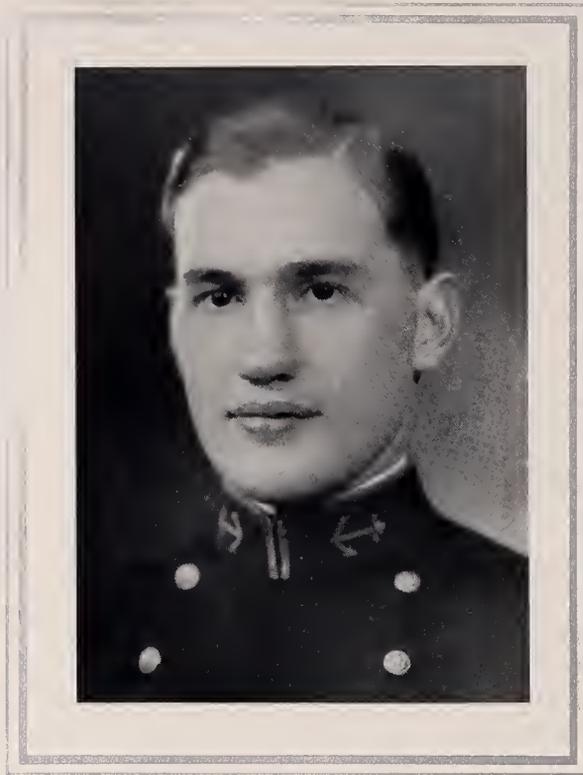
Strick is a man of strong character and generous impulses, a true friend and a delightful companion.

Here's luck to you, Strick, and may we all be shipmates with you in the future.



M.P.O.

2 P. O.



PAUL JAMES SHOVESTUL
"Shovie" *"Paul"*
 CLEARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA

PENNSYLVANIA lost a good volunteer when Shovie decided that sailing would be preferable to coal-mining, and we all agree that the Academy gained by his choice. Plebe year found him busy trying to convince the Math Department that he wanted to stay here; but still he found time for two sports, with dragging a third. However, the following years offered no great difficulties, enabling him to devote more time to athletics. That he met with success in these lines may be seen by the N's he has earned.

Shovie has such a lazy and carefree manner that those who do not know him sometimes fail to recognize his real ability. But a man who can devote the greater part of his study hours to reading and still fool the Academic Departments, who can stay on the excused squad most of the time, and still make N's, who can drag a couple of Crabs at the same time and make them like it must have rare ability.

As Shovie leaves for the Fleet, we wish him the best of luck. We know that he will make an excellent officer.

Plebe Baseball; Soccer, N; 2 P.O.



ENNIS WALTER TAYLOR
"Ennis" *"Walt"*
 CLARENDON, TEXAS

SOME twenty-three years ago this bright young chap blinked into the mysteries of this life and has since been wondering what it is all about. Perhaps this explains the arrival at the middle of each term of a note from the superintendent, which begins, "The superintendent notes with concern. . . ." However, when the final marks came in he had through strenuous efforts managed to satisfy the Academic Departments with at least a 2.5.

Those who have formed their ideas of Texans from books were much surprised at Walt's quiet and dignified demeanor. He isn't an athlete and we don't seem to remember him as a strip-er, but we find there are few men of better judgment and more common sense among the star men of this class. Modest in manner, his idler moments are spent in swimming (sub-squad), sailing, or reading rather than in social pursuits.

Ennis comes to us from the service and when we send him back it is with the greatest confidence that the rest of his career will be as successful as the beginning.

Cross-Country; Juice Gang; Lucky Bag Staff; G.P.O.



LEVERING SMITH

"Rosie"

"Red"

GRAFTON, ILLINOIS

FROM Mississippi to the sea describes the life of Rosie to perfection. Academy rings from their early beginning have borne his family crest and it was his ambition and tradition to carry on the good work. A little preliminary work at Hall's and a Plebe Summer made a Midshipman of Rosie, and despite a few battles with the 20-20 chart on the fourth deck, he is still firmly set on the course to a commission.

Academically, he has fallen in at the head of the column for quite some time, seemingly without much difficulty, and still has time left over for Company soccer in the Fall, track in the Spring, and a letter or two in the evening.

As a roommate, Rosie has been the best of friends, and when it comes to arranging week-ends he's a man to know. As a Midshipman he qualifies among the best, and to his future life at sea or ashore Levering will carry the best traditions of an officer and a gentleman.



TRAVIS ROBERT LEVERETT

"Tex"

WORTHAM, TEXAS

AN insatiable curiosity being a trait of character, and quite a commendable one, of our young Texan, and he having further an honest desire to follow the intricate paths of higher learning, it was quite natural that he gave up his idea of Chemical Engineering to investigate Uncle Sam's course in Naval Science.

A memory and intelligence quite above the average coupled with the running start that a college year gave him made it possible for "Tex" to investigate many other fields than those prescribed by the "Ac" departments.

Though to many of us the Gym is not a particularly attractive place it has a peculiar attraction for Leverett and as a result his name is known and respected by almost as many horsemen as there are in the Intercollegiate Gymnasium League. The same painstaking care and persistence has brought him recognition in the field of music and incidentally quite a few occasions to answer to "All those excused from drill, report to Batt office and initial the list."



2 P. O.

Orchestra, Assistant Director; Gymnasium, G32T NA; Juice Gang; Expert Rifleman; 1 P.O.



WILLIAM CRAWFORD JONSON,
JUNIOR
"Bill"
GREENVILLE, KENTUCKY

SOMEWHERE in Kentucky will be found the small town of Greenville, which was far too small for this ambitious son of the South. With all the optimism of youth, Bill entered the Navy as an Apprentice Seaman with the express purpose of finding a career in the Navy through the Naval Academy, and by hard work he has realized his ambitions.

Through the maze of four years of the eternal grind he has fought his way, moulding into one all the traditions of the Navy. Bill is not one of those brilliant academic stars, nor is he athletically inclined. He is more of the quiet, peaceful type, with a marked personality. His straightforwardness, earnestness, and sincerity have won him many friends who greatly admire and respect his quiet Southern dignity.

William Crawford Jonson now stands on the threshold of a Naval career, a friend to be admired, an enemy to be respected, and with best wishes of us all.

2 P. O.



EARL TWINING HYDEMAN
"Earl" "E. T."
PIQUA, OHIO

"I'LL ARGUE with you on that question all night,"—a characteristic statement of Earl's which brings to our minds memories of many pleasant hours we have spent discussing the pros and cons of numerous subjects. It takes a good man to equal Earl in an argument, and as far as beating him goes—well, it just isn't done. He can always find a loophole somewhere.

Earl comes from the old "Buckeye State," and spends quite a bit of his spare time in fond reveries of home and the leaves he has spent in dear old Ohio. When leave is granted he leaves for home just as soon as possible and returns with the accuracy of an efficiency expert.

Academics have always been "fruit" for Earl, although some of the mathematical subjects have troubled him at times, but never seriously.

Never too busy to explain a knotty problem to his classmates, always willing to do a little more than his share, Earl has been a good roommate and friend.



Plebe Cross-Country; Plebe Track, 32; Small Bore Rifle; RNAT; Lightweight Crew; 2 P. O.



EDWARD ABERLE RUCKNER
"Ed" *"Count"*
 WESTWOOD, NEW JERSEY

ONE summer day this blonde-haired chap left his native haunts to answer the call of the sea. From the first days of Plebe Summer were his numerous talents shown, and everyone realized that here was a man among men. Academics are Ed's delight; each month Tecumseh smiles upon him and knows him as a favorite son. Is he savvy? Just ask some of the wooden ones who is bringing light into the darkness of their academic struggles.

New Jersey is the home of many an illustrious one, and "Ruck" is a true son of the state. Of course, we cannot presume to proclaim him another Edison, but the "Count" will have no trouble etching his name in the sands of time.

His disposition is truly as sunny as the glint of his hair; when things start to go wrong, Ed never hesitates to cheer one over the rough spots. As for the fair sex, ah—the eyes are sparkling, for "Ruck" is not averse to feminine charms.

As you leave the Academy and Severn days become memories, Ed, we salute you—the best of luck.



HENRY HARRIS MCCARLEY
"Mac"
 CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

FROM Charleston, a city full of traditions of the past, to a service replete with traditions just as honorable, came this young man, full of ambition and desirous of reaching the heights in the Naval profession. Hard work claimed him immediately, and he buckled down with vim and vigor, and something of vitality, intent upon getting the better of the Academic Departments, regardless of time and effort required. So, we have our hero endowed with persevering qualities, a most conscientious worker when there's work to be done.

Mac possesses a stubborn good nature, the stubbornness of which sometimes obscures the rest, but, withal, there's none better, none truer; his generosity sometimes amounts almost to a fault . . . none of the old Army gag for him. As for the ladies . . . like most Lotharios he disclaims any tendencies in that direction, yet we have not doubts, but disbeliefs, well founded ones, too. Shades of Sept leave and Second Class Christmas! A man's man and a gentleman; what more could one be?



Stars; Fencing; Baseball, Assistant Manager; Reception Committee; C.P.O.

Class Football; Company Soccer; Juice Gang; Masked N; Thompson Trophy; 2 P.O.; Lightweight Crew.



HUGH LEE HENDRICK, JR.
"Hugh"
 FORT WORTH, TEXAS

TEXAS may seem to most persons to be one region which would be least likely to produce enthusiastic mariners, but it is a surprising fact that the Navy can boast of many natives of that state among its best men. Hugh comes from there, and as for being enthusiastic about the Service—well, he has lived for nothing else ever since coming to the Academy.

He has pursued his way during our time at the Academy almost totally untouched by academic trouble. Efficient enough in this work, his worries, such as they are (even these don't seem to bother him much, though) have been caused by—well, we won't say, but if you could see the industrious way in which he spends his time writing long, and we feel sure, interesting, letters, you might be able to tell the answer. These letters seem to be all addressed to one certain person who lives quite far away. Athletically speaking, Hugh has found boxing most interesting, with track and class football to occupy the other seasons.

*Plebe Track, 32; Class Football, 32;
 Boxing, B32T; 2 P. O.*



WILBUR GRAHAM HOWLE
"Hoolie"
 FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA

WILBUR, the pride of the Third Batt. Radiator Club, is one of those fellows one hears about but seldom meets—a real friend and a true pal. Hailing from the hotbed of secession, he has nevertheless learned to control his fiery temper and is looked upon by all, especially the plebes, as one of the best-natured men in the class.

Congenial and sociable by nature, he makes friends easily and has no difficulty in keeping them. If we may judge the size of his circle of friends by the number of letters he writes, it appears that he has almost more than he can keep up with. Does he ever let a day go by without writing to at least one of them? Not Wilbur! "Hey, Gadget, are you going by the mail chute?" and he hands over anywhere from one to six letters.

Only two things kept him from starring—the Saturday Evening Post and Steam. This latter subject has been his Nemesis throughout his four years at the Academy.

Aside from being a fresh air fiend and a Steam savoir, he is the champion bridge player of the Sixth Company.

2 P. O.



JOSEPH CLARK PHIPPS
"Cokey Joe"
 GALAX, VA.

WHEN this mere stripling left the wilds of Virginia to come up to the Naval Academy little did he realize the great events that lay in store for him. Few people would have thought that some day Joe would become the radiator sitting champ of the Naval Academy, which title could probably include radiator sitting champ of the world. For two years he spent his leisure hours in close contact with the radiators, but it was during second class year that he weakened and moved up to the rail above it. Nearly every afternoon from that time on, Joe could be found perched on his rail expounding political ideas and telling of Democratic conventions that he attended at the various ages of from four to twelve years, back in the good old days when a convention was a convention.

He might have been a potential athlete, but that is something that will always remain a mystery, as Joe never felt the call of the sweat clothes.

We can't prophesy for the man, but I reckon he'll get by in most things.



GILBERT NORTHROP STEVENSON
"Steve"
 NEBRASKA

IT CAN be said of Steve that he grows on you. He came to the Academy from Gothenberg, the city beautiful, a quiet, unassuming lad, with a wealth of wavy hair and a football physique. He was determined to garner all the East coast football honors, but after some time confined his activities along that line to class encounters. He then took a turn at practically every sport in the Academy, and finally captained the class bowling team his youngster year—and we can't forget boxing—although he never trained under the Navy coach he put on many a bout that would have made Spike sit up and take notice. Many a man about these parts will testify that Navy missed a good bet when Stevenson failed to go out for boxing.

But Steve's greatest passion is for his books. He is a constant, eager reader, and has a large personal library containing none but worth-while books. His ever-widening circle of close friends hope to see him take more cruises on modern battleships and fewer on obsolete Spanish cruisers.



2 P. O.

2 P. O.



WILLIAM JOHN WIDHELM
"Tbug" *"Bill"*
 HUMPHREY, NEBRASKA

WITH many tales of Nebraska and Creighton University, our Bill came to seek his niche within these four walls, and he found several. Never to be seen without his bit of humor and famous smile, Bill has permanently secured the Academy's best—many, many friends.

'Most any sunny afternoon will find him on the tennis courts with a very tricky brand of tennis. That does not hold for weekends, however, for a hop is never complete without him.

Plebe year came and went, and Bill had tried his hand at track, lacrosse, and football. Spare time was always his, for it was a disdainful study hour that he gave to any class. Dago stumped him for a while, but all of us remember the uncanny luck that he had with the tongue in Barcelona.

With rare enthusiasm and unbounded good humor, he can scarcely fail our prediction for a colorful career. Our tribute to him will always be that instinctive memory of an ideal roommate, a good fourth at bridge, and the life of any company.

2 P. O.



ALBERT ALOYSIUS WELLINGS
"Duke" *"Gus"* *"Al"*
 BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

ANYONE who has heard of beans and tea and ships has heard of Boston. From this old seafaring town our Duke came to cast his lot with Father Neptune. He is the last, but hardly the least of four brothers to enter the naval profession. Duke followed the call of the sea by shipping out at an early age and he came to us with the salt still in his hair.

His robust constitution and natural energy impelled him along athletic lines to the B squad and to his favorite sport, baseball. One of Duke's well-known accomplishments is his ability to flip a cigarette butt through half an inch of open window without even looking.

Academically he has always given a good account of himself as a result of a dogged aptitude for learning, which has resulted in excellent standings. As for feminine conquests, he has a way with the women that is not to be denied, but if you ask him, he'll say that his true loves are his sleep and his pipe.

Whatever Duke does, or wherever he goes, we know he will be a leader among men.

2 P. O.



GEORGE ERVIN HUGHES
"Algy" "Hughsey" "George"
SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA

TWO famous men came from Oklahoma. The other one was Will Rogers. Both had an inherent belief in the supremacy of their state and set out to put it on the map. Will went west and George came east. When Will left all the humor went with him, and when George shoved off he brought all the sunshine, leaving a barren state indeed.

A confirmed sandblower, he quickly expanded his chest, took a deep breath, and by our second class year entered the sport spotlight as Navy's stellar wrestler in his weight. Many meets have seen him ably doing his bit.

In academics, George has given an excellent account of himself by virtue of a practical mind, and has successfully avoided the tricky pitfalls in that direction. Study periods seldom claim their entire due, for his incoming mail is a constant source of despair and envy to his three wives.

No matter where we go, or what we do, we will have lifelong memories of the good times and pleasant hours in his company.



OTTO AXEL SCHERINI
"Ott" "Otto A."
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

IT is a far cry from Seattle to Chesapeake Bay, but a naval career induced Otto to forsake the Golden West for a balmy clime, as he cast his lot with the other thirty score of us in the summer of '28.

His natural restlessness and love for the sea led him to ship out at a tender age. His early travels took him to far-off Japan, China and Alaska. Thus was the die of his seagoing life cast, on the turbulent Pacific.

His life at the Academy has been a full one, indeed, as every form of athletics has taken its due of his time. His chief interest lay in the javelin and the Plebe record that he set in same was a noble start.

A persistency in everything undertaken invoked the pleasure of the "God of 2.5" and thus afforded him time for invaluable extra-curricular activities. Otto's sunny smile is one of the latter and has made our four years much brighter.

No matter how we may be separated, we will always remember Otto—let's hope we're shipmates some day.



2 P. O.

Wrestling, N, NA; M.P.O.





MARCUS W. WILLIAMSON
 "Red" "Willy" "Marc"
 BROWN'S VALLEY, MINNESOTA

TO A few demure young ladies he is "Marc," but to the rest of the world, "Red." Can he help it? Not until his hair turns white.

Red wanted to be both a good student and a good athlete. When the trees for Plebe October enveloped him in their branches he decided that one thing well done is better than two done poorly. He dropped athletics.

Is he a snake? Yes, and his venom seems to be effective. When Red strikes, the end is near.

Red's self-composure is startling. He did not even lose it once youngster year, when, having arisen upon the sound of the alarm clock and having shaved was setting out to close windows, only to discover that the alarm setting had been thoughtfully changed from five to two.

As Red shoves off from this Academy, here's good luck to him. He's got the tenaciousness and the stick-to-it-iveness—he's got the will-to-win. What more does he need except his life's task itself?

Trident Society; Class Basketball; Plebe Football; Track; 2 P. O.



EMERSON EVANS FAWKES
 "Hawkshaw" "Foxy" "4.0"
 DES MOINES, IOWA

HE came to the Academy singing the "Iowa Corn Song" and although four years have passed the chords of that tune are still vibrant in his heart. The lure of the salty wave was a great call, though, and Hawkshaw succumbed to its wild overtures. Always a bit reserved until you got to know him—then just a good-humored guy. Keeness and insight into difficult academics gave him a high place in the upper forty per cent. Hordes of fellows from all classes and walks of life "Who didn't get this stuff so well" swarmed into Hawkshaw's habitation before an exam and took up his last study period. The problem always became tractable under his microscopic eye and acute memory.

Although the reserve made of him a veritable "Red Mike" it was more or less because he had no time for women; they didn't fit so well in his mathematical conception of the universe. Hence we would find him learning probability after nine-thirty on hop nights.

Math never hindered his aspirations for gym, and almost every afternoon he was out to develop that bicep.

Star; Gymnasium; Class Cross-Country; 1 P. O.



JAMES GRAY CRAIG, JR.
"Jim" "Jimmie"

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

WHEN one asks this chap from whence he hails, he joyfully answers, "God's Country," which, in the vernacular of the less fortunate, is the state of Tennessee. In answering the call to the sea, Jimmie left his pursuit of studies at the University of Tennessee; but we shall always feel that what Tennessee lost the Navy gained. He is a man of accomplishments; studies have never had terrors for him. The suicide club claims him as an active member, and he spends most of his spare time in the pool trying to break some record.

Jimmie's other diversion is the fair sex. He was making great strides toward having them all at his feet when he abruptly fell for a fair damsel from the mid-west. He spends a great deal of his time writing letters which usually have the same address, and no day is a complete success for him unless he receives a letter from that place.

He is an ardent admirer of character in others and is himself a living example of it. No one can have a truer and finer friend than Jim—happy, patient and square—a gentleman!

Water Polo; Class Football; 1 P. O.



ROBERT EDWARD GOODGAME, JR.
"Bob" "R. E."

SOUTH PITTSBURG, TENNESSEE

DOWN where the muddy Tennessee River unwinds itself from the famous "Moccasin Bend" lies the town of South Pittsburg, famous for its femmes and "mountain dew."

Why Bob allowed his thirst for knowledge to lead him away from such a charming place we do not know. It is a fact though that, during his one year at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute in Auburn, Alabama, and during his four years here at the Academy, his greatest desire was to be able to visit his folks and "give the girls a treat."

Bob pledged Kappa Sigma before he became a Plebe. How he developed this taste for "pledging and plebing" he won't say; but he must have developed one to take such a drubbing and enjoy it.

His innumerable drags and friends are very thankful that his broad grin is constantly visible.

His sunny disposition, added to his determination "not to allow his books to interfere with his college education," has made him a fine chum.

Football; Wrestling; Baseball; Drum and Bugle Corps; C.P.O.



GEORGE CORSON

"George"

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

GENTLEMEN, meet the wife. Hailing from Staten Island in New York Harbor, it was only natural that his first thoughts were of the water. During the days of his boyhood he learned of the sea from true sailormen. When he became a young man the call of the sea lured him away from home. In the seafaring atmosphere he gained, for all time, the qualities of perseverance, determination and faithfulness. These have been instrumental in making him a success in his chosen profession.

Seafarers are hardy men and George is no exception. He is a clean, hard fighter, and we have been proud to have him as a fellow member of a fighting organization. Second class year fulfilled one of his greatest ambitions with a regular position as fullback on a mighty good soccer team. Youngster and Plebe years he also did fine work on the track team as a half-miler.

George does have a weakness. It is for the climate down old Virginia way. We wish him success in all his undertakings.

Soccer, 1932, NA, N; Track, Company CPO



ARTHUR ARCHIBALD GOODHUE

"Art"

SAUGUS, MASSACHUSETTS

HERE is a hard worker, a man whose name has appeared on many a "tree," a subject of several "notices of concern" on the part of the superintendent, still a classmate who has fought and won. Academics have left him very little time for outside activities, yet he cheerfully accepts his work and its reward, be it encouraging or not—a true man of the service.

When work is over no one is more willing to cooperate toward the good time of all. Few worries are capable of disturbing such a good nature and his greatest pleasures are found in "Caulking off," beating the late bell to formation and attending every hop within the city limits. The ladies make little impression on this man even though Art seldom misses an opportunity to acquaint himself with their whims and fancies.

His ambitions lay in the service and after five years he remains happy in the choice of his profession. With high hopes and confidence Art prepares for the future, and knowing him as a classmate and a shipmate we firmly believe in that future.

Class Football; 2 P. O.



RONALD LEE WILSON
"Cotton" *"R. L."*
 HURST, ILLINOIS

RONALD LEE WILSON—a man of the world in spite of his expression of innocence. Childhood spent in a country of flying bullets and one hundred per cent American, Williamson County, Illinois—capped by a year at Southern Illinois Normal University, left no doubts in his mind as to the harshness of the world. Having little faith in men, and none at all in women, he suffers not at all from the disillusionment that so often unnerves more credulous mortals.

Considering his happy-go-lucky disposition, his desire to be up and doing something is amazing. That, perhaps, is a hangover from his farming days. Is it not conceivable that he acquired his fondness for running by chasing in the cows every night? What is to be said concerning his marvelous ability at addition and subtraction, and his fondness for all forms of math? Does it not seem possible and even probable that such aptitude and taste may be a result of his counting the numerous eggs laid by the hens out on the farm?

Always alive and full of fun, "R. L." is the very best of company.



HARRY STANDISH COOK
"Cookie" *"Cocinero"*
 DELTA, COLORADO

"**F**AR from the Madding Crowd" of mountains which comprise the highlands of his native state to the more madding crowd of Midshipmen that inhabit the decks of Bancroft Hall came this young "giant" of the Old West to try his luck on the Brine.

Harry's first attempt to become a Midshipman in 1927 ended in a rather bitter disappointment for him, as a result of which he set about with a more dogged determination to enter the Naval Academy, and this young "Jacksonian" entered with the Class of '32—a good class, a good man.

Propriety, bulldog tenacity, firmness, a satisfaction in doing things as they are supposed to be done, and a readiness to help a friend at any time—these are a few of Harry's finer qualities; add to these a no little talent for music and a natural fondness for the gentler sports such as soccer and rough-and-tumble—what have we? Is he worth Uncle Sam's thousands? Here's to you Harry.

Track, 32; Class Basketball; Choir; Star; M.P.O.

Juice Gang; Choir; Plebe Wrestling; P. O.



AQUILLA GIBBS DIBRELL, JR.
"Dib" "Professor" "A. G."
 AT LARGE

As a Navy Junior, Dib has seen Australia and the South Seas from a destroyer's deck; so we little wonder that he was attracted to the Academy.

Academics kept Dib from participation in several sports in which he would have shone. The first two years were a series of ups and downs. Plebe and Youngster math accounted for two Christmas leaves and one re-exam. But with Baker two-blocked and the desks cleared for action, the Professor came out on top. He might have done better but he was often too eager to prove the text wrong and back it up with conclusive argument.

As a Red Mike, he knew no peer. For two years and a half hops and drags went by unnoticed. Sleeping held a much greater appeal for him—at least that's what he said. We wonder; Tennessee must have some charms!

We've spent four enjoyable years with Dib and we're sorry to have to part ways with him. He has always proved himself a friend in need. Best of luck, old man.

*Plebe Baseball, 32; Class Football;
 Class Swimming; Boxing, B32T;
 2 P. O.*



RALPH CLARENCE JOHNSON
"Doctor" "Hijo" "Johnny"
 GALESBURG, ILLINOIS

After seventeen hard years of living up to the name of the "Galesburg Flash," Doc bade farewell to the old gang and came to the Academy for a rest.

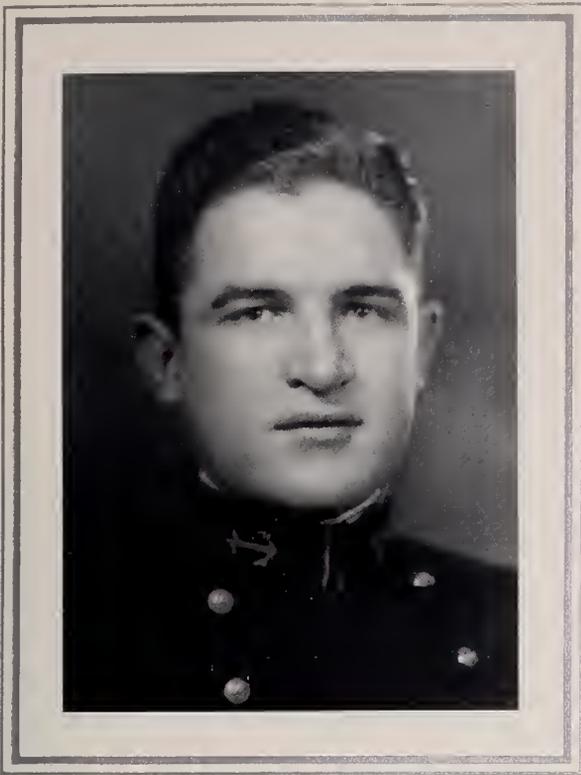
Plebe summer found him giving his all for the third company in the art of self-defense. However, when the academic year rolled around, Doc decided to spend the majority of his afternoons giving loyal support to the Navy teams and Plebe bull sessions. The check-up after the Penn game in '28 caught him with a cherished banner of ol' '98 well wrapped around his middle.

Second class summer—but why bring that up? Doc was in the hospital that week!

Academics never seemed to worry him; in fact, nothing did. He looked at the bright side of everything and enjoyed life in general. He even wore overshoes with a smile!

After graduation we know that Johnny will uphold the Navy tradition of doing whatever work is assigned—and doing it cheerfully and well. We wish him the best of luck and hope that he continues his jaunt through a successful career.

Boxing, B32T; Class Football; 2 P. O.



TERRELL ANDREW NISEWANER
"Andy" "Nize" "Niece"
 BOISE, IDAHO

LOOK! A curly-headed brunette from L away out West is sighted on the horizon. Each femme turns to her companion and says, "Who is that good-looking boy?" The invariable reply is: "You must be new here, everyone knows Andy." Youngster year Nize began to step out in society. Aided by his charming ways, winning smile and impregnable heart he has developed into a snake of the first water. No hop is complete unless Andy is there to stir pangs of jealousy in the hearts of the unlucky damsels who do not receive his attentions.

Andy, however, has not spent all his time giving the girls a treat. His extremely versatile nature has answered the clarion call of a multitude of sports. His favorites have been football, lacrosse, swimming, and gym. Although he has not always been at the top of the pile, his ruggedness and tenacity have made him indispensable.

These qualities which he has developed here and elsewhere in military life should carry him to the top of the Service. His friendship cannot be evaluated, for it is limitless in value.



Lacrosse; Football; 2 Stripes.



DAVID FREDERICK KINERT
"Dave" "Snooks"
 VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON

YES, girls, he is perfectly a darling, but beware! His winning personality has been the cause of many a broken heart. While he has the appearance of a normal child, deep mystery surrounds him and it is sadly believed he is lost to the cause of love.

Athletically Dave has starred only in that event for which if letters were awarded he would be wearing crossed knives and forks; but fortunately his passion is juice, and early Plebe year he became a loyal member of the "juice gang," in which organization he has faithfully devoted his efforts toward bigger and better "prop" rooms.

Naturally savvy, Dave rarely bones long but gets his old 3.3 by shooting a heavy line. Once he bilged a Nav. exam and Luce hall trembled for a month. Despite a voluminous correspondence which keeps two pens busy and his roommate out of stamps, Dave is always willing to help a wooden classmate gain the coveted 2.5. Dave is a true shipmate and friend who is bound to find a brilliant future in any calling.

Juice Gang; Chief Electrician; 1 P. O.



GEORGE LIEINBERGER BELLINGER
"Jorge"
 ONEIDA, NEW YORK

ONE whom his classmates found exceedingly quiet—a little fellow also—"six-foot one in his stockin' feet," upholding the dignity of both the Naval Academy and the home State. Of his early life little is known, and it cannot, therefore, be "treated within the scope of this book."

His ship of destiny sailed up and down the courses of Plebe year and Youngster year, threatening to break up on the rocks and shoals of the Steam Department, finding peaceful waters only when on the home stretch of Youngster year.

Now was to come his failing moment, his bugbear—a handful of all that is bad, twenty-five feet of rope. Endless days of tireless effort to drag his 190 pounds to the top seemed in vain. When all other methods had failed, however, he just up and climbed it and got his much cherished Christmas leave. There being no more worlds to conquer, he had only to wait for that bright sunny day in June, 1932.

Plebe Football; B Squad; Plebe Crew; Class Swimming; 2 P. O.



KENNETH PEARLE LETTS
"Ken" "Kenny" "Rollo"
 FLUSHING, MICHIGAN

"I WANT to go back to Michigan" may be the plaintive wail of some people, but the reverse is quite true of Kenny; hence his decision to cast his lot with the salty sons of the sea. He had to stand on his tiptoes while being measured to fool the Doctor into thinking he was tall enough to be a sandblower. His size, however, did not prevent him from trying his skill at most sports worth trying, until he finally found his niche, water polo, the legion of suicide.

Content to let the savours take Academic honors, Kenny has been known to fall from the graces of Tecumseh. Once unsat, however, the results of work and ability combine to place him at the top of the heap. His preference for a cruise to flight instruction won him his big black N * * *

His is a complex nature, defiant of analysis, at the same time gay and serious. Surely, when his big smile appears, his function seems to be to brighten this drab world, yet his depth of vision is apparent. His readiness to lend a sympathetic ear to a woeful tale is well known.

Who could want a better friend?

Water Polo, W32P; Class Swimming; 2 P. O.



CHARLES JOHN WESCHLER
"Wesch" *"Charley"*
 ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

"GO WEST, young man, go West," but heedless of this good advice he, none other than Charles Weschler, came East. Oh, the pity of it! Yes, when the Naval Academy claimed its own "Wesch," Pennsylvania's staunchest supporters and one of '32's savviest volunteers, found himself marking ink in one hand and piccolo in the other.

Wherever you travel with "Wesch"—whether on the heights of Tibidabo, drifting through Pompeii, knocking about London, or merely rambling up and down the Seaward Terrace—you will find him your true pal and constant friend. Keeping "Wesch" happy is a problem no bigger than his appetite. In fact we attribute the major portion of his academic victories to a plenteous supply of baked "spuds," although when the Hill and Dale season comes around "Charley" is apt to be a shade slimmer than usual.

If it were Einstein's privilege to know "Wesch," that eminent scientist would wonder with the rest of us, "That one small head could carry all he knew."



GILBERT HESSER MITCHELL
"Mitch" *"Hesser"* *"Bert"*
 SHAMOKIN, PENNSYLVANIA

"THEN the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes. Hesser, the pride of Shamokin, is riding to the sea."

A cherubic grin characterized Hesser's early days and bears with him to the present. True, there were times when the going was rough and a sunny smile was a mighty effort, but the old order passes and after an eternal chauffeuring of victrolas, impersonating of Omar the bunk maker, and masquerading as ye olde tyme printer's devil for the Cut Exchange, there are "no more plebes."

Of course there is another side to the little giant. As a wrestler Mitch shames Samson and Hercules.

Hess can read and write. He speaks a little Spanish. He can differentiate between a cheese-headed stud bolt and a guess warp. And so it is with little hesitation that we say we know he will make things pop wherever he goes.



Cross-Country, C32C; Track, 32; Cut Exchange Manager; Lucky Bag Staff; 4 Stripes; Star.

Cut Exchange; Log Staff, Advertising Manager; Wrestling; Lucky Bag Staff; 3 Stripes; Star.



WILLIAM EDWARD TOWNSEND
"Bill" *"Slim"*

OHIO

UNLIKE many of us Bill made up his mind to be one of us a mere two weeks ahead of time. Since then he's been thinking farther ahead and managing to get what he wants with equal success.

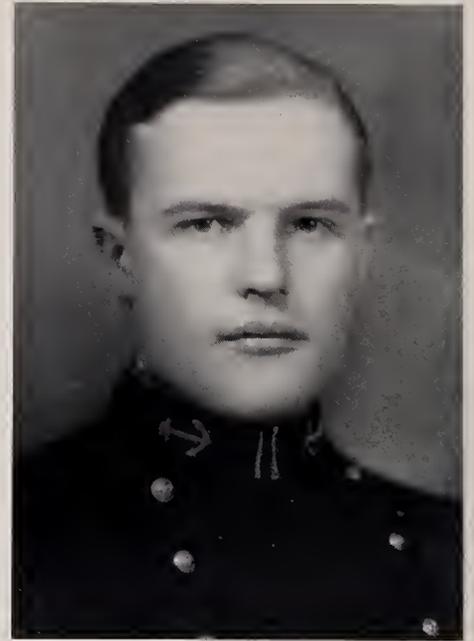
Plebe year crew and good grades were the goals. Taking the year as it came and biding his time Slim came out on top.

With that thin gold stripe Bill became himself. Swimming vied with academics for first place and social life was postponed. The year showed the results of concentration in both branches. Second class summer saw him knocking off the laps, developing the stamina that was to mean so much later.

September leaves left no lasting impressions and the letters that followed were soon neglected. Slim soon became engrossed in pursuit of those two stars: one on the collar and one alongside an N.

As a reward for straight thinking Bill steps on the threshold of life well prepared for its tests and backed by the respect and friendship of his associates.

*Plebe Crew; Swimming, SNAT; Star;
 2 Stripes.*



JOHN DOUGLAS ANDREW
"Jack" *"Andy"*

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

FROM some place in the far West, some say California, others British Columbia, or even Wisconsin, this young man heard the call of the deep and answered by wandering East to join the Navy.

One of the few of us who manage to actually enjoy themselves no matter where placed, he soon made a niche for himself in the life of the regiment. Every time he returned from leave there was another girl, or two, or three, who flooded the room with letters, special deliveries and telegrams. He always obliged, even to the extent of attempting to drag two girls on Saturday afternoon when he had the watch, some extra duty, and other distractions.

Class football found Jack on the field digging for thirty-two until he went up to B-Squad. Studies never worried him seriously, and he always managed to be well on the safe side of things by Christmas. He is generous and kind hearted as you find them, though he sometimes tries to hide it, rather unsuccessfully.

When Andy finds his place and gets under way for the long cruise through life, the boys in front will have to stand clear and let him through.

*Class Football; Football, B Squad;
 Track; Boxing; Juice Gang; Press
 Club; 2 P. O.*



THOMAS GLOVER WARFIELD
"Tom" "Tarzan" "Buzz"
 BEATRICE, NEBRASKA

WILD Indians and buffalo herds chased Tom over the bleak Nebraska plains in his youthful days and, eventually, up to the portals of the state university. The lure of brass buttons and gold anchors finally caused the transfer of this young man from the laborious life at that institution of higher learning to the ease and comforts of the Naval Academy.

Very shortly after his arrival he began to draw a set of teeth for the Plebe Log, and this famous signature has since become known far and wide to the readers of that magazine. Then, as chairman of the Class Crest Committee, he supervised the selection of the most distinctive crest in the history of the Academy.

Academics have merited but slight consideration from him due to the lack of opposition, but the English Department occasionally forced him to desert Tarzan in the midst of some perilous adventure.

In spite of all his duties Tom is always willing to take time from his newest invention or his latest momentous project to give a pleasant word or a little aid to whoever needs either.



2 P. O.



MALCOLM EVERETT GARRISON
"Mac" "Garry"
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

YOUNG Sinbad Junior came out of the West with Iowa cornsilk on his vest. Having lived by the sea and rocky coasts, naval ambitions stirred in Mac's heart. Finding life at the University of Iowa much too soft, he decided to try Bancroft's loft.

Many were the times after bloody battles with academics that he wished to desert his stern mistress, the sea, for the hayfields, but his expert aim, with a 2.5 at a bull's-eye, always left a perfect score. This far-famed mathematician endeavored to change some principle of Napier and Newton, but the Math Department never was convinced. His academics were well-balanced by his popularity with the Executive Department.

Mac had a lot of fun Plebe year playing company football and teaching the upper classmen naval matters.

Mac has always been the personification of the saying, "Still waters run deep." His few words are important ones. He is the kind of man you want to play squash with, study the principle of deep meditation with, have around all the time—a true gentleman.

1 P. O.



FRANK DEVERE LATTA
"Five Department" "Sparrow"
 BURLINGTON, IOWA

FRANK felt the call of the sea when only a mere youth among the islands and channels of the Mississippi. He took an active part in all the maritime activities that the river afforded. The Mississippi was only a step to the Severn; and when the opportunity offered, he made the step in a single stride.

Sparrow immediately became famous by standing 1 in steam, Plebe year. All the unsats relied upon him for extra instruction. But for him, the naval careers of many might have ended before they were fairly begun. His other studies did not come so easy, but academics have never given him any grave trouble.

One of his early ambitions was to become a boxer, and he has spent many hours in the gym learning the art of give and take. He was ever the handy man. When anything needed repair or improvement Sparrow always came forward with some ingenious idea. Automatic stops for vics were his specialty.

Sparrow's good nature and winning smile have won him a host of friends who wish him the greatest success.

*Plebe Cross-Country; Class Football;
 Boxing, B32T; Ring Committee;
 Hop Committee; 1 P. O.*



ALLEN BOND ADAMS, JR.
"Red" "Tudy" "Rojo" "Salty"
 MOUNDSVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA

CAME a gay cavalier-hillbilly from the dykes and moonbeams of West Virginia. Born with a sword in his mouth he slashed his way to an Academy saber championship in two years. The "pride of the Ohio Valley" set his heart upon an N* and long and many were the days Red strove for this honor.

Chief "Fire-on-Gonk" met with the Academic Departments at a very tender age. He retired to his cave at night for deep meditation, then sallied forth each morning to hound purveyors of knowledge, throwing into the startled eyes of the referees the iron-clad gauntlet of perseverance and determination. At the end of Youngster year beaten and torn Academic Departments found surcease from the bloody and painful battle they had thus far unsuccessfully waged. During Second Class year they listened attentively to the young Archimedes, and in sheer desperation granted him that which he sought.

His hobby is, apparently, a knowledge of ships and their ways, which proved a boon to his classmates his Plebe year, and a despair to the plebes ever since.

2 P. O.



MARION ARTHUR FAWCETT
"Fuzz" "Spigot"
LOGANSFORT, INDIANA

INDIANA has never given us a president, but then we have our Spigot. Besides, presidents have to work and that word "work" has no meaning in his young but eventful life.

Starting life as a young lad in Logansport, he decided to wander, and finally came to rest along the Severn. Emphasis must be placed upon the word "rest"—with ten minutes to go he can sleep for eight—"I love my sleep!"

Academics? Yes, we have to study, but it has never seemed to bother Spigot. "That's all right; the prof will explain it." Leaving the struggles to his fellow classmates he has glided unmolested by the powers that be.

Women—ah—he loves her! And fair ones, you are just too late. Still, one cannot keep dark curly hair and big blue eyes away from the unfair sex; so our hero has had his moments.

His virtues are many and his faults—first, a constant desire and a phenomenal ability to sleep, anytime, anywhere; second, a very beautiful but exceedingly odoriferous pipe. He has been a good wife and a wonderful classmate.



HERBERT LOLLIS JUKES
"Herb" "Herbie"
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

IF LITTLE ROCK had been a few square miles larger it might have retained its best hope for worldwide fame; but Herbie got the wanderlust, put on his shoes, and started on the long, hard route to the Naval Academy.

Academics found Herb a hard and determined opponent. Several times the books nearly won, but the indomitable will to win and the ability to dig when the digging was hardest have earned his position with Uncle Sam's best with the opportunity to go far and high.

Coming to us with a working knowledge of the spectacular art of tumbling, he has developed into a real champion. Academic setbacks and ankles cracked in his never-ending search for some trick more difficult than the rest kept him from making an early rise to the position he deserved; but the gym team is better for having had him with them.

A whole head of curly black hair, an abundant supply of wit, and a knowledge of the intricacies of the light fantastic have gained him a host of friends wherever he has gone.



Rifle Team; Pep Committee; M.P.O.

Cheer Leader; Gym Team Captain;
2 Stripes.



MAXIMILIAN GMELICH SCHMIDT
"Mack" "Emp" "Dutch"
 BOONVILLE, MISSOURI

BACK in the summer of nineteen twenty-eight a long-eared Missouri mule came galloping up to the Naval Academy gate and lo, there sat Mack as blithe and happy as when he left the Ozark Mountains back in old Missouri.

He began Plebe summer backed up by plenty of military experience and therefore went through the long hot months of training easily and entered "ac" year with his best foot forward. The end of Plebe year found Mack well up in his class and a member of the Plebe Intercollegiate Rifle Team. Having lost two roommates early in his life at the Academy, he decided to take no chances and acquired three all at once at the beginning of second class year. Mack has an affinity for wagers, but we know one "Bet" that was his downfall.

He is a steady, easy-going fellow who always has a ready smile for everyone, and fortunate will be those who are shipmates with him. His courage and determination plus an inexhaustible patience will enable him to go far in his chosen profession.

Rifle, 32; Plebe Soccer, 32; Lacrosse, 32; Choir; Musical Club; N. A. Ten; Lucky Bag Staff; 3 Stripes.



A. DOUGLAS CALEY
"Doug" "Red"
 ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

TODAY, when knowledge is a sought for and a popular thing, a few men stand out because of the success which has attended their efforts both in the pursuance of that ever-elusive knowledge and their relations with their fellow men. By leadership and fine character they change the baser metals of discord and cross purposes to the pure gold of harmony and cooperation.

Such a man is "Doug," and New York State, we are sure, has been poorer as we have been richer by his four years here.

He stands high in his class, and, like many other great men, obstacles only spur him on to greater efforts and almost always greater success. "Doug" has balanced his academic life by means of the soccer field and a shell on the Severn and his success in these fields rivals that which he has achieved in his studies. He is not a "Red Mike" in any sense of the idiom, and his social life is a full and pleasant one. A well-balanced man you are "Doug" and we predict for you a great future.

Soccer, 32; ANAF; 150-Pound Crew, NA; Star; 3 Stripes.



DENNIS STAFFORD CROWLEY
"Staff" "Ford" "Dionisio"
 ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

"NO SUH! There is nothing like Southern hospitality," says Staff. "Just come down to ole Virginy and spend this leave with me, and—" Staff has put Roanoke on the map at the Academy with his winning ways and ability to make friends. Although he had passed up the many opportunities of commercializing his dramatic abilities by coming to the Academy, he did not give up acting entirely. He has taken the lead in the majority of the plays produced during his four years as a midshipman. Staff seems to like the Plebe rate of dragging sisters, even though he did not drag his "Sis" until his Youngster year, and has been dragging her ever since.

Every man excels in one thing and has a pet hobby, and Staff is no exception. He excels in the Spanish lingo and polishes his cigarette case for a hobby. He is a man who is easily pleased and possesses the faculty of adjusting himself to any conditions. "A cigarette, a cup of good coffee, and I am happy." Good luck to you, Staff, we know you will succeed.



TRUMAN ERNEST CARPENTER
"Carp" "Tru" "B. B. B."
 ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT

"CARP" hails from the rocky hills of Vermont where they don't have a Navy and his life has been one surprise after another ever since he left the little farm back home. Plebe summer "Carp" stepped in the ring for the first time and captured the heavyweight boxing championship of his class. Not content with this he proceeded to paddle one of those shells all over Severn River and its tributaries. His "Youngster" cruise consisted of a shell, a transatlantic liner full of co-eds, and finally a battleship. "Carp" is just six-feet two of good fellowship and a real pal. He doesn't have any trouble with "Acs" though he isn't especially fond of the language they speak in Barcelona. However, he has never had to burn the midnight oil. When "Tru" came to the Academy Plebe year he really had an O.A.O. but now try to count 'em! Oh, no, he isn't a ladies' man though we suspect the ladies wouldn't mind as the weekly and sometimes daily box of fudge proves. "Carp," you have the right stuff and we wish for you and know that you will achieve success.



Masqueraders, Masked N; Director Masqueraders; Christmas Card Committee; Company Representative; M.P.O.

Plebe Crew: J. V. Crew, NA; Class Boxing: Boxing, NA; Lysistrata Cup: 2 Stripes.





JOHN MCGAVOCK GRIDER
"Ironman"
 MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

THE South bred him but couldn't hold him. Memphis cradled and nourished him, but she offered too peaceful a future to her son born to unrest. John Grider came to the unchained sea as naturally as his Prussian forbears sought the military.

Despite his independence the Big Shot is too wise to abjure hard work. With the patience and persistence of a wily tribesman he stalks the elusive integral to its lair, and with the forbearance of a Buddha he marshals an imposing array of facts on reducing valves, star sights and flat trajectories.

Action was his father's bequest to a turbulent son. He yields to discipline, but he slips the leash at times. His battles to the death at water polo are epic. A fighter born, his drive and will make him a pleasant ally and a dangerous opponent. He stands on his own feet and backs his own decisions. Subtlety is not his forte.

He's a man's man and a man's friend—a credit to the service he loves and to the Southland he calls home.

Water Polo, 32; Football, Class B Squad; 1 P. O.



JOHN STANLEY MILLER
"Jerry"
 CLARENDON, TEXAS

POWDER RIVER! Mile Wide and an Inch Deep! Wahoo! And much loud griping is good evidence of Jerry's presence. He can gripe more with less to work on than a farmer wanting relief. But just let anyone help him out in his work and he will turn on him with so many arguments that they sink to the deck—his left to the solar plexus being the best.

Jerry is one of those rare people who have superb self-confidence that can't be called conceit. After spending his winters in Spike Webb's lair he has become a little punchdrunk, but can still muster his brains to the task and star in a few subjects. Not a savoir, but able to hold his own without a lot of effort, leaving time to work on the Log and otherwise divert himself.

The great world has no terrors for this young man and he is out to make it his oyster. Jerry is always ready to help out a pal in anything from a fight to a dago lesson, and those who are counted as his friends have a jump on the enemy. Here is to happy days, Jerry, and a long honeymoon!

Log Staff; Log Board; Boxing, BNAT, Soccer: 2 Stripes.





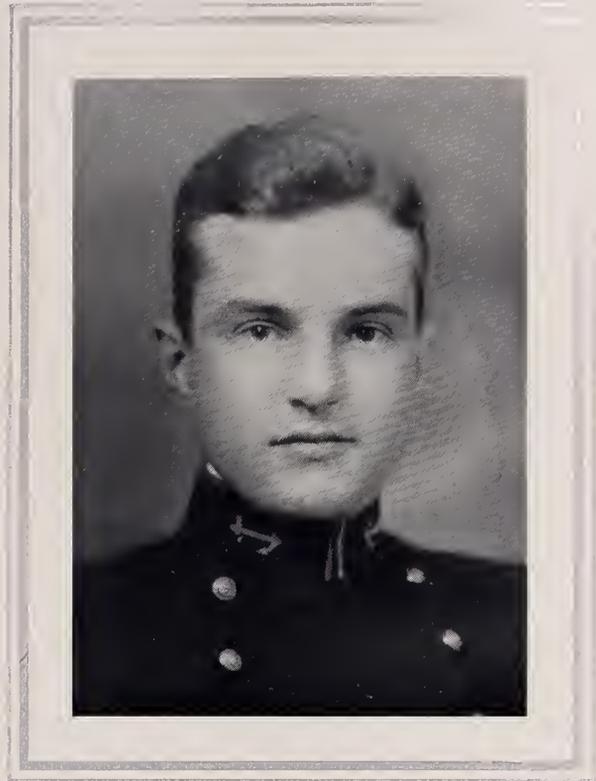
DANIEL CROSBY GOODMAN
 "Don" "Danny" "Schmaltz"
 PAYNESVILLE, MINNESOTA

A MAN from Minnesota who "bane not Swede," despite his love of a little "snooze" now and then. He left the lakes, fish and farm, and turned his eyes and feet seaward.

Wrestling, his only consistent love, lured the "man from the lakes" to the seaward end of the gym daily. Again we saw proof of the old maxim "practice makes perfect." Second class year found Danny at the "top of the heap" in this he-man sport.

With the plaudits of the multitude, and the admiration of the fair sex, life would seem to be a "path of roses" for Dan; but the Academic Departments did their best to provide the "thorns." Steam and Math were his particular Nemesis, but a courageous heart, hard work, and perseverance brought him off quite a few jumps ahead of the Academic "Reaper."

A lovable personality, minute and likable failings, and more than his share of grit, served to make Dan a perfect roommate. Many a would-be weary hour has passed swiftly in the presence of his good humor and cheerful reminder, "Oh, so the war is on, huh."



WILLIAM DANIEL KELLY
 "Daniel" "Bill"
 PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

BILL rolled into the Academy fresh from the Quaker city and "Bobby's." He set out at once to prove his worth to the Navy by playing in all of '32's soccer games. Youngster year and Second Class summer found him gaining experience in his favorite sport. Second class year he blossomed forth as a regular and won the coveted "N."

Academics never worry him, his high standing being achieved without any apparent effort. He is ever ready and willing to lend a helping hand or to "run" someone. "Now, Jim, don't flinch—I won't slug you." As far as we can see, his worst habit is knocking off smoking. "Well, Danny, this is my last skag. Moe, two swats if you catch me with another one." His Irish humor and fighting spirit have made him many friends among both sexes. Although frequently exercising the sailor's right to gripe and long for freedom, Bill would rather lose a leg than leave the service. We send him to the fleet confident that the rest of his career will be as successful as its beginning.



Class Baseball: Reef Points; Wrestling, W32T, NA, N, Captain; 2 Stripes.

Soccer, N; Reception Committee; 1 P.O.



JAMES DAHLMAN COLLETT
"Jed" *"Jim"*
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

Now, just in round numbers, how many letters did I get?

Jim came to the Academy after having lived in Washington, Newport, Omaha, and Santo Domingo, to fulfill his ambition of becoming a naval officer. He still likes to spend his leaves in Washington, and sometimes can't wait for leave to start again.

Owing to the aggressiveness of the steam department he found many obstacles in his path; however, with a lot of hard work, and an uncanny ability to pull sat, he has won many an uphill battle with the academics.

Jim is a combination of cheerfulness and good humor, mixed with an abundance of common sense. Another of his great failings is his desire to argue, which he will do at any time, under any circumstances. Worry has certainly never been one of his afflictions, and his motto seems to be to take things as they come, and to face life cheerfully.

During Youngster year he started another conquest, that of dragging the fairer sex.

Plebe Football; Plebe Boxing; Plebe Track; Gym Khana; 2 P. O.



STEPHEN MORRIS ARCHER
"Moe" *"Steve"* *"Father"*
 NEW BREMEN, OHIO

Steve hails from Ohio, and his broad gleaming smile portrays the fact that he is proud of it, when the "De donde es vd?" comes from a Dago prof. After a commendable year at Ohio State, he decided that the foundation of his ambition lay within these very grey walls.

His infant naval career has been a great success. Although not of the real savoir type, his natural aptitude and thorough conscientiousness have kept him near the top in academics. He is always ready to lend a helping hand to any less fortunate, and as a "prof," there is none better. Steve writes with no mean talent and attained positions on the staffs of the Log and Lucky Bag. Athletics also claim their share of his time; Second Class year he made the B Squad and likewise showed the old Navy fight as a wrestler.

With a keen sense of humor, an exceptionally active mind, and a serious nature, he cannot help but rise in the Service he loves, and the best wishes of his classmates go with him.

"Whenever I see you birds haggling over cigarettes, I'm always glad I never started smoking."

Plebe Football; Football, Class B Squad; Plebe Track; Wrestling; Log Staff; Lucky Bag Staff; Press Club, President; Pep Committee; 1 P. O.



JOHN ANDERSON MOORE
"Johnnie"
BISBEE, ARIZONA

JOHNNIE left Arizona and came to the U. S. N. A. more out of curiosity than anything else. When a boy he had heard about water but things have to be proven to Johnny. Johnny is a great little man. Wherever Johnny is there will be something going on. He is never lacking in enthusiasm, energy, or ideas. If nothing else presents itself a rough house or so is always good.

Johnny is not exactly savvy, but he has seldom been below section five or six. He has had his little tussles with the English Department, but he got that 2.5 the same way he has won everything else he has undertaken. Johnny is a little scrapper. Of sports, he likes boxing best and woe unto the man that gets in front of his right hand in a pugilistic way.

Johnny is a real friend. He is the kind a man likes to have along when anticipating a scrap—a true friend through and through. With his pleasing personality and ability to make friends, Johnny is sure to go far. He is the kind that is sure to succeed in the Service or in any branch of endeavor on the outside. Our best wishes travel with him, always.



JACOB CHRISTIAN MYERS
"Jack"
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

JUST another son of California! Although Annapolis doesn't seem much like Sunny California, Jack doesn't seem to mind a little thing like that. Academics hold no terrors for him, for without apparent hard study he seems to be always a member of one of the leading sections.

Jack seldom, if ever, drags and might readily be termed a Red Mike of the first water, but whenever a leave period rolls around he is always among the first outside the gate and on his way to North Carolina, which speaks for itself—or one might ask for particulars about his little Southern beauty.

Whenever there is any excitement going on about the Hall or any little game in progress Jack is always one of those present, one of the originators.

Plebe and youngster years found him decorating various athletic teams and training tables, but since that time he has somehow never been able to find time for such pastime; it might be attributed to his experimenting with gyroscopes and electricity.

Soccer; Boxing, BNAT; 2 P. O.

2 P. O.



HOWARD E. SHELTON, JR.
 "Bobo" "Peevee" "Bo"
 PADUCAH, KENTUCKY

STRAIGHT from Paducah came our Bo on the way paved by Josie Clifton. Early in Plebe year he realized that academics would hardly prove a serious handicap to his career. Most of his time was devoted to stopping dashing backs on the gridiron or stroking the crew up the Severn.

Bo's early ambition was to stroke the Navy crew, and he was not long in attaining his goal. Plebe year he pulled a sweep in one of the heaviest Plebe varsities the Academy had ever known. Youngster year he stroked the Varsity to a most successful season. Critics at the Poughkeepsie Regatta described him as the most powerful stroke on the Hudson. In the fall the gridiron demanded his efforts and Plebe year he held down a berth at tackle. Youngster and second-class years he performed on the "B" squad—punishing the highly touted varsity.

With his easy southern ways and gentlemanly manners, he has won himself an army of friends. Our true shipmate for four years—lots of luck, Bo.

Crew, Stroke, Intercollegiate Champions, Captain; Ring Committee, Chairman; Ring Dance Committee; Hop Committee; Class Supper Committee, Chairman; N.A.C.A., Sec'y-Treasurer, Vice-President; 3 Stripes.



HOWARD E. BORN
 "Mac" "Marty Doiken" "Mike"
 RACINE, WISCONSIN

OUT of the wilds of Wisconsin from the neighborhood of Racine came our malted milk classmate Marty Doiken. From reveille until taps his favorite topic was football—something like this: "Gees guy, I wish I could play football like ole Chuck and Ben. Did I ever tell you of the 1926 Army and Navy game when they played against each other? Gees!" In spite of this endless line, Howard brought to himself and his class honor in athletics.

Plebe year found him under the tutelage of his brother, Ben, on the football field. Although not very large, he made himself a well-known figure on the Plebe varsity. Having the stature and profile of an Indian, he grabbed a lacrosse stick and went on the war path during the spring. Youngster and second class years Howard stepped out on the gridiron and pasture doing his best to attain that block "N."

Dry humor and his jovial nature have gained for him many lifelong friends. With his strong desire to follow in the footsteps of his brothers Marty should have no trouble in his future career.

Football, 32, N.A.; Lacrosse, 32, N.A. N.; 2 P.O.



WILLIAM McCLINTIC HOLMES
"Burr-Head" "Wee Willie" "Bill"
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

FROM the land of "oil" came our Wee Willie to begin where John Paul Jones left off. During his Plebe year we found him on the football field helping the class of 32 procure a successful season. Not satisfied with being a lone football man, he took up wrestling in order to find a billet for his some two hundred pounds. Here, fate took charge and caused Bill to give up this career due to a knee injury.

Bill never aspired to be a savoir, thus he found himself at the Academy during his youngster Christmas leave. It was at this time that the fun-loving nature and the thrill of a midnight escapade caused him a mid-winter cruise on the Severn.

At least we know that he has won our hearts and our friendship and we would more than like to be shipmates with him in the years to come, even though his sunny disposition but changeable manner have proved a problem to his three wives.



EDMOND GEORGE KONRAD
"Ed" "Heinie" "Konny"
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN

WHAT! You never heard of Oshkosh? Meet Ed and he will tell you all about it. From the land of many waters he set forth to gain what the Navy had to offer. It was not long before he found out that knowledge acquired at college would keep him off the trees, so he devoted practically all his time to athletics and caulking off.

The football coaches opened their eyes wide when they saw Ed send the pigskin sailing down the field. Plebe year he held down a regular position at halfback. Youngster year he came back with the varsity squad and played on the "Yellow Zephyrs" The "A" squad claimed Ed second class year and played him as full-back in many of the games. Being a track star in high school and college, he has devoted much of his time to the cinder path. However, football injuries would not allow him to continue his former pace.

The four years past have proven to us that Ed is a true and loyal friend.



Football, NA, 32; Captain, "B" Squad;
2 P. O.

Football, N, 1 Stripe.





JOHN GARDNER TENNENT, 3RD
"Jack"
 FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

WHEN John, alias Jack, cut his first teeth on the ornamented buckle of his father's sword belt, the Gods winked knowingly and said among themselves, "We'll send him to Annapolis." Various trials and tribulations were encountered in the interim between cradle days and the summer of 1928, but according to prediction, Jack became one of us, a Plebe in a voluminous suit of white works and a white hat that tired his ears.

The fight with academics began in October and since then studies have offered no little opposition to Jack's ambitions, but nothing daunted, he has surmounted all obstacles and, by perseverance, has maintained his head above the academic sea.

A sunny disposition, a desire to please, and a ready smile have made Jack a valued member of our class and they have helped to make our lives a little more cheerful. A detailed account of his qualities would be too lengthy, so suffice it to say that he has been a classmate of whom we are proud. What more could you say of any man?

*Water Polo; Reception Committee;
 Plebe Lacrosse; 2 P. O.*



GEORGE FRANK RICE
"Red" "George" "Rojo"
 MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A MAN with Titian locks—a stern New Englander from the rockbound hills, through a mere manifestation of nature, became a sailor.

His assiduity and perseverance lend to him an enviable degree of proficiency. Only one endowed with the Greek spirit of insatiable inquiry could listen so attentively to the most tiresome of lectures—and never drop a lid!

Though not a stellar performer in all athletic activities, Red is always out for some he-man sport and usually manages to maintain a berth on the training table.

George is one of those few who strive to attain the ideal and yet in so doing appreciates the quiet pleasures of life and understands the foibles of his fellow men. He accomplishes his work thoroughly, but unobtrusively, and for Red the greatest joy of life is achievement. His ability to intersperse business with pleasure, coupled with a pleasing personality and a good nature, should bring him success wherever he may be.

Red has been a friend amongst friends and a corking good roommate—and in every sense of the word a gentleman.

*Soccer, A32F, ANAF; Lacrosse, 32;
 Gym, G32T; Orchestra; Choir; Glee
 Club; 2 P. O.*



EARL ROLAND PINKSTON
"Pinky"
PARROTT, GEORGIA

IN the real old southern town of Parrott, Georgia, Pinky was brought into the world, and the first thing that was instilled in him was the spirit of a gentleman who lives in the sweet but mixed atmosphere of cotton and peaches.

As he grew up his interests carried him into other fields. He spent one year at Georgia Tech and one at Alabama Poly, learning the fundamentals of engineering before entering the Academy. His congeniality and good humor soon won for him a wide following of friends.

Academics never caused him any trouble, but he didn't attempt to star because of his interests in other lines. He had a thirst for collecting books of a more serious nature, and soon expanded his analecta into a small but complete private library.

We hope to have him with us out in the Fleet, but if Georgia claims him instead, we shall always remember him and his ingenuous spirit as a gentleman.



REYNOLDS C. SMITH
"R. C." "Smitty"
ALMA, MICHIGAN

THAT there is an end to everything was proved to Doc (his father is a doctor) as he dismounted the step of the W. B. & A. and thereby finished the long trip from Michigan to the U. S. N. A. Two summers at Culver Naval School, and a natural love for the sea, had fixed in him a single purpose—a naval career.

As other than a spectator, Doc has had no interest in athletics; his chief and sole ambition having been to possess a more thorough knowledge of boats and things pertaining to the sea. Even girls haven't been able to tear him from his ambitions; he has never "dragged" unless forced to by some designing or unlucky classmate.

Here, at the Naval Academy, fellows are very closely associated; so, a young man must be exceedingly fine to win and hold the respect of all with whom he mingles. Doc does just that thing.

Equally good in knowledge of ships or "radiator sessions." May you be as fine a Naval Officer as you give promise of being, Doc.



Tennis 4; Class Tennis 3; Squash
Racquets 3, 2, 1; 2 P. O.

2 P. O.



MARK EDWIN DENNETT
"Mark"
 PHOENIX, ARIZONA

FROM the rocky canyons and the sandy deserts of Arizona to the shores of the Severn is a mighty leap and it must have taken some pressure to persuade this westerner to forsake his beloved land for the sea. After once entering the gate and saluting the jimmylegs, however, Mark decided it was all worth a try; so he became one of us on the 15th of June in '28.

Mark devoted the first term of Plebe year to battling Dago. Since mastering this threat, he has turned his attentions into far more interesting channels. He pays not a little attention to the fairer sex, much to their apparent delight. In the spring we find him across the river, peppering away at a bull's-eye.

Aviation wings are Mark's ambition. Ever since Plebe year he has been looking forward to Pensacola. And somehow we feel sure that he will make a name for himself in the air. His reliability, sound judgment and common sense will serve him well in this branch of the Service. Here's wishing him the best of luck and hoping that we'll be shipmates with him again soon.

Rifle Team; 2 P. O.



SELDEN CLOBRIDGE SMALL
"Lem"
 DOLGEVILLE, NEW YORK

ON the fifteenth of June Matt Small arrived at Gate No. 3, but ever since he has been "Lem" to us all. Lem has been shooting bears and whatnot all his life up in the wilds of New York; so he went out for the rifle team.

Lem has always been a consistent Red Mike, but we hear rumors of some adventures during second class September leave. Academics come rather easy to him, but while he has high ambitions he most invariably just has to turn in during evening study hour. During the winter you can often find him down at the bowling alleys on a Sunday afternoon slamming strike after strike down the alleys.

Lem is a baseball fiend of the first water. He likes to play and he likes to follow the Big Leagues. Lem is constantly offering to bet on the Yankees or Babe Ruth. Any time anyone wants to know anything about baseball ask Lem.

He likes the Navy, thanks to "The Admiral," but we expect to find him in the future back there with his dog and greatest pal, "Jerry." We are confident of his success in whatever he attempts.

Rifle Team; 1 P. O.



ELLSWORTH NEIL MURRAY
 "Ellie" "Neil" "Squawk"
 DULUTH, MINNESOTA

JUST why this handsome lad from the land of the lakes dropped his gay life and became a plebe we do not know. His love for the military is not in keeping with his love of a high time—but he never fails to put the right one first.

Femmes are taken for granted with him, and the same something makes him a would-be victim of every "how's that drag for me" proposition. Academics never put his name in print but the week never passed that Neil didn't offer to bet that his name would be on the weekly tree. Being unacquainted with the technical world when he entered, his chief enemy held forth in Isherwood Hall. This was accounted for, though, by an unusually fair batting average in other departments.

Athletics caused much long-winded expostulation. Without knowing why or how, he went out for fencing and left his name on the squad with many victories after it.

Four years of Bancroft Hall with a real friend have brought a resolution not to end it there. We hope to spend many a good time with you again.



JOHN GILMORE SPANGLER
 "Johnnie" "Strangler" "Fuzzy"
 LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

ON a bright summer day in 1928 this dark slender boy assumed the duties of a midshipman, officer and gentleman. Whatever the reason, Johnnie's white works had hardly begun to shrink when he decided that the Navy was his profession.

There is nothing from tinkering with all sorts and descriptions of electrical and mechanical contrivances that gracing Dahlgren on a Saturday night that he cannot do. Because of this there has been little time for him to devote to academic pursuits. Notwithstanding, he is one of the outstanding scholars in the class.

John has not taken athletics very seriously. In fact, he thought so little of his swimming that both Plebe and youngster years found him a member of the sub-squad. But when second class year rolled around he devoted a little of his abundant energy to aquatics and stayed clear of Henry's deficiencies.

It is needless to say that John will go far in his profession and will cut himself a deep niche in the annals of our Navy.



Fencing, 32; NA Foils Champion;
 Juice Gang; 1 P. O.

Juice Gang, Captain; Masqueraders;
 Masked N; Ring Dance Committee;
 Log Staff; 1 P. O.



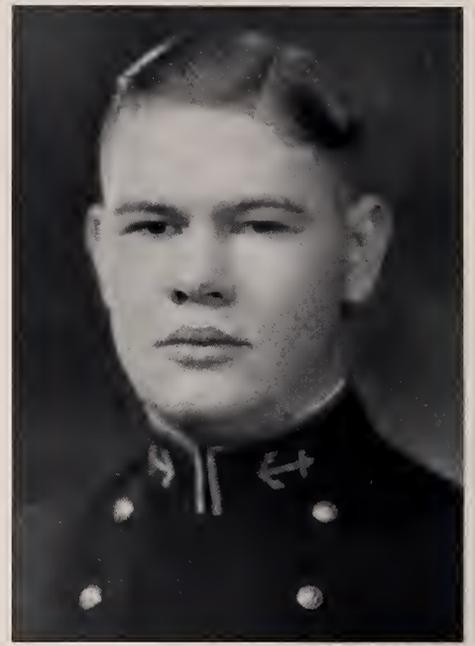
DEWITT CLINTON McIVER, JR.
"Scotty" "Swabo Mac"
 MAXTON, NORTH CAROLINA

TALES of the sea drifted into a tiny hamlet in North Carolina; tales of the glamour and glory of the Navy. The call of the Navy went forth, and our hero was one of those who answered. He gathered together his belongings and went forth into a new world, the life of the Service.

The first sight of those grim walls within which he has withstood so many trials and tribulations did not deter him. Boldly he pushed aside the curtain and entered into the existence of that lowliest of mortals, a Plebe. Four years of work and worry; determination and perseverance have brought him safely over the hurdles of Math, Steam, and Juice, to the ultimate goal of all of us.

His nicknames have come, one from the temporary difficulties he sometimes encounters in the academic departments, and the other not from the traditional penuriousness of his race, but from other qualities not used in joke books. Courage, nobility of mind, sympathy, and simple friendliness, have earned for him a host of companions who are glad to claim his friendship.

Wrestling; Baseball Manager; Reception Committee; Radio Club; N Club; 2 P. O.



JAMES GILBERT MARSHALL
"Jim"
 NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

"HEY, you! Where are you from?" A big broad smile comes over Jim's face and he answers: "Tennessee, sir."
 "I thought so."

Although the Chesapeake Bay was the first body of salt water this stalwart son of the Volunteer state had ever seen, it was a lucky day for the "ole Nyvee" when he decided that the life of one of Uncle Sam's "spoiled and pampered pets" would be the one for him. Coming to the Academy direct from Hume-Fogg High School, he expected to find the Academic Departments good ones for a fight. The first month, however, convinced him that he had the upper hand.

He went out for crew his Plebe year, and because of his long arms and strong back had no difficulty landing a seat in the first shell. Unfortunately for Navy crew he had to turn in at the hospital just before the season opened, and that ended his efforts for an "N" with crossed oars.

Because of his physical and mental fitness and a natural ambition for a naval career, we feel that Jim's name should be among those we predict as future admirals.

Crew; Class Football; Radio Club; 2 P. O.



JOSEPH FRANCIS WITHEROW
"Joe"
SAUSALITO, CALIFORNIA

THE sea with its natural beauty and mystery made an early and everlasting impression upon Joe. Living in California and Hawaii where he could view the fleet and appreciate the sea, Joe was filled with the desire for a naval life. He obtained an appointment to the Naval Academy, passed his entrance exams, and found himself as a member of the class of 1932.

At the Academy the lesser part of Joe's time was spent in studies. What chance had the "Ac" departments in competition with athletics, women, and the latest novels? Joe was quite an athlete in High School and Junior College and continued this interest in sports at the Academy. Football was Joe's principal sport but he has spent considerable time with crew and track during his first years at the Academy.

Joe is a big man and always does well in whatever he undertakes. He has but little to say but what he says is exact. His popularity alone can speak for his sterling character and I am sure that he will always be most successful in whatever he may attempt.



ALEXANDER BACON COXE, JR.
"Alex" "A. B."
FORT RILEY, KANSAS

THE call of the sea was heard in far-off Kansas, and from an Army post came Alex. Knowing what the Army was like, he chose the Navy—a choice by which both he and the Navy profited.

Academics held little terror for him, but they got monotonous at times. He is a hard and conscientious worker, boning Nav or Juice in fancied weakness instead of the Cosmo.

During his youngster year he nearly succumbed to the charms of a certain young lady in Washington, but since then our "Baba" has struck a happy medium between a snake and a Red Mike.

He is a lover of athletics and one may always find Alex on the diamond during baseball season. He is an ardent follower of football and no practice is too small for him to watch.

All in all, this light-haired, blue-eyed son of the Mid-West has made a host of friends with his happy smile and sterling character. Wherever he goes friendships will spring up, for he is a man among men, and a real shipmate.



Football; Crew; Track; 2 P. O.

Plebe Baseball; Class Football; Class Swimming; 2 P. O.





RAY MAURER PITTS
"Zasu" *"Ray"*
 BRECKENRIDGE, TEXAS

IF, as has been written, all men have a moving spirit an inner flame, then Ray's is music. But it's not narrowed down in him the way it is in some others we've met—he'd be content to play "Tannhauser" on the vic from reveille till taps, but he likes the other sort, too. Didn't he start out waving that clarinet around wildly as the Ten cut loose on the "Tiger Rag"? And hasn't he tooted that same horn for us through Friday nights in Smoke Hall, Musical Club shows, football rallies, and first class hops, to end up waving his baton out there in front as his boys start up "Anchors Aweigh"?

Ray has never had the slightest trouble with the academics, but he's always so darned busy dashing to the Fourth Batt for Musical Club dope or down to the Music Room to take charge of a Ten rehearsal (and incidentally keep the First Batt awake half the night) that he's never had time enough to do justice to himself in the matter of standing.

Stand clear, all along! The Navy's premier aviator is coming through!

*150-Pound Crew; Trident Society;
 Log Staff; Hop Committee; NA Ten
 Leader; 1 P.O.*



DAVID HAROLD McDONALD
"Mac" *"Scotchman"*
 MCKENZIE, TENNESSEE

ONE day in June the Paymaster on the Reina handed a discharge to a bugler second class, shook his hand, and wished him luck. An hour later the Commandant of Midshipmen administered an oath to this same ex-bugler—Mac was a Midshipman at last. Three years is a long time to try, especially when salvaging lost subs on the Vestal or weathering Florida hurricanes on the Bobolink.

Mac brought a quality with him from Tennessee, stubbornness in the raw. Not exactly that either; better said, a firmness of purpose, determination, a will to set a goal and reach it. The Academic Departments had not reckoned with his Scotch nature when they put him unsat Plebe Christmas. Mac called a meeting of the clan, absorbed all the extra instruction they had to offer, and hasn't been unsat since.

Fencing has claimed Mac's athletic ability although some of our would-be pugilists have rubbed sore chins after getting in the way of his glove. He is especially fond of entertaining the young and unsophisticated with tales of the old Nyvee. "Now, when we raised the S-51."

Fencing; Company Soccer; 2 P.O.



CHARLES HENRY EVERETT, JR.
"Charlie" *"Hank"*
 OLDEN, TEXAS

IT'S hard to tell how word ever penetrated way down thar into Texas that there was such a thing as a sea-going Navy, but somehow or other Charlie contracted the ambition of making himself a real salt. He bought a correspondence course on success, and popped up in Crabtown bringing a personal flavor that was a strange mixture of sand, oil, cactus and sea-dust.

He's been right at home ever since, probably because his early experience gave him a good idea of what to expect. He has given most of us the impression that he's just as easy-going and good-natured as he can be, but he doesn't show to everyone the rest of his nature. He is the possessor of a store of dope (alas, not always good) on everything from Afirm to Zed, and he'll solve for you—even if you ask him not to—any and all of your problems.

Charlie isn't sure whether he wants to go into the Fleet, the Marines, the Supply Corps or Aviation, but when he gets there—he'll do!



JOHN FRANCIS JACOBS, JR.
"Johnny" *"Jake"*
 PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

THERE used to be a diminutive and extremely ratey plebe in the Third Battalion. At the end of youngster September leave we found his cruise box parked alongside ours, and in the room to welcome us back was Johnny himself. He wore a smile you "could see a mile," and he's been wearing it ever since. It's just a part of him that's never missing.

We don't know much of his Plebe year activities, except that he emerged a wise and non-reg capped youngster. This extreme secrecy can be laid to his leading role in the Masqueraders. No one suspected that charming Miss who captivated our hearts in "The Devil in the Cheese" was Mr. Jacobs.

One day youngster year the moral pressure of the room coaxed him over to the crew shed and Johnny began his career of coxswain. Some distant ancestor named Legree returned from the shadows to coach him in his new-found avocation. Ask the Fifties!

Some J.O. mess out in the fleet is going to be a happier place to live when Johnny moves in.



Musical Club; Glee Club; 2 P. O.

Masqueraders, Masked N; Baseball, Assistant Manager, 32; Lightweight Crew, 32; Cross-Country; 2 P. O.



WILLIAM KEITH ENRIGHT
 "Bill" "Willie"
 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

THIS native son, who was born in Greeley, Colorado, enlisted to see the world. He saw it—or as much as can be seen while chasing prisoners across the reservation at San Diego. About then he conceived the idea of becoming a midshipman and combine an intensive course in travel through Europe with a few studies. 'Twas a long hard struggle to get in—especially with a top kick who sent Bill down to the dock in full equipment with every detachment bound for China—but like in all good stories perseverance won out.

Bill has not demonstrated his athletic prowess excepting in the wrestling loft—where he can be found most every night during the season giving someone a handful or three. A trick knee has kept him from winning laurels in the realm of sport.

The same dogged determination which has characterized his work here will surely carry him far along his career. May he have luck when he returns to San Diego to command a hard-boiled company around the parade ground.

2 P. O.



EARL PECK FINNEY, JR.
 "Earl"
 AT LARGE

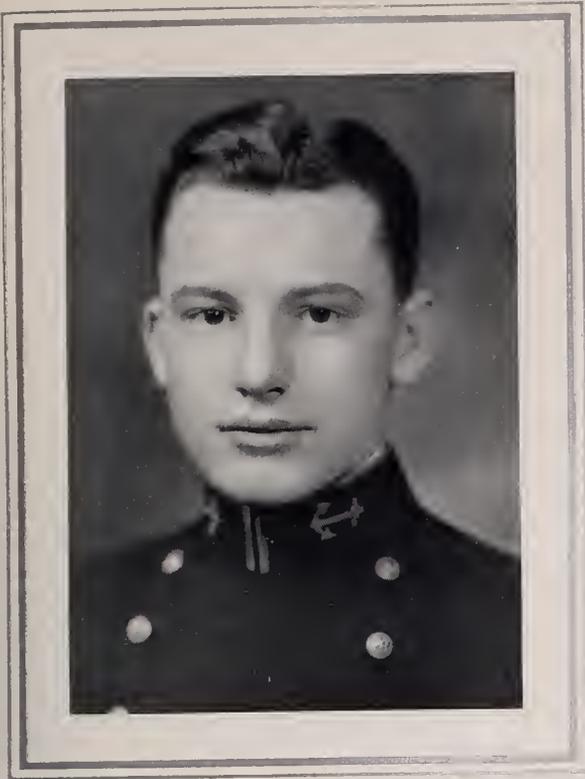
WHEN this Finney boy hit the Naval Academy he was out to knock 'em dead. Earl soon found out, like a great many of the rest of us, that stars are few and far between. But the discovery fazed him not at all. He tackled the academics with a will and was quite successful. A temporary setback by the Math department during youngster year failed to upset his equanimity; and by dint of hard study he managed to pull out of the hole. He's been riding on the top ever since.

Earl is a steady-going, consistent sort of chap. He applies himself diligently to whatever task he has in hand and doesn't rest till he's finished it—and finished it in the way he thinks it should be done. He possesses the ability of attending to fine details as efficiently as to general ideas without losing his sense of the proportionate importance of both. He shows a keen interest in all things naval as well as a readiness to absorb such subjects.

These characteristics together with his dogged will to win will make Earl a success and a credit to the Navy.



Masqueraders, Stage Director: Stage Gang; Masked N: 1 P. O.



ALBERT WILLIAM DICKINSON
"Al" "Dick"

AT LARGE

ON the fourteenth of June, 1928, a young Navy Junior named Dickinson entered the Naval Academy as a Plebe. Dick had a number of ideas about the Navy, and ever since the beginning of Plebe summer has been trying to determine if his ideas were correct. Owing to this, he is rather cynical at times, but all those who really know him will never hold this against him. Dick is a fairly bright boy; so he gets by in all of his academics without much effort. The fact is, if he used a little effort he probably would be a star man. There is only one department that is able to hold him back some, and that is the Athletic Department. As Dick never was much of an athlete he found himself on the weak squad at the beginning of each year. However, when Christmas leave period came in sight he would become a temporary athlete, pass all of his tests, and then be ready for a big leave.

Although he does not appear to be a social lion, he has a good many friends in the Academy and all those who know him respect him a great deal.



J. HARRY HAYES
"J. Harry" "Harry"
HADDONFIELD, NEW JERSEY

AFTER spending two years at Villanova and one at Swavely, Harry decided that he had missed his calling in life and began all over again in the Navy.

Plebe year found him on both the football and crew training tables. Plebe year academics seemed to bother him not at all; in fact, he almost ignored them, but despite this he stood well.

Youngster year was the usual round of new rates, et cetera, but the chief difficulty that Harry experienced was that of having two dates at the same time.

Second class year found Hayes on the football training table again, but this time he was seriously handicapped by injuries. Outside of a sojourn on the well-known Reina Mercedes, this year was as successful as the others.

During his stay at the Naval Academy Harry has contributed liberally to sports.

The regularity of Hayes' mail was always a marvel to behold; a man must have something to rate that.

Harry will, without doubt, be an asset to any service, and we feel that success will follow him into later life.



G.P.O.

Football; Basketball; Plebe Crew;
Baseball; Orchestra; Lysistrata Cup
Crew; 2 P. O.



ROLLINS HARRY MAYER
"Rollins"
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

ONCE, in the much sung city of St. Louis, there lived a young radio operator named Rollins Mayer. This Rollins Mayer happened to be a member of the Naval Reserve, wherein he was developing his knowledge of his beloved subject, radio. Back in Rollins' mind lay the idea that he wanted to get ahead; and to do this, he knew that he must expand his education.

And so it came to pass that, after tackling the terrific task of absorbing a high school course in thirteen weeks, this lanky, earnest, rapid-fire radio operator entered the gates of the Academy.

Within these walls the life of Rollins has been one of strenuous endeavor and of achievement. His battles with academics have been continuous. First it was Dago. He made a 1.2 the first month, and people laughed when he vowed he would NOT bilge out. But he didn't, and his dogged determination has stood him in good stead in other instances since.

2 P. O.



HARMON TISCHER UTTER
"Harmon"
NEVILLE, OHIO

THE ideas of Harmon became the most important intellectual forces when he cashed in his civilian clothes for a Midshipman's uniform on the twenty-second of June, back in 1928. From this date, they steered him so wisely and efficiently that today we have that much demanded type of Naval Officer, who came with a suddenness that surprised us all.

Many and various were the causes that hampered our boy's academics, but somehow Harmon never went unsat. His determination to win always predominated. He always got his way, regardless, but sometimes without dividends. As a plebe and as a youngster he had no sympathy for the ladies—but times have changed. Harmon always had many friends, which probably accounts for his attractiveness.

We hope he carries his ideals and traditions into the fleet with him; we know that, no matter wherever he may be, he will always be the same, well-liked friend and shipmate that he was to us.

Basketball; 2 P. O.



WILLIAM BECKWITH PERKINS, JR.
 "Si" "Perk"
 FORK UNION, VIRGINIA

Si is one of those sons of the South, and like all such, is mighty proud of it. Coming to the Academy after a brilliant military school career and a promising year at college, he started right in building that reputation for "putting out good dope" for which he is so well known. A sound background and the ability to grasp the principles of any subject have kept him consistently off the trees and well up in the class without greatly extended effort on his part; and, together with his conservative nature, they have caused his opinions to carry much weight with his classmates. A knack he has for injecting humor into seriousness and vice-versa has made him an interesting companion in work and leisure.

What is the secret of Si's success? What is it that enables him to win his way so easily into the hearts of men and women alike—any time, any place? Probably Si himself doesn't know; we can do no better than call it an "indefinable something." But none can doubt that—whatever it is—he really has it.



CHARLES MELVILLE KEYES
 "Chuck" "Charlie" "Charlie Key"
 GREELEY, COLORADO

CHUCK is the type of man who distinguishes himself in everything that he undertakes. Thus we have found him during his four years at the Academy. Having completed two years at the University of Colorado before deciding upon a life in the Navy, the usual academic stumbling blocks of Plebe year and youngster year held no horrors for him. However, his modesty and reserve misled us for a while, and it was not until we began to look eagerly at class standings that we recognized a genius in our midst. Few can boast of a record better than his.

As an athlete, the wrestling loft was his home. Here persistent work brought him some measure of success. Coupled with intellectuality, in him is found an abundant supply of good common sense, an inborn cleverness and facility for estimating quickly any situation and a well-developed sense of humor.

Dignified, but far from aloof; amiable, but rarely intimate; always helpful, but never patronizing; intellectual, with no evidence of the pedantic—this is Charles.



2 P. O.

Log Staff; Athletic Editor, Lucky Bag;
 M.P.O.; Wrestling; Reef Points; Pep
 Committee; Class Crest Committee.



FRANK JOSEPH BIGAOUETTE
"Big" *"Bagout"*
 MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

AFTER spending three more or less laborious years pursuing a study of civil engineering at the University of Minnesota and finding it to be too evasive, Bigaouette wafted forth from the portals of his Alma Mater to begin anew his search for knowledge in an entirely unfamiliar field. So we find this enigmatic Hibernian studying the contour of coast lines instead of hills and the sextant seems to be more to his liking than the transit.

His powerful frame and natural athletic ability availed him little in winning a cherished position in the first boat on the power end of an oar but did serve to open wide a berth for him on the suicide squad. With this man physical fitness is a religion and for the reason of keeping himself in condition his selection of sports extended over a wide area.

In reviewing his routes, we treasured his vocal contributions to first-class cruise—and there are never any perceptible limits to the extent of his repertoire.

Big's erratic but nevertheless jovial disposition and his attractive personality will never cease winning friends for him.

Plebe Football; Plebe Crew; Water Polo, N; Crew; "N" Club; Pep Committee; 2 P. O.



RICHARD ODEN GREENE
"Red" *"Stop-Go"*
 SAPULPA, OKLAHOMA

A RED-HEADED man cannot be unfriendly; strangers invariably address him as "Red" on sight and act as if they had known him for years. Ever since "Stop-Go" first smelled salt on the breeze blowing through Sapulpa, gathered his impedimenta together and set out to investigate the possibilities of a mariner's life, his ready wit and effervescent personality have assured him a place in our affections.

His energetic nature and splendid physique made him promising athletic material and despite the fact that Oklahoma is not usually credited with an abundance of water, Red proved to be a merman from the plains. Youngster year he won his block "N" as a member of the relay team which broke the pool record.

For four years his lusty bass has resounded in the choir and the glee club. Unknown to any save his intimates is his love of poetry; he can and will recite at the slightest provocation endless verses of the classics of literature and such old favorites as "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

Swimming, N; 2 P. O.; Glee Club; Choir.



RICHARD DRURY HARWOOD
"Dick" *"Bunny"*
 TRENTON, TENNESSEE

JUST twenty-two years ago this hardy son of the South opened his eyes upon this scarred but generous world. After spending his early years in more or less agricultural pursuits, we find him setting forth from his native Tennessee at the age of seventeen to follow a career in the Navy. His first year developed into what proved to be the battle of the century—a contest with the Steam Department, still spoken of in awed whispers by those who witnessed it. Bunny lost the first round, but came back strong in the second and has been plugging manfully ever since with never a halt.

When he isn't struggling with academics, you can always find him penning innumerable letters to the One whose picture temporarily adorns the locker door—or, more often still, reclining blissfully in the arms of Morpheus. His greatest claim to fame has been his unfailing good nature, which nothing has been known to disturb, together with an astounding ability to sleep at any time, any place, and on the slightest provocation.

May he have the greatest success and the best of luck in years to come.



HARRY SOSNOSKI
"Harry" *"Ski"*
 LORAIN, OHIO

WHILE attending Ohio State Harry felt the urge, so he finally decided to join us—thereby the Navy gained exceedingly. It did not take him long, in spite of the over-sized clothes, to gain recognition, and his musical talent went far towards making our new life happier. Academic work was just another of those things to him, and he soon established himself among the favored few to whom the "trees" were an unknown quantity.

Harry is one of those fortunate individuals who, once they become interested in anything, can invariably succeed in it; this ability, coupled with his inevitable good humor, should assure his success in all that he undertakes.

To predict his future is beyond us, but we know, what with his keen sense of humor and his engaging personality, we need have no fear. Harry has endeared himself in the hearts of all who have come in contact with him—what more can we say than that we are proud to call him friend?

*Gymkhana; Class Football Manager;
 2 P. O.*

*Musical Club; NA Ten; Glee Club;
 Lucky Bag Staff; Mandolin Club;
 Ring Dance Comm.; Star; 2 Stripes.*



WILLIAM RICHARD FRANKLIN
"Frank" *"Dick"*
 BUFFALO, NEW YORK

WHAT an eye for business! Yes, that's Frank, the blonde from Buffalo; a real business manager and savoir. But no, business never interfered with pleasure, nor kept him from seeing the latest "It" picture shown in Crabtown. One would think that he was trying to acquire a devastating "It."

The hospital claimed the greatest part of Frank's first year and delayed the arrival of his first "Drag." So you see the class of 32 profited by this misfortune and received a real classmate and friend before some little "lamb" could run off with his heart.

He was not a varsity athlete, but did his share in intercompany sports. The majority of his recreation periods were spent working with the business staff of the Log or entertaining visiting athletic teams. The secret of his success is his idea that "A thing worth doing is worth doing well." This characteristic was evident in the results of all his undertakings. May he have an enjoyable and prosperous career in the service.

*Masqueraders; Reception Committee;
 Log Staff, Business Manager; Lucky
 Bag Staff; M.P.O.*



JOHN HOLLADAY KAUFMAN
"Jack"
 AT LARGE

JACK is one of those boys who think that the sun not only sets but rises in the Golden West, and being from California his sojourn at the Naval Academy has seemed to him to be four years of exile.

Jack's keen understanding of the workings of the human mind, coupled with an exceedingly facile tongue and far-famed sense of humor, enables him to render to all and sundry a ready, sardonic, and sometimes fantastic explanation of the brass hats and higher-ups.

His pen being as ready as his wit, he is responsible not only for the design of the 1932 Class Crest, but also for sketches, some unpublished and others appearing in the Log.

After a long-drawn out and soul-satisfying sleep, contemporary literature will hold his attention and if the casual visitor were able to wade through a sizable barricade of clothing and enter the room he would find our hero in bed, hiding behind a Cosmo.

Friends will always remember his ready humor, his unfailing friendship, and his generosity. So we say "good luck."

Log Staff; Ring Committee; 2 Stripes.



ALBERT EUGENE GATES, JR.
"Whitey" "Gene"
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHITEY left the quiet Potomac in answer to the call of the glamorous sea. His career has apparently been in the hands of the fickle goddess, Luck. He has impartially graced both the savvy and the wooden sections. Academics, at certain times, have been of paramount interest to him; at others, merely a succession of boring hours.

He is not a Red Mike, but neither is he a tea fighting snake. He drags more or less frequently, pursuing his search for his ideal.

Athletics in the form of boxing, football and track have claimed his efforts. Boxing, however, is his favorite, and each winter finds him in the gym pushing and stopping leather.

It is difficult to say which he enjoys most, a good fight, chow, sleep, drag, or a bull session. At times, chagrined and griped at tough breaks, but never truly down-hearted, he grins and takes them for the best. This same grin and tenacity of spirit will carry him through the battles of the future as it has through those of the past.



Boxing; Football; Track; C.P.O.



PAUL DARWIN WILLIAMS
"Pablo" "Pee Dee"
MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA

PAUL was ushered into the Academy in the early part of Plebe summer and they plumped him spang into a four-man room without even asking him if he had any preference for roommates. Nor did they ask him how he wanted his eggs for breakfast, either! However, Paul just began by becoming company C.P.O. for the summer months.

Academic year found him ready and willing and his studies worried him little, though he always managed to emerge from the examination room confident of a fairly good mark. Paul has worked diligently, both on the basketball court and on the football field, and though he did not star in either of these sports he contributed his share toward the honor and glory of our big blue team.

At any rate he has cruised through the four years with flying colors and here at the portal of a new life in the service we bid him Godspeed, confident that he has the right spirit and ability to achieve great success.

Basketball; Choir; Masqueraders;
2 P.O.



JAMES LAWSON KEMPER
"James Lawson" "Kemper" "Jim"
 EL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

IT WAS four long years ago that Jim left the sunny shores of California to come East and brighten Bancroft Hall with his smile and never-failing source of good-nature. After piloting a broken-down motor boat in California waters, he decided to give Uncle Sam the benefit of his experience by joining the Navy and convincing the powers that BE that he, too, was capable of commanding.

Although not athletically inclined, as a youngster, he won his numerals in Navy's far-famed "Suicide Club," with the result of much publicity both here and at home. While not a regular attendant at the hops, he is famed locally for the quality of bricks that he is frequently seen with, although on some occasions one must admit that he was not responsible. This has resulted in making him somewhat pessimistic, when asked to drag for anyone. Thus has James Lawson brought no little sunshine into our midst, and, here's wishing him all of the luck in the world.

Water Polo, W32P; Class Water Polo; 2 P. O.



JOSE HECTOR DE ZAYAS
"Hec" "Diz" "Dizzy" "Snooks"
 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

KNOWING something of the sea from an earlier contact with it in various capacities this scion of an old Spanish family thought to further dare the terrors and mysteries as his ancestors before him—and so came here. The terrors and mysteries were real enough, as he soon found. Not of the sea, however, but of that which leads to power upon it—knowledge. Diz, however, had no thirst for power, and the academic departments several times took toll. Indeed, until second class year he knew not the giddy exhilaration of a Christmas leave. Did it embitter him or, on the other hand, lead him to delve a little deeper into his books for knowledge? No, indeed! Ever he would go his blithe and cheery way. Spare time and study hours were ever synonymous to him.

Needless to say, Hec and his easy-going ways should succeed admirably in the Gyrenes—his unalterable choice. Beneath that pleasant exterior is a firmness and will rarely displayed. With it is a knack for making friends and a certain touch of genius which should carry him far along the road.

Wrestling Manager; Masqueraders; 2 P. O.



ALTON E. PARKER
"Al"

BURLEY, IDAHO

THE West lost a true son when Alton decided upon the Navy as a career. This choice caused him to take leave of many friends in Burley, but due to his amiable nature he has made many more here.

The first term of Plebe year caused him a little concern, but by hard plugging he was able to survive the first of the many "rocks and shoals." Since then there have been few academic difficulties due to his conscientious efforts.

He did not take to any particular athletics during his first two years, being afraid to take too much time from his studies, but he did keep himself in good shape by participating in company sports and by frequent workouts in the gym. In his second class year, Alton took up the genteel art of boxing in which sport he has ranked with the best of them.

In regard to his character we can say that Alton has all the qualities necessary for an officer and leader. It will be a lucky ship that acquires his good-naturedness, level-headedness, good fellowship and respect for others.



RICHARD STARR CRAIGHILL
"Dick"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DICK began centering his interest on the Academy back in his early kaydet days at Western High. It wasn't until after spending two years at George Washington University that he finally decided to cast his lot with the rest of us. Since the day Dick arrived he has won the respect and admiration of all those with whom he has come in contact.

His favorite sports are football and wrestling, to which he has devoted most of his afternoons. Besides these he has spent many odd moments helping those who find it difficult to obtain the ever-necessary 2.5. Barring Saturdays and Sundays, and allowing for sleep and letter-writing, he spends a reasonable portion of what time is left on his studies.

Dick can hardly be classed as a Red Mike, for he seldom misses a week-end without mingling with his great weaknesses, the femmes.

Always a good wife, a true pal, and a well-informed classmate, Dick will remain always in the future as a most desired friend and a splendid shipmate.



Class Football; Class Boxing, B32T;
M.P.O.

Class Football; B-Squad 32; Wrestling,
W32T; Class Basketball; Plebe Track;
Company Representative; 2 Stripes.



HORACE PRIEST ROUNDS
"H.P." "Chelsa"
 WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

ONE of those famous Newtons in the old Bay State gave up a promising son and the Navy gained a man. Mix the sturdy and sincere qualities of New England with amiable good nature and biting humor—that's Horace. A smooth actor and a good one, for he lives his parts. This accounts for his success in the Masqueraders.

While squash and tennis are his athletics, executive ability has bound Horace so close to track and cross country that managing takes a great deal of his time and energy.

Sat but not savvy would be his academic classification if hastily made. Upon closer observation, however, Horace is found to be one of the men who places the true value on breadth of mind and attainment of knowledge gained through activities rather than through high academic standing. Thus studies slide along in an easy and enjoyable fashion. If they drop, the result is a bit more concentration.

On the stage of life, continue your happy and successful role "H.P."

Track Manager; Plebe Tennis; Masqueraders, Staff; Musical Clubs, Staff; Log Staff; M.P.O.



SHELDON WILLIS BROWN
"Shell" "Brownie" "S. W."
 ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

FOLKS, allow us to present Sheldon Brown, Esq.—why esquire?—because he owns the world. Not that Shell is a boastful Monte Cristo shouting, "The world is mine"; rather he is quietly satisfied with its possessions and gladly shares it with his pals—the last apple in his locker, chow from home, and, most important to his struggling classmates, dope on any sort of probs.

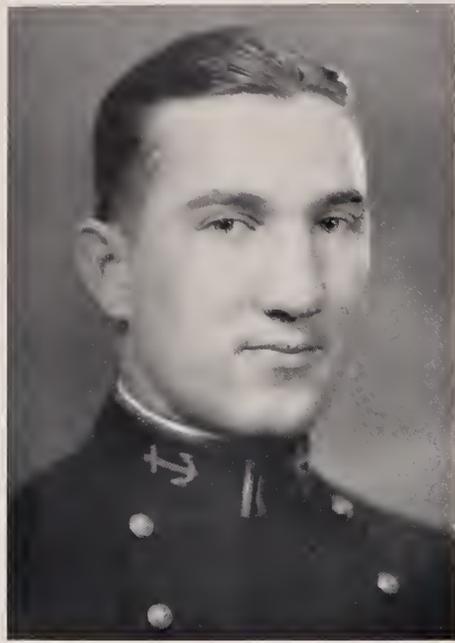
Like his "orbis terrarum," Brownie has plenty of light moments. Most any afternoon you can see him gracefully backstroking his way across Henry's grand swimming pool; while of an evening with the Vic grinding out a hot melody he will gladly demonstrate the latest Shag step he has learned. But beware, in a bull session, if you bring up a question that has two sides—how that boy dotes on an argument. He knows his world and has convinced many of us that it is foolish to take life too seriously. "After all," says Shell, "the world is just a playground where novel ideas may be toyed with and strange fascinating things are waiting to be done."

Swimming; SNA; Christmas Card Committee; Star; 1 P.O.



"The Pageant of the Nile"

The Fourth Battalion



LOUIS JOSEPH KIRN
"Lou"

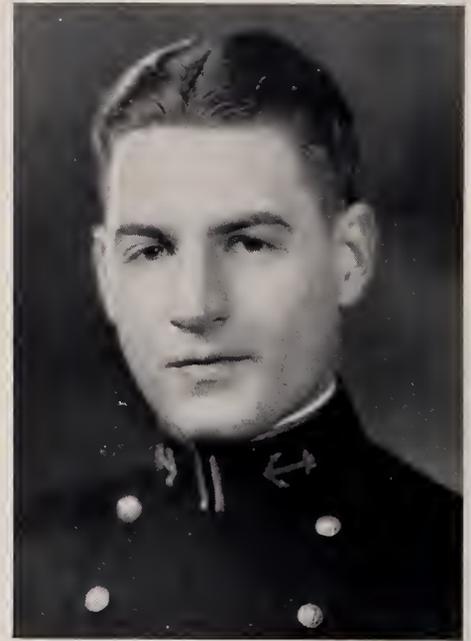
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

UP in the press box during the Navy-Dartmouth game back in '29 there was a big commotion. "Who is the little fellow, number 27?" "Where have they been hiding him?" and various other cries as our "Bullet Lou" tore that big Green line to shreds. This was perhaps the first time the Regiment or the football world heard about Kirn of Navy. However, it surely hasn't been the last time.

He was an eminent figure in Plebe Football, wrestling, and track. But this was just a start. Lou had a bit of hard luck at the beginning of his Varsity competition and slaved on the "B" squad for two months. He wasn't satisfied with himself and so he dug in his cleats and began his rise to fame. But unlike a meteor he has not been just a flash in the pan but is still carrying the Blue and Gold with distinction.

He manages to keep his class standing high and is one of the most popular fellows in the Academy not only because of his football ability but because of his ready smile and pleasing personality.

Football, "N"; Track, "NA"; Class Wrestling; Ring Dance Committee; June Ball Committee; Pep Committee; N.A.C.A.; 3 Stripes.



WALTER DAN COLEMAN
"Walt" "Wally"

LINCOLN, ILLINOIS

ONLY a short time ago Walter arrived at the portals of the Administration Building from the plains of Illinois. It was all strange to him, that his dreams of becoming a sailor were at last to be realized. Not long after Wally had become finally acclimated and was already doing his bit to help the Academy.

His track work Plebe Summer was nothing short of marvellous. Three firsts every Saturday didn't seem to be the least bit difficult.

More often people are satisfied to do one thing well, but not this lad. He proceeded to show his ability on the gridiron, winning the coveted Plebe Numerals.

Truly here was a fine athlete; but unlike the type which had the reputation for having a weak mind and a strong heart, for studies were hurdled with as much ease as those in the track.

That's not all, by any means, for despite all these other virtues he became one of the most popular men in the class.

Athlete, scholar, Beau Brummel, popular, all in one, that's Walter Dan Coleman of the plains of Illinois.

Football, "NA"; Track, "N" Star; Plebe Basketball; Goatkeeper; Hop Committee; 2 P. O.



CHARLES ELLIOTT PERKINS
"Cy" "Colonel"
WENDELL, NORTH CAROLINA

JUST like a Tar Heel should be, amiable and happy. Cy has all of the qualities to make him the popular drawing card of every gathering and is the kind of a man that men and women alike want for a friend.

The other day out at Carvel Hall some midshipman was overheard handing out a line that could belong to no one but Cy. His lambs are famous throughout the country because of their astonishing number and variety. This time some little lamb from way down South is captain of his varsity, but by next month she will have given the controls to a luckier and fairer drag. No hop is complete without this cavalier to look after his friends. His leaves are spent in gaining a wide range of new friends and admirers and, as proved by his locker door, his success is remarkable.

Lazy, easy to get along with, carefree, the biggest snake in the Academy, dragger of lambs, and many more adjectives are needed to do justice to this good rebel, friend and classmate.



ALFRED GUSTAVE WARD
"Corky"
MOBILE, ALABAMA

"CORKY" got his name from his inherent love of corking, a pastime in which he broke all previous records. It is remarkable to view his accomplishments in the academic and literary field, taking into consideration the amount of time he spent in the arms of Morpheus, and that devoted to helping his less gifted classmates.

His shark-like keenness does not apply to the classroom alone. As Editor of the Lucky Bag his many associates agree that here is a man possessed of a practical as well as an academic mind.

His natural congeniality, spirit of camaraderie and Southern drawl have endeared him to the hearts of old and young. A snake—only when he has time for such.

"Corky" has had no difficulty in gaining the confidence of his superiors, the respect and cooperation of his classmates, and the devotion of his subordinates. Four years with him have been a pleasure that none of us will ever forget, and may his future be as glittering as his past.



Plebe Football; Plebe Crew; Varsity Football.

Editor-in-Chief of the Lucky Bag; Manager of Lacrosse, N; Class Lacrosse; Reception Committee; Company Representative; Pep Committee; Vice-President Class of 1932; The Trident Society; Stars: 4 Stripes.



EDWIN CHARLES ASMAN
"Happy" "As"
 MARYSVILLE, OHIO

His love of the sea made Happy forsake the peace and quiet of a home in Ohio for the more varied life of a Midshipman. In preparation for a naval career he put in a year at Marion Institute, and arrived at the Academy with a Southern accent and a collection of photographs of a number of Alabama femmes.

Never to worry about the present and to let the future take care of itself is almost religion with "As." This trait, together with a ready wit and a disposition as mild as a Mediterranean evening, amply justifies the sobriquet "Happy," conferred on him early in Plebe year by his dotting sea daddy.

Except for a skirmish with the Skinny Department, youngster year, Happy has always been several jumps ahead, although he has experienced that supreme academic thrill of pulling sat. In the realm of athletics, "As" has confined his attention to wrestling and the radiator club.

To all who know him, Happy is a gentleman, but above all a true friend. Here's luck to you, Hap.

Wrestling; Expert Rifleman; Class Rifle Team; Class Football; 2 P. O.



NICHOLAS JOHN NICHOLAS
"Nick"
 PORTLAND, MAINE

OUT of the frigid glare of the Northern Lights comes this mighty little man, bringing with him a "Life of Napoleon," one mandolin, and a decided Maine accent. Mingling with the rebels made him lose most of the accent, but Nick is a foxy lad and he always stopped before he lost the mandolin. One of the few men who recognized the merit of that Epitome, Bowditch, which, aided by his Life of Napoleon, made academics a veritable sea of roses and bed of ease, it was only by the expenditure of great effort and much boning of the "Cosmo" that Nick escaped starring.

Although he resembled Napoleon in stature, he could put Michelangelo on the spot any time when it comes to drawing. If this Navy had all the ships in commission that Nick has drawn for the Log, something would have to be done about finding sufficient water to float them in.

At various intervals he would sally forth and do a little dragging. Not that he was a Red Mike—far from it—but, like the lightning, he never stayed long in the same place.

Wrestling; Musical Clubs; Log Staff; 2 P. O.



HORACE PETERS BUSH, JR.
 "Joe" "Bushie"
 PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

THIS business of enumerating, commemorating, tabulating, or fabricating a roommate's virtues, abilities and outstanding characteristics is sometimes difficult.

Quiet, but that's all right because who likes a noisy person; reserved, but where would one be if all one's resources went at once? Pretty savvy, if you exclude Math, juice, steam and ordnance.

Good-natured and always smiling, and that's a good asset any time. This addition to an already forceful personality has carried him far in "affaires de coeur" because he is constant—never more than one serious love a leave, but then he has only had about seven since the beginning of his career here. Before that we cannot vouch for his constancy.

Athetically, his natural aptitude and liking for the oars and shells led to his being selected for captaincy of the lightweights.

Last and most important, the thing that makes this matter most acceptable to the press is the never-failing answer to the question, "How is he, this Bush?" Simple and concise, the response is always the same, "good egg."



Crew: *Lightweight Varsity Crew* (NA), Captain; 1 P. O.



NORWOOD BROUSE RHOADS, JR.
 "Dusty" "Rowads"
 NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

STEP right this way, ladies and gentlemen, and behold Apulius, son of Fatima and Victrola, heir apparent to the Mazda of the tribe of Zola-Zola, the eighth, ninth, tenth (who cares? we have plenty of numbers) wonder of the universe, dressed in his varied garb which portrays the various countries from which it has descended. The top vesture with the cone-shaped object signifies he belongs to the famous clan of crooners known as cheer leaders, the rah-rah boys from Agaga, in Southern Honolulu. The middle garment—known as white trou—portrays the finished product of evolution from Monkeyland; Darwin was right—just watch any gym meet and be thoroughly convinced. The last remnant, sandals (?), carry this wonder to the four corners of an arid waste of the Sahairsa (marked with white lines and at times a net or so) chasing bouncing balls.

Hereupon lies the glorification of his many merits and demerits.

Cheerleader; Tennis; (NA); Manager Gym; Lucky Bag Staff; Reception Committee; Pep Committee; Musical Clubs; 2 P. O.



JAMES MARKLAND CLEMENT
"Jim" "Mark" "Clem"
NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

WHERE'RE you from, mister? New Hampshire, sir. What are you famous for? Nothing in particular, sir. Well, anyway, Jim is a rather quiet, conscientious chap with a big heart and a ready smile. The academics bothered him quite a bit, but his persistency finally pulled him through. Although not a star athlete, he always took a great interest in sports and usually had a good work-out to his credit at the end of the day. He was a strict "Red Mike" for over two years and then he about faced and believed there was safety in numbers.

Jim is pretty "reg" but we'd never accuse him of being a greasoir. His military walk was always a puzzle to upper classmen, especially his plebe year sway-back, but once he straightened that out he had a carriage to be proud of. He has been a fine roommate and a great friend.

Boxing; 2 P. O.



JOHN STUART HORNER
"Jack" "Sampson" "Homer"
NEWBERRY, MICHIGAN

FROM the wilds of Northern Michigan he came, to cast his lot with other sea-minded men. His lot has been cast, and now, but not until now, he gathers his laurels. And truly he merits them, as he has been unusually successful with academics and other ogres. Most first sections know only too well his confident smile, as he prepares to do battle with some confounding problem. His ability is almost uncanny, and to the casual observer it would appear that he did much practicing on the side, but we can vouch that this is not the case.

Nor are "Sampson's" activities limited solely to academics. He has done well as a "pin pusher," reads a large amount of literature, and is strongly attracted to music. He is not the typical Red Mike that one would suspect him to be, but often appears at hops and other social functions. In plain words, he is an all-around good sport.

May the Navy be good to you, Jack, and may your days as a Naval officer be long and prosperous. May good fortune follow you all your days, as it has through your career as a midshipman.

Fencing; Orchestra; Radio Club;
Star; Juice Gang; M. P. O.



DANIEL LYNN CARROLL
"Dan"
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

DAN heard the call of the sea, and left his home in Minnesota to join the rest of us. Perhaps the lakes, or a desire to learn about the oceans at the other end of the Mississippi, were what influenced him.

He has never had any trouble with academics; strange to say, he rather likes them.

Although an enthusiastic follower of all sports, no sport to him can equal baseball. He has played on all teams, from company to varsity, and that very well.

Dan has a great liking for reading, and seems to find a lot of time to follow this inclination. Always ready for an argument, friendly, you understand, he will take either side of any question.

It is his great ambition to fly. There is no doubt that his ambition will be realized, since it is not possible to fail with determination such as he has.

Although not a "snake," Dan certainly is not a Red Mike. He is always to be seen at hops, usually not alone. During these four years he has proven himself a most likable fellow and the best of friends. He carries with him our sincere wishes for his success which we know he will obtain.

2 P. O.
Baseball



HENRY CLAY DELONG
"Hank"
BATH, MAINE

HENRY'S choice of a naval career was not a strange one, for he was born and bred on the rocky coast of Maine. A penchant for technical subjects and summers spent afloat gave him the correct foundation on which to begin. Coming to the Academy was merely the logical step for him, and he took it without undue effort. His interests are all linked up in some way with things nautical. Crew is his sport, and he has been an important factor in Academy crews for four years. The Poughkeepsie Regatta was one of his ambitions.

Quiet and reserved in manner, he is the possessor of an unflinching sense of humor which, combined with a true sense of proportion, brought him through Plebe year, youngster cruise, and all academics, with equanimity. Loyalty, friendliness and an ever-readiness to help us in our difficulties are attributes which will ever make him a good companion. Four years of association with him through the various phases of Academy life have shown us that which makes an excellent shipmate and a staunch comrade.

Crew; 2 Stripes.



JUAN PAUL DOMENECH
"Juan" *"Johnny"*
 SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

JUAN hails from Porto Rico, "the Isle of Enchantment," and he has in his character all the romance, gallant air and politeness to be found in a colony of old Spain, and all the idealism, vigor and practical ability to be found in this same colony of new America.

The first thing one notices about Juan is his likability. It doesn't take much effort to be his friend, and it's an effort well worth making. To be his intimate friend, in the sense of having his fullest confidence, is not quite so easily attained, as he is a bit wary and trusts all society only up to a certain point.

Johnny is a great sportsman and lover of athletics, and knows everything of importance about the world of sport. He won his numerals Plebe year in water polo and youngster year in boxing, showing his loyalty by sewing both awards on the same sweater.

Good nature, an eye for beauty, smart appearance, love of fun, and good sense are valuable to anyone, and combined as they are in John they insure for him a very successful future.

Water Polo; Boxing; Baseball;
 2 P. O.



FRANCIS MALCOLM DOUGLASS
"Doug" *"Mac"* *"Fran"*
 TUCSON, ARIZONA

A FEW service traditions and a penchant for navigation made Doug sally forth from the desert country of Arizona to land nearer the sea. Just then an R. O. T. C. lost a very military man, and a university a promising student.

Doug's several characteristics are marvelously compatible. He claims he would have been a lawyer; at times he had thought of being a doctor. In a drawing-room he is always at ease. Doug, too, might have been a diplomat. But more than anything, this young man was attracted by the call of the sea, and—we think—he is to be one of our future admirals.

At Annapolis Mac has been tremendously successful. Friendships were always awfully easy to make. The more important matter of academics means much to many, but to Doug was just another part of the regulations. Regulations, to him, too, were always easy to observe—and never with a criticism. Thus, years have come and gone in which a lot of things have been accomplished. Now we are looking forward to a famous future life.

Fencing; Baseball; Cross-Country;
Expert Pistol; 1 P. O.



HARRY EDSON TOWNSEND
"Harry"
CATSKILL, NEW YORK

HARRY entered the Academy after many experiences upon the waterways of the Hudson. In fact, small boats so intrigued him that oftentimes during Plebe summer one would find him the leading light in a little party on the Severn. This love of boats and boating has been educated until it now encompasses all types of ships.

Athletically speaking, Harry hasn't had much of a chance to show his prowess because of frequent trouble with the Academic Departments. He has shown potential strength, however, in class and company meets; nearly every afternoon finds him in the pool or gym, working out. Swimming and soccer, in season, are his chosen sports.

Harry's social life at the Academy has been confined mainly to the bright-light district of Crabtown, meaning a Saturday night sojourn at the well-known "Opera Houses."

It can be assured that Harry will be a success wherever he goes, and that everyone who meets and knows him will look upon him as a valuable friend and shipmate.



ROBERT ERNEST COOMBS, JR.
"Bob" "Lefty" "Tripod"
BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT

BOB found in the Green Mountains of Vermont an excellent opportunity for ski jumping during the long winters and he has some fine records too, but his other ambitions took him from these green hills and now we are proud to say he is in the Navy.

Finding little trouble in accustoming himself to Academy ways he soon became very much interested in athletics. After being a member of the Plebe varsity football squad, he finally decided that baseball was much more to his liking, and since then he has "lived" baseball during all seasons of the year. Starting without any box experience he has developed into one of the best of Navy's pitchers.

Academics were of little trouble to Lefty, in fact reading short stories was preferred to boning an easy math assignment. He has always had a deep interest in all functions, whether a hop or an after-chow bull season.

The femmes have added particularly to his happy existence, and much and varied has been that precious fan mail.



Swimming; Soccer.

*Plebe Football; Baseball, NA: N:
Pep Committee; 1 Stripe.*





HERBERT McCLELLAN COLEMAN
"Herb" *"Biff"*
 HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

A MOUNTAINEER by birth and a sailor by love of adventure, the Academy gave Herb his first taste of the briny deep. Since Plebe summer, Neptune has laid his course to carry him clear of all rocks and shoals, finding in him the true sailor.

He is most prominent for his ability to maintain a high standing in the class. Secondary to this, but by no means a negligible quantity, is his batting average for dragging. Boxing, lacrosse and football have all made their contributions in producing a model Academy product.

As an officer, an unlimited future awaits him, for he has mastered many of the necessary qualities, and there remains only experience to complete the finishing touch. Two years in college sent him to us a polished gentleman, placing him in that position toward which we all strive. Following him closely in his career are his informality and ready friendliness, which serve as a reminder of his native haunts. With a grin he is ready for anything from giving consolation to pleasure.

*Boxing (NA); Lucky Bag Staff;
 Company Representative; Hop Com-
 mittee; G.P.O.*



ROBERT CUMMINGS YOUNG
"Bob"
 HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

BOB is a big hairy-chested man from the happy hunting grounds of the sidehill murk, West, by God, Virginia. He came down from the hills with a year's experience at Virginia Tech, and a big broad smile. He told us of the first, but the other spoke for itself.

Due to a slight error in judgment on his first math exam, he didn't see his native heath again until youngster September leave. But except for that ancient and honorable enemy, the Math Department, academics bothered him no more than the usual inconveniences.

He has no vices. That is, he doesn't sing. He whistles a bit off key and studies Dago aloud, but he has a steady foot on the rail and an excellent judgment concerning the better things in life. Therefore, could he not be forgiven a multitude of sins? He will give you his shirt and lend you his pay; he will drag your girl's roommate in time of need and she will turn out to be the best-looking girl at the hop. The femmes can't keep their fingers out of his blond curly hair and he dislikes to say "no" to a sweet young thing. In spite of it, though, he is still happy and free.

1 P. O.



NATHANIEL MINTER DIAL

"Sun"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOUR years ago Minter's school annual predicted that the W. B. & A. would be putting on special trains to accommodate his many admirers after his entrance into the Academy. The Defense Highway Commission did them one better by putting a new shoulder on the road. But, all for naught, for Washington's fairest femmes all faded from the picture one October afternoon of Plebe year, when he met the Ultimate Woman. Since then, his steadfastness in that regard, as well as in other things, would make a gyro stabilizer look like an autumn leaf in a wind tunnel.

His friends have all searched futilely under his even regularities for at least the semblance of a minor vice, but even Europe, with its dry martinis and Tom Collins, found him adhering to "café con leché." Neighbors have long since given up trying to bum skags from him. There is one reward, at least, for abstinence.

Lacrosse is his sport, and he plays a man's game well.



CHARLES KEENE, JR.

"Charlie" "Chuck" "Bud"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHARLIE'S ambition to sail the high seas has always been paramount. Long before that fateful day late in June of '28, when the first step toward attaining his aim was taken, he could tell you more about the Academy than most graduates. Four years, two European cruises with long stretches at sea, a near-drowning in the Blue Grotto, and three years on the sub-squad haven't dampened his ardor. His love of the Service and his untiring energy will carry him to the top.

Gay moods, coupled with his almost natural tendency to break into song, make him, at times, a most desirable wife. At others—oh, well, who wants to study anyway?

His substitutes for boning are: sleep, chess, backgammon, and, since youngster year, yearning for a West Coast cruise, which brings us to that always difficult subject of the fairer sex. Suffice it to say that all those who have been fortunate enough to be the recipients of some of his prose compositions, masterpieces of literature, know his ability in this art.



Lacrosse: N 2 P. O.

Plebe Lacrosse; Class Lacrosse;
2 P. O. Masqueraders.



JOHN LEAK EVERETT, JR.
"John L."
 ROCKINGHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

"AND Marse Jim beat that nigger 'til he was daid." Thus our first introduction to the rebel-born, mammy-reared, and plantation-bred John L. The story is of no importance—but he's got all the ideas in his head that the quotation implies, such as Legree-esque overseers and rolling fields of cotton and pickaninnies playing around the barns and the coach rolling up to the door with the "marstuh back from the woe." Our John is a real Southern gentleman.

But he's a tea houn'. Doggone his soul, he is. With his other Tarheel companions in crime, he makes the rounds of the Annapolitan parlors of a Sunday afternoon. Thus has he earned himself entree into all the back parlors and salons which, to the common chaff standing on the outside looking in, have assumed the proportions of a mystic shrine.

He dabbles here and there in athletics. His chief claim to fame is as a swimmer, but he has, at various times, touched lightly, as becomes a Southerner, football, lacrosse, water polo, and the faintest suggestion of soccer.

Swimming; 2 P. O.



GEORGE WASHINGTON PRESSEY
"Butch" "Tug"
 HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

HAVING lived within sight of Hampton Roads for the greater part of his life, "Butch" has felt the call of the sea for years. Not only that, but his European jaunt aboard the tanker has given him a deep-rooted desire to go down to the sea in "battlegons."

The only reasons for hesitating to liken George to that master of his art, Romeo, are that the homes of today are sadly lacking in balconies and that we who know him believe that in him we have one who has "outmastered the master." His ability to make and hold friends is not limited to the fairer sex, either. That carrot-topped man adds to any gathering with his wit, stories, and general ability for making fun, especially after chow. Just ask the "General Board."

"Butch" has spent his afternoons in much and varied style. He has derived the pleasures of life from atop the "window seat" in the winter, and from the "ham-and-egger" squad in the spring. It is a very excellent system of training for June Week; at least, it seems to have brought the desired results.



Football; Lacrosse; 2 P. O.



ROBERT LYNN GAMBLE

"Bob"

"Gumbo"

FAIRMONT, MINNESOTA

WITHOUT a worry for the next day, Bob's attitude from the start has always been carefree and untroubled. Determined to be himself, he has created and adhered to his own precepts, choosing at all times to be an individualist. Humorous and fun-loving, his ready wit has livened many dull and routine days by a well-timed joke or pithy observation.

Gumbo is ever-willing to desert books for a good round-table discussion, being willing to argue any point, however obscure. But he is not unreasonable in his arguments, and after unconvincing proof, is willing to accept the viewpoint of another.

Although he has never taken part in varsity sports, he has found diversion in swimming and tennis and has frequently participated in class competition.

Bob is always ready to take what is coming to him, doesn't consider life too seriously, and thoroughly enjoys a good game of bridge. Those that make this big fellow's acquaintance in the future will be lucky; what better recommendation can any man give?



*Class Swimming; Class Water Polo;
2 P.O.*



DAVID DARWIN SCOTT

"D. D."

"Scotty"

WAUBAY, SOUTH DAKOTA

D. D. is one of the reasons that biographies are written as it is almost impossible to successfully make a picture of him without writing a whole book.

One could easily call him a deceiver—it being implied, however, that he is prone to let you think what you will of him, leaving it up to you to uncover the man within. His outstanding achievement in that line was the way he hid a most unusual brain, even going unsat a couple of times Plebe year to add pathos to the plot, but since he has become ultra-savvy, is able to star without endeavor. A world of travel has done much to round out his excellent mind, and in counting the number of books he reads one loses all track.

A lovable nature backed by congenial humor, an excellent personality combined with a Scotch nature and business brains that can't be denied, and a knowing consideration—these qualities join to form Scotty. Whether this "formation will be inside or outside" of the Navy remains to be seen, but we will place our bets and give odds in either field.

*Assistant Manager of Lacrosse; Stars;
C.P.O.*



PAUL HERBERT HARRINGTON
 "Honky" "Bone"
 ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

"MIDSHIPMAN HARRINGTON, sir, from Rochester, New York, sir," was Honky's answer to the eternal query, "Where from?" Rochester, indeed, he hails from, and entered our midst with full hopes of success, having passed through such corridors of learning as Irondequoit High School, and Schad's War College in Washington. He justified all our hopes, and even pulled sat after eight weeks' stay in our "Health Home." This rather nipped his athletic aspirations in the bud, but his later work on the Varsity Wrestling Squad has given our light-weights something to think about.

Youngster year and second class year have only served to strengthen that monthly cry, "Bilged that Nav prof a point four again." What between his insatiable desire for sleep and his voluminous mail, he seems well able to take care of his time.

His desire to please is not confined to the fairer sex for his generous actions and his never-failing supply of good humor have won him a high place in our hearts

Wrestling; 150-Pound Crew; Class Soccer; M.P.O.



BROOKS JARED HARRAL
 "Jason" "Booford"
 CANANDAIGUA, NEW YORK

JASON first opened his eyes and viewed this vast world in New Orleans, but soon deserted the rebel cause and cast his lot with the Yankees of New York. He came directly from Canandaigua High School to the Naval Academy, where he received his first taste of boning, so Plebe year was quite a shock. But soon he caught on to the wiles of the Academic Department and has never been in danger of falling into its clutches.

He was quite an athlete in high school, and early Plebe year vented his kicks on the soccer field. But desirous of using his large size and weight to better advantage for Navy, he went out for water polo and is now a charter member of the "suicide club."

He has a world of information at his fingertips, can always hand out the straight dope on any subject, can quote from any number of poets, and is truly a valuable friend. His easy-going and fun-loving ways, and his inherent, gentlemanly manners make us sure that he will be a good shipmate, an excellent officer, and, above all, a real man.

Water Polo; Plebe Varsity; Soccer; Class Tennis; Track; 1 P. O.





THEODORE SMALL LANK
 "Ted" "Uncle"
 LEWES, DELAWARE

BORN and brought up in the coastal village of Lewes, Ted as a tot was sent to gambol on the beach and longingly watch the warships as they passed out through the breakwater. Both of these hobbies have remained with him through these long years; he still likes to gambol, and the sea is still his first love.

As uncle grew, his interest in the sea became deeper and after having finished high school it was decided that he spend a year at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute before entering the Naval Academy. So fate smiled on him, and in due course he became one of the forty per cent.

In his life at the Academy, Ted always showed his characteristic seaman-like attitude, and as a result stood well in academic work and also in athletic activities. Though he has spent much time "winning his periscope" on the sub-squad, Ted found time to excel in soccer and rifle. Other moments have shown him to be an ardent lover of bridge, with Morpheus a close second.

Ted's winning smile and sense of humor have made him a host of friends during his academic career.



JOHN HALL HOOPER
 "Red"
 NEW YORK CITY

THIS happy-go-lucky red head is from the wilds of Morningside Heights! After the eye had become accustomed to the fiery aura which announced Red's presence, the most noticeable feature was his carefreeness. The transition from the din and glare of the Great White Way to the sleepy old village of Annapolis did nothing to dull his vivacity. He has always refused to take things too seriously.

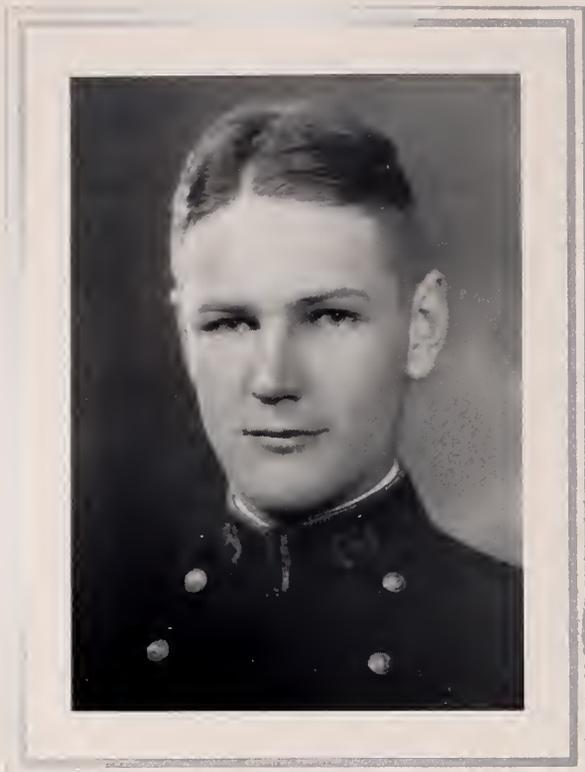
"Red" was far from wooden, and had little trouble keeping ahead of academics; having once accomplished a fair amount of work he preferred to spend his time on something more animated than the static stability of a coal barge. For him, the quintessence of animation was the rhythmic ragtime of Duke Ellington's cotton king.

"Red" regarded athletics with the same attitude. He tried everything from crew to soccer, and had a great time playing around. He never reached the state of suspended animation necessary for the Radiator Clubman, and was always busy at something.



Soccer; Rifle; 2 P. O.

Small Bore Rifle; 150-Pound Crew;
 2 P. O.



JULIAN GRAY HUMISTON
 "Jewel" "Hummy"
 POTLATCH, IDAHO

TALL and lanky, with a Western drawl and an unbounded love of horses, Hummy came to us as a character from the old West. His way in academics has not been untroubled, but he has always managed to "get there."

Four years have not been able to change him in the least. At intervals he brings to the surface some hidden aptitude and makes us marvel all the more.

In the West he learned to shun the attentions of ladies, finding pastime in a glowing pipe and book or a canter along the trails. He has not abandoned the pipe whose mellow odor gives notice of his presence, but he has forgotten his unfounded prejudice against fair company. Now not a week passes but he is found slicking down his hair and scraping the stubble from his chin, to sally forth once more and try his wiles against the innocent and gaping girls.

Taciturn at times, fluent at others, Julian has amused us for uncounted hours with legends of mountains, ranches, and gold mines. Level-headed and practical his counsel has proved invaluable.

Plebe Crew; 2 P. O.



WALLACE CLARK SHORT, JR.
 "Wally" "Savvy"
 MALONE, NEW YORK

WHEN Wally entered these portals, the regimental snakes little thought that they would be pushed into the background. This, however, was inevitable, and Wally deserves to have his name engraved near the top of the list of these reptilian gentlemen. His feminine conquests extend from Montreal to Miami, and are so numerous that he is faced with the necessity of listing them in a catalog to prevent disastrous mistakes in correspondence.

When it comes to academics, our hero has had his share of the battle. But when the marks are posted, he always finds more than a 2.5. Dago has given him the biggest fight, but hard work has overcome even that.

An ear drum, broken Plebe year, kept Wally from becoming the water polo star he would have undoubtedly been otherwise. Even so, he is often seen in the pool going through a few fancy dives and other aquatic manoeuvres. Apparently he has benefitted by his wide experience on the beach at Miami.

Whatever befalls Wally in the Service, he will always succeed, and will have the good wishes of his many friends.



Class Water Polo; Class Track; Varsity Boxing; 2 P. O.



JEROME ELMER MURPHY
"Awgee" *"Jerry"*
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILLIAM BEAUVEAU BORIE
 LYONS
"Beau" *"Booboo"*
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

EARLY in August, 1909, the capitol city was blessed by the advent of a little toothless lad, destined to bring many a tribulation to the heart of the Murphy family. But time changeth all things. This young man now stands six feet two in his toeless socks, has all his second teeth, and a sound body. The same can almost be said of his mind. However, his allotment of gray matter has served him well for he has never needed to bow to old Tecumseh.

During his first two years, "Awgee" plodded his weary way to the boathouse each afternoon but seemed to escape "Old Dick's" eagle eye. He then tacked a few pounds onto his hitherto sparse frame and set out to bend the sweeps in earnest. His boat is usually in the money and he earned a Poughkeepsie trip by virtue of his labors second class year.

Jerome has been active in numerous lighter Academy activities. Here we see him in a jovial vein and hanker for his jugular vein. His tin whistle and harmonica charm even the unappreciative audiences which so often gather within our cold grey walls.

WHEN the world was awarded its prize one rare June day, the event took place in the Quaker City. At that period "Booboo" began to do all he could to destroy himself. But after breaking a few bones and landing on his head several times in the most approved manner, his attention was diverted towards athletics. In prep school he succeeded in attaining the desired pinnacle and started on the same trend during Plebe year. Then the academics stepped in and nearly threw him for a loss, so his athletic career was nipped in the bud. Despite his lagging but somewhat necessary pursuit of knowledge, "Beau" has retained his much-envied ability to make people laugh. It may be his face, it may be his laugh, it may be his style, but whatever it is, it is successful.

When taken seriously, he appears as a mass of conflicting ideas, emotions and ambitions, but under this exterior there is a steadfastness of purpose that will carry him through all difficulties to the end.



Crew, NA; Musical Clubs; 2 P. O.

Plebe Soccer; Plebe Basketball; 2 P. O.



JOSEPH JAMES LOUGHLIN
"Joe"
LANSDOWNE, PENNSYLVANIA

JOE's home port is Wilmington, North Carolina, where he found the sea and learned to love it. From there he sailed a steady course and landed here with his cargo of sunshine and good fellowship.

We know that he will always be ready to give us a helping hand and cheery encouragement. Perhaps we have received grades too soon—or are unofficially detained on Saturday afternoon—see Joe. So it was in wrestling—he said he never could but somehow he did, and to his own satisfaction, won that much coveted letter. Yes, when Joe is wrestling they all stop—even the D. O.'s—if for that bout only.

His numerous friends are the best indication of his charming personality and sincere character. Though always happy and seemingly carefree, under the surface he is a real man.

If we could know such men as he every day, we could look forward to the future with as much confidence and with as many happy thoughts as we look back upon the past four years.

Wrestling, N; Hop Committee, Chairman; Ring Dance Committee; Chairman June Ball Committee; Pep Committee; 2 Stripes.



WILLIAM AURAND STUART
"Willy" "Bill"
BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA

AS YOU can tell from his walk, Bill came to us from the mountains—from West by—I mean West Virginia too! He decided the Navy needed some good men so he packed up and came to Annapolis. And the Navy got one. During five years of intimacy with him, the author has known him to get mad once, and that was caused by a long series of dire events leading up to the crisis. And savvy? He has not only pulled his wife out of all of his mathematical mudholes, but also part of '33. What-a-man.

Bill's got a keen brain and a level head and is expected to make good out in the fleet—if we get commissions! At any rate he won't be disliked for lack of personality or character. Everybody in his class likes him and he certainly is easy to get along with—ask his wife! Willy has taken it and suffered for four years in serene silence, and this is about the only reward he's going to get—that is from here—but THE lady is waiting back home in Bluefield and, from all the dope, that's where Willy is going to get his reward.



1 P. O.



THOMAS PINCKNEY LOWNDES
"Pinkey"
 GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

YOU SEE pictured above a young man who has been both a trial and a dilemma to his long-suffering roommate. For four years he has been a worry, and it is time someone else took charge.

He has had quite a few sharp bouts with the academic departments, and has managed to fool them more than once when they thought they had him dead to rights. However, he is really rather savvy in most things, and has helped the writer to fathom many a problem and Steam sketch. Get him in a jovial mood sometime and he will tell you how he got four 2.5's on four exams, once upon a time. Incidentally, he expects to be asked to become a member of the Dago Department any day now.

By glancing at his first and middle names you can easily see that he has been handicapped by endeavoring to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious forbears.

"Pinkey" is harmless except when he gets his hair in his eyes, then he's a bad actor and everyone had better stand clear. Anyway, he's there when you need him, and that's what counts after all.



2 P. O.



EVERETT LANG PHARES
"Pharo" *"Galabad"*
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHAT would you do if you were over six feet tall with broad shoulders and a clear, steady eye? The answer of any normal man would be, "Mix a bit of social life with interludes of some good healthy sport,—say crew, for instance." We don't like to admit that Pharo is normal, but that seems to be the answer. A gay blade and a mighty swell oarsman. Six months of society and six months on the water. It seems to be a good philosophy to follow as he has prospered in wisdom and grace during these last few years under the cure, and could now be admitted to almost anyone's home.

Big ideas about living are his ruling passion. Ever onward and upward with the might of his conscience to guide him, he has placed himself on a plane above us all. As proselyter for the reprobates he has kept them on a steady, narrow path and they have profited from the friendship. But after all he must be a pretty swell fella or he wouldn't even be in the organization.

Crew; 2 P. O.





JOHN RAYMOND LEEDS

"Bud"

JENKINTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

BUD is another of the famous volunteers. In fact, he is practically from the stronghold itself, and has ever been loud in the praises of Philadelphia and the Athletics. One of his chief consolations has been that we have journeyed there several times during the football seasons.

For unknown but potent reasons, he left the big city to become a member of '32, and joined the number of those who navigate the rocks and shoals of Plebe year. Safely past the Scylla of Math, Bud went gunning with a sextant for any Charybdis that might lie in waiting for him, and passed unscathed.

Bud is noted for the quality of his fruit cake, but he didn't need fruit cake to make him popular, for his usual cheerful nature and obliging disposition have made him many friends. He is rarely blue, except after those wonderful leaves in Philly, and even from those he recovers quickly.

We feel sure that wherever he goes Bud will continue to make friends and that he will be a shipmate well worth having.

Track; Boxing Manager; Plebe Football; 3 Stripes.



ROBERT HARPER WEEKS

"Bob"

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

COMING from Massachusetts, Bob proved capable of upholding the Bay State's standard of producing "savoirs." He had no trouble in conquering what proved to be the downfall of many. Always up toward the top of his class, never worrying, never complaining, Bob is one of those lucky mortals who make the best of everything, and find contentment in a job well done. He whiled away most of his time in reading, and the library found him a frequent borrower.

Those that knew Bob from Plebe year noticed a great change that was made in him. He was a misogynist pure and simple until a bit of femininity broke through his reserve during Second Class Sep leave.

Athletically, Bob spent most of his time on the cross-country and track teams, helping his class teams win several times in both sports.

Modesty is one of Bob's virtues; he never boasts of his conquests or accomplishments. Those who know him, and there are but few who don't, have little doubt that to him will come the fruits deserved by one so upright and loyal.

Track; Class Cross-Country; Class Soccer; Stars: 2 Stripes.



ROBERT EDWARD VANDLING
"Bob" *"Van"*
 CLEARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA

BOBBY was born in Clearfield way back when '09 was quite the thing. In case you don't see Clearfield on the map it's at the intersection of a couple of meridians. In his parlance it is much more—the only town in the United States having a nickel mill, facing south, with a red tile roof.

Early in life he evidenced his natural bent toward things military, for one day when his mother wasn't home he shaved for the first time and found he had grown up, so he ups and joins the Cavalry—the over, under, and through brigade, mostly over. Then he heard the call, saw the light and found himself in the Navy.

Versatile and volatile—red heads, brunettes, blondes, Blake-Knowles and juice profs, they're all alike to him and he treats them all with the same warm affection. Good natured, energetic, ambitious, enthusiastic, savvy, square-shooting, by the way, he was on the rifle team four years, he is always welcome at anything from the loudest bull session to the roughest tea fight.

Rifle; 1 P. O.
 Plebe Crew.



SAMUEL ALDO MCCORNOCK
"Sam" *"Whitey"*
 STAMBAUGH, MICHIGAN

SAM suddenly decided to throw in his lot with us back in the early summer of '28, so he managed to tear himself away from his beloved Upper Peninsula long enough to come down to find out what it was all about. If his loss meant as much to them, at that time, as it would now mean to us, there certainly must have been many, many mournful notes floating around in the old woods.

Cheerfulness is his ever-present ally, but it is only a beginning. Behind it you'll find a very interesting seriousness, a keen perception, and a love of argument that receives as much practice as can be made possible. A good imagination, coupled with a liking for telling yarns, makes a combination that must be heard to be appreciated.

An active mind usually means an active body, so rather than be an exception to the rule, you'll find him running around with the cross-country bunch in the fall, and out on the cinder path when Spring wends its way back again.

Cross-Country; Track; Plebe Wrestling; 2 P. O.





VICTOR B. McREA
"Mac"
 MONTPELIER, OHIO

A FEW years ago Mac decided to quit tilling the soil, preferring to ride the furrows of the sea. Coming from Ohio it must have been the picture of a ship on the wall that led him to make such a drastic change.

Mac first attracted the attention of the class by his ability as an oarsman in the Plebe Summer crew. In the fall, by virtue of his sterling performances on the Plebe varsity football team, he proved that football was another of his assets. Next Spring, he further enhanced his athletic reputation by winning a seat in the first Plebe boat. For the remaining three years he has devoted both Spring and Fall to football, proving himself a valuable addition to the team.

His only enemy throughout the four years was the Academic Department; however, lesson assignments rarely interfered with whatever else there was to be done. In spite of that, he always kept his head above water, and was ever willing to lend a hand to a submerging classmate.

Crew; Football; 3 Stripes.



MAGRUDER HILL TUTTLE
"Tut"
 LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA

BORN a Tarheel, Tut developed a passion for the sea, and came to the Naval Academy. As he was from the South, he had developed a way with the fair sex which helped him to spend many a pleasant evening, while his natural prowess as an athlete kept him busy during the afternoon.

In his high school days, and later at Duke University, King Tut was a star football player. Ever since he came to the Navy, he has been a big shot on the team, being captain during his first class year. Playing center, he caused our opponents lots of worry on the defensive, while on the offensive he was ripping great holes in their line. He was also an outstanding success in boxing, both on the Plebe team and on the Varsity.

It is seldom that one finds a chap so reserved, and yet so greatly interested in the many amusing things of the world. His penchant was the singing of all sorts of funny songs, and the reading of poetry, spending many of his leisure hours in that occupation. Tut is a man who combines a quiet nature with a real and deep-rooted character.

Football, "N"; Captain Football; Boxing; Track; 2 P. O.



MAX CHAPMAN MATHER
 "Max"
 TOLEDO, OHIO

INTRODUCING the man who has endured our failings for three Academic years, Max Mather. "Max" has his own philosophy of life, a sort of "laissez faire," and judging from the number of his friends we should say that it works well. His interests are few: a smoke, a book, and a place to indulge both; a conversation on any topic, or an afternoon on the rifle range give an everyday picture of our roommate.

And he has a way with the women; ask anyone who frequented Dorchester on the Youngster Cruise. About the only times he betrays evidences of enthusiasm are when spilling a yarn about the years spent in France, or when the conversation turns to rifles and hunting.

Academically, he has been uncomfortable but once. Usually he shows a versatility in treating all subjects alike and keeping a few jumps ahead in each. We know that this is one chap that will get along, and we express the hope of many in wishing him good luck in future life.



JAMES VINCENT REILLY
 "Red" "Indian"
 RICHMOND HILL, LONG ISLAND

AN HONEST, hard working chap who sprang from the wilds of New York City, Red delights in argument, but never waxes angry. Always good natured, he can't hold a grudge longer than a few minutes at most.

"How many days, Mister." Red spends a lot of his spare time thinking of leave when he can strut his stuff and give his version of the Navy Line.

He has little trouble with Academics, and doesn't need to grind. The Steam Department got in a few good blows in the early part of his career here, but he has had the situation well in hand ever since. This leaves him time to devote to the various activities which go to make this school more than a mere institution of learning.

Much water has passed over the dam since we first gazed at that flowing red hair, and heard that distinctive New York drawl, yet time has served only to confirm that first good impression. He will have little trouble if he only continues to follow the good example he has set himself.



Varsity Rifle; Expert Rifleman; 2 P. O.

Log Staff; Feature Editor; Stage
 Gang Manager; Cross-Country;
 Track; 1 P. O.





WILLIAM REYNOLDS MILLER
"Bill" *"Dusty"*
 BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

AS A VERY small chap, Bill decided that when he had finished High School he would choose a college close to home. Of course, he's a Baltimore Boy, so naturally he came to the Naval Academy. Each year when the Academic Departments train their guns on the class of 1932, we're all certain that Davy Jones' Locker will be our fate, but not so with Bill. He merely shrugs his shoulders and says, "Shucks, now at Poly we did it this way," and that's why he's been wearing a star these last three years.

When Spring comes and most of us turn poetic, Bill breaks out the old Lacrosse gear, lets out a blood-curdling ward whoop, and is off to crack somebody's skull.

As a gentleman of true worth and versatile accomplishments, it is to Bill that we instinctively turn in time of trouble, whether it be a juice prob, a ring design, or "une affaire de coeur." To be his shipmate would be a privilege, but just to be his friend is a pleasure. It brings an appreciation of him by which we know him to be a real man.

*Chairman Class Ring Committee;
 Class Crest Committee; Lacrosse, N;
 Stars; 2 P. O.*



THOMAS JEFFERSON
 MONTGOMERY
"Monty" *"Tom"*
 YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

TO write a short biography of "Monty," for whom so much can be said, is a difficult matter. For here is a man whose friendly disposition and fair dealing have made him liked and respected by upper classes, classmates, and under classes. For him academics have not always been easy, and a successful struggle for Christmas Leave in Youngster Year showed his ability to work when the occasion demanded. Monty comes from the Queen City of the Mahoning and one glance at the portrait will explain why he usually returns from leave disorganized. Although one affair turned out badly, Monty sought solace in a pipe, turned philosopher, and is now (latest report) enthralled by another. Just how valuable a friend Monty is was revealed Second Class Summer when a hospital gold-bricking experiment back-fired. He has always been the finest fellow in the world with whom to do anything in the world. No success can be too great for what he deserves, and we hope that wherever he attains it will be where we can continue the friendship so pleasantly begun.



*Basketball; Track; Reception Committee;
 Reef Points; 2 P. O.*



JOHN HENRY MORSE, JR.
"Jack" "Cap'n Bill" "Horse"
 SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA

FOUR years ago there came to the banks of the Severn a boy from the wilds of South Ca'lina. He was equipped by nature with habits of industry and sobriety, tempered with humor and good nature.

Jack's natural energy impelled him to become rather a workout hound, with the result that he is a valued member of the Gym and lightweight crew squads. Academically, too, Jack has always given a good account of himself, combining natural aptitude with a dogged conscientiousness.

Still another facet of his nature is his love of travel. For months preceding each cruise he was deeply engrossed in travel literature. The knowledge gained in this manner was freely distributed and proved very helpful to all his friends.

In all, Jack's accomplishments during his years at the Academy have exceeded even the most sanguine predictions made by the editor of ye home town bumwad. May his future career be as bright as his many friends have reason to believe it will be.



SPENCER LORAIN SHAW
"Pete"
 BISHOPVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

PETE is a shining example of the home town boy who made good. Coming from a small South Carolina town he was at first a little pessimistic about his chances of success. However, he has accomplished far more than even so sanguine a prophet as the editor of his home town bumwad dared predict, and his savvy was a benefit to many less fortunate classmates who never found him too busy to explain a knotty problem or sketch.

Along with his academic ability and common sense, Pete has a sense of humor and carefree manner that have won many friends. Always cheerful and gay, he has never been known to have the blues. "Why worry" and "Run and let run" expresses his philosophy, while his continuous good humor and wit make it impossible for anyone to remain angry with him more than a few minutes at a time.

If Pete decides to enter the Service, he will be a welcome member of any ward room group.



*Wrestling; Gym; Expert Rifleman;
 150-Pound Crew; M.P.O.*

Plebe Crew; 2 P. O.



READER CLARENCE SCOTT
"Scotty" *"Gil"*
 PEORIA, ILLINOIS

WHAT would the Navy do without "Scotty"? Plebe year he started to repair things, and has been at it ever since. Nothing is too great or small to claim his attention—and it holds no interest if there is nothing wrong with it. His desk, locker, and strongbox are full of gadgets and tools for repairing, from a watch to a radio. The password to his room is "Scotty, there is something wrong with my. . . ." There is no other known method of arousing him, but this method has never failed.

Perhaps the most outstanding characteristics we think of when someone mentions "Scotty" is his unflinching good nature. Practical jokes he takes in good part, and "renders unto Caesar that which is Caesar's." If anyone was dragging and had the guard, it would be "Scotty, how's to take my watch?" And the invariable answer: "Sure."

2 P. O.



JOHN MUNHOLLAND
"Munny" *"Rosy"* *"Inez"*
 MONROE, LOUISIANA

A GENTLEMAN from the South, always with that ruddy complexion. He says it is an accumulation of the sun's rays, picked up on a farm at home, and we believe him. His speech belies his place of origin, however; in fact, we cannot attach it to any one section of this great country. This fact fits his wanderings, made at various and sundry leave periods.

In him we find a well-rounded man. He is able and willing to do the many tasks placed before him. In his scholastic work, although never fortunate enough to achieve a place among the stars, he has acquired commendable success. Athletically, we can pronounce a similar verdict. His efforts and accomplishments point toward a career full of happiness and fine achievements.

His ambition is to become an aviator; we surmise that this is the result of Second Class Summer. His thoughts are all on the time when he will be able to go as the wind, wherever he pleases. It's all right, we know, for Nature and Munny will take their courses, and John will secure that extra bit of insignia.

Football; Class Rifle; 2 Stripes.



DONALD IRVING THOMAS
 "Scotty" "Don" "Tommy"
 RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

EVERY now and then you run into a chap who knows his job and is more or less of an authority on any subject bearing on it. Don is one of them. He has a great liking for all things Naval, and he has read most of the books on the Station that have anything at all to do with the Navy. Anyone wanting the dope on Naval affairs usually gets hold of him.

After 4:30 every day Don turns his attentions to the more strenuous side of a Midshipman's life. In the Fall he can be found booting a soccer ball around among the Varsity soccer squad. Then, in the Winter, the swimming pool claims his attention, while Spring usually catches him doing things with small boats or lacrosse sticks. This, together with Don's attitude that nothing is worth doing unless done well, doubtless has something to do with the fact that he stands well up near the top of the class.

All the above is really secondary, though. The thing that makes Don such an agreeable roommate is the fact that he carries out the old Virginia Tradition—he is a gentleman.



WILLIAM OUTERSON
 "Bill"
 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

BILL is rather a mystery to all except the fortunate few who know him very well. He has a ready smile for everyone, but only a few know the person behind the smile. Easily amused, though rather reserved, hard working along his many lines of endeavor, and serious at times; yet he possesses a rare sense of humor, and the best disposition in the world.

As soon as Bill is freed from Henry's clutches, and "submarine school," his spare time is taken up with gymnastics, working with Mr. Mang's "Greek Gods." Although he has suffered a broken nose, he can boast more than ordinary prowess in his chosen sport.

Academically, Bill takes things more or less as they come, without having any serious difficulties. His knowledge of "Juice" and Radio have not only helped his standing, but benefitted the Radio Club, where he spends a great deal of his spare time. In "Dago" he has been closely pursued by that Department ever since he entered the Academy, but has managed to elude them every term.



Boxing; Soccer N; Swimming; Reception Committee; Class Lacrosse; Christmas Card Committee; 2 Stripes.

Radio Club, President (1); Secretary-Treasurer (2); Gym Team; 2 P. O.



MILTON FRANK PAVLIC
"Peter" *"Pav"*
 RITTMAN, OHIO

A NEW star appeared in our heavens four years ago—not a real star, but just Milton from the constellation Rittman. In finding his way here he followed no gravitational law, but simply drifted in. Western Reserve University with its chemistry, biology, and other pre-medical bores made him decide that breaking bones must be more fun than mending them. This idea, backed by others of more patriotic origin, won the day for the Navy and here he is.

"A vigorous youth, with lots of dash, daring, and dexterity." This phrase sums up his outward characteristics. It tells why his roommate suffers with envy every time the mail comes and why he dons his monkey jacket as a matter of routine on Saturday nights. The dexterity part explains the existence of a number of rather strangely constructed but useful articles in his room. These are products of an inborn desire to invent which often crops out in spare moments. In spite of these drawbacks, Milton sails smoothly through academics without a care and never a moment in the ranks of the wooden.

*Plebe Fencing; Class Swimming;
 Juice Gang; 1 P. O.*



SAMUEL FRANK QUARLES
"Frank" *"Country"* *"Sam"*
 LENNING, VIRGINIA

SQUIRREL hunting was beginning to grow tiresome; the farm was becoming boring; the University of Virginia was just another place to study. It began as an idle fancy, and the more he thought of it the more his interest grew. This fancy developed into an appointment, then entrance examination, and finally the oath.

Plebe Summer, with its infantry and seamanship, was at first bewildering. With a thirst for knowledge, and a keen desire to learn, these obstacles were soon surmounted.

Outside of Steam, the Academic Departments never made a threat. When necessary, he studied hard; otherwise he took things as they came, trying to make them as enjoyable as possible.

Because of his friendship and good humor, his place will be hard to fill. He never refused a debate, and always showed the utmost respect for the opinion of others. When he was wrong he cheerfully admitted it, and laid claim to that much additional knowledge.

Here's to a most successful career in the Service, Frank, we know it is in you.



*Class Baseball; Class Water Polo;
 Class Football; 2 P. O.*



JAMES ALFRED THOMAS
"Tommy" *"Shorty"*
 COLUMBUS, OHIO

HAIL the nonchalant, affable fellow from Ohio. Naturally one should be proud of his home state, but Tommy stretches this fact beyond its elastic limit, and makes the one-time territory of Connecticut the greatest resource on earth. Still, there is always a little good in the worst of us, and, too, a little bad in the best of us.

Tommy's best motto is "What's the use of worrying, it never was worth while." And he uses it in an efficient manner. Days may come and days may go, but classes go on forever. When examinations come around, there is Tommy, absorbing in a few hours the month's work, with the optimist's expectation of hitting them. He is, likewise, fond of sports, boxing being his favorite. In collaboration with this, pre-reveille jogs on Farragut Field and their resulting disturbances aid much to the quiet sleep of others.

Yes, Tommy makes a wonderful wife. Here's hoping, wife, that in the Service you make out equally well.



WILFORD TENNYSON STANNARD
"Whale" *"Doc"*
 CLINTON, CONNECTICUT

WILFORD started out in life as a chubby little boy running along the shores of Connecticut hunting "musk-rats" and tearing up the countryside in general. He grew up, a boy of the soil, the pride of the Podunk, and as a boy of the soil and as just another pride of some Podunk, he came to Crabtown and became one of us.

Plebe year was one "of those things" to Wilford, and with the combination of a glorious past and a hazy but glittering future he managed to dream the year away. He had the redeeming habit of loud snoring, however, which kept him awake enough of the time to do his boning. His lithe form and graceful movements prompted those about him to dub him "Whale."

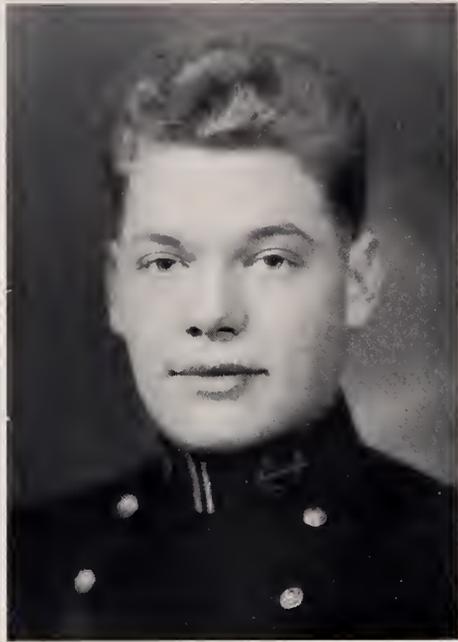
Inertia characterized "Whale" in his endeavors. Football and wrestling were the outlets for his primitive instincts. It took him some time to get rolling, but now that he has built up momentum, thanks to the same inertia, he is going to be a mighty hard man to stop.



*Boxing; Mandolin Club; Chess Club;
 2 P. O.*

2 P. O., Football, (NA) Wrestling





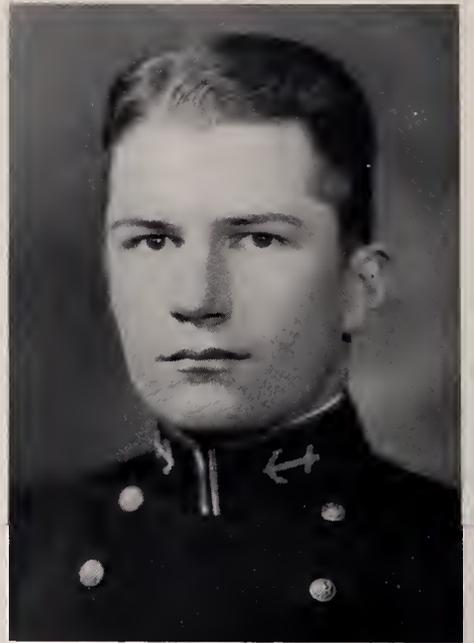
JOHN VAUGHAN
"John" *"Admiral"*
 ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

SOME of us merely stumble into the Service for want of something better to do. Others, because of an inherent love of the sea and all that it stands for, shape their whole scholastic career with that one end in view. "Admiral" is one of that more fortunate second group.

One of the faults that our contemporaries find with the Naval Academy is the tendency towards narrow professionalism, neglecting the so-called cultural side, which a wide range of well-chosen books may instill. John is not making that sacrifice. After enough time has been spent on the technical books to attain better than average grades, the other phases of symmetrical mental and physical development are well taken care of.

The venter of a gentleman "by act of Congress" only will soon wear off under the influence of the intimate contact to which roommates are subjected. When it hasn't, under all the vicissitudes of an Academy career, rest assured that the product is sterling, and a friend and shipmate for whom to be thankful.

Track; 2 P. O.



WILLIAM WINTER JR.
"Bill" *"Willie"*
 DEVIL'S LAKE, MICHIGAN

THERE was acclamation and blaring of brasses; after leading his class in High School and spending two terms at Michigan State Normal, another lad from the "Big Mitten" set out for the Naval Academy.

After a short argument over a few cuspids Bill was launched, in more ways than one, on his career. Plebe year he became convinced of his eligibility for the radiator club and he has remained a charter member since then.

Strange to say, his interests did not turn to the other sex. Of course, there have been spasms, but nothing to be regarded as lasting or serious. Youngster year old man Calculus formed an association (although strictly forbidden in Navy regs) with the hospital. The cessation of bridge games and some overtime acrobatics on a slide rule soon righted this little matter, and during the ensuing terms his academic equanimity has been carefully preserved.

As long as there is a Service there will be "Bills" who will help a man just this once, and it is such people who make that Service what it is.

Plebe Track; M.P.O.



GEORGE ROBERT LUKER
 "Luke"
 STAUNTON, ILLINOIS

FROM the rolling plains of the Illini and fair green campus of Champagne Luke came East and he liked the Navy so well that he decided to spend four years on Severn's shore.

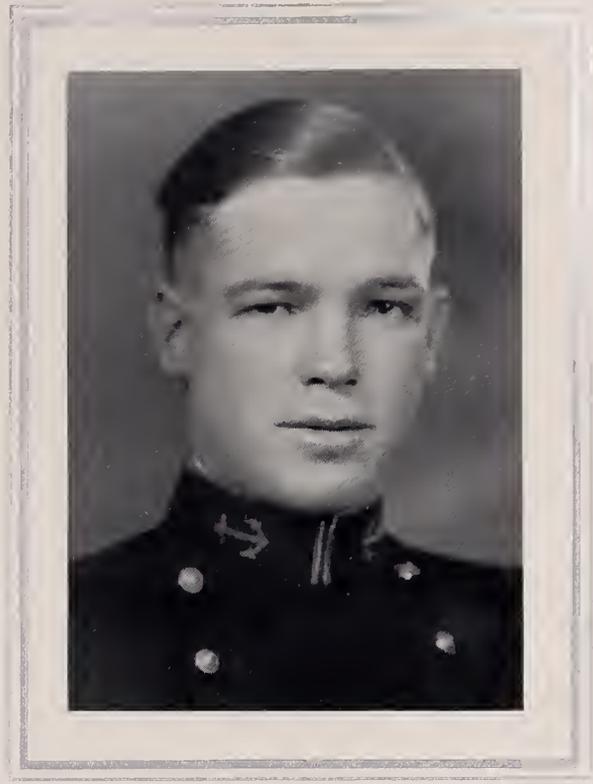
In the fall you will see him on Farragut Field playing touch football and in the spring he will be out there with a baseball glove or a lacrosse stick, but in winter you will have to travel over to the pool where he can only be found under several feet of water which he has come to regard as the only life-supporting element. If you should see a hand clutching a water-polo ball emerge suddenly from the briny depths followed by a triumphant face, you can be sure that it is Luke, scoring again for Navy.

He will tell you that you should not take the femmes too seriously, but a thing of beauty is a joy forever and Luke is sure to be found dragging to the next hop. His eyes still turn toward the West, but a little less longingly every now and then.

Serious at times, but when not in love he is easy to get along with, and a darned good classmate.



Water Polo, "WNP"; Class Lacrosse; Class Football; M.P.O.



BARRY KENNEDY ATKINS
 "Barry"
 AT LARGE

AFTER sixteen years of restless roaming over the seven seas, Barry once more dropped anchor in his home port. The lazy warmth of Samoa, the chill of London's fogs, the roar of New York's subways could not rob the Navy of a rightful son. Could it have been otherwise? Thus Barry gained his sunny disposition in the Southland—his intelligence in the ancient Halls of Westminster—his salty swagger in Crabtown.

It was but natural for him to turn to the water for a chosen field. Unlimited energy and a fighting heart have won his place on the Water Polo team. His strange maneuvers have worried many a back through the wintry Saturday afternoon. Yes, sir, Barry is a good man to have around when a couple of tons of beef are trying to drown you, and his natural swimming ability has added many points to our swimming scores.

We have watched his transition from the reddest of "Red Mikes" to a devotee of the femmes. But, still he dreams on of blue skies and is very happy. In fact, Barry gets a big kick out of life.

Water Polo, N. All-American; Swimming, N; Soccer, 32; Class Lacrosse; 2 Stripes.

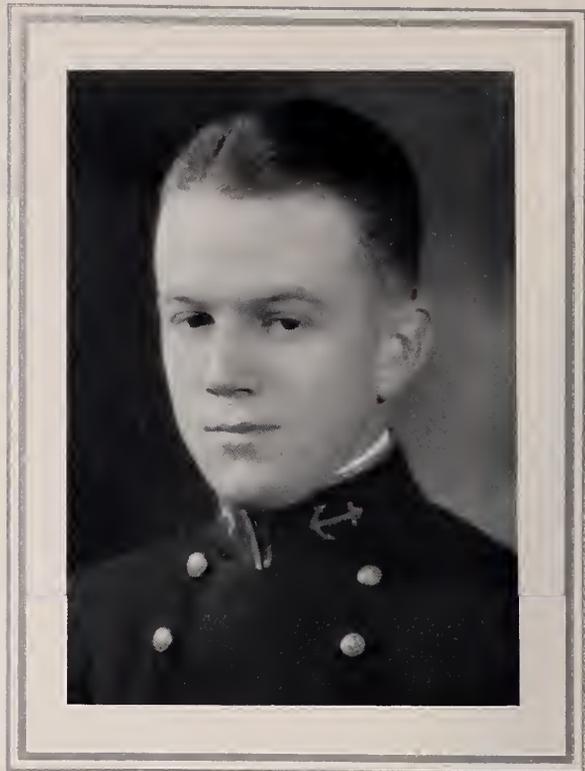


JOHN WILLIAM RAMEY
"Bill"
 STANFORD, KENTUCKY

WE say "Kentucky" but Bill is more of a cosmopolitan by nature and travel. Nautically intended and adventurously inclined, with hardly a thought for the future, Bill bid farewell to the tall Blue Grass and his wanderings carried him far and wide. Bill dreamed of bigger things while plying the seas along the West Coast and Plebe Summer found him in our midst.

Since we met Bill, he has proven himself a man well worth knowing. He is congenial and sociable, never down-hearted, and always willing to lend a helping hand. He will lend you his last "skag" and make you feel as if you were doing him a favor by accepting it. His pet theme is his aversion toward work, on which he will argue with anyone. Being a man of leisure, he is too busy for athletics, but like all gentlemen of that class, his abilities have found an outlet in the field of literature.

All in all he's a good pal—the kind of a fellow you like to have around when you're in a tight place. The best that the world can offer, Bill.



ROBERT LOUIS BAKER
"Bob"
 CARROLLTON, KENTUCKY

COMING from down in Old Kentucky, Bob has proved himself a true and loyal product of the sunny South. Tact, generosity, unfailing good humor, and a natural tendency to remain quiet while the other fellow talks are his outstanding characteristics. He is one of those rare fellows whom you meet and like, and the longer you know him the greater your liking for him.

During these years at the Naval Academy "Bob" has found many lines of endeavor outside the realm of athletics by which to entertain himself and at the same time further activities and help those of us who are less gifted to enjoy life. His remarkable talent and ability to reproduce on the drawing board beautiful girls known or imagined, and his ability as a cartoonist make him a valuable member of the Log Staff.

It is only necessary to know Bob to account for his many friends. Striking a happy medium with the Academic Departments and unknown to worry, he is a good sport, a true friend, and, in short, a Southern Gentleman.



*Lucky Bag Staff; Plebe Baseball;
 2 P. O.*

Class Football; Log Staff; 2 P. O.



RICHARD DONALD ADAMS
 "Dick" "The Adams"
 AMBRIDGE, PENNSYLVANIA

FROM Dick's earliest moment, aviation has been his chief thought. Added to his ambition to wear wings was a love of the sea, and combining these two, it was but natural that he should decide to become a naval aviator. So he ventured away from the Ohio River to the labyrinths of Annapolis and the Naval Academy.

A talent for music, combined with a goodly amount of clown in his make-up, has made him a member of the Orchestra and Glee Club. Not that he confined his attention entirely to things inside the Academy; far from it. Just ask some of the Annapolis fair sex about those moonlit evenings second class summer, and watch them blush.

In any undertaking to get up a smoker or show of any sort, Dick was one of the moving spirits, and while there are a lot of things of which we are not sure, we know one definitely. That is, if Dick does as much to make himself agreeable aboard ship as he has done around here, his ship will be fortunate to have him.



FRANK HARDEMAN BRUMBY, JR.
 "Admiral"
 ATHENS, GEORGIA

ADMIRAL is a quiet, modest boy from the balmy climes of Georgia, land of peaches and stone mountains. Being a Navy Junior, the call of the sea was strong within him, and he came to the Naval Academy as a matter of course. If you don't think he knows his languages, have him relate to you how he used his French to talk the caretaker of the Spanish summer royal palace into showing him and a group of his classmates through the interesting royal home, while in Barcelona on his youngster cruise. His importance can further be realized when you know that the Officer of the Deck almost broke out the side-boys, band and even the captain for him, for this promising midshipman had been returned from a visit to his father's flagship in an admiral's barge.

Admiral's aspirations are not conflicting—a career in the Navy for him; truly an admiral-to-be. Is it necessary to wish him a happy voyage? We don't think so, for he has the esteem of all his classmates, and the respect of all who know him.



Glee Club; Orchestra; Gym; Plebe Crew; Musical Club; 2 P. O.; Masqueraders.

Boxing; Lucky Bag Staff; 3 Stripes.



JOSEPH CALDWELL WYLIE JR.
"Bill"

GLEN RIDGE, NEW JERSEY

BILL got the jump on us as regards knowledge of Annapolis by prepping at Bobbie Wertz's for a year. Maybe that is the reason Academics have never bothered him. At any rate he always stays well above the 3.0 mark with plenty of time left over to read all the good magazines and books, though we'll admit he doesn't use many of his spare moments writing to the fair sex. Yet he always drags—Bill can keep more friends on one book of stamps than any other man I know.

Bill started his love for the sea "way back when" by taking a deep interest in crew. When he found out he was too light for the Varsity and too heavy for the Lightweights, he set his eye on crew managership and attained that difficult position after months of hard work.

Here, Bill, are a few reminders for the evenings in the future around the fireplace—just remember plebe summer in the third—'32, the Utah, and American women—4340—Aviation Summer.



PAUL GORDON OSLER
"Squilgee" "Ossy" "Pat"
OTTUMWA, IOWA

TRULY one of the "forty percent" is Squilgee. Comfortably non-reg, more than savvy, and never known to be despondent or gloomy, he has been the best of companions these varied years.

The first thing he did when he joined the Navy was to break his ankle, but, in spite of that, he has played basketball every year and played it rather well at that. But for all his athletics and savviness, Squilgee's weakness is women. Not woman, friend, but women. He has that happy faculty of being quite in love with whomever he happens to be dragging at the time, and the beauty of it is they seem to like it. Maybe it's because he can always make you laugh with him. Get him to tell you about Rome, or New York, or Copenhagen or some place, because if anything ever happens in a town it always happens when he's in the middle of it.

When Squilgee refers to "back home" he means that thriving community of Ottumwa, and though most of us have never been there, it must be a pretty fine town to produce the man we've all known and liked so well these last four years.

Crew Manager; Reception Committee;
Regimental C.P.O.

Basketball, N; Reception Committee;
Usher; Choir; 2 Stripes.



JOSEPH THOMPSON

"Joe" "J" "Smoky"
SANFORD, MAINE

ALL roads lead to Sanford! Even though Joe hails from that bleak and barren (ouch) yet beautiful state of Maine, we nevertheless caught him from Alabam', and some of his southern lingo still sticks in spite of it all. From the day he entered, Joe has made and been a true friend to us all and where physical stature was not so helpful he has used his unrivaled personality to pull himself through academic difficulties and the fairer sex, both necessary evils.

In sports, baseball seemed to draw most of his interest, and in this line he has proved himself to be a pitcher of no mean ability. Joe has tossed 'em up for the Company and 'Varsity, to which he graduated as early as Youngster year. Any Sunday afternoon, when not dragging, you would find him burning up the golf course, playing havoc with old man par. Then, when not indulging in outdoor life, you might find this man beating out a fanciful tune on the piano.

Whether in the Navy or out, Joe, we will always look on you as a 4.0. 'Tis a lucky crowd that will get you as a shipmate.



CYRUS BREWER

"Cy" "Cavvy" "Charlie"
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

CY hails from that town that is famous for its patriots, dear old "Bawston"—is it any wonder that he joined our ranks of "Pampered Pets" as a brave defender of his country?

It is said that every man has his bad qualities as well as good, but we have failed in finding much of evil in Cy, who is an addition to any gathering with his hearty laugh and ever-ready smile.

Cy has had no difficulties with academics, taking nothing too seriously and breezing along with plenty of velvet. In an athletic way he has confined himself to baseball, although any winter's afternoon he may be found over on the squash courts. A good tennis player, and you should see that man hit a golf ball.

He has his own ideas of femmes in general and one in particular. True, he may appear outwardly unconcerned, but a close observer can easily see that there must be some reason for him to make such a rush for the mail.

A true friend—one of the best. We shall always remember "Charlie" as a man among men and a sport among sports.



Baseball; Class Football; Class Basketball; Pep Committee; 1 P. O.

Plebe Swimming; Baseball; 2 P. O.



FREDERICK OWEN VAUGHAN
 "Owen"
 MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY

A SUNNY day in June brought this man to us, with an ever-present smile, a wealth of good fellowship, and an indomitable spirit.

That smile well indicates his jovial personality, but that does not mean that he takes all things lightly. As we all know, when matters of importance are concerned, he is seriousness personified. Owen doesn't mind work—he actually likes it. The minutes that escape his eagle eye are few. For him, a minute means sixty seconds of work, whether in the classroom or in the gym. You can find him most any afternoon in the gym, imitating gracefully the antics of South African monkeys as he swings hither and yon on the flying rings, falling on head or feet with equal cheerfulness, always trying some new stunt, and usually mastering it. You will find him like that—give him the breath of a chance, and the thing is done, and done well.

You will find him a very likable chap; he possesses all those desirable qualities that make a capable officer. We predict a bright future for you, old man.

Gym, G32T; Class Gym; 2 P. O.



RICHARD VICTOR GREGORY
 "Greg" "Richy"
 PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

THIS serious-minded individual hails from good old Virginia, yes, suh! He has shown us why the Cavalier State has reason to be so justly proud of her sons.

We fear that he has a serious case of heart trouble, but he insists that his spare moments are too valuable to be given to the ladies—(which we doubt). Just drift over to MacDonough Hall most any afternoon, and you will see Greg hard at work on the parallels, improving his execution.

When it comes to academics, Richy can hold his own, too. "Gee, that steam prof gives low marks. I received only a 3.4 today." Greg claims that he can get more out of a "Cosmo" than he can from a textbook, and if we may judge by his marks, his theory must be applicable—to him. Just ask him anything about the service; he's a walking bureau of information.

In a few years you will find him commanding one of our new subs—his ambition realized. The fleet will find him a welcome addition; his seniors, a competent officer; his associates, a gentleman in every respect.



Class Water Polo; Gym, G32T; 1 P. O.



DALE RODERICK FRAKES
 "Dale"
 MAGNOLIA, MINNESOTA

"WHAT was that word just passed"? Dale is a product of America's own miniature Scandinavia, and is as amiable a boy as can be found anywhere. Along in the spring of '27, for lack of anything more exciting to do, he decided to join the Navy and consequently was soon a real sailor. His ambition and his somewhat inquisitive nature along with his natural liking for the sea gave ample reason for his desire to become an officer, and hence his presence at the Academy.

Always a savoir, always reading, Dale has seldom been worried by the Ac. Departments, Dago being his one weak subject. "Say, Dale, did you get that last prob? Yeh, well how did you start it"?

He is an earnest follower of all athletics, and we find him very interested whenever any sport is mentioned. You will see him at a workout, even if his sports are out of season, if there are any other games going on. Soccer takes up a lot of his time and when the soccer season is over he is usually found playing basketball.

Soccer, A32F; 2 P. O.



EDWARD ELGIN BURROWES
 "Eddie"
 INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS

BECOMING dissatisfied with life in the wilds of the Cyclone State, Eddie joined the Navy, thereby taking the first step toward Crabtown. His early training was received chasing natives and rabbits through the wheatfields of Kansas. This probably explains why the Ac. Departments and the D. O.'s have not succeeded in catching up with him. Never worried, sometimes near the edge of a 2.5, yet each year he manages to pull sat without apparent effort.

As for women, he has taken his fun where he found it, and has learned a lot from them all. He falls hard, and though he's recovered each time so far, some day he may completely collapse and meet his final doom. Although spending much of his time writing to his numerous femmes, he finds time for boxing and track, not to mention the numerous covers he has drawn for The Log.

Here's to you, Eddie. May your success in life be as great as has been your success during your four years as classmate and roommate.

Class Football; Track; Boxing, NA; Reef Points; Log Art Editor; Crest Committee; 2 P. O.





NORMAN EARL BLAISDELL
"Toot" "Clipper" "Neb"
 FOXBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

"LIGHTS! Action! Camera"! That's the old way of doing it, but the summer of 1928 was different; to use his own words, "'Tis I in person, not a motion picture." (No advance in prices.) Having spent the most tender years of his life around Boston, little wonder he decided to "go down to the sea in ships."

Although his "figure serieuse" marks him as an idealist and a true appreciator of the arts, he has not been blind to other lines of worldly endeavor.

Too much unofficial cross-country work from Upshur Road to the Rotunda ruined his chances for the varsity during Youngster year, so the scene of his activities shifted to Mahan Hall midst the death moans of doomed men.

For him an extra hour is either an hour of study, or an hour of enjoyment—enjoyment derived from reading the latest books on humor and poetry, or in composing a bit of poetry to his Inspiration—whichever that may be at the time.

Happiness in life will surely be his; a life which the past predicts will be full to the brim.

Cross-Country; Plebe Crew, Masked "N"; Masqueraders President; Reception Committee; Glee Club; Associate Editor Trident; 1 P. O.



THOMAS GRAYSTON WARDER
"Tom" "Honey"
 GRAFTON, WEST VIRGINIA

TRUE to himself and all who call him friend,
 Each new-cut facet showing diamond worth;

A generous nature brings him dividends,
 To live life fully marked him from his birth.

An optimist, he takes things with a smile,
 Serenity and balance lend him charm;
 A modest manner gives to him a style
 That we, who would succeed, ourselves must arm.

Who thinks of others first to their advantage,
 His character "The Happy Warrior" shows;

In "Tom," we're proud to know a personage
 Who, o'er his head, Four Years no "Tekel" knows.

Our glasses to you, "Pal"; our hearts engrave
 To you Success, Long may you Wave!



Boxing, BNAT; 2 P. O.



JOHN LAWRENCE COUNIHAN
"Jack" *"Couny"*
 NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

IT WAS the fulfillment of an ambition of some years' standing when Jack entered N. 3 gate as a candidate that unforgettable day back in Plebe summer. When he was sworn in as a Midshipman he was a happy boy and he has remained that during his four years as a Midshipman.

During Plebe summer Jack was wholly occupied with the strenuous business of being a Plebe and had little time for other things. He found his stride, however, Youngster year. Hardly a week-end went by but Jack was found entertaining some member of the fair sex with a "line" surpassing that of the original "Snake." So many girls, upon hearing his name, say, "Oh, yes, I know Jack, etc.," that one wonders how one man can know so many of them. His explanation is that there is safety in numbers.

Academics caused few worries for Jack. He was one of the boys who devoted much of their athletic ability to helping their company.



GORDON WAITE UNDERWOOD
"Undy" *"Bud"* *"G. Washington"*
 PORTLAND, OREGON

HERE'S one of the bulwarks of Navy's athletic prowess, as the champion shot-putter holder of the Academy record, and the outstanding lineman in Navy's forward wall. In the latter capacity he was the famous number 13, a rather unlucky number for the opposing team. When we saw him start clicking second class year, we knew that one of the coach's line worries was over for the next two years.

Back in 1928 he proved himself one of our best. His football, wrestling and track work of that year destined to him a big place in Navy's athletic history. And he fulfilled our fondest hopes. Youngster year his shot-putting endangered the Academy record, and second class year he shattered it with a good margin.

Socially a self-styled Red Mike, Undy fascinated many members of the fair sex by that famous formula of the silent strong man, not to mention the magnetic effect of his wavy locks. An outstanding man, a square-shooter, a warm friend, and a great roommate. In short, just Undy.

Baseball, 32; Class Football, 32;
 Reception Committee; NA Ten, Orchestra; Battalion C.P.O.

Football, N; Track N, Captain;
 1 P.O.



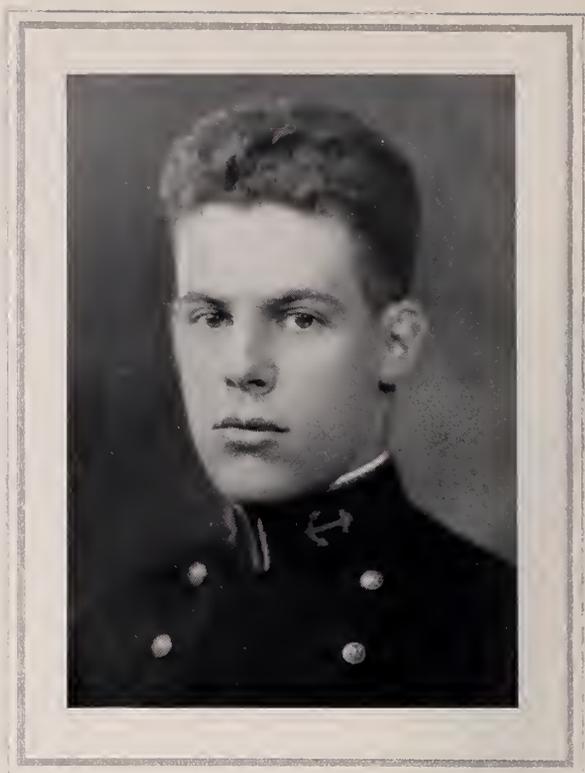
EARL RUSSELL EASTWOLD
 "Easty" "Skipper" "Swede"
 LEROY, MINNESOTA

"TEN thousand Swedes came through the weeds at the battle of Copenhagen." Here's a blonde headed Viking who came through the trees at the great battle with the Academics bearing—"mid snow and ice, a banner with the strange device, 'Excelsior!'" Ever onward is an excellent phrase to describe the lad. One has to keep striving to reach the heights of achievement and popularity that this man from the Middle West has attained.

But back to the plain facts. Earl did not arrive until late August of Plebe year. After the prairie dust wore off, and after the Dago Department gave up and decided to let him by, and following a hectic Youngster Cruise, he returned with one diag and a certain nautical cynicism. He has been taking everything in that manner ever since.

He has hit his stride, and it is one that will carry him to great heights in the future. We wish him all success, but we know that our wishes though earnestly meant are really not necessary. He is of the stuff of which success is made, failure is not in him.

Plebe Wrestling; Class Football; Boxing; 2 P. O.



EDWIN CHARLES WOODWARD
 "Woody"
 MENDON, VERMONT

HERE we have an Army junior who forsook the sheltered existence of that service for a tempestuous life on the deep water. It seems that early in life he became interested in the "Old Sea," sailing ships, marline spikes, and all. Forgotten technical nomenclature such as clew-garnet, fore-to 'bo'line, and seeming intricacies like the lead of the mizzen to' gallant braces are familiar to him because of early childhood misspent in boning now useless books.

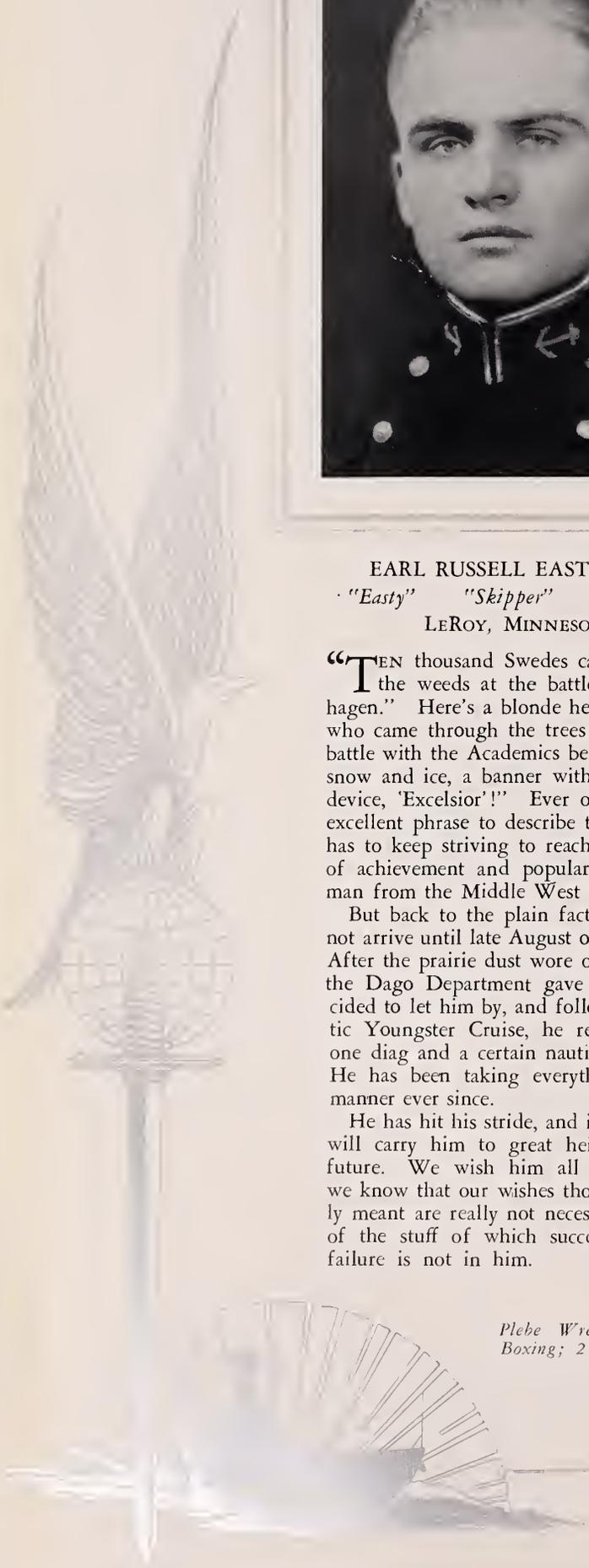
Academics never gave him any trouble, 3.4's came too easily, and if it were not for time spent trying to become a Ford mechanic, a builder of ship models, and a connoisseur of old-time ballads he would have worn a star on his collar.

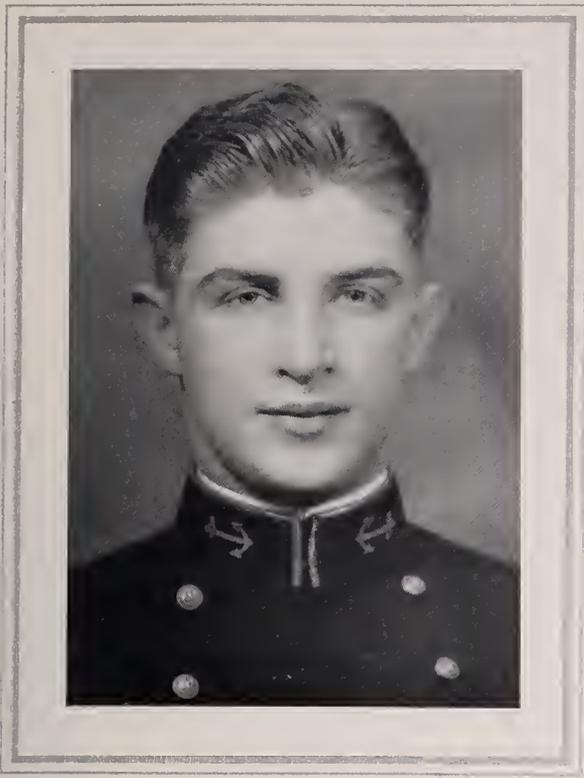
In the line of sports we find him wrestling in the fall and winter. In the spring he becomes one of the men that hold 'em and squeeze 'em, doing well with rifle, but pistol is his specialty.

One who remembers him as a friend always finds him ready and willing to help, which, coupled with his ability for perseverance, will send him far along the road to success.



Plebe Soccer; Wrestling; B Squad, W'32T; Class Rifle; Second Class Medal for Proficiency in Small Arms; Rifle, RNT Captain: 2 Stripes.





CHARLES CARY GOLD

"Goldie" "Rube"

FORD CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

GOLDIE is a product of Pennsylvania's "smoky district." Ford City is the name of the podunk of his nativity, and it was there on the banks of the 'ole Allegheny that he first heard the call of Mistress Sea. Following close on its heels came the ardent ambition to become one of Uncle Sam's "spoiled and pampered pets," and so it was that '32 recruited another member.

Early in his career Goldie proved to be a savoir, and it was only the "Proverbial hair" that kept a star from lending enchantment to the collar of his full dress blou. Snaking was also one of his many accomplishments and he gave them all a break. That far-famed "rogues' gallery" on his locker door gave ample proof of his success with the Navy line.

In the realm of athletics, a "trick knee" proved somewhat of a handicap. You can't keep a good man down, though, as Goldie demonstrated by four years of excellent tennis (sometimes on one leg), and the coveted TNT was his.

Again the Regiment's loss will be a gain to the service. A true friend and a real shipmate—his success is assured.



PAUL EDGAR EMRICK

"Paulie" "Emmy"

BUTLER, PENNSYLVANIA

FROM the ranks of the long-famous Pennsylvania Volunteers came one day a lanky lad to prove to the Navy that the good old Keystone State is still without parallel in producing strong men and true for Uncle Sammy's torturous task of conquering the sea.

Because it seemed to be his pet hobby to coast through academics without exerting himself, he was prevented from participating in athletics by the ever-evasive two-five. Navy never had a more ardent backer when it came to lung power in the stands, and he might easily have been an equally ardent participant if the subsquad and math department had not been so cozy with their passing stamps.

In his four years as a member of '32 he has fitted into the cog of affairs like a true son of old Neptune. If he remains in the embrace of the Navy's alluring life, his success is assured, but should it be his intention to penetrate the vastness of the world as a civilian, the U. S. S. "Outside" will gain what we in the Service will lose and mourn—a true friend and comrade—ever.



Tennis, TNAT, TNT; 2 P. O.

2 P. O.



JOHN SOUTHWORTH FAHY
"Jack" "Johnnie" "Bishop"
 NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

NEITHER from the waving wheat fields of Kansas nor from Minnesota as his blonde hair might betray, but instead from a Navy town and you know it when you meet him, for he is proud of his podunk.

Plebe year found "the Bishop" a conscientious Plebe, plugging at books and showing a clean pair of heels on the cross-country course until one day he decorated a tree.

Socially, Johnnie never did care to prove himself a snake—not that he couldn't for he always did manage to eke a sigh from the drags at the hops.

No ordinary man is John as he reaches for the highest rung of the ladder of life, and in reaching follows that one path by which he believes it can be gained—the straight and narrow. Being conservative his past deeds wouldn't fill volumes, but indeed one worthy of the costliest binding, for he can be proud of his past. A man of positive action, believing what he says when he remarks that, "A job worth doing at all is worth doing well."

Cross-Country, C32C; Track 32; Company Representative; G.P.O.



RALPH MARTIN HUMES
"Heinie" "Tiny"
 NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

MOST of us met Ralph during the latter part of June in the summer of 1928. Then we were first acquainted with that now famous smile and the boy back of it.

As a student, there were no stars on his collar, yet the anchor sections were seldom graced by his presence. Except for a slight struggle with the Math. Dept., which cost him, along with so many of us, a valuable leave, his passage among the academic rocks and shoals has been without danger.

From Thanksgiving to the middle of March the wrestling team has claimed his spare time in the afternoons. He has been a true devotee of the sport. Many a morning in the dead of winter an unknown head poked around the door with "Hey, Heinie, ya gonner run this morning"? Invariably the answer would be, "Sure, be right with you."

The superabundance of life and vigor always made him the center of every gathering graced by his presence. Many were the political rallies that were held on the fourth deck at which his now famous Mayor's speech was given.

Cross-Country; Track; Wrestling; Class Football; 2 P.O.



JOSEPH ALOYSIUS MCGOLDRICK
 "Joe" "Mac"
 PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

FROM the Quaker City came Joe to fulfill his dreams of wearing the Blue and Gold. He graduated from South Philadelphia High School and left behind him an enviable record both in athletics and extra-curricular activities.

Plebe year found him going along well. He did, however, fall just below the line in academics at Christmas and lost the leave over the holidays. Discouragement was no word in his vocabulary. He pulled sat and coasted along for the rest of the year.

Youngster year Mac carried on, inspired, though again slightly unsat at Christmas.

He studied hard, pulled sat, and sailed through the rest of the year. Second class year he found rather easy-going and enjoyed his first Christmas leave. A month later he appeared with the Masqueraders as the door-smashing hero in "The Donovan Affair."

Joe has always had high ideals and has never lost the dignity element, but has tempered it with a personal charm and excellent judgment which makes him a most attractive and valuable shipmate.



JOHN FRANCIS FAIRBANKS, JR.
 "Jack" "Muscles"
 QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

THE massiveness of the "Lexington," then under construction near his home, was perhaps a decided factor in John's entering the Naval Academy. Soon he had taken his oath of "I do" in the Commandant's office and, his life's ambition attained, he at once took his job seriously with excellent results.

Although his home for the past few years has been in the "City of Drags," John's speech betrays the fact that his earlier years were spent in the heart of New England. But there is another element in his make-up—perhaps of Virginia, his mother's home—for there is in him the dreamer, surely not born of rugged Massachusetts.

John is quiet and reserved. At times, however, he bubbles over with enthusiasm for some event or other to which he might turn his attention. Inherent American aggressiveness and tact, coupled with Scottish canniness and a keen sense of responsibility have produced in John those desirable qualities necessary for a successful Naval career.



Plebe Football; Plebe Baseball; Reception Committee; Masqueraders; 2 P. O.

Class Football; Wrestling; 2 Stripes.





BURDETTE EUGENE CLOSE
 "Dutch" "Bert" "Dirty"
 MORAVIA, NEW YORK

"WUXTRY! Wuxtry! Local boy goes to Indianapolis"! That was what the paper boy told the conservative community of Moravia one fateful day back in twenty-eight. Dutch wrapped up his duffel in a triangular piece of cloth and headed south'ard. Four years with Uncle Sam and now a burning ambition to return to the land that gave him birth, not as the prodigy of the countryside, but as "the grand old man of upstate political circles."

His accomplishments are many, but the piano offers the greatest outlet for his good nature. On the mats, however, Dutch is another man who specializes in bone-crushing holds and they know that they are licked when he pins them.

When the week-ends roll around, out come the cabinet files and the lucky lady of the hop is chosen with the precision of a Beau Brummel. One always stands out, however, as is demonstrated by the predominance of one type of feminine calligraphy in the influx of epistles. Your destiny, Dutch, is not in your own hands!

Plebe Lacrosse; Class Lacrosse; Class Wrestling; Musical Clubs; Masqueraders; Choir; 2 P. O.



IRWIN CHASE, JR.
 "Chevy"
 BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY

"I'VE wrung more salt water outa this skimmer than youse birds ever sailed on."

The iron-barred gate swung open, then shut again, admitting in the short space of five seconds a blonde head, a big smile, and an atmosphere of brine and Bayonne oil. Thus did Chevy begin his four-year vacation on dry land.

Even the influence of four walls, a table and chair failed to make a "dry land sailor" out of New Jersey's pride for these long winter afternoons of Plebe year found him with Henry's proteges disproving the old adage that a true sailor never gets his feet wet. In the spring his yearning for a wet sheet, a flowing sea and a wind that follows fast made Chev, a boat and the waters of the Severn one and the same.

Like a true son of the sea, he still retains Neptune's age-old antipathy towards mermaids, but few, if any, have ever entangled him in their meshes. True, his ready wit and flashing repartee, added to his Nordic visage, made him the object of longing sighs from the gowned ranks.

Plebe Swimming; Plebe Rifle; Class Swimming; 2 P. O.



JOEL CLARENCE FORD, JR.
 "Hank" "Henry"
 HARTSELLE, ALABAMA

WILLIAM RUFFIN COX
 "Bill"
 RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

EVERY once in a blue moon the salt of the earth is increased by the arrival of one of those rare personages who can put up with the shortcomings of a roommate and still keep his sense of humor.

Hank, or Henry as some will persist in calling him, comes from that mysterious land of candied potatoes and candy lambs. Of course, with so much sweetness running around on the hoof it shouldn't be difficult to cultivate a hearty laugh, and this lad certainly did.

Women flock from foreign lands right here to Crabtown and all they beg is to be allowed to bask in the sunlight of his countenance, so of course we have given him up long years ago as a confirmed tamer of the fair ones. But when the shouting and tumult dies our bet is that he drops anchor down in old Alabama and goes back to some charming young lady he has always kept in mind.

As the years pass I shall see in the smoke of my pipe a broad smile, and, in the true manner of the Southland, shall sense a warm greeting that Time will not dim; so I say, Au Revoir, roommate!

BILL is one of the big fellows who hail from North Carolina and is proud of it. Having come from a family of Army people, he wanted a little variety and so joined the Navy. And if you'll dig back into the traditions of North Carolina's army men, you will find that we feel pretty lucky to have converted him to the sea.

Athletics instead of dragging have occupied most of Bill's time, and he has shown his versatility by going out for football, crew and track. His ability in track has stood him in good stead in getting to formation on time as anyone in the first platoon of the Eighth Company can tell you.

To call Bill an idle conversationalist would be blasphemy; for when he has something to say, it is usually worth while to listen. A square shooter and a good friend, he has every requirement for a good officer; and wherever he goes we know he will make a success. Luck to you, Bill.



Log Staff, Associate Editor; Wrestling Manager; Lucky Bag Staff; Football, 32; Musical Clubs; Reception Committee; 2 Stripes.

Football; Crew; Track; Class Swimming; Reception Committee; 1 P. O.



ALBERT SIDNEY MAJOR, JR.
"Al" "Maje"
CLIFTON FORGE, VIRGINIA

WITH the deeds of Stonewall Jackson and Jeb Stuart and Robert E. Lee as his heritage, Al rode forth on his horse from Clifton Forge, Virginia, to battle the world and its evils through the medium of the Naval Academy. Shoeless, hatless and on a flea-bitten nag, he presented anything but an imposing figure as he rode across the Shenandoah Valley on his conquest. But a sojourn at V.M.I. for a few years put him in the right frame of mind for the outside world and he placed himself in the kind offices of the government, a fine, upstanding, essentially military young gentleman. With the manners of the Old South as his background and a naturally cheerful mien as his calling card, he secured for himself a position in the world behind these gray stone walls that is second to none. His adventures and his jousts with the ladies are always a source of much interest to his friends and the latest developments are digested with more excitement than would be aroused in any seminary for select young ladies.



CHARLES BURROWS LANMAN
"Hank" "Charlie"
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WITH the eyes and the interest of the world turned on Washington and the presses of the country clamoring for the latest releases, Hank first opened his eyes there to a cold, cruel world. He didn't like the looks of it, and went back to sleep. For twenty odd years he lived under the delusion that all the interest on his birthday was directed at him, and it was quite a shock to learn that it was only a coincidence, with President Taft holding the center of the stage.

"Our strength is as the strength of ten because our hearts are pure." Struggling ever onward and upward, despite his own private Hoover boom and the adversities of a midshipman's life, he finds his little watchword as quoted above quite a prod to the lagging spirits of a Sunday evening, when the young lady of your choice has returned to Washington and the curtain of despondency has descended upon you. "Sunday night and sore as can be," has ever been a Navy proverb, but the other breaks through this gloom caster and the Department of Ordnance, Nav, Steam, et al., find their little tasks faithfully discharged.



Football, NA; Class Track; 1 P. O.

Track; Plebe Football; Class Football; 2 P. O.



THOMAS BENEDICT HURLEY
"Pat"

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

ONE hot June day four years ago, Tommy, with a broad Irish smile, came into the yard and proceeded to make a thousand or so friends. Tom Hurley, or Pat, if you must confuse him with the Secretary of War, is one of the few people liked by the D. O.'s, the upper classes and the plebes. Without studying much, he absorbed enough to keep from worrying about the eternal 2.5. As for athletics, turn to the sport section.

Tommy comes from a home only a few blocks away from the scene of the Army-Navy Salvation-bathrobe benefit in '30. His prep education was acquired in Stuyvesant High School along with letters for various sports.

After High School, Tommy let a little time pass, then fell for the "call of the sea." The Congressman for his district lived next door; so it didn't take long for his wish to be gratified. Then came Plebe summer and what followed, Youngster year, which he divided between the Fourth Batt and the hospital, second class year with lots of printer's ink, and finally this picture up above and four years finished.



LEWIS OSCAR SMITH

"Lo" "Sonny"

FAIRMONT, WEST VIRGINIA

MOUNTAINEERS often take to the sea. In the summer of '29 West Virginia sent another one East to carry on the tradition. Well over six feet and of wiry build, he soon acquired the marksman's gold circles—the true mountaineer.

A disposition that made many friends and a character founded on an instinct for right made Lewis the ideal classmate. His inspiration was usually music. Be it jazz or classics he would go a long way to hear a good orchestra. More or less periodically other inspirations entered his life.

A more than usual ability in basketball and tennis left him off the Executive Council of the Radiator Club; on the other hand a natural savviness and a clear conscience permitted him to erase his deepest worries with nine or ten hours' of Dr. Morpheus' treatment.

A gentlemanly reserve neutralized by a democratic enthusiasm brought him esteem. A warm heart brought him strong personal attachments, and together these qualities will bring him deserved prosperity and success.



Football, N; Baseball, N; 2 P. O.

Ring Committee; Basketball; 2 Stripes.





LEROY BARTLETT HALSEY
 "Gus" "Mad Anthony"
 CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

WITH the Stars and Bars floating above the fort and the old massa at home from the wah, suh, the Francis Marion Hotel completed and the ferry to the Isle of Pa'ms on a business basis, Charleston, South Carolina, felt herself in a position to indulge in a few luxuries. From this outburst of fiendish spending burst Mad Anthony—Southern Gentleman, dilettante, iconoclast, care-nothing-for-what-you-think. Successive trials at the Citadel, stronghold of Southern Militarism, and the University of Charleston, cradle of American culture, convinced him that he was totally unfit for the Naval Service.

A casual observer, perhaps a roommate of four years' good standing, could not fail to notice that he is inclined to be a bit too destructive with anything breakable and is not to be trusted with anything that one values particularly—especially the light of one's life. Gus has always had a trenchant weakness for the feelings of the young ladies, and at times it takes the form of some good advice to a perfectly strange young lady on how she might improve her looks or her mode of attack.

Clean Sleeve



AUGUSTINE JOHN TUCKER, II
 "Jack" "Sophie" "Ajax"
 MOYLAN, PENNSYLVANIA

ABOVE is one Ajax from Chester, Pa., or thereabouts. Boyhood days spent around shipyards and pulling an oar for his prep school crew, then a trip or two on seagoing tramps and a try at railroad building—result, another "aspirante." From a somewhat ambitious and serious youth, he has deteriorated into a swell fella.

Follows a cross-section of his roommate's mind. Serious to a certain point, but blessed with a sense of humor. Do not disturb while reading. Journalism his chief passion—a line which he has followed until it has caused the men, who are, to notice him, and, it must be confessed, occasionally with disapproval. A crew enthusiast—at first a successful participant, but now consigned to the ranks of a spectator, too light for the heavyweights and vice versa. Academically inclined (?)—no. "It's the last month and we have velvet." Religious—yes, and one of the few that live up to it. The ladies find him very pleasant. Smokes a very large and very obnoxious pipe. His crowning achievement thus far is that he is a guiding light among the Reprobates.



Crew, 32; Log Athletic Editor; Chairman Pep Committee; Lucky Bag Staff, Associate Editor; Reception Committee; Company C.P.O.



ROBERT DOWNING ROBLIN
 "Bob" "Robby"
 WATERVLIET, NEW YORK

PICTURE for yourself a medium sized handsome young blond fellow with a balanced portion of that well-known New York self-confidence and you have a fair idea of our little Robert. Bob has spent the better part of the last few years trying to convince the rest of his classmates of the advantages of getting duty in the submarines after graduation. Oh, yes, and don't forget the Merchant Marine and the Army. Bob also gives us all the dope on these two services.

Along the line of athletics Bob has divided his spare moments between getting scratched up in class water polo and light-weight crew. A bit of Cat Fever during the spring of his second class year caused him a little hard work in the latter sport.

Since Bob was born at, and brought up in, the Watervliet Arsenal we can hardly blame him for his rather warlike character and utter dislike of all peace treaties and other diplomatic conferences. It is probably this characteristic combined with his early acquiring of sea-legs by playing with toy boats in the Hudson that gave the Navy such a great break.



CHARLES HENRY KRETZ, JR.
 "Hank" "Mouse"
 OKMULGEE, OKLAHOMA

HANK came to us from the sunny state of Oklahoma where the "oil flows and the gas blows" and the Indians drive Rolls-Royces. Sometimes we think that he may have learned a few of his tricks from the noble red man, as a more fun-loving disposition can't be found anywhere within these walls. A war whoop that would make the aforementioned natives sit up and take notice, and a bag of tricks were his heritage when he came, and the years have only added to his inventive genius along these lines.

As far as academics are concerned, Hank has never had to worry particularly. Perhaps he did find "Youngster year" math a little hard, but then that's a habit with every Youngster class. A natural bent for the more scientific subjects, such as "Juice," certainly more than makes up for any weakness in any other subject.

Hank has always been a keen devotee of the more warlike pursuits. Numerals in small-bore, numerous activities in pistol, and a fondness for machine guns certainly have qualified him for brother Capone's right-hand man.



Crew; Water Polo; 1 P. O.

Class Football; Plebe Small Bore, 32;
 Crew, Coxswain; Reef Points, Business Manager; 2 P. O.





CHARLTON LEWIS MURPHY, JR.
"Spud" *"Murph"*
 PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

ONE bright day in June, '28, a future member of Uncle Sam's "Spoiled and Pampered Pets" was seen struggling through Number Two Gate. His attraction for the sea began while navigating about the islands of Casco Bay in his youth, and was furthered by the sound of the big gun off Lynnhaven Roads.

From the beginning of Plebe year the sound of the typewriter could be heard in his room, "clicking out" dope for the Log. The added work on Reef Points and editing the '32 edition also kept him busy. Aside from this, much of his time was spent in keeping his violin in tune for the orchestra presentations.

One glance into his locker would convince you that Murphy is not a woman-hater. He always has had time enough to take care of the "Sugar Reports" and listen to the recordings of Tschaiakowsky, Wagner, and Beethoven.

His ability to see the happy side of the worst annoyances, his genial disposition, and his amiability all help to make him the good shipmate and true friend that he is. May our paths cross often.

*Log Staff; Orchestra; Reef Points,
 Editor; Pep Committee; 2 P. O.*



LLOYD HIRAM McALPINE
"Mac" *"Scotty"*
 SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

WHEN Mac came to Crabtown he had the Navy pretty well figured out until the Academic year began. It wasn't entirely to his liking, and he had plenty to say about it, like a true salt; but he remained—perhaps to growl—but in spite of everything he remained.

The Academics gave him a royal battle, but Mac never could work as hard as when he had to. He never let down, and always managed to pull himself out of a hole with his own bootstraps.

When he wasn't pulling sat, you could always find him in the wrestling loft. If he was pulling sat, he could always be found in his room with some of the Boys; "Now what good is all this theoretical stuff anyway?"

He always manages to be on hand at the hops, solo or in harness, and never misses a party. A ready wit and an engaging manner makes him good company on any occasion, be it an all night stand after a football game, or a game of bridge.

Self-reliant, straight shooting, and keen, Mac will do well in all that he undertakes.



Wrestling, W32T; 2 P. O.



MALCOLM TOWNSEND MUNGER
"Mal"
STONEHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

STONEHAM may be a small town, but it certainly did itself proud when it turned out Mal. Every inch of his five feet seven is just as Yankee as his state. Loyal, straightforward, honorable, he has all the traits of the true New Englander with the exception that no one could call him in any way puritanical. No, that would be stretching a point. He is not what is known as a *savoir*, but perhaps that could be laid to the fact that books never held any charms for him. That old two point five, however, never held any fears for him, and the end of the term always found it buried with plenty of velvet.

As an athlete Mal's small stature was no great handicap, and his sense of balance and nerve made him a strong man on the gym team.

Mal seldom drags, but he is in no sense a red mike, having a quiet, smooth way with the femmes. His good nature and ready smile added to his gentle sarcasm have endeared him to all who know him. He is forever griping, and yet is always cheerful; never the same person, though naturalness personified.



CARLTON ELBRIDGE HOLLOWAY
"Jo" "John" "Hollie"
MIDDLEBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS

"WANT see you!"—in the New England tones and twang as only the true sons of the North East can characterize them, often marks Carl's entrance. Calm self-assurance in that tall quiet poise and clear perception with frank straightforwardness are evident in those large, piercing gray eyes. The mixture of Yankee shrewdness, frankness with biting humor, kindness with good nature, makes up Carl's manner. This personality attracts depth and violently repels shallowness, thus producing friendships of the sterling quality that never die.

Academics, the grey walls, routine and the rest were taken as a matter of course and adopted so quietly that Navy life seemed an inheritance. Studies slide by with knowledge and interest as the chief aims and marks a secondary matter. A deep interest in athletics and activities made Carl an activity fan and a delver in all sports without specialization.

Swing along the trail of life with that naturalness of manner, big boy, and the summit of success is yours.



Gym, GNT; Reef Points; 2 P. O.

Plebe Baseball; 2 P. O.





CLAYTON ROGER SIMMERS
"Joe"
 BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

JOE, having wandered about the globe since infancy, could do naught when the time came but follow the parental footsteps Navywards. The initial step was much easier than the following ones, which necessarily led through that labyrinth of mysteries called the Math Department. The maze had to be retraced once early in the game, but from then on the footing was more even. In subjects not requiring a mathematical fineness, he could, and did, grapple with the best the first section could offer.

Juggling with pdp. dO required too much of Joe's time to allow him to row, with the consequent blasting of a promising career as an oarsman.

Joe is one of the best informed men of the class, a quality which was both an advantage and a disadvantage to many Plebes.

Joe's wit and humor, combined with his flair for expression, always made him the center of any gathering. Joe is as true a friend as one could want, and truer than most have the good fortune to find.

Plebe Crew; Class Football; 1 P. O.



HARRY WOODWORTH SEELY
"Hank"
 HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

BORN among the vineyards of Northern New York, Hank learned to make his first estimate of the situation at Ridley College, Ontario, ostensibly safe from the influence of all things nautical. But the Finger Lakes Region had its insidious effect, fortune favored our water polo team, and Hank came among us to spend five first-string years in the Plebe and Varsity "suicide club." This he did most successfully, for he gained all-American ranking as early as Youngster year. In addition, he varied his athletics by playing soccer during the fall.

He is perhaps most famous for his under-water prowess, but he is plentifully endowed with other and less spectacular qualities. He is an equable and amiable disposition with an unruffled demeanor that cannot hide his innate consideration, helpfulness, sympathy, and loyalty. Beneath a deceptively quiet exterior lurks an insatiable desire to go places and be up and doing, making him an addition to any party.

A gentleman, a real friend, and the best of shipmates.



Water Polo; Block N, Captain; Soccer, ANF A32F; Class Swimming; Company Representative; Class Football; M.P.O.



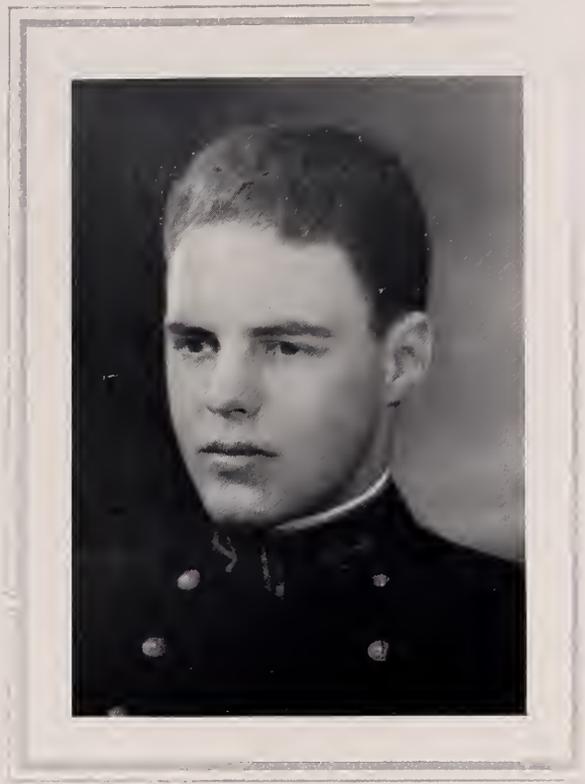
JOHN RANDALL SPIERS
 "Jack" "Spartacus"
 PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

WE'VE always imagined Welshmen as very small, quick people with impossible names, but Jack is our human paradox. Six long feet of him convince us that crew is not for us. Intractable brown hair and hazel eyes complete the picture.

Jack was born and brought up in Philadelphia. Penn Charter was his stamping ground before the lure of the uniform got him. We will always feel that Jack has gotten a great deal more out of this our vale of tears than most. He believes implicitly in his ability to shape his life after his own ideals, though he is never obtrusive about it.

Athletics appeal to him in their ultimate importance to health. Music has charms to soothe him, but he seldom raves over it. His keenly inquisitive mind, coupled with his inherited conscientiousness, keeps him booming long after we have knocked off for the day.

Somewhere in the service we will meet him again and will be reminded of the good it has done us to know him. Always considerate, interested and active, we know his success is assured.



WILLIAM TAYLER VROOMAN
 "Brum-Brum" "Bill"
 SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

BILL is a handsome lad from that far-famed producer of reliable gadgets—Schenectady, New York.

He likes books and claims that some day he will write one. He has a way with the girls, too. But they are not always to be outdone—for it seems that he is falling at last.

His chief characteristic is energy. Every waking moment he is doing something—reading, writing, swimming, dragging, making a racket, playing the Vic, or off to NA. Ten practice. He has his serener moments, too, which indicate that there is something behind all his restlessness—a desire to get on in this world and concern for his friends. He gets by in his studies and that is all that worries him. The rest of his time is spent in whole-hearted indulgence in his other activities.

In a word, Bill is a great little guy. We wish him luck—and hope that the tale of our friendship will not end with our Academy days.



Soccer; Crew; M.P.O.

NA Ten; Glee Club; Swimming Team; Pep Committee; 2 P. O.





ADOLPHE WILDNER
"Adolphe"

SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK

ADOLPHE has but one weakness; a strong one at that. He would sacrifice anything from a Navy breakfast to an hour's study of navigation for an opportunity to enter an argument, and he could convince a host of Darwins that the hen jumped out of the egg.

Unlike the nose-led and spoon-fed who travel in the ruts left by others, he created his own sphere of thought and proceeded as his ideas dictated.

Like the better half of Academy men, he occasionally found his name on the short end of the monthly student versus professor game, but he always ended the season with enough drive to look back and smile at the nearest academic evils.

GENTLE, MEEK, and MILD? Well, hardly, for he did his share of work on the wrestling squad, jogged through thick and thin with the cross country runners, and spent more than one Sunday playing lacrosse for '32.

Adolphe was a generous friend to all who knew him; a pleasant classmate, and the sort of fellow who was welcomed in any company.

Wrestling, W32T; Cross-Country;
Class Lacrosse; 2 P. O.



LINDSEY WILLIAMSON
"Willie" "Schmaltz" "Bucky" "Windy"
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE University of Rochester lost a great son when Willie took to the sea. He was not only a great part of the athletic teams, but shone in the classroom as well. Gifted as he was in these respects, the fellowship and idealism of college attached him to the institution with the affection and loyalty of a true son. Yet, the lure of the sea was too great, so he entered the Naval Academy.

With his one-hundred and sixty pounds of brawn packed in a stature of five and a half feet, a jolly disposition and "une air de savoir," he was at once as much at home in the Navy as a duck in the water. No academics ever disturbed his peace of mind. If it weren't for so many Cosmos to read and so many different kinds of solitaire to master, he could easily have earned the gold stars.

In soccer and baseball Willie has great natural ability. In each he loomed as a stellar player until a too flexible knee curtailed his activity. Yet every fall and spring sees him with the old gang. And here, as everywhere, he receives a hearty welcome.

Baseball, 32; Soccer, A32F; Class
Basketball; Choir; 2 P. O.



MARRY BLYTHE

"Goo-Goo" "Dream Daddy"

HE'S tall, he's dark, he's handsome—not too tall, not too dark (Heaven forbid), but none the less handsome. His talents are unlimited (to him at any rate). He is equally at home on the golf course, dance floor, in the saddle or behind the plough. His favorite pastime has been chasing balls for the ham 'n' egggers until someone mistook Goo-Goo for a ball and threw him for a goal.

His one great fault is going around smashing feminine hearts, but what girl wouldn't like to be loved by a dark, handsome brute in brass buttons? How would you like to see this face before breakfast every morning? Four years with Dream Daddy has been an experience none of us will ever forget. We feel sure that he will not be among the first to report to the Chaplain at graduation, for, having broken the heart of every girl he knows, he will have to make new conquests before he is taken off our hands. Meanwhile you take him, I'm unsat.



RICHARD SHAI MANDLEKORN

"Dick" "Kelly"

PEORIA, ILLINOIS

DICK is a regular fellow and just the man to have around if you need some encouragement or help. He is a most unselfish chap and will willingly lend a hand whenever necessary whether you are out of luck in academics, finances, or love. Never having to worry about academics himself, he is usually in a position to be a great help to one less fortunate.

Having had more experience than the rest of us in matters of the heart, Dick can usually find a solution to the most intricate problem. He likes athletic activities but has so many non-athletic interests that he has never been able to put in enough time on any one to excel in it. He is a good diver, enjoys swimming and likes nothing better than an occasional game of tennis or a friendly bout in the boxing ring.

Dick is famous for his unfailing good humor. He laughs at trouble and the most appalling tragedy appears to him merely funny. Perhaps that explains why he gets along so well with his many friends.

Radio Club; Class Swimming; Masqueraders; Trident; Plebe Boxing; Press Club; Stars; 2 P. O.



LEON SAMUEL KINTBERGER
"Leon" *"Kinty"*
 BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

THE A course at Baltimore Poly and a year at Johns Hopkins seemed not quite to fill the bill, so late in the summer of '28 Leon joined the ranks of the class of 1932.

Standing well in his class with a minimum amount of boning, he always has time to lend a helping hand to those less fortunate than he. Of course, that doesn't include dago. Dago is the proverbial thorn in Leon's side and one noun does not exist for him in its relation to French.

He's not quite a snake but on every occasion he can be seen dragging a girl from Crabtown. Yes sir! It is the same girl every time.

Ever there with a cheerful word for all and a quick, deep sympathy for any mishap labels Leon a real bright spot in the sometimes drab routine—and what a boon at table, for he doesn't like milk or ice cream.

We hope to meet him on the outside. Best of luck, Leon.



WILLARD FELDSCHER
"Bill" *"Will"*
 ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

THERE has been altogether too much talk about the secret of success. Success has no secret. Her voice is forever ringing through the market place and crying in the wilderness, and the burden of her cry is—"Will."

"Will," or Bill as he is better known, has those qualities that spell success, as anyone who knows him will tell you. If his studies at college compare with his favorites here, he certainly did some real work back home.

"Bill" is a happy combination of seriousness and pleasure. Academics are but a necessary evil, still he manages to keep with the best of them. One could run on like this forever, singing loud hymns of praise to his many virtues, but the regret with which we take leave of him is conclusive proof that he has made a warm place for himself in the heart of his roommate.

In short, picture a pleasant, congenial fellow, and you will have a valuable addition to any commercial enterprise.

Plebe Wrestling; 2 P. O.

2 P. O.

Casualties—Class of 1932

Plebe Year

WILLIAM A. ADAMS, JR.
CHARLES E. BEERS, JR.
W. C. P. BELLINGER, JR.
CHARLES F. BLISS, JR.
HORACE N. BROYLES
HARVEY A. BUSH
LEONARD J. CARMOUCHE
CHARLES E. CLARK
PAUL J. J. CONNOR
WILLIAM L. CULBERTSON, JR.
CONRAD L. DIXON
ANDREW G. DOEDEYNS, JR.
AUGUSTINE P. DONNELLY, JR.
JAMES R. DRIVER
ROBERT T. DUNN, JR.
THEODORE W. DUVAL
CLARK M. ELLIS
ROY D. ENGEL
JOHN N. GILLIGAN
ROBERT L. GRANTHAM
EDWARD E. GREENE
RAYMOND J. GREENWOOD
ELMUS K. HANBY, JR.
PAUL T. HARNEY
ADAM B. HART
JULIAN HATCHER, JR.
CLEMENT M. HENDREN
JOSEPH F. HENDRICKSON
FRANK D. HOLLOWELL
HARRY J. HUBBARD
JOHN W. HUGHES
JOHN W. JOYNER
GEORGE W. KENNEDY, JR.
ORVILLE P. KERWIN
CLIFFORD LARSON
ROBERT J. LAWRENCE
CHARLES T. LYLE
STEPHEN MALINA
COSTELLO P. MASSEY
GEORGE H. McCAIN
JOHN W. McCALLA
GEORGE W. MEYER
SAMUEL W. MORRIS, JR.
ROLLIS S. NELSON
WILLIAM H. NOYES
WALTER ORZECOWICZ
WILLIAM T. PARTRIDGE, JR.
ARTHUR A. PETERS
CARL C. PETERSEN
ALLAN W. PICKARD
WILLIAM H. PRAGNELL, JR.
LUTHER S. PUGH
DAVID I. PURSLEY
JOHN B. READ
JAMES F. RICHARDS
WILLIAM E. ROBEY
FRANCIS D. ROPER
VIRGIL P. SANDERS
FREDERICK R. SCHREITER
RALPH H. SCHUCART
BRUCE V. SCOTT

Plebe Year—Contd.

ETHAN A. SCOTT
JESTER J. SEDORE
GEORGE H. SELIN
WILLIAM C. SHELLBERG
EDWARD P. SIMONSON
LEE C. SNOEYENBOS
JOHN W. STILL
DWIGHT E. STYNE
ASHFORD TODD, JR.
MAURICE L. VAILLANCOURT
DONALD H. WEBSTER
ROBERT H. WHEELER
CLARENCE M. WHITE, JR.
WALTER H. WOODING

Youngster Year

JOHN D. AKSTULL
JOHN F. ANDERSON
CHARLES M. ANDREWS
JAMES E. BACKSTROM
WALTER F. BELL
DAVID E. BITTERMAN
JOSEPH H. BOYLE
EUGENE C. BULKELEY
JESSE B. BURKS
WILLIAM R. BYERS
JOHN B. CONWAY
JOHN A. CROGHAN
FRANK M. DAVIS
THOMAS W. S. DAVIS
ARTHUR A. DENTON, JR.
FRANCIS DONALDSON, JR.
ROBERT D. DRYSDALE
ROBERT E. DUELL
LOUIS B. ELY
RALPH W. FACKLER
FRANK S. FERNALD
HALFORD R. GREENLEE, JR.
JAMES F. GROVE
RUSH B. GUNTHER
KARL F. HAWORTH
VERBURT N. HAYWARD
DAVID E. HUGHES
EDWARD L. HUTCHINSON
ROBERT H. KASHOWER
FREDERICK J. KIRCH
ROY F. LEVERENZ
KENNETH LOVELAND
JAMES M. MANWARING
JOHN S. MATTHEWS
HUDSON L. MCGUIRE
WARREN H. MCKENNEY
C. R. MCKIBBEN
ROBERT L. McVAY
GLENN A. MILLIREN, JR.
ROBERT C. MOORE
FRANCIS J. O'BRIEN
CHARLES H. PARKS
ROBERT V. PHILBURN
FRANCIS M. RAIN

Youngster Year—Contd.

JAMES M. RODGERS
JOSEPH P. RONAN
CHARLES ROSEN
EMMETT C. ROSS
LEON M. ROUSE
JOHN C. SAUNDERS
EDGAR H. SCHAID
JOSEPH D. SCHANTZ
HUGH L. SHERIDAN
THORNTON SHERWIN
HENRY D. STURR
DONALD F. VAN DE WATER
GEORGE R. VAN HORNE
LOUIS E. VON WOGLOM
VAUGHAN D. WILLIFORD
HAROLD C. YORK
PETER W. YOUNG

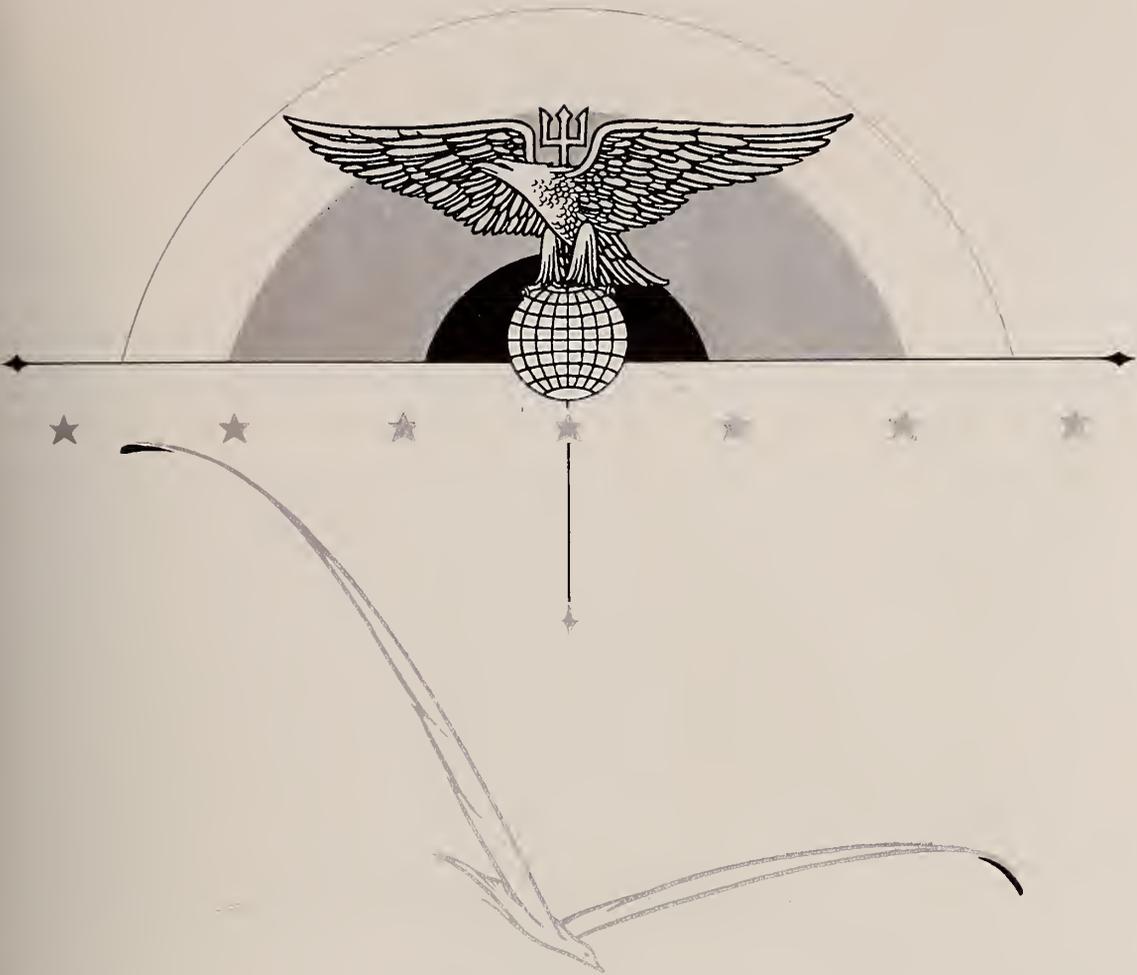
Second Class Year

CLAUDE F. BAILEY
H. A. BALDRIDGE, JR.
FRANCIS S. BELL
FREDERICK W. BOND, JR.
FREDERICK S. BRONSON
MILLER S. BURGIN
EARL S. COLEMAN
HARRY G. FRANCIS
CHARLES HITCHCOCK
EUGENE JANZ
FRANK I. KERR
FRANKLIN G. KEYES
CHARLES H. KEYSER
DOUGLAS C. McDUGAL, JR.
WILLIAM P. MONTGOMERY, JR.
LAWRENCE L. MYATT
HAROLD E. RUBLE
THOMAS D. SCHALL, JR.
JOHN W. SEAGER
HUGH B. SEVERS
HOWARD E. SMITH
FRANK H. THRELKEL
KENNETH S. TODD
JOHN R. VAN SLYKE
DONALD A. WEAVER
JOHN J. WILLSON

First Class Year

CLARK H. BARR
COLWELL E. BEERS
GEORGE R. FINK
WILLIAM P. HOLLOWAY
PHILLIP C. HOLT
EQUEN B. MEADER
JOHN R. PARKS
JOSEPH C. PHIPPS
GEORGE A. ROONEY
ROBERT D. ROSS
EARL S. SCHWEITZER
GILBERT N. STEVENSON
ALLISON F. P. WILDER





*B*ENNETT'S HEROISM



Class History

ACTIONS speak louder than words and pictures never lie. On these two platitudes we base our story, presenting it to you with the famous classroom war cry,

The Picture Works
The Prob.

WINTER in Panama and Fleet Concentration. Fingers of light cutting the gloom from the searchlights of the gray sided men-of-war—that swing idly at anchor in the Roadstead. Purring motor launches, distinguishable in the murk only by a red or green sidelight and the phosphorus of their wakes, weaving in and out of the monsters who mother them. Liberty Parties and Shore Patrols and white linen suits. Old Panama and the Locks and visions of Morgan. And, finally, the Hotel International and the Miramar.

The door swings open in the Miramar and in stroll four red-cheeked ensigns—the ink still wet on their commissions, the eyes still wide at the concentrated power of the Fleet, their amazement and wonder at their sudden rise to officer status not leavened even a little by eight months in J. O. Country. The place is filled with people whose faces they recognize as members of the higher order of stripes and as they stand in the doorway absorbing the smoke and the atmosphere and the gayety, the realization strikes them that maybe they are of the lesser fry and should be shy and retiring in such a gathering of superiors.

“Back corners for us,” says the taller—and apparently more practical one. “A nice quiet table tucked off in the gloom is just the thing for us at this point.”

“You’re right, old hoss.”

“Suits me.” Complete approbation all around and they seat themselves at a wicker table that looks across the Bay of Panama.

“Garçon. Mozo. Vakmeister. Waiter. Somebody bring us four beers.” Tall and cool and dark it came, and they settled themselves to the panorama that unfolded itself before them. The lights that outlined the locks, the ships coming in from the Pacific to anchor and wait for dawn, the incessant flashing of the light on Flamingoe Island,—it all lay before them as an unreal fairyland.

“This is the sort of life to give the troops. As a matter of fact, I’m all for this Fleet business. It’s a whole helluva lot different from the cruises that we made.”

“You’re right, it is. All the time at the Academy, I wondered if it was anything like the life that we led there. There’s something about it that sort of gets you. It’s a different attitude, all the way around. And, men, I like it.”

“You men out of this year’s class?” Some stranger in a white linen suit and panama hat sitting at the next table with an apéritif. And, unmistakably, the Academy ring.

“Yes, sir. Fresh as paint, I guess.”

“How do you like the Fleet by this time?” With every word that he spoke, he hitched his chair around a little more, until, finally, he had joined the group. A couple of more cool ones around and they were fast friends.

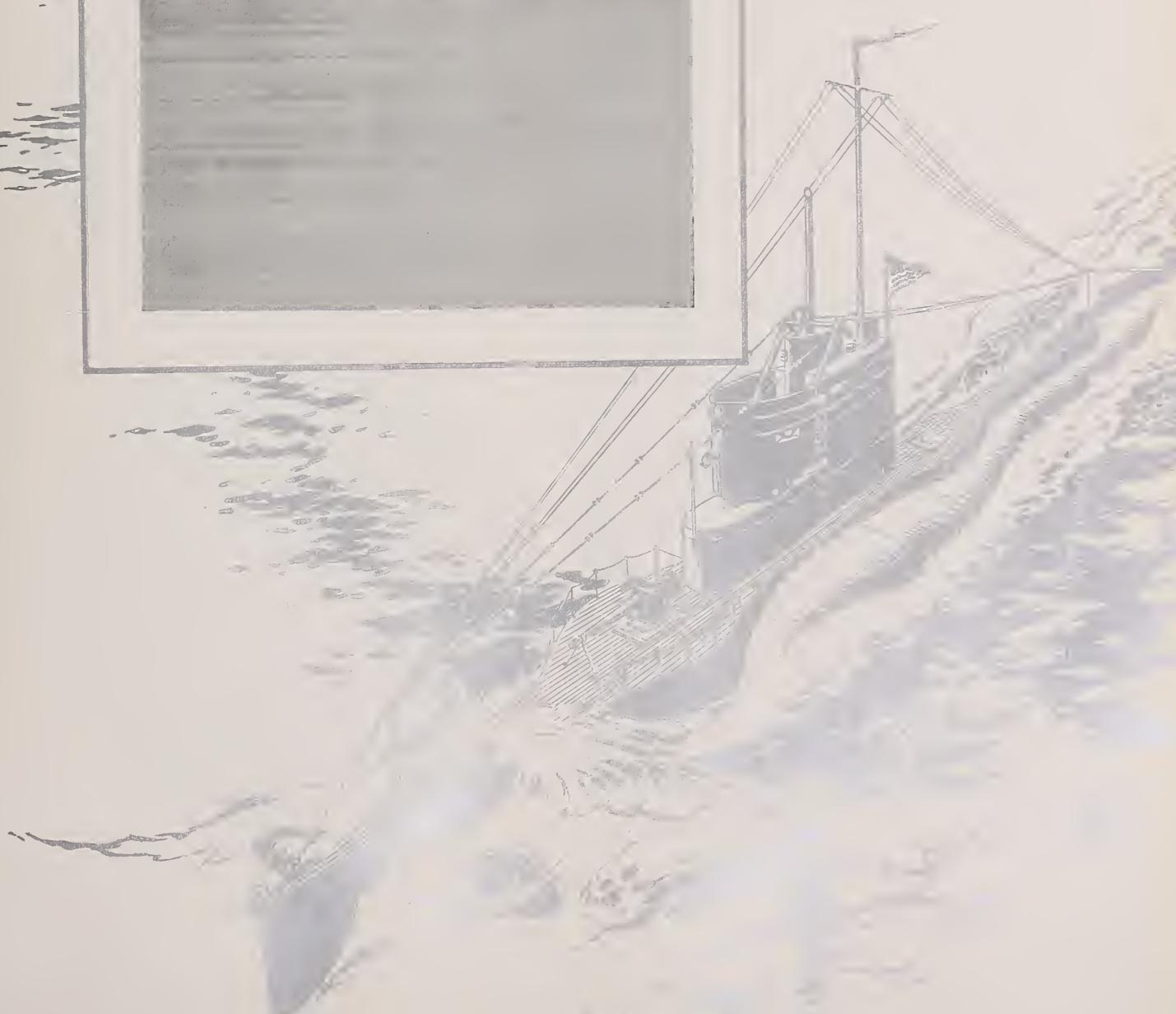
“We were just saying how different it was from the Academy life and how much we liked it.” The tall one was doing the talking, but all the others were nodding assent. “What class were you?”

“I’m out of Thirty-two. Ten years seems like an awful short time when you look back on it. And I’m still a Lieutenant. Well—” with a sort of grin-and-bear-it look,—“I guess I can’t kick much. You guys that have just come through don’t know what good times are. They’re turning out an awful lot of sissies nowadays. The Navy’s shot to hell.

Now When I Was A Midshipman——



As Plebes





*That
first
morning's
impression*



We learn to shoot



the breeze



and row



The result of—



I "wanna" be a sailor





White service and Chapel



Qualified handlers



Crew 409



Mr. Van Astorbilt visits us



I ban Yohn Ovrom from Wisconsin



Beached on the Severn

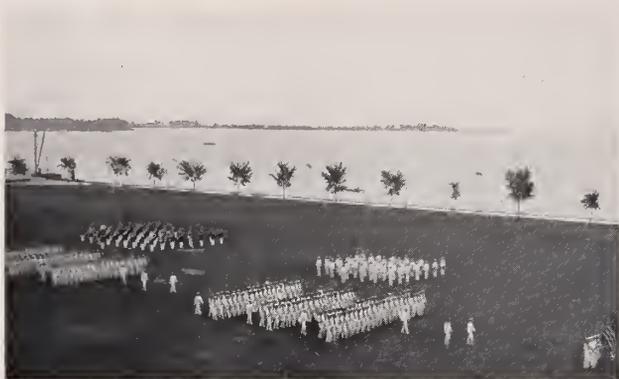




*The hurricane
bit us.*



A Plebe summer night's dream



For the Flag



First blues



Rotunda watches came with '32



Our perpetual bilger





250 out to make the first team



Colors



Taking the oath



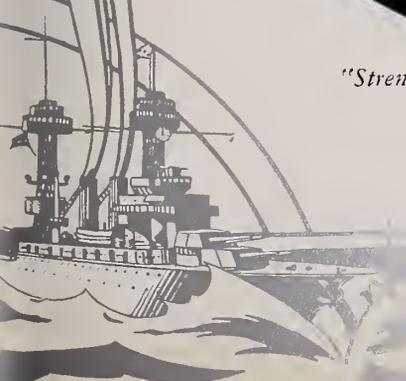
Those good old inspections



"Stren'th tests up on the machines"



Saturday morning races





They're back!



Safe from the clutches



Turning 'em square



Treed—and so soon



"And stow it neat!"





Gawd! But it's cold in Maryland



The forbidden garden



Hard at work



"Hoist away!"



Free for a day





If Stribling walks?



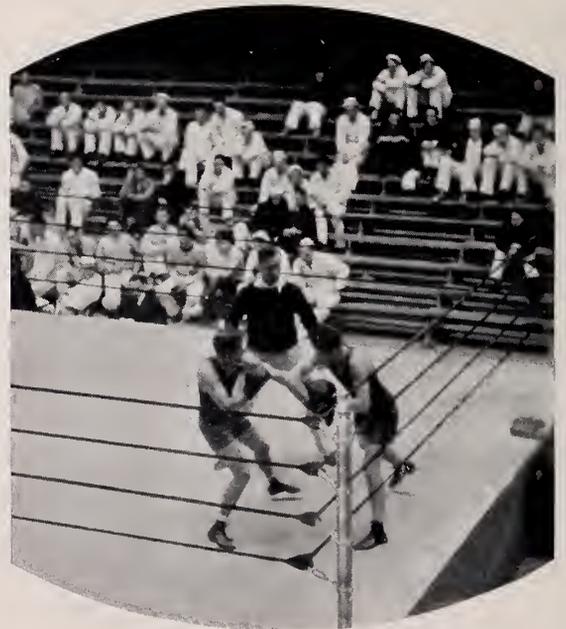
Wednesday afternoons



At peace with the world



"Repel boarders!"

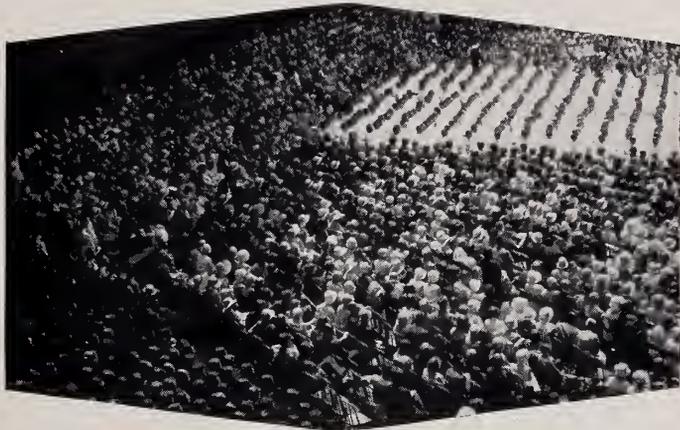


What price Harvard Shield?





Hop—Plebe's eye view



Graduation?—Infinity!



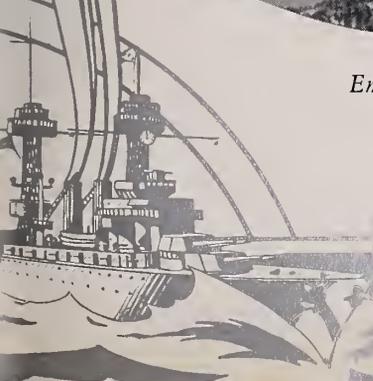
Only three more years



Embarking on new seas



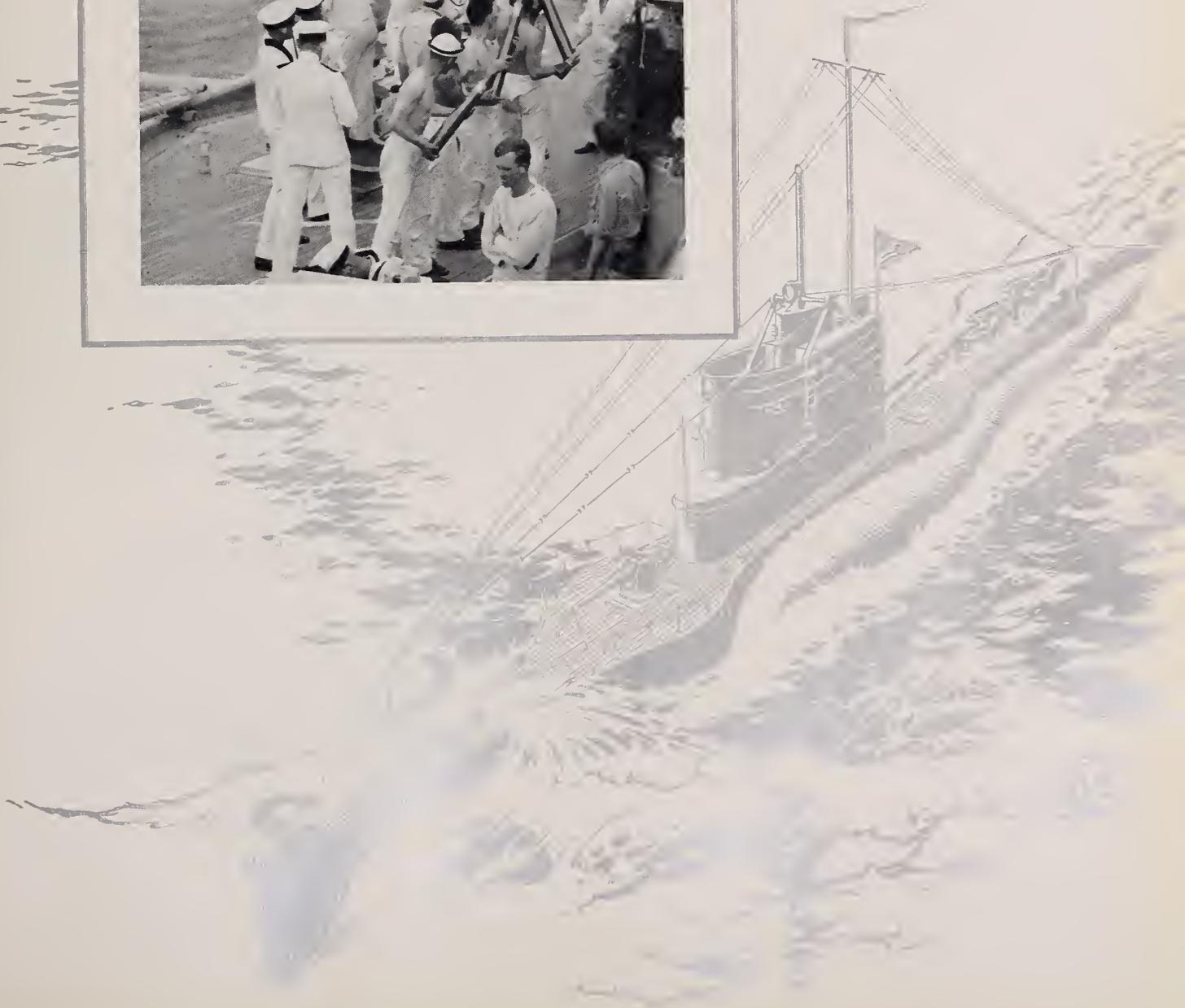
'Taint no mo' plebes!







As Youngsters

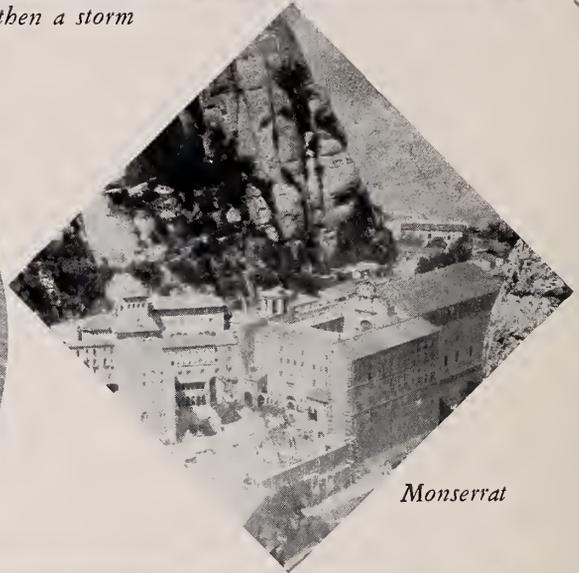




Ten days at sea and then a storm



First callers



Montserrat



Eighteen days and land



Exposition

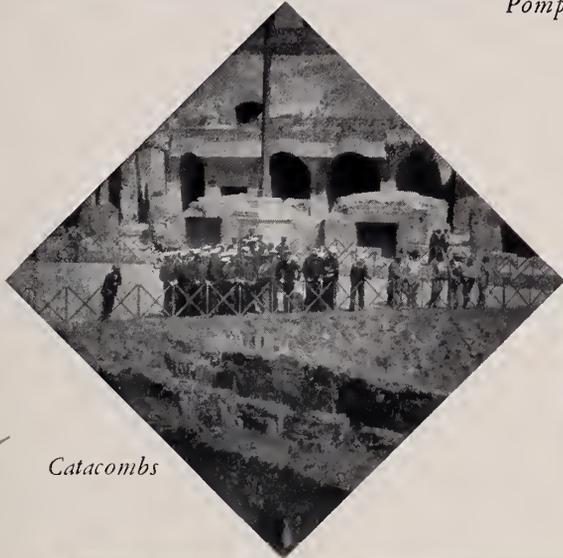


Bull fights





Pompeii and Vesuvius



Catacombs



Spaghetti



Up the hill



Very nice



St. Peter's





Time on our hands



Chow?



Christofo Columbo



*Annunciator
watches*



Gib



Six pesetas an hour





Weymouth



Unknown soldier



Country lane



And lions



Circle of commonwealths



Buckingham Palace Guards





Norfolk—U. S. A. again



And field day



And Admiral's inspection



Packards



Happy hour



On the first day of Sept. leave





S. R. B. P.



The chief



Home, boys, home!



Swimming call



Up the bay



First class turning to





"Old Pal"



Youngsters always drag



Sunday afternoon



Youngster cut-off



On to Princeton





Bad boys!



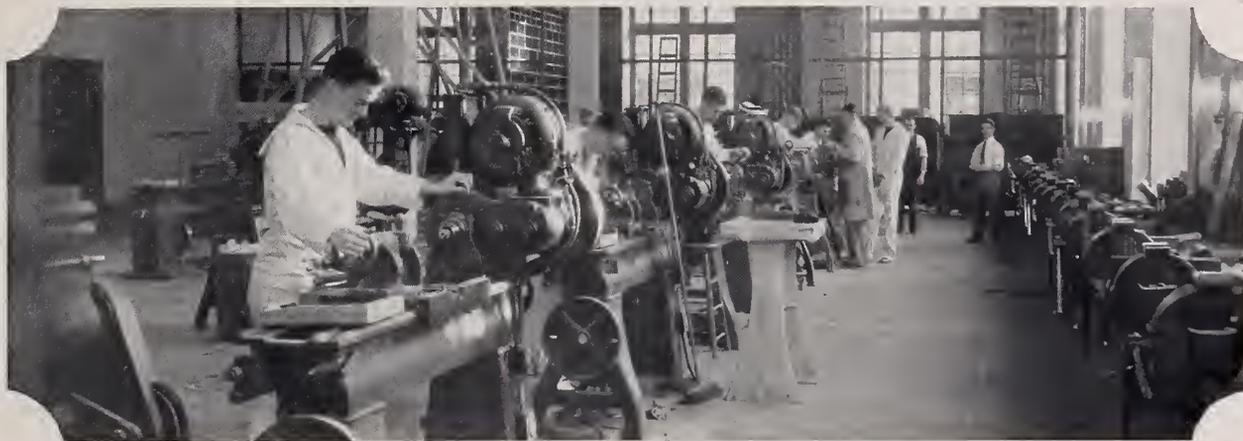
The old Nyvee!



Whiling away afternoons



*Sending
'em off*



"Three big steams!"





"Let go the jib halyards"



"Can Spring be far behind?"



A little rest



Winter afternoons



White cap covers!





H'm



"E" agitated, I have made an error



It'll soon be over



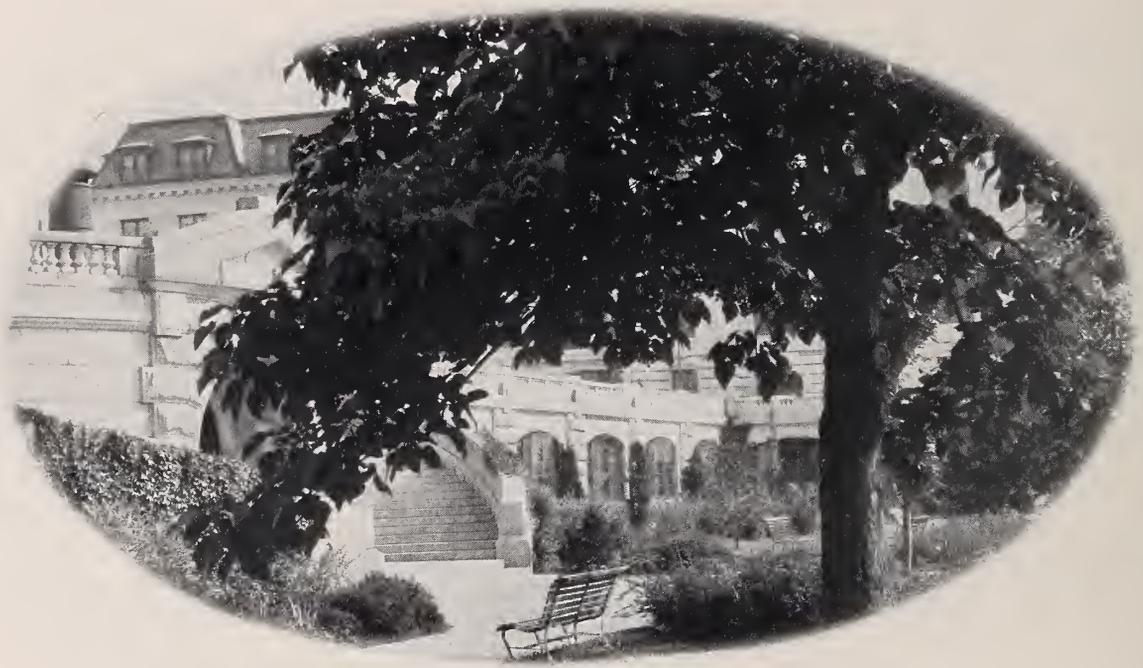
Easter Sunday



The second time around—for the movies

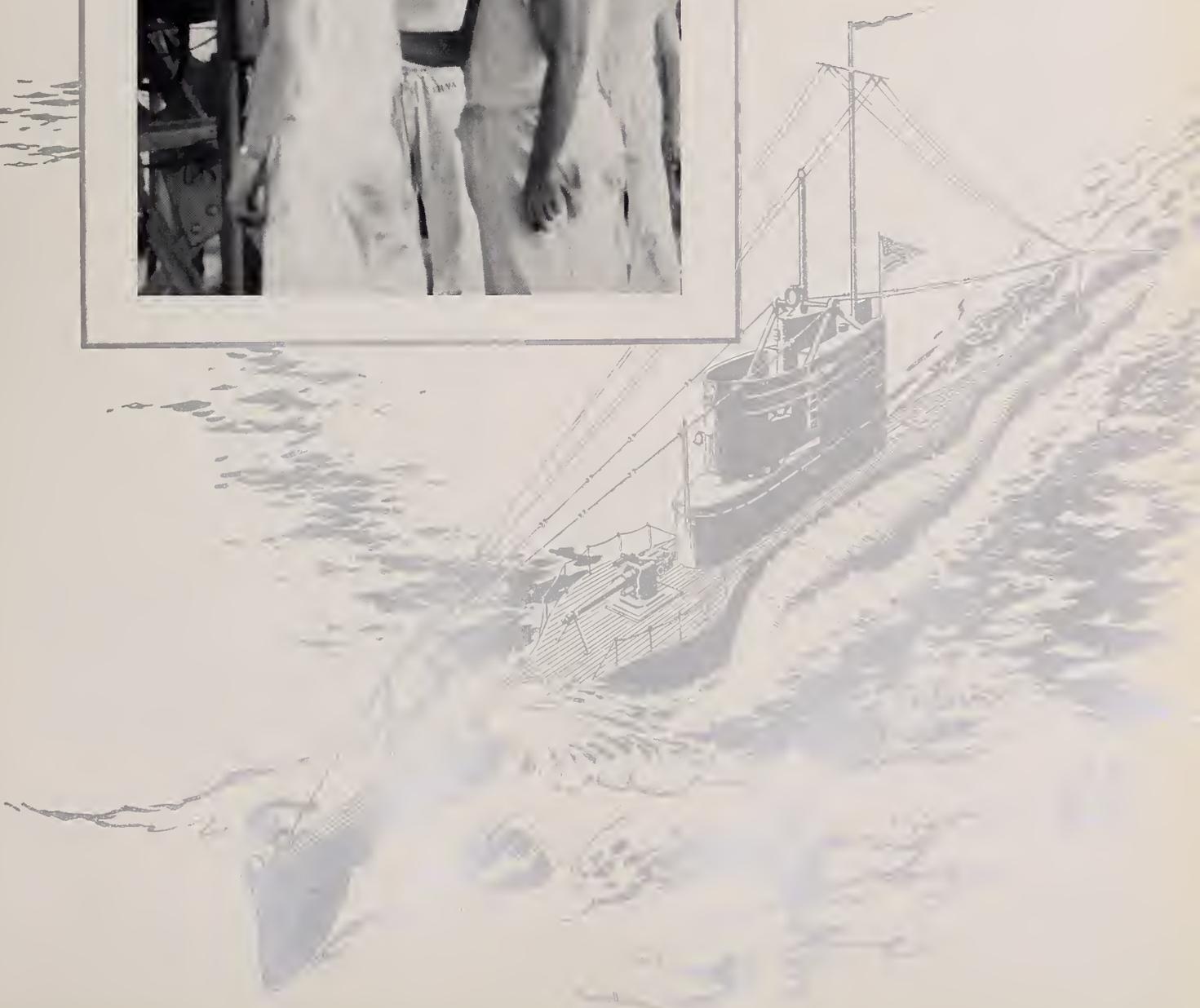
[*Two Hundred Ninety-five*]





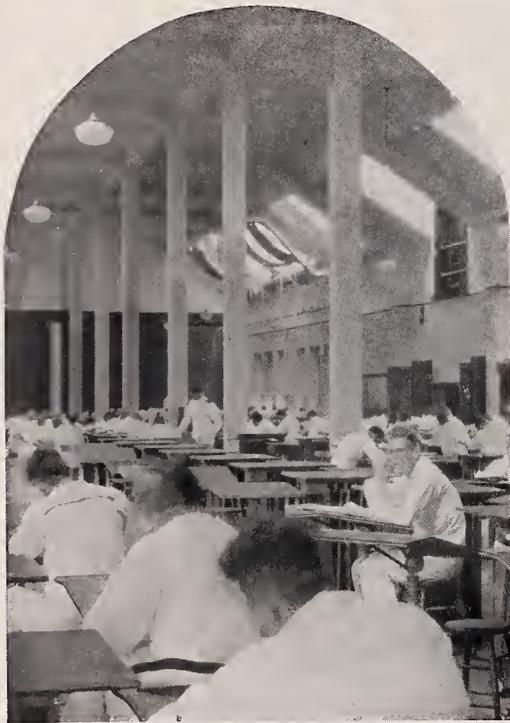


*As Second
Classmen*





4N-31-33



Coco Solo's P-works



Taking off



Come on in



4th deck mate





Macdonough Beach



Watches



Da dit da



Mechanics



For pleasure

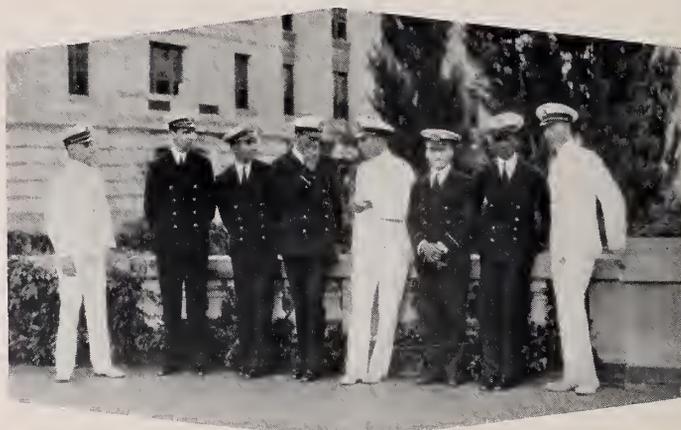




Our gang



Don't hit the model



Spanish Midshipmen

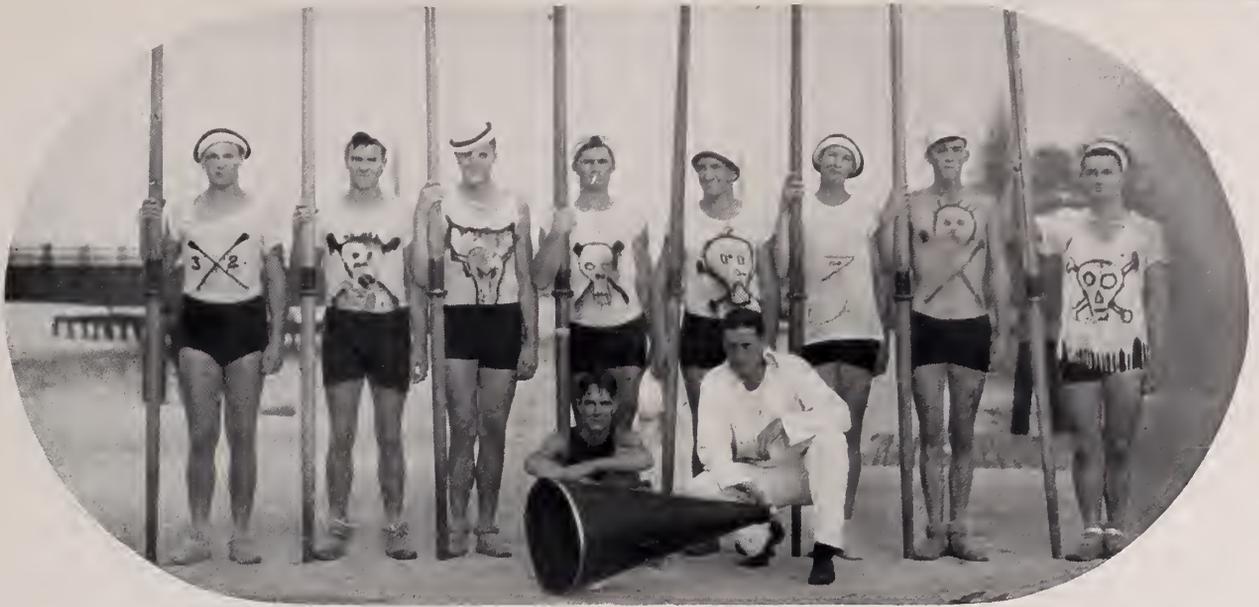


Johnson in action



In the pool





Bobbie's boys



On the warpath



You Plebes!



"Yasstr, Mr. Heath"



Rifle Range





Summer home



Just boys



Week-end fishing



Contact



Juice





The flagship of Boucher's Navy



Aircraft experts



Parades



The Smoke Park gang



Week-end party

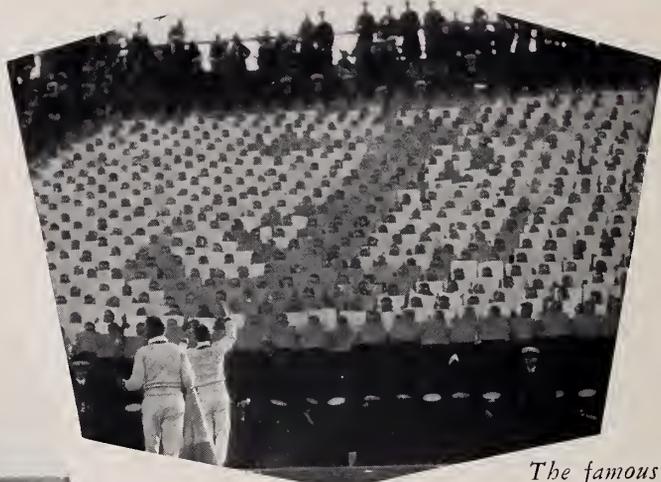




First game



Now what?



*The famous
Card Tricks*



"It's tough"



Raise you five!



Catenaries, aba!





Taking a ride



*Practicing for
S.M.U*



*How much
better*



Kaydets

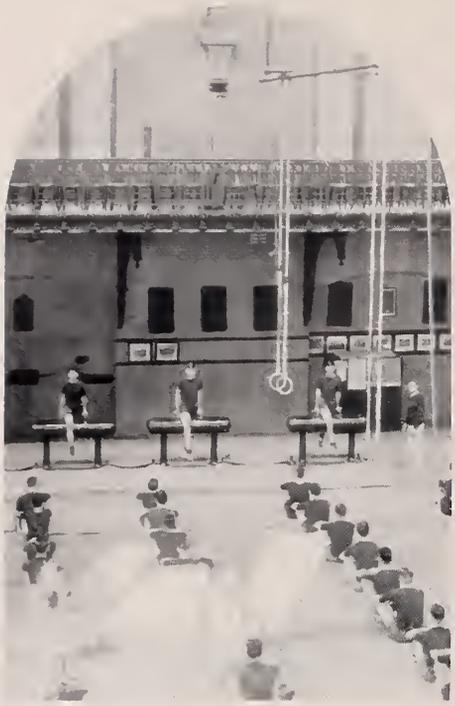


War Paint



It must be Spring





By the numbers



Up to double-O



Hell cats lead us to religion



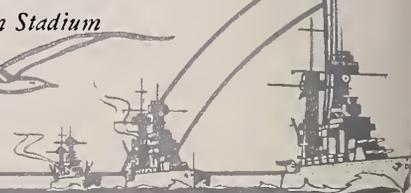
Ain't love grand



Dedicating Thompson Stadium



"Fall in and stand steady"





Sparklers at last!



Admiral Hart takes charge.



May Day and—



May Poles.



For a first-class cruise



"The" Ring Dance







*As First
Classmen*





From June Week

To Copenhagen



Via the Nautilus



Tivoli



Berlin and San Souci





Elsinore



*The Middie looks
at the Queen*



Scotch highlands



Greenock and the Clyde



Buying out Gieves





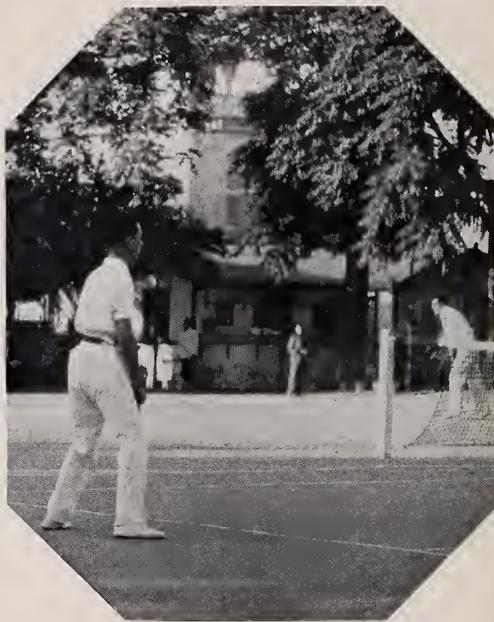
Young bulls



Cadiz six miles out



Champagne tea



Tennis



And La Playa

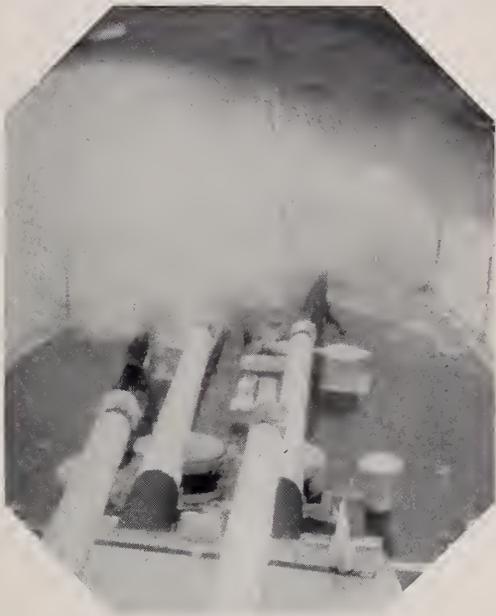




Greek training ship



Tangiers



Rough weather



Wyo wins the Bennett cup



Shades of Trafalgar

[*Three Hundred Thirteen*]





Hunting

And navigating



Leads to the Louisville



And another Field Day



And Virginia Beach





Pop guns



Load



Hit! No change



Now, when I was a youngster

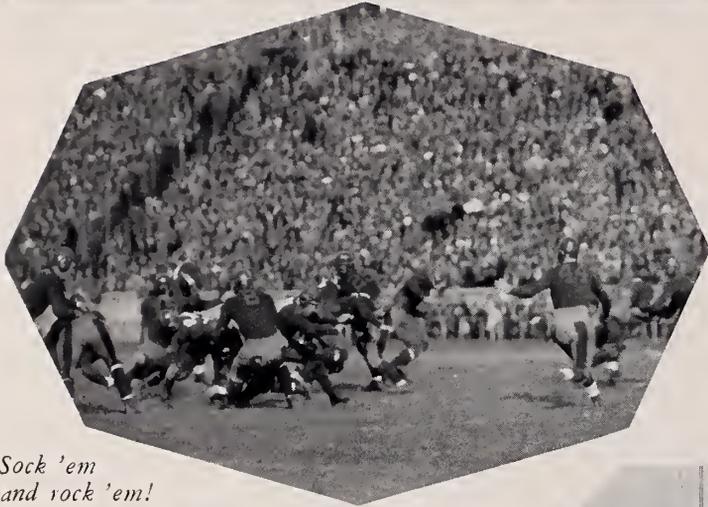


The anchor man





Our newest prerogative



*Sock 'em
and rock 'em!*



Bill and family



*Would you like
to take a ride?*



As was





And GENTLEMEN—



*U. S. Frigate
Constitution*



Christmas leave!



Beat who?— Army!



"Close excitation switch"





Miss Springfield as she is dragged



Optimistic?



Dreisengatch, Marc-St. Hilaire



Try to hit it!



Colonel Stoopnagle's audience





100 days—and what a night!



*Hurry!
For 27 holes*



*One minute
to go!*

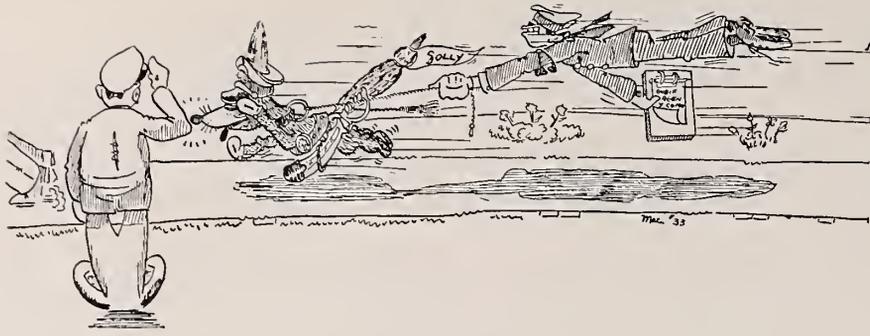


"First-class mate!"



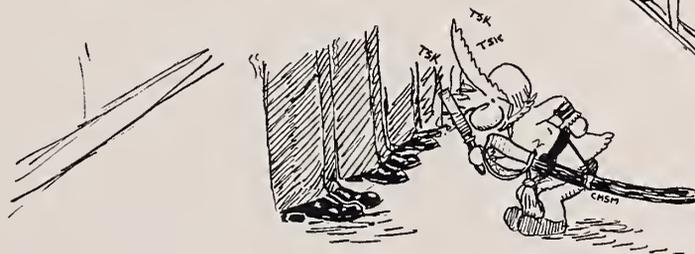
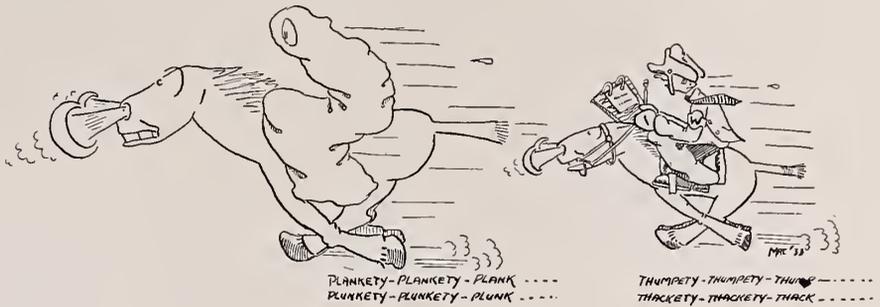
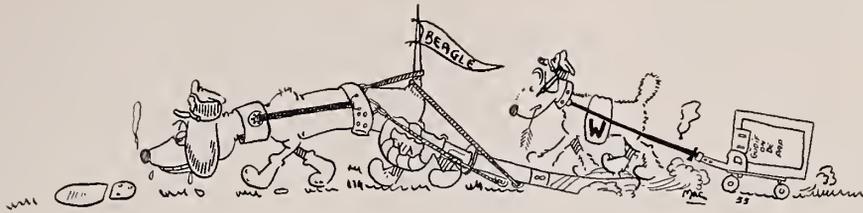
No more rivers!





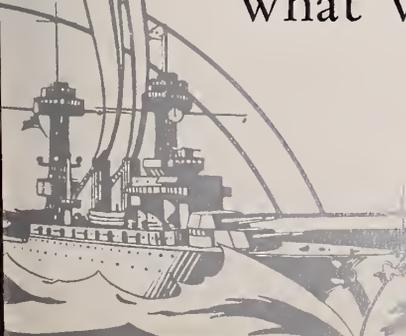
They have made us





what we are today

[Three Hundred Twenty-one]







Foreword

DESPITE the fact that pages and pages of this book have been devoted to eulogies of the Class of Nineteen Thirty-two, in all honesty it must be confessed that there are other people in the Naval Academy who contribute as much to the life and activities as do the "serious seniors."

In these mass pictures that follow, everyone loses his identity and becomes mere background for the fortunate souls who got in the front ranks. But in and among the background, there are mixed the people that we have known and liked and with whom we have been shipmates. And there are men who are only delayed action classmates and whom we will be willing to welcome to the fold when they, too, have completed their course and become eligible for fitness reports. They have all been material aids to making pleasant the three years that have elapsed since we became elevated to the somewhat doubtful honor of being a Youngster.

We give you

THE CLASSES

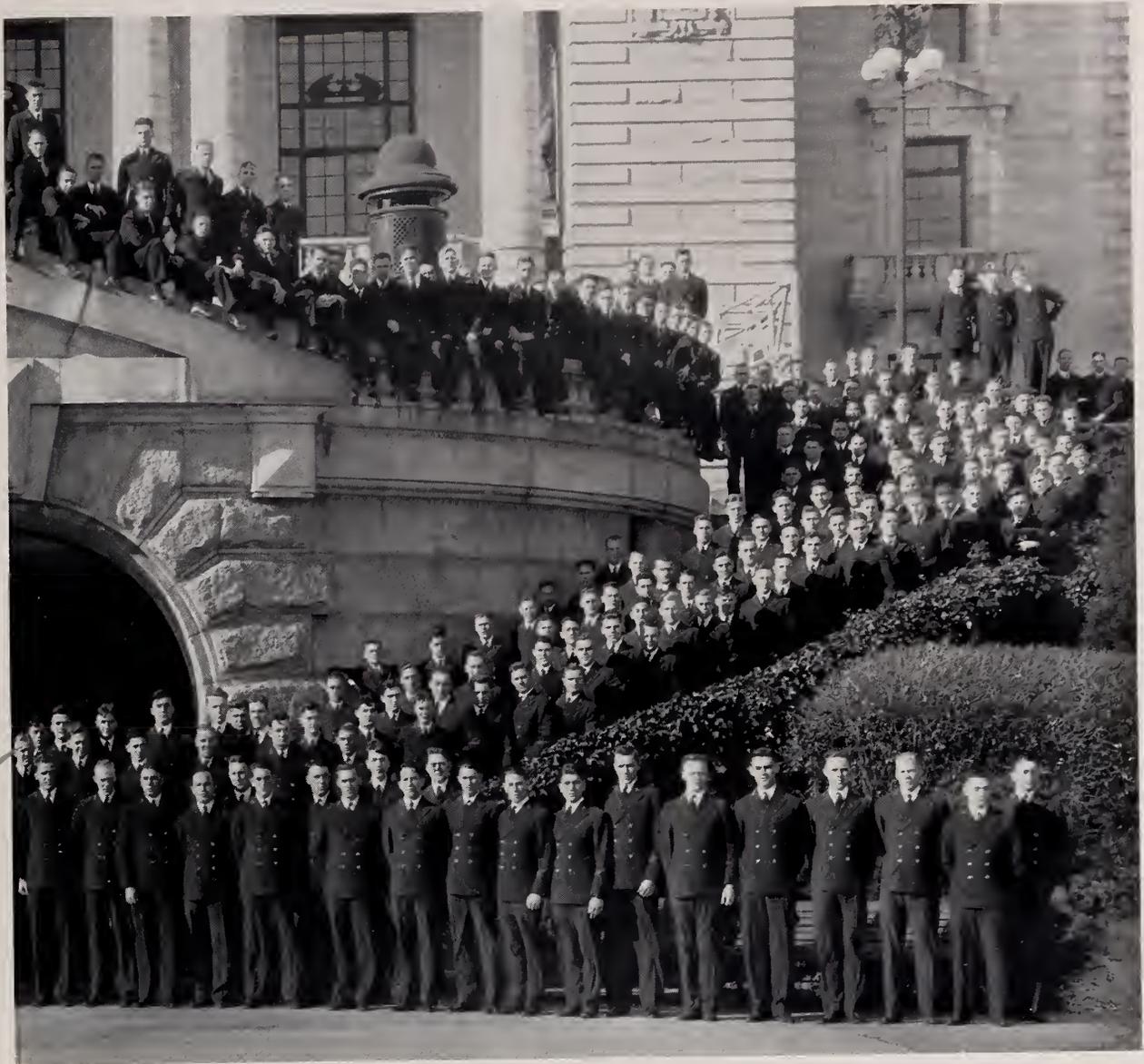


Class of 1933

WITH "three years behind and one to go," it doesn't seem so far back to that dim, dark, distant summer of 1929 when, seven hundred strong, we congregated here in Annapolis, from all over the country to solidify into the Class of Nineteen Thirty-three.

Plebe Summer passed before we realized it and it was only when we had really gotten into Academic Year that we really understood how Plebe Summer was a fool's Paradise and probably the most carefree time of our entire careers.

We became Youngsters and earned that greatest of all privileges—to drag. And we saw another class graduate while we became Second Class. Second Class Summer with its week-ends and its "cits" and its freedom was more appreciated than the Summer as a Plebe



and enjoyed more fully. And then we settled down to learning the process of command from the class we were to succeed as S. O. P. Three dollars more a month, another stripe, our introduction to Ordnance and Nav, the "Book of the Month Club" and currents that would not alternate. But as we get down toward the end, we realize more fully that it is the best year of them all, the transition from irresponsibility to responsibility notwithstanding.

We've tagged along behind the Class of 1932 for three years and from them learned most of our lessons. But above all, we hope that the lesson we have learned the best from them is the sane and thoughtful handling of the Academy while "lords of all that we survey."



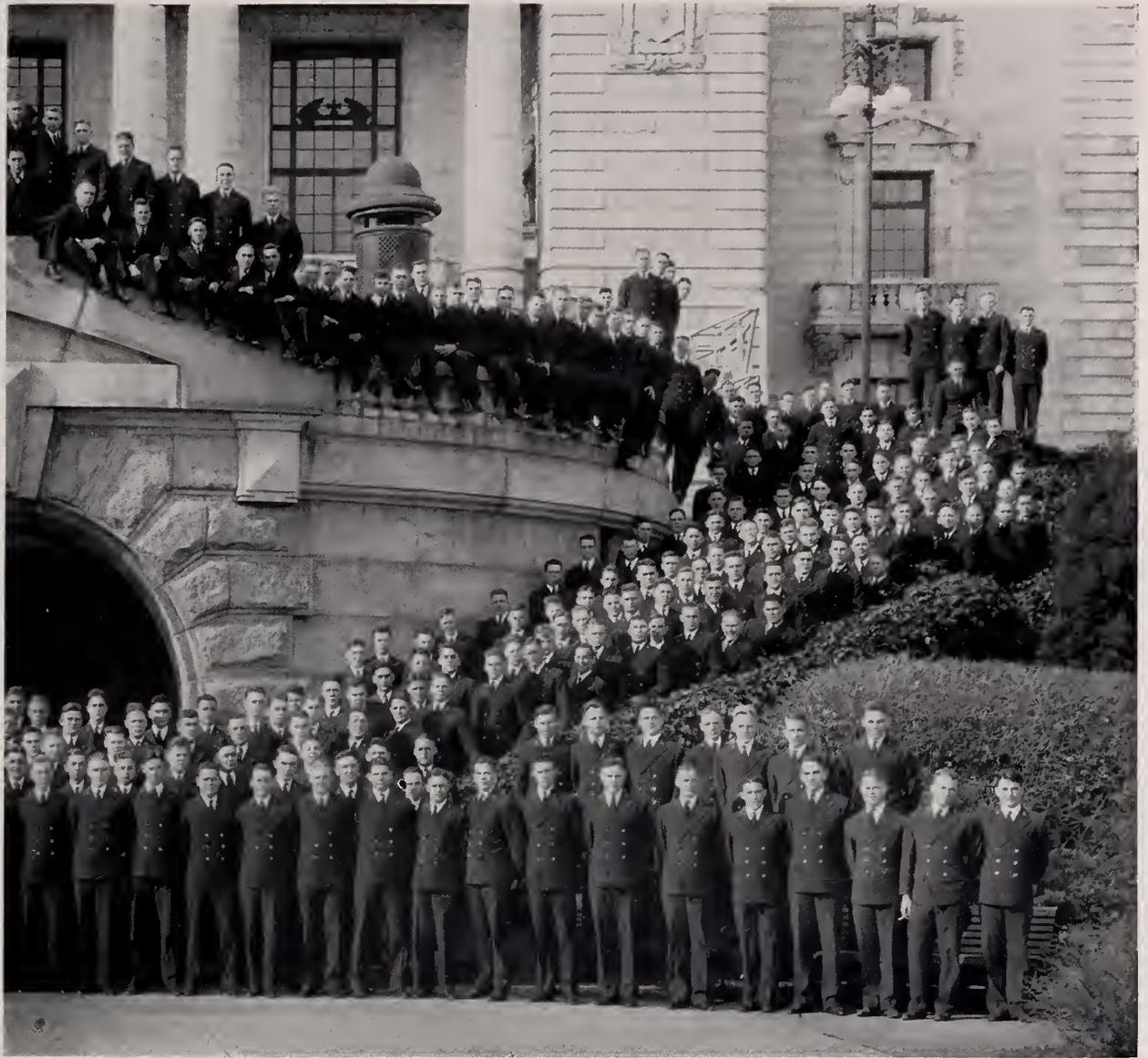


Youngster Class

WITH two years of Naval Academy life to look back on, Thirty-four reaches the mid-way mark with joyful anticipation of a companion for that lone "diag" which seemed so elusive one year ago. Not twice the plebe year sweat which earned that narrow gold band seems comparable with the mental whirlwind from which we are yet recovering. On the verge of mental collapse, Thirty-four views with wonder the mystic crystal which holds the secret of Second Class summer and the two years to come.

Looking back on its baptism by fire-hose and its teething in the hard ring of discipline, the Youngster Class sees a plebe year as long as youngster year seemed short. To our minds the two blend together over the gap of June Week and the summer cruise while memories





of that first September leave lend enchantment to the future. Two Army games, too, stand out as vivid towers in our memories of the past.

So Thirty-four approaches that point in Academy life where the past and future lie well balanced on the scales of time. Only time will reveal the multitude of pleasantries and disappointments that await in the uniform with "two diags" as only time has revealed the quantity of fun and pain dressed in Plebe and youngster garb. Thirty-four hopes to fit its new raiment with the carrying on of the old spirit of the class, the regiment, and the service.

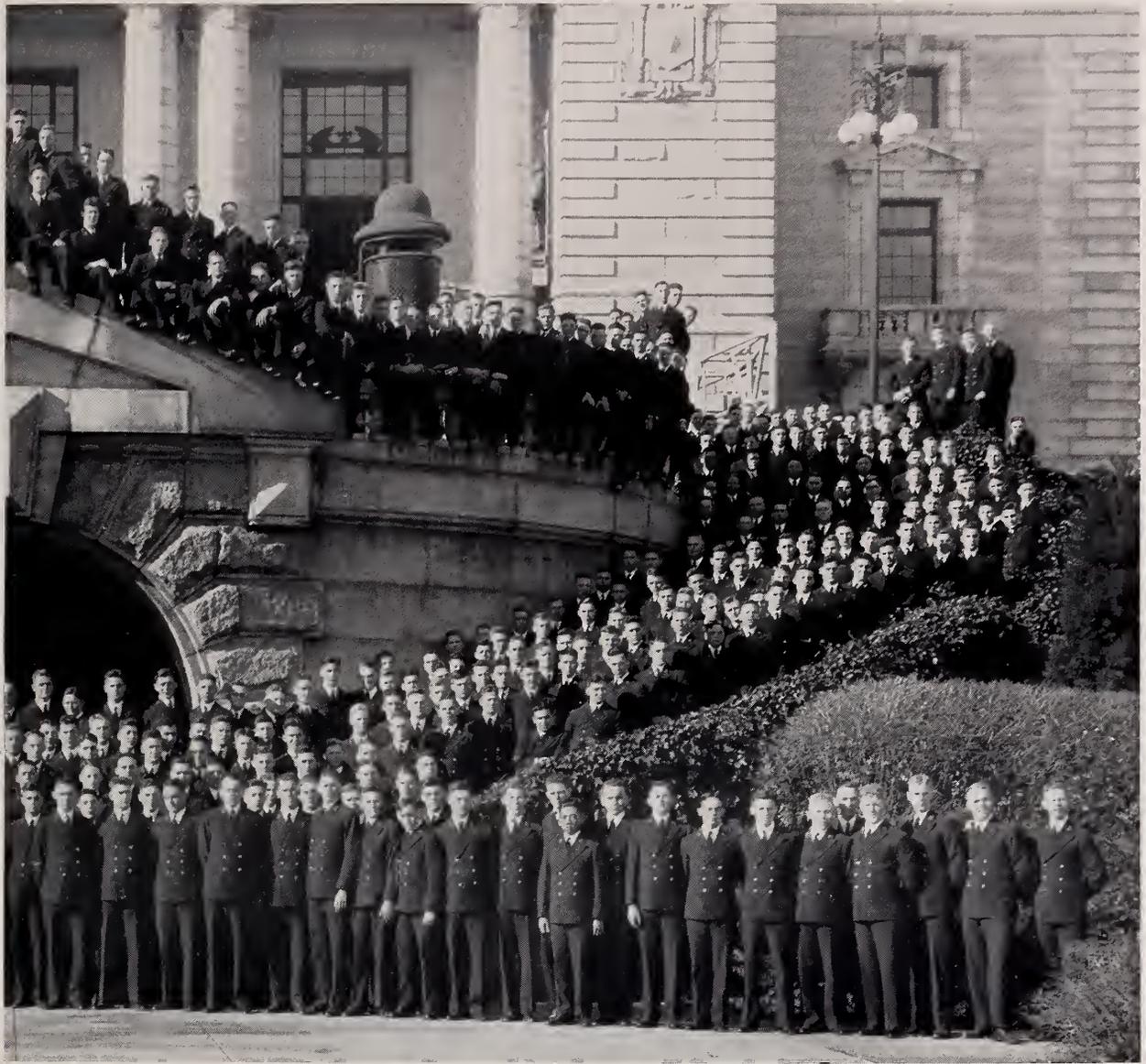


Plebes

AS our one diag changes from a dream to a reality, we look back upon plebe year and realize that from the heterogeneous assembly that wandered into the Administration Building twelve months ago we have been made into a class.

The transition had its tribulations. For a long plebe summer we strained our backs to the cutter's oars, groveled in the dust of the rifle range, and learned that "Squads right" is something more than a quotation from a war novel. For eight Academic months we bore the brunt of the best, or perhaps worst, efforts of the various departments to send us back into the darkness whence we came.





There have been pleasures as well as trials. We found our Navy Spirit at the athletic games. Our first Christmas Leave brought us a never-to-be-forgotten thrill—that of returning to once familiar sights and friendships, and seeing them from the standpoint of our new environment.

Our experiences have unified us. We have come to know the man who squares his corners, braces up in the mess-hall, and answers the eternal "Plebe ho!" for a friend. Our class spirit is born of these trials, but it will not end when they are over. Never again will we be merely a group of plebes, nor even of youngsters. Now and forever, we are THIRTY-FIVE.







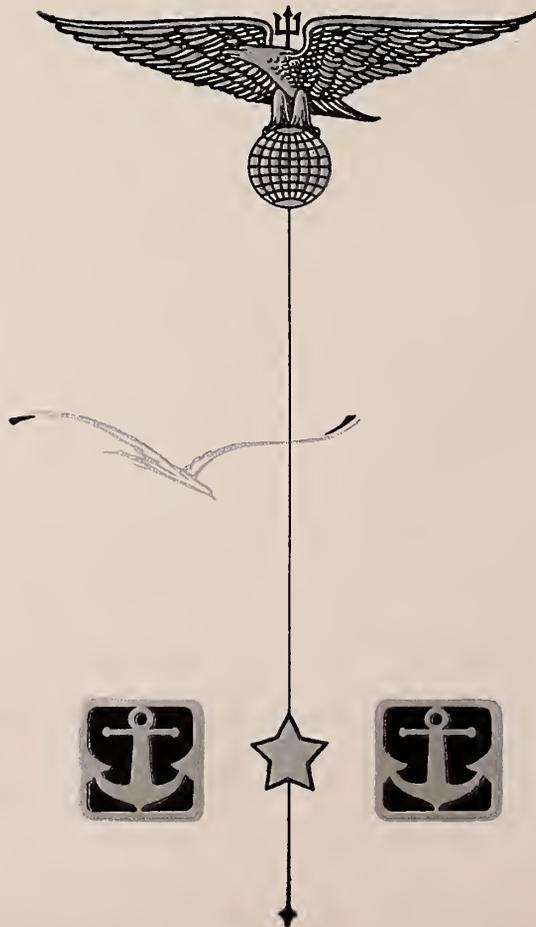
T

HE CALL OF THE SERVICE





A MIDSHIPMAN has become an ensign—a boy has become a man, and we find him here bidding his sweetheart goodbye. Soon he will take up his duties in the fleet. His future life will be governed by the exigencies and demands of the Service. He may never be called upon to rescue a party of refugees or to salvage a submarine, but the fact remains that he will always be ready to answer such a call. Here is no portrayal of daring rescue, no illustration of dauntless bravery, but it is a typification of the Volunteer.





JUNE WEEK





JUNE

WEEK

. . . goal of four long years of endeavor for the First Class . . . realization of the ambition of three years for the Second Class . . . reprieve for the book weary Youngsters . . . deliverance second only to that of the Judgment Day for the long downtrodden Plebes . . . these are the real meanings of June Week for the Regiment . . . meanings which are almost obliterated by the glittering and confusing kaleidoscope which prevails . . .



glamour and romance reign for a week in an unforgettable pageant . . . sweethearts and mothers . . . debutantes and retired admirals . . . rioting colors and white uniforms . . . gray ships and yellow roadsters . . . diplomas and hop cards . . . hurried goodbyes and long hours of parting . . . promises and Chapel weddings . . . this the one and only . . . the incomparable . . . this is . . .



JUNE WEEK



the first days . . . sending
frantic telegrams . . .
waiting for trains . . .
wondering why all the
trouble . . . the first
glimpse of the o. a. o.
answering that why . . .
realizing that the long
dreamed-of June Week
is a reality . . .





already forgetful of the past eight months and lost in the excitement that is June Week . . . round table meetings in the morning . . . settle-downs in the afternoons . . . the crowd is gathered and there are no strangers . . .



up to the Chapel behind
the Hell-cats with her
eyes following you all
the way . . . "Sob Sun-
day" with all its color
and crowds . . . out in
the bay with the gun-
wale running under . . .
Sunday evening . . .
alone together . . .



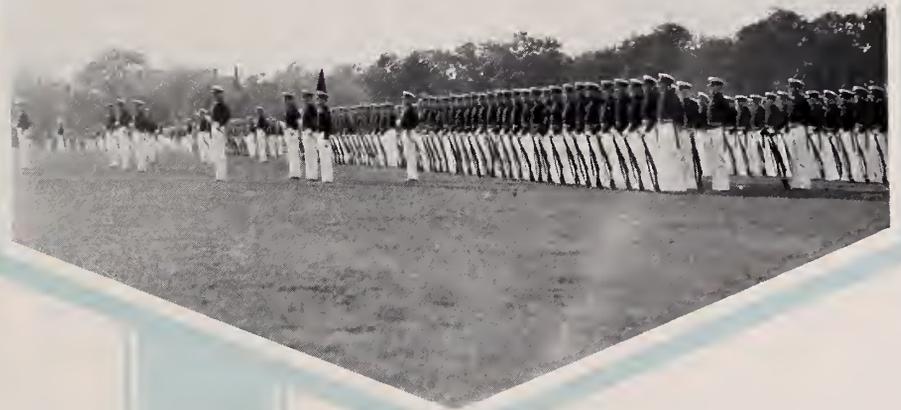


Worden Field covered
with glittering bayonets
. . . color girl covered
with flowers . . . officers
covered with gold braid
. . . "I propose three
cheers for the color com-
pany" . . . movies in
charge . . . "Three men
absent, sir" . . . good-
bye to you, Miss Spring-
field . . .



narrow streets full of
laughter and crowds . . .
picture hats and white
caps close together . . .
mothers beaming as their
sons march by . . . hur-
ried goodbyes as forma-
tion sounds . . . color
company flaunting its
golden banner . . . lov-
ers' lane in the moon-
light . . .



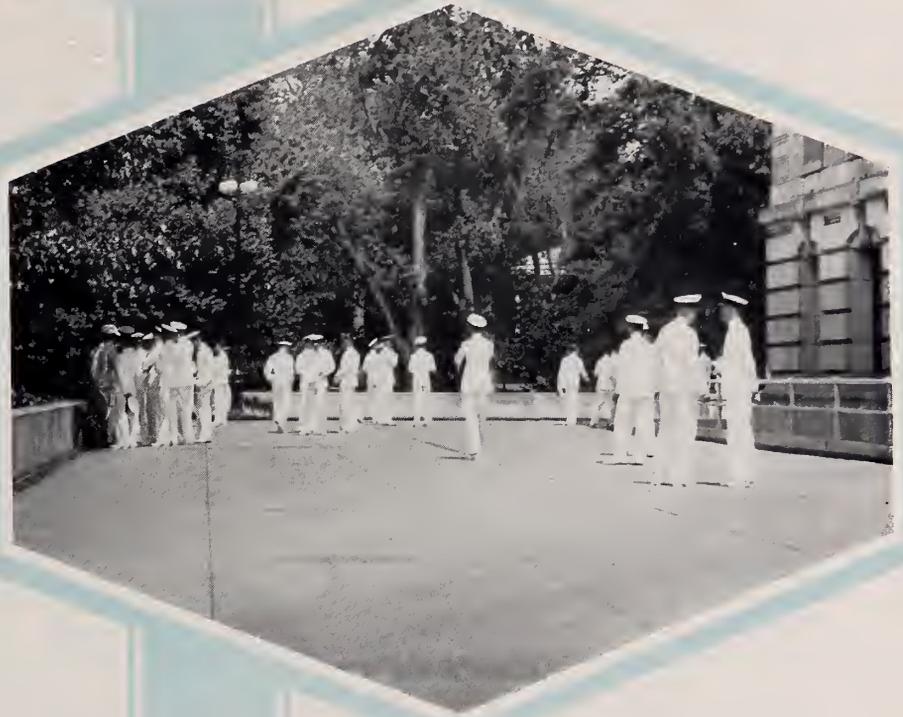


Second Class with their rings . . . First Class with their cars . . . Carvel steps crowded with drags . . . cameras in the streets . . . crowds at the parades . . . old grads with their tales of yesteryear . . . cares forgotten for a week . . .



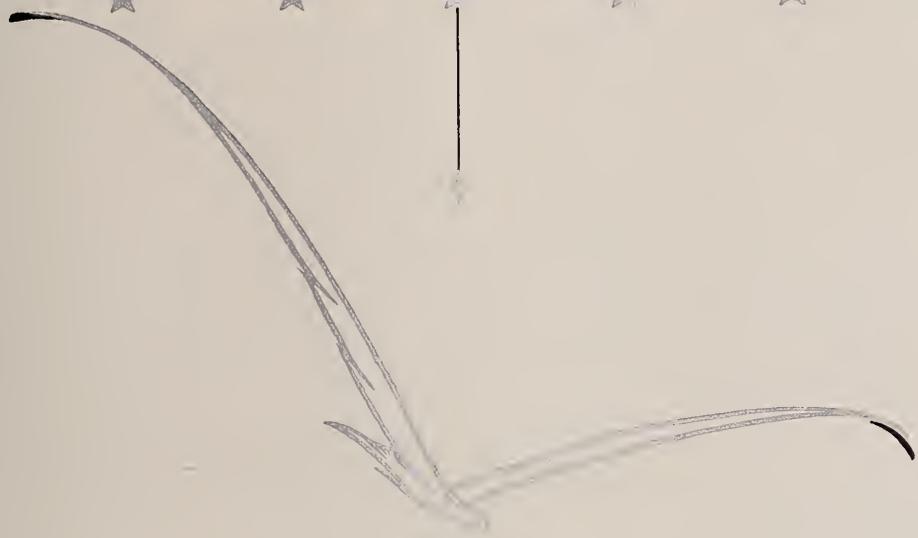
physical drill under arms
. . . dedication in a
sweltering heat . . . af-
ternoons in a canoe . . .
gold braid at the Garden
Party . . . white trou at
the Ring Dance . . .
useless programs at the
June Ball . . . glorious
moments in the park . . .





precious diplomas . . .
 "I propose three cheers
 for the ones that we
 leave behind us" . . .
 brand new shoulder
 straps . . . that broad
 new stripe . . . the ren-
 dezvous at the Chapel
 for some . . . Thirty-
 three takes charge . . .
 Tecumseh, we bid you
 goodbye . . .

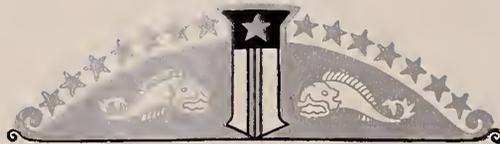




The

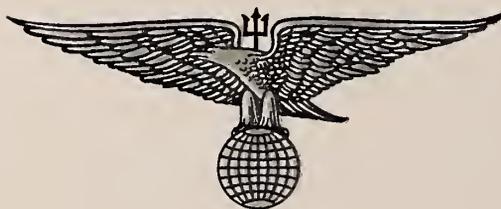
HE SHENANDOAH

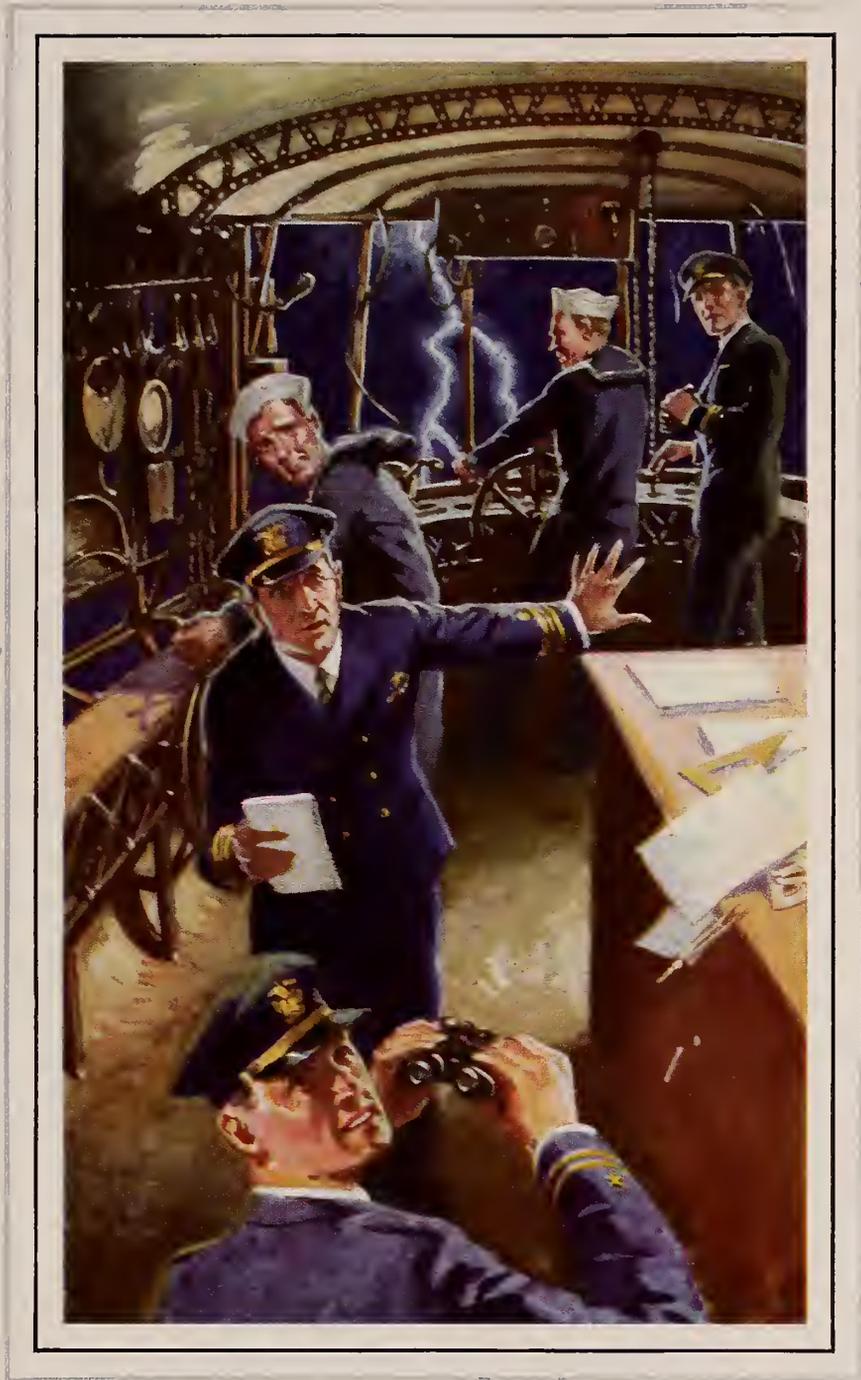




The Shenandoah...

THE Shenandoah just before her fatal crash. Her crew—but a moment ago — performing their routine duties, now are called upon to face the supreme test. These men are volunteers without the thought of being such, for they follow blindly wherever line of duty takes them. We have here the spirit of non-chalance as to what the future holds with the thought of service reigning supreme.





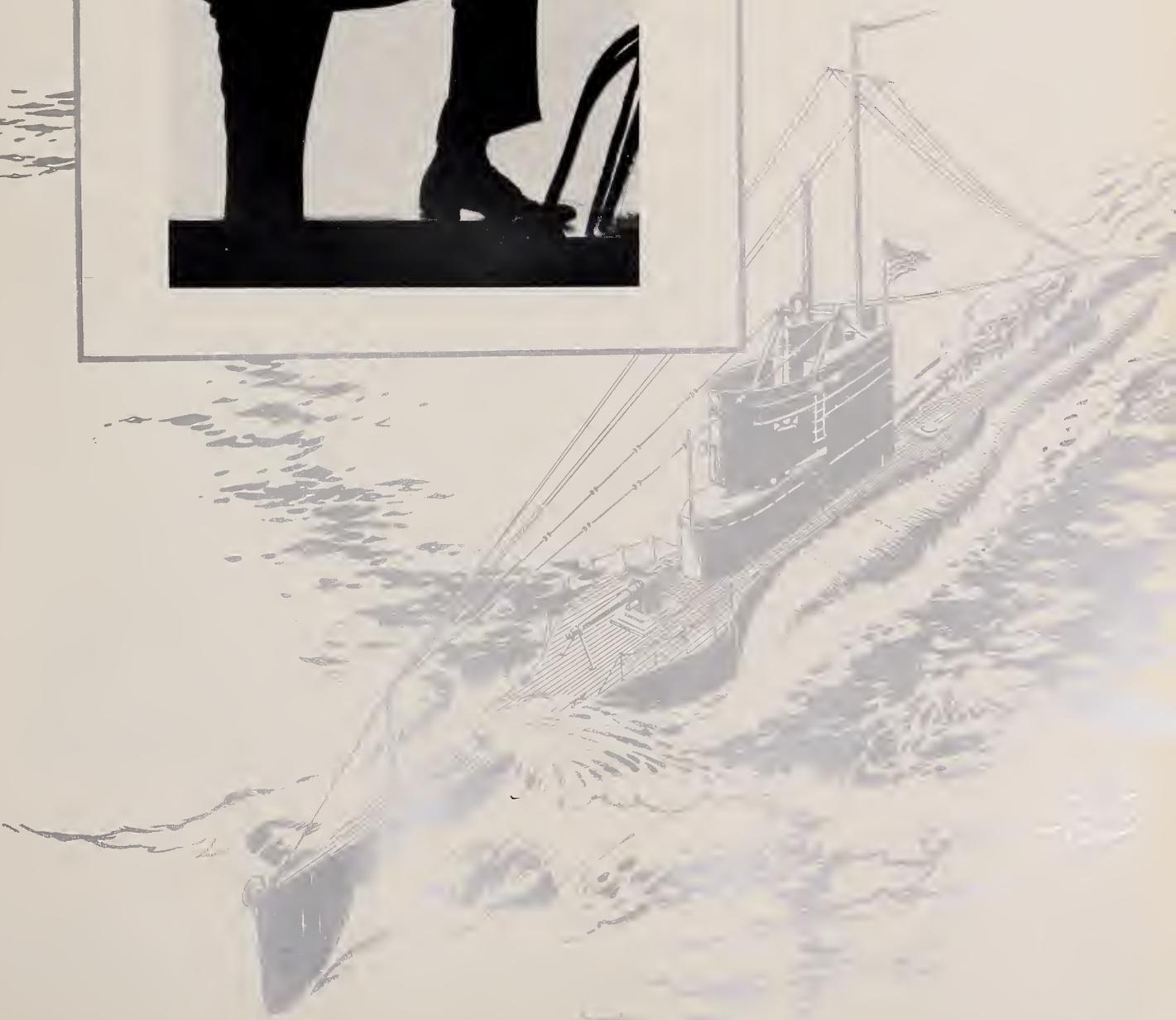
ACTIVITIES







Happy Hours





N. E. BLAISDELL
President

"The Command Performance"



ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR PEASE
Coach

"How's the House?"
"Packed!"
"Let's go!"

THE House lights dim. . . . The conversation subsides. . . . The last strains of the overture fade into the corners of the balcony. . . . There is a brief hush of expectancy. . . . Up curtain and the play is on! . . . THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE.

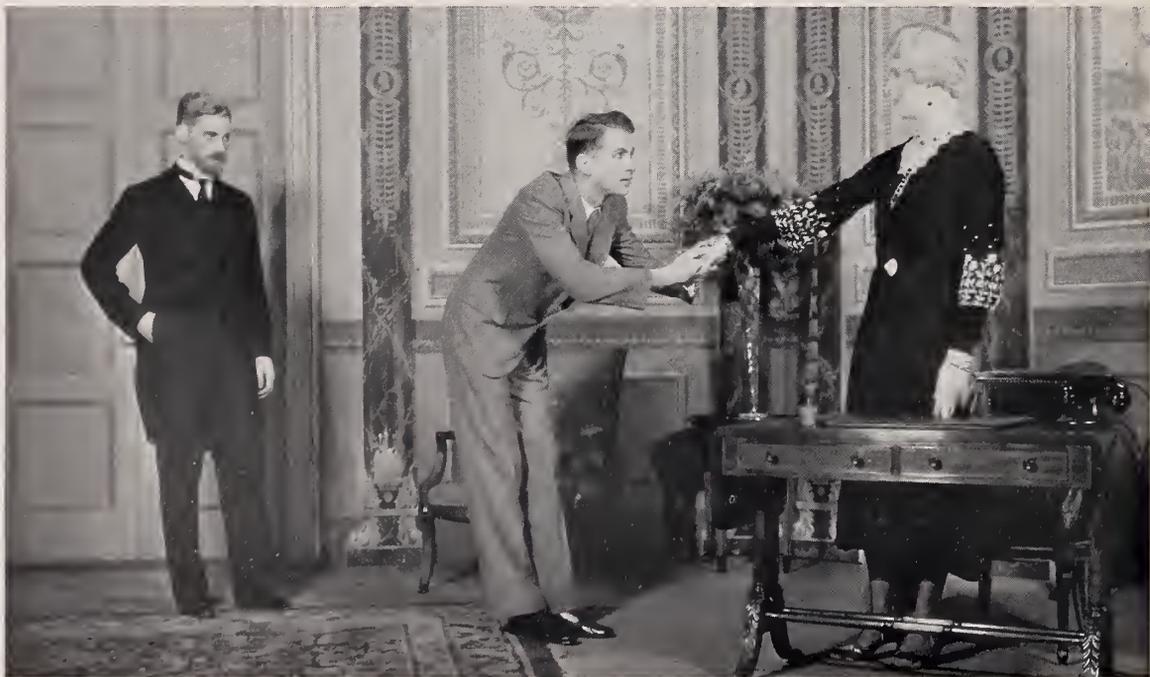
"I thought this rehearsal was called for eleven o'clock this morning!", and Close, in the guise of the terrifying, bewhiskered Sabidoff stalks across the stage towards his Stage Manager Milosovic (McGoldrick to you!) who proceeds to chew a cigar.

It seems there was to have been a rehearsal and . . .

"Well, Lydia, where have you been?", thunders Close at Lydia, the Company Ingénue who has just made her entrance in that inimitable style which only Longshore can put across.

"I was accosted by three men," Lydia attempts to explain when . . .

Enter Peter: "Well, I'm here at last, Masoch," he remarks, in passing Tiedeman, who is ably acting the part of Stage Director, and Peter then proceeds to breathlessly explain, ". . . Crash went





D. S. CROWLEY
Director

A
Masquerader
Production

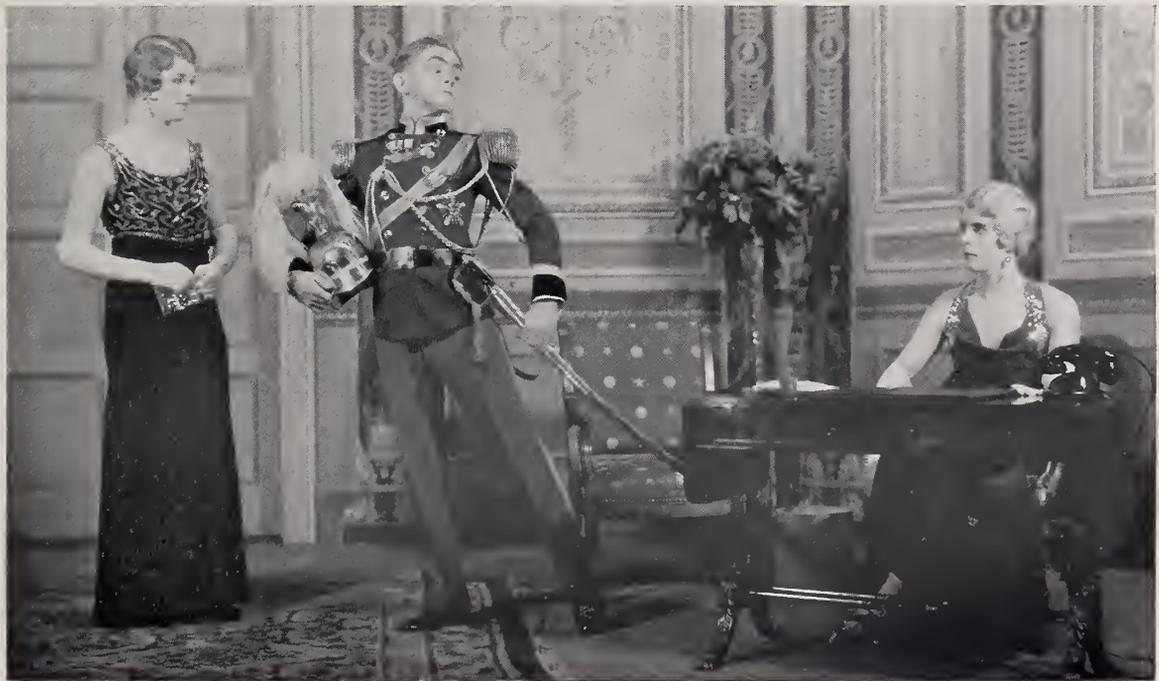


R. B. LITTLE
Business Manager

my fist into the newcomer's teeth and nearly knocked his head off. I was wonderful, wasn't I, Lydia? Lucky I happened along. . . . " Thus Keene introduced himself in the first of his dual characters in a manner that gave the audience at once the impression that here was a role handled with remarkable inherent talent, the more so since this is the first year that Keene has been a member of the Masqueraders.

The Act continues with the arrival of the Gendarmes (Adams and Erwin) under the command of the Sergeant of Police (Merrill) who have come for the purpose of taking into custody Our Hero for alleged assault on His Royal Highness, Prince Alexis of Moldavia. Just at the moment when Keene is to be dragged away to a living death at the salt mines there is a disturbance in the audience; a spot focuses on a sartorially correct Vellenborg (complete with high silk hat!) who appears in the limelight as a disinterested spectator but who later directs the destinies of the entire cast. Foote gave a remarkable performance in a difficult part, that of a cold-blooded, astute Chancellor whose love for Country and Intrigue blinded him to human affections.

New complications occur in the Second Act when, in the Palace of Moldavia, Prince Alexis refuses to seek the hand of the beautiful, alluring Katerina of Wallachia, and Peter, who as his double, is



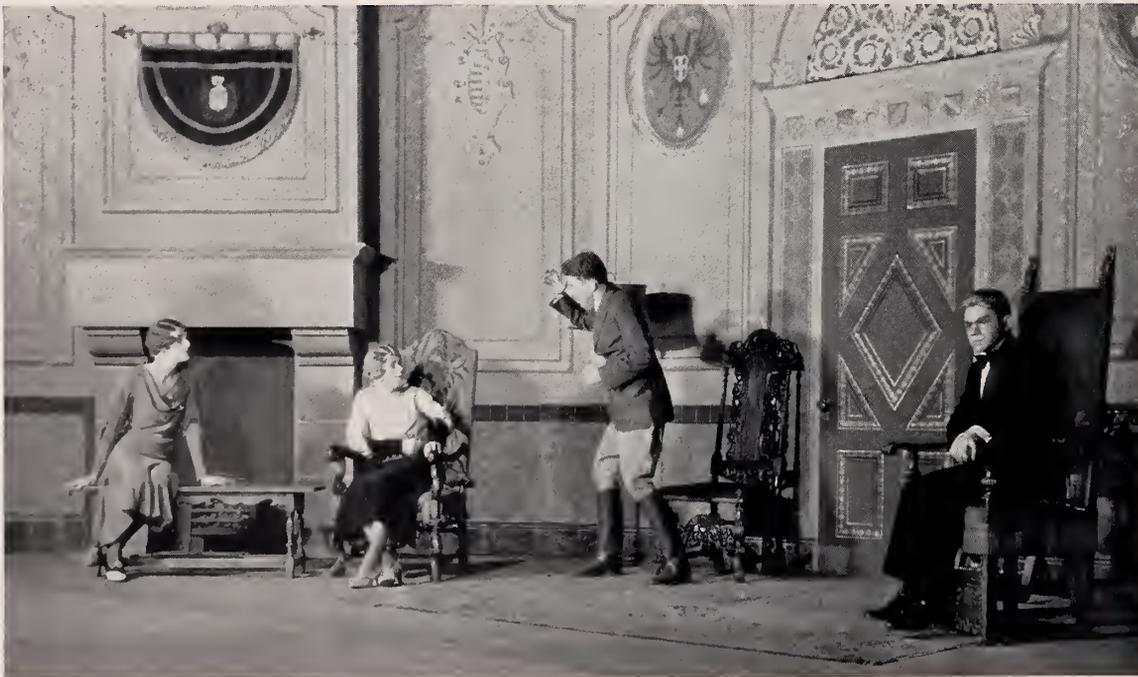


chosen to take Alexis' place that the beautiful Princess might be gained and the Treaty (of course there had to be a Treaty!) might be signed.

We follow the trials and tribulations of Peter in pleading the suit of the man whose place he had taken, Prince Alexis, and we are charmed by the urbanity and remarkable acting of Queen Elinor of Moldavia; the part was taken by Cotten, whose histrionic abilities were no less matched by his ability to wear the latest creations of Poiret and Boulanger with "chic".

In Queen Elizabeth (acted by Sapp), and her "lesser half," King Nicholas (Hoover, to his friends!), we see that even in Wallachia "Uneasy lies the head that wears a Crown!" The domestic storms, the play of humorous lightning about the King's head produced laughter at the psychological moments and credit is due to both Sapp and Hoover for the able manner in which they developed their characterizations.

But we must not forget that in every romance there must be a heroine; Erskine, in the role of Katerina, that young lady whose ultra-modern views had proved the stumbling-block to her previous suitors, and whose hand is the quest of Peter, proved to be one of those rare, adaptable persons which make casting of feminine leads not as great a difficulty as one might be led to imagine.





Nor is any play complete without those all-important characters which furnish successful continuity; in Disserte and Fell as Manservants, Kilmartin as the King's Secretary, Packard and Anderson as Actors in company with Roenigk as Yana, we have the remainder of the Cast which succeeded in putting on what has generally been admitted as one of the most colorful, spectacular, and amusing plays yet to grace the boards of Mahan Hall.

In the final analysis, then, any historical sketch resolves itself very easily into the biography of the few earnest persons whose love of the Dramatic finds expression each fall in the auditorium of Mahan Hall and whose volunteer spirit results in a play worthy of those that have gone before.

The Masqueraders of 1932 leave the Regiment with still greater triumphs to be attained; yet, we who leave carry away with us the feeling that in "The Command Performance" we found more interest and gave more varied diversion than has heretofore been attained. For those who remain, however, it is but the beginning, for

"Achievement is but another milestone along
the Highway of Progress
The End of the Journey lies ever beyond!"





H. SOSNOSKI
Director

“Station

NAMC

Broadcasts”

PASSING through the corridors in the late afternoon one always hears those six o'clock shower tenors or a Radiator Club quartette; and after chow there is always an audience for those twos or threes who get together on their mandolins. The boys all like their music, hence the Combined Musical Clubs' Show.

Keeping up with the times, the show this year depicted the high lights and some of the comedy that takes place in a modern broadcasting studio. Tommy South, as chief announcer, proved to be quite a wag; we wouldn't be surprised to see him grabbed off to sub for Walter Winchell.

“Good evening, everybody, Station NAMC first brings you The Collegians.” With this announcement the Glee Club, directed by “Alpha” Bowser, appeared before the mike to put across some mighty tuneful melodies. During a pause for station announcements some of these lilting larynx artists got loose in pajamas; they, if not their garments were a study in close harmony.

“Back on the air again, folks, with Enoch Knock, maestro supreme, and his symphony orchestra.” For the first time in years the orchestra was up on the stage where it belonged. Such melody as that rosewood baton of Enoch's could draw out of his musicians!

“Come along with me now, over to the Harlem side of Little Old New York.” This time Tommy



The Combined Musical Club Presentation



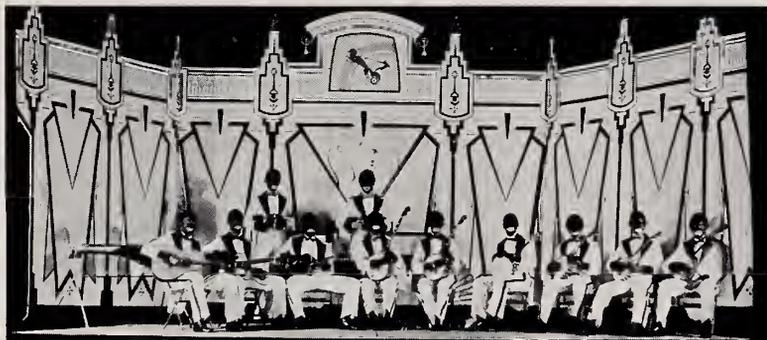
LT. COMDR. A. E. GLANN

took us on a journey to hear Jack Lewis' "pick and string" boys. Hearing some of those old negro spirituals one would think they all had had experience with the "chain gang" down in Mississippi. Were they ever good!

"Now, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, we are turning the microphone over to Ray Pitts and his famous Bancroft Hotel Smoke Hall orchestra, possibly more commonly known as the NA-10." Indeed that band would do credit to any genuine broadcasting studio. How the audience followed them through the entire program, swaying, humming, inclining forward slightly to get every note of the soft choruses. They could have answered encores all night.

Between the feature acts Lambert and his Royal Trumpeters persuaded his listeners to book a cruise on the *Wyoming*. Correct time came through the courtesy of Pitts' Boilermakers; while that "stay at home with an El Ropo" feeling was perfectly put across by Dave Shumway on his syncopated xylophones. A special added attraction of the evening was the television transmission of McCrosky's contortive dancing, or may be the picture was just distorted, any way it all but rolled the audience out of their seats with laughter.

We admit the show was a big success and take this opportunity to thank Lieutenant-Commanders Glann, Zirolì, and Shelley, and all the rest of you who helped us put our show across.





A. L. BOWSER
Director

The Glee Club



THE last notes of "Taps" reverberate, echo, and die out in the spacious rotunda; one by one the lights of Bancroft Hall go out. It is sleeping time for everyone but those who live on the First Battalion Court; they are kept awake by those blood enemies of Morpheus, the Glee Club. Up from the Music Room in the deep, dark recesses of the basement float the harmonic strains from the throats of a score and a half of young vocalists practicing for the annual Spring Show. First may be heard a rip-roaring he-man ballad, next, a sweet negro lullaby, then maybe a popular song, one of those you like to hum in the shell pink ear of your O. A. O. As 10:30 rolls around the stirring strains of the Club's signature song "Navy Blue and Gold" float out the window, up over the roof into the dark night; then in a few seconds dead silence reigns.

Certainly, they're the Glee Club you heard in April; so you remember them too. Well, join us then in congratulating them on their excellent performance, and don't forget their technical skill and smoothness were the result of patient coaching by Professor Crosley.

Mighty fine going, fellows; here's wishing those of you who carry on many happy practices on the cruise, and some lively hours next year.



Top Row: WHEELER, DAVIS, WIDEMAN, ERWIN, REDAY, STUART, ROBERTSON, BANZHAF, COFFIN, CAMERON
 Second Row: POWELL, SMITH, MCKEITHEN, DISSETTE, GIBBONS, BLACK, BOWEN, JONES, ISELY
 Third Row: DAVIS, MCLEAN, HAY, SLATYON, BENEDICT, LEE, THOMAS, NEYMAN, HARRIS, TINKER
 Front Row: ZIMMERMAN, BRINDUPKE, ERNST, ADAMS, BOWSER, HURST, EVERETT, COLLEY, ODEND'HAL
 Sitting: THARIN, KNOWLES, DERICKSON, ADAMS, GAGE, GAMON





The Academy Symphony



D. C. KNOCK
Conductor

THE so-called Naval Academy "symphony" orchestra is one organization in the Regiment in which each member plays his own personal part. A successful concert is accomplished by all players doing their individual best; and there are so many necessary units in such a club that credit must be given to all hands for making possible an entertaining performance.

In the 1932 Musical Show, the orchestra strength was cut slightly because of the nature of the presentation—a broadcast parody with small musical units filling the "mike." As a result, the directors of the four clubs, especially of the "symphony," attempted to produce the same effects with reduced ensembles that in previous years were accomplished with almost twice the talent. The trial brought great success; the orchestra not only demonstrated the classical masterpieces but also introduced itself as a new unit—the concert orchestra—by delving into modern music with a few melodies like the celebrated "Rhapsody in Blue" and one of the latest orchestrations, "Lady of Spain."

So this versatile ensemble scored its fourth success—leaving nothing to be desired in the way of entertaining the Service music lovers.



Top Row: WALLIS, PRUEHER, GARRELS, SCHANTZ, HATCHER, GABBERT, LEON
Second Row: SHEPPARD, SHARP, FOERSTER, MCCLINTOCK, WADE, CUTTER, RICHARDS, LOGSDON
Third Row: ISELY, YOST, LEE, SANGER, HALLOCK, COUNIHAN, HOWARD, HARRELL, SHEPARD, LAMBERT, COYE
Front Row: SCHWARTZ, HAYES, BEER, LIETWILER, KNOCK, LEWIS, MURPHY, ADAMS, LEVERETT



J. S. LEWIS
Director

The Mandolin Club



THE MANDOLIN CLUB offers to the regiment an outlet for practically all stringed instrument talent. In spite of the name, during the last few years the club has become more and more dominated by banjos, due, no doubt to the more universal appeal and to the greater number of that instrument.

In each Musical Club's Show of the past the Mandolin Club has had a vital part and has contributed no little to the success of the show. They have appeared as everything from wandering gypsies to darkies in a Harlem night club. And the music has varied from the near classical to the latest of the hot dance numbers.

The members of this organization have always enjoyed putting on a show. There is a certain satisfaction and fascination in having done something well, which repays in full the long hours of practice. And there are other benefits, such as missing a few formations and the inevitable good fellowship of the dressing room.

As the men of the Regiment realize, the Mandolin Club has been growing and improving. For with all the radios and victrolas the day will never come when people will not get a thrill out of playing, or listening to someone play, the mandolin or banjo.



Back Row: HATTAN, GIESSER, SELBY, CHUNG-HOON, DAVIS, SOSNOSKI, SHUMWAY
Front Row: TRAVIS, RICHARDS, MOORE, LEWIS, REITER, BARUTIS, BENEDICT





The Naval Academy Ten



R. M. PITTS
Leader

EVEN the extra duty squad knocks off work once in a while, but this organization, composed of a few lucky ones from each class, spends two or three hours a week, all year long, having a good time practicing new tunes, murdering old ones, and hoping they'll stay sat.

Each Friday evening we hear, "Now the N. A. Ten has permission to leave the mess hall at will," and the result is the band's latest idea of a good, warm dance program. All the first class are present in their bald-headed row seats, yelling for "Tiger Rag," "St. Louis Blues," and similar possibilities, while the others stand in the smoke-filled room trying to get close enough to actually hear what's going on.

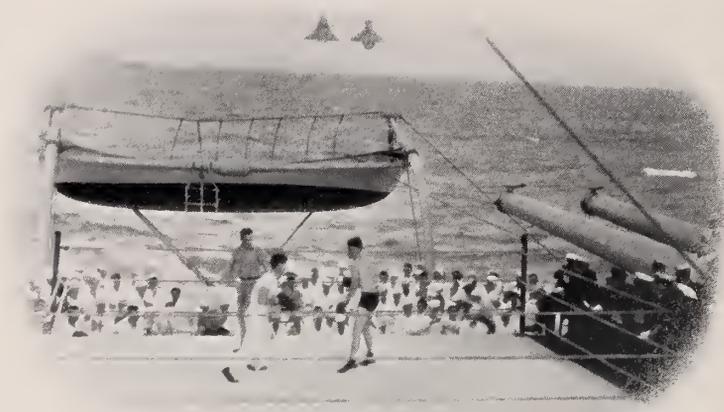
Once each year the Ten is allowed to play for a First Class Hop, as much to the enjoyment of the dancers as to that of the would-be Lombardos, Weems, or Arnheims. And during the summer cruises the N. A. Ten spends many happy hours on deck, in a casemate, or in the wardroom.

The great climax for each N. A. Ten, a yearly event, is the Spring Musical Club Show. The Ten is always awarded the position of honor in the show, their part of the program coming last. With a smart setting, and the biggest musical numbers, they draw the final curtain of an evening that will always be remembered.



Standing: WOOD, METCALF, LANGSTON, SOUTH, INGRAM, BULLOCK, INNIS, LEE, TRAVIS, SCHMIDT, SCHWARTZ, CLINE, LAMBERT, SOSNOSKI
At the Piano: PITTS







Ship's Press





R. L. EVANS—*Class History*



A. G. WARD—*Editor-in-Chief*



H. L. SARGENT—*Photography*

THIRTY TWO'S

EDITORIAL STAFF

ON board ship every lost article, be it a pocket knife or a sweetheart's portrait, will find its way to the "lucky bag", and if the loser has patience he will eventually get it back. Similarly our lost memories are collected in this, our *Lucky Bag*. For four years we have lived only for the present and the future; we have been too busy to give much thought to the very pleasant past. However in a few years our days shall not be only for studies and sleep, rather there shall be many peaceful evenings when memories will come streaming back. On such occasions we have only to leaf through the pages of this book in order to relive those happy hours that were only fleeting moments as we raced through four years of Naval Academy life.



W. J. CATLETT—*Cruises*



B. L. BAILEY—*Activities*—C. J. WESCHLER



J. L. EVERETT G. H. MITCHELL—*Associate Editors*



A. J. TUCKER O. D. WATERS—*Associate Editors*





E. B. MEADER—*Biographies*



PROFESSOR McCORMICK



H. M. COLEMAN—*June Week*

LUCKY BAG

Yes, that is what our *Lucky Bag* is, a memory book for the class of '32, and a book that will convey to our parents and friends what a midshipman's life is—its high lights, thrills, and commonplaces alike. How well we have succeeded is for you to decide. In the summer of '30 all this was but a dream as we sat around and talked things over with "Corky" Ward. On the Cruise most of it was tangible only in the smoke from our pipes, but once back from September leave waste baskets were filled with noble struggles to express our pet ideas; and packs of film were exposed in an effort to bring to life the events of the past. Before we realized it, January was at hand, then things happened in a hurry; page layouts were completed, dummies made out, copy written, engravings cut. Finally the finished pages were in the hands of the printer. Two anxious months, then the Book, our "brain child" for your approval!



W. A. DOBBS—*Yard*



C. M. KEYES—*Athletics*—S. M. ARCHER



L. S. BROWN S. P. MONCURE H. HULL
Biography Assistants



H. I. ALLEN W. H. RAYMOND C. K. MALLORY G. P. ROGERS
Photographic Assistants





R. T. SIMPSON—Business Manager



LT. COMDR. W. G. GREENMAN

THIRTY TWO'S

BUSINESS STAFF



M. M. KOIVISTO—Office Mgr.

AIRCRAFT and gun design may be a series of compromises but the publishing of a *Lucky Bag* almost requires a corps of English diplomats. When the Executive Department said "Cut expenses" there was, of course, no argument; but when the Business Staff repeated the story to the Editorial Gang the dollar signs really flew. Ward insisted on having eight full color pages, Simpson said "OK, but then you will have to use panels in place of individual cuts." So the discussion went on, and after spending many long, hot nights poring over previous expense accounts, and bidding farewell to thoughts of expensive layouts, a budget was produced. That budget was a masterpiece of finance; not a department suffered, yet it left each manager and editor with the task of remaining exactly within his limits, so that all, including you, dear reader, might be satisfied.



R. M. PITTS W. W. BROWN W. A. DOBBS
Company Representatives



T. H. WHITE L. J. KIRN

J. C. FORD C. H. SMITH E. W. HURST
Circulation Assistants

H. F. STONER R. M. WILSON





J. A. JAAP—Circulation Manager



M. J. HAMILTON—Advertising Manager

LUCKY BAG

“Mace” Hamilton really set the pace with a smashing advertising campaign that never stopped a minute until it was way over the top. If his assistants felt even a nibble for a half page they never rested until they had sold a four color full page layout. While the advertising forces were at work outside, the circulation squadron under Joe Jaap swooped down on the Regiment to convince all hands that mother, sweetheart, and congressman should have a copy of the *Lucky Bag*. They had to have a potent line to break down that “depression resistance.”

So the money came in; once in, Simpson’s role became that of the cold-hearted banker reluctantly paying out the cash, but “Corky” never had a need to call him “Shylock.” The reason for this harmony among the whole staff can be traced to those regular eighth day meetings with Commander Greenman when Ward, Simpson, and Hamilton gathered together to untangle problems and make plans suitable to all.



E. W. TAYLOR—Files Manager



J. W. RAMEY F. H. BRUMBY J. W. WINTLE
Company Representatives



R. B. MOORE S. A. ERNST W. R. FRANKLIN J. S. LEWIS C. E. PHILLIPS M. G. SCHMIDT
Advertising Assistants



F. J. FOLEY
Editor

The Log



COMDR. G. J. McMILLIN

"WHO stole my scissors and paste?"

"Hughie, what's happened to the censored galleys?"

"Will someone please apply themselves to the highly-appreciated task of thinking up a caption for this cut?"

"Hey! My girl hasn't received her copy of the *Log* for three weeks—I want something done about it."

Yes, gentle reader (if any,) you have guessed it: the above is an intimate revelation about what goes on in the *Log* office on any Wednesday afternoon. For the first hour everything is bedlam. Gradually, however, the dissenters and fault finders wander out, leaving a half dozen frenzied souls to struggle with the dummy until 5:30. The editorial staff always quit at that time because the plaintive notes of sick call unconsciously struck a responsive chord within them. You, as the great mass of unprotected subscribers, didn't have to read the product of our drudgery unless you cared to; but we not only had to read it, we had to write it—so cheer up!

The *Log* had a fairly successful year from the standpoint of those who were responsible for it. The prime requisite of any publication is, of course, stable finances. Thanks to the substantial adver-



TUCKER

FLENNIKEN
DeWITT

G. W. BAILEY
FOLEY

J. S. MILLER
RARING

BAKER



W. R. FRANKLIN
Business Manager



G. H. MITCHELL
Advertising Manager

tising bequeathed to us by our predecessors, plus the untiring efforts of our business and circulation staffs, we managed to pull through the year without showing any red marks on the ledger. The literary gang, usually at odds with the business department, was able to smile contentedly throughout the year because of the happy discovery of former Lucky Bag color plates which proved most suitable for covers. The general satisfaction shown by the Regiment upon the appearance of these covers lent great encouragement to the editors. There is undoubtedly much more material such as this stored away, awaiting the probing eye of some enterprising midshipman Sherlock Holmes to bring it to light.

When the year first began the editors were hopeful that they could transform the *Log* into a more literary type of magazine than it had been in the past. But this effort did not meet with much success—mainly because of the rebirth of the *Trident*, our toneful contemporary. Other additions were made, however, which proved quite popular, notably: The Hall of Fame, by means of which we endeavored to do justice to our outstanding athletic heroes; the reestablishment of the West Point Letter, the good natured parodies of "Familiar Figures About the Campus," and the occasional publishing of anecdotes apropos the naval service. As usual the femmes responded nobly to our requests for material. Somehow the girls have always stuck by us, even though we may have tramped on their literary brain children and artistic efforts with a ruthless ferocity.



WALSH PETRIE GLENN McMASTER
 MITCHELL FRANKLIN LANGEN





BURROWES FLENNIKEN
Art Editors



MAHONEY BINGHAM WESCHLER
Cut Exchange

Many were the letters received from the great outside asking us why such and such a contribution had never appeared in print, or what was the point of this or that cover? To the first of these queries we can only reply that everything really good has been saved and, though this generation, or even the next, may not see it, your grandchildren probably will. Great and ponderous (as well as dusty) are the archives of the *Log* office, and what goes into them let no man put asunder. To the one about some of our covers we can only reply—you try to get a good cover for a magazine each week for a year and see how far you get. True, we always had a good supply of color work on hand (why there was one potential cover up in my room for four months which made mates of the deck gasp, D. O.'s swoon, and Plebes forget to sound off)—but such things cost money, and we had to keep ourselves financially "sat" or Foley and Franklin would have gone without their graduation outfits.

We listened to your complaints and endeavored to improve, realizing that an issue was not successful unless the first class took it down to chow on Friday evenings. But whether you liked the *Log* or not, we really got a lot of enjoyment out of publishing it, and it is our sincere wish that the years to come will see it steadily improving and occupying a significant niche in the hearts of Navy men.



Top Row: BLENNAN, TAYLOR, MEYER, NUTT, POOR, ROBERTSON, STEVENS, SARGENT, SNYDER
Second Row: KINTZ, DRIVER, SHEPARD, JOACHIM, ROENIGK, SELLARS, ELLIS, ROE, MACPHERSON, HERBERT
Third Row: SMITH, SOWERWINE, WALSH, AIKEN, O'CONNELL, RAYMOND, BROWN, GARRELS, ROBBINS, PHILLIPS
Front Row: MITCHELL, MURPHY, WARFIELD, BAILEY, FOLEY, KEYES, MILLER, TUCKER, ARCHER



Friday night for some
Means read the *Log*
But we poor "Contribs"
Turn out more copy
Sunday comes
Last call for comics
DeWitt packs the dope
Off to Baltimore.



J. W. ROE C. H. MURPHY A. C. SMITH H. FOOTE



J. C. FORD C. E. PHILLIPS

M
A
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P

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C. J. WESCHLER J. V. REILLY



R. M. RAYMOND, N. W. GAMBLING, R. A. DAWES, P. K. SHERMAN

Clear the decks on Wednesday
Tho' not the *Log*
Plebes areadin' proof
Foley's scissors snippin'
Tucker cluckin' over sports
Mitch afussin' with his ads
A sigh, a cry
"OK, Mr. Rosenau."





W. J. DIMITRIJEVIC
Editor

T. D. F. LANGEN
President

Lt. (jg) W. P. FOLK
Officer Representative

W. J. CATLETT
Business Manager

The Trident Society

ABOUT ten years ago a group of LOG, LUCKY BAG, and REEF POINTS staff members decided that there should be some outlet within the Regiment for the literary efforts of our budding authors, something different from any of the publications then existent. These people formed The Trident Society. A magazine named the TRIDENT was born and flourished well—for a short while. Somehow the society began fostering other ideas to the detriment of the periodical. These new things were good. Everyone knows THE BOOK OF NAVY SONGS; most of you have heard of ANCHORS AWEIGH; and the upper classes remember the NAVY DESK CALENDAR.

This year the society felt that its true mission lay in the continuance of the magazine. Every effort was bent to that end. This year saw reborn the old TRIDENT, yet somehow a new TRIDENT. Following the modern trend, color found its place in the editorial pages. On the day of its issue the new book took its place among the best literary quarterlies in the East. Distinctly, '32's TRIDENT was a success.

However, the society must not rest. It must press on to greater success, to higher levels of attainment. It must produce each year a finer record. The history of our Service must be written by Navy men. Let the Trident Society lay the keels for those future books.



Back Row: McKEITHEN, FISCHER, STUART, ZYSK, WHITAKER, RAYMOND, PITTS
Middle Row: SOWERWINE, DEWITT, MAHONEY, O'CONNELL, DIETZ, SMITH, BROWN, PURDY
Front Row: BLAISDELL, WILLIAMSON, COUNIHAN, DIMITRIJEVIC, LANGEN, CATLETT, KAUFFMAN, JAHNCKE, LAMBERT



C. L. MURPHY
Editor

M. T. MUNGER
Advertising Manager

LIEUT. W. A. SWANSTON
Officer Representative

C. H. KRETZ
Business Manager

The Reef Points

ORIGINALLY published as the official organ of the Naval Academy Christian Association, the Reef Points has since become an individual activity in the Regiment. The success attending the venture has thoroughly justified this step, and the publication now occupies a leading role in the life of Joe Gish.

The Reef Points is the official compendium of information concerning the Naval Academy and the Service. In it the newly fledged Plebe finds the story of the Naval Academy itself; a description of the sports and the activities in which he is expected to participate; and as many of the unwritten laws of the Navy as he can absorb and understand through reading alone. From it he must glean his first ideas of Naval Tradition. Finally, all hands use the book for keeping a record of the painfully acquired horde of academic "velvet."

The 1931-1932 edition was an outstanding success, both editorially and financially. The staff worked hard to broaden the range of usefulness of the book, particularly for the Plebes. They succeeded in arousing the interest of the Academy and the authorities in its importance, and with this foundation, Reef Points should enjoy a successful and prosperous future.



F. E. BROWN
MONTGOMERY

SARGENT

ISELY
KEYES

CALLISTER

PORTER
BURROWES





Black Gang





J. V. REILLY
Stage Director

The Stage Gang



HAVE you ever been back stage? Perhaps not, but you'll admit having a yearning to investigate those mysterious regions ever since your first stage show, won't you?

Then meet the Stage Gang. We are just a bunch in whom that yearning grew so strong that we couldn't resist the admirable opportunity the Masqueraders offer to satisfy our yen. Through the long winter months we gather daily to do our bit, so that when show time rolls around we can present a smooth-working crew in the professional manner.

Such are the labors. The joys are not to be measured in the concrete—even though we do get our masked "N's;" rather, they are such things as the pleasures derived from the good fellowship developed in many a "Joe Fight," the realization of work well done for a cause which holds our interest, and finally the thrill that a first night always produces when we hear the whispered cry, "Ready Props? Ready Juice? Ready Stage? Stand by . . . UP CURTAIN!"



Back Row: MILLER, PETERS, SNERRINGER, SHILLING, FINNEY, REILLY, WRIGHT
Front Row: PINNEY, COFFEY, DENBY, COLE





The Juice Gang



J. G. SPANGLER
Chief Electrician

DO you remember the red to amber to blue lighting effects at the Ring Dance last year; the light that revealed Tecumseh in war paint when we left for the Army game; and those acrobatic electric signs on Mahan Hall that reminded you of a first night performance on Broadway?

All credit for these and innumerable other feats with A. C. goes to the Juice Gang, those savvy satellites of Prof. Howard. Day in and day out these fellows are over in their work shop armed with rubber-taped pliers, blowing fuses, circuit-breakers and lights. No, not with the idea of just fooling around, rather in developing new signs and preparing novel lighting effects for the stage.

At each performance of the Navy Relief Show, the Masqueraders, and the Musical Club Show these men can be found either at the switchboard back stage or in the coop in the back of the Auditorium, manning the spotlights. It was the hearty co-operation of this group that helped to make the performances this year a success.



Back Row: CHAMBERS, SCHULZ, KNOERTZER, EDWARDS, FOUST, CLIFT, CALDWELL
Front Row: TAYLOR, KINERT, STARR, SPANGLER, MORELAND, TITUS





LITTLE
Business Manager

PETRIE

DRUMTRA

MAYBERRY

INGERSOLL

The Business and Property Gangs

"GENTLEMEN: In reply to your letter of the 15th, we are enclosing—etc." Thus may you always recognize the atmosphere created by the Business Gang of the Masqueraders and Musical Clubs. Beginning in January the offices of the Business and Advertising Managers present scenes of frantic and desperate activity concerning contracts, bids, subscriptions, costumes, scenery, programs, tickets and all other cares encountered by any organization. And out of the confusion comes order—an attractive program and another production successfully financed. From this the Gang derives its pleasing satisfaction.

Over in the "Prop" room of Mahan Hall, just before the curtain rises, you might hear something like this, "Who saw Charlie's bottle? Doesn't anybody know where anything is around here?" Then you would know that the Property Gang was having its trying troubles. Nevertheless, every article, from the King's costume to —'s newspaper, is ready to go on the stage at the right instant. Little as the average spectator realizes it, the success of the production hinges fully as much on these small details as on the actions of the leading character.



WILSON

Joy
BLAKELOCK

THARIN
BULL

BARROWS
BEYER

DONALDSON



MAYER ACKER GILL MANDELKORN OUTERSON

The Amateur Radio Club

ONE of the more romantic activities at the Naval Academy is the Amateur Radio Club. During the connection of 1932 with the club, two way communication has been held with several South American countries, Hawaii, Canada, Panama, and Santo Domingo. Reports have been received that signals transmitted by station W3ADO, the Naval Academy Radio Club, have been heard in Spain, France, Germany, Soviet Russia, Austria, and Africa.

Aside from the thrill of communication with far-off lands, the club has done useful work, too. Many messages have been handled . . . informal notes sent by or addressed to midshipmen.

In the "shack," Room 1109, may be found a maze of intricate apparatus, whose complications and functions are intelligible only to the initiated. To the end that more may understand the operation of our three short-wave transmitters and necessary receivers, missionary educational work in amateur radio is a part of the club's program each year. That it has borne fruit is shown by the steadily increasing membership. All of us who have been "brass-pounders" for W3ADO are sorry to sever connections with it; and we hope to "work" it over the ether some day.

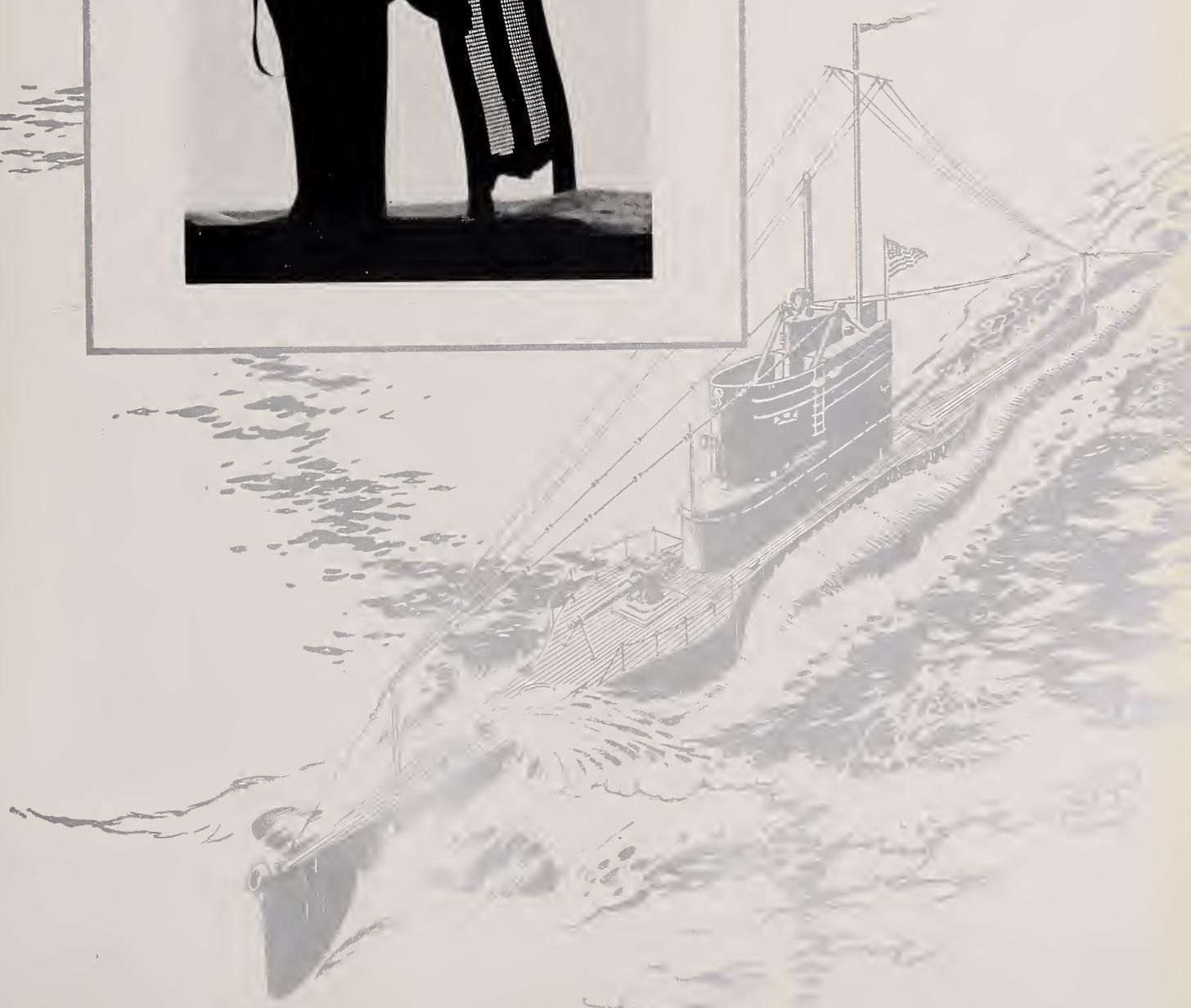


Back Row: PALMER, AIKEN, MAGOFFIN, FISCHER, GREENLEE, KRAPP
 Front Row: LUNDFELT, MACKENZIE, MANDELKORN, OUTERSON (President), JURIKA, BRINDUPKE, GILL





Special Details





T. G. WARFIELD
Chairman

The Crest Committee



NEPTUNE supporting the world—that is the central figure of our crest. The Crest Committee felt like so many Neptunites that evening three years ago when the sack was placed in their hands for them to investigate and select a crest that would symbolize the class of '32 down through history. It was the class's first official act and had to be well done. Ideas came; jewelers had splendid artists; in two months "32" was casting ballots in favor of the design that now shares with the Academy crest the honor position on our rings.

June Week came and September leave—tiny pins of gold shifted from natty black neckties to dainty blouses. Never before did King Neptune win so many favors. He appeared on belt buckles, stationery, watch fobs—announcing to the world at large that the class of '32 was ready to render service and loyalty to the country.

Let all who wear the crest remember that, and may many class pins become joint property.



GROVERMAN

WARFIELD

W. R. MILLER

BURROWES

KEYES



The Ring Committee



H. E. SHELTON
Chairman

THE RING. It probably means more to us than any other concrete thing in our lives. It is a thing of beauty worthy of all the admiration given to it by us and by the friends to whom we proudly show it. But its significance to us comes not so much from its intrinsic beauty as from the things it symbolizes: the bonds that tie our class together, the traditions of the Academy, the honor of the Service, the goal achieved by each one of us. Years may come and go, and its surface may be worn smooth, but time can only enhance our esteem for our Ring.

At the end of second class summer we elected our Ring Committee, one member from each company and one member at large. All second class year they worked, considering all the designs suggested and coordinating the best features into one which would adhere to tradition and yet be distinctive of our class. Then the contract had to be concluded, and fingers had to be measured. Finally, when second class June Week rolled around, it was ours, to keep and to wear forever.



T. F. WILLIAMSON MONCURE SHELTON TAGG
LATTA FOLEY W. R. MILLER L. O. SMITH





H. M. COLEMAN
Chairman

The Hop Committee



A REGIMENTAL HOP—the June Ball—what pictures of courtly splendor such affairs conjure in the minds of all those who come to Annapolis, be they uninitiated Plebes or fair damsels arriving for a week-end. To the Hop Committee falls the pleasant task of seeing that these functions maintain their reputation for social and military finesse.

By their sword belts you shall know these men, courteous, ever ready to help a fair guest in her difficulties; be it to find a lost drag, to meet a chaperon, or announce the loss of a rhinestone buckle. They can always be found on the dance floor, keeping back the stag line, introducing members of the visiting teams, and tending to those hundred and one minor details that make the evening run smoothly. Oh, yes, little girl, they find time to dance too.

But being a member of the Hop Committee brings not only the privilege of wearing the sword belt, but also the honor and pleasure of assisting the hostess in receiving our guests. Could there be any rarer treat than meeting all the drags present, and appearing, in their eyes, the beau of the ball?



Standing: REEVES, STEWART, BREWER, WHITAKER, ASHWORTH, MUMMA, COLEMAN, MORTON, CURTZE, JAHNCKE, SOUTH
Seated: PITTS, KERR, LATTI, MUSTIN, H. M. COLEMAN, W. D. COLEMAN, FOLEY, BRANNON, WILSON



The Ring Dance Committee



H. E. SHELTON
Chairman

AN elfin grot by multi-colored lights made bright—silver strains from the harp of Orpheus produced—a magic ring with faëry queen endowed—a waiting warrior by magic ring and faëry queen enthralled. They pause, the lady fair and warrior proud. She breathes a sigh and drops her glance. He watches and waits as gently she clasps his hand and slowly places thereon a replica of the magic ring in which they stand. And then a knight of the golden circlet made, he takes his lady fair and wafts her away with knightly grace, in cadence slow, as softly fall the silver strains beneath a canopy of gold and blue.

Indeed, the Ring Dance Committee, formed several months before, had, by dint of much toil and splendid endeavor, made the occasion a memorable one. The giant ring, the colored lights, the streamers of blue and gold were all the results of their tireless efforts. So it is to them we express our heartfelt appreciation for the dance of dances, the Ring Dance of June, 1931.



Standing: FRAZER, SPANGLER, SOSNOSKI, KERR, W. W. BROWN, KIRN
Sitting: MALLORY, PIERCE, SHELTON, LOUGHLIN, SIMPSON



W. L. TAGG
Chairman

The Christmas Card Committee



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a Happy New Year;" with that, we merely jot down an address on one of the Regiment's Christmas Cards and call our Yuletide duty finished; but few of us stop to realize all there is behind that Christmas Card, the vast amount of time and labor spent in its preparation. There is considerably more than dashing out to the printers a few weeks before Christmas and ordering several thousand cards. On the contrary, we have hardly returned from Christmas leave and settled down to the routine life again, when the Committee commences to function. Many long hours are spent during valued week-ends by members, in interviewing representatives of various reputable concerns desiring to compete for the contract. Work goes on until graduation draws near, and the contract is awarded to the best company. The summer sees the printing of proofs of the card and it is a proud group of midshipmen on the Committee who return to U. S. shores from the cruise and view the finished product. But even then, there are numerous changes to be made and time goes far into October before the finished card, tissue, envelope, and all, is finally accepted. One month for printing of some thirty thousand copies and it is presented to the Regiment on Thanksgiving. "Do they like it?" Well, I'm afraid the answer is altogether up to you and them. We know we are proud of it.



LANGEN FLECK S. W. BROWN R. M. WILSON D. I. THOMAS TAGG





The Class Supper Committee



H. E. SHELTON
Chairman

BACK in September, 1928, we had our first meal all together—we were alone in the mess hall. There were many squabbles over milk and extra desserts. Now it is May, 1932, and we are sitting down to our last meal in a body. Captain Schumann and Lieutenant Thompson worked loyally with the committee in providing this well laden table. Tonight there is no need for fights for food.

It is a totally different picture from the scene of six hundred boys dressed in wrinkled white works. Three years in the Academy have made us men, wearing the blue uniform which in a month will trade its collar anchors for one broad stripe and a star. Even the decorations reveal the situation; the flags of all nations surround the banquet tables, silent reminders that soon we shall be scattered to the corners of the world.

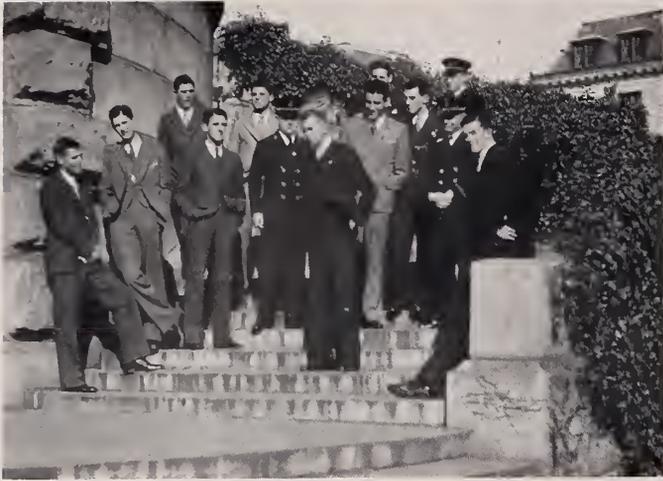
In spite of such sober thoughts it is a gay night; all formality is banned. One group is singing with the band; at another table they have remembered a practical joke on Burt Davis and are repeating it.

How quickly the evening has passed; already we are all congratulating the committee on their good work as we leave the mess hall, talking of a reunion later on.



LAMADE PHILLIPS SHELTON MATTER RHODS





R. M. WILSON
Chairman

The Reception Committee

ACTING upon the axiom that first impressions are always the most lasting ones, the Reception Committee lends all its efforts toward the hospitable entertainment of all the visiting athletes. The favorable or unfavorable opinions which these men form of the Regiment are the basis of its reputation throughout the colleges of the country. It is up to the members of this Committee to make this reputation the best possible.

The work consists mainly of meeting the teams, escorting them to their rooms and meals, and showing them around the yard. It is profitable and entertaining, too, because of the number of acquaintances that are made with men from other schools.

The Reception Committee is one of the most important of the non-athletic activities that are associated with athletics. It acts to promote sportsmanship and good feeling between the Naval Academy and the civilian colleges of the country, and endeavors by its position as official host to perform its duties in such a manner as to bring credit not only to the Academy but to the service as a whole.



Back Row: LEHMAN, CONNOLLY, LEON, CHRIST, NEUPERT, BIRD, JORDAN, REDAY, FOERSTER, CALDWELL, TODD
Second Row: BLAISDELL, JACKSON, GAZLAY, BENNETT, MARTINEAU, LEWIS, COUNIHAN, DEWITT, HESSEL, BAILEY, COX
Front Row: MCGOLDRICK, BAILEY, GRAMLICH, RARING, MONCURE, MALLORY, WILSON, LANGEN, SAMPSON, TENNENT, WHITE, YOUNG, HARDIE, SARGENT



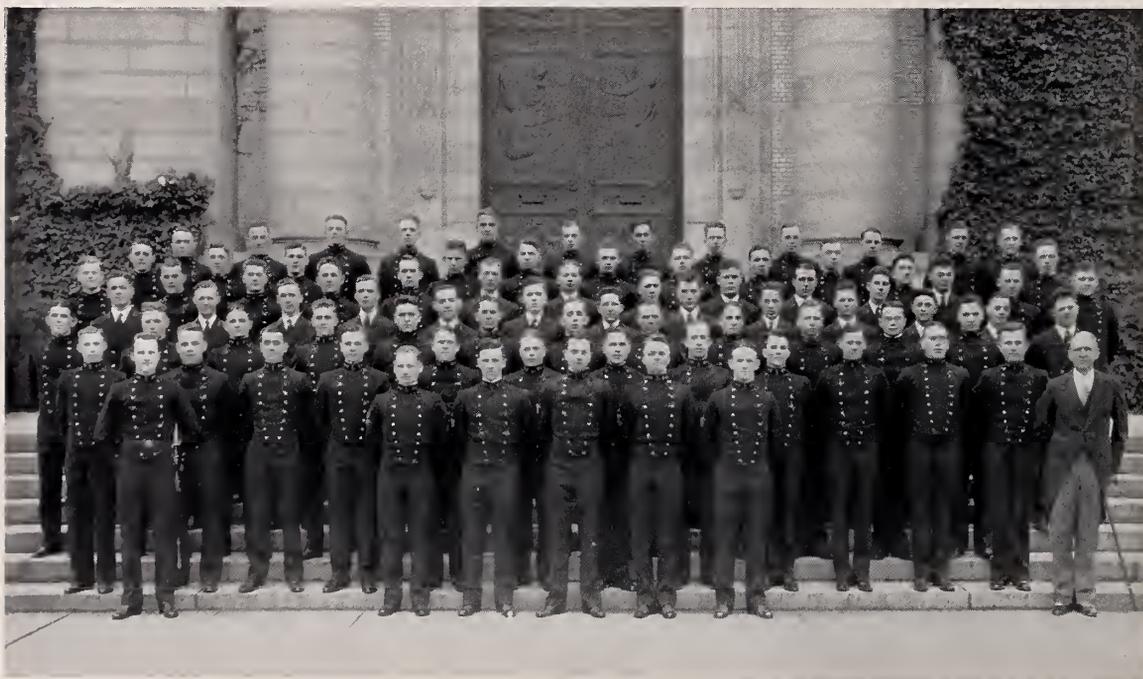
ASST. PROFESSOR CROSLY

The Choir



IT is Palm Sunday—through the stately portals and stained glass windows of the Chapel float the beautiful strains of "The Crucifixion" filling the air with celestial music. First soft tenor notes fall, then the volume swells as the basses join in. Every week for months the choir has worked under the excellent leadership of Professor Crosley, in order that this most beautiful cantata might be rendered for the edification of those who attend our Chapel services.

There are many things out of the ordinary to impress the visitor to the Naval Academy, but there is no picture quite so impressive and indicative of the character of our training as the sight of the Regiment standing with bowed heads while our own choir sings a hymn of praise to our Father.



Back Row: BOWLING, BROWN, McLEAN, DAVIS, KIRKPATRICK, BABO, NEWTON, CHASE, SHELLABARGER, STEVENS, COLLINS, BRONSON
Second Row: DAVIS, THORN, CURTZE, MARTIN, ERWIN, COFFIN, CHRISTIE, ARTZ, ESICK, RAKOW, DERICKSON
Third Row: TINKER, McLEAN, RODIER, WEINTRAUB, BLATCHFORD, WILSON, NEYMAN, SMITH, SCHACHT, RUEHLOW, RUTHERFORD, CAMPBELL, ZIMMERMAN, DAVIS
Fourth Row: BARROWS, THEIS, GIESSER, CAMERON, MERICLE, WHEELER, METCALF, DAVIS, WINTERS, KNOWLES, PRICKETT, MESSNER, MCKENZIE
Fifth Row: SHERMAN, KIRBY, INGRAM, MANN, NEET, MCKEITHEN, ORR, BLACK, ISELY, INGERSOLL, KRAMER, BRIGHT
Sixth Row: BENEDICT, PFOTENHAUER, LANGSTON, BARTLETT, PARKS, BRISTOL, WALLACE, GREENE, SLAYTON, PEACOCK, SCHUTT, SCHERER
Front Row: SCHMIDT (in charge), COOK, BOWSER, LITTLE, WILSON, RICE, PROFESSOR CROSLY



The "N" Club



CAPTAIN J. W. WILCOX

THE friendships made at the training tables, the "bull" sessions in the back of buses or in Pullmans, the thrilling contacts on the field or in the gym—these bind us in a fraternity all our own. Jonas Ingram remembered this spirit of his Academy days and organized the "N" Club for the purpose of binding together those who learned sportsmanship, courage, and comradeship in the school of Navy athletics.

All who leave us wearing the golden "N" are its life members. They are bound to return; and in the years to come the Club's rooms in Hubbard Hall shall be hallowed with memories. Even the plaques, pictures, and trophies will come to life as three or four old "N" men gather in a corner to review the days when they wore the Navy Blue and Gold.



Back Row: ROUDEBUSH, GEIST, TURNAGE, COOPER, SOWERWINE, WOODWARD, BAKER, RICHARDS, VAN EVERA, DILLON, HASKINS, GRUBBS, BURTON, GIBSON, McDONALD, McCAMPBELL, WHITE, KELLY, HUNTER, CANN
Second Row: MURRAY, HARRAL, McDUGAL, MUSTIN, HARDMAN, WEST, ANDERSON, REITER, GOLD, BUNCE, THOMAS, GREENE, THOMPSON, TYLER, PFINGSTAG, PASCHE, FRAZER
Third Row: BLOUIN, KANE, FULMER, DAVIS, JUKES, FULTON, WIGFALL, CORRY, RICE, CORSON, DIMITRIJEVIC, LANGEN, DIAL, PRESSEY, MILLER, DEWITT, NUESSELE, THOMPSON, FORD
Fourth Row: CHUNG-HOON, DENNY, KIRN, BRYAN, SHELTON, DAVIS, UNDERWOOD, HODGKINS, CAMPBELL, COLEMAN, BIGAQUETTE, COOMBS, HURLEY, TUTTLE, JAMES, JEWITT, CHAMBERS, SMITH
Sitting: PHILLIPS, CURTZE, READY, KONRAD, GOODMAN, BORN, SEELY, BECHT, ATKINS, GRIFFITH, FERGUSON



The Cheer Leaders

HERE are the All-Americans, four caper-cutting, white clad cheer leaders, two brave goat-keepers (one red), and "Bill" with his family. Last fall they were on hand every Saturday to lend color to the gridiron and to bring forth the thunderous volume that lay in two thousand throats.

"Dusty Rhoads" and "Jack Lamade" never tired exchanging repartee with the two front rows nor ceased to exhort the boys in the stands to "get hot." "Herbie and Harvie," the vaudeville troupe, went all season without a tumble, each back flip was better than the one before. Did you ever count all the cameramen around them?

We've often wondered whether it really was "Bill" who attracted all the femmes; some think it must have been "Wally" Coleman and "Red" Quirk. Even the goat guessed this, and to win back some attention he appeared at the end of the season with two kids.

The cheer leaders were truly the throttlemen who cut the "old sixty" into the turbines. They helped us show the big blue team that we were behind them on every play. Let's go! "4-N, Cheer Leaders!"



DUSTY RHOADS, HERBY JUKES, WALLY COLEMAN, RED QUIRK, JACK LAMADE, HARVEY HEAD



Stunt Committee: HODGKINS, TUCKER, WARFIELD, FOLEY, TODD, BARNUM, FAWCETT, BIRD

The Pep Committee

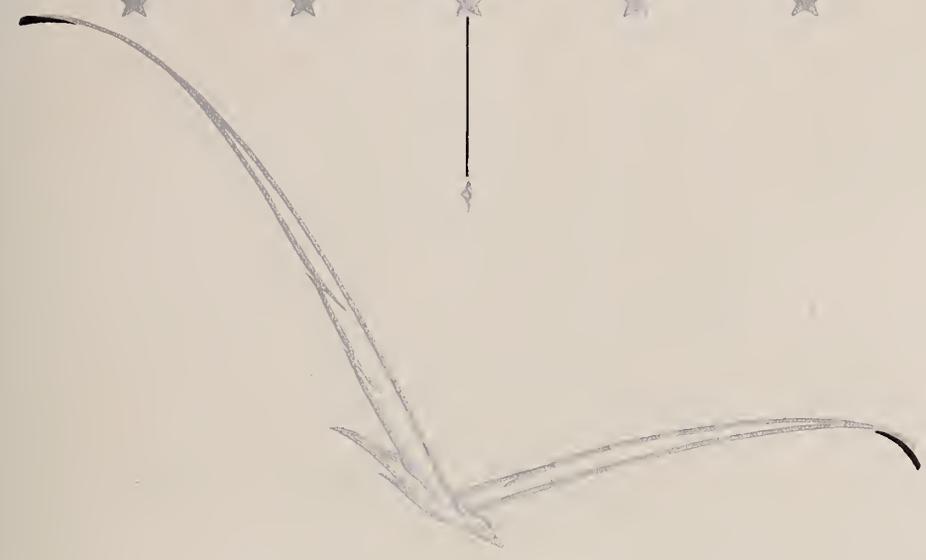
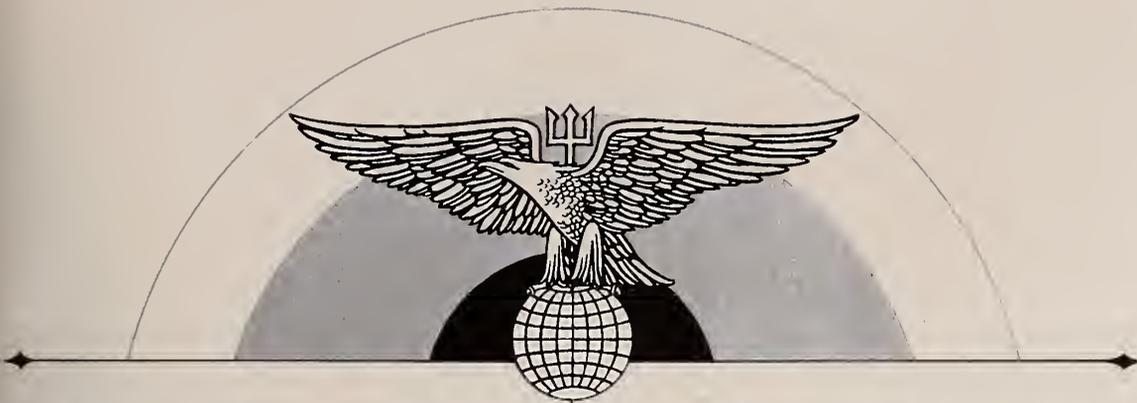
SOMEONE once described the Pep Committee as being composed solely of people who were willing to work at odd hours and do odd jobs toward helping out the football team. It covered getting out dope sheets, running rallies, and preparing a Pep Log for the last football game. In general, working for the common good and closer co-ordination of the Regiment and the Football team.

Last year the colored card stunts were introduced as a mid-game attraction, and the job was turned over to this year's gang. They really carried out the idea to the fullest extent and prepared a series of stunts that took the people out of their seats at every game away. Little is known of the work that went on before the games, filling out instruction cards for days before, only to find at the stadium that the arrangement would have to be revised. Such were some of the breaks, but the Committee was partially rewarded for its efforts when the Regiment was again awarded the title of "The All-American Cheering Section."



*Back Row: TODD, ROWE, KONRAD, SARGENT BOBO, BLAKELY, TAYLOR
Front Row: FOLEY, HODGKINS, FAWCETT, TUCKER, RHOADS, KEYES, JUKES*





A

UNTLEY ABOARD
THE OREGON





Huntley Aboard the Oregon...

WHILE making her famous run around the Horn, the Oregon developed a serious steam leak in one boiler. Catastrophe was imminent. Boilermaker Huntley, bravely volunteering to risk his life, crawled over banked fires into the inferno of gas and heat to repair the damage. After three long minutes he was dragged out fainting and nearly unconscious—but successful.





ATHLETICS





THE TROPHY ROOM

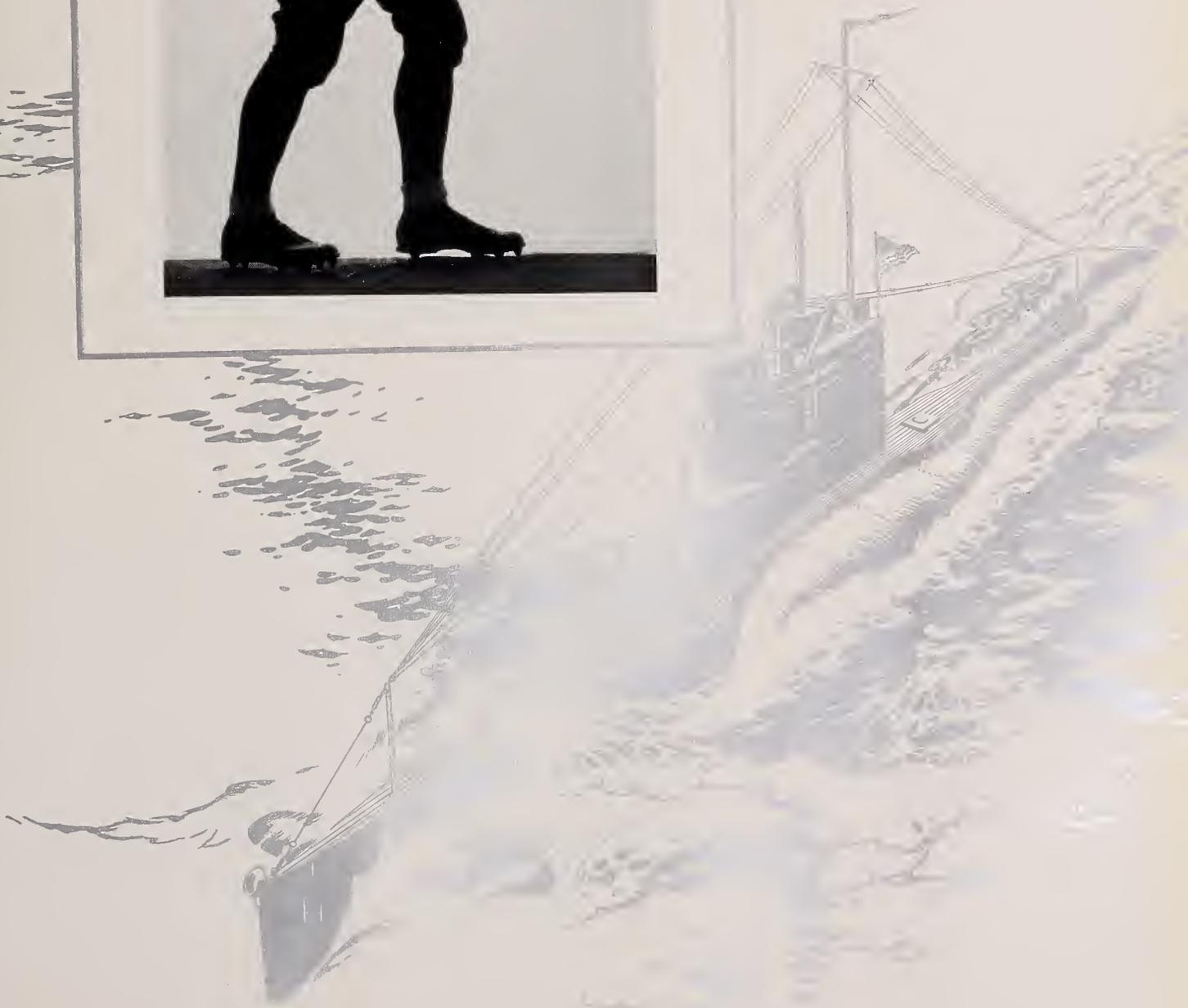
NO other part of the daily life at the Academy involves the Spirit of the Volunteer so much as does Athletics. Over the field of sport and in Macdonough Hall this spirit hovers, ever inspiring those who strive.

As we follow the story of the year in Navy Athletics we find that there have been ups and downs. But the record, viewed as a whole, is an enviable one—one that cannot be equaled by any other institution in the world. It is one that could never be achieved but for the ever-present, impelling influence of the Spirit of the Volunteer.





Fall Sports





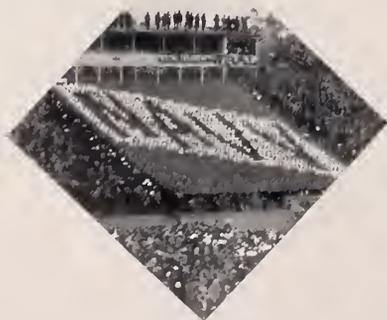
THE "A" SQUAD

Football

NAVY'S 1931 Football Season was one of transition. A new coaching staff took charge, and their task, which was no light one, was to perfect the Navy squad in the intricacies of the Rockne system of play. Although Rip Miller, the new head coach, had served several seasons as line coach under Bill Ingram using the Warner system, he resolved to make no compromise in the change, and set out to establish the new system in its entirety. He was seconded by a staff well qualified to assist him in this. Christy Flanagan was appointed backfield coach, and Johnny O'Brien came later as backfield coach. Both were former stars at Notre Dame. Ensign "Plug" Hughes, former star Navy center, returned, for his second year, as line coach.

In the spring, several weeks of practice were held and a large number of men turned out. There was much enthusiasm, and the new coach and his system won the confidence of the players.

When the squad returned from leave in September, the real work began. There was much to do before the opening tilt, which marked the beginning of an eleven game schedule, one of the hardest ever played by a Navy team. The results of the season, although not all that might have



The Regiment Performs



TUTTLE, Captain



MILLER, Head Coach



THE COACHING STAFF

The 1931 Season

been desired, were highly successful in view of the difficulties of getting adjusted to the new system. In line of statistics, the Navy team played before more than 326,000 spectators during the season. The Army game, the second to be played with Army for the benefit of charity, earned for that cause over \$300,000.

Captain Tuttle, at center, was probably the most outstanding player on the team. His persistence in breaking through and nailing a runner behind the scrimmage line made him a terror to all opponents. Harbold ably filled this position as a substitute. Underwood, Reedy, Thompson, and McCrea handled the guard assignments. Bryan and James were the outstanding tackles, and Kane showed up well. Elliot and Smith did good work at the end positions, with Born and Pray frequently receiving the call and Murray developing nicely toward the end of the season. Many players saw service in the backfield during the season. Moncure, Denny, Davis, and Becht took turns at quarterback. Kirn and Tschirgi were the stellar halfbacks, but Konrad, Samuels, Chung Hoon, and Waybright all did good work. Campbell and Hurley handled the fullback assignment capably.



HALL, Officer Representative



WHITE, Manager



The Cadets Test Their Lungs



THE KICKOFF



REEDY



KANE

WILLIAM AND MARY

WE started the season off by downing William and Mary 13 to 6. The day was hot, and the game therefore a bit slow, but as Navy's first attempt to use the new system in a game, it was quite satisfactory. Tschirgi, Konrad, and Campbell did most of the ball-carrying, the former two accounting for the scores.

The second team started, and they succeeded in keeping the opponents from the Navy goal, although most of the first period was played in Navy territory. The first team took the field early in the second period, and after a punting duel, Tschirgi tossed the ball from midfield to Konrad, who galloped across for the first score. The try for point failed.

The opening of the second half provided a thrill. Campbell received the kickoff and ran it back 65 yards to the Indian 25 yard line. On the next play, Tschirgi tore through tackle for another touchdown. Konrad kicked the extra point. During the remainder of the period the play seesawed back and forth near the center of the field. In the fourth quarter William and Mary resorted to a concentrated passing attack. Completing four passes in eight attempts, they advanced the ball seventy yards for a first down on the two-yard line. On the fourth try, Chalko put the ball across for the visitors' only score. Then Navy began to substitute freely. There was no more scoring, but as the game ended, the second stringers were sweeping through the Indian line for long gains.



NAVY GOES THROUGH



NAVY THROUGH THE LINE

MARYLAND

FOR the second game, we went over to Washington on the hot afternoon of October 10th, and met Maryland in Griffith Stadium. We had really expected to beat the Terps in spite of their weight advantage, but although the statistics chart gave us perhaps a slight edge, we were unable to cross the goal, while the opponents scored once on a long pass that came in the third period.

The first half provided several thrills. The first was Maryland's opening drive which penetrated to Navy's 25-yard line. Here, however, Navy stiffened up and took the ball on downs. Then Tschirgi took the ball and twisted through for a 23-yard gain before being tackled by Woods, who was a bulwark of Maryland's defense throughout the game. Tschirgi fumbled on being tackled, but Campbell recovered. A minute later, Campbell intercepted a pass and Navy drove to the 12-yard line, but could get no further.

Just after the opening of the second half, Maryland recovered a Navy fumble in midfield and executed a triple pass, Chalmers tossing the ball 30 yards to Pease, who ran the remaining 20 yards to the goal unmolested for the lone score of the game. In the fourth period, Elliot blocked another kick, and Navy drove to the 10-yard line, Chung Hoon tossing passes to Samuels and Smith. Navy lost the ball on downs, and Maryland's punt went out on the 20-yard line. Maryland again took the ball on downs, however, and Navy's chance to score was lost. The game ended with the score: Navy, 0; Maryland, 6.



BORN



A FORWARD PASS



ELLIOT



DELAWARE STOPPED

DELAWARE

ALTHOUGH scheduled as a breather, the Delaware game turned out to be a thriller. Navy scored in the first quarter, but in the last Delaware jumped to a 7 to 6 lead. And then we had the satisfaction of seeing a first string back-field take the field with the definite assignment of making a score, and do that thing.

The second team started and remained in for most of the first half, keeping the ball in Navy's possession most of the time. The first score came after a Navy drive in which Chung Hoon and Hurley carried the ball to the 15-yard line. Here the Delaware defense tightened, but Moncure tossed a beautiful pass to Samuels, who was standing on the goal line. Then a long punting battle ensued, Kane getting off some nice boots.

As the second half opened, Delaware took the offensive, and gained considerable ground on aerial work. Green tossed one pass from the 40-yard line to Kempcke, who romped to the goal from the 10-yard line and tied the score. Lane kicked the extra point to give Delaware a lead. With eleven minutes to go, Campbell, Konrad, Tschirgi, and Denny went into the game. Their first drive was stopped, and punts were exchanged. Then Campbell and Tschirgi tore through for long gains, and Konrad dove over right tackle for the touchdown which cinched the game. Score: Navy, 12; Delaware, 7.



HURLEY



CHUNG HOON



THEY GET OFF A PUNT



TIGER STRATEGY SMOTHERED

PRINCETON

ON October 24, we journeyed to Princeton, and in Palmer Stadium on the stately Nassau campus won a hard fight from a brave foe.

The first quarter was scoreless. Navy started poorly, and Princeton flashed a strong offensive. However, Konrad's punts, many of which soared over 70 yards, kept them out of striking distance. Early in the second quarter, Tschirgi and Campbell made two first downs. Then when rushing failed to gain, Underwood was called back to try a dropkick from the 35-yard line. He put it neatly over the bar, as Whitey Lloyd had done three years before against this same opponent. That started us. Bryan recovered the fumbled kickoff, and Konrad ran wide around left end for a touchdown.

Opening the second half, Navy made a long drive, Campbell, Konrad, and Tschirgi carrying the ball. After two first downs, Princeton took the ball and advanced to the Navy 35-yard line, but were stopped here when James recovered a fumble. Then Kirn entered the game, and hurled a pass to Konrad to put the ball on the Princeton 26-yard line. The fourth period started with a bang, Samuels romping around left end for 20 yards. Shortly after, Kirn intercepted a pass. After first down, Smith caught a pass and fought to the 9-yard line. Samuels put the ball on the 1-yard line, and Denny dived over center for a score, which made it Navy 15, Princeton 0.



JAMES



NO GAIN



KONRAD



THE LINE OPENS UP

WEST VIRGINIA WESLEYAN

A BIT overconfident after our success of the previous week, we were unprepared for the determined defensive battle put up by West Virginia Wesleyan. Navy showed greater offensive power, but were ineffective within the 10-yard line, and the result was a scoreless deadlock.

Navy's second team began. Wesleyan made a first down, but were forced to kick. Navy then made a march of four first downs, Chung Hoon and Hurley making some pretty runs. But bucks and passes failed, and the Bobcats booted to Becht, who was downed all but over his goal line. Navy made a second long march before the quarter ended. The second period began deep in Wesleyan territory, but twice they held for downs.

Beginning the second half, Konrad and Campbell carried the ball for a first down, but Wesleyan recovered a fumble and kicked. Konrad and Kirn made a first down, and Campbell plunged 10 yards for another. Kirn got off a quick kick as the quarter ended. Wesleyan kicked, and Navy made two first downs. Konrad's long punt was downed by Elliot on the enemy 7-yard line. Denny ran the Bobcat punt back 15 yards. Navy fumbled, but Kirn recovered by intercepting a pass. A little later, Tuttle recovered a fumble, and Denny passed to Kirn for a first down on the 13-yard line, but the Bobcats held for downs. The game ended shortly after. Score: Navy, 0; Wesleyan, 0.



THOMPSON



CAMPBELL



HURLEY HITS THE LINE



AROUND THE END

OHIO STATE

ON the rainy Saturday following, the team journeyed to Columbus to play Ohio State in the homecoming game, before 60,000 spectators. Navy out-gained their opponents, scored more first downs, passed them dizzy, and acted very little as though they were losing a game, but Ohio took advantage of every break and won. Kirn was the big gun of the Navy attack, fast in carrying the ball and accurate in passing.

During the first period, Navy's punting was poor and most of the play was deep in their territory. State failed to organize their offensive, however. A short Navy punt early in the second quarter was fatal. State made a first down and passed for a score. Then, as Konrad's kick was blocked, a Buckeye scooped it up to run 25 yards for Ohio's second score. The balance of the first half was played in Ohio's territory.

In the third quarter, Navy threw a pass deep in their own territory which was intercepted by a Buckeye who crossed the goal for Ohio's final score. Navy threatened three times during the period. Kirn's two passes, one to Tschirgi and one to Smith, put the ball on the 18-yard line, but his next heave was intercepted, as was another a bit later. Davis tried one drop kick, but it fell short. In the fourth quarter, Navy again took to the air, and once penetrated to the Buckeye 15-yard mark, but the Ohio line held here and Navy never threatened thereafter. As the game ended, the score stood: Ohio State, 20; Navy, 0.



SAMUELS



THAT'S FAR ENOUGH



DENNY



THROUGH THE IRISH LINE

NOTRE DAME

IN Baltimore Stadium, packed to capacity, the somewhat crippled Navy team engaged the powerful football machine of Notre Dame, which had already trampled roughshod over some of the strongest teams in the country. Navy lost, but in holding the Irish scoreless throughout three periods they rose to such defensive heights that after the game the feeling we had was one of pride.

As the game started, Notre Dame received and made two first downs, but Navy stiffened in time. At a strategical moment, Davis called a quick kick which took the Irish completely by surprise and was downed behind their own goal line. Early in the second quarter, Schwartz, behind perfect interference, ran 16 yards for a touchdown, Jaskwich kicking the extra point. Receiving the kickoff, the Irish made another march for their second touchdown, but Brooks blocked the attempted placement. Navy received the next kickoff and made first down, but Notre Dame took the ball and a long pass brought them their third and last touchdown.

In the third quarter, Notre Dame would drive for one or two first downs, only to be stopped as they approached the goal line. In the final quarter, three scoring threats were broken up when Davis and Harbold intercepted passes and Underwood recovered a Notre Dame fumble. The period was played almost entirely in Navy territory, but the Blue refused to let the Irish pass the broad stripe for another score.



DAVIS



MONCURE



A LEFT END RUN



THE MUSTANGS' BACKS TO THE WALL

SOUTHERN METHODIST

THE Southern Methodist game, played in Thompson Stadium before a crowd much smaller than had been expected, was a thrilling one but a heartbreaking one. The opponents were as yet undefeated, and had beaten us decisively the year before, but after we had led them in the first quarter and swamped their running attack throughout the game, the defeat which came as a result of two long corner passes was hard to take.

S. M. U. ran Navy's first punt back 55 yards, but fumbled, Tuttle recovering. After an exchange of kicks, the Mustangs fumbled again, and Murray recovered on the 17-yard line. On the next play Davis caught a pass in the corner and stumbled over to give Navy six points. Early in the second quarter, Travis of S. M. U. threw a pass to Mason, who romped over the goal to tie the score. A short Navy punt gave the ball to the Mustangs on the Navy 30-yard line. Failing to gain through the line, they worked the same pass combination for another score, and added the extra point.

During the scoreless second half, the battle waged even more fiercely than in the first. Another Mustang pass put the ball on the Navy 4-yard line, but Navy made a valiant four down stand to avert another score. In the final period, Navy hurled passes and made substantial gains through the weakening Mustang line, once penetrating to the 10-yard line, but passes were intercepted at critical moments, and in the gathering dusk the game ended.



SMITH



TRYING THE LEFT END



STANNARD



NAVY STARTS FROM SCRATCH

WOOSTER

THE last home game of the season was played against Wooster, on a wet and sloppy field. Navy's victory was quite decisive, but the Ohioans put up a noble fight.

Navy started slowly, but toward the end of the first period, Campbell and Kirn were making consistent gains which put the ball in Wooster territory for the first time. The drive continued into the second quarter, but a determined Wooster line and an incomplete pass prevented a score. After an exchange of punts, however, Kirn, Konrad, and Tschirgi carried the ball to the 23-yard line, from where Tschirgi, behind the goal, caught a pass for Navy's first score.

Early in the second half, Chung Hoon, Waybright, Denny, and Becht took over the backfield assignment, and they went like wildfire. The first march ended when Chung Hoon went 12 yards around right end for Navy's second score. Costly fumbles and penalties kept the ball in midfield from then into the final period, when Samuels wriggled down the sideline through a maze of would-be tacklers for Navy's final touchdown. This time the point was converted. Waybright made a 75-yard run to the goal which, unfortunately, didn't count, and a Navy kick was blocked, which gave Wooster the ball on the Navy 1-yard line. Navy wouldn't give an inch in three downs, but on the last Wooster bored through for their only touchdown. Final score: Navy, 19; Wooster, 6.



PRAY



BECHT



ONE THAT DIDN'T WORK



STOPPED IN MIDAIR

PENNSYLVANIA

THE sixth of December brought the most thrilling game of the season so far. Weather conditions at Franklin Field were ideal, and 60,000 people saw Navy execute a 51-yard pass play to defeat the favored Quakers. It was the only pass which Navy completed, but it brought the touchdown that spelled a Navy victory, the fifth out of six games played by Navy on Franklin Field in four years.

Navy had a slight edge in all departments of the game except punting, according to statistics. However, during the first three periods the play was mostly in Navy territory. Five times the Penn eleven had first down within the Navy 35-yard line, but on these occasions the Navy defense was impregnable. The defensive work of Captain Tuttle and of Murray was outstanding.

Shortly after the start of the second quarter, Tschirgi picked up a Penn fumble in midfield before it had touched the ground and raced to the goal. But the referee had blown his whistle, and the score was not allowed. However, that didn't worry Tut and his team.

With seven minutes of the game remaining, and the ball in Navy's possession on their own 49-yard line, third down, Lou Kirn dropped back and passed far down field to Tschirgi. The latter was in the clear, and caught the ball without losing a stride and continued on his way to the goal. The Navy stands rose to a joyous roar. The victory was Navy's, 6 to 0.



McCREA



KIRN'S UNDER WAY!



MURRAY



THE WAR IS ON

The Army

AT last the great day came. We swung into Yankee Stadium, and the Army game, for which we had been waiting since early in the season, was close at hand. The Cadets were already in their places. Secretary of the Navy Adams, Assistant Secretary of War Payne, Generals, Admirals, and hundreds of other officers were among the 75,000 spectators who filled the rest of the stadium.

Navy won the toss and elected to defend the South goal. Army kicked off and the battle was on. Punts were exchanged, and then Kirn ran 12 yards off left tackle for first down. Then a punt was blocked, and Army took possession on Navy's 42-yard line. But they failed by a foot to make first down. Punts were again exchanged. Here a Navy fumble gave Army the ball on the Navy 32-yard line, but Tuttle threw Brown for an 8-yard loss and Army had to kick.

Army began the second quarter with a drive that reached the Navy 7-yard line, where the Navy defense tightened and held for downs. When the Gray-legs failed to gain in three downs, Brown dropped back and place kicked a field goal. Score: Army, 3; Navy, 0. Then play seesawed until Major Sasse sent in a new backfield. A pass from Fields to Kopcsak put the ball on the Navy 1-yard line for a 34-yard gain, and Herb carried it over for a touchdown, kicking the extra point. The half ended soon after. Score: Army, 10; Navy, 0.



TSCHIRGI



UNDERWOOD



THE KAYDETS PASS IN REVIEW



ARMY STOPPED AGAIN

Game

Between the halves the Navy stands were tense, silent. But Navy had not given up yet, and the team came back in the third quarter with a vengeance. James blocked the Graylegs' first punt, and Bryan recovered on Army's 30-yard line. But Stecker intercepted a pass, and Army kicked. Navy punted in return; the Army receiver dropped the ball when tackled, and Elliot recovered for Navy at midfield. Navy tried passes, but one was intercepted, and again Navy was set back. But next time, with the ball in Navy's possession on their 45-yard line, Kirn dropped back and heaved a tremendous pass down to Tschirgi, near the right side of the field beyond the last Army man, and he crossed the Army goal. Becht made the placement good. Score: Army, 10; Navy, 7.

Early in the fourth quarter, an unbalanced exchange of punts gave Army the ball on Navy's 35-yard line, and from there, with Stecker doing most of the carrying, they pounded to the 1-yard line. On the fourth attempt, Herb plunged through for Army's final touchdown, and then kicked the extra point. For the rest of the game, Navy kept the Graylegs from gaining, and fought valiantly to score. Navy completed a pass for a 24-yard gain to the Army 40-yard line as the game ended. Score: Army, 17; Navy, 7.

It had been a great battle, and the Navy team to a man had fought well.



KIRN



BRYAN



THE REGIMENT CHEERS THE CORPS



CAPTAIN CORRY



COACH TAYLOR

Soccer

AS soon as we returned from September Leave the freebooters headed for Lawrence Field, armed with heavy shoes and shin guards. A good squad turned out and hopes for a successful season were high. A fine bunch of veterans reported, led by Captain Red Corry, one of the outstanding halfbacks in the East. Hutchinson, all-American fullback of last year was there, along with such old timers as George Corson, Bill Kelly, Shovestul, and Dillon.

Tommy Taylor, head coach, taught the boys lots of good soccer. Tommy is one of the best coaches in the game.

The team had a fairly successful season, winning 4, losing 3, and tying 1 out of 8 starts. The boys played superbly at times, but they had their off moments too. "Red" Corry, captain, was the star, winning all American honors. Shovestul was one of the best attack men in the game. Kelly, Hutchinson, Sowerwine and Dillon also did excellent work.

The season opened with Franklin and Marshall providing the opposition and a close game resulted. The Blue and Gold won 5-3 to open the season in a blaze of glory. Geist, Shovestul, Wigfall, and Ellenberger starred on defense, while Corry and Hutchinson played fine games on the offense.

Then came Haverford with another of their well balanced veteran teams. Navy and Haverford always seem to be about equally matched on the soccer field and each year the fur flies when they meet.



THE SQUAD

Back Row: LENNOX, CAMPBELL, ZYSK, MORLAND, MCGOLDRICK, MAGOFFIN, O'CONNELL, ROENIGK, GEIST, STIRLING, PRICE
 Middle Row: FARRELL (Representative), DEWITT (Manager), SPIERS, LAVERY, SOWERWINE, DILLON, RICE, MOORE, KEATING, RAMEE, SEIPT
 Bottom Row: WIGFALL, THOMAS, ROUDEBUSH, CORSON, CORRY (Capt.), KELLY, COOPER, SWEENEY, FERGUSON, MASTERTON, TAYLOR (Coach)



FARRELL, Rep.



DEWITT, Mgr.

Haverford won 2-1, but only after one of the most thrilling soccer games ever to be played at the Academy. Navy played excellently and only the very super-excellence of the Haverford team enabled them to win.

The first quarter was scoreless, each team playing closely and feeling the other out. Then in the second the fireworks started. Haverford scored first, 1 minute after the quarter started. Shovestul evened it up as he scored on a corner kick from Ramey. Then the scoring ceased as both sides fought to take the lead. Well into the fourth period Haverford made it 2-1, and although Navy pressed hard another goal was not forthcoming. The Navy offense of Hutchinson, Seipt, Sowerwine, Shovestul, and Geist kept the Haverford team on the defensive most of the time but couldn't quite score.

Western Maryland was next and under the ideal playing conditions Navy romped home to victory on a 7-2 score. Navy scored first in the first quarter and was never headed afterwards. The half ended 4-2. The Blue and Gold attack slacked up a bit in the next period which was scoreless. In the final stanza the Navy boys hit their stride to boot in three while holding the opposition scoreless. The Navy was superior throughout and a marked improvement of play was noted. Kelly, Geist, and Shovestul starred on the offense while "Hutch" and Red Corry played stellar games defensively.



A BOOT THAT SCORED



SHOVESTUL

DOWN THE FIELD



KELLY

A fighting Bucknell team fought in vain to stem the tide of Tommy Taylor's freebooters, but the best they could do was to hold the Blue and Gold to a 8-2 win. Navy was never in danger but couldn't get going until the second half. Navy led 2-0 at the half. The next period was all Navy, four goals being driven home. In the final frame the visitors rallied to tally twice while Navy scored twice. Outstanding for Navy were Corry, Price and Shovestul. Kelly and Dillon also played well.

The Brown and White from Lehigh brought a surprisingly strong team down to battle Tommy Taylor's boys to a stalemate. The game was close throughout. Lehigh scored first but Geist knotted the count early in the third quarter. The entire first half was hotly contested, but the Navy defense was not up to its usual high standard. Late in the third quarter Geist again drove in a nice side kick to send Navy out ahead 2-1. The fight was on, both teams trying to score again. With 15 seconds to go Lehigh got a penalty kick and Gould made it good. The game ended 2 to 2 and darkness prevented a play off. Geist was by far the star of the game.

The Freebooters lost to Syracuse 3-2 in the rain in a hard fought game. While the field was dry the Blue and Gold ran up two goals to



THE GOALIE STOPS ONE



KELLY PUTS THE BALL IN ITS PLACE

HUTCHINSON

take the lead, but with the rain came Syracuse luck, as the Taylorites failed to score again. The Orange-clad men seemed to be better mud-ders, and so another was chalked up on the red side of the ledger.

The Gettysburg kickers bowed to the Navy eleven 7-0. Numerous substitutes were used and after the first half with Navy leading 5 to 0 the scoring slackened a bit. The Navy team led by virtue of their better heading and footwork and superior defense work. Clatanoff, the visitors' goalie, kept the score down only by some superb stopping of shots.

The Soccer season ended with a trip to Yale in which Navy was defeated 3-0 in a closely played game. At no time was the Navy really outplayed or outfought, but goals just weren't. Yale tallied in the first quarter, again in the third and the final shot was sunk just as the game ended. The day was cold and cloudy and a strong wind was sweeping across the field to make play at times a bit erratic. The Yale defense each time stopped Captain Corry and Shovestul. Corry, playing his last game, was outstanding for Navy.

Thus the season ended. The record was not a perfect one, but yet may be looked upon with pride.



CORSON



A TIGHT DEFENSE



CAPTAIN GIBSON
BLOUIN



COACH THOMPSON



BURTON

Cross Country

THE material for cross country this year was excellent, about seventy men turning out at the first call. Although Navy lost two out of four meets, the season was not a failure by any means. The outstanding men were Captain Gibson, Captain-elect Blouin, Burton, Rogers, Haskins and Van Slyke. Hardman, star track and cross country man of last year was out for the entire season due to a bad muscle, and his loss was severely felt.

The season opened with Virginia, and the Hill and Dalers took them into camp, 21-34. Captain Scotty Gibson led for three miles, but Tauck of Virginia overtook him on the home stretch to win. Holden of the visitors was third but the rest of the Navy boys finished in a row to cinch the meet. The team showed good balance and for an opening meet the times were fine.

Maryland was the next victim and fell 20 to 35 before the Navy troops. Seven of the first ten were Navy men. "Scotty" Gibson took



THE SQUAD

Back Row: VOGLEY (Asst. Mgr.), HOMMEL, MCKIBBIN, HALEY, LINDSAY, FANG, HARDMAN, BOWEN
Front Row: LT. CDR. SHELLEY, GRIFFITH, HASKINS, GIBSON (Capt.), BLOUIN, BURTON, THOMPSON (Coach)



SHELLEY, Off. Rep.



LANGEN, Mgr.

HASKINS



GRIFFITH

an early lead and gradually increased it. Shore of Maryland was second. Griffith, Blouin and Burton finished abreast for third place honors.

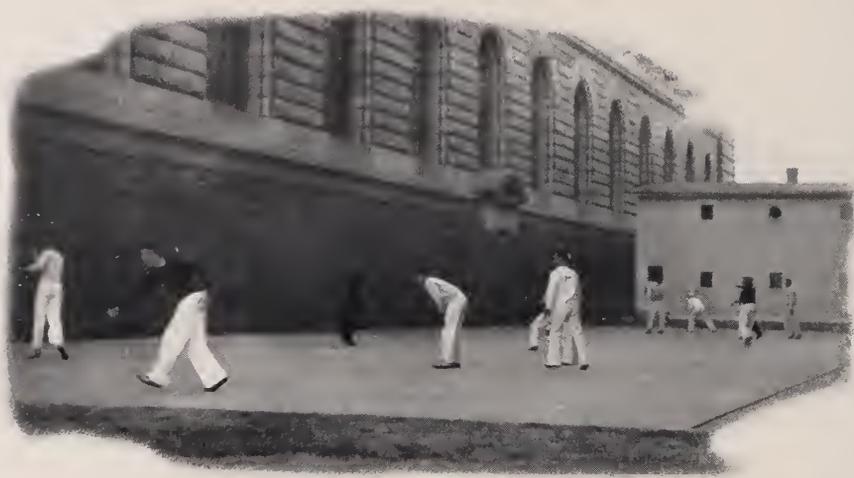
The Mountaineers of West Virginia ended Earl Thompson's three year record of supremacy by a 20-35 win. West Virginia took the first four places with Captain "Scotty" taking fifth; Griffith, Blouin, Fahy and Haskins finished in order.

Led by a fleet-footed Sophomore the Blue Devils of Duke gave the Hill and Dalers their second successive defeat in the last meet of the season. This left the team with a 50-50 record, two wins and two losses. Dependable "Scotty" Gibson took second in almost record time to close his cross country career. The visitors had a well balanced team and the score, 23-32, is fairly indicative of the relative strength of the teams.

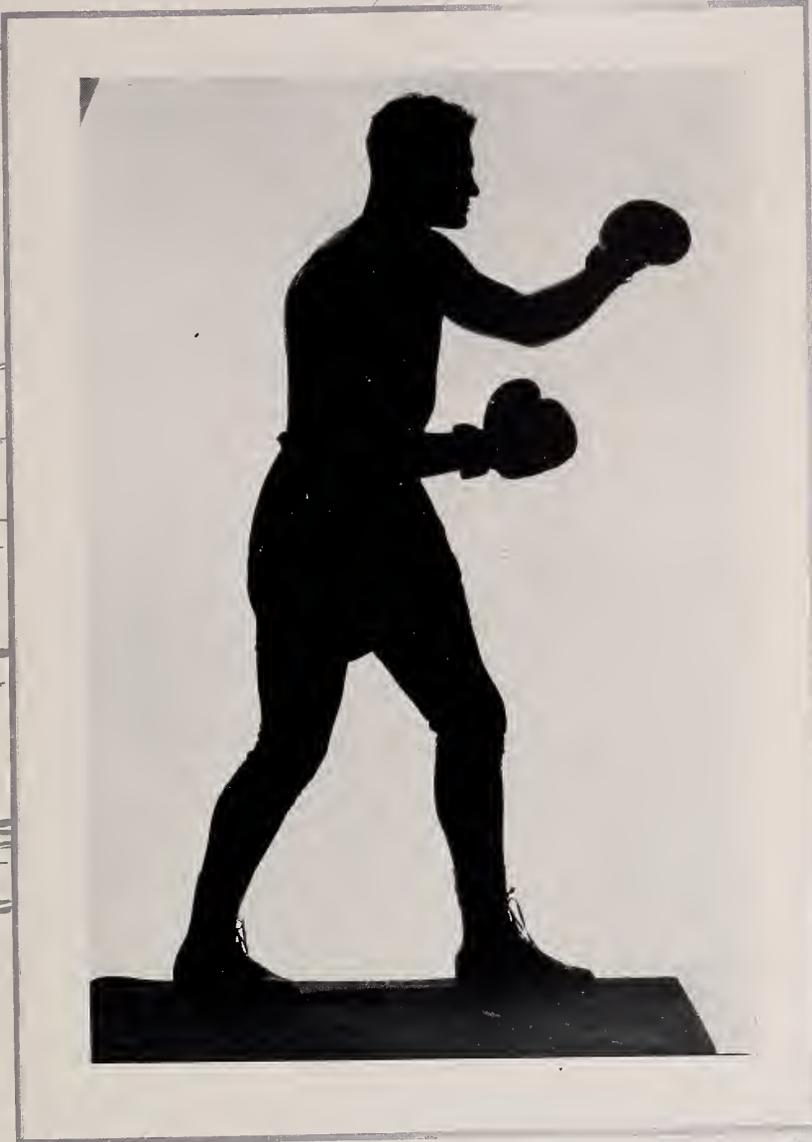
While the season was not as successful as previous ones, an "off year" should not be taken too hard. Next year's squad, with Hardman well, Blouin, Griffith, Burton and McCutchan back, and Burdick up from the Plebes will be a new power in cross country circles.



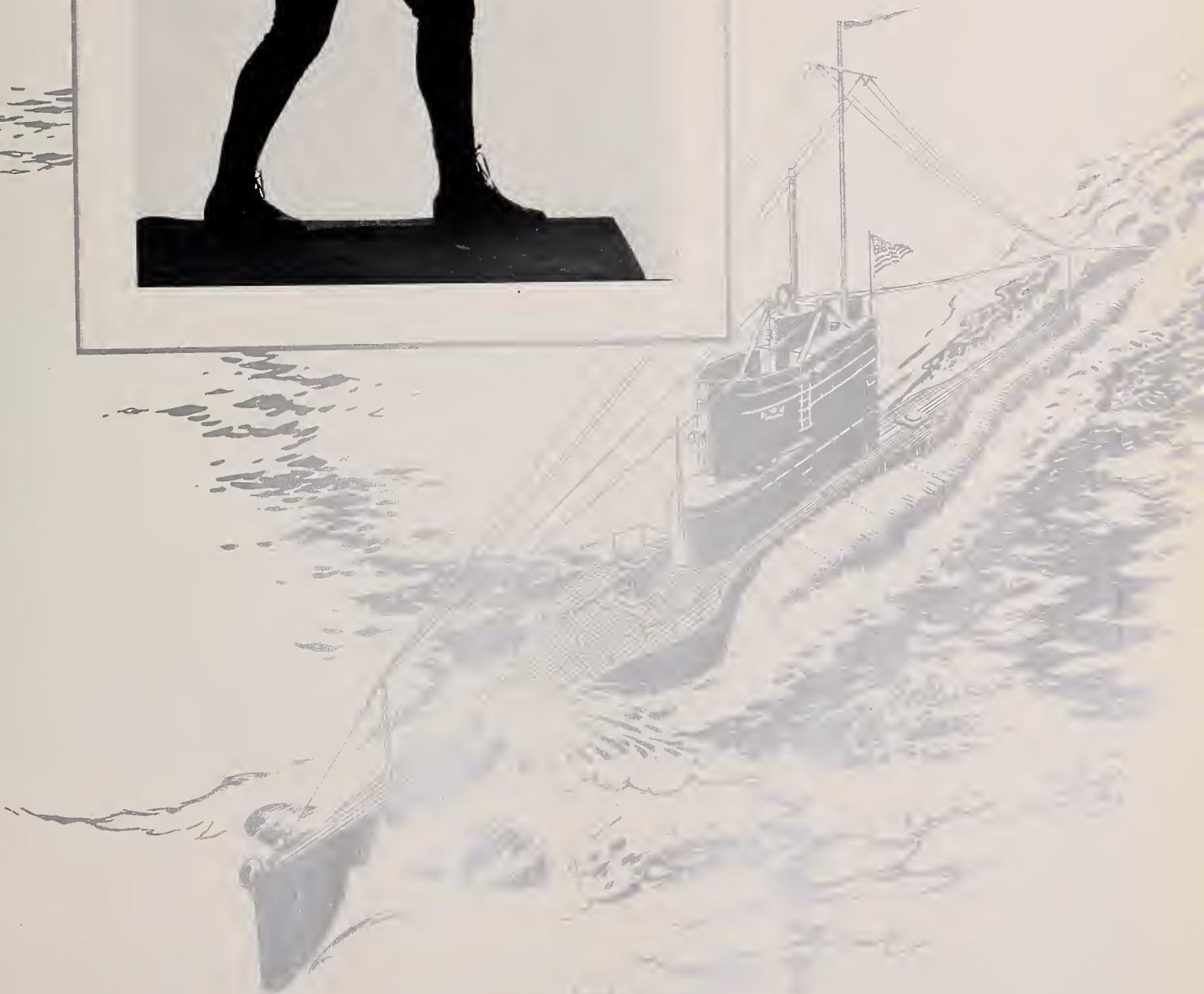
NAVY LEADS THE PACK



Any afternoon on the handball courts . . .



Winter Sports





CAPT. CHITTENDEN
FRAZER



COACH WILSON



BEVELL

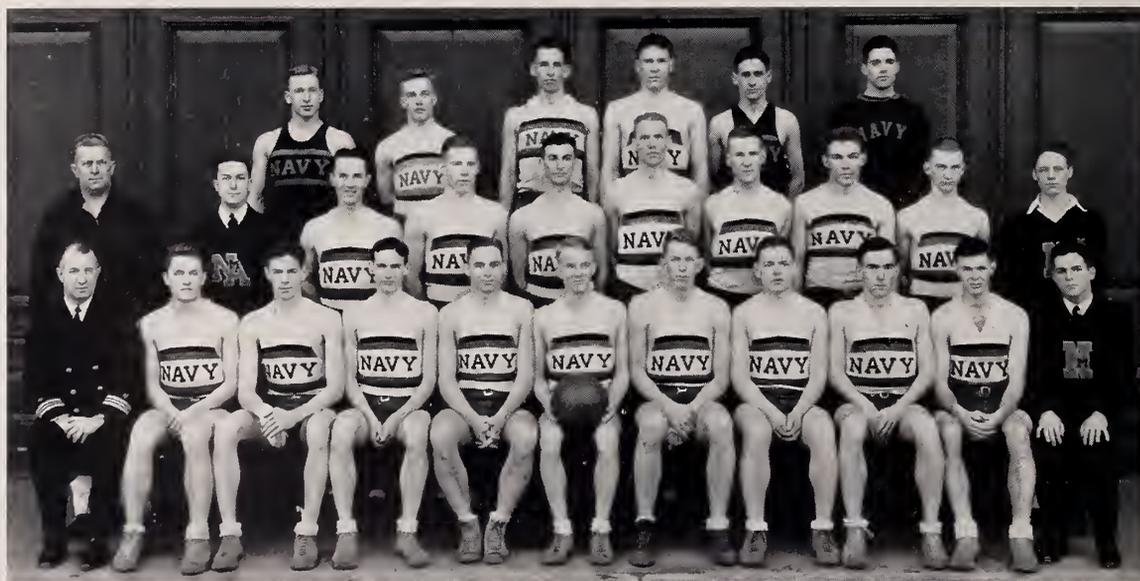
Basketball

WITH only three losses as black marks in a sixteen game season, the basketeers enjoyed one of the most successful years in the history of the sport at the Naval Academy. Under Coach Johnny Wilson, the game has progressed by noticeable amounts from year to year and this fact, plus a good hard schedule, made the record worthy of commendation.

The losses of the season were at the hands of Penn, who wasn't beaten by a Navy basketball team during the class of Thirty-two's four-year stay, of Maryland, who made it a clean sweep in their competition with Navy teams during the year at the dedication of the new gymnasium at College Park, and of American University, who although a small college, are nevertheless the leaders in local basketball circles.

The pre-Christmas opening was with Lafayette which was defeated by a 35-23 score. It was evident in this first game that the squad had a number of possibilities, but they did not fully bloom until later in the season.

The Maroon was followed by Lehigh. At no time did the Brown and White even threaten, and Coach Wilson took the opportunity to



THE SQUAD

Back Row: SELLARS, GUTHRIE, CHAMBLISS, MURRAY, AVISE, SMITH
Middle Row: WILSON (Coach), DUNCAN (Asst. Mgr.), CAMERON, BRADBARD, STEPHAN, BACHELLER, MILLER, DRY, ENS. FARRIN (Asst. Coach)
Front Row: LT. CDR. WILD (Off. Rep.), RANKIN, OSLER, LOUGHLIN, BEVELL, CHITTENDEN, KASTEIN, CHRISTIE, CAMPBELL, RANDOLPH, PARKER (Mgr.)



WILD, Off. Rep.



PARKER, Mgr.

OSLER



LOUGHLIN

season a few subs. But the Bethlehemites were impotent even before the subs and the score mounted up to 38 to 19 as a final.

The Wednesday games started with Franklin and Marshall which was easily downed, 37 to 15. For the week-end tilt, the team traveled to the strongholds of Virginia University where they displayed the reputational prowess of the Navy and came home with a 25 to 24 victory. Virginia scored fifteen points before Navy was able to find the basket, and it looked like a sad day. However, a rally put us only six points behind at the end of the half and things looked better. After the rest period, the defense became impregnable while the offense functioned perfectly. With six minutes left, Navy dropped a basket to tie the score at 21-21 and in the remaining time scored just enough to eke out the victory.

Then came the first defeat. Lon Jourdet's Penn squad broke the victory record in a home game, 27 to 25 in a last minute rally that had the fans on their feet most of the time. Navy led most of the way and it was only in the closing minutes that the Quakers were able to drop three baskets that won the game for them.

In the Saturday game of that week, Duke University was taken, 36 to 25, and Navy was avenged for the defeats of two years at the hands of the North Carolina Blue Devils.



NAVY LOOPS ONE THROUGH



THE TIPOFF

It seemed to be a bad time all around at this point, because the Maryland loss and the American U. defeat came right together. At the dedication of the Ritchie Gym on the Maryland campus, the team failed to pull the dedication act that usually means defeat for the home team and after a tough battle had only fifteen points to show for the opponents' twenty-six.

American pulled a surprise by flashing a strong attack and a defense that staved off the Navy's rally at the end to hold a precious two point lead in a 22 to 20 game.

From this point on, the season was a clean sweep. The V. M. I. Cadets were powerless before the rejuvenation and were swamped 39 to 19. Western Maryland could gain no more than nineteen points, too, in the Saturday game, while the local team rolled up a total of forty-nine. In both games the attack functioned perfectly and there was never a doubt about the outcome from the opening whistle.

Then the Ohio State game and the Randolph-Macon. The latter team was hopelessly outclassed and were downed 48 to 22. In the Buckeye game, the team showed the best form of the whole season and gave a sterling performance against two smooth State outfits. At half time we led 20-16, but insofar as the Ohio coach had used his regulars only for a few minutes during the first frame, it was apparent that the second half would be a thriller and result a toss-up.

After the rest period, Navy started right in pounding on the enemy defenses. With eight minutes gone, the lead had been rolled up to eight points, which was the largest advantage gained during the entire battle. Ohio rallied and almost instantly the score was tied at twenty-nine all and things began to look bad. The lead see-sawed back and forth for the remaining four minutes, and the game was anyone's. However, Bedell dropped a field goal and Loughlin slipped over a foul shot and the game was over. Score, 35-32.



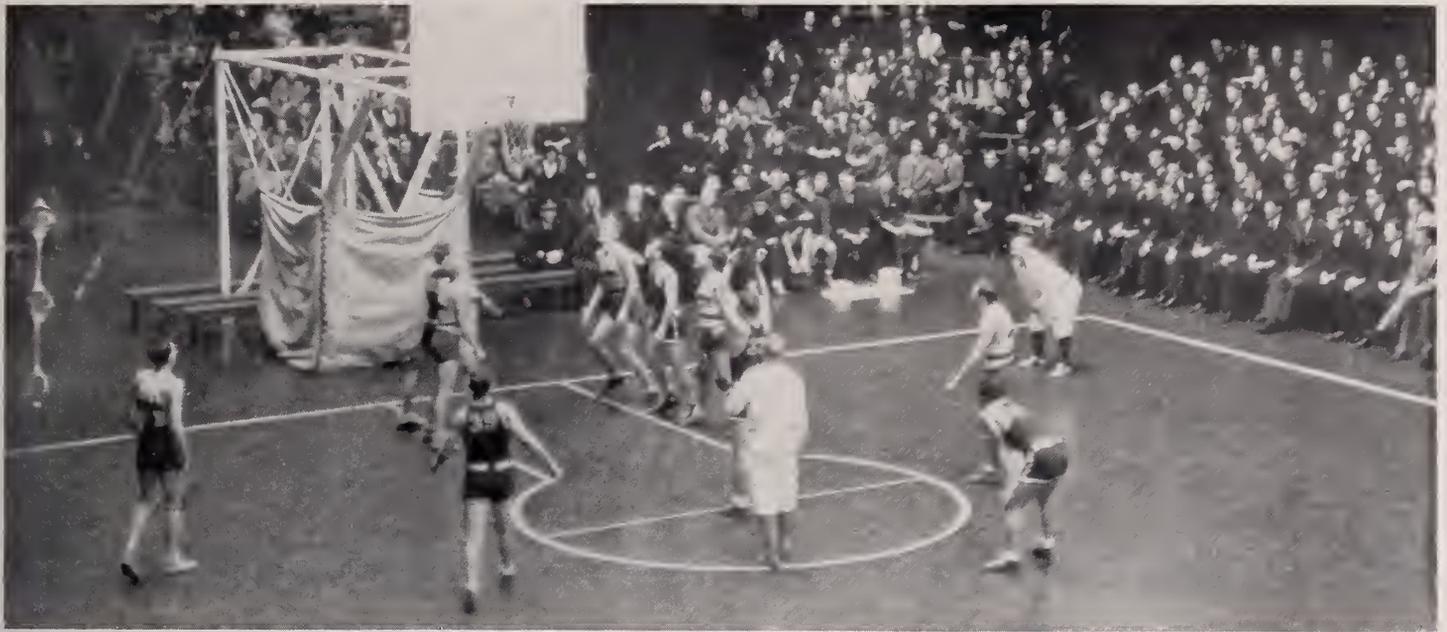
KASTEIN



CHRISTIE



JUMP!



THE OPPONENTS CONVERT A FREE THROW

Only four games now remained on the schedule. Of these, perhaps the strongest team encountered was Pittsburgh. This game started out somewhat on the order of the Ohio game, but in the last half Navy rolled up a nice lead and at the closing whistle were on the long end of a 29-22 score.

Haverford and Swarthmore were swamped, 43-19 and 46-25, respectively, in Wednesday games. In the Haverford game, the defense was unpierceable and Haverford was able to score only one field goal during the entire first frame. Johnny Wilson used all the subs during the second half and it was only while the regulars were off the floor that the visitors were able to tally at all.

The wind-up game of the season was with Harvard. At half time the score stood at sixteen all, a last minute rally overcoming a six point lead for the Crimson. In the second period the smooth functioning team swept all opposition aside and closed the season with a 33 to 27 victory.

Of the squad, only three regular players will be lost for next season. Captain Chittenden will of course retire from the field, and will take with him Frazer and Osler. Elliott Loughlin will still be on hand, along with Bedell, Kastein, Campbell and Christie. The losses still leave a well balanced squad and this, plus the plebe squad that had an undefeated season, should make a perfect 1933 record.



TWO POINTS



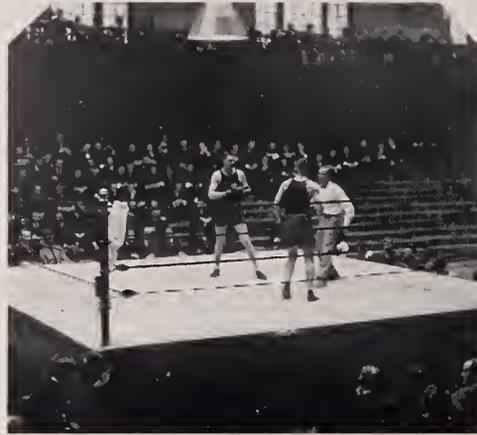
CAMPBELL



RANKIN



CAPTAIN DAVIS



COACH WEBB

Boxing



ARTHUR

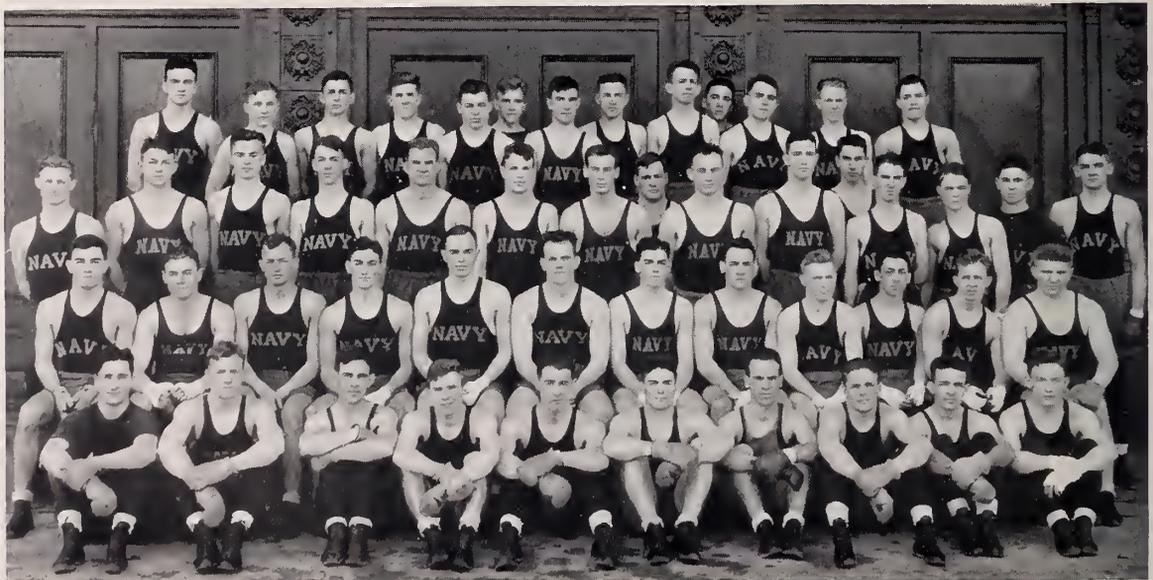


FULMER

SPIKE WEBB'S boxers swept aside all opposition in the Season of Nineteen Thirty-two and emerged from one of the toughest schedules of a great many years with a thousand per cent record. Webb presented his usual well-balanced team with surprises and craft as the principal feature of the whole.

The schedule was unusual in that for the first time in a great many years, the arch-rival, Penn State, was omitted. Also, this year was the first year of Navy's retirement from the Intercollegiate Association and for these two reasons, the season left a little to be desired. The list of Louisiana State, North Carolina, New Hampshire, Syracuse, Western Maryland and Penn made up the season. Of these, the first two are comparatively new to the ring game and it was expected that they would offer little opposition. But the feature of the year was that the teams from whom was expected the least trouble offered the most.

The opening meet was with Louisiana. The Southerners offered good clean opposition and a varied attack and almost gained a victory. They won two of the bouts and earned draws in two others giving them a total of three, while Navy took the longer end of the total score of

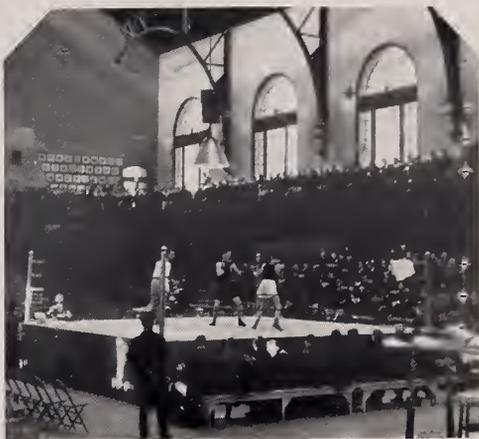


THE SQUAD

Back Row: SCHWARTZ, WENDEBURG, BLACK, NEWMAN, LIST, SCHMID, ALLEN, BLUE, LEE, ROCKWELL, PLATT, FULMER, FUCHS
 Second Row: GATES, FULP, SHANNON, PURDY, CHAMBERS, MCNAUGHTON, ELLIOTT, POWELL, JOHNSON, METZGER, GARRISON,
 CORBIN, DOLAN, HOPKINS, SCHERINI
 Third Row: KENNA, BROWNRIGG, PRAY, HASKINS, SHELLABARGER, HARBOLD, JACKSON, SEARCY, CANON, WAHLIG, FORTUNE, REEDY
 Front Row: MILLER, CORRY, SMITH, MULQUIN, WALSH, NAUMAN, THOMAS, HOLT, WRIGHT, LONG



GILES, Off. Rep.



LEEDS, Mgr.

seven. The indelible impression of this meet was the downfall of Fulmer and the bout that Reedy had with Khoury. The latter is of mountainous proportions and even the good sized Reedy looked small alongside of him. The bout went to almost the end of the second round, with Reedy doing a good job when Khoury got across a killer that ended the bout. In this meet, Wright, McNaughton and Arthur earned points for Navy, while Kenna and Miller were given the draws.

New Hampshire came next and was downed five to two. The meet produced three knockouts, one orthodox and two technical. Dolan earned the orthodox one for Navy in the 125 pound class by dropping McCaughney of the visitors in the third round. Of the technicals, McNaughton scored one for Navy and Meerman one for New Hampshire. The other Navy points were scored by Arthur, Reedy and Kenna while the opponents gained theirs in the lower weights, one on the technical scored over Fulmer and the referee's decision for Snell over Wright in the 115 pound class.

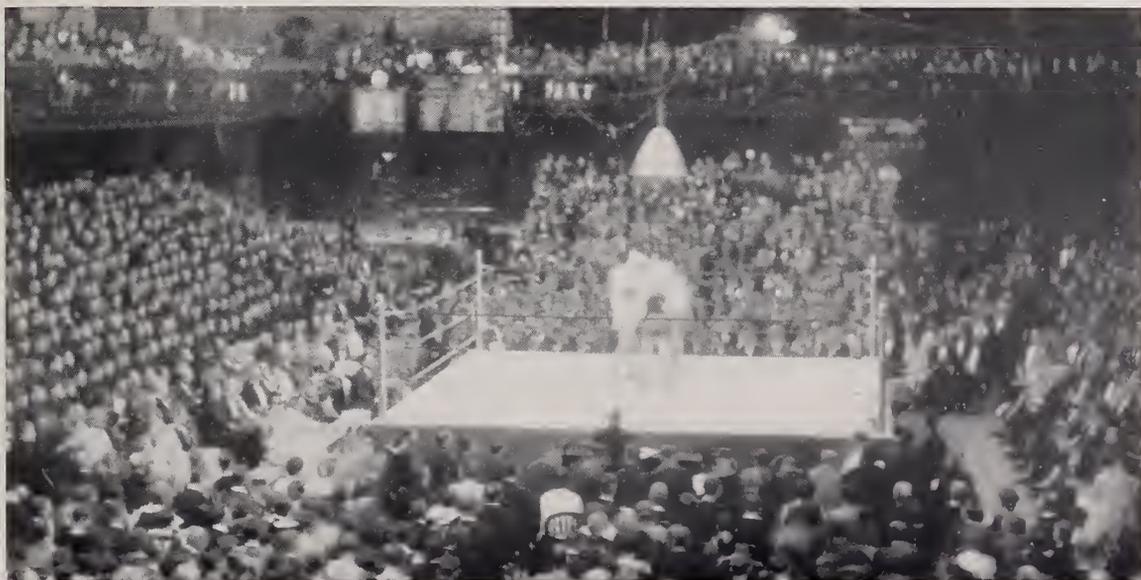
After them came the Tarheel boxers of North Carolina State. These were also downed five bouts to two. It was not at all a fast meet, with only a very few knockdowns and no knockouts at all. It was very close, but not at all exciting. Navy's points were scored by Wright, Nauman, who replaced Fulmer at 135 pounds, Kenna, McNaughton



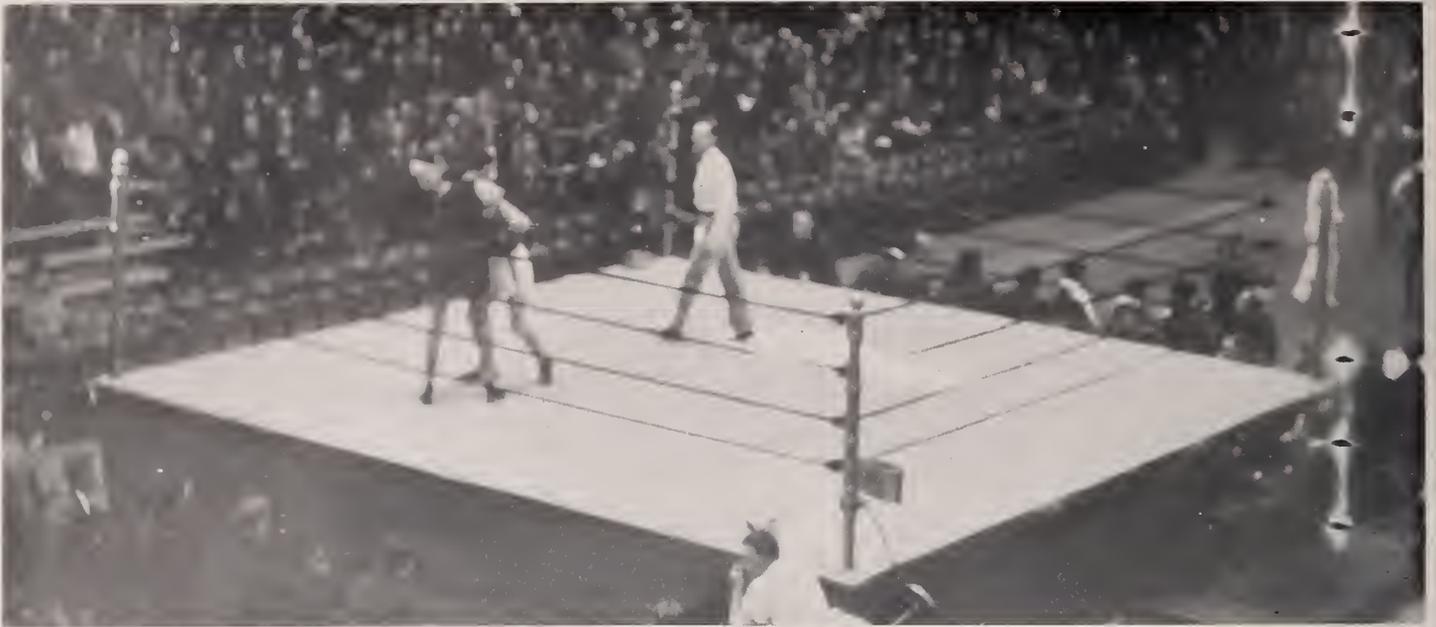
KENNA



McNAUGHTON



JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE



"BREAK!"

and Arthur, who substituted at Heavyweight for Reedy. The Chapel Hill points were scored over Dolan and Powell in the 175 pound weight.

At the expense of Syracuse, who represent the only defeat for Navy boxers in thirteen years of competition, revenge was taken. The defeat last year in the lair of the Orange was avenged four bouts to three. It was the toughest meet of the year as its result depended on the light-heavyweight fracas, which was taken by Arthur to give Navy the meet. The Syracuse team presented some of the same men who had faced Navy boxers last year and it was expected that it would be close.

Wright scored the first point and Captain Wertheimer of the visitors evened it up at the expense of Miller. Then Fulmer got a victory and Syracuse took two quick ones in a row. Kenna lost to Ross and then came the Lee-Moran battle.

Moran is the most dangerous man in any weight in all college circles and against him Spike pitted a newcomer, Lee. It was a tough battle all the way with the fans on their feet from the opening bell until Moran finally crossed one over that sank Lee to the canvas.

McNaughton evened up the score with a technical over Korch and then Arthur made it a Navy day with his third round victory over Gutzman.

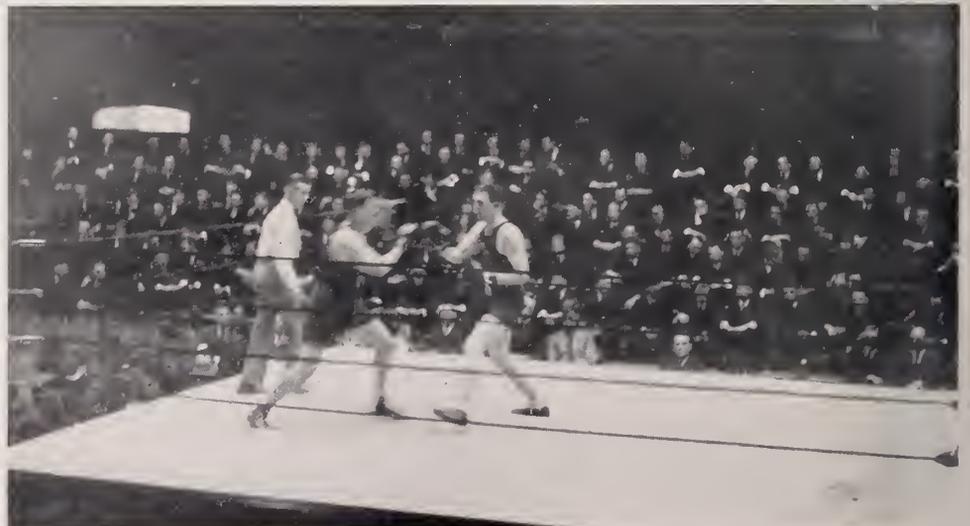
The last home meet was with Western Maryland. This also was won five bouts to two. In this meet, Wright, Fulmer, and Lee scored knockouts with Arthur and McNaughton earning the other two points. The scores for the Green were made in the 125 and the Heavyweight classes, Tuckerman defeating Dolan in the former and Pincura getting the points over Reedy in the latter.



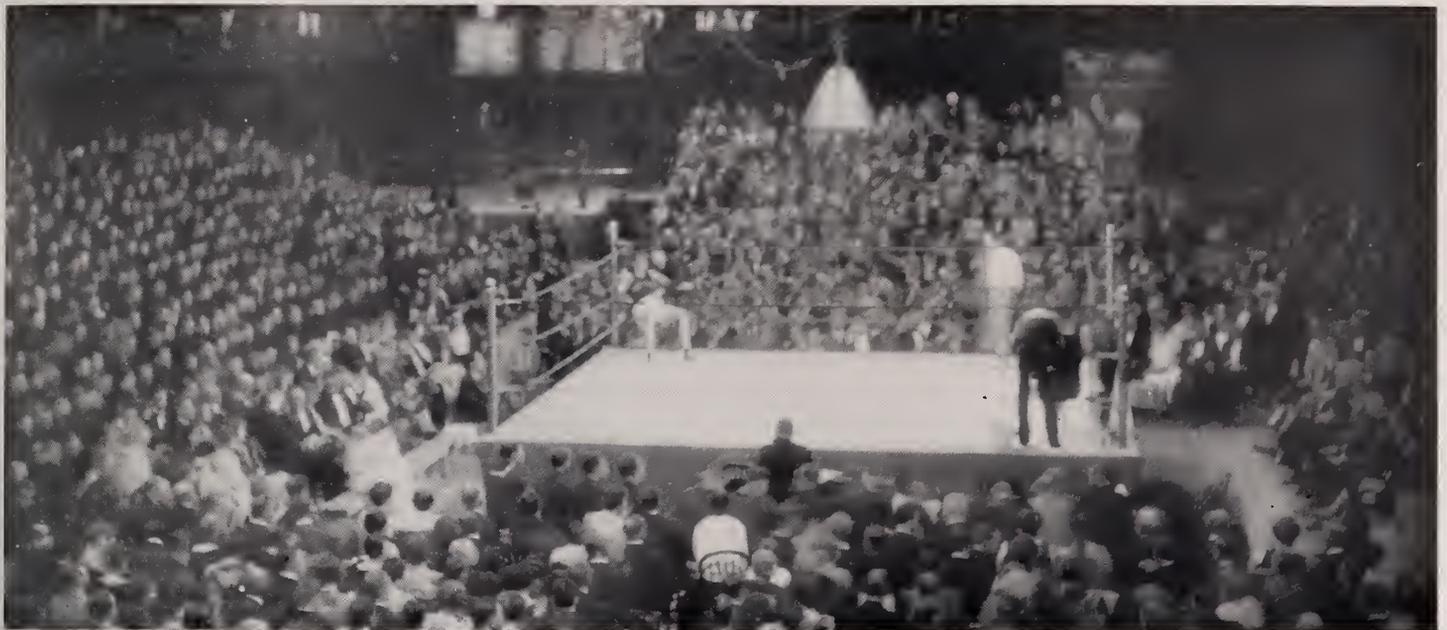
WRIGHT



DOLAN



MIXING IT



BETWEEN ROUNDS

The home season over, the team made their only trip of the year to Philadelphia for the Penn meet. Navy took the first three bouts in a row. Wright hooked Nicholson all over the ring for a referee's decision and Miller followed it up with a like victory over Davis. Then Fulmer floored Mason in the third round, for the third point.

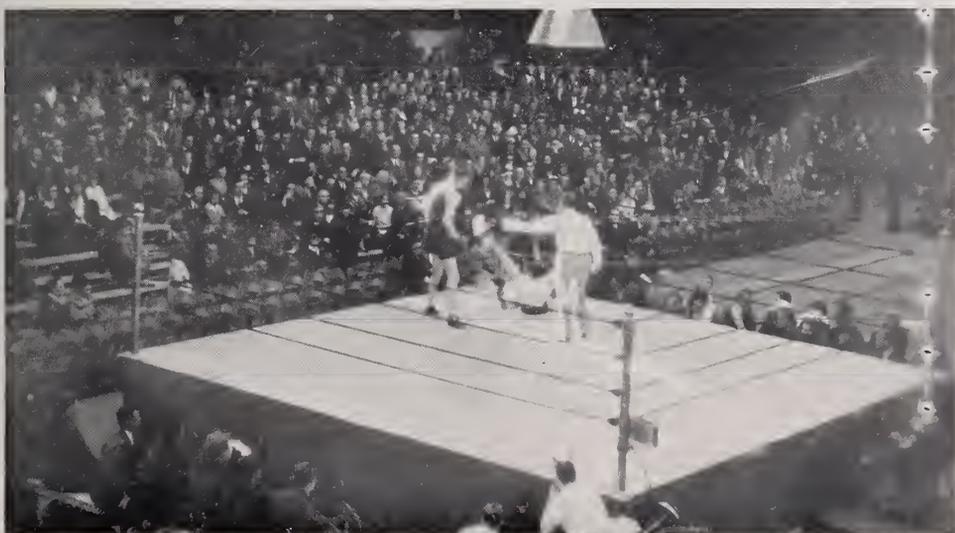
Lord retaliated in the next weight by getting a technical over Lee when the referee stopped the bout in the second round. The stopping of the fight was really not because of any superiority of Lord, but only due to a bad cut over Lee's eye.

Penn took another point in the Kenna-Weeks bout. Kenna dropped Weeks at the end of the second round, and only the bell saved him from the count. However, after the rest, Weeks made up the ground lost and Referee McCracken gave him the fight.

McNaughton scored the last whole point for Navy in his bout with James. Then Arthur and Bailey battled for three rounds to a draw and the meet was Navy's, four and a half bouts to two and a half.

The 1932 Boxing season was productive of good men. Perhaps the most outstanding performer of the year was McNaughton, who always showed a marked superiority over every man that he fought. He still has two years of Boxing ahead of him and should become one of the Greats that Webb has produced.

Others that appeared for the first time were Miller, Nauman, Reedy, Arthur and Lee. Of these, Arthur graduates along with Kenna, leaving practically an intact squad for the season of 1933.



A KNOCKOUT



REEDY



MILLER



CAPT. GOODMAN



COACH SCHUTZ

Wrestling



SILVERSTEIN

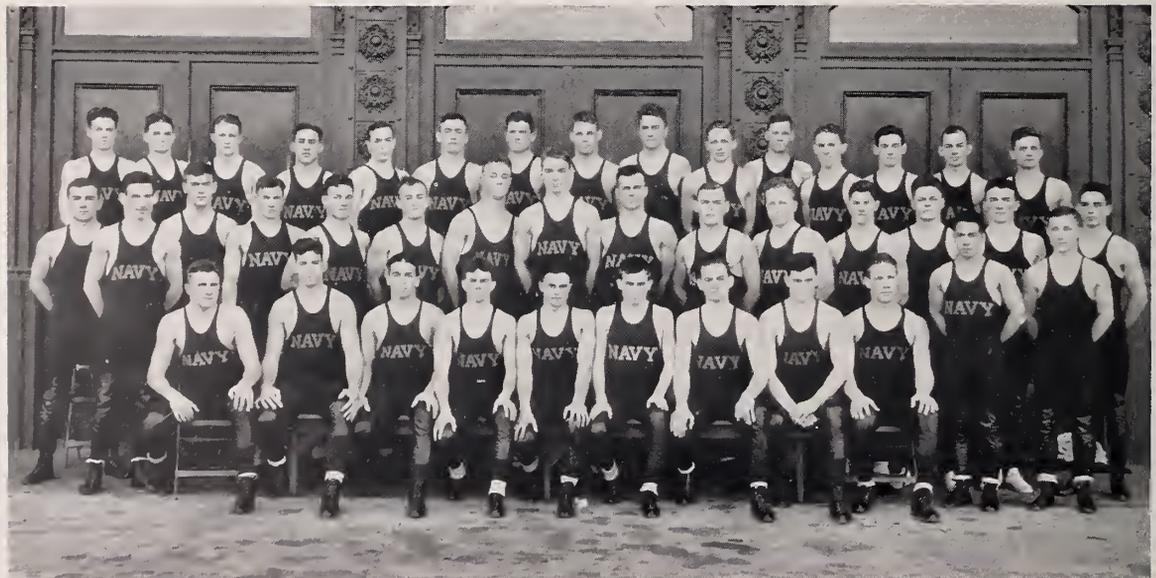


COLEMAN

ALL fall, Mr. Schutz had his boys working out and limbering up. After Christmas Leave all hands settled down to business to prepare for the Lehigh meet only two weeks away. Prospects were bright with veteran men in all weights but light heavy. The schedule included Lehigh, Eastern Champs; Tufts, New England Champs; and Oklahoma A. & M., National Champs, in addition to our ancient foes, Princeton and Penn State.

The team swept through the season winning six and losing only to Oklahoma A. & M. In all meets each bout was fought as if the entire meet hung on its outcome and three "shutouts" were scored. In seven meets Navy won 44 bouts and lost 12. The 1932 edition of Mr. Schutz's Matmen was perhaps the most powerful and well balanced team in Navy Wrestling History.

Max Silverstein finished his fourth year undefeated in the 155 pound class and was again selected to go to the Nationals after additional laurels. Captain Danny Goodman won six of his seven bouts as did White and Coleman. The loss of Goodman, Silverstein, Loughlin, and Hughes will be severely felt but it is believed that Martin, White, Grady,



THE SQUAD

Back Row: WAGSTAFF, INGRAM, TURNAGE, BECHT, HUDSON, RUFFIN, GRADY, STALEY, DICKY, LARK, PEACOCK, MARTIN, DUNCAN, WENTZ, VAUGHAN
Middle Row: ANTONIAK, LOUGHLIN, COXE, LATHAM, CALHOUN, COBB, BROOKS, KIRKPATRICK, BOBO, LEON, ARCHER, SHADE, ZYSK, MILLER, KEFAUVER
Front Row: KLINSMAN, KANE, SILVERSTEIN, WHITE, GOODMAN, HUGHES, SNOWDEN, COLEMAN, LEHMAN, JURADO, STROZIER



SADLER, *Off. Rep.*



FORD, *Mgr.*

Coleman, Klinzman, and Kane will carry on to greater heights next year. White, Goodman, Coleman, and Silverstein were selected to go to the National Meet in quest of individual titles.

After two weeks of extensive training the Lehigh team, Eastern Champions and traditional foes, arrived. The meet was close and hotly contested throughout, but the Blue and Gold was victorious, 23-13. Hughes, White, and Goodman started the ball rolling by scoring falls in quick succession. Lehigh hopes rallied a bit when Joe Loughlin went down scrapping via a side chancery applied by Captain Shaw of the invaders. Then Silverstein met Bishop, and in a hectic struggle with two overtime periods won a decision. In the 165 pound class Gerry Coleman met Peck, Eastern title holder. Conceded a small chance of victory, Gerry sallied forth and after five minutes of close battling secured a tight body lock from which Peck never moved. That fall sewed up the meet. In the next weight Lehigh won a close decision over Klinzman in his debut. Kane, after piling up a time advantage slipped into a roll and Lehigh ran their total up to 13.

Led by Captain Goodman who scored his second fall of the season in less than 5 minutes, the Grapplers defeated Tufts College, New England Champs, 32-0. George Hughes rushed in, grabbed a leg, and



HUGHES



LOUGHLIN



THE REFEREE'S HOLD



"WRESTLE!"

in 5 minutes pinned his man. Then came White's victory over Bosari, Goodman's fall, and Loughlin's big decision. Silverstein met a New England Champ in Co-captain Balkus but finally scored a fall. Gerry Coleman met another Champ but was again equal to the occasion, and won by a large time advantage. Klinsman showed great improvement as he pinned O'Brien. Kane made it a perfect day by winning a decision.

Next Mr. Schutz took his boys up to Princeton and tanned the Tiger's hide 25-3. "Tito" Jurado took Hughes' place and won handily. White, Goodman, and Loughlin piled up overwhelming advantages to win and Silverstein threw young Hooker. Coleman and Captain Hooker put on a great battle but Hooker had more top time. Klinsman beat Billings as a result of a scrapping heart and good condition. Killer Kane finished the meet with a decisive time advantage.

Next was the epic struggle with the National Champions from Oklahoma A. & M. Hughes nearly threw Hesser, but the latter came out and won by three minutes. White wrestled his best bout against Captain Pearce of the visitors. Neither could handle the other well, but Pearce's experience as a National Champ enabled him to win by a minute and some seconds. Captain Goodman lost a hard fought battle to Razor, and Loughlin lost by a decision. Then Silverstein and Moore, another champ, fought in the most exciting battle of the day, and Murph came out with a large time advantage. Coleman scored the only fall in an overtime bout. After proving his superiority in the early minutes, a wristlock popped Klinsman's shoulder out of joint and Navy was obliged to default the bout. Kane met McGuirk in the final bout and lost a decision. The Navy squad lost nothing by its defeat, and the Champions were forced to the limit by a scrapping team.



WHITE



SNOWDEN



NAVY TAKE TOP



OKLAHOMA'S TOP TIME

The Harvard meet was next and Navy romped away 22-8. Jurado again took a decision and White followed with an overwhelming time advantage. Danny Goodman then threw his man in less than three minutes and Loughlin followed with another decision. Silverstein and Coleman were forced by the defensive tactics of the visitors to win only decisions. Lehman, a new-comer, lost a close decision and Kane lost on a sudden fall.

The Brown meet was unimpressive as the boys rolled up a 34-0 win. Martin wrestled his first bout and won nicely. White continued the good work with a fall. Goodman set a new record by pinning his man in 37 seconds. Wagstaff in his debut threw Capt. Spiwak. Grady took Silver's place and pinned Waters in one minute. Gerry won a decision, and Lehman and Kane concluded the rout with two more time advantages.

Next came the annual meet with our ancient foes, Penn State. The Nittany Lion was undefeated, but that mattered not as Navy closed the season in a blaze of glory with a 32-0 victory. Martin threw their captain. Then White, Goodman, and Loughlin beat previously undefeated men. Silverstein scored a fall, and Coleman won an easy decision. Klinzman returned to the mat and won by a fall. Kane ended the meet and season by winning his bout.

So ended a highly successful season. And as it closed there were many who predicted even greater things for Navy wrestling in the future.



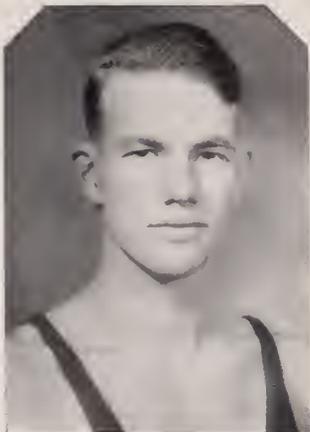
MURPH APPLIES THE CLAMPS



KANE



KLINSMAN



CAPTAIN MUSTIN



"On Your Marks!"



COACH ORTLAND

THOMPSON

GREENE



DAVIS



ASHWORTH

Swimming

THE 1932 team turned out by Coach Ortland was one of Navy's best. Victorious in all encounters but the one with Yale, the tankmen finished in second place in the Eastern League. Thompson and Mustin were again the stars, Thompson finishing second in the league in scoring while Mustin was well up in the first ten.

Losses through graduation will be hard to replace. Mustin, West, Atkins, and Vrooman will be missed, but Henry Ortland has always been able to turn out winners and with Ray Thompson, McCampbell, and Ashworth next year should be no exception.

C. C. N. Y. went down in defeat in the opening meet 46-25, Navy winning five of eight first places. In the second meet a strong Rutgers team was beaten 49-22. The next week Brown was defeated by the same score, Brown taking but one first and one second.



THE SQUAD

Back Row: HYLAND, HEMBURY, DAVIS, ASHWORTH, MARTIN, SIVER, BLANCHARD, DIXON
 Middle Row: LT. CDR. WOOD (Rep.), MCCAMPBELL, JAHNCKE, GRIMM, DAVIES, TOWNSEND, WILSON, SHEA, LUNDBERG,
 TORREY, ORTLAND (Coach), BROWN (Mgr.)
 Front Row: MCCLEARY, JORDAN, GREENE, WEST, MUSTIN, THOMPSON, VROOMAN, MILBRATH, MEYER



WOOD, Off. Rep.



The Jacknife



BROWN, Mgr.

In the Penn meet, Ray Thompson suffered his first defeat in the 50, but won the 100 easily. The score was Navy 42, Penn 29.

The Mermen split even on the only foreigna trip, Yale winning 51-20 and Columbia losing 42-25. Thompson and Mustin who took two firsts apiece and McCampbell, who won the diving, were the features of the Columbia meet.

The next night Yale wrecked championship hopes as Thompson took the only two first places for Navy. The Yale team showed great strength and the defeat was no disgrace. This meet gave Yale the League title.

The season closed with the Syracuse meet, a complete route, Navy scoring almost at will to take every first place.

The Intercollegiates held for the first time at the Academy furnished thrills a plenty for all hands. Navy took two of the individual crowns. McCampbell easily proved his superiority over all other diving entrants. Mustin came in third in the 50. Thompson finished the program by winning a close race in the 100.

WEST



McCAMPBELL



TORREY



JORDAN



MAKING A TURN



CAPT. SEELY



"Ready Navy?"



COACH FOSTER

LUKER

ATKINS



PASCHE



GUNN

Water Polo

AS the season opened Coach Foster had another strong aggregation on hand with Captain Seely, Bigaouette, Pasche, and Atkins as returning veterans, and with men like Miller, Gunn, and Harral to back them up. The team lost two games out of six, but one of these was to the N. Y. A. C., a group of old time stars. The 1932 edition was strong, but Pennsylvania finally hit on a winning combination and Navy's first collegiate Water Polo defeat since 1928 resulted.

The first game with C. C. N. Y. resulted in a one-sided victory for the Blue and Gold, 46-25.

The second game saw Rutgers routed 70-33. Miller ran wild with seven goals and Frank Bigaouette was a tower of strength on the defense.

N. Y. A. C. 50, Navy 18. Thus hopes for an undefeated season went glimmering. The patron saints of Water Polo were a bit too good.



THE SQUAD

Back Row: DAVIS, SMITH, JOHNSON, COOPER, STIVERS, McDONALD, MORAN, GUNN, OGDEN
 Middle Row: LT. (jg) WHITEHEAD (Asst. Coach), CURTIS, CLOSE, GORSLINE, OAKLEY, TYREE, BAILEY, SELBY, COBB (Mgr.)
 Front Row: LT. CDR. WOOD (Rep.), LUKER, PASCHE, HARRAL, SEELY (Capt.), BIGAOUETTE, ATKINS, MILLER, FOSTER (Coach)



Wood, Off. Rep.



Another Navy Score



Cobb, Mgr.

The Quakers rallied in the late minutes to nose the Navy poloists out 39-32. The game was a thriller, but the Penn men were not to be denied. The boys fought hard and went down with true Navy spirit.

The Suicide Club returned to the blue side of the ledger with decisive wins over Columbia and Yale on successive evenings, to close the season. The Columbia game ended 48 to 9 and Yale went down 56-13.

By virtue of the defeat by Penn, Navy lost her Water Polo title, but the season's record is still one to be proud of. Always Navy teams have been noted for their spirit and aggressiveness and the 1932 Water Polo Club has been no exception. Miller was third in League scoring and Atkins fourth.

The loss of Captain Seely, "Big" Bigaouette, Atkins, Luker, and Harral will be felt, but it is expected that Miller, Gunn, Pasche, and Curtis, backed by this year's strong Plebe Team, will carry on in the future.

BIGAOUETTE

HARRAL



MILLER

OGDEN



A LITTLE ARGUMENT



CAPT. JUKES



The Flying Rings



COACH MANG

NUESLE

MUNGER



CURTZE

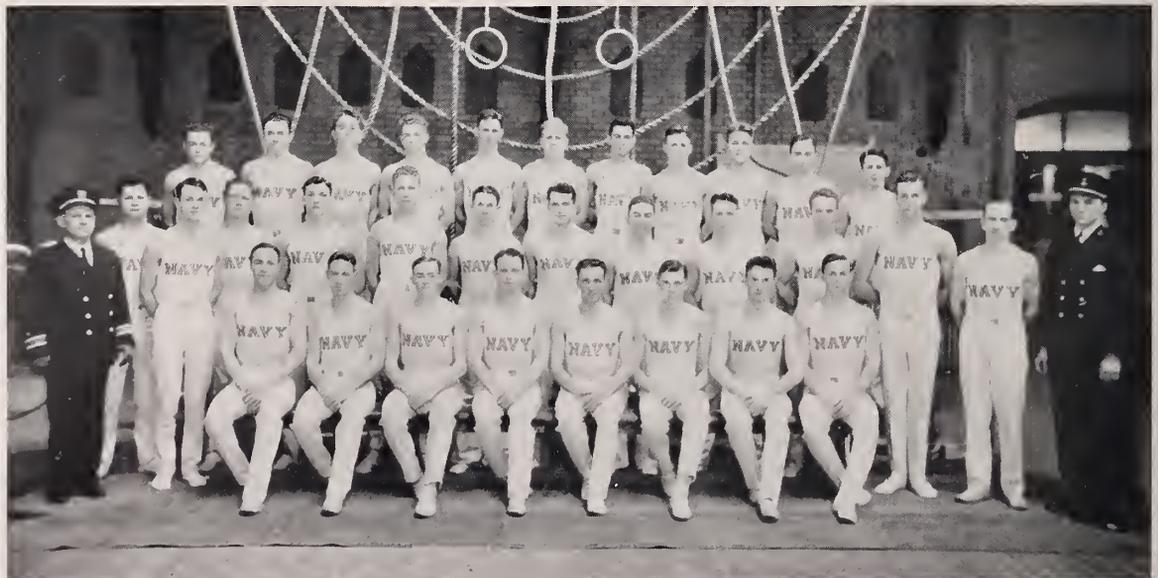


DENTON

Gym

WITH veterans back in all events but the rope climb, prospects at the start of the season were bright for Coach Mang and Captain Jukes. The team more than lived up to expectations as it swept through the season without even being seriously pressed. The number of victories won by the teams which Mr. Mang has coached reached the astounding total of 107.

A number of outstanding performances were turned in. Denton broke the Academy record in the flying rings and later stepped out to shatter the intercollegiate mark in the same event. Curtze won eleven firsts in the horizontal bar and parallel bars. Captain Jukes turned in some excellent tumbling and was beaten but once during the season. Nuesle chalked up some fine



THE SQUAD

Back Row: NIENSTEDT, FAHY, STONE, MATTHEWS, GRANT, AKEROYD, REEVES, GRAHAM, RUTHERFORD, WOOD, IRELAND, LT. CDR. ELDER, (Rep)
 Second Row: LT. CDR. ELDER (Rep), MANDARICH, DIBRELL, SHEPARD, CURTZE, FERNALD, GILL, DAWSON, CONNOLLY, DENTON, DAVIS, ADAMS,
 MANG (Coach), RHODES (Mgr)
 Front Row: FAWKES, HEAD, LEVERETT, JUKES (Capt), MUNGER, NUESLE, OUTERSON, MORSE



ELDER, *Off. Rep.*



The Side Horse



RHOADES, *Mgr.*

LEVERETT

FERNALD

performances on the side horse and Munger was far above the average on the parallel bars.

This gym team was probably the strongest in Academy history. Springfield, unbeaten in three years, was defeated. In two meets the opposition failed to place a single first, and in no meet did they get more than one. The league title remained at the Naval Academy for the tenth time.

N. Y. U. was beaten 42-12. Then M. I. T. fell 46-8 at Boston. Temple was swamped 45-9 with the aid of Denton's record breaking 646 out of a possible 660 on the rings. Springfield fell 37-17 and Princeton was swamped 38-16. Dartmouth provided the season's finale as they went down by the same score. This was the last appearance of Captain Jukes, Munger, Fawkes, Nuessle, and Leverett. However, with Curtze, Denton, Connolly, Matthews, Grant, Stone, and Fernald returning, 1933 should see more Navy victories.



GRANT

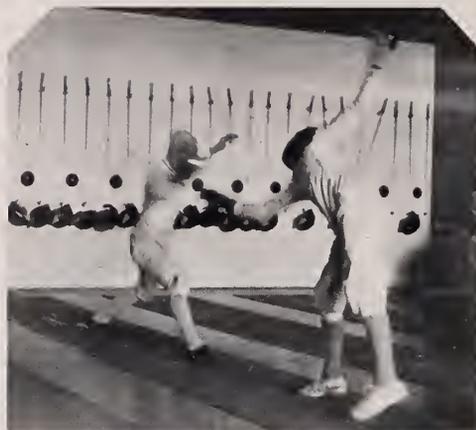
CONNOLLY



CURTZE ON THE PARALLEL BARS



CAPT. VAN EVERA



[A] Parry



COACH HEINTZ



DIMITRIJEVIC



GALANTIN

Fencing

THE Navy swordsmen closed a good season in March by taking the Intercollegiate Sabre Team Championship. Not for ten years had the Blue and Gold held the title in the heavy weapon, and for the last four years Columbia had kept the trophy. The Light Blue were confident of repeating, but Rojo Adams and Dimmie Dimitrijevic put a quietus on their hopes for 1932. The R.H.E. Grasson trophy in sabre belongs to Navy. To Hubert Pirotte, Navy's sabre coach, belongs much credit. The high honors of the Intercollegiate went to Yale, Three Weapon and Epee Champions. Army, Foils Champions, were second, and Navy, Sabre Champions, were third. Dimitrijevic gained third place individual honors in sabre. Adams was in the Finals but failed to place. Galantin went forward to the Epee Finals and also failed to place. Both Kait and Tilburne moved up into the Semi-Finals in the foils.

The dual meet season opened with a bad defeat at the hands of New York A. C., which was represented by the runners-up for the National



THE SQUAD

Standing: LANGEN (Mgr.), SCHERER, DAVIS, McDONALD, SMITH, VAN METER, HALLOCK, LENNOX, FORTUNE, HEINTZ
 Sitting: LT. WARE (Rep.), FOERSTER, GRUBBS, DIETZ, GALANTIN, VAN EVERA (Capt.), DIMITRIJEVIC, DOUGLAS, HORNER, KAIT, TILBURNE



WARE, Off. Rep.



Waiting the Call



LANGEN, Mgr.

Senior Three Weapon Championship. The second meet went to Navy by a 9-8 score over Penn A. C. With the "club season" behind, Navy swamped M. I. T. 13-4, and then were pushed by Princeton to make it a 9-8 Navy tally. Bob Grasson brought the Eli blades here to repeat their last year's 9-8 victory over the Blue and Gold. In a burst of energy the Regimental swordsmen took Penn 12-5. The trip away was to Cambridge, where a fence-off of a tie was necessary to give Navy the victory over Harvard. The dual meet season ended with a 9-8 win over Columbia.

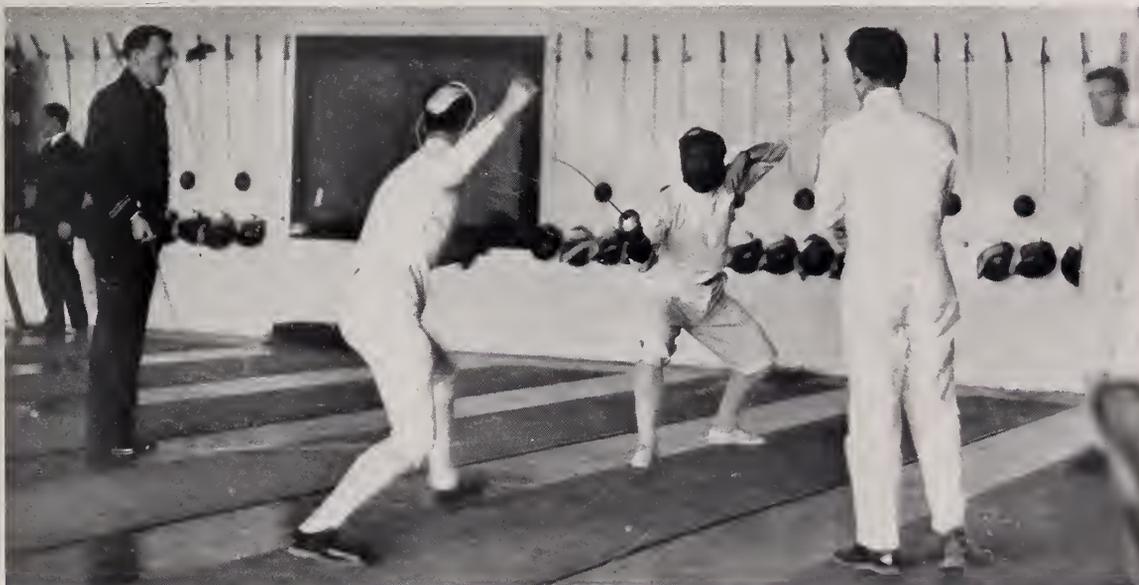
In the foils, Tilburne and Kait were outstanding during the entire season and received valuable support from Grubbs. One may expect a good chance at the Iron Man next year. Captain Van Evera and his epee team-mate, Galantin, pulled more than one meet out of the fire and aided in all six victories. Dimitrijevic and Adams put a shining crown of glory on their half and half dual meet record by taking the sabre team trophy. Six wins, two losses, and one intercollegiate championship constitute a successful season in any sport.



ADAMS



TILBURNE



"ON GUARD!"



CAPT. HUNTER



The Sitting Position

CANN, Mgr.



McDOUGAL

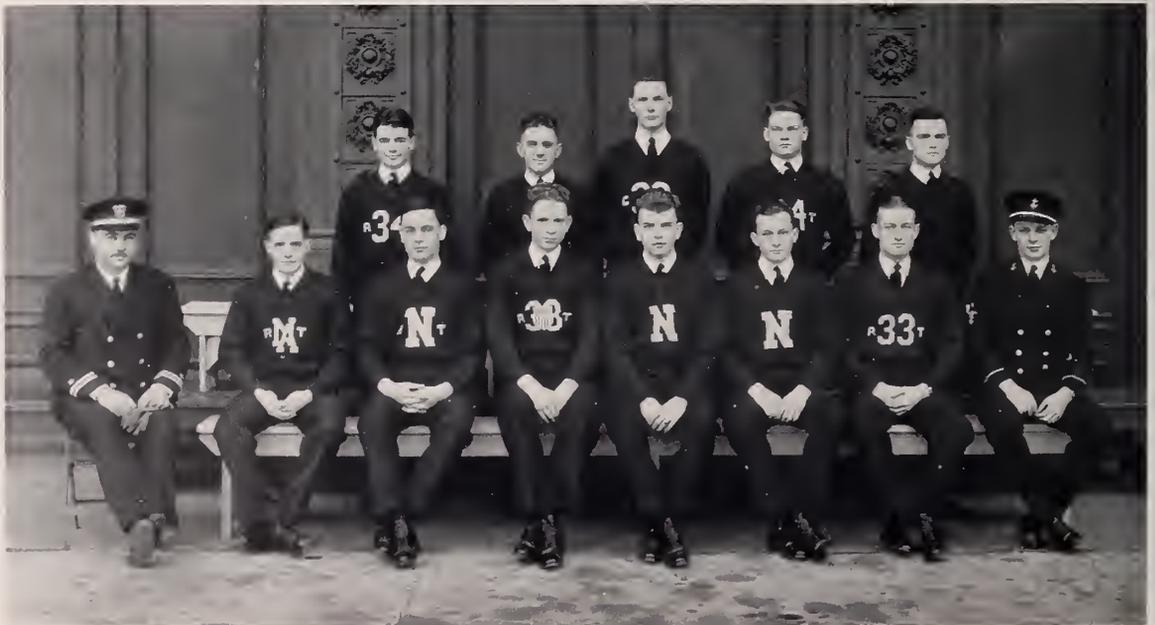
Small Bore Rifle

THE Small Bore Team, now as always, continues to hang up records that any congregation of sporting souls would be proud to claim. Last year it was believed that no better performance could be reasonably expected, but events have shown that last year's routine was merely an indication of coming achievements. Consider the following:

The team had an undefeated season in individual matches.

The team had higher average match scores for the season than has ever before been attained by this or any other team.

McDougal set a new individual shoulder to shoulder range record of 289 in the match against West Virginia.



THE SQUAD

Standing: BLENMAN, MACKENZIE, LINDSAY, STRICKLER, WELLS
 Seated: LT. WOLLESON (Coach), SHORT, SUNDERLAND, DAVIS, HUNTER (Capt.), McDOUGAL, MORROW, CANN (Mgr.)



Prone



COACH WOLLESON

SHORT

The team tied the national record set last year when Navy marked up the score of 1413.

And now let us look at the reasons: Lieutenant Wolleson, U. S. N., officer representative and Coach Extraordinary, and Lieutenant Yeaton, U. S. M. C., assistant coach. Their rare knowledge of the psychology of riflemen and their difficulties have made the difference between a "bull" and a "nine" many a time. Hunter, the captain, has for the past four years been instrumental in establishing all the team records set during that time.

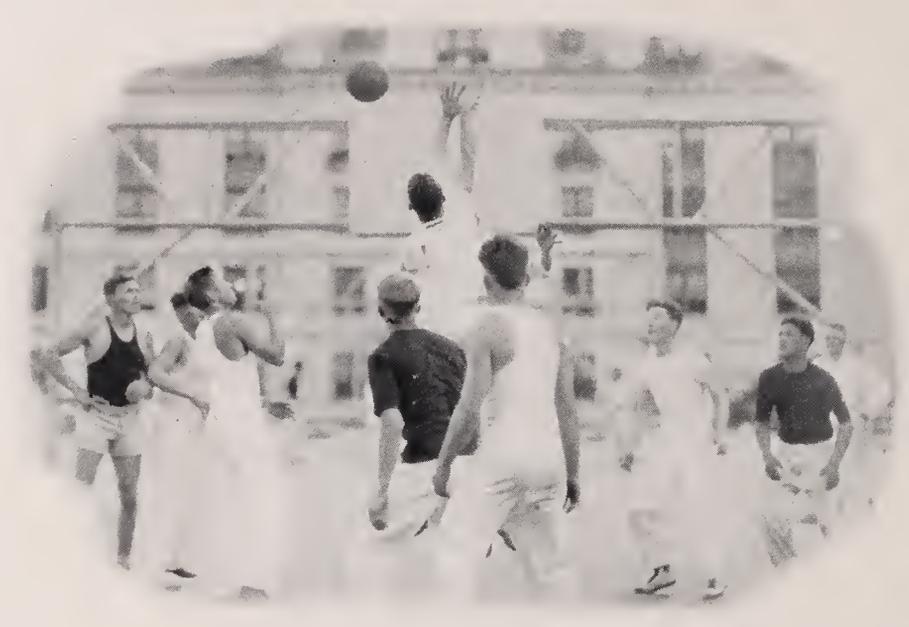
As the season progressed, Navy defeated Penn State, V. M. I., George Washington, Maryland, West Virginia, Carnegie Tech, N. Y. U., and Georgetown. With a 1357 Navy won the Sectional Intercollegiates, but fell six points short of the score which won the Nationals.



WELLS



OFFHAND—WHERE THE STEADY NERVE COUNTS MOST



Any afternoon on the back terrace . . .



Spring Sports



CAPT. SHELTON



COACH WALSH



SCHOENI



CRINKLEY

Crew

THE 1931 Crew season was similar to a good many other Navy seasons—it had its ups and downs, but wound up in a grand finish. The varsity lost to Columbia, won from M. I. T., and lost to Syracuse and to Penn and Harvard, but emerged from the Poughkeepsie as National Intercollegiate Champions.

The J. V.'s lost to a strong M. I. T. crew and to Syracuse, and came in fifth in the Junior Varsity race at Poughkeepsie. The 150's won from the Syracuse lightweights and lost to Penn in their only dual races, and in the Henley placed third.

This season was the first full one for Hubbard Hall, the new boathouse. Soon after Christmas a large number of candidates for the various crews began to work out

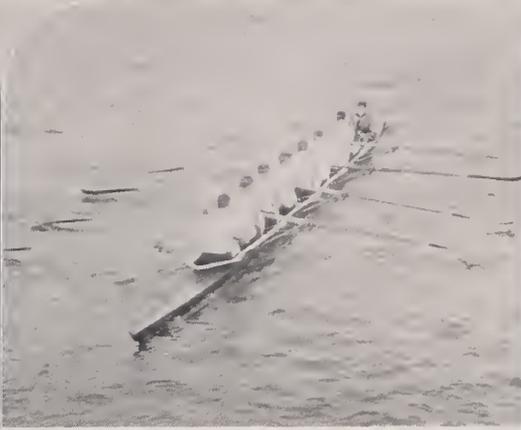


THE SQUAD

Back Row: HIBSCHMAN (*Mgr.*), WRIGHT, KAUFFMAN, WACKWITZ, CALEY, STEINBECK, SHIELDS, BUSH, PAYSON
Second Row: CDR. AINSWORTH (*Rep.*), BURDICK, QUIRK, ANDERSON, WEEKS, FULTON, WENDT, HARTLEY, NELSON, GLENDON (*Coach*)
Third Row: LT. CLARK (*150 lb. Coach*), SHELTON, GRAY, JEWETT, SCHOENI, CRINKLEY, PHILLIPS, HUNTER, STEFFANIDES
In Front: COXWAINS WAHLIG, FULTON, AND DALE



GREENMAN, *Off. Rep.*



WILEY, *Mgr.*

The 1931 Season

regularly in the indoor tank, and the facilities infinitely better than those of the old wooden shed added to the popularity of the sport throughout the long training season.

This season was also the last for Old Dick Glendon. The venerable sage of the rowing profession had coached Navy crews during twenty-five seasons, including the one which produced a Navy World Champion Olympic crew. With the magnificent conclusion of the 1931 season he retired, revered by all, leaving the destiny of Navy rowing in the hands of Buck Walsh.

The weather was fairly good during the pre-season practice, and on the best days Dick took his boys up to Round Bay on long conditioning rows. After several combinations had been tried, Shelton was settled upon as



GRAY



JEWETT



"GIVE 'ER TEN!"



"LET 'ER RUN"

varsity stroke, with Captain Schoeni at seven. Hunter, Anderson, and Hartley filled the remaining portside seats, with Gray, Steffanides, and Phillips as their counterparts on the starboard. In the Junior Varsity boat, Strean and Quirk were the nucleus, and in the Third Varsity, Macfarlane and Nelson. Kauffman stroked the 150's.

The first race of the season was with Columbia, up on the Harlem. The crews were on even terms during the first part of the race, but the Blue and White oarsmen were smoother and steadier, and slowly gained a lead which the Blue and Gold couldn't quite overcome at the last.

The following week, with M. I. T. at Annapolis, the Navy oarsmen began to round into shape. The water was rough, but all the races went off on schedule. The 150's rowed first, and although Sherman Clark's Navy crew trailed slightly during the first part of the race, their smooth, steady stroke soon brought them ahead, and at the finish they were leading by a half a length of open water. The Tech Jayvees, being practically as strong as their varsity, won their race easily, lengthening their initial lead to nearly two lengths at the last. The varsity race was a thriller. Tech got off to the better start, and, rowing a higher stroke, led at the mile. But they couldn't keep it up, and as they began to crack Shelton raised the beat and Navy forged steadily ahead, crossing the finish line a length and a half ahead of their opponents.

Two weeks later came the Syracuse race, which was the low ebb of the season. The Orange and Black oarsmen made a clean sweep on the Severn.

The following week Navy met Harvard and Penn in a three-cornered meet up on the Schuylkill. Navy, using a new stroke, showed considerable improvement, but not enough to ease out Harvard. All three crews got off to good starts on the mile-and-a-half row, but Harvard led all the way, Navy finishing a length and a half behind and Penn a poor third.



PHILLIPS



ANDERSON



THE DAY'S WORK STARTS



THE FINISH AT POUGHKEEPSIE

As June week began and the Varsity was engaged in preparing themselves for Poughkeepsie, the lightweights took their turn on the Schuylkill in the Henley Regatta.

Then came graduation day, and the year of 1930-31 was ended for all save Old Dick and his boys. These betook themselves to Camp Ingram, up on the Hudson, and settled down to prepare for the performance which was to startle the world. Nine of the Nation's best crews were entered in the Poughkeepsie Regatta, the climax of the rowing season, and among these Navy was hardly a favorite. Having lost three of the shorter races earlier in the season to crews which we were now to face again, we were conceded only a chance to place fourth or fifth. But that wasn't the thought in the minds of the Eight as they pulled out to their stake boat to start in that memorable race. Hunter now occupied the stroke position, Schoeni, Anderson, Steffanides, Crinkley, Shelton, Jewett, and Gray comprising the rest of the crew, with Bobbie Fulton in the coxwain's seat.

The rain, which had been threatening all day, was pouring down when the starter's pistol barked and the row of shells sprang into action. Washington set the pace, holding the lead for the first three miles. Here Navy raised the stroke a bit and quickly overhauled Washington. Then Cornell, defending champions and pre-race favorites, got worried and began to sprint. They closed up a bit and passed Washington, but the Navy Eight refused to yield their margin, and finished a half length of open water in the lead. Following Cornell came Washington, California, Syracuse, Penn., Columbia, Wisconsin, and M. I. T.

The Navy crew had rowed a race which drew unstinted praise from the whole rowing world. In the other races, the J. V.'s finished fifth and the Plebes fourth, but we could stand that. For the crew championship of the nation was back, for the first time since 1925, to the place where we have always felt it truly belonged.



"STROKE!"



FULTON



HARTLEY



CAPTAIN JAMES



A Private Duel



COACH FINLAYSON

Lacrosse



MONCURE



ELLIOTT

WITH Capt. Jerry South lost to the team for practically the entire season, Coach Finlayson started with a heavy handicap. Only three regulars were back, and prospects were none too good, but the squad dug in with a will and a scrapping aggregation resulted. Regular practice began March 4, but Assistant Coach Clem Spring had already had the boys out for several pre-season workouts. The defense was big and heavy and always a menace to would-be goal shooters. Buck James was the defensive star but able assistance was given him by Pressy, Kirkpatrick, and Hagberg. The offense had a lot of experienced men, who although not regulars the previous year had turned in excellent work. Moncure led the attack, scoring 20 points during the season, while Castree, Elliot, O'Neil and Bowers crashed through at needed moments. It was a well balanced team, which won five out of six starts and rolled up 76 points against 12 for the opposition. The only setback was dealt by Maryland, Navy's arch enemy.

Coach Finlayson's charges opened the season quite auspiciously as they sank the Green Terrors of Western Maryland 10-0. Only in the first half



THE 1931 SQUAD

Top Row: GIBBONS, LAVERY, KEHL, SMYTH, MORTON, SLATER, SOWERWINE, WALSH, HAPPEL, MACDONALD
 Second Row: MEADER, BROWN, BIRD, HOWARD, STEPHAN, FERGUSON, BEDELL, NISEWANER
 Third Row: CAPT. SCHUMANN (Off. Rep.), THOMPSON, SHEPPARD, ROGERS, HAGBERG, O'NEIL, JAMES, FERGUSON, TYLER, MILLER, GILBERT, BOWERS, SMITH, MONCURE, WEST, PORTER, BORN, SMITH, L., DAVENPORT, COACH FINLAYSON, TUCKER, Mgr.
 Seated: SLATER, ELLIOTT, MORROW, KIRKPATRICK, SOUTH (Capt.) CASTREE, DIAL, PRESSEY, HUTCHINSON



SCHUMANN, Off. Rep.



The Game from Above



WARD, Mgr.

The 1931 Season

were the "Terrors" any terror at all to the Blue and Gold attack. They surprised all hands by holding Navy to a 3-0 score in the first half. Moncure and Elliott led the attack as the Western Maryland crew fell before the onslaught. "Buck" James was the outstanding star of the game. Time after time he stopped the Terror attacks cold. To Lynn Elliott went the honor of the first goal of the season, his ice breaker coming after only fifty seconds of play.

The Golden Tornado from Georgia Tech proved to be hardly more than a mild April breeze. Tech was the second victim of a rampant Navy crew of Ham'n Eggers as they were swept aside 24-1. The game started as a close contest. Navy drew first blood on a high shot by O'Neil, but the Tech crew soon tied up at one all. After two scoreless minutes the Navy avalanche was under way. When the gale cleared at the half the scoreboard read, "Navy 16, Ga. Tech, 1." Finlayson used substitutes frequently, but still the goals rained in, the subs continuing the scoring started by the varsity. Bowers was high scorer with four goals.



BOWERS



PRESSEY



FACING OFF



A DASH TO THE GOAL

DIAL
MILLER



FERGUSON
THOMPSON

Lafayette came, but went the way of all others under a deluge of first half goals. The final score was 11-0. Dyson, the visitors' goalie, played superbly to keep the Navy score as low as it was. Reorganizing their defense after the disastrous first period, the Lafayette stickmen held Navy to one lone goal, a beautiful shot by O'Neil. Moncure ran riot with four goals, and Castree and Ferguson were second with two apiece.

Brown arrived with a great record and everything pointed to a hard, close battle. Advance predictions were correct and, in one of the hardest fought games of the season, the Brown men were repulsed 12-2. The game more closely resembled football than Lacrosse, but Navy speed and strength stood out and proved to be too great an obstacle for the men of Brown. Sammy Moncure continued to lead in scoring, with four goals. Buck James again played a sterling game and looked to be one of the best defense men in the country.

Lehigh, down from the mountains of Pennsylvania, looked on amazed as Sammy Moncure ran riot. Moncure on the offense and James on the defense spelled defeat for the Brown and White. The final score was 18-1. Elliott, Bowers, and West turned in able work on the offense and Pressy and Hagberg were shining lights on the defense. The teamwork, both offensively and defensively, was one of the high points of the season.

Harvard played host to the Ham'n'Eggers, but the Finlayson stickmen crushed the Crimson 12 to 1. Jack Castree started the fireworks with a goal in less than a minute. The first half was hard fought, and at the end of it the score



A SPILL



A CRITICAL MOMENT

stood 4 to 0, all Navy. In the second period the superior condition of the Navy boys began to tell and eight more goals were driven home, while the Crimson tallied once. Harvard showed some brilliant stick work, but couldn't stand the fast pace set by the Blue and Gold warriors. Moncure continued to score almost at will with six tallies. Elliott and Castree kept up the good work with two apiece.

The Terrapins of Maryland were too much for the Navy twelve in the annual June week encounter.

For the first twenty-two minutes the game was scoreless, both sides playing carefully. The ejection of Pressy on a foul gave Maryland an extra man and they were quick to utilize their advantage. The Terrapins sank three shots in less than a minute. Another goal just before the half ended left Navy on the short end of a 4-0 count.

Moncure revived Navy hopes as the second half started by slipping past Deckman to sink one. But the Terrapins had no intentions of letting up and continued to hit the net for four more markers to make the final count 8-1.

This game saw Rodgers, O'Neil, Gilbert, and Hagberg playing their last game for Navy.

It was a great season, which saw Navy run wild over all teams but one. The Maryland defeat was a bitter pill, but there are other years, and other teams, and other seasons.

WEST
SMITH



BORN
TYLER



TWO SPILLS



CAPT. UNDERWOOD



COACH THOMPSON



MACKENZIE



WRIGHT

Track

THE Blue and Gold cinder team for the season 1931 proved to be the strongest ever turned out to represent Navy. In five dual meets, Navy won three by decisive scores and lost only to Notre Dame and Ohio State after hard struggles. At the Penn Relays for the second consecutive year the Navy men turned in some surprisingly good performances, the sprint medley team being the outstanding Navy threat. This quartet broke the old world's record for the event, but was nosed out in a fast finish by Ohio State.

During the season Fraser, Underwood and Hardman bettered Academy marks. Underwood broke the shot record and then went out and bettered his own mark. Hardman missed the 880 record by tenths of a second once or twice, and rang up a mile record that should stand for some time. Hardman's feat of running the mile in 4:18 marked him as one of the strong contenders for a place on the Olympic team in that event. Don Fraser turned in some splendid performances in the high timbers, breaking Whitey Lloyds' old record. Wally Coleman was handicapped all season by the slow mending of his broken leg, but turned in some good performances in the 220.



THE 1931 SQUAD

Back Row: EVANS, WEEKS, FINK, CURTZE, WILLIAMS, MENEKE, GARRELS, BOWEN, RICHARDSON, STROZIER
 Second Row: BAUER, MCCrackEN, WILLIAMSON, LOCKWOOD, COX, KIRN, STANNARD, BANDY, COLEMAN, HARTMAN, MANG
 Third Row: BLOUN, MCCUTCHAN, CONNOLLY, VAUGHAN, CORLISS, LANMAN, FANG, FRAZER, BURTON, FRESHOUR, KANE, ARTHUR
 Fourth Row: LT. CDR. GREENMAN (Rep.), HARDMAN, WRIGHT, FAHY, GRAMLICH, BEER, COLEMAN, MUSGRAVE, YOUNG, WATERS, NEWTON,
 STROMBACK (Mgr.), THOMPSON (Coach)
 Seated: MILES, STEWART, CONNAWAY, GIBSON, GREENE, MACKENZIE (Capt.), FRASER, UNDERWOOD, CRUMPACKER, FIALA, KASTEIN



SHELLEY, *Off. Rep.*



ROUNDS, *Mgr.*

The 1931 Season

Doug Wright was a consistent winner in the discus, and Dale Bauer gathered in quite a few points in the broad jump and high jump. Captain MacKenzie, although running against some of the fastest men in the country, turned in some very creditable performances. Evans in the 440 and Kirn and Kane in the javelin gave Navy other needed points. All in all, Earl Thompson turned out a well balanced team that was surprisingly strong in several events.

Earl Thompson as a coach has raised Navy Track from nowhere at all to a high plane. Each succeeding year sees a stronger team in the field, and each year sees the sport more popular.

Navy opened the 1931 season with a decisive win over the Indians from William and Mary College. The score, 71- $\frac{2}{3}$ to 54- $\frac{1}{3}$ gives some idea of the decisiveness of the victory. The Virginians showed considerable power, but the strong Navy combination walked off with ten firsts. It was an interesting meet, chock full of thrills and excitement. With the wind favoring him, Don Fraser opened the season with a brilliant high



FRASER



GIBSON



UP AND OVER



OFF ON THE 220

hurdle race, lowering the old mark .2 seconds. Then in a close 100 yard dash, Skipper MacKenzie nipped the tape a breath ahead of Smither of W. and M. The Indians took their two firsts on the track in the mile and 220. Navy came back to the first place column in the quarter, which Evans won easily. Blouin and Green raced in easily to walk off with the two mile. Hardman, running his first varsity race, showed excellent form as he piled up a tremendous lead in the half and won in the excellent time of 1:58.2. Fraser ended the track scoring with another fast win in the low timbers. Connaway was outstanding in the field events. By bar height he broke the old academy record in the high jump, but actual height failed to yield the desired 6' 1". In the shot, Underwood showed the way to all others with a fine heave of 44 feet 4 1/4 inches. The Indians scored easy firsts in the broad jump and javelin to end the meet. The team's showing was quite impressive for an opening meet.

Coach Thompson took twelve men to the Penn Relays. From these he made up three relay teams and entered three in the individual events. All hands brought glory and renown to themselves and to the Naval Academy. The first Navy appearance came as a climax to a day of record breaking performances. The Sprint Medley Relay was the thriller of the meet. Coming from behind in the anchor lap, Hardman rushed on into the lead. In a thrilling finish that saw both teams shatter a world record, Beetham of Ohio State nosed out Hardman. Evans, Newton, MacKenzie, and Hardman composed the team. In the shuttle hurdle relay, the team made up of Newton, Cox, Kastein and Fraser finished third in the finals behind Yale and Ohio State. The final relay race saw Colgate nose out the Blue and Gold in the mile relay. The team, composed of Connolly, Coleman, Hardman, and Evans, pushed the Colgate boys all the way. On the second leg, Wally saw an Army shirt ahead; so he proceeded to move into second place, ahead of the Gray.

Underwood and Connaway finished sixth in the shot and high jump. MacKenzie won both his preliminary heats, but lost in the semifinals of the 100 yard dash.



HARDMAN



KANE



A LONG ONE



NAVY LEADS THE WAY OVER THE HIGH TIMBERS

The performances of the Navy squad were a decided improvement over those of the year before, and promised better ones for the future.

The Maryland meet was all Navy, the Old Liners only getting 25 points while the Blue and Gold rolled up 101 and gathered in eleven firsts. The team showed good balance and looked well in all events.

Then came the Irish from South Bend. Led by Captain O'Brien, the Notre Dame squad defeated the Blue and Gold 78-5/6 to 47-1/6. The track events proved the downfall of Navy, the Irish taking every first place. It was a fast, hard fought meet, but Notre Dame had the more outstanding performers. Underwood put over the outstanding performance of the day when he bettered the old Academy shot record by seven inches, his new mark being 45 feet 1 inch.

Navy, 75, West Virginia, 51 tells one part of the battle between the Navy cinder men and the Mountaineer tracksters. The closeness of the scrap is not shown by the score, however. It was nip and tuck all the way until Evans, Connolly, and Musgrave took a clean sweep of the quarter. From then on it was all Navy. Don Fraser lowered his own time in the high hurdles with a fast 15.4 second win. Hardman, running the mile for the first time of the year, tied the mile record and won the 880 in almost record time. Kane and Kirn continued to take one-two in the javelin, and Underwood turned in another fine performance in the shot.

In the June Week meet, the Scarlet and Gray from Ohio State again took Navy's measure. Led by Keller, who topped the high timbers in 14.6 seconds, the Buckeyes took the meet by a score of 71-2/3 to 54-1/3. As regards first places, it was even, both teams winning six with one event in a tie. The Buckeyes, however, showed greater strength in the second and third places and thus won the meet. Hardman was the Navy star as he lowered the nine-year-old mile record with the splendid time of 4 minutes 18 seconds. He also won the 880 in fast time.

While the meet ended in an unsatisfactory manner, especially for a June Week meet, still it left nothing to be desired in times and close finishes. It closed a highly successful season for Earl Thompson and the Navy track team.



A HIGH ONE



CONNAWAY



EVANS



CAPT. HODGKINS



The Means



COACH MOHLER

Baseball

THE season of 1931 got under way on February twenty-third with well over fifty men turned out. For several weeks the armory resounded to the crack of leather against wood as the boys got their batting eyes in shape and the pitchers began to whip their hurling arms into trim. With many veterans to choose from and an unexcelled coaching staff to choose them prospects were good. With such sluggers as Byng and Fitzgerald from last year's team and with Hodgkins and Hurley still slapping the apple in second class summer fashion our dynamite looked powerful enough. Moreover, Coombs, Englehart, Schultz, and Davenport looked like a fine quintet to feed the ball past the opposition. Captain Tommy Ashworth, skipper par excellence, led the team in a noble manner and the "Kid" taught them lots of baseball.

Rain foiled Mohler and his Maulers in their season's opener against Vermont. Lehigh invaded Annapolis in the next scheduled game and handed us a 6-5 defeat in twelve innings. It was tough to have to open the season with such a heart-breaking defeat. Both teams played good ball, Navy opening with a bang and four runs in the first inning, but



ASHWORTH



BYNG



THE 1931 SQUAD

Back Row: KEEN, MCEACHERN, PRATT, WARD, FITZGERALD, COOMBS, CAMPBELL, WHITE, HILLS
 Middle Row: CDR. ENGLISH (Rep.), BETTS, GALLERY, TORGERSON, DAVENPORT, MASTERTON, LT. (jg) HEDERMAN (Asst. Coach),
 MCKINNEY (Mgr.), KID MOHLER (Coach)
 Front Row: THOMPSON, HUNTER, HODGKINS, LEVERTON, ASHWORTH (Capt.), HURLEY, BUNCE, LIEF



ENGLISH, *Off. Rep.*



The End



McIVER, *Mgr.*

The 1931 Season

the Brown and White slowly closed the gap and went on to win. A good crowd was on hand and from all appearances baseball was to be more popular than ever before.

Next came the Quakers and by playing heads up baseball handled Navy the second straight defeat of the season by a score of 10-3. The Navy defense was quite subnormal and materially aided the sharp fielding of the visitors in adding to the margin of victory.

Wes Byng had been playing first base the first two games, Mohler wanting an extra slugger in the infield. However, with the coming of the Fordham Rams, the "Kid" shifted him back to his old berth in center field and moved Tom Hurley up to first base. In spite of the great reputation of Fordham, the new combination clicked and the "Mohler Maulers" ran riot on the bases to score a smashing victory, 12-8. As usual, Navy scored heartily in the initial round, and held on to the lead throughout. Wes Byng garnered the first homer of the season to aid in the victory.



FITZGERALD



COOMBS



TOMMY SOCKS ONE OUT



"SMACK!"

For a change, it failed to rain for either exhibition game and local fans had a wonderful opportunity to see the Washington Senators and the Baltimore Orioles perform. Both won by a score of 4-1. Dave Davenport created quite a favorable impression on the big leaguers by his fine twirling in both contests.

Harvard, Barry Wood, and fine baseball proved too great a combination to overcome and the Crimson won 4-3 in a close, hard fought game. Wood and Company, by a bit of master playing, scored their tying and winning runs in the eighth frame. Lafayette arrived, but departed on the short end of a 7-2 score as a result of a third inning batting spree which netted 6 runs. Jupiter Pluvius scored his second victory as rain washed out the Villanova contest but the fine weather aided the Washington and Lee Generals to sink us with a three run salvo in the ninth.

The weather did something, and Navy rolled up two big victories over Temple and Duke. Temple was scuttled 16-4, and Duke succumbed 13-8. Dave Davenport looked good in both games, going the route against Temple and relieving Coombs against Duke. Dave again came to the fore as he stopped up the Richmond bats while Fitzgerald slapped out two home runs.

The Irish of Notre Dame added another Navy scalp to their athletic record belt as the Mohlermen bowed 5-2 in a close game. The game was played at South Bend and due to the poor field was a bit slow. Navy's big first inning failed to dampen the Irish spirit, and Notre Dame closed with a rush to win in the final frames.

Mohler used a sub and then a sub for the sub in the seventh, and two runs were scored causing William and Mary to go down in defeat 6-4. A drizzling rain slowed the game up, but the closeness of the score gave all hands a fine afternoon of thrills.

The Western Maryland Terrors proved to be an easy mark. When the track meet was over the score board looked like the results of a football game. 32-5 was the verdict as Navy rolled up the largest score of the season.

Probably the most colorful game of the season was the one with Hosei University of Japan. The Japanese had a



HURLEY



DAVENPORT



CAUGHT!



FITZ CONCLUDES AN EASY JAUNT AROUND THE BASES

clever team. Davenport and Suzuki engaged in a pitchers' battle but Dave weakened in the final two frames. The speed and spectacular fielding of the little Nipponese were largely responsible for their 9-4 win.

Gettysburg was next and by virtue of possessing a great pitcher was slated for an easy win. All the big league scouts saw, however, was the "Kid's Klouters" rapping the ball all over the lot to pound out a 16-10 win. What was to be a pitchers' duel turned out to be a free hitting affair. Lefty Coombs, besides pitching a fine game, came to bat in the fifth with the bases loaded and drove out a homer to center field.

A ninth inning rally by the Old Liners of Maryland gave them a win over the hard-scraping Navy nine. The score was knotted until the last two innings, when Maryland opened up to win 6-2.

A big Navy rally in the ninth closed a seemingly overwhelming lead by the Mt. St. Marys nine, but it was all in vain since the Mountaineers duplicated the feat in the twelfth and the game closed 12-7 on the red side of the ledger.

The day of days arrived—Saturday of June Week. Wesley Fesler, the great Ohioan, led his Buckeyes from Ohio State to Annapolis, and Navy fell 12-7.

Hodgkins, 1932 captain, led the team in batting with a .447. Hurley, catcher and first sacker was second with a .435. Dave Davenport, although a youngster and a pitcher, cracked out the astounding percentage of .375. Coombs and Davenport shared the hurling honors, assisted by Joe Thompson, Egon Englehardt and Schultz. The big explosives were fired by Fitzgerald and Byng, who smashed out some powerful home runs. These two played great baseball in the outer garden between turns at bat. Tommy Ashworth was almost always reliable to get on base. His uncanny eye for judging whether a pitch was a ball or a strike gave him many a free pass.

The season's record was not so good from the standpoint of won and lost, the Mohlermen winning but 8 games and losing 9. However, the boys had a fine spirit and worked together quite well. Much more is expected in coming seasons.



THE THIRD OUT



KEEN



BUNCE



CAPT. JOHNSON



COACH GAUDET

Tennis



ROBERTSON



CHEW

THE 1931 tennis season was the best in some years, with nine wins and only two defeats. Four games were rained out. Among these was the first scheduled meet, that with Columbia. We dropped the first meet played to Yale, won from Hampden-Sidney, and lost to Harvard. From then on, our record was unblemished, and we won the remaining eight meets handily.

Yale took their meet 7 to 2. Although Johnson and Loughlin extended their respective opponents, Yale won 5 of the 6 single matches and 2 of the 3 doubles matches.

Hampden-Sidney proved a setup, Thomas defeating Robertson for the Virginians' only tally. The meet went off in quick time, as not a single match went to three sets.

Then Harvard came to administer our second defeat of the season. Loughlin won his singles bout, and he and Johnson downed their doubles opponents. Harvard won the other matches.

The Washington and Lee game was rained out, and then we played Franklin and Marshall on water-soaked courts, taking their measure 8 to 1, no match going beyond 2 sets.

William and Mary met the same fate, losing 8 to 1, although some of the matches were harder fought than in the preceding meet.



THE 1931 SQUAD

Standing: LT. REDGRAVES, ROZEA, RAYMOND, BANHOF, MALLORY, SAMPSON, CHAMBLISS, NEUPERT, BAILEY, TINKER, ROEDER (*Mgr.*), COACH GAUDET
Seated: LOUGHLIN, REITER, JOHNSON, CHEW, ROBERTSON, LUCAS, GOLD, BOWSER, HOLTZWORTH



GODFREY, Off. Rep.



KNOCK, Mgr.

The 1931 Season

The Pittsburgh game was another that had to be canceled because of rain, and Virginia was the next victim. They bowed 7 to 2, winning one singles and one doubles match.

Penn State was crushed 8 to 1 in the next meet. We won all but one singles match, which Gold yielded after forcing into three sets.

Rain canceled the Washington and Jefferson meet, and Lafayette came next, in one of the best contests of the season. They won half the singles matches, and forced two of the doubles matches into extra sets, though they lost all three.

Maryland proved an easier mark than had been expected, winning only one match of the nine.

Temple was the only team that was completely shut out. The Philadelphians were completely outclassed, only two of the matches being extended to a third set.

The Penn meet was a fitting climax to the season. Navy won from the Quakers for the first time in thirteen years. Each team took three of the singles matches, but Navy won all of the doubles. No victory could have brought more satisfaction to Coach Gaudet and his players than did this one, and it was a fine ending of a fine season.



GOLD



LOUGHLIN



THE COURTS SEE ACTION



CAPT. WOODWARD



At 600 Yards

Rifle



CANN, Mgr.

FOR a number of years Navy Rifle teams have been just about the cream of their kind. However, the N. R. A. would not sponsor an intercollegiate match this year, and this made the going a little more difficult than in the past. For no college teams appeared on our schedule, and we had to shoot only against teams whose principal occupation is shooting. Even against them we held our own admirably, winning the first four matches and losing only the final meet with the D. C. National Guard. Our victims included the Maryland National Guard, the 107th and the 71st Regiments of the New York National Guard, and our most feared opponents, the Quantico Marines.



HAIN

In the first meet against the Maryland guardsmen, Navy won by a score of 2258 to 1835, Robbins of Navy taking individual honors with a 236. Eight Navy men finished higher than the best of the soldiers, and we took first in all four events.

We next disposed of the 107th Regiment by a score of 2285 to 2267. Navy gained their edge in the slow firing at 200 and 600 yards, the guardsmen leading by three points in the rapid firing at 200 and 300 yards. Hain,



THE 1931 SQUAD

Standing: LT. WOLLESON (Coach), JONSON, BETHEA, MOTHERSILL, JURIKA, DENNETT, PFINGSTAG, RICHARDS, SMALL, TYRA, ANDREWS, HARPER
 Kneeling: KLINSIEK, MOORE, ERNEST, MORROW, HAIN, McDUGAL, KUNKLE, ROBBINS, COLEMAN, RUSSELL (Mgr.)
 Sitting: LAY, LIETWILER, BEARDSLEE, VANDLING, RITCHIE, BAKER, SUNDERLAND, WOODWARD



Intermission



COACH WOLLESON

The 1931 Season

with a 238, tied with Devereux of the visitors for honors. Navy outstripped their opponents throughout the season in the 600 yards slow fire. This was due, in no small measure, to Lieutenant Wolleson's uncanny accuracy in figuring out the wind at each instant.

We next met the 71st Regiment at Peekskill, N. Y., and carried off a 2272 to 2166 victory. Back to Dahlgren Hall came the trophy "Little David," who has stood behind the firing line at this annual match since 1906. Harper and McDougal, with 234's, tied for first honors for the match.

Then came a triangular meet with the Quantico Marines and the Philadelphia Marine Barracks. The scores were: Navy, 2291, Quantico, 2263, and Marine Barracks, 2257. Harper, with a 238, topped all others, some of whom held the rank of "Distinguished Marksman," the highest rifle award given. Navy's scores were all well rounded.

The unfortunate finish of the season was the 2311 to 2291 defeat at the hands of the D. C. National Guard. This was the first defeat for Navy in rifle for two years. But it failed to dim the excellence of the work which had been done by the team throughout the season.



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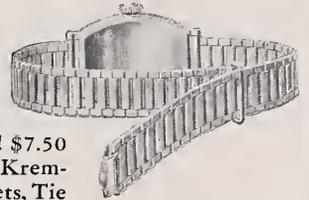
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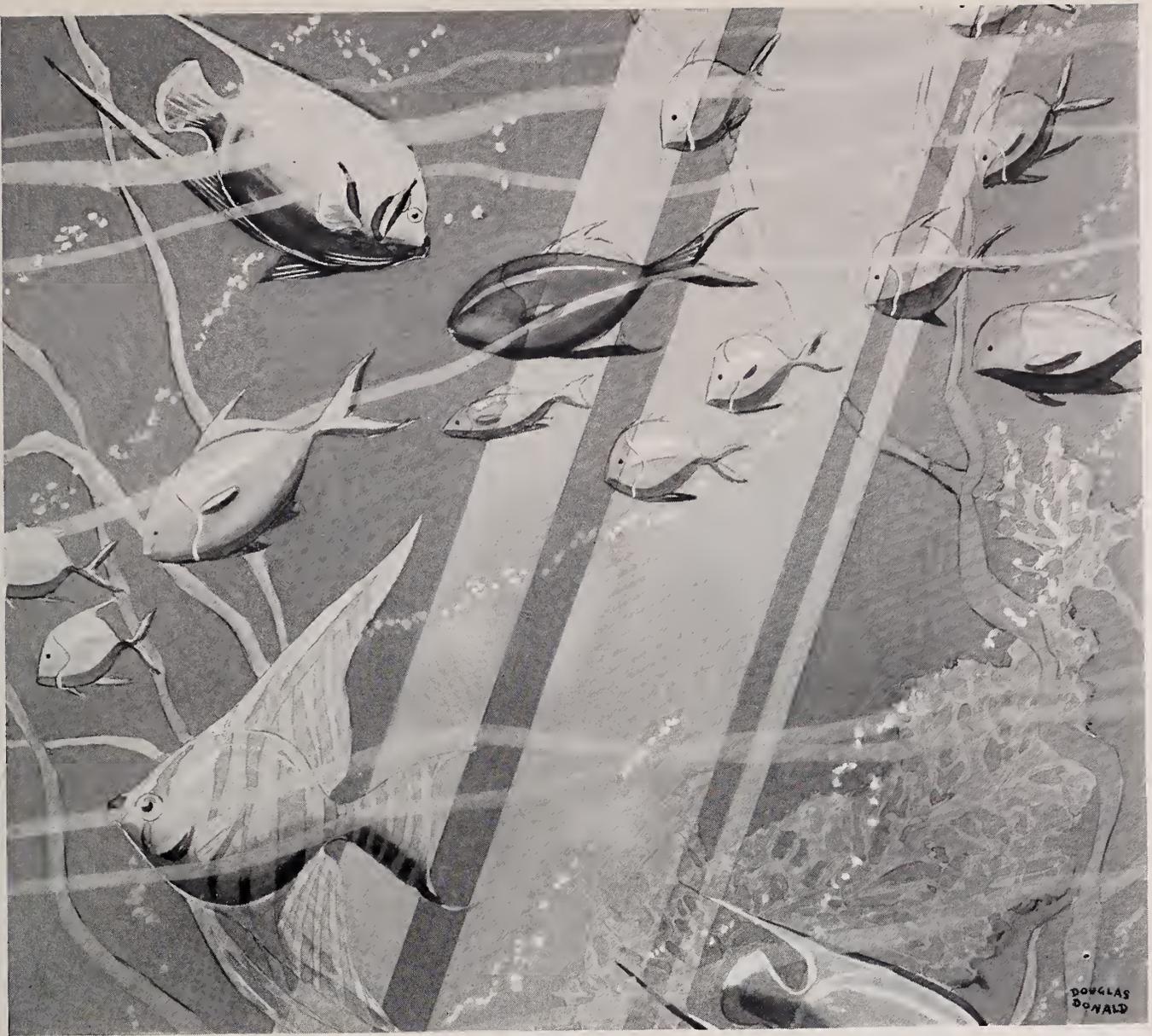
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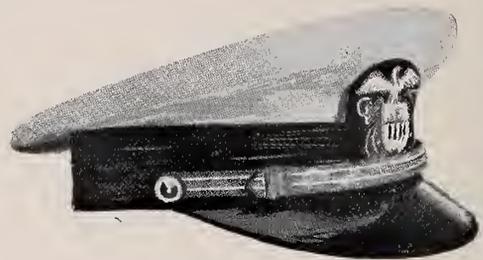
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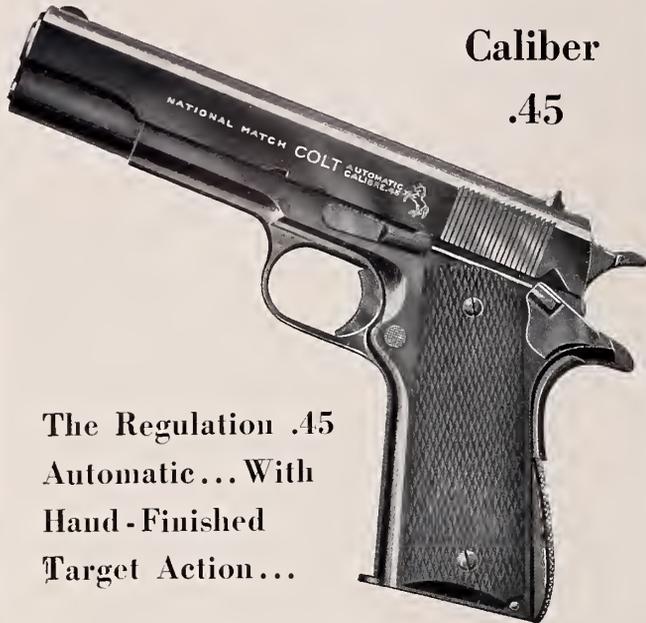


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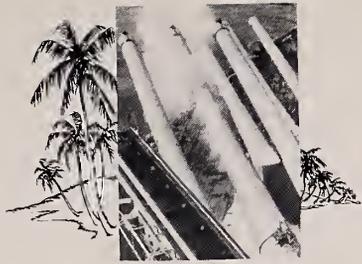
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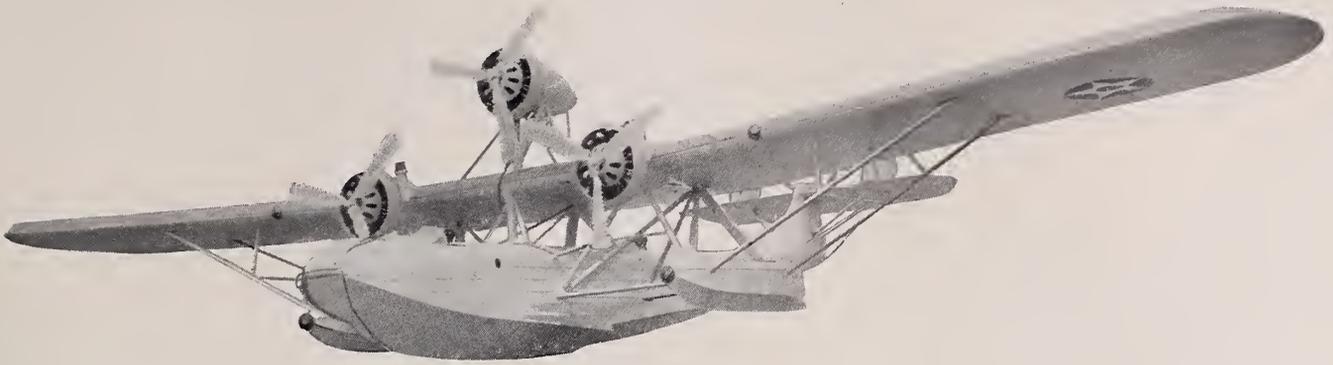
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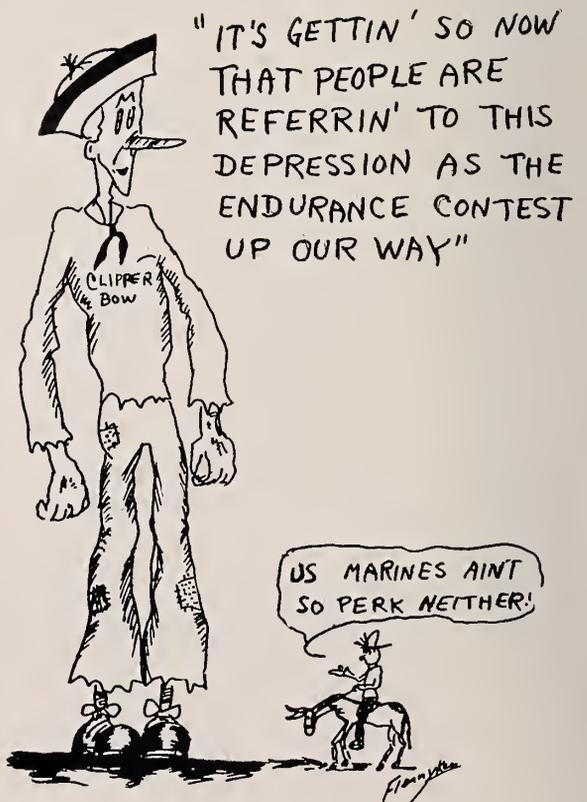
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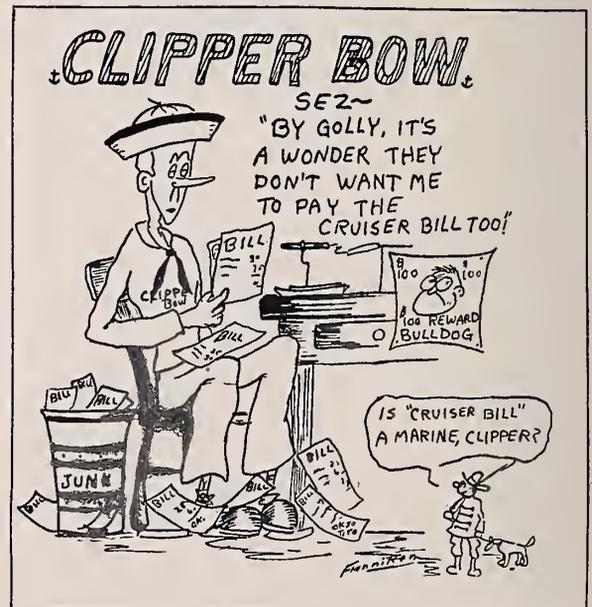
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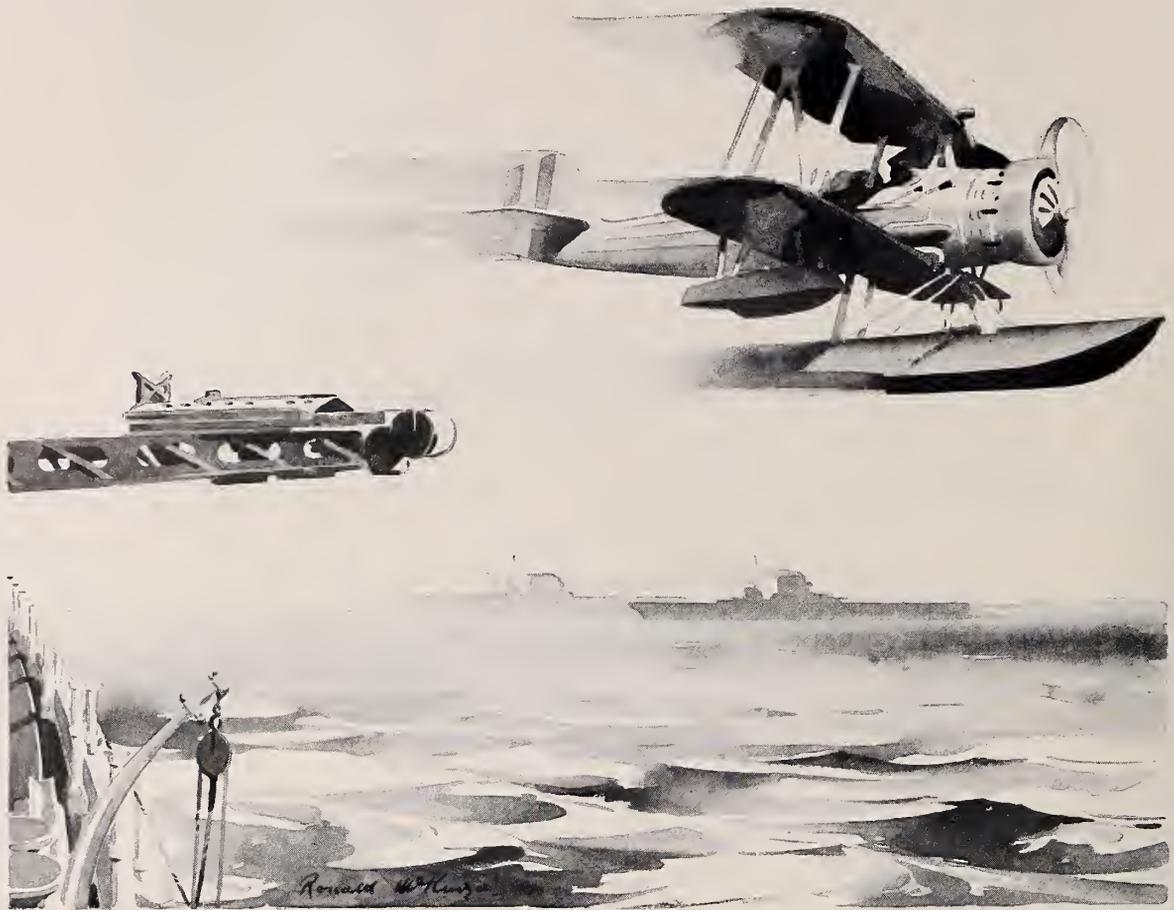
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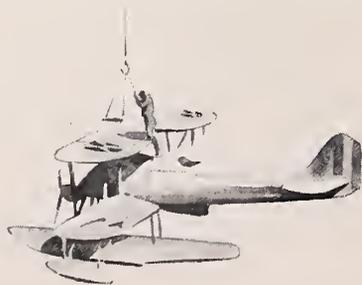
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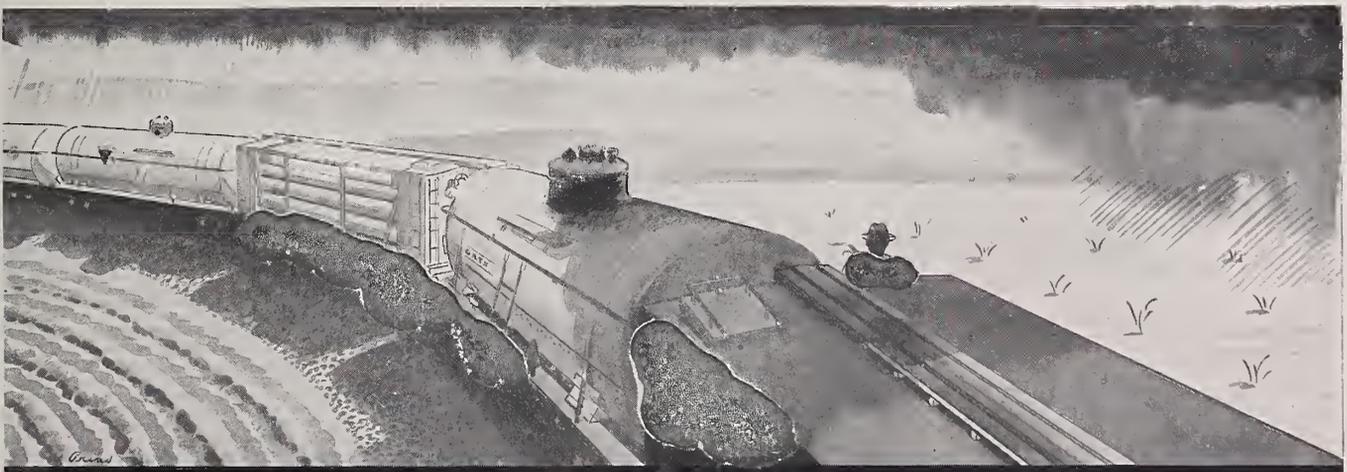
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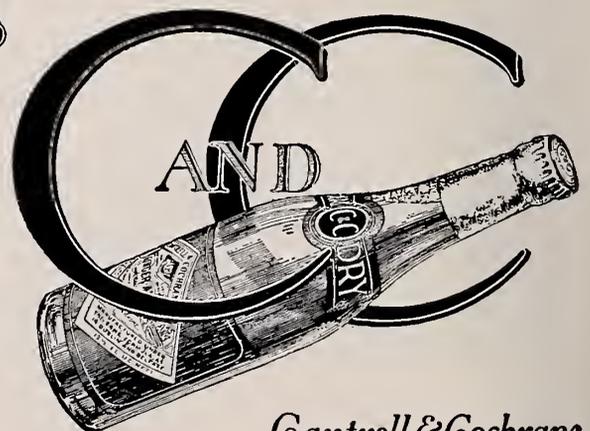
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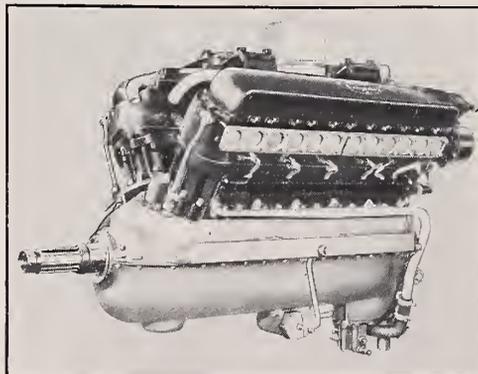
NAVY F9C-2 AKRON FIGHTER



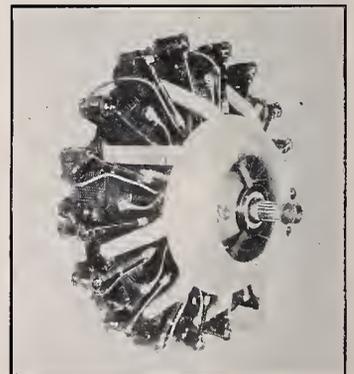
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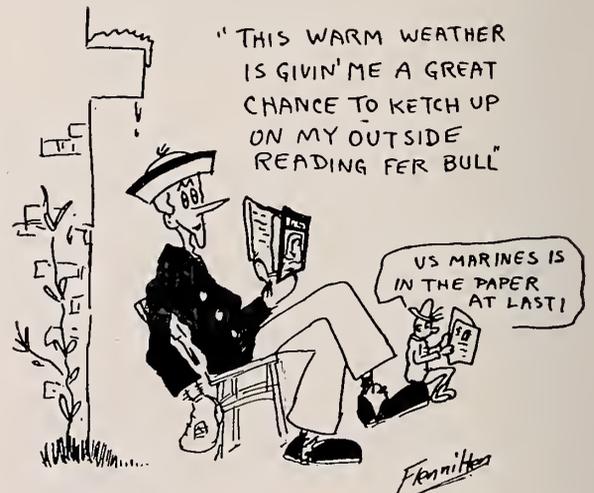
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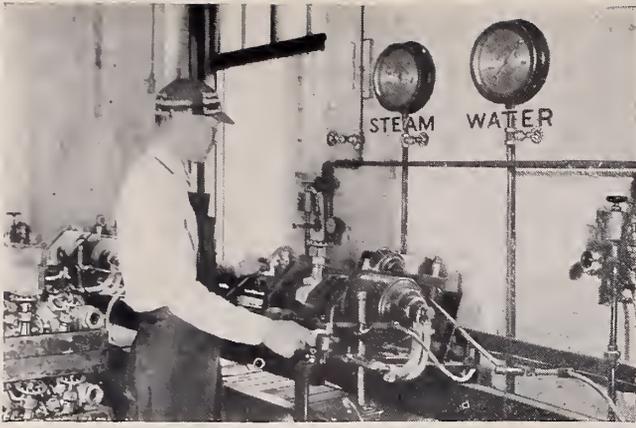
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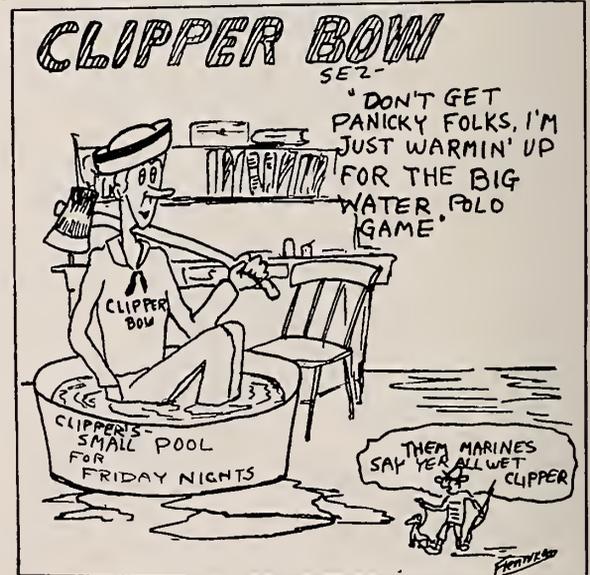
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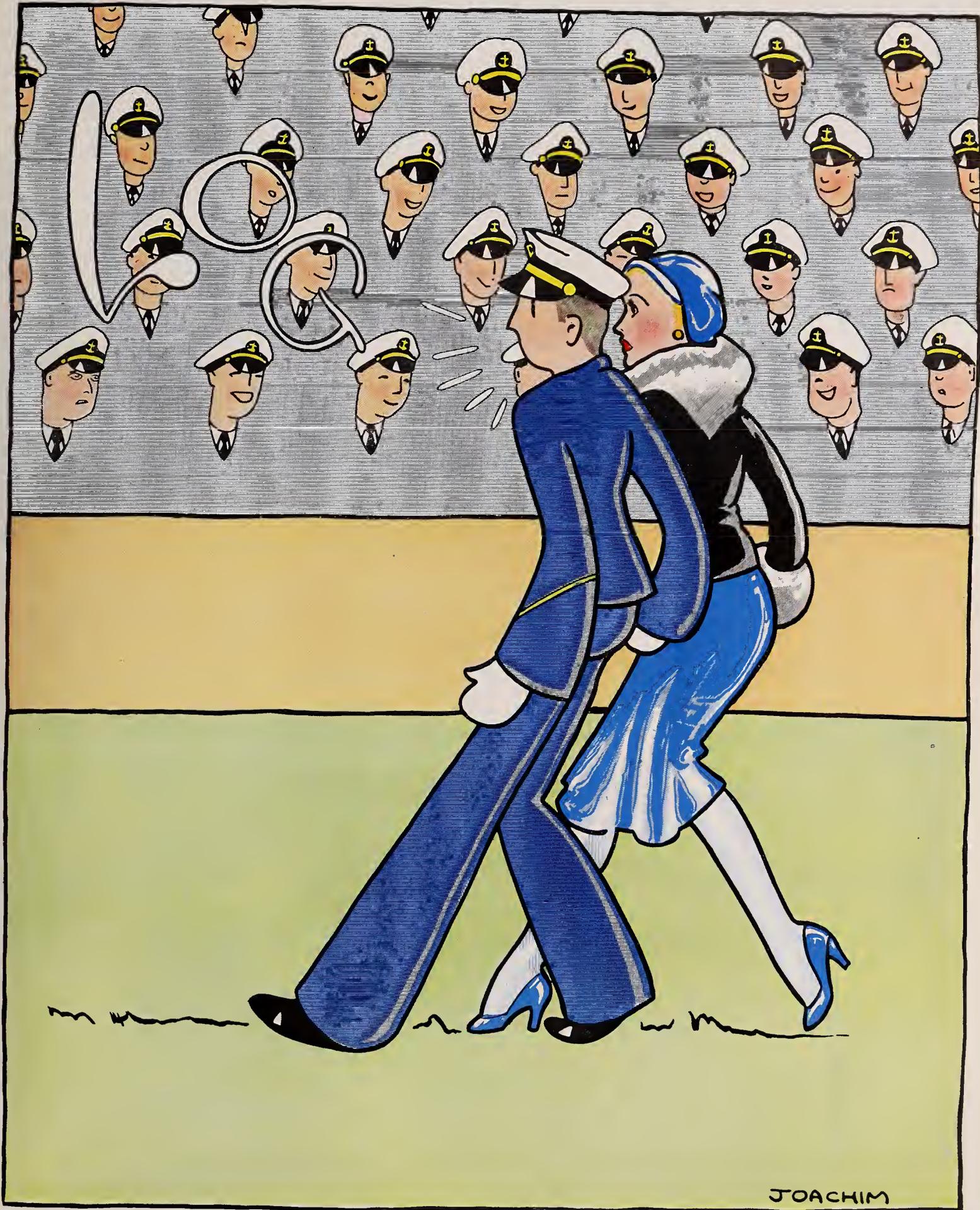
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