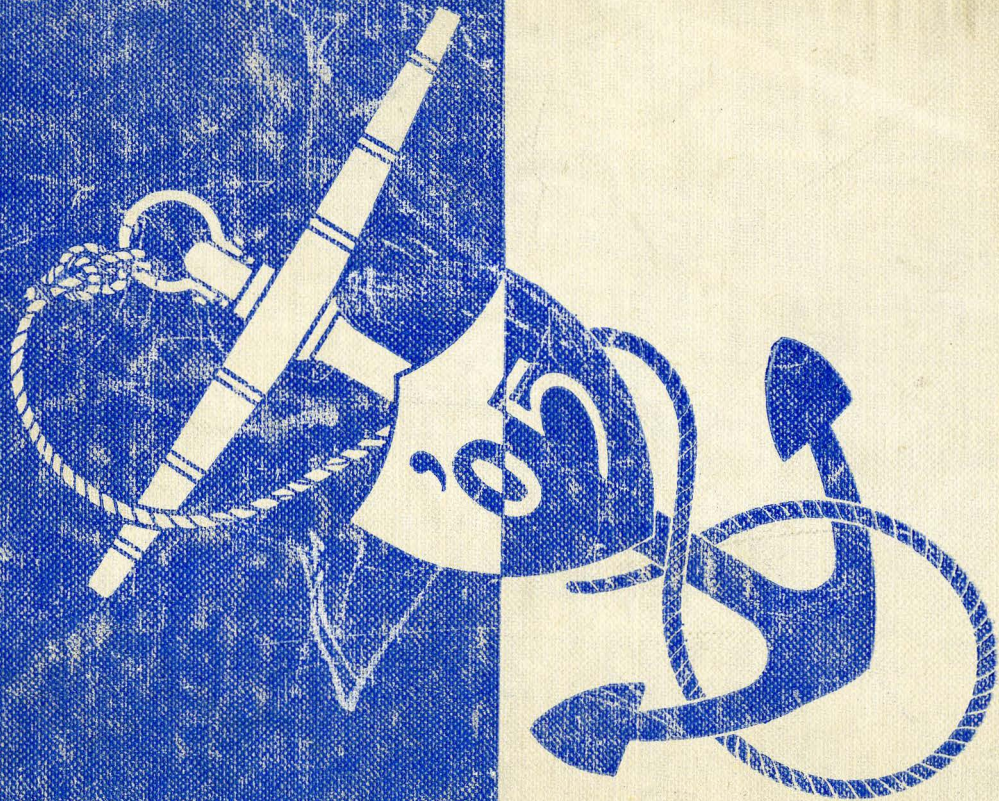


TIDERS
RIPPS

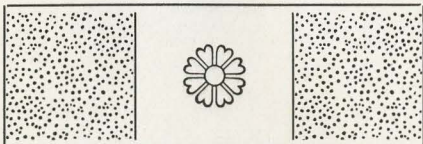


CLASS '05

SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION



UNITED STATES
REVENUE CUTTER
SERVICE



BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

To
Lieutenant Frederick C. Billard, U. S. R. C. S.

In token of our appreciation of his active interest in
all Cadet enterprises, and of his impartiality
and forbearance, this volume is
respectfully dedicated



CAPT. W. E. REYNOLDS

SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION
UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE

CAPTAIN W. E. REYNOLDS,
President.

FIRST LIEUTENANT W. W. JOYNES,
Executive Officer.

INSTRUCTORS ATTACHED

FIRST LIEUTENANT F. C. BILLARD,

SECOND LIEUTENANT W. J. WHEELER.

SECOND LIEUTENANT P. H. SCOTT.

SECOND LIEUTENANT H. W. POPE.

SECOND LIEUTENANT JOHN BOEDEKER.

SURGEON H. W. STUCH.

COMMANDING OFFICERS

CAPT. J. A. HENRIQUES, U. S. R. C. S. . 1877-1883

CAPT. L. G. SHEPARD, U. S. R. C. S. . 1883-1887



CAPT. D. B. HODGSDON, U. S. R. C. S. . 1887-1890

CAPT. J. W. CONGDON, U. S. R. C. S. . 1894-1895

CAPT. O. C. HAMLET, U. S. R. C. S. . 1895-1899

CAPT. D. A. HALL, U. S. R. C. S. . 1899-1902

CAPT. W. E. REYNOLDS, U. S. R. C. S. . 1902-....

		P R E F A C E		
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In this issue of TIDE RIPS the School of Instruction of the U. S. Revenue-Cutter Service presents to its friends its first publication. Now that the Service has an actual, established school on shore for the education of its officers, the Class of 1905 has undertaken to launch a year-book with the fervent hope that future classes will improve upon it and add a volume each year.

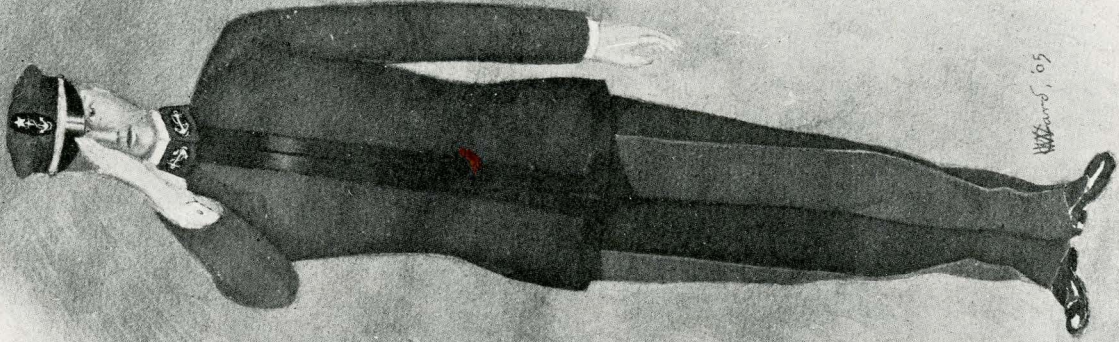
Begun but a month before its publication, in the shadow of the approaching final examinations, TIDE RIPS represents unceasing labor on the part of its

editors; but, in spite of all the obstacles to its production, the editors hope that it will meet with the approval of the Alumni and whoever else may read it.

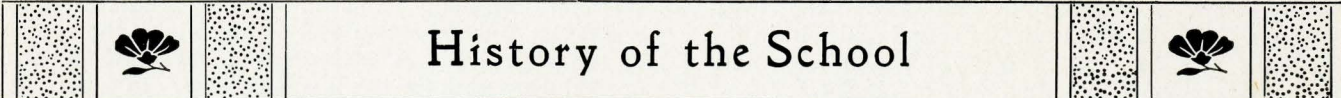
The "Grinds" in the following pages will cause no offense if taken in the spirit in which they were written.

The Class takes this opportunity to express its gratitude to the officers of the Service who assisted in the preparation of TIDE RIPS, 1905.

LE ROY REINBURG,
WILLIAM C. WARD,
Editors.



W. H. W. '05



History of the School



THE School of Instruction of the U. S. Revenue-Cutter Service exists by virtue of an indisputable truth—that the line officers of a military service should receive their professional training under a system of instruction that may be exactly directed and controlled to meet the requirements of the Service, and under formative influences that will develop a high sense of loyalty and devotion toward the Service of which they have the honor to be a part.

These ends may be attained only by the existence of a Service school where candidates for commissions may receive their education at the hands of officers of the Service.

The purpose of the School of Instruction is twofold; to give cadets a technical education that will fit them to efficiently perform the varied duties of an officer of the Revenue-Cutter Service and, equally important, to instill, with habits of discipline, the best ideals and traditions of the Service.

The cadet system was organized in 1876 and the first cadet was appointed in January, 1877. The cutter "Dobbin," a topsail schooner, was fitted up for a practice ship and the first class of cadets assigned to

her for instruction. The first graduate of the school is now the Chief of the Revenue-Cutter Service,—Captain Worth G. Ross, U. S. R. C. S. For a short time the vessel remained at Baltimore, but after her first cruise (in the summer of 1877) she proceeded to New Bedford, Mass., which place was made the headquarters of the school.

The following year the "Dobbin" was replaced as the practice ship by the "Chase," a sailing vessel constructed for this special service, bark-rigged, 106 feet long by 25 feet beam, whose lofty spars and graceful lines gave her both speed and beauty. From the time she went into commission until 1890 the "Chase" was stationed at New Bedford, making a practice cruise to Europe each summer, and graduating each year a class of cadets who filled vacancies in the grade of third lieutenant in the Service.

The act of Congress providing for the establishment of the cadet system made the term of cadetship two years, and during this period the instruction given was along both professional and academic lines; the training in seamanship, navigation, gunnery, etc., being supplemented by a course in the various subjects contributing to a liberal education.

In 1890 it was determined by the Secretary of the Treasury to fill vacancies in the lowest grade of the

line by commissioning surplus graduates of the Naval Academy, who, being physically sound and within the age limit provided, might apply for admission into the Service, and this method was continued for four years, during which time the "Chase" was not in commission. After this idle period the ship was recommissioned and the cadet system again put into operation, but the requirements for admission having been raised, and the rigorous entrance examination making it necessary for candidates to possess a thorough education, the course of instruction was made entirely professional in its scope.

The practice ship lacked nothing of being an ideal vessel for the purpose for which she was used, save that her small size permitted the accommodation of but a small number of cadets and denied to her complement the comforts that a larger vessel would afford. To remedy this defect she was lengthened, in 1896, by 32 feet, and provision was made for quartering 24 cadets. The practice of wintering at New Bedford was discontinued, and during the next few years the

vessel cruised many thousand miles, visiting European and West Indian waters and sailing along the coasts of the United States, laying up at various Southern ports during such time as it was necessary to supersede practical work by theoretical instruction. The ship has crossed the Atlantic 30 times and cruised along our own coast from Maine to Alabama, entering nearly every prominent port on that stretch of seaboard.

In the fall of 1900 the headquarters of the school were established at the depot of the Revenue-Cutter Service at Arundel Cove, Maryland, which place the "Chase" now makes her winter headquarters, and where the necessary adjuncts for theoretical instruction have been developed on shore.

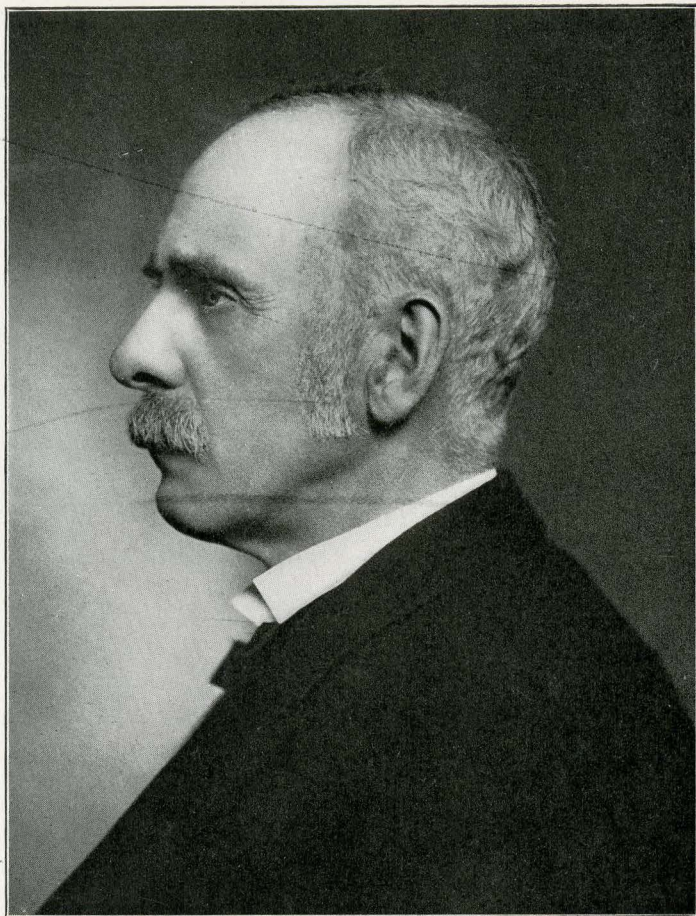
In April, 1903, the term of cadetship was increased to three years by act of Congress, and advantage has been taken of this extension to augment the course of instruction and further develop the system.

In 1904 the course was officially designated as the School of Instruction of the U. S. Revenue-Cutter Service.





CAPT. W. E. REYNOLDS, COMMANDANT, AND THE OFFICERS AND CADETS OF THE REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE ON DUTY AT THE SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION.
COURTESY ARMY AND NAVY REGISTER.



HON. LESLIE M. SHAW,
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.



The Alumni Association of the Revenue Cutter Service



ORGANIZED, DECEMBER 15, 1887, AT WASHINGTON

The Alumni Association of the Service is intended to fulfill the purposes for which such organizations are usually formed and to foster a spirit of mutual interest and fellowship among all cadet graduates.

Its specific objects are:

First. To strengthen the bonds of fellowship and fraternal feeling.

Second. To encourage among the members, by mutual intercourse and co-operation, the acquisition of professional knowledge.

Third. To further such measures as may tend to promote the efficiency and improve the standing of the Service, and to induce harmony on all matters for its general welfare and material prosperity.

Members are classed as active and honorary members. Active membership is confined to cadet graduates of the U. S. Revenue-Cutter Service and to appointments in the Service from the U. S. Naval Academy.

Honorary membership may be conferred by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee upon persons not eligible for active membership, who have manifested a marked interest in the welfare and advancement of the School of Instruction.

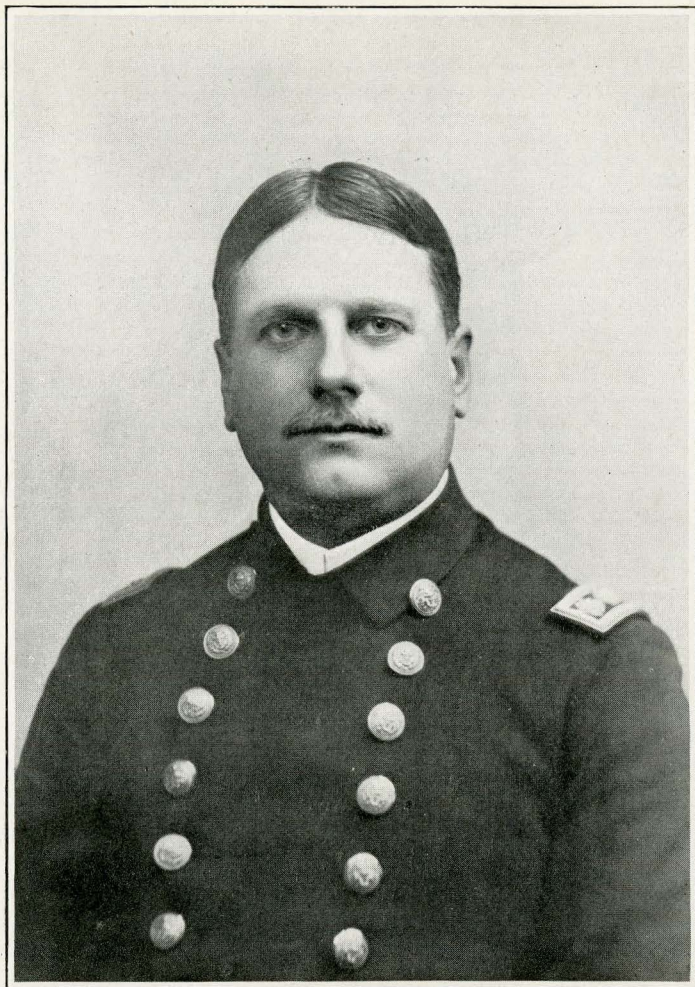
The Association annually presents two prizes to the graduating class: a sword to the cadet graduating at the head of his class, and a pair of binoculars to the cadet showing the greatest proficiency in quarter-deck seamanship.

The Association includes a great majority of the graduates of the School, and it is hoped every graduate will soon be enrolled.

The government and management of the Association are confided to an Executive Committee, consisting of five members, who are elected from and by the members of the Association for a term of two years, and the Executive Committee elects from among its number the President, Vice-President, and the Secretary and Treasurer.



HON. H. A. TAYLOR,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
(Having Supervision.)

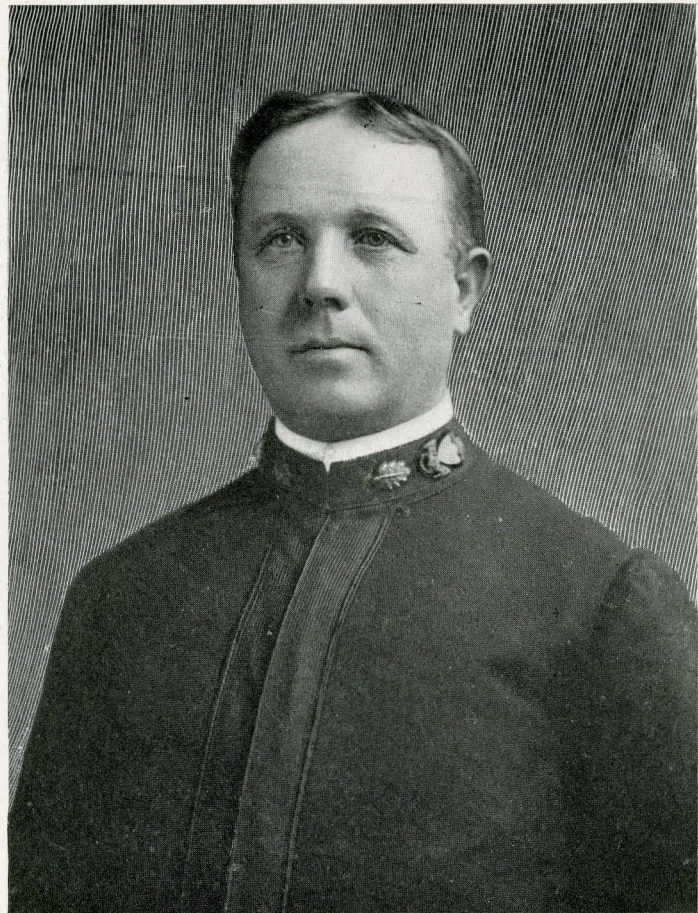


CAPTAIN WORTH G. ROSS, U. S. R. C. S.,
CHIEF OF THE REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.

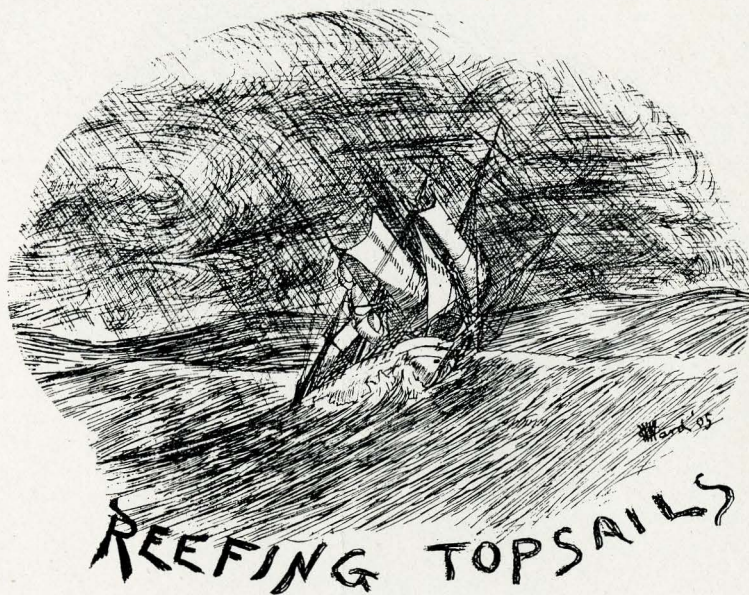
COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES REPRESENTED IN THE CADET CORPS OF THE REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE



HARVARD UNIVERSITY.
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.
YALE UNIVERSITY.
BOSTON COLLEGE.
HAMILTON COLLEGE.
YORK COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.
JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.
GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.
WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.
PURDUE UNIVERSITY.
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.
DETROIT COLLEGE.
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.
DES MOINES UNIVERSITY.
MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM E. REYNOLDS, U. S. R. C. S.,
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF INSTRUCTION,
AND COMMANDING OFFICER, U. S. PRACTICE SHIP CHASE.



REEFING TOPSAILS

Man the fore topsail clewlines and buntlines,
Weather fore topsail brace,
Settle away the topsail halliards,
Round in the weather brace.

CHORUS.

Take two reefs in one, Gunner,
Take two reefs in one,
Haul out to windward, haul out to leeward,
Sing out when you're done.

Now, Gunner, man the topsail halliards,
Tend the lee topsail brace,
Hoist away the topsail halliards,
Get the yard up in place.

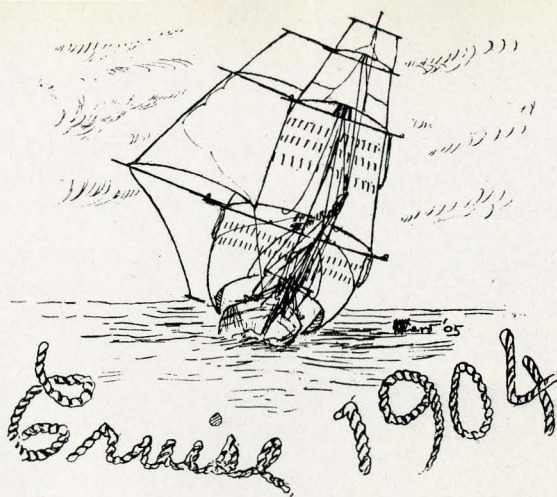
CHORUS.

Man the fore clewgarn'ts and buntlines,
Stand by the sheet and tack,
Be careful, mind your weather helm,
Don't let her get aback.

CHORUS.

Ease away the tack and bo'line,
Haul up the weather clew;
Ease off the sheet; haul up to leeward;
Reef the foresail too.

CHORUS.



HE cruise of 1904 was an unusual one—it being the first foreign cruise since the Spanish War; and, too, the “Chase” was underway four-fifths of the time, giving to each one of the cadets a grand opportunity to judge whether or not the sea was his calling. These decisions were often changed, as a squall gave way to fine weather, or vice versa; but upon averaging up both in the end, all seemed to decide that the sea term of a cadet’s life has some advantages over the study term.

The “Chase” cast off her moorings and bade farewell to Baltimore and to the United States in the forenoon of June 1st. The U. S. harbor tug “Guthrie, Captain Thomas W. Lay, towed us through the channel and dropped us at Sandy Point, Maryland. Here

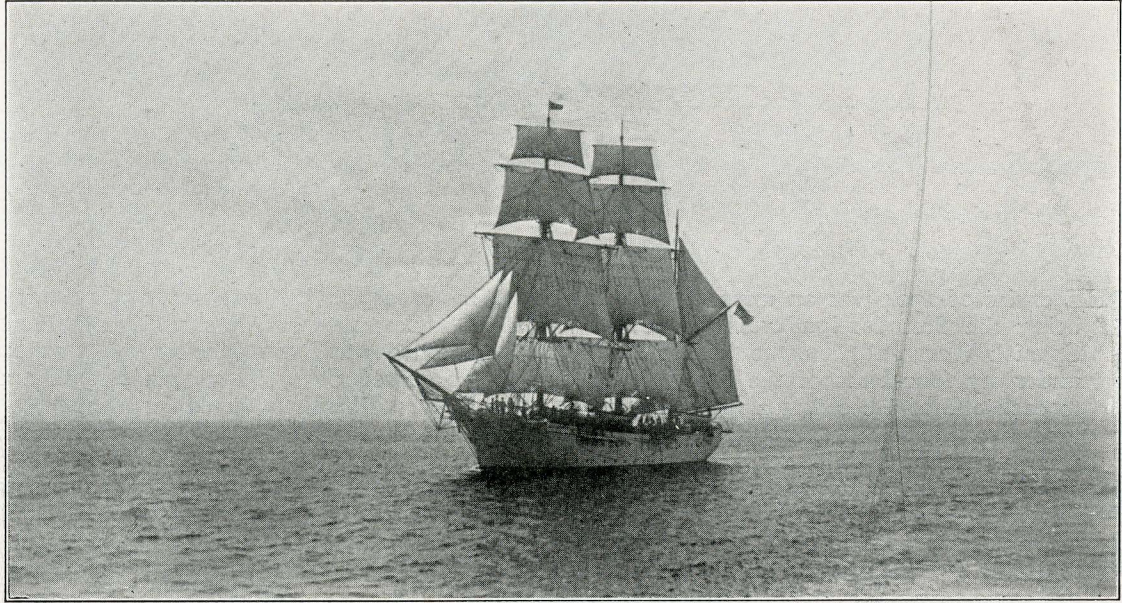
a fair breeze awaited us, and at Captain Reynolds’s calm “Make sail, sir,” we sheeted home, hoisted away and stood down Chesapeake Bay. At sunset on June 4th we passed Cape Henry, sea smooth and weather fine, hence all hands reported for meals.

At the time we made sail, Lieutenant Billard, our navigating officer, divided the first class into two shifts, each half to follow up the run of the ship for a week at a time. The division on duty was always known as the “Navigators.” They would “shoot” the sun three times a day, “shoot” a few stars at night, and in ’twen times, after they had become sharks at navigation, would get outside of any articles of food that might be hiding in the pantries. But let this part pass, lest we divulge state secrets.

Our juvenile friends, the new third classmen, jubilant at the sight of mighty ocean at rest, drew up a

resolution that the Atlantic was not so bad as it had been painted; that it might be a big stretch of water, but that all of this talk about high, rolling seas and

royals, topgallantsails, flying jib, mizzen topmast stay-sail and gafftopsail came in. Following these came the mainsail, the foresail, and then the jib and spanker.



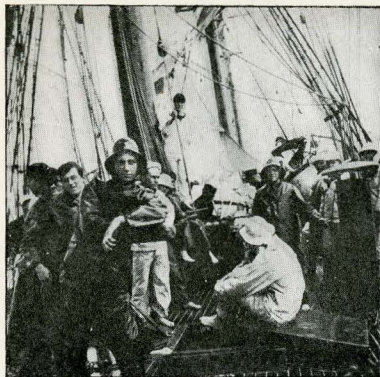
THE CHASE LEAVING PORT.

COURTESY ARMY AND NAVY REGISTER.

pitching vessels was "tommyrot."

So things went on easily until the early morning of June 14th, when orders came thick and fast. The

"Reef topsails!" It was then that the "Chase" began to roll and toss about like a peanut shell; it was then that the stomach ousted all of its contents; it was then



that very few reported for meals at the steerage table. Picture the cadets' quarters—a mass of broken shaving-mugs, collars, cuffs, broken medicine bottles that once contained preventives for seasickness, and in general a scene of disorder. Now the impression of sea life changed, and many

swore that, if the "Chase" ever succeeded in reaching land, they would give up sea life and go back to the farm. Some were even so rash as to plan an attempt to swim to the first steamer sighted, and take passage to the nearest port. Some were so helpless that they thought of naught but the next world. When they went aloft, all hands about decks invariably sought shelter from the showers caused by "dinner hemorrhage."

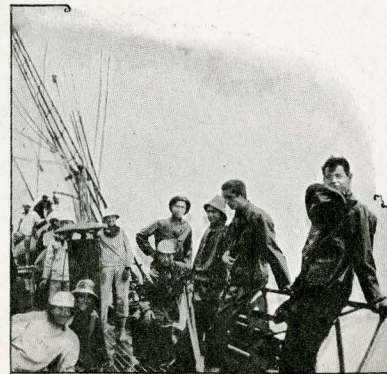
But soon good weather came, and the little bark caught steady northerly winds which drove her along at a clip that seldom fell below eight knots an hour.

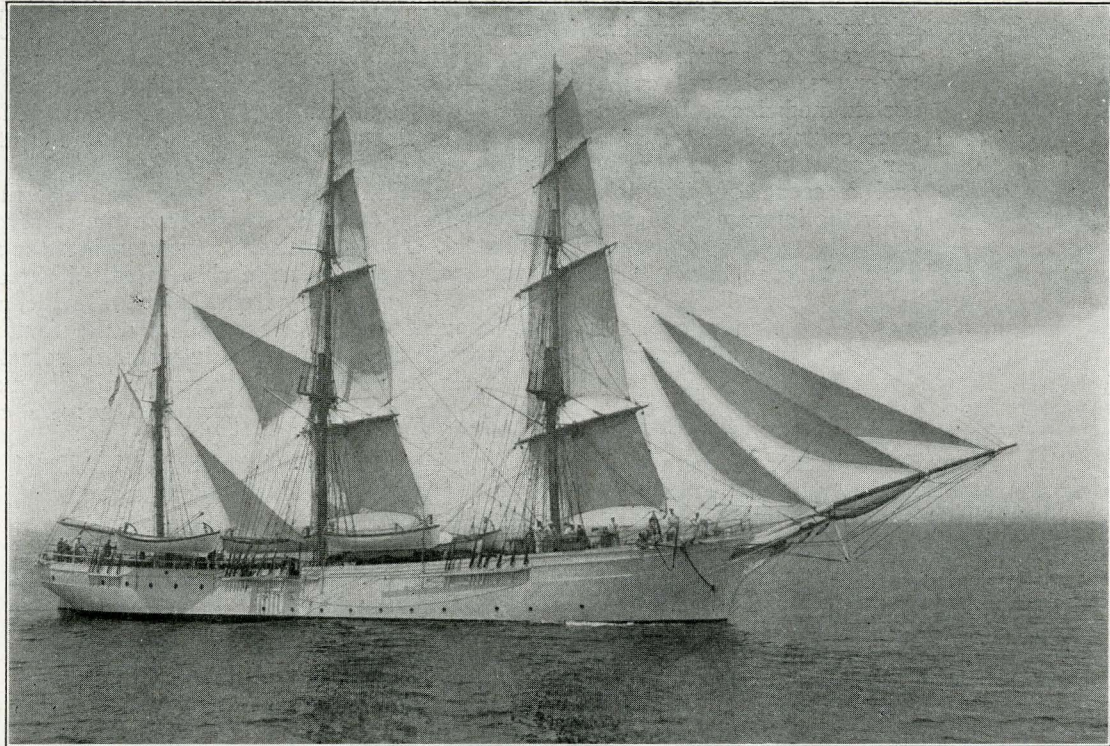
Before we realized it, Cape St. Vincent was sighted, and the next morning at daybreak, June 30th, we had our first view of Cadiz. We signaled for a pilot, and when about a mile from the town a great number of Spaniards came alongside in a *felucca*, and, after a great deal of talk that sounded like the proverbial rattle of musketry, a pilot stepped on board. Ward, our distinguished Spanish scholar, then appeared as the hero of the hour, and acted as interpreter. At 8

a. m., shortly after anchoring, we fired a salute of 21 guns, with the Spanish flag at the main truck. The rumble of our guns surely woke up the town, for within half an hour craft of all kinds swarmed about the ship—those of wine merchants in particular. Some of the bumboat men held written recommendations from United States ships of war. The most recent of these was dated 1837, aboard the U. S. S. "Constitution."

On the first of July we were paid off in Spanish money, each cadet emerging from the wardroom with a hatful. At 6 o'clock the next morning, the starboard watch of cadets left the ship to spend three days at Seville. The journey from Cadiz to Seville, a distance of about 60 miles, was made by the famous Cadiz express in the record-breaking time of something less than six hours! Lucky were we to keep the tickets which the conductor returned to us: we could not have left the train without them.

Arriving in Seville, we made the Hotel de Paris our headquarters. From there we started out each morning, and there we returned each *early* morning. The Cathedral, second only to St. Peters at Rome, the Alcazar, the reproduced Palace of Pontius Pilate, and all of the grand buildings for which Seville is famous were included in our sight-seeing. This time passed very quickly, and before we knew it our leave





THE PRACTICE SHIP CHASE.

COURTESY ARMY AND NAVY REGISTER.



was up. We entered Cadiz on the evening of July 4th—the glorious Fourth—to see the “Chase” a mass of decorations in honor of Independence Day. Out of courtesy the Spanish cruiser “Estremadura” and the Brazilian practice ship “Benjamin Constant” were

gaily decorated, and each of these vessels fired the national salute with the “Chase.”

On the morning of the 5th of July, the port watch of cadets went to Seville. They went over the same ground the starboard watch had traversed, and returned on board the morning of the 8th.

Bull-fights were witnessed by us, but we saw neither pleasure nor sport in such blood-curdling scenes—except when the bull chased a bull-fighter.

Notwithstanding the fact that the “Chase” was the first of Uncle Sam’s vessels to visit the mainland of Spain since a date prior to the Spanish-American War, we had a very enjoyable stay in that country, and many of us vowed to spend our honeymoon days there.

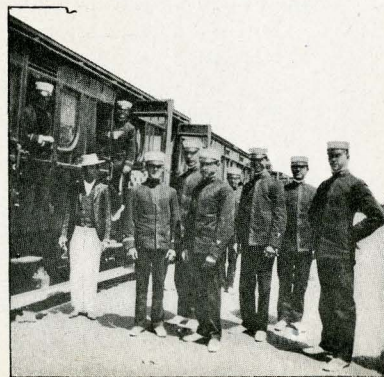
At daybreak on the 14th of July, the order “All hands up anchor!” came, and we passed out of the harbor of Cadiz under all sail. Outside we caught the trade winds, and the “Chase” fairly flew along. For the first day the fish had a treat—Spanish fruits and wines. We arrived at Funchal, Madeira, within three days, not having touched a brace nor taken a sail during this run.

In Funchal, too, we were surrounded by a horde of bumboat men, and when Captain Reynolds had given certain of these peddlers permission to come on board, an outsider would have thought that the “Chase” was surely taking on cargo. Tables, chairs, boxes, baskets, linen goods, shawls, silks, books, canaries, parrots, goats,—everything “from a pin to a steam engine” was strewn about the main deck and offered for sale.

In this port each of us drew on the paymaster for cash. Here, for the first time, we received our pay in “thousands,” and if one’s pay filled a hat in Cadiz, a laundry bag would have been of more use to him in Funchal. We were granted nine hours’ liberty, and as we struck the landing we found some difficulty in dodging hotel men.

All of the cadets journeyed to the top of the mountain, and after a few hours of Paradise—a dinner consisting of every kind of meat, vegetable and delicious fruit grown on the beautiful island of Madeira, and, incidentally, some of Reid’s famous “1815”—we slid down the mountain side on toboggans. This trip down the mountain was made over a road paved with very smooth stones, and the toboggan, an affair resembling a baby-carriage on wooden runners, was guided by two men.

After a souvenir hunt about Funchal, all hands reported aboard ship, and out of the thousands taken ashore, we had a few “cop-



pers" left to take home, among other remembrances of Madeira.

On the afternoon of July 18th we hove up anchor and set sail for home. On this passage we had the company of a small goat, a screeching parrot, and three canaries.

The canaries made very little noise, but the parrot might well have served as a steam siren, for his screams were heard from daybreak until nightfall. To start the siren it was only necessary for one man to go near "Moike's" cage and look at him; to stop the siren, it was necessary for the man to go away. The goat (yes, his name was Billy) ate everything that was not good to eat, and turned down everything that was good. His favorite dish was a mixture of rope yarns, matches and cigar butts, covered over with sauce consisting of strong tobacco juice. Now and then we would give him a few extras—some tar or well-mixed white lead. The parrot ate nothing but boiled corn, and when he couldn't get this, he was compelled to eat what we ate—a change which did not seem to suit him, for he died soon afterwards, and left us without a hoodoo.

During a succession of calms and head winds lasting thirty-nine days, we gradually sculled the "Chase" across the Atlantic by bracing first sharp up on one tack, and then

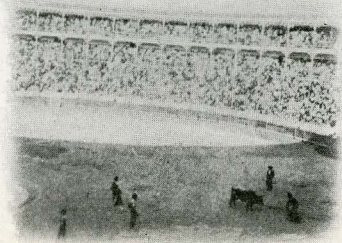
sharp up on the other. Finally we sighted Cape Henry, and just as soon as the "Chase" saw it, she dashed into Hampton Roads at a nine-knot clip. We came to anchor off Newport News in the afternoon of August 26th.

Some of the cadets were permitted to witness the launching of the battleship "Louisiana" at the yard of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, and later on all hands visited this enormous plant on a tour of instruction.

After a stay of a week, we set sail for Baltimore, stopping at the mouth of the Patuxent River to paint ship. Here we were tendered a dance by the ladies of Solomon's Island.

Having painted ship and cleaned everything from truck to keel, we hove up anchor for the last time on this practice cruise. We beat out of the Patuxent, and sailed up the bay and into the Patapsco River, holding on to our sail until we reached the quarantine station, where the "Guthrie" met us, and put us at our berth alongside the dock at the Depot of the Revenue-Cutter Service, Arundel Cove, Maryland.

Thus ended the cruise of 1904—a cruise which covered something over eight thousand miles, and one of the best and quickest that the "Chase" ever made.



CLASS OF 1905.

James Albert Alger

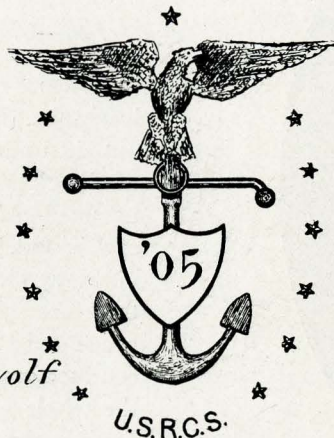
Le Roy Reinburg

Frank Lynn Austin

Howard Eugene Rideout

Ralph Waldo Dempwolf

William Clayton Ward



Roger Chew Weightman

Ward



James A. Alger.

JAMES ALBERT ALGER

Reading, Mass.

2d P. O.

Jim—Chesterfield—Algiers—Monk—Mr. Aljaw.

Officers' favorite. Conscientious to the very verge of insomnia. Fastidious in attire. Is known to have worn out six undress uniforms with his whisk broom. One of the charter members of the Ancient Order of Mohammedans. Monologue artist; holds his listeners spellbound. All-around buzzer; has a coaling station on every block in Baltimore, and has four or five bids to "come up to dinner" for each Saturday. Fell from grace once through a mere accident, hit the second conduct grade, and has been convinced ever since that the whole world is against him. "My Gawd, fellows; I might get spawted!"

FRANK LYNN AUSTIN

Chesaning, Michigan.

Sister—Baller—The Boy Wonder.

Came here virtuous and free from habits. Reared in a parsonage, but now well versed in all of the tricks of a cadet's life. "O Time and Change!" Runs over the "spot" limit now and then, but still holds on. Came from the place where they say, *razz-baut*, *anuhway*, *semuh-automatic*, etc. Has a grease second to none. Another one of the Juveniles. Has a coaling station in town.



Frank L Austin.



R. W. Dempwolf.

RALPH WALDO DEMPWOLF

York, Pa.

1st P. O.

“All the world loves a lover.”

*Demp—Dempski—Shining Light—Mis’ Dempwoff—
Off’s’ Day.*

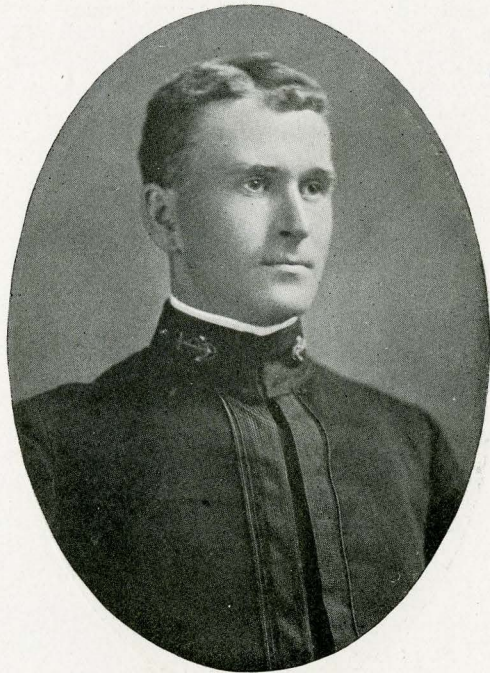
A Teuton philosopher, with a longing for tripe, Limburger, sauer kraut and bock. The class moralist, pure and spotless; yet a worldly man for all that. Goes in for society stunts and always cuts a long dash with the fair ones. Fell hopelessly into Cupid’s meshes during first class leave, and has gone to town every liberty since; but see Class Prophecy. Feels the weight of responsibility and official dignity. “Who rang that bell?” “Off’s’ Day rings the bell.”

LE ROY REINBURG

Chicago, Ill.

Riny—Buddy—Sargent—Roy Red-top.

A veteran soldier ; born forager ; never perturbed on the surface ; severe critic. Can imitate anything from a flash of lightning to a mocking-bird. Keeps all hands laughing by the hour with yarns and character sketches. Can tell anything with a straight face, and doesn't have to laugh unless he wants to. Rather an authority on all subjects. Associates with "nobility." Everybody is beginning to doubt that he will live up to his "bachelor" ideas. Says he went in swimming and got his hair rusty. "Say, look here now ; look, look !"



Le Roy Reinburg.



HOWARD EUGENE RIDEOUT

Cambridge, Mass.

Jock—Shotty—Monk.

A born kicker. Acquires a new and distinct grudge against a different article of food at each meal. "Who ever heard of eating scrabbled eggs? They don't do it up in Boston, and they have no right to do it anywhere else. There ought to be a lorr against it." Is a great favorite with the ladies, and every one of the fair sex who meets Jock falls in love with him. Such pretty, curly, black hair! Such boo'ful boo eyes! A crack surveyor; his most famous task being the survey of the great Cambridge sewer. Caution! Don't argue with him. If you're not from Boston ye needn't come 'round.

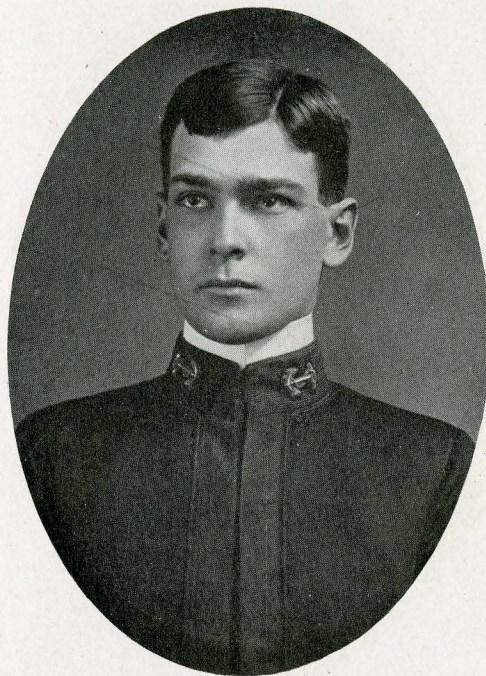
H. E. Rideout.

WILLIAM CLAYTON WARD

Washington, Dear City.

Bill—Billious—Nautical Bill.

The class artist and caricaturist. Replete with tales of his experiences. A great story teller. Has a story, a song and a picture for every occasion. Is something of a poet, too; his most famous work being the major part of the widely known "Mr. Dooley on the 'Chase'" song. Can sling more nautical terms than any old skipper afloat. At sea a very reliable barometer. Has the proud reputation of being the first man to lose his class ring; but it was made too small for him in the first place.



William C. Ward.



ROGER CHEW WEIGHTMAN

Vicksburg, Miss.

Ball Team, 3, 2, 1,

Scissors—Spike—Rog—Skinny.

Tall and gallant, with a courtly bow and the smile-that-wont'-come-off. Another of Rideout's "juvenile friends." Rough-house artist. Generally savez, but as for Math. and Nav., he eats 'em alive. Was never known to lose his temper or say a bad word against anybody (without a commission). Is the only man who can find any practical application of exterior ballistics; he can make a baseball boomerang or take a flat trajectory at pleasure. Never was on time for formation. Is suspected of having a very dear secret, which he writes daintily on pale blue note-paper several times a week and dispatches, if not to Washington, then at least in that direction. "Say, pipe down!" "Judas Priest, Maggie!"

Roger C. Weightman.

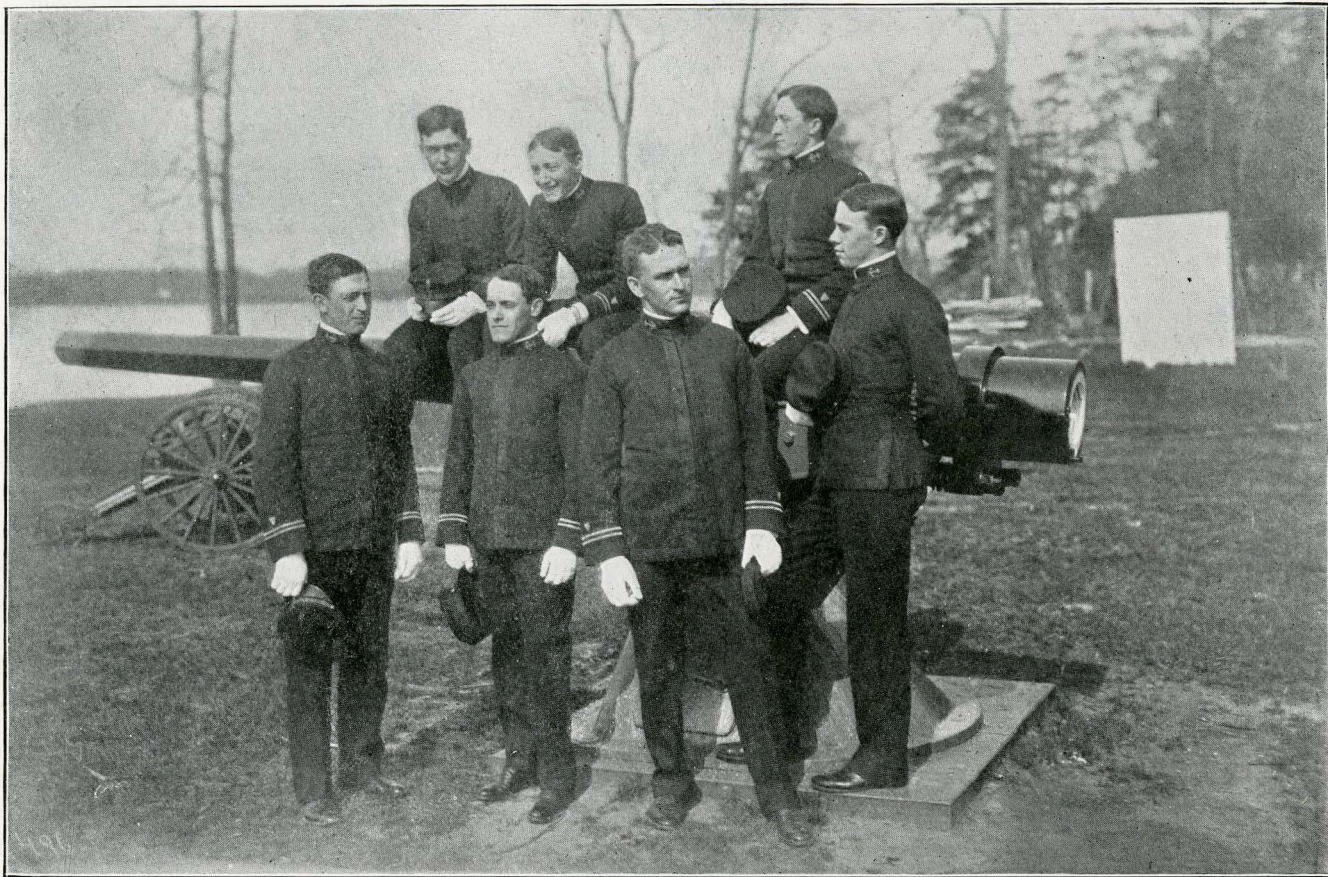


PHOTO BY DAN'L SNYDER, DEPOT, U. S. R. C. S.

CLASS 1905

✿ ✿ CLASS 1905 ✿ ✿

OUR DEPARTED CLASSMATES



IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY LEFT

CHARLES M. NASH January 16, 1903.
FELIX RIESENBERG June 1, 1903.
PHILIP H. GLOVER September 30, 1903.
FREDERICK D. MABREY September 30, 1903.
JACOB E. FICKEL February 1, 1904.
DAVID W. RIAL February 17, 1904.
ELMER B. COLLINS February 20, 1904.
EDWARD J. KELLY February 26, 1905.



History of the Class of 1905



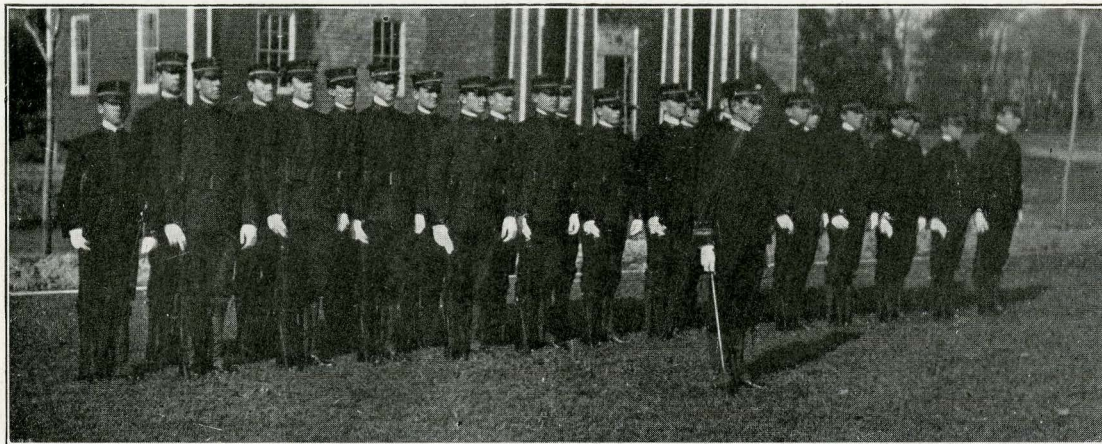
URING the summer of 1902 the Class of '05 reported on board the "Chase." Some of the less fortunate were appointed during the summer cruise and joined the practice ship at Gardiner's Bay, Long Island, the last place conceivable to give a new cadet a good impression of sea life. Those of us who reported on that memorable 14th day of August were greeted by "Man the bars. Heave around," just as soon as they were over the side, and the reader can imagine the confused mental condition of the new-

comers, most of whom did not know the difference between a capstan bar and main brace bumpkin. That night, as the sun slowly disappeared behind the low hills of Long Island and the work of the day ended, the proud six, weary and tired, realized that cadet life was not what it is cracked up to be. After maneuvering about Gardiner's Bay for several days trying to find an anchorage not infected by mosquitoes, the "Chase" finally sailed to New Port, Rhode Island, where life was more pleasant and agreeable. The cruise of 1902 was practically over after leaving Newport, and after a few weeks of hard labor with sails and braces we arrived at Arundel Cove. On November 3, 1902, the class was increased to fifteen strong and the study term

began soon after. During the long winter months we struggled with professional subjects, the course at this time being two years and decidedly different from the present curriculum. The final exams were finished about May 15th and the "Chase" was then rigged for sea. Our second cruise, the first for some members of the class, was one to be remembered. On June 1st, in tow of the "Guthrie," we left the Cove on an extended cruise Down East. Arriving at Sandy Point, Chesapeake Bay, we anchored. The next afternoon, the wind being fair, we set sail, laid our course for the Virginia Capes, and after a few days passed out into the Atlantic. Taking our departure from Cape Henry, we headed up the coast for Provincetown, Mass., the first port on our itinerary. The cadets were given a dance at the town hall of this quaint village, and it was a most pleasant affair. On June 27th we set sail for Portland, Maine, and upon arriving there we anchored off the yacht club. We remained until the 5th of July, dressing ship on the "Fourth" and firing the national salute. Leaving Portland we went to Rockland, Maine, anchoring off the Breakwater. The officers and cadets were given a dance at the Samoset Hotel which will always be cherished in our memories. Booth Bay was next visited, and we anchored off Squirrel Island. The summer colony on

the island visited the ship and afterwards they gave us a reception and dance at the Casino. While lying in Booth Bay the U. S. S. "Woodbury" took the corps of cadets up the Kennebec River to Bath, Maine, where we visited the ship-yard for instruction in ship-building. Returning to the "Chase," we left Booth Bay with

Sandy Hook, and after arriving in New York the members of our class were assigned to the different revenue cutters forming the patrol fleet for duty during the races. Notwithstanding the disappointment of the frequent "No race," we enjoyed our work immensely. After the yacht races ended and the safety



CADETS AT INFANTRY DRILL.

COURTESY ARMY AND NAVY REGISTER.

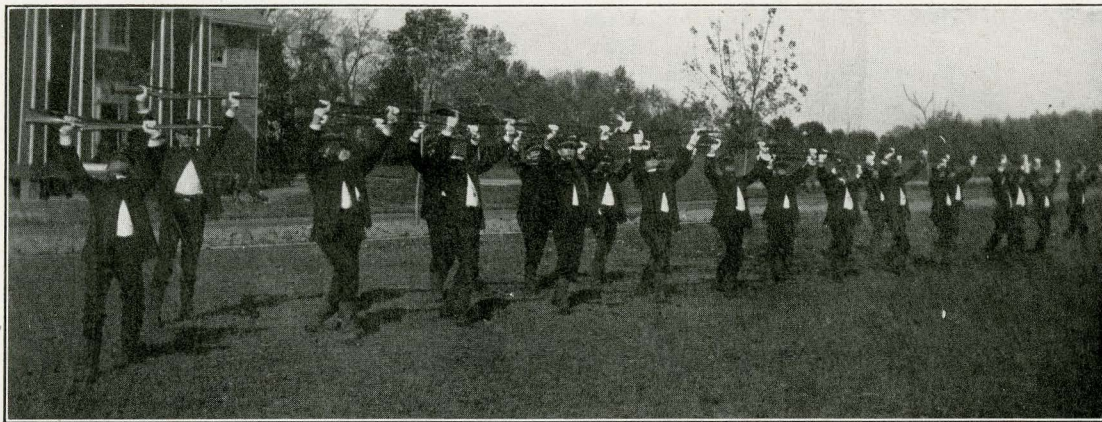
sorrowing hearts and set our course for Boston. Owing to necessary repairs, our stay at Boston was longer than intended. Next we went to New Bedford, the old winter quarters of the "Chase," where we anchored off Fairhaven. At this time we were all looking forward to the International Yacht Races off

of the CUP was assured, the cruise was practically over, and about September 1st we set sail for the Chesapeake. We had many thrilling experiences before reaching the bay. On September 15th, about 10 p. m., we met with a real West India hurricane just as we

sighted Hog Island Light. The next morning we found our position to be 95 miles from the coast and the "Chase" badly damaged aloft and alow. We remained hove to all next day and made what repairs we could. We finally made Hampton Roads, and our cruise of 1903 was over. Owing to our crippled con-

dition, and Analyt. and Calc. were the bugbears of the term. After seven months of hard grinding, we finally became First Classmen on May 15, 1904, and were permitted to write the log and transcript, even though some of us did make mistakes occasionally.

After a short leave, we rigged the "Chase" for a



PHYSICAL DRILL UNDER ARMS.

COURTESY ARMY AND NAVY REGISTER.

dition, the U. S. S. "Windom" towed us up the bay to Arundel Cove.

During October we had our annual fall leave, and it was certainly fine to be a "cit" for a brief period, wear trousers with pockets in them, and smoke to our heart's content. On November 1st, we began our

foreign cruise, taking on supplies for three months. June 1st we set sail for Cadiz, Spain, where we arrived after a pleasant voyage on June 30th. All of us took the trip up the Andalusian Valley to the city of Seville and made the Hotel de Paris our headquarters. There were many sights to see, and the writer can say that

the Class of '05 saw all of interest there was to be seen, even a first-class bull-fight. To the American Consul, Mr. Bartleman, we are indebted for the pleasant times we had in Seville. About the middle of July we left Cadiz for Funchal, Madeira, which port we made in three days. Our stay at Funchal was brief, and after seeing sights ashore and taking the trip up the mountain, we were ready for the homeward bound passage. The voyage home was slow and monotonous, and after being 39 days out we picked up Cape Charles Light, and, passing in through the Capes, we dropped our hook in Newport News. After recovering from the effects of the long passage, the "Chase" was headed for Baltimore, where we finally anchored off the Yacht Club. The cruise ends, and in all probability it is the last the Class of '05 will ever take as cadets. During the summer 71 days were actually spent underway at sea, and the cruise as a whole was a most eventful one.

The old bark was soon after towed to her berth in Arundel Cove and the cadets proceeded to unrig ship. This done, the annual fall leave was soon forthcoming, and once more we breathed the air of freedom. After returning from leave we settled down to our books, and when the mid-year exams were over we began to realize that the end was near. Now that our work is nearly completed and the days are numbered, we begin to forget bygone trials and tribulations of cadet life and look forward to the future. We are now waiting with anxious hearts for the time when we shall attend formation for the last time and march to the Recitation Hall to go through the graduation exercises and receive our diplomas. May the Class of '05, soon to be separated, ever preserve the ties of friendship that the strenuous experiences of the past three years have bound so closely about us.



HOMeward BOUND—CRUISE OF 1904

Pipe all hands to man the capstan,
See the cable is all clear,
For full soon we'll trip our anchor,
And for Maryland we'll steer.
Up aloft the breeze is swelling,
For to fill each waiting sail,
Like a bird with outstretched pinions,
Flying home before the gale.

CHORUS.

Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to dear old Maryland,
Rolling home, dear land to thee.

Westward, ever westward,
Till we see the setting sun,
Homeward, ever homeward,
To the land where we were born.
And we'll join the joyous chorus,
Through the watches of the night,
For we'll see the shores of Maryland
With the dawning of the light.

CHORUS.

Up aloft amongst the rigging,
Swells the fresh, exultant gale,
Just like springtime in its blossom,
Filling out each booming sail.
And the wild waves cleft behind us,
Seem to murmur as they flow,
"There are loving hearts await you
In the land to which you go."

CHORUS.

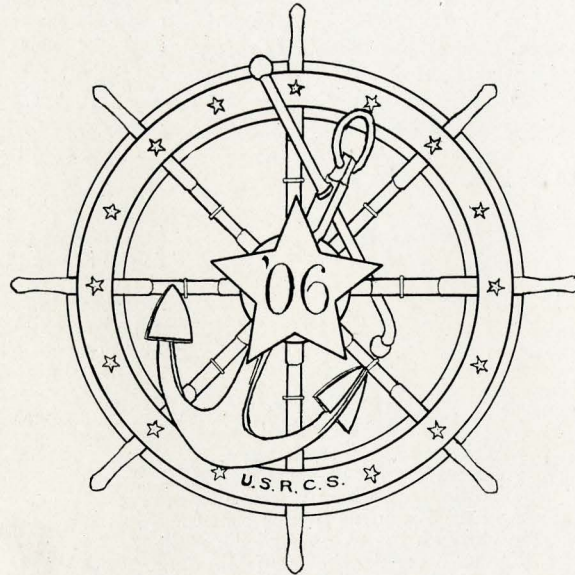
Quite two thousand miles behind us,
Still some thousand miles before,
Ancient Ocean heaves to bear us
To our well remembered shore.
New-born breezes swell to waft us
To our childhood's sunny skies,
To the glow of loving faces,
To the light of loving eyes.

CHORUS.

CLASS '06

JAMES LOUIS AHERN.

LLOYD TOULMIN CHALKER.



HOWARD CAMPBELL JUDSON.

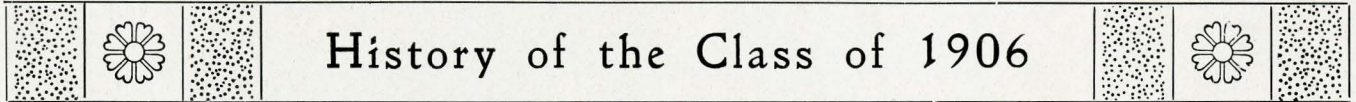
GEORGE WILLIAM KLEINEBERG.

ARCHIBALD HOWARD SCALLY.



PHOTO BY DAN'L SNYDER, DEPOT, U. S. R. C. S.

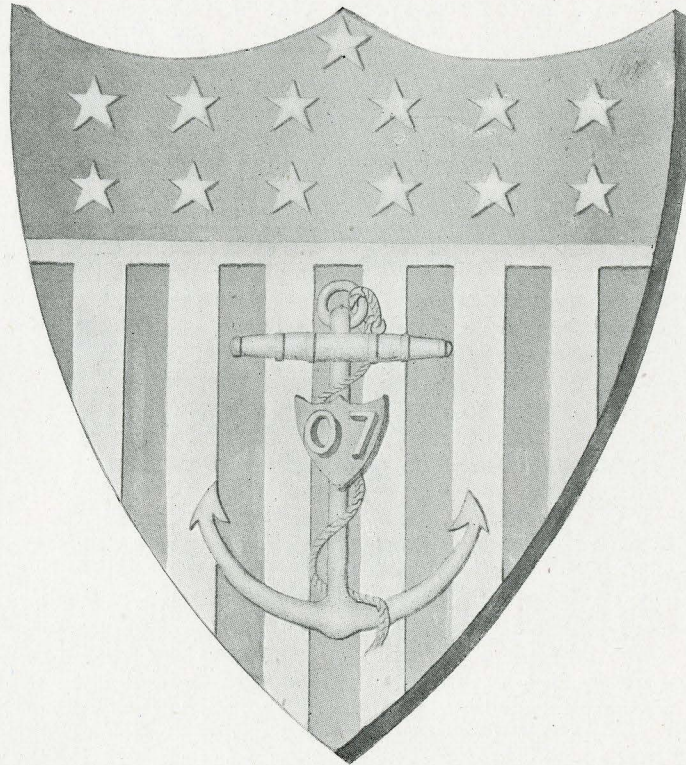
CLASS 1906



History of the Class of 1906

We did a little studying,
We did a little bluffing,
Did lots of loafing, too ;
We write a little history
Of things that were a mystery,
And this is all we have to say to you.

CLASS OF 1907



WALES ALFRED BENHAM.
VOLNEY DE LOS COUSINS.
JOSEPH TILLOTSON DRAKE.
RAYMOND LOCKWOOD JACK.
EDWARD DARLINGTON JONES.

STANLEY VINCENT PARKER.
PHILIP FRANCIS ROACH.
CHARLES FREDERIC SEITER.
THOMAS ANDREW SHANLEY.
RUSSELL R. WAESCHE.



The Class of 1907



TO AVOID repeating events chronicled by the historians of other classes, it is our purpose not to enter into details, but rather to present an idea of some of the "experiences" that we have had to endure, and to acquaint the reader somewhat with the members of this class.

The Class of Nineteen Seven reported aboard the "Chase" in the middle of May, about two weeks before the cruise began. Those first two eventful weeks deserve much attention, because every two weeks that we have spent here have resembled them more or less, in spirit at least, and especially because of the things that we learned during that time. None of us ever hoped that we would learn how to carry masts, sails and all kinds of gear from the yard to the ship; how to scrape spars; and even to chop up a big pile of old boxes and barrels for kindling wood. Besides all this, we did our first drilling and rowing. So zealous was the officer, who at once seemed to take upon himself the responsibility of our welfare, that in less than ten minutes after coming aboard we were out drilling, and when we had marched twenty-five or thirty miles, as we judged, he allowed us to row as many more. In his zeal he even seemed to forget that most of us had

been traveling for two or three days and that only a few of us had had an opportunity to obtain any dinner.

Fine as all this seemed, the best was yet to follow. This came as soon as we were at sea. Again did this same kind gentleman appear, in the hour of seasickness. He even tried to make us believe that we were not sick at all, or at least that some magic remedy was to be found on the royal yard or in the strands of the topsail halliards. Fortunately for our "experience," the four weeks that we spent on our way to Spain were for the most part rainy and very cold. Gleefully did this same gentleman allow, nay, even insist, that we stay on deck all day, that we might become seasoned, as it were— or perhaps he knew how we enjoyed being wet and cold. It was about this time that Hand and Drake exchanged confidences to the effect that each had resolved to resign from the Service as soon as he should reach Spain. In addition to being on deck all day, of course we stood regular night watches. By this economic scheme we wasted only four and a half to five hours per diem in our bunks. Besides standing look-out and life-buoy watches and two-hour tricks at the wheel, the third classmen furled and reefed sail and did various odd jobs aloft. Often did we hear Alger or Dempwolf call out in a voice loud enough to be heard distinctly in the cabin, "The third class lay aft!



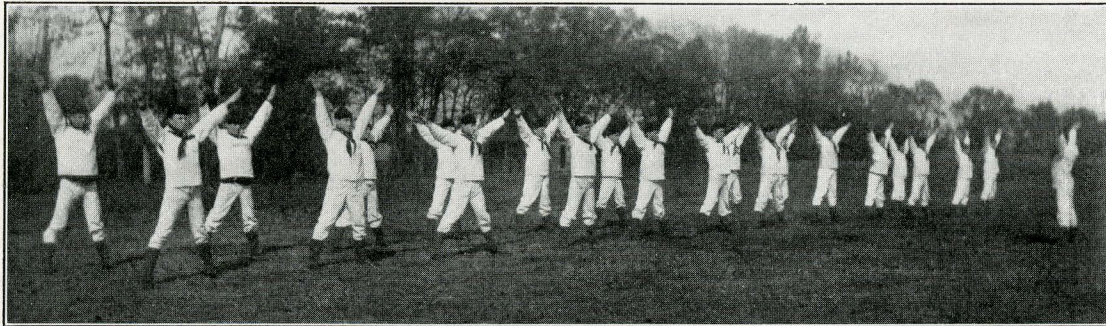
CLASS 1907

PHOTO BY DAN'L SNYDER, DEPOT, U. S. R. C. S.

Bear a hand! Lay aloft and tuck in the tail of that gasket!" It was during this time that Benham wrote, "Mama, just picture your little Wales steering the big ship, or climbing up, up, 'way up to the dizzy heights of the royal mast." And would that you could have seen the agility with which Cousins could run aloft, nimbly touching only every other ratline—especially when the Captain was on deck. Even Waesche learned

further remarks that very soon after reaching Spain sickness caused Hand to resign from the Revenue-Cutter Service.

On the way back, calms, head winds and squalls vied with each other to prolong our cruise. It was during this time that Waesche recorded in his diary that he "saw a waterspout and took a bath"; and that Drake, who, by the way, has changed his mind about



SETTING-UP EXERCISES.

COURTESY ARMY AND NAVY REGISTER.

to coil a rope right-handed, assisted by the suggestions of the Commanding and Executive Officers.

All that we did and the wonderful things that we saw in Spain and Madeira have been repeated many times and already have been so variously tinted with local coloring that, methinks, for the good of all it is best to pass silently over this, one of the few sunny days of the year. However, it is safe to mention without

resigning, received the name "Woozy"—along with many demerits—because of his repeated napping when he should have been awake.

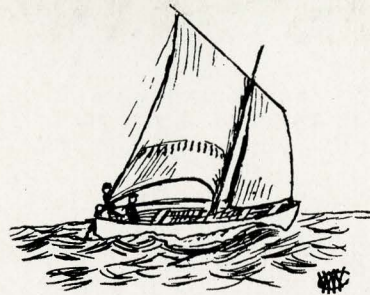
Fall and winter terms have passed slowly and monotonously. Each day found us working hard to prepare long history lessons, spending much time in picking out the "salient points," that Billy would surely call for, such as, "On what day of what year did Alexander's

horse Bucephalus cut his first wisdom tooth?" and "Name the chief butlers of King Damfino." Long since have we become tired out of Cousins' oft-repeated yarns, probable and otherwise, of his deeds and thrilling adventures at Purdue and at his home in the wild, woolly, western State of Indiana. We have endured with Job-like patience those cat-calls, pig-grunts, monkey-chatter and other unpleasant noises in which Jones and Parker seem to take childish delight. So also Cunningham, having no regard whatever for the feelings of others, ever insisted on entertaining us with what he considered to be jokes and songs until, alas, Dame Nicotine caused him to utter his last so-called joke, "Fellows, I guess I'll have to leave before the trees leave." This modern Nero resigned March 12th.

Very little is known personally concerning the other members of this class. With the exception of an occasional long-drawn-out Hee! Haw! Haw! from Jack

(otherwise known as Maud) he says little of importance, though he talks much. Roach spends most of his spare time shaving, writing letters and studying the Service Register. It is said that he shaves three times a day, writes thirty-five letters a week and knows the personal history of every officer in the Service, and even something about future cadets. As to Shanley, no one ever heard him say more than four words an hour. It is because of this trait that he is best known as "Chief Canonicus."

In general this class has already had many experiences that it can look back upon with pleasant recollections, experiences that will furnish extremely interesting subjects for conversation in some future day, when its members can quietly muse and dream of bygone days, seeing the past pictured in the smoke curling up from their pipes, and all this without fear of being "spotted."





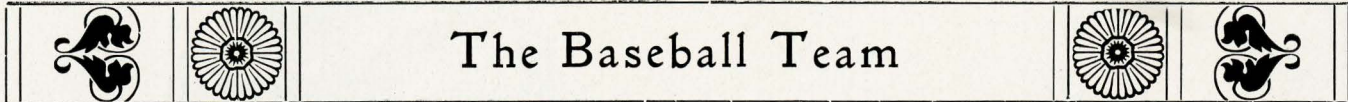
THE FOURTH CLASS
PHILIP H. SCOTT, JR.

TO THE BALTIMORE GIRLS

Here's to our friends, the Baltimore girls,
Of all the girls, the loveliest girls ;
We've walked with them,
We've talked with them,
We've danced with them,
Made love to them,
And always we have found them pearls,
These friends of ours, the Baltimore girls.

Friends of our friends and foes of our foes,
To them we turn to solace our woes ;
In sorrow they cheer us,
In good times they join us,
And they never fail us,
Whatever may ail us ;
So here's to our friends, with straight hair or curls,
The joy of our joys, the Baltimore girls.





The Baseball Team



THIS is the first year in which the School of Instruction has been represented by an organized baseball team in contests with other schools. The organization was not developed sufficiently early to be properly rounded out to begin the season, nor to secure a very complete schedule of games. Up to the present, the following games have been played:

April 1, at Ellicott City—Rock Hill College, 12; Service Team, 8. April 8, at Arundel Cove—Baltimore City College, 8; Service Team, 5. April 12, at College Park—Maryland Agricultural College, 9; Service Team, 1. April 18, at Annapolis—St. John's College Reserves, 7; Service Team, 6 (12 innings). May 6, St. John's College, 4; Service Team, 6. May 9, at Annapolis—Marine Officers School of Application, 6; Service Team, 23.

In spite of this succession of defeats, the showing may be regarded as very creditable, and in all the games the cadets have played good ball. The difficulty

of picking a successful team from 22 cadets is evident, and for the first year's competition with other colleges the schedule has been quite ambitious. Weightman's pitching has been all that could be desired and he has been generally well supported. Batting has been the weak point, but a steady improvement in this respect is noticeable. We may confidently expect that the remainder of the season will bring greater success in winning games.

The team deserves great credit for their earnest efforts to properly represent the Service, and with good fortune in securing some promising material in the incoming class, we may look for good results next year.

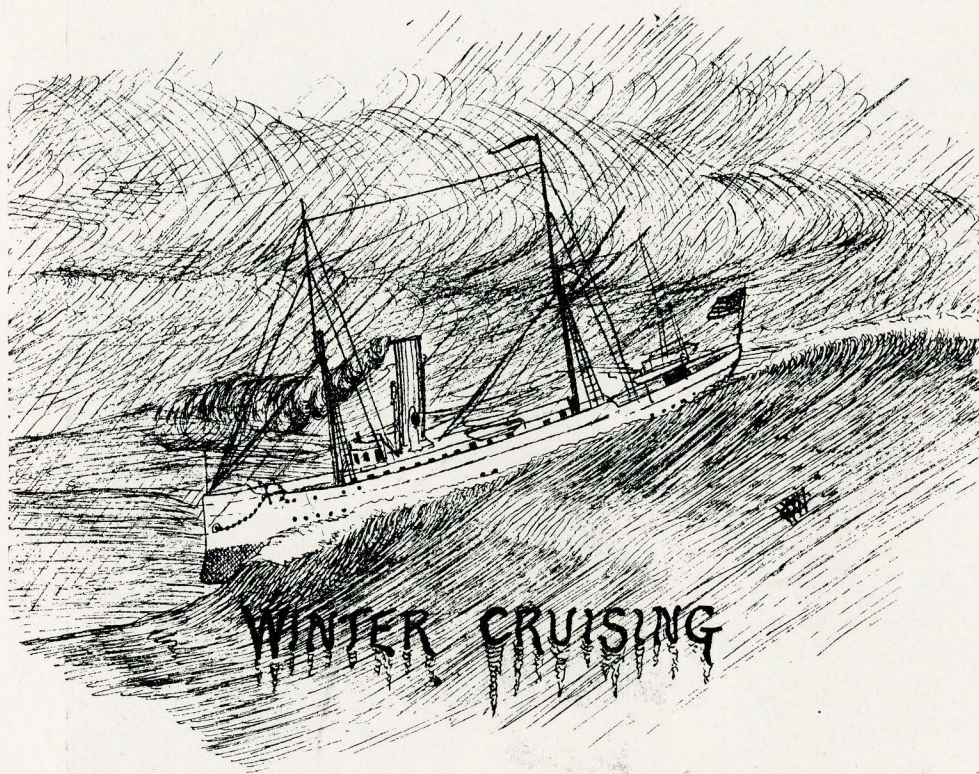
The team is as follows: Lieutenant F. C. Billard, U. S. R. C. S., manager; Waesche, c.; Weightman, p.; Austin, 1b. (captain); Cousins, 2b.; Rideout, 3b.; Ahern, ss.; Jones, rf.; Jack, cf.; Scally, lf.; Benham and Shanley, substitutes; mascot, Apprentice Charles Andrews.





THE BASE BALL TEAM

PHOTO BY DAN'L SNYDER, DEPOT, U. S. R. C. S.




WINTER CRUISING


With the fog upon his whiskers
And the frost upon his nose,
While the wintry winds go searching
Through his time-worn, threadbare clothes ;
Now the skipper of the cutter
Doth the broad Atlantic breast,
While his manly heart is thumping
'Neath his tightly buttoned vest.

With his weather eye a-lifting,
Paceth he the reeling deck,
Whether steaming, sailing, drifting,
Searching always for a wreck ;
Prone is he to deeds of valor
As he buffets sea and gale,
For the skipper of the cutter
Doth from danger never quail.

Up and down the treach'rous coast line,
Cruising countless stormy miles,
Grim, unfaltering, in his duty,
Whether Neptune frowns or smiles ;
So the skipper of the cutter
Forth to winter cruising goes,
With the fog upon his whiskers,
And the frost upon his nose.



Class Prophecy, 1905



THE following is the prophecy for the Class of 1905, written in pursuance of the time-honored custom of foretelling the future of each individual member of the graduating class. The task of writing it fell to me, and I have never since been able to shake off the peculiar feeling of guilt which has settled upon me. However this may suit those concerned, let this be said in my expiation, that it shall never happen again. No matter what else comes true in these few pages, this one prophecy will, that I shall never undertake to write another such prophecy.

No class, throughout the length and breadth of the land, ever graduated and really amounted to much in the world which did not go forth to life's battles from the intellectual halls of the institution which nurtured it to maturity, without the words of the Class Prophet ringing in its ears, foretelling its career. The class must be told what is expected of it in order that it may know just what to do in the future, so that the prophecy may be fulfilled. It would not be right to send a class of innocent young men from their classic home for the past three years into the great, wicked world without a word of warning of events to come, of great achievements to be accomplished, and of great honors

to be won. The wrong done by such an omission could never be righted in after years.

After many weird incantations and such excruciating mental efforts as the writer is capable of, after the liberal use of tobacco and other things tabooed by the regulations, the prophet finally turned the trick and succeeded in throwing himself into a prophetic trance. Every one knows that this was always employed by the seers and magicians of the East when they sought to read the future. All this has been said to show that the writer was but an instrument of the Occult Powers in revealing the future, and is not, therefore, and will not be, responsible for anything written here.

I seemed to be plunged into thick masses of dark clouds, which were flying by me in great waves with a whiz and whirr like the sound made by the wings of countless birds. As I waited the noise grew less and less, and suddenly a voice came out of the clouds, saying, "What seekest thou, my son?" At last finding speech, I replied, "I desire to learn of events to come, O Unseen One. My humble prayer is to learn the fates of seven lowly mortals, the Class of 1905." The voice came again from the clouds, "Bold Seeker, thou shalt look upon the Book of Life, wherein is written the fates of all mortals." The clouds cleared and at my feet lay the Book of Life. With feverish haste I turned

its pages to find those names I sought. I passed by the names of many famous persons of the present and past times, but stopped not, for I sought more important names—the names of my classmates.

For days I scanned those wonderful pages, until I found the first imposing name—James Albert Alger. Eagerly I copied down part of the entry against this name.

His nature was sunny, sympathetic and lovable, but strangely touched with melancholy or “blues.” His first promotion took place three days after graduation as cadet. He served through all the grades of promotion in the U. S. Revenue-Cutter Service with a brilliant record, and for him, in his last few years of service, was created the rank of admiral by special act of Congress. His record as a zealous and efficient officer was early established by his voluminous reports of seizure and violations of the revenue laws, and these necessitated the undivided attention of two additional Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury. His ship always trimmed dangerously by the stern, owing to the weighty matter contained in these reports. As a disciplinarian history has shown no equal, but no one ever called him a martinet. He did his duty scrupulously, without fear, with malice toward none, and without hope of reward. Although small in stature, his presence was mighty; the very air round about him breathed these words, “When I speak, let no dog bark!” Like all truly great men, he had a weakness—a failing, if you like—and that was for telling yarns; his puns were outrageous in the extreme. At Judgment Day he will have to answer for all those cases of nervous pros-

tration of the victims of his stories. He was nothing if not deliberate, and this was shown by his late marriage at the age of thirty-four. He wedded again at sixty-four, and was a model husband in both cases. He was commonly believed to have been born on the Island of Borneo, because of his never-failing desire to climb trees and swing in the tree-tops like a monkey; this led him to visit Borneo, where he had many pleasant chats with his tribesmen. He died with an oft-repeated yarn upon his lips at the ripe old age of one hundred, then being a white-haired old man with mental faculties unimpaired.

The next name I found after weary weeks of searching in that awful book was one we all love—Frank Lynn Austin.

This mortal was known through life as “Sis” or “Sister,” and was loved by all who knew him for his never-changing, good-natured disposition, which made him friends wherever he chanced to be. He took life as a joke, and got the best out of it. Although years rolled over his head and his hair became snowy white, he remained a juvenile to the very end. He followed the national game of baseball with a consuming ardor, and once was captain of a team which won a game. He married early, and conformed to the usual stunt of big men by wedding a wee, little woman. His elevation to the grade of captain found him just drawing his second “fogy,” but salary was nothing to him, for he then owned a large part of a great brewery in St. Louis. It was a by-word throughout the Service that regulations were made for everybody except Austin, who ignored them, but the Department never could find it

in its official heart to punish him. While Chief of Division he inaugurated the popular custom of holding "smokers" at his office. Very early he was elected the permanent head of the Order of Irrepressible Juveniles, and the organization thrived under his administration. Upon retirement he purchased a large estate on the picturesque banks of the Shiwassee River, where he lived until an advanced age, finally meeting with an untimely end through an over-exertion while playing ball with his great-grandchildren.

Again I searched and turned innumerable pages, until I was rewarded with another name—Roger Chew Weightman.

Here was a man with an exquisitely balanced disposition. It was entered here that this man was the most polite and most polished officer in the Service. Lord Chesterfield was outdone. Words of wisdom fell from his lips every time he spoke—which was seldom—and were always couched in perfect English. He was a marvelous mathematician; the most difficult problems were "pie" for him. His seventeen volumes on Calculus made him famous, and became the standard works for a century following. His method of sailing ships upon a track which is a semicubical parabola immediately superseded the usual modes of navigation, and rendered all existing books on navigation obsolete. It was chronicled that he was once ready on time, but only once. When he reached the rank of captain he became very fat, weighing as much as three hundred pounds, while he easily held the record for height. The moustache he grew was at once the envy and despair of all his friends, and was the finishing touch

of a majestic personality. Owing to his complete mastery of the English language, his last ten years of service were spent on duty in the Department writing reports to Congress, which through their strength and eloquence never failed to bring increased appropriations for the upbuilding of the Service. No other ever equalled him in this respect. The atmosphere of the country was always present with him, because of the hayseed tobacco he persisted in smoking. He, too, married early, and family life was his greatest joy. After retirement he hurried away to Vicksburg, Mississippi, where he, at length, died of hay fever, aged ninety-five.

Close upon the preceding I came next to another celebrated name—Ralph Waldo Dempwolf.

This name implied the nature of the Teutonic race. He was an earnest, conscientious, slow-going and open-hearted fellow. The power of making and holding friendships seems to have been his especial trait of character, and truly was this so with regard to the fair sex, who always thought him "just too lovely for anything." This name was never without a title of some sort,—cadet, lieutenant, captain, mayor, Congressman and Senator—because after many years he resigned from the Service to undertake great civic honors thrust upon him by his fellow-citizens of York, Pennsylvania. Early in his cadetship he determined to be "pure" in every way, and consistently preached this doctrine to his brother officers, until Dempwolf's revival meetings in the ward-rooms of the Service became famous. As a result both the officers and the Service became pure, and now cutters are christened with pure

he managed the general mess so well that not one desertion occurred during his stay on any vessel, nor would the crew scarcely leave the vessel on liberty days, except between meals. He wrote a humorous book, which outrivalled "Mr. Dooley" and "Mark Twain," and was of such merit as to have an immense sale in London. His predilection for auburn hair was shown in his marriage, which took place at an early date after receiving a commission. Rapid promotion for meritorious work soon made him a captain, and his first command was the "Chase." His liberal views and versatile ability were shown here by the issuance of a new set of internal regulations, which have since been copied widely by all similar institutions as just and liberal rules. The cadets then there swore that they actually enjoyed their cadetships and were treated with justice. This was an unheard-of thing before. On account of his thorough understanding of the Life-Saving Service and his valuable services while actively connected therewith, he became an authority on the subject. After retirement he lived in Chicago until he died.

Lastly, I came across the final name—William Clayton Ward.

A fun-loving, ingenious and generous man, with a slightly quick temper, who was in trouble of some sort most of the time. His quick wits and polite manner never failed to extract him from these difficulties. Fluency of speech made him famous at an early date in his career. He became an accomplished linguist, speaking seven different languages, and on account of this was frequently called upon by the Department

to make many foreign trips on behalf of the Government. Then, too, he was a finished diplomat, and never was more at ease than when "throwing hot air" in competition with other masters of the art. He served Lady Nicotine from early youth, under trying conditions sometimes, with unflagging devotion, and could, at all times, pull a ready-lighted pipe out of his pocket. As a story-teller he had few equals and no betters; his remarkably retentive memory gave him a repertoire that contained appropriate yarns for all occasions. He told these stories with such fervor and expression as to succeed in convincing himself even of their undoubted veracity, and in this lay the secret of his ability. He did learn, in his last years, to play a new tune on his banjo, and this was made an opportunity by his friends for presenting him with a new instrument suitably inscribed. His promotion was rapid, and when Chief of Division he reorganized the entire Service and prescribed a set of new uniforms, which were of such beauty and usefulness as to cause them to be copied by other nations. His scientific turn of mind led him to publish works upon nautical and scientific subjects, which are now to be found in every library. His talk was utterly unintelligible to the uninitiated because of his large vocabulary of nautical and scientific terms, of which he continually made use. He married a Southern belle very soon after being commissioned, and went South to live after retirement. He died, an old man, down in North Carolina.

The things recorded here are not to be understood as the unabridged prophecies of the several members of the class, but simply a few excerpts from the

mass of matter opposite each name. Such was my fear that I would not be able to glean a few notes about each one that I dared not stop long on any one name. So it is highly probable that I missed the most important entries. I have not dared to rearrange these notes for fear of unwittingly perverting the meanings, and this accounts for the somewhat incoherent order. If,

however, these words shall chance to give any pleasure, no matter how slight, or to give any indication of the future to any member of the class or to their friends, then will the prophet feel that his efforts have not been in vain, and will be insanely happy that some success has attended this, his first offense against the public.





"AT THE COW IN FRONT! AT 600 YARDS!"



ARUNDEL COVE

Fair amid the rolling hills
Of Maryland's bright land,
Back from a city's noise and strife
Is a little station manned.

All nature smiles on this fair spot,
The birds give forth their song,
The trees their fragile blossoms send
A many-colored throng.

'Tis nestled where a lazy stream
Winds slowly on its way,
And greets the shore with rapture sweet
And music all the day.

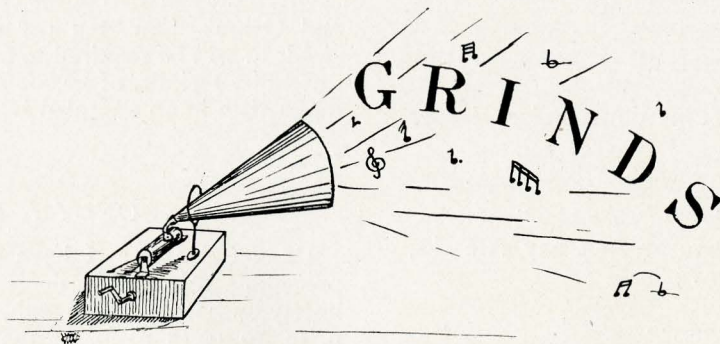
Now those who linger 'round this spot
Know magic of the sea,
The glory of its sun-kissed waves
And wondrous melody.

Amid this quiet garden spot
A school-house structure's reared,
Where ships are builded all anew,
And calculus is feared.

There guns are analyzed and fired
With promptness and dispatch;
There navigation laws are read,
And thoughts and signals match.

The "Chase," a bark of graceful line,
Stands guardian o'er this scene,
Her lonely vigil here she keeps
With proud and stately mien.

Between her decks are lodged the hopes—
The nation's future pride;
The stalwart hearts, who'll do and dare,
Now launched upon life's tide.



“For 1, one clap of the bell; for 2, two claps; and for 3, a long, steady clap.”

Q.—“How are topsail halliard rove?”

Ans.—“They never had any topsail ha'yards on the 'Saretogi,' sir.”

“Very good, sir.”

Q.—“Mr. ———, how do you find the weight of a second cutter, sir?”

Ans.—Multiply the square of the breadth by the length, and that product by 1.4; answer will be in pounds.

Mr. ———.—Take your seat, sir. Open your book. The book says 1.40237. A first classman, too! It's maddening! Maddening!! Maddening!!!

AT FORMATION.

“Fall in! Lively there! Fall in promptly! Right dress! Out a little, Mr. ———; no, too much! too much yet. There! Out all along the line below Mr. ———. Out about two and seven-eighths inches, Mr. ———. Back in the center. Back on the end. No, not you, Mr. ———. Too far. Out an inch. There! Front!” (Calls the roll, faces about, and salutes.) “Cadets all present or accounted for, sir. . . . Fall out and march to supper.”

“Who ever hea-a-d of eating ‘scrabbled’ eggs? There ought to be a lorr against it.”

“Judas Priest, Maggie! Pipe down before I spot you.”

“You enter ‘remarks’ in this column, and—”

“But, Mr. J——, if there are not any remarks, you don’t enter them, do you?”

“This all applies to a vessel 250 feet in length, and—”

“But, Mr. B——, that means a vessel 250 feet long, doesn’t it?”

“My Gawd, fellows; I might get spotted for that!”

“Say, fellows, Stonehatchet treed me this week. I thought he looked kind of hard at me in class. He must have it in for me.”

“My Gawd, fellows! ‘Jan’ spotted me! He must have it in for me.”

“Say, Coligny called me down this morning. I believe he has it in for me. He must be after my scalp.”

“Say, you give me a pain. Stop tarking baby tark. All right, Bill; you win, you win.”

Given the equation of the catenary $y = \frac{a}{2} (e^{\frac{x}{a}} + e^{-\frac{x}{a}})$, and Oehm’s Law, ten per cent. off for cash, what E. M. F. will be required to prevent a waste of energy, due to hysteresis, of 30,000 ergs per cm^3 in a cycle of magnetism in an annealed iron anchor stock?

ONLY A PLEBE.

DEAR CAPTAIN: I have the honor to commit the preceding respectably dedicated requisition that my liberty on Saturday, the 20th, be extenuated from 10.00 p. m. to 10.15 p. m. of that evening. I have some important business to transform which will possibly refer me later than usual.

Respectably,

Cadet, U. S. R. C. S.

SIR: Relative to the report, neglect of duty, allowing ship’s cat to perambulate on the quarter-deck while cadet officer of the deck during first dog watch, which appears against my name on the Conduct Report of July 15th, I have the honor to submit the following statement:

I directed the cat to leave the quarter-deck as soon as I saw him, and he ignored my orders.

Respectfully,

Cadet, U. S. R. C. S.

U. S. S. "CHASE."
So. BALTIMORE, MD.:
December —, —.

SIR. Relative to my monthly mark in Seamanship; which is two per cent lower than last month's I have the honor to say that I was once a cadet on one of the State nautical training Ships and that during this time I did great deal of practical sailors work and saw a lot of sea service:

Respectfully:
BEN MURCHANTMUN;
Cadet-US-R-C-S.

The Commanding Officer.

FIRST ENDORSEMENT.

Recommended that mark be raised. At the time the monthly marks were made out the instructor was not aware that this cadet had served on a State Nautical Training Ship, and hence under the instruction of officers of the United States Navy who graduated at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

SECOND ENDORSEMENT.

Approved: This cadet's mark will be so adjusted as to agree with the mark given him last month. It is intended that 50 per cent. handicap be given to cadets with training ship experience to stand first in grease.

SIR: Relative to the Report, "Inattention to Regulations: wearing a patent gold collar button," which appears against my name on the Conduct Report of —, I have the honor to submit the following statement:

There is no pattern or material for cadets' collar buttons prescribed in the Regulations.

Respectfully,
M. BLUFFTOUT,
Cadet, U. S. R. C. S.

FIRST ENDORSEMENT.

Disapproved. If there is no regulation against patent collar buttons, then there ought to be. The dandified attire affected by certain cadets is subversive of all discipline, and any cadet guilty of such reprehensible, scurrilous conduct is unfit to become an officer. Recommended that the demerits be raised to thirty (30); the report be made to read "gross misconduct;" also that the cadet be quarantined until further orders and given four hours extra drill.

WOLF LARSEN,

SECOND ENDORSEMENT.

Me too.

CAPTAIN W. E. REYNOLDS,

Commanding the U. S. Practice Ship "Chase,"
South Baltimore, Md.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN: My little son, Reginald Montmorency Brown, has been appointed a cadet in the Revenue-Cutter Service, and will go on your ship some day during the coming week, if I can possibly get him ready by that time.

I take the liberty of writing you in order that you may know his faults and his good points.

In the first place, we have always called him Wedgie, and I'm sure that, if you and your kind officers address him thus, it will do much to make him feel at home.

I am informed that you allow the cadets to climb up to the tops of those high masts, and I beg of you not to allow my boy to do any such rash thing, for, as you are doubtless aware, he might fall down, and either get drenched in the water or break a limb on the deck.

When he first goes on your ship, he will certainly want to go on shore every minute in the day, so I advise you not to permit him to do this, but allow him to go on shore, say, once a day—that will be sufficient.

His salary, I am told, will amount to \$500 per year. He can very well save at least \$450 out of this, so you must make him save this amount. And, too, he is

allowed a ration of thirty cents a day. Now, Wedgie cannot possibly eat more than fifteen cents worth a day; so you might let him have the remaining fifteen cents for candy or soda water.

Now, dear Captain, my boy has never given me any trouble, but if he disobeys you, or causes you any trouble, it is only necessary to write me, and I will inflict the punishment.

Trusting that you and Wedgie will get along together well, I am,

Very truly yours,

(MRS.) HENRIETTA BROWN.

BACK THERE IN 1902.

Lieut.—Mr. G—r, how many marks of the Hotchkiss gun are manufactured?

Ans.—Three, sir. Mark I, Mark II, and Mark III.

Lieut.—*Very* good, sir. Take your seat.

Mr. Rideout, describe in detail the Colt automatic gun, and the action of its mechanism.

ONE OF TEN SEAMANSHIP EXAM. QUESTIONS

(THE SHORTEST ONE.)

(1) (a) On your own resources, step and rig mizzen, main and foremasts; get in bowsprit, jibboom and flying jibboom; send up, fid and rig fore, main and mizzen topmasts and topgallant masts, giving in detail a description (lead, size, etc.) of each purchase used, and being particular to describe minutely the sending aloft of tops, crosstrees, caps, standing rigging, etc.

(b) Get aboard and cross the lower, topsail and topgallant yards, stating how you would rig each before swaying aloft.

(c) Give all the International and Inland Rules of

the Road, including distress signals, signals used by the Life-Saving Service, etc.

(d) Get the "Chase" underway and stand out by the wind, starboard tack; also, having a leading wind, run in and anchor.

(e) State how they shortened sail on Noah's Ark. Make a sketch of and describe every known purchase. Sketch every knot. Name all sizes, materials, etc., of ropes used on board ship. Build, equip and man a surf-boat, run to seaward in a heavy surf, rescue the crew of a wreck, and then land; being particular to describe carefully, and in detail, each operation.

MODEL CADETS

'Tis told in song and story
What models the boys must be
Who wear gold braid and buttons,
And follow the deep blue sea.

From dawn until the twilight
Their thoughts to books are lent,
From twilight until ev'ning
The hours with same are spent.

No thought of worldly pleasure
E'er stirs these noble hearts,
But ever upward, onward,
They chose the nobler parts.

To Eden comes the serpent,
When something's doin' in town,
"I'm goin' to turn in early,
My woe s in sleep I'll drown."

In accents soft he whispers
To the off'cer of the day;
Then jumps the ship right quickly
And hastens on his way.

He greets a scene of beauty,
No thought he gives the "Chase;"
But when the morn is breaking,
Just see him on a race!

With shoes in hand he's creeping—
The Watch has just gone past—
Then down the ladder sneaking,
He's in his bunk at last.

Of course no one would venture
To say he had no rest,
His eyes he can't keep open,
E'en though he try his best.

His lucky star was rising;
'Tis not so ev'ry day;
For liberty some classmen
Full forty spots must pay.

Alas! they now are Graders,
No friends in town they'll see;
Now Saturday and Sunday
They're stud'ous as can be.

The first and third week brings them
Their longed-for trip to see
The last who stirred their fancy,
And share her company.

These hardships must be suffered
If you would win success,
And be a Third Lieutenant
In the U. S. R. C. S.



Puddin'town Express

Who are these colored men, papa,
 In military dress,
 So dignified, and seem to own
 The Puddin'town Express?

They are some waiter men, my son,
 And own the good ship "Chase;"
 And that is why their noble steed
 Strikes such a gallant pace.

But why should not the white men ride—
 The black ones hit the pike?
 To me it seems a flagrant wrong;
 Why don't the cadets strike?

The charioteer, though old, is Young;
 And bears such fine address
 That everyone doth patronize
 The Puddin'town Express.

And who those other men, papa,
 In gloom they can't repress?
 Why do they meekly trail behind
 The Puddin'town Express?

You miss the point again, my son;
 Cadets have no redress;
 No government for them would hire
 A Puddin'town Express.

They're nothing but Cadets, my son;
 Cadets! and well they know it.
 They can't forget that they're cadets,
 And cannot help but show it.

They're going to town, and have to walk—
 Their downcast looks confess
 That they don't rate a ride upon
 The Puddin'town Express.

THE KICKER'S REVERIE

I am called a kicker because I kick
'Gainst things that rile me. I am sick
Of this old wreck they call the "Chase,"
Of all the troubles I have to face.
I'm tired of it all.

I have to bone from morn till night
The course of study is a fright;
And when I am not quarantined,
I'm on the grade. It always seemed
That something did befall

Me! just in time to please all those
Who wish to add unto my woes
By spotting me, or something worse,
I feel that in my heart I curse
The whole school of instruction.

The executive is merciless,
And we Cadets are privilegeless;
He *feasts* upon our troubles drear,
And then, with open eye and ear,
Waits, hawk-like, for a ruction.

So he may get us on the list
Of graders. And still some persist
In thinking that he is a fine
Executive. But I repine
For good old days of yore,

When on the dock Cadets could smoke,
When our steam launch never broke
Down with Cadets on liberty,
When we all left the ship care-free
To hike for Baltimore.

When on the cruise we worked no more
Than 18 hours in 24,
And never heard, when work was slack,
Lay aft, Cadets! Gaff topsail tack!
Or, Sweat up fore and aft!

When, if one watch had gone ashore,
We did not start to furl at 4
The sails that we had loosed to *dry*
In the warm air and cloudless sky,
When Cadets had no graft.

When no one raised such a great fog
O'er entries made in the rough log;
When, if the sun did dare to shine,
The entry was not: Weather fine,
Warm, dry atmosphere.

Sultry and calm till 4 o'clock,
When it became no longer hot;
A breeze sprang up from N. N. W.,
The morn was one of summer's best.
The day broke cool and clear.

When if the weather was ze-ro,
We did not man the boats and row
Or exercise at 'side-sweeps slow,'
Or swung our Indian clubs, with snow
A full two inches deep

Upon the ground. When, as of late,
We were not forced the spars to scrape
With dull glass and more dull despair,
Until dreams vanished in thin air
And we could fall asleep.

Our happy days will ne'er again
Return to us till we have lain
Aside our troubles as Cadets,
And characters as household pets.
But I say "Let her flicker."

We only have a few days more
Before we leave this sandy shore;
And I have had the plans long laid
Of a good time. And now I've said
My last word as a kicker.



Mr. Dooley on the Service



HENNESSEY," said Mr. Dooley, coming into the Archey Road saloon, "been waitin' long?"

"Naw," replied Hennessey, removing a straw from the long glass of whiskey and seltzer in front of him. "O'im purty comfot-a-ble. Phwere did yez go?"

"Oi've bin doon to the Lake Frront," replied Mr. Dooley; "and I seen wan av thim Rivener Cutthers."

"Phwats thim?" said Hennessey.

"Oi dinnaw," said Mr. Dooley, "and Oi dawn't think they knaws thimsilves. Oi seen a little vissel tied up to th' wharf. She was an ugly little divvel, but painted as purty as a red waggin an' a nate little feller in quadrhupphle plate a prominaadin' up an' doon th' top av her, an' radin' out av a little grane buk. 'Phwat's the stoory?' I sez, joost to maake conversaation."

"'Stoory,' sez he. 'Stoory! It's naw stoory! Thim's riggylaations,' sez he. 'An' Oi'm thryin' to foind oot,' sez he, 'how the departmint wants me to cut me coorns,' he sez.

"Phwat is ut to thim?" Oi asks.

"'Come aboard, an' Oi'll show yez,' he sez, an' he tuk me doon to a plaace he called th' caabin; an' Oi seen th' plaace was full av printed paapers, an' they was fallin' out av th' doors an' th' windeys, an' maakin' little heeps outside. 'Thim's General Ordhers,' he sez.

"'Who printed thim?' Oi asks.

"'Th' Govinmint,' he sez.

"'Do yez hev to rread thim?' Oi sez.

"'Naw,' he sez; 'only th' odd ones,' he sez. 'Th' half av thim,' he sez, 'is General Ordhers counthermaandin' th' other half,' he sez. 'An' afther we hev gib a General Ordher two weeks, an' we doon't git another counthermaandin' it,' he sez, 'we puts it in a little buk,' he sez, 'an' we hov nearly a half dizin General Ordhers in thot same noo,' he sez.

"'An' phwy doon't yez desthroy th' room full av thim,' Oi sez.

"'We would, but th' Daypartmint forgits,' he sez, 'thot its counthermaanded a General Ordher,' he sez, 'an' writes to knaw phwy we doon't obey ut,' he sez.

"'An' phwot ilse do yez do but rade thim General Ordhers,' Oi sez.

"'We dhrill,' he sez.

"'Undher wather?' Oi sez.

“Yez doon’t undherstand,’ he sez; ‘we dhrill th’ goons,’ he sez.

“Doon’t they do thot at th’ faacthry?’ sez Oi.

“Yez are off soondin’s,’ he sez. ‘Tho’ Oi doon’t knaw, Hennessey, phwot th’ little divvle mint be thot.

“‘We’re prephaarin’ for waar,’ he sez.

“‘Phware is th’ waar?’ Oi sez.

“‘There ain’t any,’ sez he.

“‘Phwat the divvle are yez prephaarin’ for ut, thin?’ sez Oi.

“‘Look here, mister,’ he sez, ‘doon’t yez go pokin’ no foon at th’ Riveny Cutther Saarvice,’ he sez. ‘Ut’s a foine sarvice,’ he sez, ‘an’ oor ship, th’ Moike Cully, did foine fightin’ wid Dooley ut Mannilly,’ he sez.

“‘How many ships did she sink?’ Oi ask’t th’ little felly.

“‘Oi dinnaw,’ he sez. ‘She carried th’ dispaatches,’ he sez, ‘an’ an’ ossifer named Scotch, on the Riveny Cutther Hoodson, saved th’ Winsler frrom distruction be th’ goons of th’ Wilmington,’ he sez. ‘An’ we had a ship sunk,’ he sez.

“‘Phwere was thot?’ Oi aasks.

“‘Phwere th’ shot an’ shell was thickest,’ he sez, ‘near th’ ammunition locker,’ he sez. ‘Thot was th’ paart thot got soonk,’ he sez, ‘in th’ canal,’ he sez, ‘whin we was taakin’ her doon from th’ Laaks,’ he sez.

“‘An’ th’ motto av th’ saarvice,’ he sez, ‘is Semper Praaties,’ he sez, ‘manin’ always rheady,’ he sez.

“‘Rheady for phwot?’ Oi sez.

“‘Oi dinnaw,’ he sez. ‘An’ we’ve got wan vissel,’ he sez, ‘th’ Baar,’ he sez, ‘thot goes up til th’ Aarrtic ivery sommer,’ he sez, ‘an’ brraves th’ tirrorrs av th’ frozen ocean,’ he sez, ‘oot av divotion to oor glorious counthry,’ he sez, ‘whin uts all thawed oot,’ he sez, ‘an’ thrrades with th’ Eskimooos fer furrs,’ he sez.

“‘An’ phwat do yez, whin yez arre not doin’ thim things?’ Oi asked him, fer Oi was gittin’ intrusted, Hinnessy.

“‘We wurrks fer th’ bill,’ he sez.

“‘Anan?’

“‘Th’ bill,’ he sez, we’re thryin’ to git Congress to com to th’ relafe av th’ saarvice,’ he sez.

“‘How is thot?’ Oi aasks.

“‘To furnnish an eight cylindher prrintin’ ppress,’ he sez, ‘fer th’ use av th’ Department,’ he sez, ‘an’ av we doon’t get ut, we’re lost,’ he sez.”

“‘Oi dawn’t undherstand ut at all, at all,” remarked Mr. Hinnessy reflectively.

“‘Nayther do Oi,” admitted Mr. Dooley with some reluctance. “‘But Oi belave th’ little felly wid th’ braass hoops is all rroight, anyway,” and his face lighted up with an ingenuous smile. “‘He dhrrinks sherry wid th’ rroight kick to ut, anyhow.”





To The Rear - Huh!!!

*THE CRUISE OF THE WINNIE S. EMMET

(Apologies from the writer.)

The wind was west, the tide was ebb, the draw-tender turned
the draw,
As the good ship "W. S. Emmet" went through without a flaw,
Bound for 'Rundel Cove, to cruise 'longside the dock,
Were the orders assigned to that command, till steam it could
be got.
The Captain paced the rudder post, the Chief stood on the shaft,
And the Pilot straddled the garboard strake, to ascertain her
draught.
Up spoke the Captain to the Chief, "I pray thee, how much coal
Will it require to run this ship if she doesn't pitch nor roll?"
"Now Captain," saith the gallant Chief, "I'll have to see the
cook,"
And they both scrutinized with care Mess Manual and Cook
Book.
Of rolls there is a good recipe, but nare o' one of pitch,
You'll have to consult the Department and get a new Bowditch.
The hand upon the clock stood still at 80 pounds of steam,
"Oh, Chief, don't go above 500," the Captain he did scream.
The Chief flew up those iron stairs, his glasses smeared
with grease;

The Skipper skipped from the pilot-house, soon everything was
peace.
A brand new compass did arrive, 'twas viewed with much
regret,
They carried it to the Wm. Dom, for Jimmy Legs to set.
Another horror cast itself upon that full-rigged tug,
They had no pots nor kettles, to stew or boil their grub.
The captain called the Ordinary Cook, to him he put the case,
And he swiped an iron bucket and boiled grub to the Queen's
taste.
To the Pilot the Chief made this request, "If at any time by
chance,
" 'Tis necessary to make a Port, notify six hours in advance."
Today she hoisted up her boats, and blew for the draw at seven,
The Maritime Exchange reports her passing through at eleven.
She's left us now, the good old ship, much to the dogs' regret,
You'll have troubles more, we feel for you, Winnie S. Emmet.

*The U. S. tug Winnisimmet (R. C. S.)



A Few Words in the Vocabulary



Athlete.—A big bunch of muscles, neither good for hauling on the braces nor pulling a boat.

Automaton.—One who adopts the military walk for all it is worth.

Bock.—No definition.

Booger.—To fix up, as to booger a Nav. problem; to make the answer come out right.

Cadet.—An insignificant little fellow with few rights and no privileges.

Cherub.—A dear little fellow with an effeminate voice.

Cut-throat.—A cadet who studies over-time.

Day.—A period of time which fortunately lasts but 24 hours.

Demerit.—The eleventh part of a quarantine, generally issued at 8 a. m., as compensation for some heroic act performed during the preceding 24 hours.

Dinosaurius.—The biggest eater at the mess-table.

Fuzz.—To reprimand.

Farthinggale.—A girl who visits the ship.

Greaser.—One who will do anything for a stand-in aft.

Grub.—No definition.

Guff.—Talk that means nothing. See *Prattle*.

Gush.—The first two lines of any song.

Grind.—The period of a cadet's life which lasts only 24 hours each day.

Hell.—Generally a name applied to the lower regions, but some contend that it floats on the water.

Highbinder.—One who receives over 50 spots in one month.

Hellion.—A Highbinder who receives, in addition to spots, an invitation to remain on board ship each Saturday and Sunday for an indefinite period.

Juvenile.—A third classman, or even a first classman when he has not outgrown childhood.

Jugged.—Bilged; fired.

Kicker.—One who kicks only at the bill of fare.

Kink.—A curly-haired cadet.

Mister Johnson.—A can of condensed milk.

Monk.—A short fellow, capable of running aloft in a jiffy.

Nappy.—See *Kink*.

O'Slackaway.—A name applied to a Junior cadet who always finds the lee braces.

Onion.—One who tries to dodge a night watch.

Plug.—To study.

Rhina.—An angry man.

Scull.—To haul on the braces continually during a calm and occasional catspaws, and apparently give the ship headway by that means.

Zip.—A cadet who has no use for a shaving kit.

Reflections of a Cadet

He who greases and succeeds in obtaining a grease
is the original greaser.

He who does not grease and does not get a grease
is an honest man.

He who does not grease and yet obtains a grease
is a lucky man.

But he who greases and yet fails to obtain a grease
is the worst kind of a greaser.

The officers of the good ship "Chase"
Are of the fragile, beauteous race
Of flowers. Judging from the spots
They deal out, they're forget-me-nots.



Ode to the U. S. P. S. "Chase"

O practice bark, whose brass is always shined,
Let one look closely he is sure to find
With the name upon the stern, all interlined,
"Let those who enter here leave hope behind."

O prison ship, where sorrowing tears are shed,
Where quartermasters *sometimes* heave the lead;
Of you in very truth it may be said
That "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."



Let It Be Thus

(a) A man shall be guilty until proven innocent.
(b) All offenses shall be punished with the maximum penalty, and as many times as phases of the deed.

(c) He who will not bear witness on a neighbor
shall be considered a criminal in the eyes of the law.

How to Make It Come Out Right

At sea, north Atlantic Ocean, June 28, 1904, observed a meridian altitude of sun's lower limb, index correction (found after problem had been worked),

Obs. alt.	95° 20' 20"	(Long. 11° 22' W.)
Dip	— 4 02	
Refraction	— 95° 16' 18"	
	15	
Parallax	+ 95° 16' 03"	
	02	
Semi-diam.	+ 95° 16' 05"	
	15 46	
Index corr.	— 95° 31' 51"	
	21 42 30	
Real altitude	73° 49' 21"	
Zenith distance	16° 10' 39"	

Shoot the sun, but do not get an index correction right away. Correct the altitude for dip, refraction, parallax, and semi-diameter. Now sneak up to the chart-board, and find out what latitude the Navigating Officer got for his noon position. Remember this latitude; go below; subtract this latitude from your declination, and subtract this result from 90 degrees. Now you have the correct altitude. Subtract it from (or

— 21° 42' 30"; height of eye, 17 feet. Required, the latitude.

Dec.	= 23° 17' 52".7
Corr.	— 5".1
<i>d</i>	= 23° 17' 47".6
<i>z</i>	= 16° 10' 39".0
Lat.	= 39° 28' 26".6 N.

Correct latitude = 39° 28' 26".5, only 0".1 out.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM BUGGRAM,

Cadet, U. S. R. C. S.

EXPLANATION

add, as the case may be) the altitude you obtained, and you have the index correction. Apply this index correction to the altitude you obtained (minus in the example cited), and you have the correct altitude. Subtract this altitude from 90 degrees, thus obtaining the zenith distance, and add this to the declination. You now have the correct answer.

THE COBURGER'S CONCLAVE

They met in solemn conclave to talk the matter o'er,
For the smoke had cleared away, hushed was the cannon's roar ;
They had met the foe like soldiers, and now in their retreat,
They sought to pull a victory from the jaws of their defeat.
Now up spoke Carlos Primus, he of the auburn hair,
"One point we must consider and I think we have them there ;
"I've looked the situation o'er, and I certainly opine
"We have them on the hip with General Order 69."

Then Count Johannes sadly rose, and said : "Alas, 'tis true,
"This order beneficial doth apply to such as you,
"Who have braved Alaska's terrors, and beheld the foeman's
fall,
"But how about poor me who never went to sea at all ?
"I know I've special aptitude for holding down this snap,
"But perhaps for this our chieftain may not care a single rap ;
"They have changed so that they wholly disregard our rights
divine,
"And I fear I will be fired spite of G. O. 69."

Now there was another hero, Carlos Secundus, he
Dwelt in the wild and wooly in false security ;
Who also held a record as Coburger, and whose boast
Was that only as Coburger had he hit the western coast.
From this man came a message that filled their hearts with fear,
For he mentioned a contingency they did not like to hear ;
This message from afar came o'er the telegraphic line :
"Suppose they should revoke old General Order 69."

With faces pale and drawn the conclave sat with bated breath,
While over their communings came a stillness as of death ;
For of such a possibility they had not thought before,
And e'en its contemplation made them tremble o'er and o'er.
And they left the office silently with swift and muffled tread,
As those who walk about within the chamber of the dead ;
And like a requiem in their ears they heard that note malign :
"Suppose they should revoke old General Order 69."

—*Mainyard Stripling.*

THE ARCTIC HERO

Hear the rattle of our hero as he spins a yarn for you
Of thermometers at zero latitude of eighty-two;
Fought a bull-seal single handed, with Point Barrow on his lee,
Then he calmly raised his anchor and went on to eighty-three.
Up into the polar sea, fairly blowing off with glee,
While the wind blew through his whiskers, this he blows to
you and me;

Docked the vessel by an iceberg where the frisky walrus play,
That's the yarn he'll spin you some two hundred times a day.

Then he tells of Oomiak maidens, Unalaska, wot t' 'ell?
Heathen names of heathen places makes him sound so awful
swell;

Chignik Bay, a fat waheeny saw, and loved him where he stood,
Fat waheeny's, he will tell you, are of Aleut's royal blood.
Bloomin' well I'd like to see fat waheenys lovin' me,
Makin' sassy royal goo-goos up there in the polar sea;
Must 'a been a royal conquest that he made in Chignik Bay,
For he'll sit and tell you of it some two hundred times a day.

Then he tells you of the tradin' that he done with Arctic men,
Ten-cent bale of 'bacco kow-kow for a hundred-dollar skin;
Four boat loads of walrus ivory for a box of carpet tacks,
And a pair of carriage reindeer for a bloomin' dollar axe.
Up there in the polar sea ain't no place for you and me,
We're too all fired conscientious to do things like that you see;
No, I ain't no Arctic hero, and I think that I will stay
In the East, and hear 'em tell it some two hundred times a day.

RETURNING LATE FROM LIBERTY

Once in winter, dark and dreary,
I was hustling weak and weary,
Hustling to the "Chase," just back from Baltimore;
And my heart congealed within me,
For I knew that J——s was near me,
And soon at me with accents terrible he'd roar.

For I saw that I was tardy,
And although I'm rather hardy,
Forty spots just now would surely make me sore;
Up the dock I was slowly groping,
Looking, listening, wondering, hoping,
While my body sprung a leak at every separate pore.

O'er the gangway gently stealing,
Down the hatchway softly feeling,
Such a strain my nerves had never stood before;
"Thank the Lord!" I breathed at last,
"That now the danger's past,"
And I heaved a heartfelt sigh from my bosom's very core.

For we cannot help agreeing
That when we're pressed for time, and fleeing
From a dreadful savage who is thirsting for our gore;
That the livelier we paddle,
And the faster we skeedaddle,
The oftener we shall have a chance again to go ashore.
Thank the Lord forever more.

BERING SEA

(Air "Beulah Land.")

We've reached the land of Arctic fame,
Where we are bound to win a name;
We love the seal, the fog, the rain,
And great renown shall surely gain.

CHORUS.

O Bering Sea! bleak Bering Sea!
So long we sought to sail o'er thee!
For ne'er can sailor salty be,
Until he sails the Bering Sea,
And views Alaska's dreary shore,
And fills himself with Arctic lore.

We breakfast, dine and sup on fat,
Eat walrus blubber, and all that;
Bull seals and whales are our delight,
And polar bears we love to fight.

CHORUS.

Columbus and Balboa, too,
With Nelson, form a salty crew;
But they are fresh to such as we,
They never sailed the Bering Sea.

CHORUS.

And when they sound our funeral knell,
They'll say we've had our share of—well;
Our welcome sure in heaven will be,
Because we sailed the BERING SEA.

CHORUS.

Old Noah has our great respect,
And yet he was not quite correct;
Instead of Ararat, you know,
He should have touched on Bogoslov.

CHORUS.

Full many a sailor points with pride
To cruises o'er the ocean wide;
They don't compare to you and me,
Unless they sailed the Bering Sea.

CHORUS.

Tho' years you've spent on fishing bank,
Trode slaver's deck and pirate's plank;
Seen Spanish Main and Crusoe's Isle,
At you we Arctic Heroes smile.

CHORUS.

And tho' you boast of fiercest gale—
That every ocean you did sail—
You ne'er will salty sailor be
Until you sail the Bering Sea.

CHORUS.

THE ARCTIC.

(Air, "The Bowery.")

I once went on a little cruise—
Call it a junket, or what you choose,
To spend the summer in Bering Sea,
Protecting the sealing industry;
Searching for sealers for days we ran,
Finally asked an Aleutian man;
Said he, "Don't you know they're all in Japan?"
And I'll never go there any more.

CHORUS.

The Arctic! the Arctic!
They say such things, and they do such things;
The Arctic! the Arctic!
I'll never go there any more.

I bought a gun to shoot polar bear;
I had been told I could find them there;
Miles I travelled o'er snow-clad hill,
And could find nothing but time to kill;
I asked a native were bears there now;
He shook his head and remarked as how
The only game thereabouts was an old cow
And etc.

I thought I'd purchase a pelt or two;
I went ashore and found a few;
They were a poor lot that the agent threw
Aside, but I thought they perhaps might do;
I reached in my pocket, pulled out a stack
To buy enough skins for a sealskin sack;
They cost London prices, and freight charges back
And etc.

One summer day I passed on the street
A man dressed in furs from head to feet;
Said I, "Poor creature! to have to wear
Such clothes;" but they smiled and remarked, "That there
Is only an officer from the 'Bear,'"
And I'll etc.

They told us the life would be awfully tough,
Of Bering Sea cruises we'd soon get enough;
Would live upon codfish and bread that's stale,
Sea-lion cutlets, and blubber of whale;
Land in the surf in tempestuous seas,
Have our boat swamped, get a ducking and freeze,
Sail with a skipper that God couldn't please
And etc.

But I cannot be tough a bit;
I have seen nothing of roughing it;
Excellent fare and nice fresh fish,
While sea-lion pup is an excellent dish;
Our skipper is all that can be desired,
These surf stories are all inspired—
And the whole business

makes
me
so
tired, that

etc.

WHERE THE SUN COMES UP AT MIDNIGHT.

Hear the rattle of the windlass as our anchor comes away;
We are bound to old Point Barrow and we make our start
today.
Keep a tight hold on your dinner, for outside the South wind
blows,
And unless you are a sailor you'll be throwing up your toes.

Up in the polar sea, where the night is same as day,
Where our creditors can't touch us for the best part of our pay;
Where there ain't no lubbers seasick, cause the ship forgets to
roll,
And the sun comes up at midnight from an ice pack round the
pole.

Take me north of old Point Barrow, for 'tis there that I would
be;
I am sick of this 'ere country, and I guess it's sick of me;
I am tired dodging tailors, breaking nickel-slot machines,
And of playing cards with fellows who are dragging of my
jeans.

Up into the polar sea, where ice is delivered free,
Where a man don't have to hustle like a blooming honey bee;
Where there's no Salvation Army, where the church bells never
toll,
And the sun comes up at midnight from an ice pack round the
pole.

I have had enough of actors, clubs and dinners, and these balls,
Where one's knocked down to a lady, gets a dance and that is
all;
On the street next day she greets you with an icy, polar stare,
She remembers to have met you, but she disremembers where.

Up into the polar sea, where the Innuited maidens be,
There's a fat, bright-eyed 'iwaheeny who is longing now for
me;
She is sitting in her Igloo chewing on a †mukluk sole,
Where the sun comes up at midnight from an ice pack round
the pole.

I was thinking last November I had come away to stay,
But almost before I landed I had blowed in all my pay;
Now I've hocked my tailor outfit, yellow shoes and neckties
queer,
And to save my life I couldn't raise the price of one small beer.

Up into the polar sea, with Point Barrow on our lee,
With a strip of open water leading north to eighty-three;
Where there ain't no bloody fashions to perplex a good man's
soul,
And the sun comes up at midnight from an ice pack round the
pole.

Take me north of old Point Barrow, where there ain't no east
or west,
Where one has a thirst that lingers and where whiskey tastes
the best;
Where the Arctic ice pack hovers 'twixt Alaska and the pole,
And there ain't no underwriters taking mortgage on one's soul.

Up into the polar sea, where the greasy whalers be,
Where "Coburgers" do boat-duty just the same as you and me;
Where the blooming seal and walrus on the ice floes bask and
roll,
And the sun comes up at midnight from an ice pack round the
pole.

† Eskimo word for woman.

‡ Eskimo boot; the women crimp the soles by chewing the leather.

THE CRUISE OF THE "S. P. CHASE"

(Apologies, etc.)

It was the good ship "S. P. CHASE" that sailed on the summer sea,
And the skipper had taken his children along to bear him company.
Blue were their clothes as the dark blue sea, bright were their epaulets,
And their bosoms heaved as the good ship lurched, like the Hawthorne buds do split.
The skipper he sat on a starboard tack, his pipe, the bos'un had,
And he watched how the veering glass did jump, the hand now good, now bad.
Up spake a Southern sailor who'd sailed through the Spanish war,
"I pray thee put me on the beach, for a lovely girl I saw.
"Last night the moon got very full, tonight she's in her bunk,"

The skipper he blew a whiff from his nose and scornfully did slunk.
"Oh, skipper I see a scarlet light; oh, say it is a bar;"
" 'Tis a grog shop, Mr. P.," says he, "where you win a watch or cigar."
"Oh, skipper, I hear a jingle bell; oh, say, I feel so scared;"
" 'Tis a patrol boat, Mr. B.," says he, "and you'd better be prepared."
"Oh, skipper, I hear vile epitaphs and the rattle of glasses and mugs,"
But the skipper answered never a word; they had struck the beach at Flood's.
Lashed to the table, limp and still, their eyes turned toward the beer,
They thanked the man behind the wheel, for the land fall he did steer.

YELLS

Squeegie go-rox! go-rox! go-rox!
Squeegie go-rox! go-ree!
Keelhaul! Keelhaul!
Rummy de dummy de dummy de dum!
Revenue cutter!—"CHASE!!"

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Siss! Boom! Bah!
Rio! Rio! Rio! Rio! Rah!
Wee! Wha!—R. C. S.!!

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Rah! Rah! Rah!
Siss! Boom! Bah!
Rio! Rio! Rio! Rio! Rah!
Wee! Wha!—R. C. S.!!

SLATTERY'S LIGHT BRIGADE

You've heard of Julius Cæsar and of great Napoleon, too,
And how the Cork Militia beat the Turks at Waterloo ;
But there's a page of history that yet remains uncut,
And that's the martial story of Slattery's Mounted Fut.
This noble band was organized by Slattery's eldest son,
A noble minded poacher with a double breasted gun ;
And many the head was broken and many the eye was shut,
While practicing manoeuvres with Slattery's Mounted Fut.

CHORUS.

Down from the mountains came the squadrons and platoons,
Four and twenty fighting men and a couple of stout gossoons ;
And as we marched behind the band, to patriotic tunes,
We felt that fame would gild the name
We felt that fame would gild the name of Slattery's Foot
Dragoons.

When first we reconnoitered 'round O'Sullivan's shebeen,
It used to be the pot house, but we called it the canteen ;
'Twas there we saw a notice that the bravest heart unnerved :
"All Liquors Must Be Settled For, Before the Drinks Is
Served."
So on we marched, but soon again, each warrior's cheek grew
pale,
For, rising high in front of us, we saw the county jail ;
And as the army faced about, we were just in time to find
A couple of stout policemen had surrounded us behind.

CHORUS.

"We'll cross the ditch," our leader cried, "And take the foe in
flank,"
But cries of consternation here arose from every rank ;
For, posted high upon a tree, we very plainly saw :
"Trespassers Prosecuted in Accordance with the Law."
"We're lost!" exclaimed bold Slattery, "Here ends our grand
campaign,
'Tis only throwing life away to cross that blessed drain.
"I'm not so brave as lions, but I'm boulder nor a hin,
"And he that fights and runs away will live to fight agin."

CHORUS.

We reached the mountains safely, though all stiff and sore with
cramp ;
Each took a drop of whisky nate to dissipate the damp.
And as each warrior filled his pipe, bold Slattery up and said :
"This day's immortal fight will be remembered by the dead.
"I never shall forget," said he, "While this brave heart shall
beat,
"The gallant way you followed when I headed the retreat.
"You preferred the soldier's maxim when desisting from the
strife,
" 'Best be a coward for half an hour than a dead man all your
life.'"

CHORUS.

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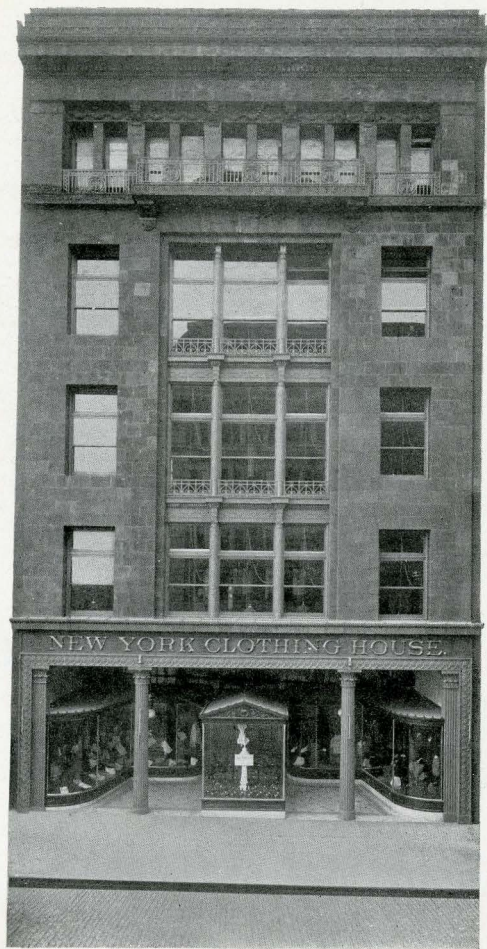
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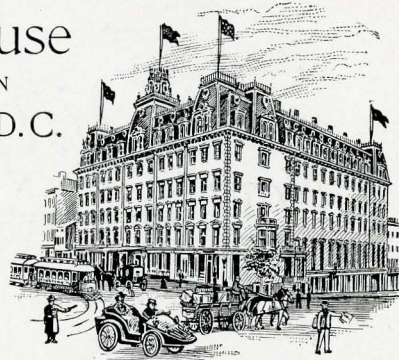
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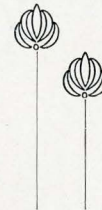
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THE PLEBE'S SOLILOQUY

I am a plebe, they say,—
These little officers with tight blue coats
That boss me round all day and call me "Mister";
A plebe, the rawest, greenest ever caught.
From Colorado's hills I've come
To make the sea my home.
I don't exactly like this thing
Of living on the sea. They say it's water,
And a man can't live on that.
Out home, in Cripple Creek,
Where daddy runs a bar, the boys
All take theirs straight, and say
That water's "pisen"; and then
The Sheriff said old Sandy Jackson, who
Swore off one week and died the next,
Had water on his brain.

There are lots of things in this old world
It's best to find out for yourself,—
Not take on credit.

My teacher told me all about some men
Named Drake and Dewey, who used to fight at sea;
And then a Dago, Chris Columbus, who,

He said, discovered Colorado. I know
This last ain't so, because his name
Ain't on the record. „
He said the clouds were golden, too,
And lined with silver,—Ned Brown and I
Climbed up a mountain till we reached a cloud,—
Next day we had no teacher.
Since I left home I've found
A heap of stuff that goes out there
Ain't so. Why, Cripple Creek ain't half as big
As Baltimore. And our Grand Opera House
Ain't near so fine as Flood's, and don't
Have half the show. The Mississippi River's
Just a mudhole compared to Curtis Creek!
If creeks are this big down here
What must that ocean be?

"Formation!" There it goes again!
That's seven times to-day I've had to go
Up stairs and stand while two men counted me.
I wonder if they think I am
The better half of Hoch. That stuck-up chap
That calls the roll looks mighty hard at me.