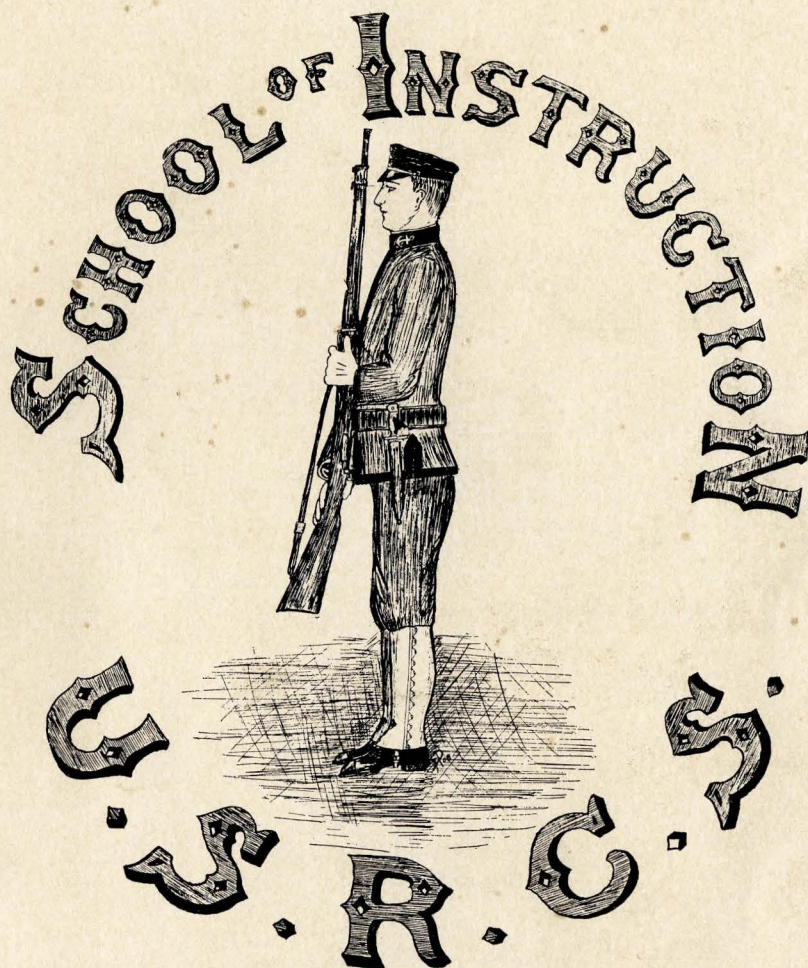
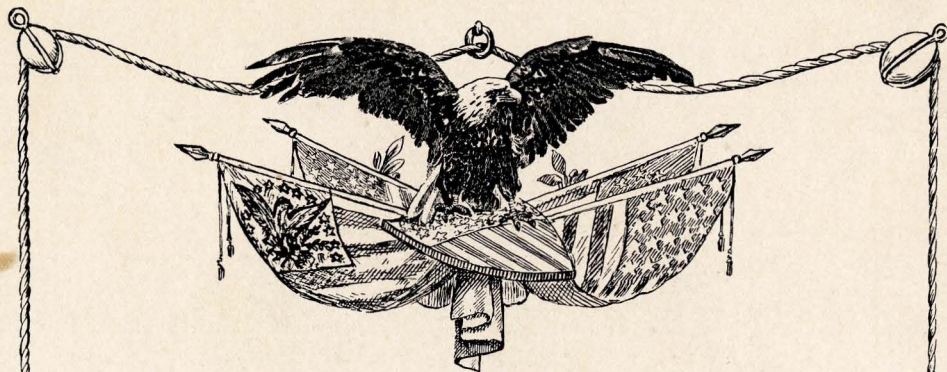


Tide Rips

1906.





To Lieutenant Philip H. Scott
in token of our love and esteem
This book is respectfully dedicated





Preface

This, the second edition of "Tide Rips," is presented by the Editors to an eager and expectant public with the hope that it may prove of interest to some and be tolerated by all.

Their thanks are extended to all those friends who have assisted in its publication. This aid is much appreciated as the Editors have been often distracted from their most important duty, the preparation of this book, by certain other pressing demands upon their time.

No offense will be caused by anything in these pages if the spirit of good nature in which they were conceived is borne in mind.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

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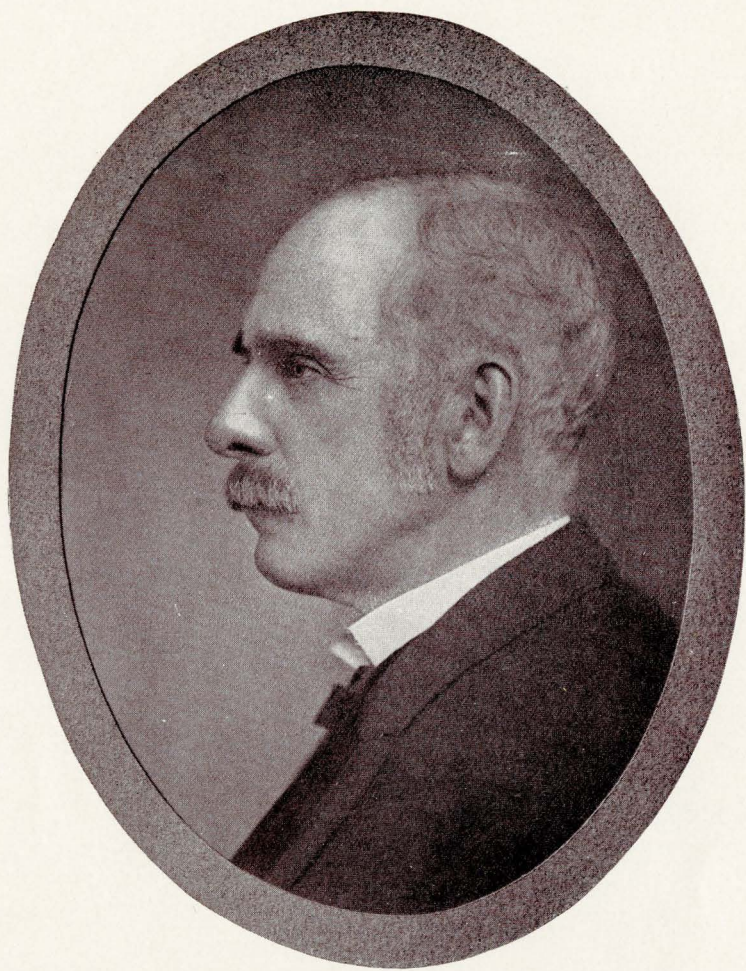
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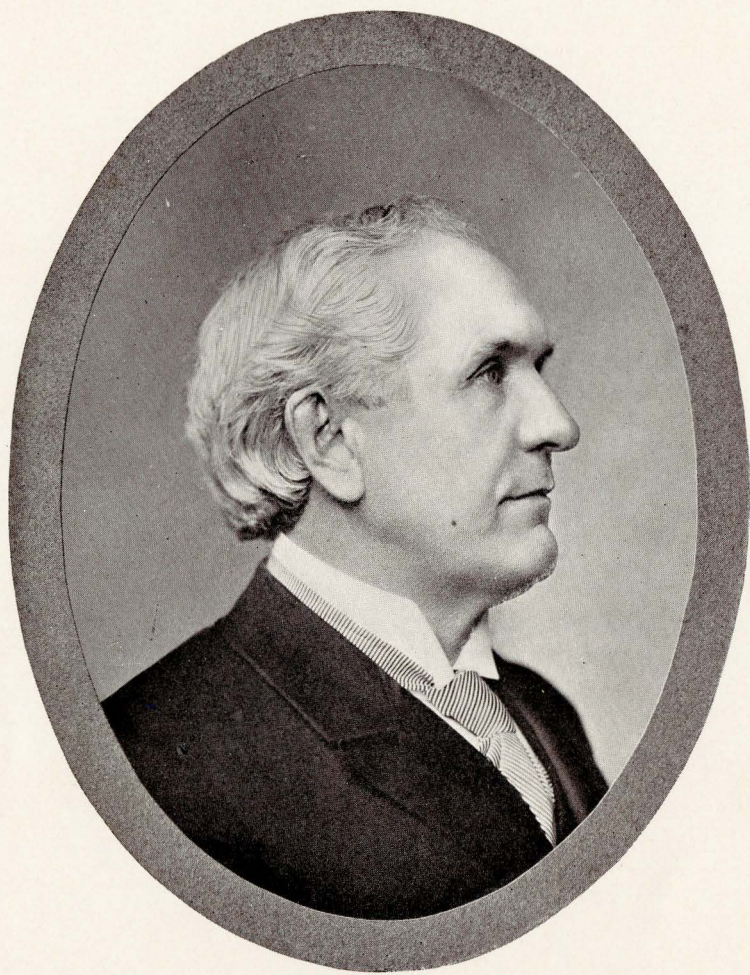
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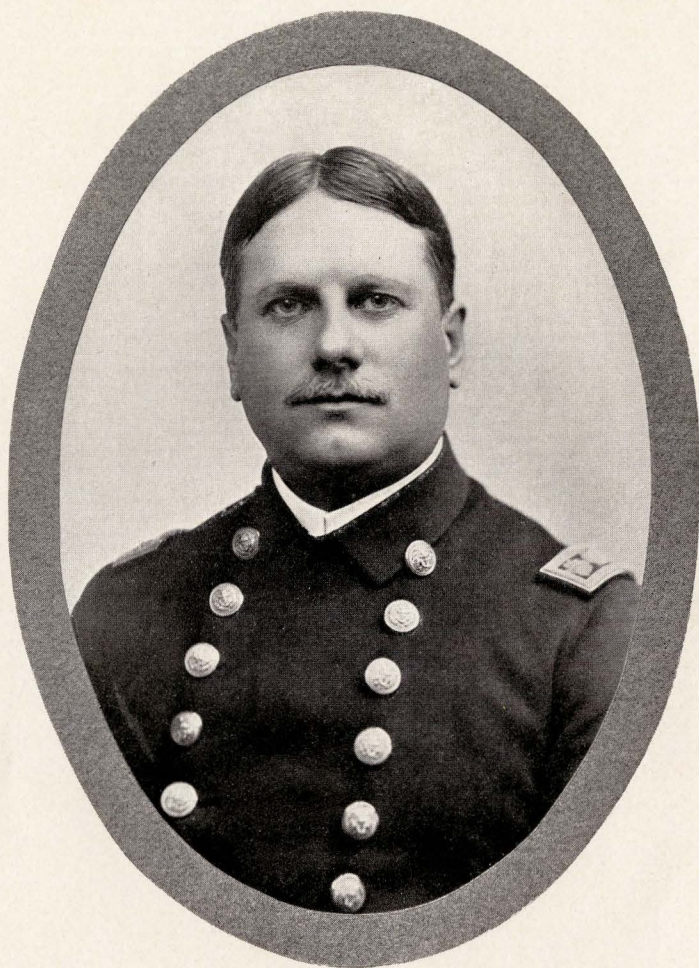
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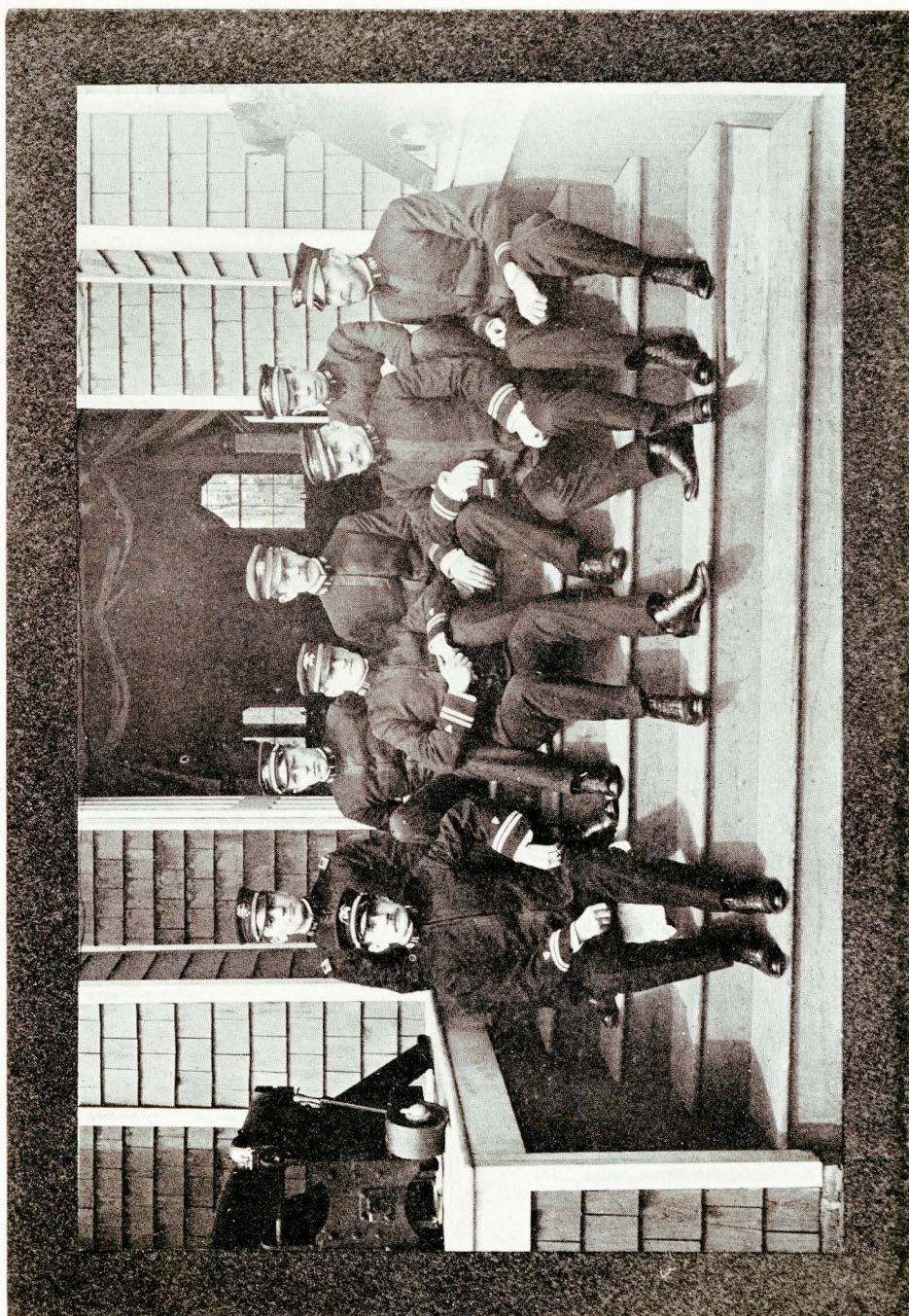
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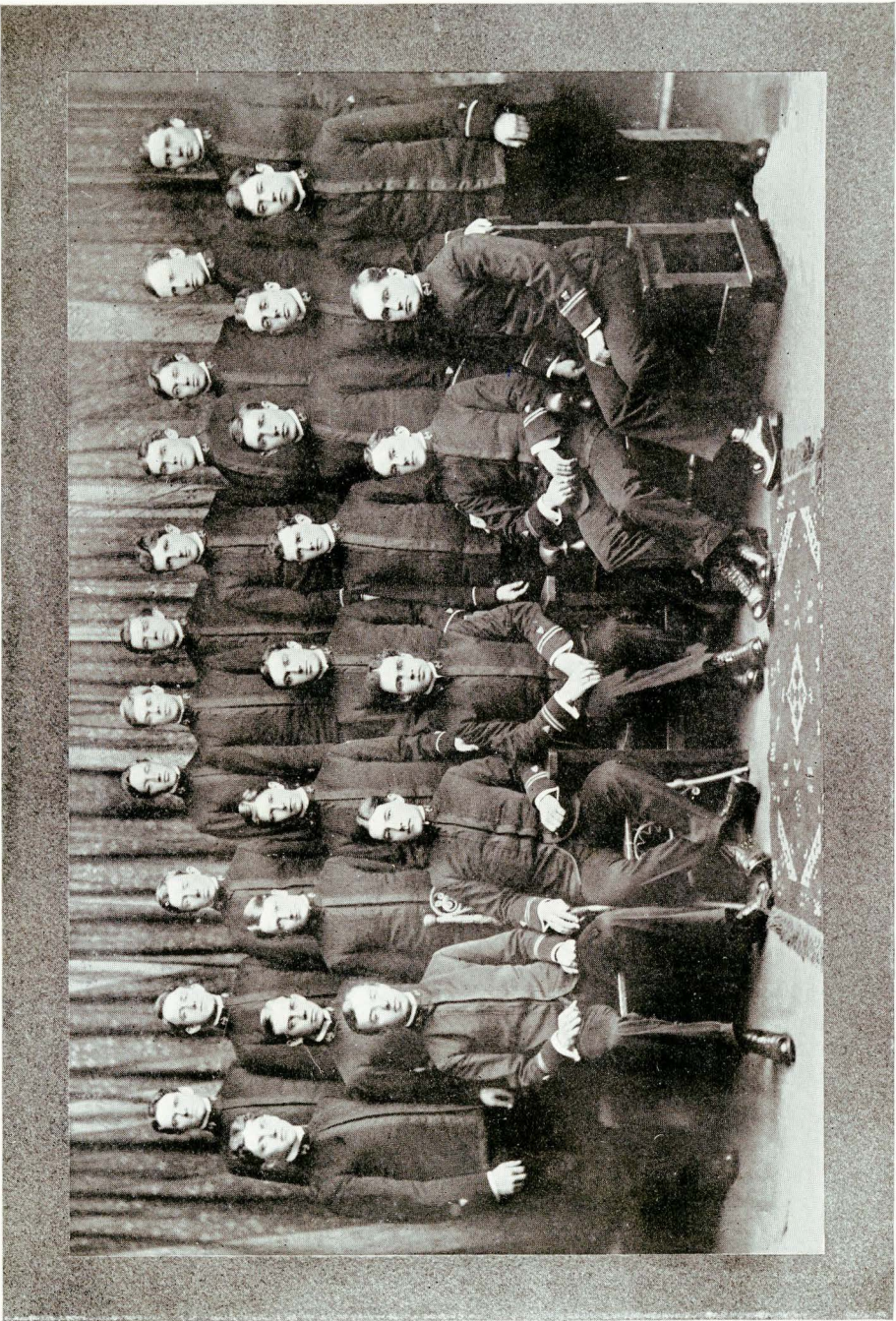
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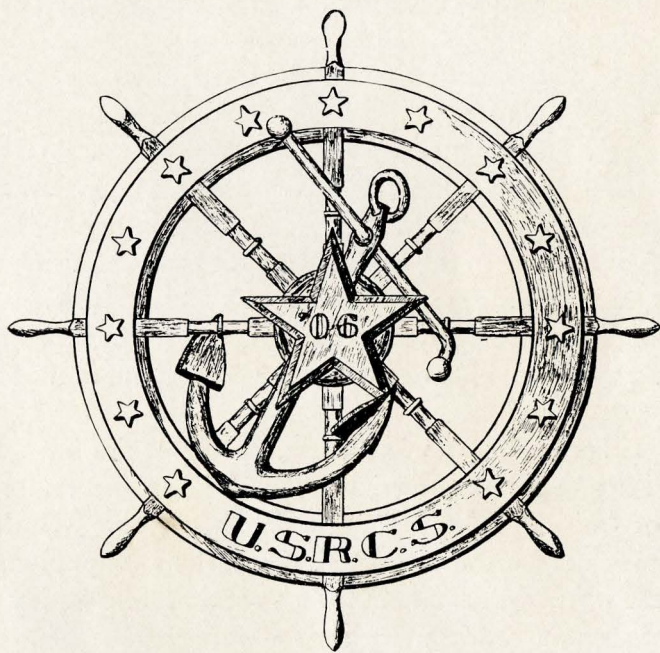
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History '06.

The first instalment of the class of 1906 reported on board the Practice Ship "Chase" at Arundel Cove, May 25, 1903. To say that we were pleased with our surroundings would be stretching truth beyond its elastic limit. However, as the annual practice cruise was about to begin we had little time to give the locality any thought but soon joined the busy throng of cadets and seamen who were employed getting the ship ready for sea. We attempted in our clumsy way to assist in the work but actually we did more harm than good. Before the day was over they chased us aloft to assist in furling sail. Our efforts to avoid falling to the deck below were very amusing to all but ourselves. It is an old saying that a cadet's first impressions are far from rosy and that was particularly true in our case. We all turned in our first night aboard with the determination to resign speedily.

Things improved somewhat as the novelty of the life wore off so we decided to give the place a trial and to stay for the cruise at least. The day of sailing soon came and in tow of the "Guthrie" we passed through the draw and down the harbor, dropping anchor at Sandy Point where we remained for a week. While we lay there the cadets were put to work puttying the forecastle deck. We had twenty-two cadets aboard who worked a week on the job, averaging 7 hours a day. A close measurement of the deck shows that each man puttied about five running inches of seam per hour. It cost the government just \$275 to get that deck puttied and it was poorly done too.

After a slow, tiresome trip down the bay we anchored off Ocean View. We all expected to get liberty there and were anticipating a pleasant visit to Fortress Monroe, about which we had read so much.

We were quite disappointed when it was announced that there would be no liberty. Perhaps it is well that we didn't get ashore judging by the condition in which the last boat's crew of cadets returned. While endeavoring to put off to the ship their boat was overturned in the surf. The ship's Surgeon who was present, fearing the results of the exposure might prove serious, prescribed Jamaica ginger but didn't specify the dose. As the majority of the boat's crew thought as the old lady in the story did, that if a little was good, "a whole lot" was a great deal better, they arrived on board as happy as they were wet.

The boat's crew having been stowed away in their bunks we hove up the anchor, and almost before we could realize it we had passed through the Capes and were on the broad Atlantic. As soon as we passed the lightship, however, we realized where we were and one by one we paid tribute to Neptune until the whole third class and a good part of the second, were lined up along the rail, each one sadder and more dejected than his neighbor and each one so disgusted with himself in particular and the world in general that he little cared if he were thrown overboard.

We soon recovered from our seasickness only to find ourselves in the cold foggy atmosphere of George's Bank which set us to wondering if it really were summer. We nearly froze to death before we sighted land but finally the fog lifted and we soon found ourselves in the landlocked harbor of Provincetown. A few days ashore there, coupled with several of Landlord Smith's "square" meals put us in condition to brave the dangers of the sea again. While at Provincetown we were given a dance by the young ladies of the town and otherwise so well entertained that we found it hard to leave.

A short trip brought us to Portland light where we fell in with the "Woodbury" commanded by Capt. Willey who very thoughtfully brought us our mail. The "Woodbury" towed us into the harbor where we anchored and remained until after the Fourth. Maine is a temperance state but none of us went dry for that reason. As soon as we got ashore we discovered, as sailors have a way of doing, that any-

one who was versed in the ways of the wicked could obtain all kinds of choice cough syrups, stomach bitters, hop beer, tonics, etc., which were really the good old stuff under a variety of names.

Sailing from Portland, Maine, we visited Booth Bay and Rockland in the same state, at which places we were given dances. Rockland is a beautiful place but we did not appreciate the beauties of the locality, as we were anchored outside the breakwater, a mile from the nearest boat landing. We got all the boat practice, and blisters too, that we wanted before we left there. From Rockland we made a quick passage down the coast to Boston light, off which we anchored for several days in order not to get ahead of our schedule.

After an age of waiting we sailed into Nantasket Roads where the "Emily" took us in tow. The Harbor-master assigned us an anchorage off Constitution Wharf, where the famous frigate of that name was built. This proved to be a dangerous position as a mud scow drifted into us a few nights after our arrival injuring the bobstays. To effect the necessary repairs we were taken over to East Boston and made fast to one of the Cunard Docks. Here it was so easy to "jump ship" and the temptation was so great that we spent many a night enjoying the sights of Boston when we were supposed to be sound asleep in our bunks.

While at Boston we took aboard the captain of the "Chicago," one of the largest American square-riggers, but we had no opportunity to show him anything of the sailing qualities of the "Chase" for we drifted around to New Bedford. Here we got considerable liberty and visited all the surrounding towns and cities. While lying here we were taken aboard the "Dexter" for a day's instruction in the handling of steam vessels. It is well that we had plenty of room when we had charge of her. We did everything with the vessel but stand her on her head and it was not our fault that we did not do that. There were some truly wonderful manoeuvres executed that day.

From New Bedford we went to Sandy Hook where the Winnisimmet found us and towed us to Tompkinsville, Staten Island. A

number of the vessels of the Service soon joined us, all of which were under orders for patrol duty at the International Yacht Races. The cadets were assigned to various vessels of the patrol fleet and as long as the races lasted we had a thoroughly enjoyable time. The races ended much too quickly to suit us.

Gardiner's Bay, the home of mosquitos and sand flies, was our next destination and we were not sorry to leave there as soon as our target practice was over. From Montauk Point until we sighted land just below the Delaware Capes, we had little or no wind but drifted along making a little on our course occasionally. Finally a fine breeze sprang up late in the evening of Sept. 15th, and we were expecting every minute to sight the Virginia Capes when our famous hurricane struck us.

Without warning the wind started to increase greatly in force and the light sails were taken in. The wind still increasing, the ship was stripped of all sails but the fore topmast staysail, mizzen staysail and topsails. The main topsail was double reefed, but the wind had attained such force that we were unable to reef the fore topsail, and the yard broke in two at the starboard sheave hole and commenced to thrash about. The sail soon blew to ribbons, followed shortly by the mizzen stay sail and fore topmast staysail. It was a wild night. The ship rolled so deep that the quarter boats filled with water and the port one broke her forward davit. The after falls were cut and the boat drifted away in the darkness. The forward hoisting bolt in the gig broke, but the gripes held and the boat was secured by lines. To add to our troubles the fore-yard broke adrift. About midnight we passed through the dreaded center of the storm, a region of temporary calm with terrific seas from all directions.

Morning found us with a tottering fore topmast miles out of our course. Repairs were quickly made, however, and we finally got inside the Capes. On account of the condition of the vessel no attempt was made to sail to Baltimore. The "Windom" towed us to Curtis Bay and our first cruise was at an end. We soon recovered from our experience,

and on returning from leave we found the second installment of our class awaiting us. Mr. Nash, who had joined us at Boston, resigned just before they joined us, so that our class at no time contained more than eight members.

Studies began, as did "Doc. Munyon's talks" on the transmutation of metals; and between the combined efforts of the two the time passed so quickly that almost before we realized it the second cruise was at hand. During the study term, Mr Flanagan resigned and Messrs. Sweeney and Hawkins left us to enter the Marine Corps, reducing our class to five members.

This cruise we went to Spain and returned by way of Madeira. While at Cadiz we were given a short leave and enjoyed a pleasant side trip to Seville. We saw many of the grand old buildings that Seville is noted for and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. At Funchal we took in the sights and had dinner on the mountain where the air was cool and reminded us of home. A month more and the trip home was over. Once more we went on leave and renewed old friendships.

Our third cruise was coast-wise and practically a repetition of the first. This cruise we were 1st classmen and had to stand deck watches. The sensations of tacking ship for the first time are indescribable. The summer passed some way or other and we were not sorry when our leave came around again. We were sorry when we had to come back, however.

The winter has passed and graduation day is at hand. We are the first class to complete the full three year course of instruction and a hard one it has been. Now that we are about to depart for various stations throughout our great country it is with a feeling of satisfaction that our school work has been finished and as we leave, it is with the hope that the School of Instruction will ever stand for that thoroughness and breadth of training that it has stood for in the past.



JAMES L. AHERN,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Capt. Baseball Team. Editor-in-chief "Tide Rips"
Kink

Swears by the city of Magnificent Distances Is noted for the fact that he can differentiate between a right and a left-handed monkey wrench at first glance and has a choice selection of machine shop break-offs. Jimmy is a deft arguer and is ever ready to lend a helping hand in the analysis of a disputed point.

Prays nightly that he may be frightened enough some time to take the kinks out of his hair "Faith, an' he's a good fellow"



L. TOULMIN CHALKER,

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

Class Artist.

Chalk.

Slid through the hatch into the steerage three years ago and in so doing used up all the "grease" he possessed—hasn't had any since. Very successful at gracing the spot list. A favorite with the fair sex and is known to have said, "she likes me and I like her" Has with difficulty adapted himself to the motto of the steerage, "no rights and few privileges."



HOWARD C. JUDSON,
HOLYOKE, MASS.

Jud.

The old man of the Steerage. Woman hater Kicked his first May 28, 1880, and is still at it. No regulation is safe when he is loose. Always on the grade. Goes over the limit of demerits regularly each year Holds the record for jumping ship The guardian angel of the "Babies " Has a large fund of army slang. Has been to West Point and is always talking about it. Spent his early years in Boston at M. I T where he participated in many thrilling adventures. Very magnetic (in the vicinity of compasses). A good sleeper Hates work. Never studies. C. P O., Chief Bos'n and Master Deacon of the Mohammedans



GEORGE WILLIAM KLEINEBERG,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Heine Dutch Boy

“Please go away and let me sleep.” San Francisco—so far von der Vaterland—is responsible for the Dutch boy. He was lured east by the golden opportunities of the Revenue-Cutter Service, but claims he was gold bricked. Heine had no distinctive features in 1903, but since he lost his hair he has developed many. His chief occupation is avoiding work, especially in the line of study. Has played against a great deal of hard luck though he usually manages to come out O. K.



ARCHIBALD HOWARD SCALLY,
BALTIMORE, MD

Scudly—Bill—Arch.

"Easy as she goes"

Howard wanted to write his own history in order not to have his reputation in Baltimore spoiled, but we promised to let him down easy. Quiet and unassuming, but withal is a favorite with the ladies. Is experienced in tacking ship aboard street cars. Likes to bluff out "Heine" from eating meat on Friday. Nothing will get him excited or hurry him. Laziness personified. Favorite loafing place behind the old cow-shed.

Class Prophecy

Unhappily, since the days of the true prophets the world has been flooded with the predictions of overheated and exaggerated minds. I will take my reader with me to the sunny shores of Spain in the drowsy month of July, 1904, where overpowered as I was with frequent drafts of the best Espanola vintages and whirling lightly through space on "Elegantes cigarellas" no wonder I dreamed the dream of my life.

Pensively I strolled the foretop gallant deck of that grand old bark, as we sailed the Spanish main at an eight knot clip and every sail drawing. After watching one of those glorious Eastern sunsets, I sought relief from worldly cares in "old sleepy hollow" just forward of the Capstan on the forecastle and not many dogs of the sea ever felt happier or freer than I. The soft trades fanned my cheek and with a parting glance at the brilliant heavens above me I slowly relapsed into that infinitely happy state known as sleep.

Cool, very cool. Oppressive and somewhat hazy. Startled I rubbed my eyes to assure myself that I was really in the archives of the sea, the depository of the records and fates of the marine world. Along this vast subterranean passage was the following inscription, "Things Doing and Done" with a postscript "Mostly Doing but little Done." I explained to my mermaid guide that I was desirous of exploiting the lives of my classmates on the good bark "Chase." Quickly we passed from hole to hole until I came to the name of one recorded as James Louis Ahern.

Born a little baby and destined to become a little Captain. Wandered gracefully through the realms of childhood and in time according to predestined fate became a Cadet, U. S. R. C. S. Now you must know the record tells us that he is blessed with a lovable disposition, even temperament, and an occasional sparkle of childish

wit. Cadet life spoils the best and our son of Erin undergoes the usual decomposition. I hurried over his early life to see what was going to become of this prodigy of childhood. A 3d Luff, bright and showy, swearing by the eternal that Coffin was a fool and study and grind a thing of the past. When he became a Second Luff he became bolder and his ambition got the better of him. He started an organization known as the "Union of the Races" on the berth deck and only a union seamen with his card of membership could be enlisted on his ship. His writing will become the marvel of ages and "Jim the Penman" will often be accused of using differential equations integral Calc. and other mathematical and diabolical influences to perfect the evenness of his copy plate. Called many times to the bureau of printing and engraving but couldn't leave the sea. I find my old friend Jim at sixty-five, hale and hearty, but with the telling gait of a man who has given his best to the service and with never a regret.

Hastily I turned about until I came to the name of one familiar to us all—Sweet Toulmin Chalker—a child of the Revenue Cutter Service, with a true southern polish and an inkling of deviltry. When the little stork brought this little boy, he brought also a message that he was to receive a berth in the Service. In his early years he was allowed much freedom and fairly sped the good pace. Poor chap he did not realize the exile he was to undergo at Arundel Cove, where much rosinness was expended in dire thoughts about imagined wrongs. This same Chalk. leaves his Alma Mater as a 3d Luff with the title of "The fair and blushing." He tried many times during the beginning of his service to obtain shore duty, but was so attractive and witty, the splendor of his retinue, and the numbers of his female admirers caused the Department to order him to sea for life. Discovered the lost Art, and became art editor of "Tide Rips" only to be worried by all the famous connoisseurs of art of his age, trying to corner his output. We find a rosy, slightly bald, rather stout little man, smoking good cigars and holding down the Chair of Chief of Bureau, U. S. R. C. S.

All the requisites of an earnest, but misplaced life are found in our Beau Brummel of the 20th century. He died at the good old age of sixty-nine, reading a copy of "Chat" on the veranda of his home in Mobile, Alabama.

I hunted out the name Kleineberg and read with interest—A little mountain on the banks of the river Rhine. Made in Germany, of superior quality, with no need for a trademark, other than a name. When quite a chick he took an ocean voyage to Frisco from the fatherland and being over precocious for his years decided that he would be either a railroad engineer or a naval officer. How unfortunate that Georgie of the "Golden West" should enter the School of Instruction R. C. S. Alas and alack, he was quiet and unobtrusive, tall and pale, with a thirst for knowledge. He got it, and became very wise in many ways before getting his commission. He left the "Chase" with a throbbing heart for a berth on the old "Bear." Became famous as a Second Luff for his chart of the Bering Sea, and invented tables of altitude whereby the height of the fog gave the observer his position. When he became Exec. he initiated the wearing of nightcaps and provided siestas in midday. "Oh George," she was heard to say, and our old friend of the past, George Washington Kleineberg, graced the middle aisle of the Cathedral in San Francisco with a rather weighty proposition in the line of feminine avordupois by his side. A credit to his service and the States at large, for George increased the market value of little Henries. Picture a bald old man, stout and gouty, reclining lazily in a comfortable chair, dreaming of his days to come across the Rhine and you can't go wrong. "Done, mostly done."

My search brought me to the name of Howard C. Judson, a Jersey mosquito, but, sorry to relate, reared in the environs of wicked Boston, a suburb called Holyoke. This lad early showed a disposition for the militaire and would have entered the army had not a trip on his grandfather's yacht predicted his weighty future. Jud was really too bright for Tech and found West Point rather slow. However

the cold gray dawn bursts forth and we find our hero overpowered at Arundel Cove trying to learn a dozen professions in as many days.

After getting his commission he earned the name 6% Judson and worked only on this basis. Were it not for appearance sake our old friend would have offered to buy the service but being just a trifle lazy he really didn't care to be troubled with it. An epicure beyond compare he became famous for his twenty-five dollar mess bills. Was called before congress to explain the tactics of the German army, and when he reached the age of fifty could distinctly remember that one pound of powder weighed exactly sixteen ounces. Old age finds our classmate a captain, ready to die and the sooner the better.

A strange transformation, the record of Cadet Judson faded, and lo, and behold, there appeared a name, A. Howard Scally. I was all interest at once for I recognized the name of my old classmate, Scally, who was beloved by all who knew him.

The leaves of the record turned and a panorama of his life began to unfold itself. I saw Howard as a little tot basking in the sunshine of his early life along the shores of sunny Maryland. I followed him through his college days and saw him struggling upward step by step. At the age of twenty I found him a cadet in the U S R C. S., the same good natured, easy-going fellow that he had always been. Here he met the first stumbling blocks in his career and his good nature began to be interspersed with occasional bursts of temper. Oh time and change, but six years of his life had passed before my eyes when he stood before the altar of Hymen putting his neck into the matrimonial halter. His married life ran along smoothly and at the age of sixty-five I see him once more at his home in dear old Maryland, sitting in the shade of a large tree with his only son. He is enjoying a fragrant Havana, and as the smoke curls upward it seems to form itself into letters which spell "Happiness."

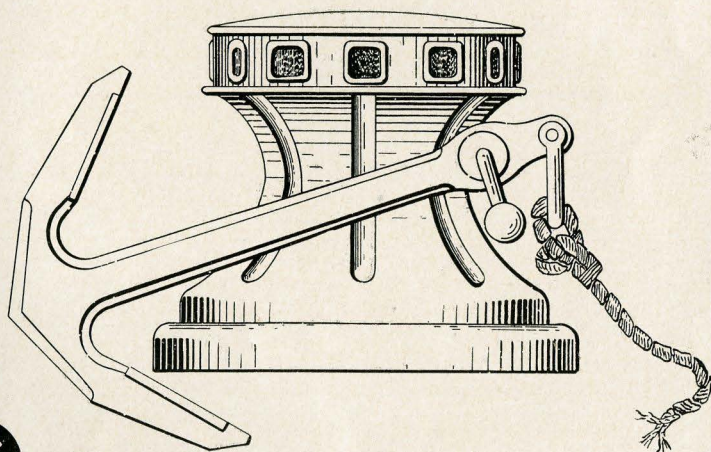
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'07





Second Class History.

Graduation time at Arundel Cove is an important event in the life of a third classman. At the end of the commencement exercises he heaves a sigh of relief. At last, the class he has feared has departed and the time has come when he feels that he is to enjoy a few privileges.

So thought the class of 1907. But in the exuberance of our joy we overlooked the fact that others also had received higher ratings and were impatient to exercise their new authority. We were not left long in the dark. The old lords of the steerage had showered us with demerits by the twos and threes, but the new lords would stoop to no such trivial methods of wielding their power. Anything less than "a forty spot" was beneath their dignity, as we soon found out. Acting on the supposition that ability is measured by "grease" aft, the first classmen proceeded in a manner that made their much talked of Mr. Bluffed-Out dwindle into insignificance. Fate and the department, which would not send the third class aboard, seemed to conspire to rob us of the joys of the second cruise, which, deprived of the hardships of the first year and the responsibilities of the last, is usually the pleasantest feature of all cadet life. We had fondly hoped that some of the drudgery of our first cruise was a thing of the past, but it was second classman, man the bars; second classman, take the wheel; second classman, relieve the lookout; second classman, start the fog horn; second classman, to the lead; and two second classmen lay aft to the sounding machine, from the time we weighed anchor until the anchor was dropped again. In vain we lost overboard leads and tubes of the sounding machine; the resources of the ship seemed inexhaustible. After we had worn out all the fog horns aboard, we were given a bugle.

Thus the cruise dragged along until the glorious Fourth dawned.

We were bound from Provincetown, Mass., to Squirrel Island Me., and were lying in a dead calm. Everything was made ship-shape in the morning and everybody settled down to enjoy the holiday quietly. The second classmen with their magazines had just taken possession of the shady places on the forecastle deck when the order rang out, "Second classmen lay below and get their sextants to take a sight." "Take an at! *What was an at?*" We spent the rest of the Fourth finding out.

During the cruise on the U. S. S. Woodbury in Sheepscot Bay, the class divided itself according to the inclinations of its members between the bridge and the fireroom; the cadets having smoking propensities repairing to the latter, which was inaccessible to the officers of the "Chase." The cadets on the bridge did very well, making only a few mistakes, such as laying a course over shoals on which the water was less by two feet than the draft of the vessel and letting a buoy get two points abaft the beam before ascertaining with the pelorus that it was abeam.

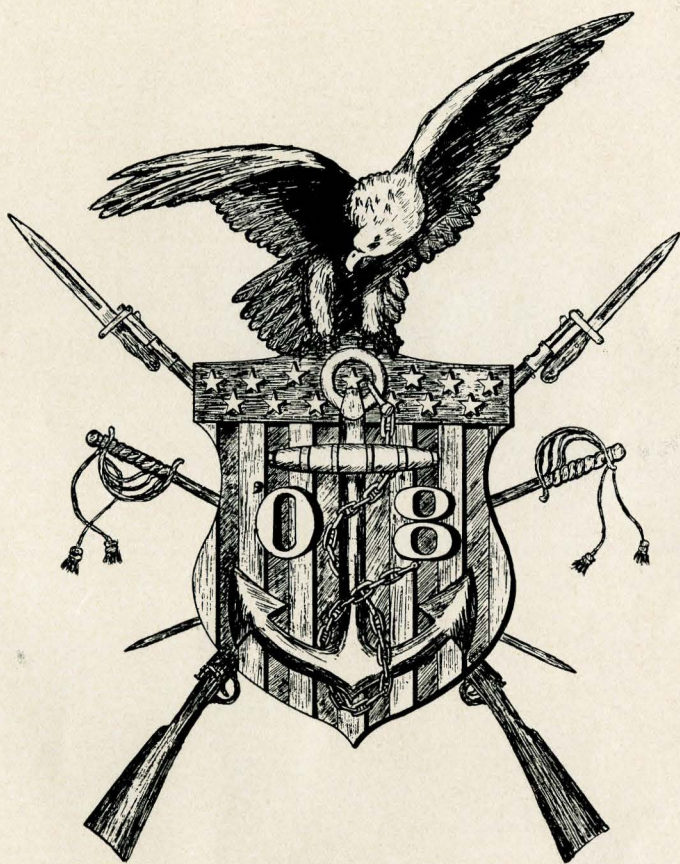
At Rockland, the third class reported aboard and then for the first time we felt our "rating." The word passed was "Liberty for the two upper classes; third class stand by to man the boats." At last we were to derive some of the advantages due to our length of service. No more did we man the bars, nor wind in the deep sea sounding lead. In getting under way a second classman sat on each yard and calmly watched others "heave around." Never again did a second classman exert himself when the "Chase" was got underway until the "Guthrie" came alongside and the anchor was hove up for the last time.

The study term has been mostly work. We have learned much during the last few months, some of the facts being startling, to say the least. In artillery drill every possible permutation and combination has been employed to keep us from getting the same place twice. We have worked many practical problems in navigation. We have worked star sights when either the star was hours below

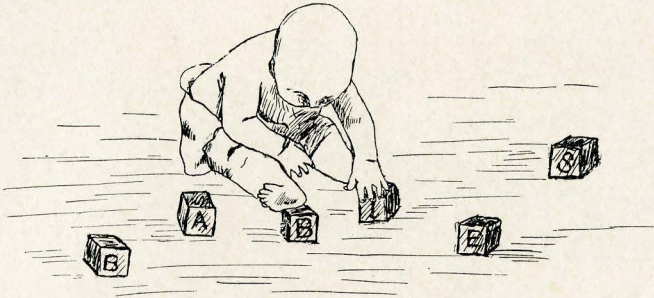
the horizon, or the sun was near the zenith. To make the conditions of one problem consistent the instructor told us that the deviation of the compass on that heading was probably as great as 180° . We also learned that we could send the royal yard or the main topsail aloft on a man's back, but the reason we don't do it is because it is not the method approved by seamen.

The close of the second year finds our number again diminished, V D Cousins having resigned at Provincetown, Mass , June 28

In conclusion we must ask you, kind reader, not to be harsh in your judgement of us. We are not, as this account may seem to make us out, kickers and shirkers. As our work progresses with almost no interruption, the lighter side of our life must necessarily receive undue prominence in the history. Our time, however, is being profitably spent in drill and study

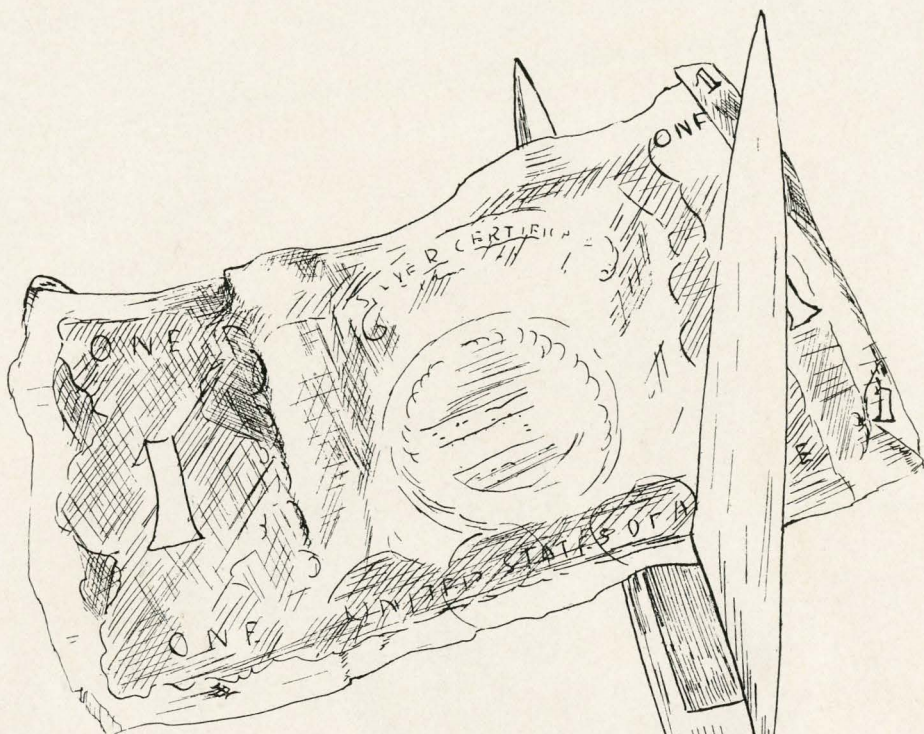






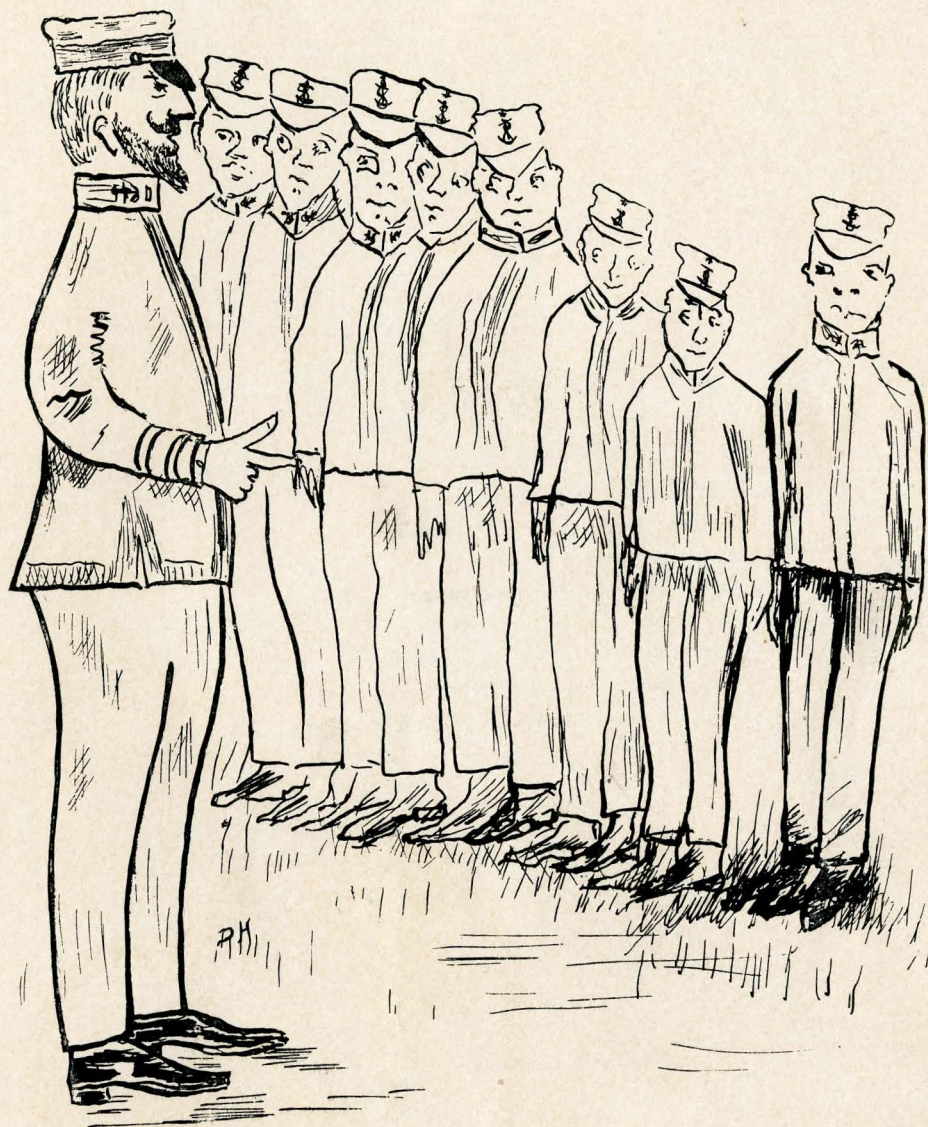
History of Third Class.

We are the babies of the third class, if we stay here long enough we will become first classmen and have a history



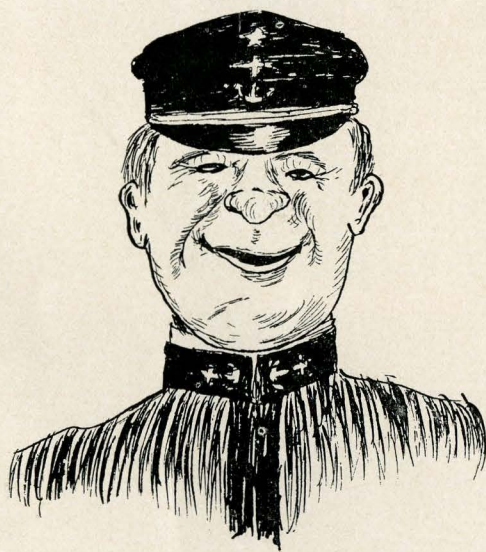
Proposed Single-screw Steel
Revenue Cutter, for "Thimble
Shoals."







Before the Cruise



After the Cruise.



Died.

JOHN —At Arundel Cove, Maryland, Friday, March 13th, 1906, JOHN CAT

The saddest event of the second term was the loss of JOHN CAT

Those who take a superficial view of things and form hasty conclusions would no doubt have regarded John as the Ship's cat. But John certainly did not view the matter in that light. The point was never raised. Had it been necessary to decide which was possessor and which the possessed there is hardly a question that John would have held strongly to the view that it was the Cat's ship.

He defied classification, and as no one was able to prove that he was officer, cadet, or seaman, his name was never upon the ship's articles. Whence and why he came to the United States Practice Ship CHASE no one ever knew. He appeared to be one with a past, —and probably, a terrible past—but not the slightest inkling of information regarding it did he ever divulge.

Some said that he was old beyond the recollection of man, that he had known too well the ways of pirate ships and could even tell the whereabouts of Captain Kidd's treasures if he would. Others went so far as to say that he was the companion of Robinson Crusoe when that worthy was undergoing his enforced exile on the lonely island. But this was all conjecture—or forecastle gossip—because no one but John knew.

He was long and lanky, with a broad low brow, and dull yellow eyes. He was black as midnight all over save on the front of his chest where there was a splash of white having vaguely the outlines of a skull and cross bones. His nose receded between his heavy jowls, his ears were cropped short, and his tail was a mere stub. He verily seemed without beginning and without end.

His air was that of one with whom the world had not dealt kindly, and apparently he had entered into a state of melancholy indifference

to all his surroundings. Yet deep down in his nature there seemed to rankle some intense hatred, and from time to time, without any immediate reason, he would stride up and down the deck giving vent to howls full of rage such as man could never express.

On only one occasion was he known to show the slightest sign of excitement and that was one day when leaving the ward-room rather hurriedly he lighted with all four of his big black feet in the middle of a large sheet of "tangle-foot" fly paper. On another occasion he looked on with the utmost indifference and made not the slightest effort to help, while one of his sons who had fallen overboard was rescued just in time to be saved from a watery grave.

But in spite of John's unattractive disposition he had many friends among us. His permanency may have had something to do with it—officers and men came and went—cadets came, and went, in some instances, as officers—but John and the ship staid on and on. Furthermore he was companionable. In forecastle or steerage or wardroom, he made himself perfectly at home. His visits were sometimes at the most unusual hours, and he was as likely to enter through an open air-port as through the hatch. However, when once he entered a compartment, the occupant, without sight or sound of him, would know of his presence, and quickly. John had a distinct individuality.

In the spring of 1904 John took to be his wife one, Minnie; but Minnie was of a light and frivolous disposition, incapable of responding to the deep emotions which John felt, and his married life was not happy.

When the ship made port John was usually one of the first to go ashore and among the last to return before the hour of sailing. Upon his return from these shore trips he would look gaunt, regretful, scratched and battered, but a few days at sea would always set him right again.

Finally, one cold gray morning in March, he dragged himself back from a trip ashore, and 'twas evident that John had made his last

cruise. A squad of cadets lined up with rifles steady, a volley rang out, the smoke cleared away, and John was gone. Where—no one knows.

And now, on future cruises, when the night shall be stormy and the ship far out from land, above the dashing of the waves there will ring out a wild shriek. Some will say 'tis the howl of the wind through the rigging; but others will look mysterious, and say nothing, because they believe it is the voice of John.





To Her Portrait.

When in thine eyes I gaze and there behold
That tender love-light beaming there for me,
I know thy love my beacon light shall be,
To guide me safe through dangers yet untold,
And light my path, as fiery cloud of old
Lit up the wilderness past Egypt's sea.
Whatever blocks my path gives way for thee;
My fears fall from me, and my heart grows bold
To hasten onward, homeward to my nest,
Like weary bird when darkness swiftly falls;
My love-lit beacon beckons from above
And bids me to the haven of my rest;
No more the midnight's wild alarum calls—
I nestle in the bosom of my Love.

Rules of Thumb.

There was one little teacher,
His name was Weelie Wee,
Who applied his deviation
By the rule of T R. E.

Whene'er you wish magnetic
From compass course to gain,
The rule is "Leave by dotted,
Return again by plain."

If on the other hand you wish
To steer the course allotted,
You simply leave the scale by plain
And return to it by dotted.

When working with the sextant
For sights of Orion,
Remember when you're on you're off,
And when you're off, you're on.

If puzzled whether longitude
Be East or be it West;
Just ask yourself the question
"Is your Greenwich time the best?"

If lessons prove too difficult,
And you become quite vexed;
The explanation you receive
Is, "My! My! learn the text."

In using the pelorus
For a bearing dead ahead
"Lay down on deck and take the sight,"
Our Navigator said.

And now a word of warning
And to close I will proceed
"Remember that correctness
Should be sacrificed for speed."



*Wouldn't
you
like
to
see*

Gus's Annie
Wheeler dancing
Shanley in love
Drake married
Ahern bald-headed
Scott wake up once
Bennett say something
Reynolds smoking a pipe
McGourty make less noise
Jones' "Little Black Topsy"
Benham say something witty
Fulton with a monkey-wrench
Waesche with his hair combed
Kleineberg in a prohibition town
Combes get a good calling down
Chapman cuddled up in mother's arms
Doc. Lumsden reefing a topsail in a gale
Jack keep quiet for just two minutes
Hamlet with the smile that won't come off
Seiter maneuvering ship under Uncle Butty
Judson killing one of his numerous policemen
Hutson do something besides eat, sleep and
study
Cornell willingly put one cent in the collec-
tion plate
Gault tell a story in less than seventy-five
minutes





Fall Hop.

Arundel Cove,

October 28, 1905

COMMITTEE

J L. Ahern, Chairman.

P F Roach,

F N Gault.

PATRONESSES

Mrs. W E. Reynolds,

Mrs. H. G. Hamlet,

Mrs. P H. Scott.

Mid-Year Ball.

Lehman's Hall, Baltimore,

February 9, 1906.

COMMITTEE

First Asst Engineer J B. Turner, Chairman.

J L. Ahern,

R. R. Waesche.

PATRONESSES

Mrs. J W Lee,

Mrs. H. G Hamlet,

Mrs. L. T Cutter,

Mrs. E. Blake.



The Evolution of Johnnie Brown, U. S. R. C. S.

There was a little boy once
Who had time and brains "To Let;"
Methinks he put them both in "Hock"
When he became Cadet.

But, for Cadets, Time is not Cash
And little brain will serve;
So Johnnie Brown, like all the rest,
Just "pulled through" on his "Nerve."

And having pulled, one glorious day
His first commission came;
"See me," quoth he, "a Celebrity!
I'll be handed down to Fame."

The days rolled on,- and then, ere he
His "Youngest foggy" drew,
The mail man brought him off, one day
Commission, number two.

"Behold! 'A Second Luff' I am;
A navigator, Bold!
I get a Foggy, too, next month,
I must be getting old."

This idea brought into his head
His loneliness of life,
So he saved up money for a month
And took himself a wife.

The years crawled by, his head grew bald,
And then his sight grew dim,
And every ailment known to man
Served double time on him;

And he served double time as well
Where he had served before,—
Key West, twelve years, and Texas ten;
But none—at Baltimore.

His life had all been spent “at sea;”
His world was all a boat;
His wildest dream could not conceive
Of duty not afloat.

At length promotion came. John said,
“Though I’ve not long to live
I’ll have my fondest hope at last,—
I’ll be Executive!”

But his fond hopes were blasted now
As they’d never been before;
They took him away from his “dear old ship”
And sent him to duty ashore.

For a time the shore went hard with John,
And every Sunday he
Would take a car down to the beach
And gaze out at the sea;

But before his term was halfway up
He worked with eager vim,
And told his friends that “Office work”
Was “good enough” for him.

In what seemed just one year to John,
Though the records showed it three,
Promotion struck him once again
And brought his Captaincy

He’d served his Country forty years,
And of these two score, three
Years alone had spent ashore
And all the rest at Sea.

John tried a "Pull" to hold his job,
But bumped against the bricks.
"A Junior Captain stay ashore!
That's bosh and Fiddlesticks!"

When John went back to sea and left
This job so much admired,
He was getting very near the age
When he should be retired.
Now Congressmen, some years ago,
Decided it was best
To give all officers, per force,
A period of rest.

For Public men are wont to go,
When Public Business serves,
On Cutters in the summertime
To rest their tired nerves.

They do not like to see around
And trust their lives to save,
A Captain, bowed with years and cares,
With one foot in the grave.

For up to then all Captains lived
Until they reached five score,
And some then took another hold
And lived for ten years more.

Men intimated that they were
Thus long preserved in Rye;—
In fact, they were "so busy" that
They had "no t me" to die.—

So having come to Washington
The Congressmen discuss,
And after long and earnest thought,
Decide the matter thus

“A man who gives us forty years
Gives all he ought to give;
If he’s reached the age of sixty-four
We’ll give him six to live;

“And that no man may point at him,
And say, ‘He’s seen his day!’
We’ll give him while he stays alive
Three-fourths of his old pay ”

The law was passed, and soon John had
A lasting holiday;
He signed his vouchers once a month
And drew three-quarters pay

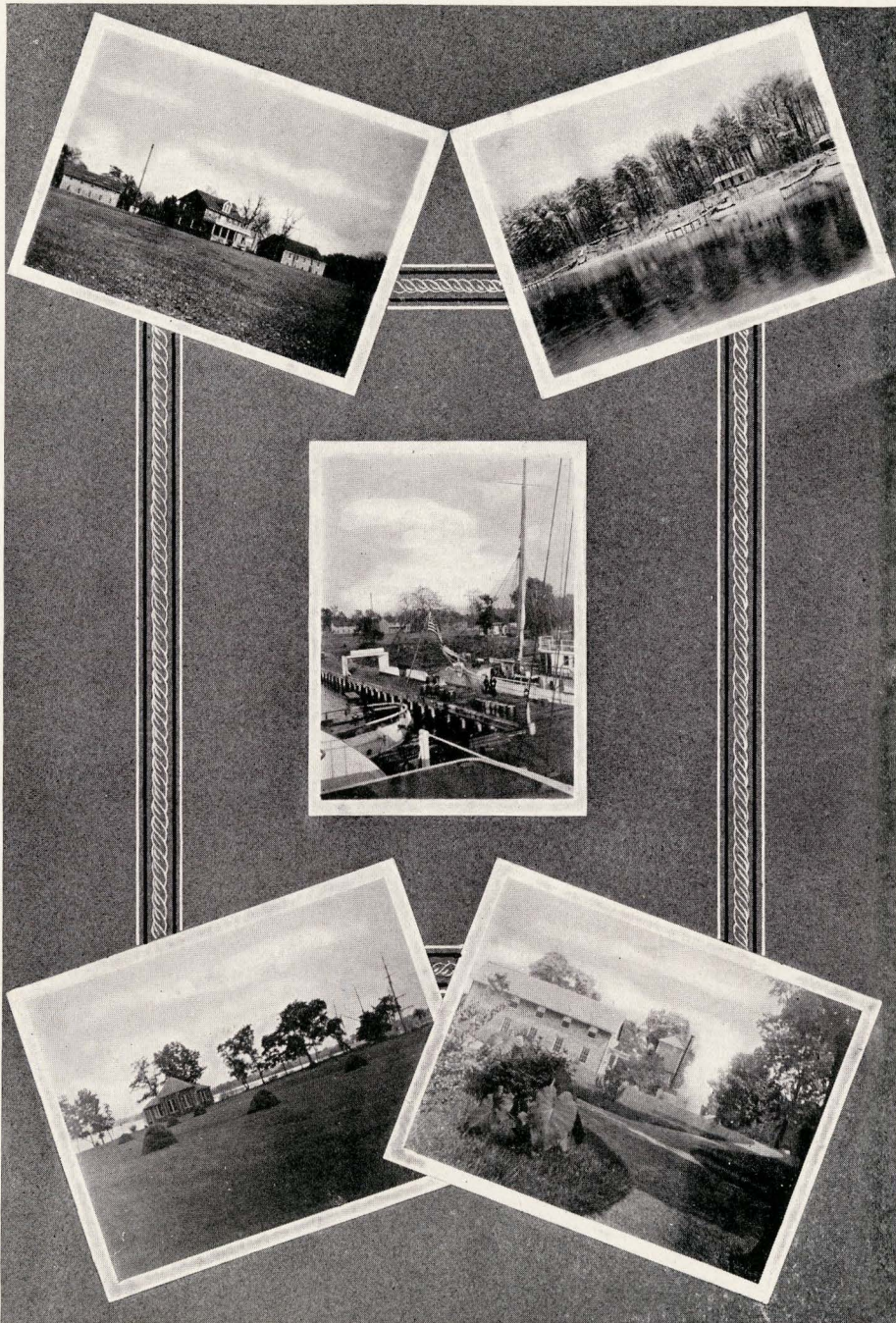
But time hung heavy on his hands
Before a year was through,
So he wrote a letter begging for
Some easy work to do:—

“Dear Chief:” he wrote, “Please order me
To some soft, easy billet
On shore, for special fitness’ makes
Me just the man to fill it.”

The Chief wrote back, “Dear Captain Brown
Your letter’s a disgrace;
You lose sight of the fact your son
Is promoted in your place.

“The upper grades are full, of course;
So this is all you’ll get—
I’ll waive the limit as to age
And appoint you—a Cadet

“In your day two years was the course;
When this three year course you’ve tried,
You’ll adopt the motto of the School,
‘Oh H--l, Be Satisfied!’ ”



Arundel Cove.

The School of Instruction for Cadets of the United States Revenue Cutter Service is situated at the Service Depot, Arundel Cove, about eight miles from Baltimore, Md. The Cove is a branch of Curtis Creek on its eastern shore, and from the standpoint of deep water, safety and shelter in all weathers, is an ideal location for a yard where ships of the Service may be repaired or laid up.

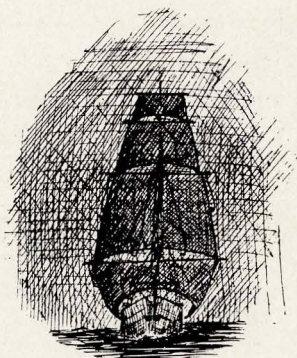
The reservation which contains about sixty acres, divided nearly in halves by the waters of the Cove, has been held by the Service under lease for several years but the title has recently passed by purchase to the government. Within the limits of the property are ample locations for large drill grounds, rifle-ranges and an athletic field, and available sites for wharf and dry dock facilities.

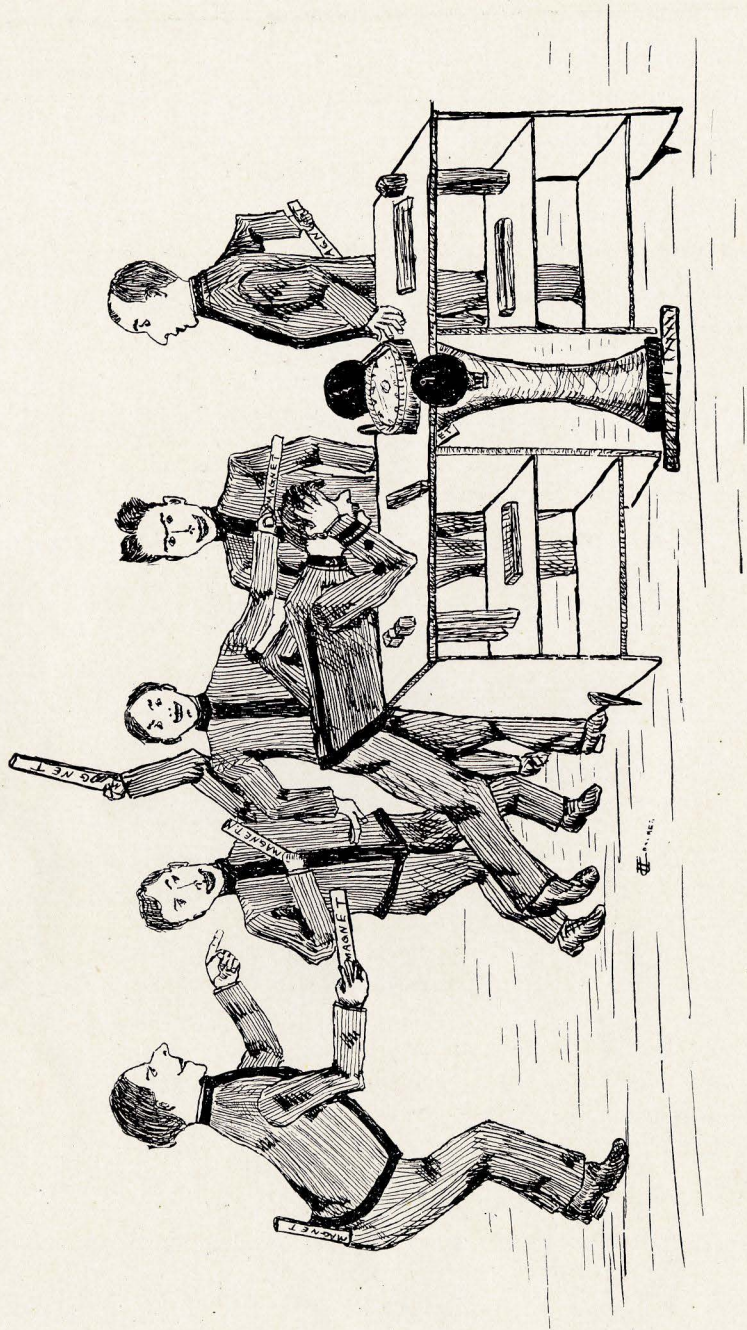
All the property on the south shore of the Cove is as yet unimproved but it is proposed in the near future to devote that entire portion of the reservation to the uses of the School of Instruction.

The grounds are prettily laid out with the Depot Administration building facing the approach in the center of an extensive parade. Flanking it, on the right of the main road looking toward the water, are the grounds and buildings of the school, and on the left the shops, boat houses and ships in ordinary. In the rear of the parade are shade trees, orchards and gardens, and beyond these a portion of the reservation has been allotted to the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey for a boat station, which is maintained here by that service. At the foot of the main road, the practice ship "Chase" is moored to a substantial wharf which has ample berths for three ships. The station ship "Colfax" is moored to the store-house wharf inside the Cove.

An abundant supply of pure fresh water is obtained from driven wells, and acetylene gas generated at the station lights the grounds and buildings.

With its neat walks and lawns, its well-kept base ball grounds, tennis courts and athletic field, its substantial buildings uniformly painted and its busy shops, the Depot presents an attractive and business-like appearance which reflects great credit upon those who have labored to build and maintain it.





Daddy Gander.

Daddy Gander—with many thanks to his wife's efforts, presents the following to those little ones who, though grown up, remain yet young.

Jack be nimble, Jack be slick,
Jump right up to the main truck. Quick!
Clear that pennant, you lazy stick,
And lay aft to the wheel and stand your trick.

"Oh Steward, Oh Steward, where are you from?"
"Just from the rail, sir, and empty I come,"
"Steward, Oh Steward, what did you there?"
"I fed the poor fish sir, till my stomach was bare."

Lookout, Lookout, blow your horn,
It keeps us awake and it sounds forlorn.

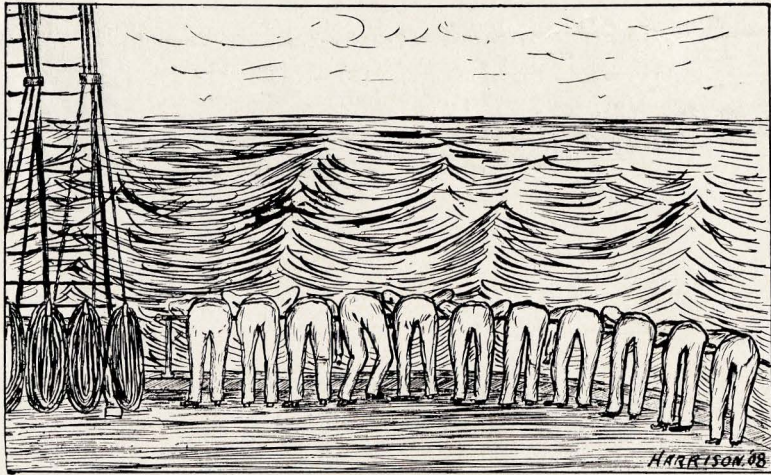
When I was a little boy I lived by myself
Picking pockets every day and getting lots of pelf,
But the cops or policemen soon got on to me
And to keep myself out of jail, I had to go to sea;
But the ship was so small, boys,— the masts so very tall,
I dared not go aloft at all, for fear I'd get a fall,
So I hied me to my hammock, and my stomach felt like wood,
And I vowed that I'd be good, boys, goo, goo, good.

The man in charge of our ship
With innocence sublime
Thought that he could sail a barque
Like a railroad train, on time;
But when he found his schedule out,
With all his ship and men,
He sailed right back to whence he came
Then started out again.

Uneasy Will Wh---ler with a lead for a feeler
Is trying to find where he's at.
He gets feet, forty-four, where there's at least a mile more,-
Now prithee, what think thee of that ?

Will Wh--ler and his five cadets
Are squinting at the sun,
The quartermaster reads the log,
P-pe figures up the run,
S-ott upon the forecastle
Is measuring the moon,-
And when the clock strikes two four times,
Methinks it may be noon.

Swedes and Germans and Scotch
The men go up on watch;
The bell's struck eight-
They're all of them late,
Swedes, Germans and Scotch.

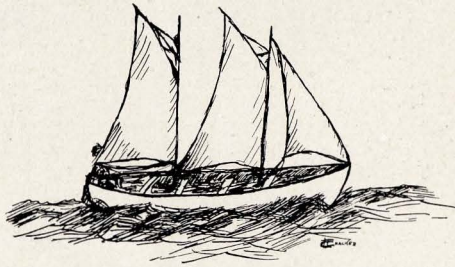


How Sweet This Life Would Be.

If Hamlet would fall in a trance,
How sweet this life would be;
And Willie Wheeler learn to dance,
How sweet this life would be.
If Harry Pope had less to say,
And Scott would wake for just one day,
And Doc not hold so tight his pay,
How sweet this life would be.

If our Fall leave would never end,
How sweet this life would be,
And we had twice the cash to spend,
How sweet this life would be.
If on returning we should hear
That threats from aft we need not fear,
And we could all get drunk on beer,
How sweet this life would be.

If we were sure of sixty-five,
How sweet this life would be;
And did not have to bone and strive,
How sweet this life would be.
If geometry was not so hard,
And calculus from the course was barred,
And in drill Regs. we were never starved,
How sweet this life would be.



An Hour in Class.

- 1st 5 minutes—Finding right classroom.
- 2nd 5 minutes—Hunts for lesson.
- 3rd 5 minutes—Looks up question. (Class sleeps)
- 4th 5 minutes—Asks question. (Silence)
- 5th 5 minutes—Bum Joke.
- 6th 5 minutes—Silence.
- 7th 5 minutes—Laugh at Joke.
- 8th 5 minutes—Repose.
- 9th 5 minutes—Another question.
- 10th 5 minutes—Silence.
- 11th 5 minutes—Class wakes with a start,
- 12th 5 minutes—Slumber. Exit Instructor.



Patents.

On a recent visit to the Patent Office in Washington I stumbled across a room which contained, from a cadet's point of view, the most novel and unique patents I think I have ever seen.

"Would you mind explaining to me the mechanism of some of them?" I asked the guide.

"Not at all," he replied. "Come right along." "This patent is one devised by Cadet Scally to ——."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," I interrupted, my senses keenly alert on hearing this name, "but are all these patents the results of the inventive genius of cadets of the U. S. R. C. S.?"

"Yes," he replied, "this whole room has been set aside to receive their models." "As I was saying, this patent is one devised by Cadet Scally to obtain side pockets in trousers. All that is necessary to accomplish this is to have the tailor put in the pockets when the trousers are made and then stitch them up again. This lets the tailor out and Scally too, if he gets caught."

"Now this next one is on an entirely different line. It is a hair restorer made by Cadet Kleineberg, which consists of 80% of Wilson High, 10% of lemon juice and 10% of water. He claims for it great wonders. After using it three weeks he finds that it is no longer necessary as his hair (singular) is now long and curly."

"And what is this?" I asked, my notice attracted by a curious looking device behind the door.

"Ah! that" he said "is a device invented by Cadet Ahern for straightening kinky hair."

"And is his hair kinky?" I asked.

"What little he has is," he answered. "He has arranged a series of small tacks directly over his bunk to each of which is attached a small

thread with a loop in the end of it. Before retiring he carefully arranges his hair into small locks (the smaller the better), and over each he places a loop. Then he gets a fellow cadet to pull taut all the strings and make them fast. It has been suggested by Cadet Ahern that he take two or three (straight) before retiring, in order to keep the strings tight."

"And this one?" I asked.

"That is Mr. Chalker's milk bottle, a patent I am sure all mothers will appreciate. The beauty of it is the ease with which it can be made. All that is necessary is to steal into the store-room, swipe a can of condensed milk, punch a hole in the top of it and there you are. He also claims that it aids the complexion, giving to it that delicate blending of pink and white.

"Now here we have Cadet Benham's scheme for coining money. Shall I explain it to you?"

"No," I replied, "Mr. Combes was good enough to tell me about it before I left."

"I see that Mr. Judson also is an inventor," I said.

"Yes, he has invented a rubber inspection collar and a pair of rubber inspection cuffs. In order to have them clean for Sunday Muster, just wet your finger and wipe off the dirt and there you are, in pocket six cents and with as clean linen as if it had just come from the laundry."

"And this?" I asked, reading on a small box the label 'Rouge for the face.'

"That," answered the guide, "is the joint patent of Cadets Drake and Cornell for covering blackened eyes."

"Have you ever been aloft?" he asked me suddenly.

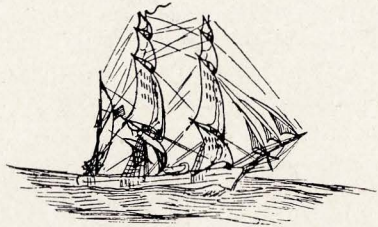
"A good many times," I told him.

"Then this patent over here will interest you," he said. "It was thought of by Cadet Chapman, his purpose being to save time and labor in lowering blocks from aloft. All he has to do is to unhook the

block, let it slide through his fingers, and sing out after it has struck the deck, 'Under below there!' He claims also that marlinspikes, fids, mauls, etc. can be lowered by the same means."

"Now this is a lubricating machine which Cadet Hutson is trying to have installed at the Cove. The beauty of it lies in the cheapness with which it can be run. For instance, he obtains his grease from the officers, his fuel from the _____."

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted, "but I shall have to be going." And so I left him. As I descended the steps I mentally resolved that I would see how many of these patents were really in use on the "Chase," and in case it would interest you, let me say that I found them all.



Meditations From a Tree.

Let's try once more with X and Y
This mazy mystery to unravel;
This curve looks purely parabolic,
To me it's doubly diabolic,
And then, perhaps, 'tis hyperbolic,
I'm floored, with not a chance to cavil,
My wits are twisted all awry.

I'll hang it up and think a bit,
What fearful stuff, this Analyt,
The "Pope" indeed will have a fit,
If I don't have this by the morrow.
Our base-ball team is on the ground,
The welkin rings its soulful sound,
And here I am, chained down and bound,-
Ehu! my soul is filled with sorrow.

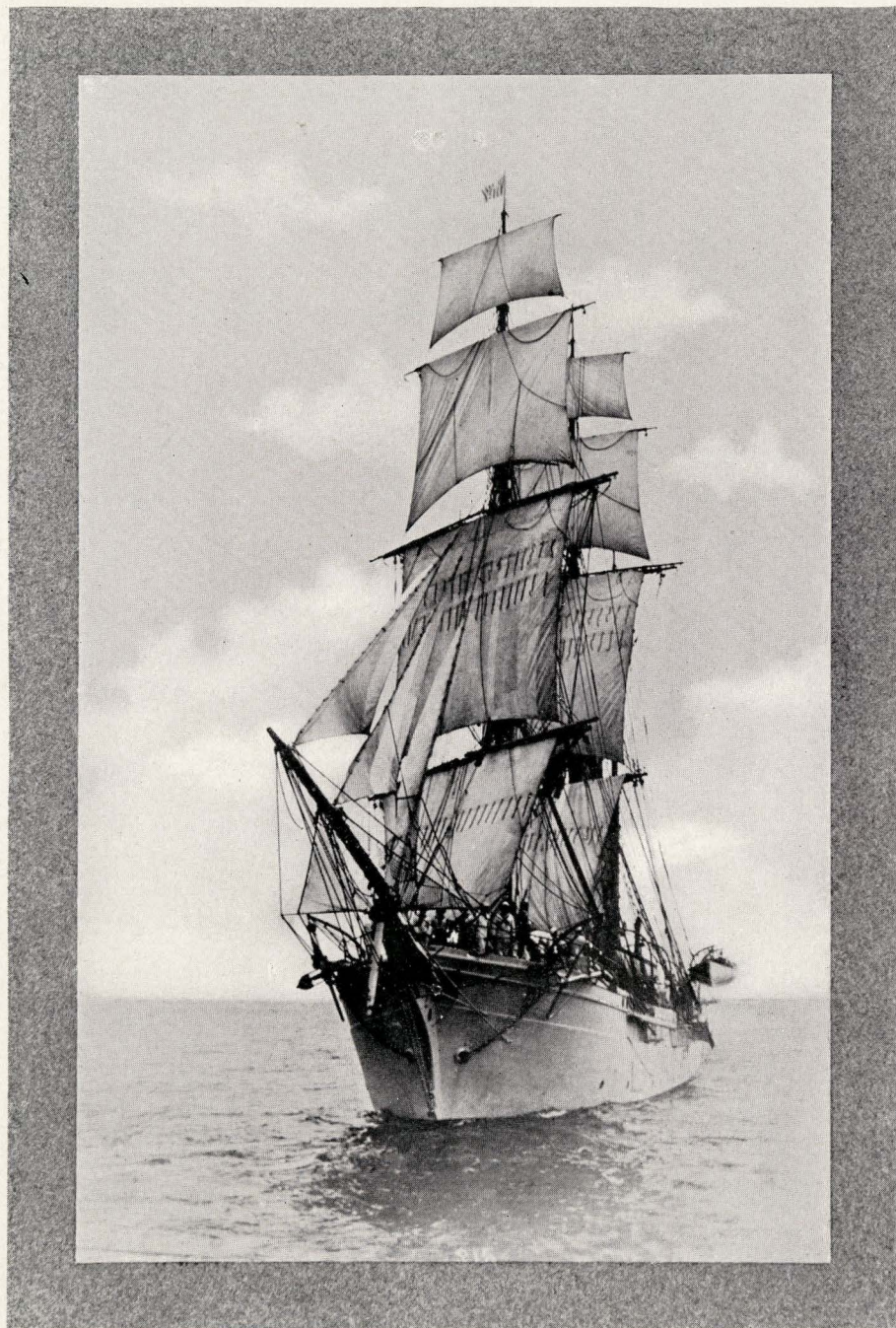
With what result to plod and cram,
I'm sure to flunk it in exam.,
But I for one don't care a D---,
Its luck and not much more;
So done I am with all this bother,
Its touch and go, and not much other,
Away with the spiral and its brother,
It's all by me, I'm sure.





Base Ball Schedule.

Springtime A. C.	March 31
Mt. Washington A. C.	April 7
Baltimore City College	April 14
St. John's Reserves	April 21
Rock Hill College	April 25
St. John's Reserves	May 5
Maryland Agricultural College	May 9
Georgetown Reserves	May 14



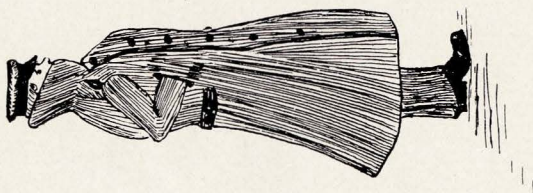
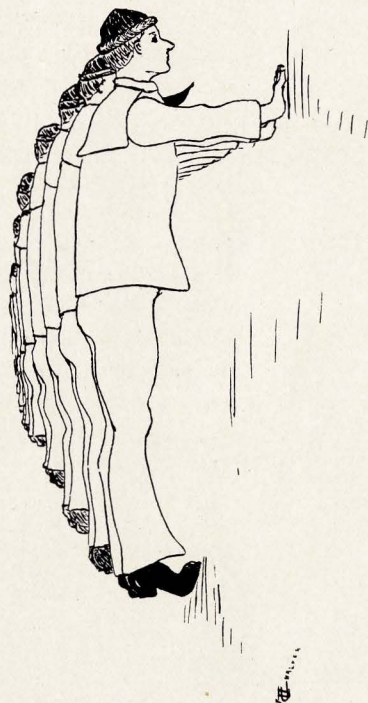
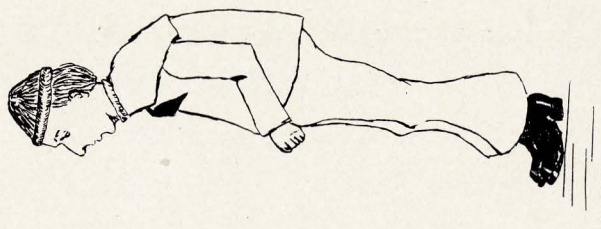
Ode to the "Chase."

What bark is that of which we've read,
On every track she heaves ahead,
And makes to a windward in the race.
She splits the wave with grace and speed,
Well, anyone who runs may read
'Tis that saucy, trim built Cutter "Chase."

She clears the point now running free,
With flowing sheet and following sea,
And yards checked in as she shows the pace.
The rest will have to go about,
The tide at flood, they can't get out,
For few can hold the good old "Chase."

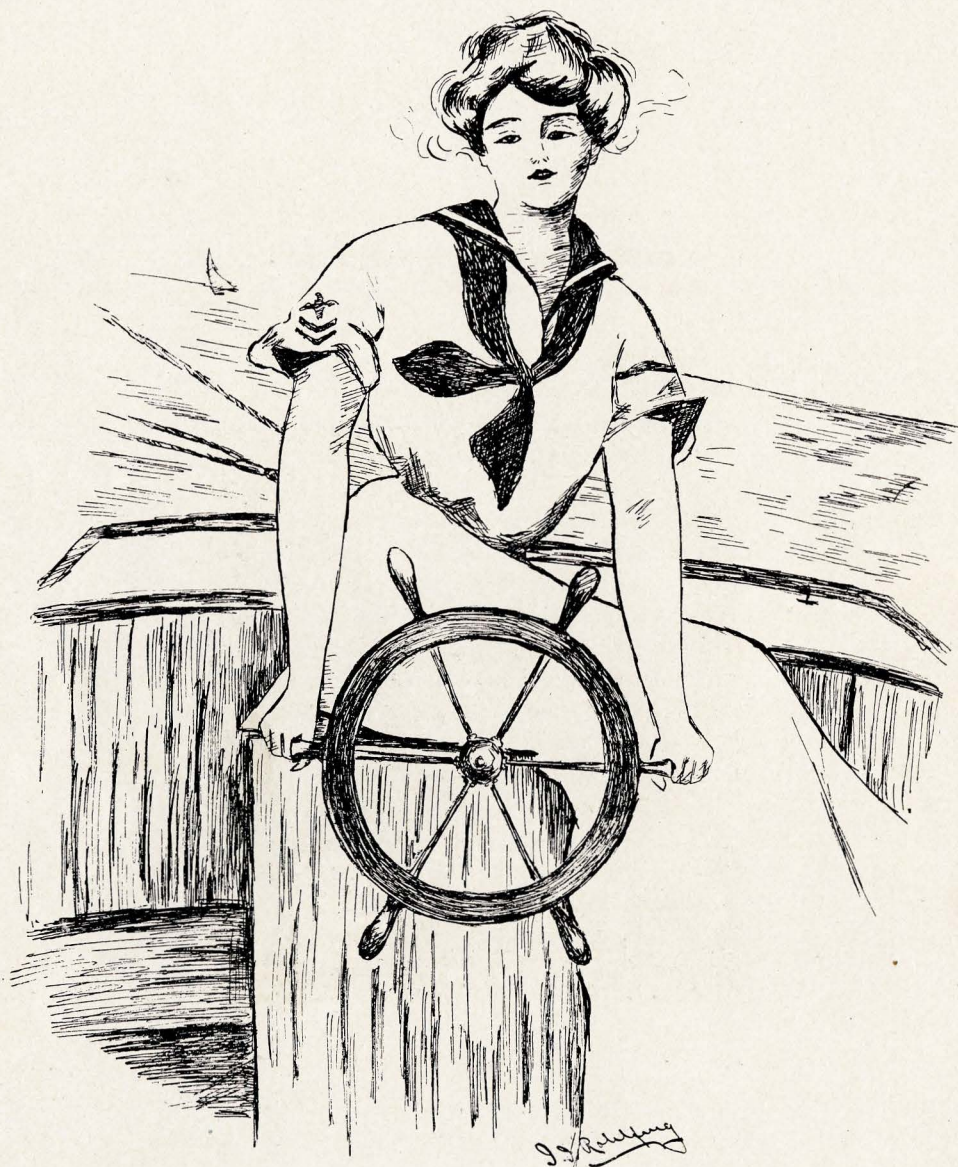
She trains our lads to guard our shores,
To execute the nation's laws,
In war their judgment ne'er to falter;
Incessant toil with head and hand
Is the watchword of that strenuous band,
All honor to our Alma Mater.

LEANING REST



The Engineer Cadets.

Three Engineer-sailors assigned to the CHASE
For a course of instruction in seamanlike grace,
Discarded their uniforms, blue and gold lace,
And donned yachting costumes more fitting their place.
They learned how to signal, one, one, two, one;
They boxed up the compass, took a sight at the sun;
They learned how to load, with a derrick, a gun,
And just before breakfast, took a 100 yard run.
First backward then forward with a bend of the knees,
They learned how to stand when on the high seas;
They slid their toes back about 90 degrees,
And bobbed up and down like big chimpanzees;
They learned how to row, and they learned how to steer,
They learned how to shake for a bottle of beer,
They learned to salute without any fear.
They learned all required for a plebe engineer.
When their three weeks were over, they got a degree
As Masters First Engineer of the Sea,
Their white yachting clothes they pawned for a V,
And took a "departure" in pure ecstasy.



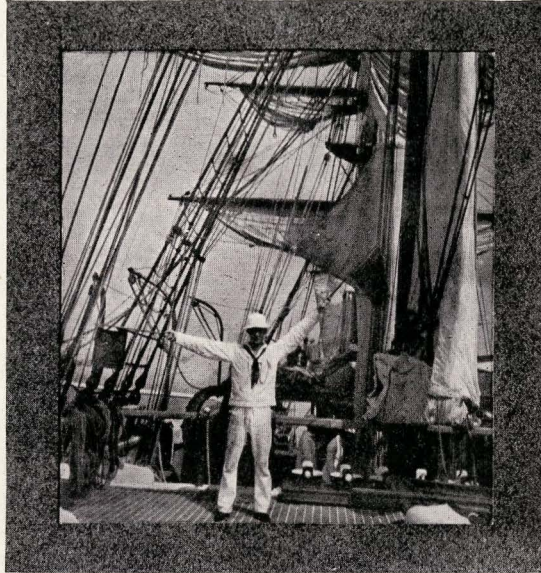
Cruise of 1905.

For several months before the cruise began the cadets looked forward to it as a change from the monotonous life at Arundel Cove. There were various guesses and hopes as to where the next cruise would take us, but, as usual, nothing definite was known about it until a week before we set sail. Then we were informed officially that we would cruise up the Atlantic coast as far as Bar Harbor, Maine.



The "Chase" left her moorings at Arundel Cove on June 1, in tow of the U. S. S. "Guthrie." At Sandy Point all sails were set and once more the old ship began to limber up her joints and to awaken from her winter's nap. The cruise had begun. However the "Chase" seemed slow to regain her old vitality and the fourth day found us not

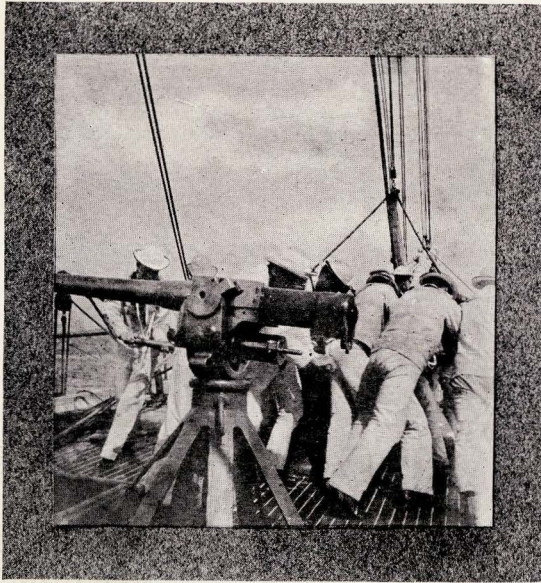
more than thirty miles from Baltimore. At the end of two weeks that were spent in the Chesapeake Bay maneuvering and getting things ship-shape, we put into Ocean View, Virginia, for mail.



Two days later we were on the Atlantic speeding along gaily towards Provincetown, Massachusetts, before a fair wind. All went well till we came to Nantucket Shoals where, as the sailors put it, "there is a fog eleven days out of ten." For three days the fog obscured the heavens so it was necessary to feel our way along the bottom of the sea. Day and night at intervals of from two to twenty minutes we heard our navigator call out, "Two second classmen lay aft to take a sounding." And while second classmen were laboriously reeling in wire, fathom after fathom, the first class was rejoicing and hoping that the sun and stars would remain obscured. At last after three cold dismal days the fog lifted and again the "Chase" sailed merrily on, entering Cape Cod Bay two days before she was scheduled to reach Provincetown. Captain Reynolds, determined to follow his itinerary,

anchored in the middle of the bay until the time set for entering the harbor, June 27. During this time the ship was converted into a fishing vessel and buckets full of eatable fish of various kinds were captured, a real treat after four weeks of "sea grub."

At Provincetown we found Rear-Admiral Evans with the North-Atlantic squadron, making preparation to celebrate the Fourth of July ashore. There would be a gala time for all. And what an appropriate place to give honor to our forefathers. The very spot where the Mayflower first put in on her arrival in the New World. But, alas, disappointment awaited us. On the morning of the third the boatswain piped, "All hands, up anchor," and soon we were on our way toward Squirrel Island. But the wind failed us during the night and morning

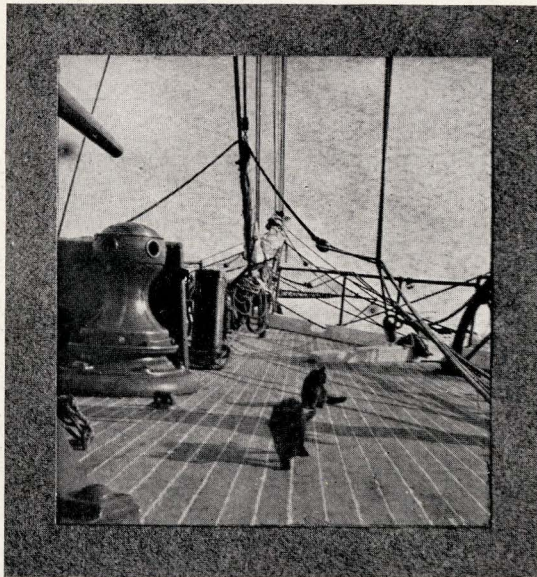


found us drifting aimlessly, enveloped in a light fog. And thus we spent the "glorious Fourth" out of sight of land,—becalmed.

Arriving at Squirrel Island in the early morning of the fifth, our spirits were soon revived by the beauty and freshness of the Maine

coast scenery and by the cordial reception of the people spending the summer at that resort. The week we spent there was an extremely pleasant one. Our baseball team played two games with the Island team, winning one and losing the other. Two evenings were spent ashore dancing,—and exploring the various rambles of the Island.

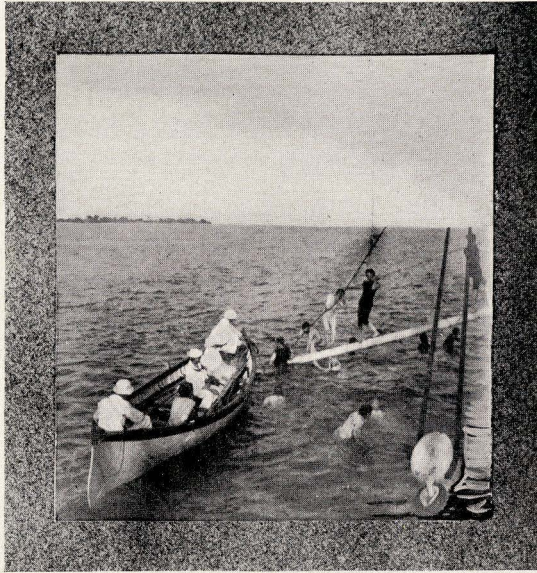
While we were here the Revenue Cutter "Woodbury," Captain West commanding, took the cadets and a party of young ladies on two short cruises, when the cadets were allowed to stand watches in the



engine room and on the bridge. One day we cruised about the neighboring waters and the other day we steamed up the beautiful, winding Kennebec to Bath, where we had an opportunity to go through the Bath Ship Building Yard and see the battleship Georgia then under construction. We left Squirrel Island on the thirteenth with pleasant memories and heartfelt regret that our stay could not be longer.

But our schedule called for our presence at Rockland on the thirteenth. Here we were joined by six third classmen, a great relief

to the second classmen who had been doing third classmen's duties up to this time. From Rockland we cruised for a week in Penobscot Bay, putting the ship through all the evolutions known to man since the days of Noah. During this week we dropped anchor off Belfast where we had target practice, and also off Northport where we spent a pleasant afternoon ashore. On the twenty-second we went back to Rockland for four more new cadets, and then left for Bar Harbor.



During their first week of smooth, fair-weather cruising in Penobscot Bay, the Babes had already decided that a sailor's life was their calling and that they were real salts. But, alas, how deceiving first appearances sometimes prove. Everyone who goes to sea, before he may become a member of Father Neptune's band, must pass a period of probation during which it is necessary to fast, feel lifeless, look limp, be worthless, and above all, to get rid of any provisions laid in ashore. So when Neptune sent the first swell of the ocean to see that these conditions were fulfilled, the bold sailormen of a week readily responded

and made their deposits over masts, sails, yards, and decks,—anywhere in fact, not yet knowing (or caring) that at sea all refuse must be thrown over the lee-rail. For them sea life had lost all its charms and after a fast of two days they were all glad when we anchored at Bar Harbor. Here we spent a pleasant afternoon driving over the neighboring hills and strolling along the path by the seaside, the scene of so many romances. We do not wonder that this place has become world famous for its beautiful scenery, shady lanes and fresh sea breezes.

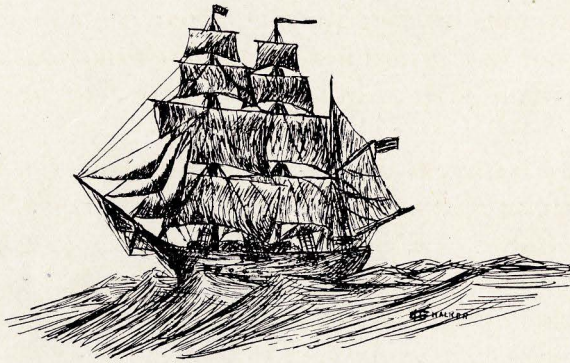
On July 27th, when we left Bar Harbor, homeward bound, half our summer cruise was over.

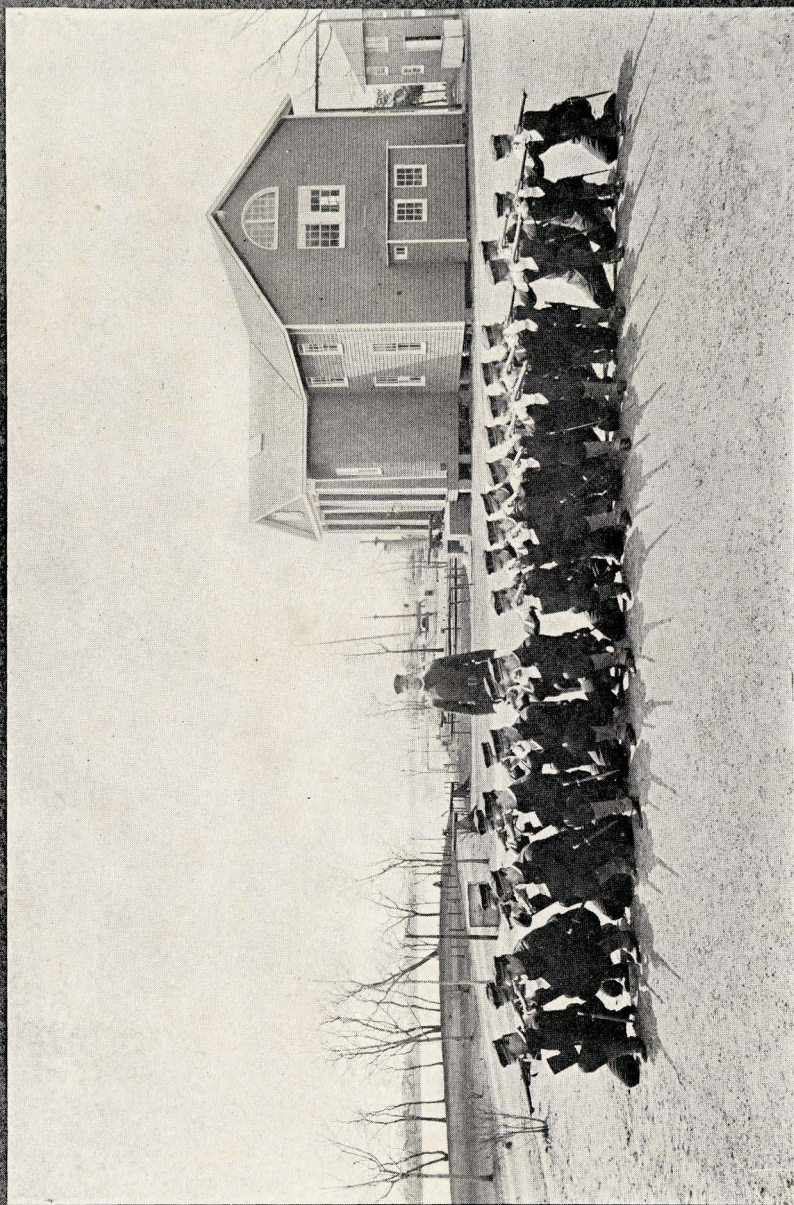
On the way back, we put into Provincetown where we again read on the monument in front of the court-house the agreement drawn up aboard the "Mayflower" by "the loyal subjects of King James the Second." On the evening of August 1st, a dance was given by the cadets at the Hotel New Central where we said goodbye to our Provincetown friends, as we were to sail the next morning. Taking the short course over Nantucket Shoals we arrived at New Bedford after a run of four days, anchoring off Fort Rodman where we lay until the tenth. Then we beat our way against head winds down the coast and dropped anchor off Newport News at two o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth.

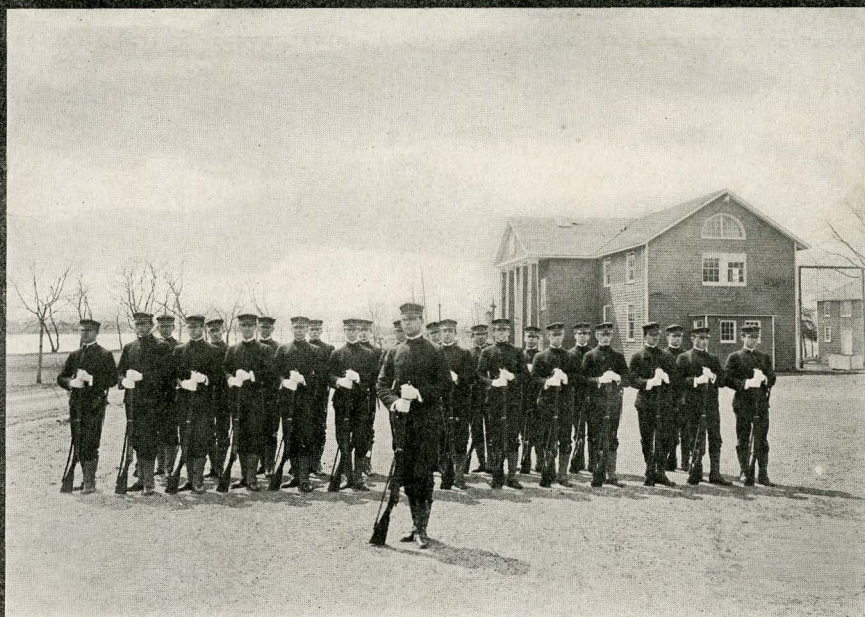
We spent four weeks more cruising in Chesapeake Bay and the York and Potomac rivers. Yorktown, where we stayed four days, we found rich in historic interest. After reading the inscription on the Yorktown monument we were shown over the old battlefield. We ate dinner in the same old, one story brick tavern in which the governors and nobility of Virginia used to banquet when Yorktown was metropolis of that colony. In the Potomac, soon after passing the monument that marks the birthplace of Washington, we anchored off Colonial Beach. Besides the pleasant afternoon that we spent at this summer resort, most of us remember this place chiefly because of the long hard rows that was necessitated by our having anchored on the farther side of the channel. We also put in at Solomons Island

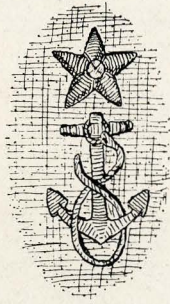
where we had target practice, and painted ship preparatory to going back to Arundel Cove. During these last weeks the cruise began to lose its interest and we were all glad to be again alongside the dock at Arundel Cove on September 13th.

In many ways the cruise was an instructive one. In inland waters there is large opportunity for piloting, while we were outside long enough for plenty of practice in Navigation, as any first classman will testify. One thing we missed. At no time during the entire cruise was the weather so rough that it was deemed necessary to reef a topsail.









McGreen's Folly

All cap-a-pie, Cadet McGreen
Sets forth with lusty stride—
With stately air and martial mien
He seeks fair Lucy's side.

He swore he'd love her until Death
O'er him should hold a sway;
Yea, vowed he'd love, with bated breath,
Forever and a day.

"Then give to me," fair Lucy cries,
"A pledge to hold: mayhap,
'Twere well to pledge that gold device
That decorates thy cap.

"For sailors and cadets, I ween,
To fickleness are prone;
And I would hold you true, McGreen,
When o'er the seas you're gone."

So rashly that enamored youth
Did head-gear rudely tear;
The cap device, to prove his truth
Soon decked the lady fair.

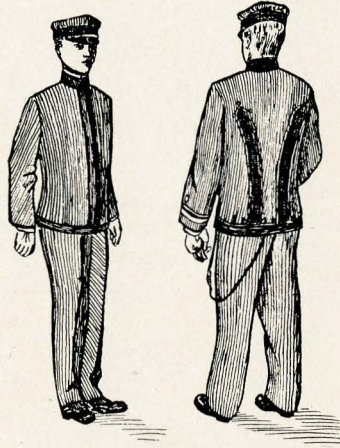
"Now dash my lamps," the first luff shouts,
 Your cap device is missed!
 Down with such scurvy shiftless louts!
 I'll spot you on the list!

"I might forgive for boozing rum-
 Cards, races, throwing dice-
 But, here to dress-parade you come
 Without a cap device.

"To be in boiling oil immersed
 Would barely suit such crime;
 But I with tender heart am cursed-
 Forgiving, and sublime.

"And punishment I ne'er make hard-
 I fear me all too light-
 For forty days the dock you'll guard-
 With musket, day and night."

Such leniency! Cadet McGreen
 Can scarce express his thanks:
 And soon the guilty wretch is seen
 A-striding 'cross the planks.



Next day, however, as he plies
 Upon his weary way,
 His rival, up the dock he spies,
 With Lucy, "making hay."

For she like others of her sex,
 Altho' her heart be warm,
 For name or feature little reck-
 But dotes on uniform.

McGreen or Smith, or Brown or Wright,
 She neither doth prefer;
 Cadets in uniform bedight
 All look alike to her.

MORAL.

Ye Cadets all, both dull and bright,
Your morals must be fine:
You must not grumble, swear or fight,
Nor tarry at the wine;
'Tis well to learn to tack and wear,
To reef, to splice, to knot;
Remember all with greatest care—
There's naught should be forgot:
BUT this great lesson each must face,
Or else the point he'll miss;
Ye SPOTLESS uniform must grace,
Or grace the SPOTTED LIST.



The Trip to Washington.

A day long to be remembered by us all was the 21st of February the occasion of a visit to Washington, in which the entire body of cadets, in charge of Lieut. Wheeler, participated.

Upon reaching the capital we proceeded to the Treasury Department and were presented to Captain Worth G. Ross, the chief of the Service, who, with Captain Reynolds, accompanied us to the office of Secretary Shaw to whom we had the honor of paying our respects. The Secretary's reception of us was most kindly and cordial. We also called upon the Assistant Secretaries, one of whom, Mr. Taylor, was already known to those of us that heard his eloquent and instructive address at the commencement exercises in 1905.

A trip through the cash vaults of the Treasury assured us that there was money enough there to make us all happy, but before we could perfect a scheme to get away with any of it, we were shown through the Secret Service Bureau, and what we learned there had a deterring influence on our predatory plans.

We were entertained at lunch at the New Willard by the officers of the Service stationed in Washington, and did full justice to the fine spread prepared for us.

After lunch the cadets scattered to visit various places of interest in the city, meeting later in the afternoon to call on Mrs. Shaw at the Arlington. This lady had done much to make our stay at Squirrel Island pleasant during last summer's cruise and we welcomed the opportunity to meet her again.

A happy climax to the day's entertainment was the reception tendered the cadets by Assistant Secretary and Mrs. Taylor, at their beautiful home on Massachusetts Avenue. The pretty girls, the music the delicious repast, and, above all, the kindly hospitality of our gracious hostess, made the occasion a most delightful one to us all. Only too soon came the hour for us to say good bye and return to the "Chase" where we arrived late in the evening of a thoroughly enjoyable day.

Underclassman's Soliloquy.

To stay or not to stay,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler to remain and evade
The regulations of this school,
Or to take our chances against a sea of troubles,
And by leaving end them? To stay,—to bluff,—
No more; and by a bluff to say we end
The headaches and the thousand pangs
That Cadets are heir to,—'tis a consumation
Devoutly to be wished. To stay,—to bluff,—
To bluff! perchance to flunk! ay, there's the rub;
For in that flunk, what penalties may come;
Must give us pause; there's the time
When misery makes the course of life seem long;
The Captain's squelch, the Exec's wrath,
Poppy's Calc, and Wheeler's Nav.,
Which knows no rest, even on a holiday,
And, worse of all, the First Classman's cool authority.
Who would a "grease" aft seek, to dig and grind away
Three weary years, but that the thought of a commission,
That event toward which we underclassmen look with great
anticipation,
Spurs on the will, and makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus the future doth make grinders of us all;
And Hamlet and Reynolds sink into oblivion,
As we gaze forward to future honors;
Calc. and Nav. become as shadows
When attacked by this bright vision.—
But—"Attention," an Officer approaches.





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This bill is long overdue. Please Remit.

As Others See Us.

Overheard on the main-deck at meal-hour.

(Steerage steward to new steerage boy) "Look er here, Boy! Don't you be loafin' round dis deck here lettin' dat grub git cole. Take dat roas' beef on down and put it on de table hot, an' come right back an' git dese mash-pertaters quick. Always rush de grub down dar, an' plenty uv it. De onliest pleasure dem Genelmens down dar is got is eatin.'"

Surgeon (at demonstration of resuscitation of the apparently dead from drowning, having worked for an hour over the five members of the class in succession): "It's no use, gentlemen, can't get a spark of animation ——."

Our Navigator Takes a Bearing.

There was a young man off Nantucket,
Who to see stood up on a bucket.
When the bucket caved in
What he said was a sin;
And a dent's in the deck where he struck it.

There was a young lady in Maine
Who beat all the maidens in Spain.
She lived on a yacht
That was there on the spot,
And she drove all the chappies insane.

Young Heine went out for to shoot
With a gun and a high rubber boot,
But that which was shot,
Was he, was it not ?
And by a young maiden to boot!

When I'm Officer of the Day.

Howard C. J--s-n, a deep-chested bloke
Came down to this city from old Holyoke;
His chief occupation is killing of cops,
Though Polacks and Micks on occasion he drops.

The corps of instructors is bluffed to a stand
By the sound of his voice and the weight of his hand;
And o'er the Cadets he holds mighty sway,—
“By h--l toe the mark when I'm Off'cer the Day!”

The down-trodden “babies” don't get much to eat
When this ravenous monster presides o'er the meat;
“Look here, you baby! Stop taking two chops:
I'll get only six, less this greediness stops!

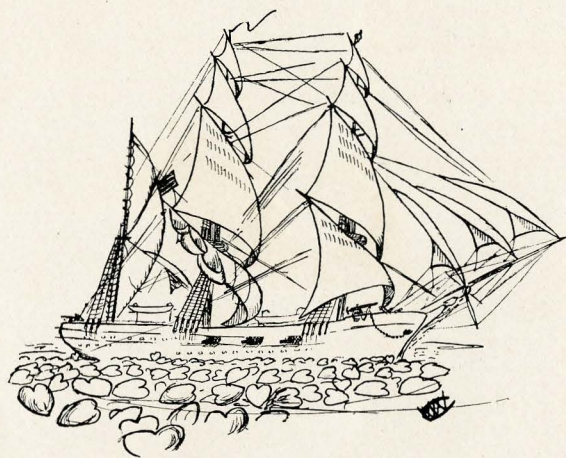
Pass up that platter or there'll be h--l to pay,
You don't get two chops when I'm Off'cer the Day.
As head of this table I'll eat six or eight
And you fresh third classmen may lick up the plate.”



There was a young chappie named Jaude
Who said he was "awfully boahed."
For females he hated,
Both single and mated,
But in the dark corners—Good Lawd!

A Baltimore laddie one day
A maiden met far, far away.
Her name it was Mamie
'Twas really a shamie,
How Scally she left in dismay.

There was a young man who said "There !
Each day I will close with a prayer."
It excited alarm,
And really did harm
And so he gave up in despair.



To Alma Mater.

Oh good ship Chase, Pride of the sea,
In frame, plank, spar and line!
A song we dedicate to thee,
For the days of auld lang syne.

Chorus:

For the days of auld lang syne!
A song we dedicate to thee,
For the days of auld lang syne.

Tho oft we're sundered far apart,
By continent or sea;
We're still united, heart to heart,
In memory of thee.

Chorus:

In memory of thee, etc.

Thou unto us hast faithful been,
Through fortune, foul or fine:
We crown thee, Alma Mater, Queen,
For the days of auld lang syne.

Chorus:

For the days, etc.

Brave Alma Mater, We would be
True loyal sons of thine:
And three times three we gibe to thee
For the days of auld lang syne.

Chorus:

For the days of auld syne!
And three times three we gibe to thee,
For the days of auld lang syne.

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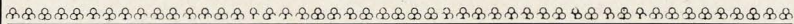
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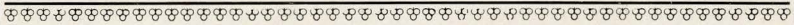
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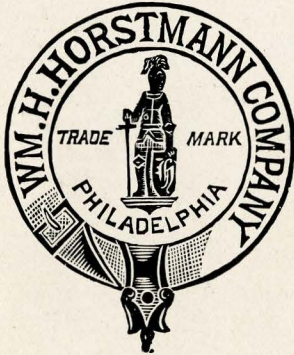
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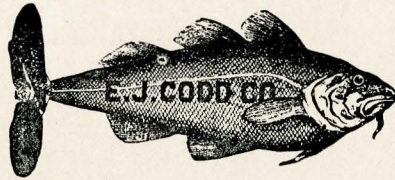
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