CROSSING THE LINE
WITH THE
U.S.S. CALIFORNIA.

1925
Foreword

As science and invention catapult the old world along the highways of progress many of the picturesque old customs and beliefs are trampled harshly under foot. This, though to a lesser degree, is also true of the Navy.

Far too many time honored ceremonies and mannerisms are being abolished by the influence of efficiency and the reflection of big business methods.

For a time, however, we aboard the CALIFORNIA laid aside our electric drive habits and routine and delved back into the pages of Romance—into the days of the frigates and before.

Homage was paid to Neptune in the real old sailing ship fashion.

Transplanted for a few hours we lived the lives and experienced the emotions of an old time seaman.

This little booklet is compiled that the pleasant memory of that occasion may not too quickly fade and die.

† † † † †
Done on the U. S. S. CALIFORNIA, Flagship Battle Fleet.

CAPTAIN R. Del. HASKROUCK, Commanding.
COMMANDER C. S. JOYCE, Executive Officer.

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Acknowledgment is due the Ship's Printers, Ship's Photographer, and the Official Navy Photographers, for their splendid cooperation in the making of this book.
A Sailorman's Heritage

FROM the earliest day when the man animal first was able to construct a craft capable of crossing the equator—just that long has he felt an instinctive fear of the unknown when going from one hemisphere into the other. Leaving the part of the globe which has raised us and our fathers and venturing out across trackless miles of sea to the lands of Romance still brings a thrill to the most sophisticated. From the common place to the dangerous and unknown—from the fields of the midwestern U. S. to the jungles of the south seas, where cobras writhe and head knives whirr from savage hands.

Stories left us by travelers of 400 years ago have accounts of Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese holding strange ceremonies and festivities upon "Crossing the Line". All hands who had never crossed were sentenced to death and were allowed to buy their way out with money, wine, sweetmeats and the like. Even priests were levied with the rest and not infrequently paid with beads which were sold for cash. To the Britisher goes the credit for the first use of the Neptune in an elaborate costume, coming up over the bow from the sea.

Navies and sailormen have changed almost unbelievably but we still, in this busy twentieth century, find time to pass on the age-honored custom of fittingly initiating the landlubber into Neptune's Domain.
"Twas the Night Before Neptunus"

EXCITEMENT stowed away on board before we left Honolulu and became a very active shipmate during the week's run to the equator. As the distance above the line diminished the anxiety of the side cleaners and messengers increased.

When only a few days out radiograms from Neptune and his ambassadors began being intercepted by our radio gadgets. Slides at the movies carried press news regarding the rigors to which other ships ahead of us were being subjected. They also gave blood curdling accounts of the perils and pitfalls thrown out by the Ruler of the Raging Main to keep landlubbers from invading his sacred precincts.

There were those, however, who tried in vain to organize the pollywogs into a federation with the basic idea that because there were more pollywogs than shellbacks they would rebel at any effort to carry out naval traditions.

Then quite a furor was born when the story of comfort and console Jawn. In vain did Furey frantically search the spud locker and the scullery. He was only a landlubber and must be manhandled.

At last the day before we were scheduled to go from north to south latitude dawned. Everyone was in a terror of excitement. Ringleaders of the "Pirates" were found shackled in conspicuous places. A watch was stationed on top of turret two in overcoats and cocked hats with a huge telescope to scan the horizon ahead for the line. Other lesser members of the "Pirate" sympathizers were discovered with their heads and arms in stocks. During the afternoon still others who were known to be friends of the "Pirates" were observed manacled to the life lines on the forecastle receiving the water treatment from a salt water hose.

When supper time came it was plainly seen that Neptunus Rex would be greeted on his arrival with the subservience due one of his renown.

All was well!
Cast of Characters for Neptune Party

Neptune: Freund, W. F.
Royal High Chamberlain: Hunkaby, C. R.
Amphirite: Turley, J. C.
Neptune's Daughter: Davis, H. L.
Pages: Mata, F.
Royal Navigator: Hutterman, A. H.
Royal Bootblacks: Koszic, M.
Lowry, P.
Royal Photographer: Montell, S.
Royal Major Domo: Collins, L. C.
Davy Jones: White, F. S.
Royal Scribe: Van Brist, C.
Royal Trumpeter: Teubner, E. W.
Royal Courier: Berger, H. J.
Ass't Courier: Chapman, W. C.
Ass't Courier: Wolcott, E. O.
Lord High Justice: White, F. S.
Lord High Attorney: Cleland, G. S.
Public Defender: Comners, E. D.

Jury
Walker, B. Bryant, G. 
Foraner, C. J. Atkins, F. A.
Sisler, W. M. Benton, C.
Ernst, P. Ray, R. A.
Wilkford, D. Bennett, R. E.
Brooks, J. J.
Royal Physician: Jones, E. H.
Asst. Physician: Dawkins, A. F.
Royal Barber: Dutcher, W. E.
Asst. Barbers: Allman, J. W.
Glassbrooke, R.
Lindell, C.
Erbe, Otto

Royal Printer: Stefanski, J. J.
Royal Bailiff: Downes, R. T.
Royal Dentist: Schaefer, M.
Asst. Dentist: Zorn, C. P.
Royal Manicurist: Nelson, E. G.
Chief of Police: Gorman, E.

Police
Kirk, W. D. Palermo, J.
Dubois, V. V. Delia, J.
Markiewicz, J. Cummings, H.
London, J. J. Cox, A. C.
Bingham, W. Fansler, P. R.
Wogan, P. Daniels, T. W.
Cable, G. Hodges, K. J.
Saunders, L. Sanford, C. W.
Taylor, C. Kramer, C. W.
Jones, Frank Grainger, R. J.
Murphy, Y. Frock, A. R.
sanmson, J. J. Brady, H.

Zulus
Coates, K. Waldrup, R. D.
Davidson, Leo. Becker, S.
Burks, H. C. Minkle, L. D.
Knautson, C. Daly, W. H.
Schlegil, G. A.

Royal Bears
Chief Bear: Bruner, W. E.
Pratt, C. A. Chepsey, R. D.
Wheeler, D. W. Park, E. A.
Hardy, J. S. Pollard, B. D. W.
Siegert, E. C. Crafton, T. C.
Pamphrey, O. C. Hagen, J. H.
Karl, K. Josepha, J.
Goud, E. L. Whitmore, T. D.
Roberts, F. F. Mumpin, W. H.
Roberts, T. R. Hayser, G.
Williams, F. S. Lindsey, J. A.
Martin, J. H. Harrison, T. H.
Roster of Shellbacks

Atkins, P. J.
Allman, J. W.
Alfaro, J.
Abrams, H. M.
Burton, H. L.
Brooks, J. J.
Brander, W. E.
Bryant, O.
Blaire, J. P.
Bertnick, C. L.
Berger, H. J.
Bealay, A.
Bernard, G. J.
Burkendine, H. C.
Bennett, R. E.
Brady, T.
Bentson, C.
Bonne, P.
Bunch, J. O.
Condy, R.
Carlton, V. L.

Cheyney, R. D.
Crafton, T. C.
Cox, A. C.
Crowl, C. R.
Connors, E. D.
Chapman, W. C.
Castleberry, M.
Collins, L. C.
Cummings, H.
Codd, G.
Cleland, G. S.
Carron, A.
Dobson, V. V.
Daniels, T. W.
Dawkins, A. F.
Dutcher, W. E.
Deck, S. H.
Dalin, J.
Davidson, L.
Donnelly, C.
Dillingham, D. W.

Daly, W. H.
David, J.
Downes, R. T.
Dugall, E. J.
Emmerson, P.
Erbe, C.
Ernest, P.
Flemming, E. D.
Forquer, C. J.
Forte, G. S.
Fossler, F. R.
Fury, F. E.
Fernandez, O. L.
Frick, A. R.
Fremont, W. F.
Graham, R. J.
Gorman, K. A.
Glashow, R.
Gagliano, F.
Gonzales, F.
Gould, E. L.

Lindsay, J. A.
Lawry, D.
Law, W. M.
Lewis, C.
Lindell, C. H.

Linaza, H. W.
Loudon, D. W.
Martin, J. H.
Miller, J.
Maupin, W. H.
Mittel, L. D.
Mull, J. C.
Meehan, J. J.
Mackey, J.
Menefee, Geo. S.
Moore, W. H.
McGowen, H. F.
McDonald, C. F.
McGill, F.
Moss, E. W.
MacKie, J.
Mata, F.
McGuinness, P.
Montell, S.
Murphy, Y.
Matalac, M. M.
Nelson, K. G.

Pumphrey, O. C.
Palmers, J. H.
Postman, H.
Pasquariello, G.
Park, R. A.
Pollard, B. W. D.
Pea, G.
Peppa, P. A.
Quardo, O.
Roberts, F. T.
Rich, G. L.
Rogers, J. J.

Rucker, F.
Roberts, T. T.
Robb, A. E.
Robb, M.
Siegert, E. C.
Sherburn, E. S.
Smith, C. E.
Selby, E. R.
Stefanski, J. J.
Stewart, C. E.
Stuarts, C. W.
Scammon, J. J.

Ganso, A.
Gotec, T. S.
Herron, W. W.
Hayter, G.
Harrison, T.
Hagey, J. H.
Hartman, A. R.
Harrington, C. F.
Hopp, H.
Hardy, J.
Hodges, K. J.
Hough, C. R.
Jones, E. H.
Jones, J.
Kirk, W. D.
Krause, C.
Kuester, M.
Knutson, C. E.
Kurtz, K.
Lawrence, J. A.
Lindell, C. R.

Schechter, M.
Saunders, L.
Schlegier, G. A.
Stier, W. M.
Taylor, H. M.
Teboner, E. W.
Tracy, J.
Trollinger, C. F.
Van Driel, C.
Walker, B. E.
Walker, T.
Walsh, C. P.
Williams, P. L.
Wobhan, E. O.
Wheelock, D. W.
Waldrop, B. D.
White, E. D.
Whitmore, T. D.
Wilford, D. A.
Wogan, P.
Yamada, H.
Zorn, C. P.
Davy Jones Brings the Warning

A SOFT TROPIC NIGHT has fallen without any casualties. The Flagship “CALIFORNIA” is cutting her way silently through the caressing waters of the south Pacific leaving a swirling phosphorescent wake trailing lazily astern.


A rocket traces its brilliant path across the heavens, closely followed by the blinding, searching rays of the searchlights. They have focused on a strange craft. What can be the matter?

The Officers and crew are at the movies on the quarterdeck and are more or less uneasy at this unusual display in the otherwise tranquil evening.

“Ship Ahoy”, comes the roaring hail out of the inky sea ahead.

The bridge is thrown into an uproar of excitement, finally the smoke watch mutters a feeble, “Ship Ahoy”, in reply.

“What Ship is that?” inquires the same gruff, unfamiliar, throaty voice from the night.

“The United States Ship CALIFORNIA, Captain Hasbrouck commanding, flagship of Admiral Robison, Commander-in-Chief of the Battle Fleet,” stammers the Officer of the Deck who is plainly all in a flutter.

“Stop your ship immediately until I come aboard and inspect her!” commands the voice in a tone that forbids disobedience.

“Aye, aye, sir.” is all the bridge is able to muster as an answer.

The great steel dreadnought is brought to a stop and up through the hawsepipe comes a weird party full in the glare of the piercing searchlight. The group is composed of Davy Jones, a royal trumpeter, a royal courier and three Zulu guards. They stomp vigorously and shake off several hogsheads of green sea water and barnacles.

Ensine Ekstrom rushes wildly up and blurts out, “Shay I mow you the way to the bridge, sir?”

“Step aside, cabin boy, I’ve walked on bigger bridges when you were a tadpole,” barks Davy Jones.

Davy throws a couple of special hitches into his trousers both fore and aft and swaggeres in an important manner up to the bridge, closely guarded by his train.

At this point the O.O.D. looks over and calls down thru a megaphone, “Mr. Ekstrom, didn’t I send you down there to find out what’s going on?”
“We’re coming, sir.”

The visitors on finding that the officer of the deck has no authority to put the ship about make their way to the quarterdeck to see higher authority.

The Officers and crew, meanwhile, have nervously awaited some word of explanation of the peculiar activities of the past few minutes.

Brrr - blup - ta-ta-tata! Attention! mess gear and four blasts tumble out of the royal bugler’s trumpet. A pathway like the one the children of Israel found, opens thru the spectators on the quarterdeck. They are rigid with a combination of surprise and fear.

“I received your message, Jones, and am glad to see you aboard,” says the Captain cordially, recognizing in Davy Jones an old friend. The Admiral and Chief-of-Staff also welcome the visitor and renew old acquaintance.

“This is indeed a great pleasure to meet some of Neptune’s loyal subjects again. It has been many years since I have seen you within these realms of the deep. And although our friendship is as strong as ever, I must know by whose authority you are attempting to enter these waters with a cargo of landlubbers?” asked Davy Jones inquisitively.

“We are proceeding to Sydney, Australia, in accordance with orders from the President of the United States of America,” answered the Admiral.

“I know of no royal agreement that Neptune has entered into with these said United States. It is my duty to warn you that in view of your cargo, you should put about and not enter the sacred domain. For as you well know, Neptune looks with great disfavor upon the entry into his waters of any other than trusted shipmates. All others will suffer many pains and tortures should they dare to violate his edict,” warned Davy Jones solemnly.

“We enter the domain of his exalted Highness with trepidation but orders are orders and we can only hope for some strain of mercy,” explained the Admiral.

“For friendship’s sake I’ll implore King Neptune to be lenient with your slimy crew; inflicting the death penalty only when absolutely necessary,” reassured Davy Jones.

“No doubt his Royal Majesty will let you know when to expect him but you will do well to be prepared at all times to suit his royal pleasure. I must get off as there appears to be many lesser ships to be visited this evening. The royal courier will remain and deliver the summons to all landlubbers in your crew,” said Davy Jones.

Goodnights are exchanged and Davy Jones and party leave the ship.

ONLY 13 MORE HOURS
"Yes, I'm a Shellback"

The GREAT DAY which all hands have eagerly anticipated has at last arrived. After a night much like we spent as kids waiting for Santa to arrive we turned out not sure of just what the fate of the pollywogs was to be. This much however, we were certain of—it would all be over by one o'clock and we would all then be trusted subjects to the Sea's Ruler, Neptunus Rex.

July sixth dawned, one of those calm, peaceful kind so common at the equator when the sea looks like a giant mirror without a cloud overhead to mar its soft blue.

Without any warning the CALIFORNIA suddenly stopped for two minutes during which time Neptunus Rex, his court and followers clambered on board thru the starbord hawse pipe. Few there were of the pollywogs who had the courage to brazenly stare at the regal cortège for fear that like Lot's wife they would be transformed into a pillar of salt.

The Royal party walked aft and Neptune's imperial trumpeter steps out onto the quarterdeck and sounds attention with a flourish. Everyone is frozen in their tracks at a rigid attention. All divisions are at quarters and the band and marine full guard are paraded on the starbord side of the quarterdeck.

As the Ruler of the Raging Main's foot hits the deck sixteen side boys and two boatswain's mates pipe him aboard. The last note of the boatswain's call has scarcely died out when the band breaks out with customary honors, all doubled. Led by Neptunus Rex the official procession now moves majestically aft while the band plays a few bars of "Hail the King."

Admiral Robison, Chief of Staff Bostwick and Captain Hashrouck now come forward to welcome His Highness aboard. After all have shaken hands and passed remarks about the old days when they were friends, Neptune introduces them to his Royal Family. Queen Amphitrite presents a very striking regal appearance, while her daughter, resplendent with the bloom and beauty of youth is a treat for the love-hungry eyes of the "F" division. Some few of the more daring had the audacity to wink at her as she passed only to sincerely rue it at their trial which came later.

The Admiral now made a speech of welcome

(Continued)
“Yes I’m a Shellback”
imploring Neptune to be as lenient to the landlubbers as possible because he was on a long cruise and hated to be helplessly undermanned.

“In view of our long friendship, Admiral, I shall extend every form of fairness to this repulsive cargo of hayshakers who are entering my domain without having first considered the gravity of the offense,” replied Neptune.

“Only we who have gone thru the ordeal know the terrors that are in store for them. The sea is cruel but just,” said the Chief of Staff.

“Since the beginning of time I have never had a duly and truly initiated subject who was not loyal,” proudly asserts Neptune.

“I, for one, am very pleased to have the opportunity to renew the friendship which we started 33 years ago,” speaks Captain Hasbrouck. “It also gratifies me to be able to give the members of my crew a chance to become real sailors.”

All the while the Royal Navigator has been taking sights. Suddenly he calls the attention of Neptune to the fact that the ship has reached the most dangerous part of the raging main.

The Captain in an effort to prevent Neptune’s hand his original procession reforms and starts on a parade of inspection around the ship via the forecastle to the port side of the quarterdeck where he finds the royal throne, jury box and tank, on the edge of which are three barber chairs.

To stop here, tho, in describing the parade would be an injustice because the whole picture presented by the party is one of pomp and power. Much effort is required in preventing the Zulus from doing bodily injury to some of the pollywogs for whom they seemed to have an instinctive hatred. Unfortunately quite a number of Neptune’s cops during the journey around the ship find many pollywogs who appear not to have the proper respect for his august presence.

Neptune, Rex. This fact is carefully noted by the Royal Scribe in the Doomsday Book which he carries with all the specifications in it.

On the arrival of the Royal Party at the platform, Neptune bids them all take their seats. The Lord High

(CONTINUED)
"Yes I’m a Shellback"

Chief Justice now addresses the vast crowds of pollywogs informing them they are to have a fair trial. The Lord High Chamberlain implores the jury to deliver in all cases a fair but guilty verdict. Following a dirge by the band the scribe calls the roll.

The first to be tried is Conaty, leader of the self-styled “pirates”, a group of pollywogs who because of the fact that they outnumber the shellbacks, do not intend to go thru the ceremony. The sentence imposed by the jury removes all doubt from the minds of the outlookers as to whether they will get off easy or not.

Several prominent characters are now sent thru, among whom is John Furey, who maintains he is a shellback but has no certificate to prove it. Poor old “Jawn,” he might just as well be a landlubber for he is clad in the striped suit of a convict and his sentence is severe.

The officers start now led by Commander Nimitz, Assistant Chief of Staff. Soon enough officers have gone thru and are waiting in the tank to receive Lieutenant Commander Berrien, First Lieutenant. From all appearances he is a great favorite for they await his entrance to the tank with open arms. And so on thru all the officers, giving a double sentence here and there as the occasion warrants. “Spashul Attanshun” is now being paid to the flip young J. O. who took a cop’s hat off and tried it on. From the look on his face he never intends to even put his own hat on again. It has often been said that people are harder on their own than on strangers. This is particularly true in regard to the officers, for as soon as enough officers have survived the ceremony they relieve the regular “bears” in the tank to receive the rest of the officers. From then on they set an example of “ducking as it should be done” which the original bears might well emulate.

Each accused victim is led up on the stand by the guard, and his specification is read to him from the Royal Record Book. Particularly malicious offenders are confined in stocks on the platform for some time before being tried. After the charge is made against a man he is given a chance to plead guilty or not guilty. From observations it doesn’t seem to make any difference which way you plead, you get it all either way. On leaving the judge the victim is conducted to the Royal Doctor who squirts the accused’s mouth full of a vile concoction called “medicine” (There may be something that tastes worse than this “medicine” but the writer just hasn’t found it.) Still coughing and sputtering from this the young hopeful is led to one of the three dumping barber chairs. Here the barber smears the victim’s face and head with a lather made of blige oil, lampblack and eggs of doubtful origin that have once had their chance to go.

(Continued)
"Yes I'm a Shellback"

right but passed it up. Just as the barber begins to shave the victim with a monster razor the chair tips over backwards, shooting the occupant headfirst into the tank of water. The "bears", however, are eagerly awaiting newcomers in the tank and forthwith pounce upon the candidate to duck and maltreat him mercilessly. At the finish of which the accused is towed to one end of the tank and slid down a chute, urged to greater speed by the skillful manipulations of paddles and electrically charged forks. At last it is all over—the erstwhile pollywog is now a shellback and entitled to go back and help welcome others into the tank.

Following the officers the crew is marched around and onto the court platform by divisions. Quantity production begins and the shellback factory starts running at forced draft in order to get thru the 1200 landlubbers-in-waiting. Don't for a minute, tho, think that you can go thru rapidly and miss anything. Far be it from such—the farther down the list they go the more expert those initiating become.

At very near the half way point in the crew's initiation word comes through the din that we are crossing the equator at longitude 165° 39' west at 11:17 a.m. We are now in another hemisphere, but "Confound it, things look just the same. Seems like with all the howl about the equator a person ought to see some difference after crossing it. Don't you think so? Now some good alongside of me just tells me that the line is imaginary. Can you tie that? Well! No wonder I didn't see the darned thing. It's been worrying me, how we were to get over "this" line when we finally did reach it. And to think it's only make believe and not a really, honest-to-Castoria line a-tall."

A crowd of newly made shellbacks now congregate along the gauntlet thru which the pollywog runs his last few feet to "shellbackdom." Some lad slides down the chute under a raking broadside of paddles and is happy to sit on the target, while the paddlers find new targets coming as fast as the old ones reach the bottom. As the victim sits on the deck happy that all is over, someone takes the joy out of life by prodding him with an electrically charged "redocking tool." O-w-w-w!

After the last pollywog has gone thru to come out a full fledged subject of Neptune, Barney and the goat are also sent thru, that they too may become shellbacks.

The afternoon is spent in getting off the sticky lather but everyone is happy and inwardly proud that he is now a SHELLBACK.
$4998  REWARD  $4998

For the arrest or any information leading to the capture of CAREY STORES wanted on board the U. S. S. CALIFORNIA

BEFORE MARRIAGE  AFTER

IN HIS NORMAL STATE OR ALIVE

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<td>Bites his toe nails</td>
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Was last seen on the morning of July 6th, 1925, wearing a heavy non-regulation overcoat and his false teeth chattering miserably altho it was not cold.

It is known that the above scoundrel entered the solemn Domain of Neptune Rex without being duly initiated. What happened to him is still a mystery and the cobbler has a pair of his half soiled socks that he wants him to call for.

NEPTUNE WANTS THIS MAN

No documents are available as to handled anything except his food and then ate the prints.

Shortly before he was last seen he was heard muttering: "Thurber". "Purple". "Horse Radish", if that will help you any.

"The Commander-in-Chief, Battle Fleet regrets this action on the part of CAREY STORES, Seaman Second Class, as such conduct can only bring discredit to all members of the 'International Bootleggers Association of the World', of which he was an active member."

BRING HIM IN YOURSELF OR SEND HIM TO US BY PARCEL POST.

REWARD  $4998  REWARD
Specifications

Lieut. (jg) Van Bergen.
In that you have on every occasion aped one of our trusty shellbacks, to wit, the Prince of Wales, going so far at times as to fall off bicycles and trolley cars in the absence of a horse.

George Washington Stiverson, Yeoman First Class.
In that you have falsely represented yourself as a mail clerk; that you have been selling books containing only 12 stamps.
In that you are thicker at the top than at the bottom.
In that you are a 4th class ship's burglar.
In that you have never been seen in the Crew's Washroom since we have been underway.

William H. Pigg, First Sergeant, Marine Corps.
In that you have or did defy the Sharks; splash salt-water on terra firma; singing like a sea-lion. Claiming to be a "Hell Diver" and making demonstrations in the river at Hilo.
Trying to wiggle his ears to the Neptune Committee.

Joseph B. Azevedo, Chief Yeoman.
In that you have impersonated a newspaper correspondent.
Through ignorance and neglect failed to keep a proper record of the ship's Athletic events.
Informing Ship's Service Officer that Chief Petty Officers were using sheets for tablecloths, well knowing same to be false.

K. S. Hovanesian, Seaman First Class.
In that you did, become a member of the organization known as the pirates. Member of the drug-store cowboys. Stating that the pirates would do their share to the shellbacks. Stating that you would disobey all orders given by the Royal King.
Recommend no leniency be shown this wop.
Box 952.  
Halifax, Nova Scotia.  
July 13th, 1925.

Dear Mr. Brendel:—

After so long a delay in receiving your letter dated May 24th, I am almost ashamed to answer it, since I can only confess my inability to supply the information you seek.

As long as I can remember, the Neptune ceremony has been "Old"; and old men who were very old (to me) when I sailed in my first ship back in 1889 claimed to have suffered the same ordeal when boys, at the hands of other old, old men who claimed etc., etc. So on interminably.

No source that I have found pretends to know the origin of the rite. I can describe it, of course; have done so in stories from time to time. But whether Noah invented it to get even with Ham for broaching his liquor stores; or whether Jonah told it to the whale to make him laugh and throw up Jonah I cannot tell.

Sorry.  
Luck to You.

A. E. DINGLE.
"Well Now I Tell Ya---"

ADMIRAL S. S. ROBISON

"Yes, I recall my first trip across the line although many of the others have long forgotten. It was in the U. S. S. BOSTON in the fall of 1913 off the coast of Brazil while we were on our way to Chile. Yes, I was still an ensign. The outstanding feature of the party was a giant negro mess attendant who burned with fire and armed himself with a close bar. His function had to be paid to prevent him from injuring someone."

CAPTAIN R. DNL. HASBROUCK

"The Captain became a sturdy ship's part thirty-three years ago, crossing the line as a Midshipman between Galapagos Islands and the Mainland. He was more than eager to prove his love of the sea and all its traditions. The initiation has lost nothing in the way of terror since 1872. The sea and its demands are not diminished in this rapidly changing world of ours. Let us all be eternally grateful."

C. G. M. WILLIAM F. FREUND

"This crossing occurred in the U. S. S. IOWA just after the Spanish American War in 1898. After defeating CUBA at SAN MARCOS, we went to the NAY VAND, New York for overhaul. Our crossing took place while escorting the OREGON back around the horn to San Francisco."

C. S. M. FRANK S. WHITE

"About a week before the U. S. S. PENNSYLVANIA crossed the Equator on its way to Peru in 1911 some Polkwog became sick and refused to open his mouth. The dead fish was produced. Needless to say his mouth now open to give for air and then the doctor administered its Medicine."
# Ships Crossing the "Line"

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Subpoena and Summons Extraordinary
The Royal High Court of the Raging Main

To Whom May Come These Presents
Greetings and Prisoner

WHEREAS, The good ship CALIFORNIA bound southwest for Samoa, Australia and New Zealand, is about to enter our domain; and whereas the aforesaid ship carries a large and various cargo of sandbaggers, beach-combers, sand-buggers, sea lawyers, beach-walkers, party-dunkers, push-or-pullers, push-runners, bull-runners, chicken-sellers, hay-sellers, foot-pushers, crossword puzzle bugs, dance-hall shakers, song-store cowboys, raffish arsons, and all other living creatures of the land, last but not least, his-tamers, liberty-hounds, San Pedro and Long Beach University's, masquerading as seamen, of which her crew you are a member, having never appeared before me, and

WHEREAS, THE ROYAL HIGH COURT of the RAGING MAIN will convene on board the good ship CALIFORNIA on the 6th day of July, 1925, at Longitude 145° W, and whereas, an inspection of our Royalasure shows that it is high time you and wandering seamen who appears before Our August Presence; and

BE IT KNOWN, That we hereby summons and command you

Now a U. S. Navy,
to appear before the Royal High Court and Our August Presence on the aforesaid date at such time as may be upon us.

You will appear most heartily and with good grace the pains and penalties of the aforesaid that will be inflicted upon you, to determine your sentence to be one of Our Trusty Shackles and answer to the following charges:

CHARGE I.—in that you havePARTIZED with affront to Our Royal Person, and are thereby a vile sand-bagger and pollywog.

CHARGE II.—in that you

Display this Summons Under Pain of Our Swift and Terrible Displeasure, our Vengeance is Ever Watchful, our Vengeance is Just and Sure.

Given under our hand and seal.

Davy Jones,

Neptunus Rex

Ruler of the Raging Main
HARK! HARK! THE ARK.

Noah wuzza, Goofy swam, He slept right Out into the rain.

Bull and wife coming aboard original "beef boat"

He looks plug from out a cask
And set about Upon a task

Black and blue
Birds eatin' Wealth House' Berries

Out each end water
Gushed in vain, The barrel blew up
Under the strain

As Noah struttled
Round the deck, A seacoop hit him
On the neck

Eeb an' eew, Ohio went raie.

Napoleon Marchin' round the deck. He called to the crew

Pair of dice
Looking Natural

Noah's First Male.

"Round this plug he Shaped a hole, And slaved with all His heart and soul.

Noah boxing the compass

Saw fish striking for rate.

So Noah wound
The thermometer. And stared at
The chronometer

The cock then jumped
The weather vane, Crowed loudly twice
And went insane

Tanzanian reeling in the lane at 8 PM

Napoleon racks
Owner and Prop. of the Ocean

What ho - there's no Degrees in sight, The Ark has crossed the line all right. They did — That's all.

SNIFF! SNIFF! THE SKIFF.
Winning the "Iron Man"

The biggest thing the CALIFORNIA has done since her first year in Commission, when she won the BATTLE EFFICIENCY PENNANT along with the White "E", has been the winning of the IRON MAN last year. A triumph supreme, her athletes have once more raised her proud name high where all could see and necessarily admire the spirit that made this victory possible. Last year's race for the IRON MAN was the closest and most exciting in the history of the trophy.

Since its presentation by the Navy Department in 1919 the MISSISSIPPI has had a comparatively easy time in annexing it year after year, but last year two new giant contenders arose in the PENNSYLVANIA and CALIFORNIA. The PENNSYLVANIA led the field from the drop of the bat. By the middle of the athletic year, the CALIFORNIA was in fifth place, and from there she launched her drive to the top. Within two months she had a firm hold on second place and broke into the lead just before the Fleet left the States on the cruise, in a burst of spirit.

The whirlwind finish which took place during our stay at Lahaina, proved the cynosure of all eyes in the Fleet, while the outcome remained undecided as the salling crews and tug-of-war teams jockeyed each other for the lead in the remaining events. In the end our athletes remained supreme, and the IRON MAN was presented to the CALIFORNIA by Admiral Robison with the crew drawn up afloat on the quarterdeck in tribute.

At present the IRON MAN stands on a pedestal on the starboard side of the quarterdeck where he smiles a greeting to all who come on board. Just a little fellow 40" high moulded in manganese bronze, he holds aloft in his right hand a wreath, symbol of victory hard earned and proudly guarded. Of perfect athletic mould and symmetry of form, lithe of limb and supple in body, he acts as a constant reminder to all that our body is the heaven granted house of our soul. Keep it worthy. We are proud of the athletes and coaches who made this victory possible and extend to them sincerest congratulation, to the IRON MAN'S Commanding Officer we pledge our whole hearted efforts to repeat next year, to our vanquished rivals whom we must meet again next year we extend the hand of good sportsmanship.
Iron Man Medal Winners
Lieut. Commander Shock, Athletic Officer
Ensign W. F. Simmons, Asst. Athletic Officer

BASEBALL—FLEET CHAMPIONS

Captain C.B. Cates
Handlon
Reeves
Lieut. VanBergen
Ensign Simmons
Lieut. C. S. Barnes
Ensign Eldstrom
Lieut. Kiefer
Ensign Doggett
Ensign Cummings
Lieut. Struble, Raceboat Officer.

FOOTBALL
Lieut. Kirtland
Lieut. Kiefer
Ensign Bell
Ensign Ballinger
Ensign Mathews
Fasler
Ward
Henson
Youngblood
Dulan
Lind
Launet

ENGINEERS' RACEBOAT
Ensign Kayer
Ensign Davidson
Deitrick
Ensign Harvey

SELECTED WHALEBOAT
Ensign Bell
Noes
Shumock
Gallion
Burke
Ensign Harvey

His “Highness”

DINGHY SAILING

Waldrup
Netta

MOTOR SAILOR SAILING

Jackson
Brown
Levesque

WHALEBOAT SAILING

Willford
Gruber
Scheferbeck

YELL LEADERS

Ensign Simmons
“Bugs” Merriner

AIDES

John Parey
Monteith

BOXING

Ensign Goldsborough
Ensign Miller
Ensign Beaupre
Ensign Mills
Fisher

WRESTLING

Ensign Crist
Ensign Bachman
Ensign Barnhill
Ensign Hayven

TRACK TEAM

Ensign Mitchell
Ensign Browning
Ensign Day
Ensign McKendry

FIRST ENLIST, WHALEBOAT

Lieut. Betty
Kaminski

DINGHY FIRST ENLISTMENT

Ensign Walter
Lacy
Sutherland

ADIES

John Parey
Monteith

Yael Leaders

Ensign Simmons
“Jimmy” Barr

JOHN F. SIMMONS
Honolulu, Paradise of the Pacific

E VER since the sloop of war Peacock made the first visit of an American naval vessel to Hawaii's enchanting shores a century ago when grass skirts were still in vogue, the Paradise Isles have been a favorite place of call for ships of our Navy. Down through the years from then until now, Hawaii's gracious "ALOHA" has been extended to the Navy. But never before had she played host to such a mighty armada as ours which visited the islands in the spring of 1925. We stole upon them through a trembling dawn, to fire round after round into Oahu's heart in mimic warfare, only to steam on to Honolulu to receive a royal Hawaiian welcome.

Although tired from countless war watches at sea, we soon learned to play again on the silver sands of Waikiki. There, curling blue breakers swept in with their cargoes of surf board riders and outrigger canoes to break up on the beach where one could sprawl full length in the sunkissed sands for hours watching the activities of the beach, with Diamond Head silhouetted proudly in the distance. At night that same beach was changed into a fairy land, flooded in the silver sheen of a big Hawaiian moon, with a touch of romance added by the pulsing strains of an Hawaiian waltz from the orchestra in the beautiful Moana hotel. Truly it is a land of love and beauty.

We must admit that there were many of us who still clung to our pictured imaginings of dusky Hula maids dressed in colorful leis and grass skirts, dancing wild exotic dances beside summer seas, and few had expected to find instead such a thriving and modern city as Honolulu, our Ame hure in these mid-Pacific islands. Spacious hotels replaced the grass huts of our fancy, fleets of taxis were at our service, trolleys carried us out to the beach, motorcops ar rested us for speeding, the Hula dancers were there (the price of admission was 50 cents) yet in spite of all this the languorous atmosphere of old Hawaii still remains and we insisted on lugging leis, ukuleles, coconuts, grass skirts and koa wood trinkets back to the ship, because they help keep fresh in our minds the happy carefree spirit of Hawaii. A dash of color and oriental atmosphere is lent this cosmopolitan city by the gay kimonoed Japanese women that toddle along the streets. Old King
Kamehameha the Great, with spear in hand and loins girded up in war cloth, throws out his regal chest from a pedestal in the Palace grounds, to remind us of the fighting spirit of the original inhabitants. "I wonder if dat fat poipos ever waved de can opener at any ting besides a mirror", queries Boatswain's Mate Montell to a group of shipmates.

Then there was the trip around the Island by automobile which most of us made; first came Nuuanu Pali, where we rounded a pass in the mountains there burst upon our view from an elevation of 1200 feet, a sweep of land and sea, serried crag, rolling pineapple fields and winding roads that held us enthralled in admiration. Then a rapid decent down a twisting ribbon-like road to the plains below on the other side of the Island. On past banana, rice and pineapple fields, skirting lovely beaches and jagged green mountains, up again through sugar cane fields, past Schofield Barracks which has been the center of our bombardment a few days before, past our own Naval Base at Pearl Harbor and into Honolulu again.

Our trip "Pau", we were tired but happy, with a thousand entrancing pictures in our memory. "What was that you said would brace one up a bit, O-holy-cow? How can one drink a glass of cow? Oh! Okolehan—I'll say it would, and a chop suey dinner at Iki Su's, what? This is great and I wouldn't miss this cruise to star at Hollywood."

For many our glimpses of Hawaii on this cruise will be the last but for others there will most surely be a happy return. When these few return they may find that science and modern business have made further in-

roads upon the serene peace and beauty of this flowery land. May that time never come, so that the Hawai'i of today where the sweet scented zephyr breezes are wafted inland from coral seas to gently whisper, "Aloha-Aloha Oe", among the palm trees, will retain its charm forever.
The Wonders of "Hilo"

STOP! "Don't crowd folks", admonished the native guide, "there is to be an eruption just as soon as the three o'clock bus arrives with the last of the tourists."

For most of us the trip to Hilo was most welcome as it afforded us our first opportunity of witnessing a real volcano—even tho' it was a wee bit inactive. To ride across the hardened lava in the bowl of the crater, that a year ago was a boiling caldron of molten stone, was a thrill to all of us.

The island of Hawaii, largest of the Hawaiian group and from which the archipelago derives its name, is said by many to be the most beautiful of the group. Certainly no one can deny that vegetation is much more abundant because of the heavy rainfall which is over an inch a day for the year. Just as the flowers and fruits mature more rapidly so also did the flower of Hawaiian hospitality seem to blossom with more perfection there. Perhaps it may have been that they are not tired of such large numbers of inquisitive tourists.

The volcano is some thirty miles from the little village of Hilo over a road that winds in and out thru tropic splendors and detours. For those who wish to see the volcano in action a stop can be arranged at a certain house on the roadside for a quart of volcano revitalizer. The driver volunteered the information that in case you didn't want to go on you could get two bottles and bring the volcano to you.

Suddenly as you pull over the backbone of a grade you see off to the left the wide spread bowl of the crater with a niche broken out of one side. On the right is the large and well equipped Volcano House that shelters tourists on the very rim of Kilauea. Further on the right are the Sulphur Banks deposited by the live steam which is eternally hissing from fissures in the earth, dropping its cargo of yellow chemical upon contact with the cooler air. Here some economic soul has sunk a pipe down into the ground piping away the steam to the hotel for driving an electric generator. This is one of the few cases where you are able to get something for nothing from Nature. They never know, however, at just what moment the benevolent Mother Nature may arise in anger and wipe out all her previous good works.

Most of us enjoyed the novelty of eating a "hot-dog" which had been cooked by live volcanic steam. and no doubt a few of us contributed a dollar by becoming members of the Halemaumau Society, with a certificate to show we had been there. The lava tubes then called us but we were all just a wee bit disappointed that the old girl (or boy as the case may be) was not more active. At least it might have rumbled and boiled a moderate amount just by way of welcome.

Past the Rainbow Falls and back to the ship tired and happy after an enjoyable day among hospitable people.
American Samoa

Well, the movies don't exaggerate so much on those "South Sea pictures at that", mused little Herman, as the island of Samoa sank into the sea and the CALIFORNIA steamed into the land of the setting sun, the compartments looking like oriental bazaars, as boatswain's mates with strings of gaudy beads around their necks sat cross-legged on Tapa mats, brewing strange sea-going bowls of "kava" and tattooing their legs according to the latest Samoan pattern.

For the most of us Pago Pago was our first port that has not been just a wee little bit of a disappointment to our spirit of adventure, even though we were occasionally assailed by the coughing of a consumptive Ford, and as we pressed into the depths of the man-eating jungle some native whom we address in the sign language says, "Do you really think Chesterfields are made of stronger fibre than Lucky Strikes?" Samoa, though, is one of the world's little visited places. Possibly for this reason they prepared such an enjoyable entertainment. The native chieftains called together all the best Siva-Siva dancers in the islands and presented a scene that Cecil B. DeMille would "faint and fall" attempting to duplicate. We have always been great believers in the old saying, "What you don't know don't hurt you", but for the enlightenment of those back home, we will say that a Siva-Siva team presents wonderful possibilities to a brassiere salesman. They were children of Nature who showed us many of their tribal rites and acted out many of the old traditions. As sincere in their welcome as they were a-stuck at our catapult shot featuring the inimitable Klefer. Everyone was under the idea that if this is the South Seas—let's go farther South.
WHISTLES screamed, flags waved, ferries stood down the bay crowded to the stacks with people, balloons floated in the air over the city inscribing words of welcome on the skies, the air suddenly became filled with planes, our own and strangers, the headlands were virtually black with people, as a long, grey line of fighting ships—the FLEET—filed grimly in from the sea.

Then after the firing of salutes, the hooks were dropped in Man-O’-War Row in company with ships of the Australian Fleet including H. M. A. S. Sydney, famous conqueror of the Emden, and things began to happen. As soon as the toasting of the King and the President had gained a good start, receiving our full and enthusiastic endorsement, we were off to a fortnight of lively entertainment and pleasure.

“'And 'ow do you like our 'ab-bah?'— the inevitable question flung at every visitor. We had to admit it was an excellent harbor. —'Righto—Gooo—Cheerio!' It appeared exceptionally fine during the Venetian Carnival in honor of the fleet, with all ships illuminated, the fingers of light from the searchlights combing the sky, a magical fireworks display from Fort Island, and the beautifully lighted homes at the water's edge.

In the many ports we have visited nowhere have we found such an unbounded hospitality and genuine welcome as we received from the people of Sydney. We rode free in their trams, their homes and theatres were open to us, they arranged private motor trips for us to the Blue Mountains and Jenolan Caves. The canteen at the dock and the girls who gave their services there won our hearts, and the parties seemed to come without end. From the Yanks to the Aussies. "We thank you and sure hated to leave". May the cherished friendships made during our visit last as long as memories remain—and we can NEVER forget!
Auckland, New Zealand

We entered Waitemata harbor on a crisp, clear, blue-skied morning, with that keen wide awake spirit of inquisitiveness and adventure that comes with the entering of all strange harbors of the world. What adventures would this port hold in store for us? As we rounded the volcanic island of Rangitoto we caught our first glimpses of a pretty city with its white red-roofed houses nestled comfortably around the large harbor. Later on our first impressions were confirmed in the many congenial friendships that grew with our time in port.

No account of New Zealand would be complete without mention of our visits to the National Park and home of the native Maori tribes at Rotorua. There geysers and boiling mud pools reminded us that we were standing on a steaming kettle, the lid of which might pop off any minute. "Haere ma-i, haere mai"—he says "Welcome, welcome." The Maori warriors gave their "Haka" or war dance for us, lashing themselves into a veritable fury as in the fighting days of old. The "Poi" dance of the Maori maidens gave us to understand why the warrior went to war, or what made the wild cat wild.

Our last days in Auckland were filled to the brim with pleasures—some new, some old. We enjoyed the horse races and the hunts, and drank our last fervent toasts, with the feeling of a man eating a dish of ice cream before setting out to crawl across the Sahara desert on his hands and knees. Finally the time came when we had to say farewell. There were many tear dimmed eyes and sagging hearts as we stood out to sea. As Auckland with its sweethearts and pals sank beneath the horizon, our hearts sank within us, but we turned our faces north to the freshening breeze, our cruise was over and we were headed for—HOME.
Roster of Pollywogs

Aason, A.
Abbott, N. B.
Abbott, C. W.
Abube, V.
Acker, B.
Adams, A. A.
Adams, E. E.
Adams, F. A.
Adams, W. C. L.
Adcock, J. H.
Adkins, J. L.
Adkins, R. L.
Adkins, W. C.
Adsem, T. S.
Alburico, F.
Albrecht, A. E.
Albright, G. M.
Alejandro, M.
Alexander, G. H. W.
Alfano, J. J.
Allen, C. W.
Allen, L. C.
Allen, R. W.
Allen, T. L.
Allen, Tommy L.
Alles, J.
Allison, J. A.
Allmon, W. A.
Amundt, C. O.
Anderson, A. C.
Anderson, C. A.
Anderson, E. L.
Anderson, G.
Anderson, G. W.
Anderson, H. O.
Anderson, J. P.
Anderson, J.
Anderson, L.
Anderson, R. H.
Anderson, T. C.
Anthony, D. D.
Andwood, W. D.
Aragon, O. C.
Arbis, D.
Arbuckle, O.
Armstrong, F.
Armstrong, J. V.
Armstrong, L. D.
Arnold, J. F.
Arsenault, A. J.
Ashmore, J. E.
Ashton, E. C.
Auyet, T. W.
Aure, M. C.
Azbell, A. “L”.
Azavedo, J. B.

Babington, F. H.
Bacon, F. E.
Baermann, C. H.
Bagay, E.
Baird, A. L.
Bailey, J. E.
Baker, A. G.
Baker, I. J.
Baker, J. C.
Balchen, A. R.
Baldwin, E.
Ball, E.
Ball, F. R.
Ballard, L. A.
Bankston, J.
Bante, A. G.
Barday, A.
Barger, A. L.
Barnett, L. A.
Basile, H. A.
Baus, J. A.
Benson, A. R.
Bassett, E. F.
Buteman, C. J.
Bauk, A. J.
Bayles, C. S.
Beach, C. H.
Bean, J. C.
Bear, K. J.
Baurbauer, D. G.
Beard, S. L.
Beasley, M. C.
Becker, A. J.
Bego, J. F.
Beidler, R. M.
Bell, M. A.
Bells, C. E.
Benoit, B. K.
Bentrum, L.
Bendy, C. R.
Bennett, E. F.
Bennett, G. Y.
Bennett, J. G.
Bennett, M. F.
Benton, B. D.
Benton, F.
Bertka, L. V.
Berg, C. A.
Berg, E. A.
Bernaldo, E.
Berryessa, C. O.
Martinez, A.
Bettell, B. R.
Bettis, C. E.
Bettis, R. J.
Benke, W. A.
Beverly, H. C.
Bice, F. J.
Bicknell, E. V.
Bige, W. H.
Biggle, P. L.
Biggs, G. M.
Biggs, O.
Billiter, P.
Birchard, C. C.
Bisars, B. C.
Biscoe, R. H.
Bishop, E. H.
Bishop, L.
Bissinger, E. F.
Bittner, R. G.
Blackwell, W. E.
Blakenship, H.
Bleek, W. E.
Bless, C. J.
Blossom, V. L.
Blue, C. M.
Bluske, A.
Bodine, W. A.
Boehm, E. E.
Boon, M. G.
Bond, W. A.
Bone, G. W.
Bontempo, F. A.
Boos, A.
Booth, E. O.
Borden, C. J.
Bower, D.
Bowman, H. R.
Boyd, P. W.
Boyle, R. G.
Braaten, H. G.
Bradbury, L.
Bradford, T. L.
Brady, S. F.
Brandenich, R. C.
Brandon, J. J.
Brazius, J. J.
Breax, P.
Brenner, R. B.
Brendle, C. W.
Brower, J. T.
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Bricker, E. E.
Bright, H. E.
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Burns, MacL. J.
Busteed, W. F.
Butler, B.
Butler, G. F.
Byrd, C.
Byrd, C.
Butler, H. W.
Bywater, G. F.
Cabanat, E.
Cade, J. N.
Cagle, O. B.
Cadwell, J. M.
Cahn, J. A.
Caldwell, G. R.
Calloway, C. C.
Calloway, G. S.
Campbell, P. W.
Canfield, E.
Capdeville, C. F.
Cardillo, M. J.
Cardwell, R. O.
Carlson, H.
Carlson, J. T.
Carpenter, J. M.
Carr, E. J.
Carroll, A.
Carter, A. J.
Carter, O. L.
Carter, L. A.
Case, P. R.
Casey, J. F.
Casey, C.
Cashman, W. J.
Cason, E. L.
Cuspiet, F.
Cervantes, C.
Chance, A. H.
Chapman, R. S.
Chapman, R.
Chappell, C. J.
Charley, C. C.
Roster of Pollywogs

Chase, T. B.
Chavez, M.
Cheney, J. B.
Chester, J. H.
Childress, H. W.
Christensen, J. M.
Christensen, K. W.
Christensen, M. H.
Christian, W. J.
Christianson, G. W.
Clark, A. F.
Clark, C. C.
Clark, D. A.
Clark, E. E.
Clark, G. R.
Claysh, J. V.
Cochran, E. L.
Cohen, L. B.
Colcord, A. S.
Cole, T. H.
Collier, M.
Compian, C. B.
Comstock, F. A.
Conaty, F. K.
Condon, J. D.
Coulter, G. M.
Conn, V. D.
Connell, W. D.
Conn, T. M.
Conover, J. E.
Cook, C. R.
Cook, M. M.
Cooper, E.
Corrado, T.
Cordero, S.
Cordova, J.
Corman, M. J.
Coving, A.
Corum, M. F.
Cotton, C. B.
Court, L.
Courts, C.
Craige, L. L.
Crane, H. L.
Crawford, L. J.
Crivello, F. S.
Crocker, A. G.
Crosby, F.
Crosby, R. L.
Crowell, G. W.
Crowley, J. F.
Cruger, J. W.
Crumpler, A. B.
Crumpler, W. M.
Cruz, F.
Cunningham, I. G.
Cunningham, J. G.
Cunningham, O.
Cunningham, T. P.
Cuppy, L. E.
Cupison, W. F.
Curtis, I. G.
Curtis, J. W.
Curts, E. C.
Curvey, B. A.
Cusick, J. F.
Curys, E. C.
Dabbs, W. J.
Dabney, L. R.
Dabny, L. F.
Dawson, L. G.
Dawson, J. S.
Davis, W. J.
Daniels, L. R.
Daniels, M.
Daniels, H. E.
Davies, E. E.
Davies, W. W.
Davies, E. G.
Davies, H. L.
Davies, H. R.
Davies, J. T.
Davis, J. C.
Davis, M. M.
Davis, T. P.
Davis, W. A.
Davis, W. J.
Day, A.
Dehnen, L. E.
De Baulieu, L. M.
Decker, J. W.
De Feor, C. H.
De Ha, H.
Deiter, F. E. Jr.
De La Cruz, L.
Dell, G.
Dellmer, F.
Densmore, L. A.
Denton, L. W.
Dertz, F. J.
Desjardin, G. A.
Dee, J. C.
Dewey, R. D.
Dewitt, W. M.
DeYoung, A.
Diamond, E.
Dias, J. B.
Dick, E. L.
Dicken, C.
Dicks, W. G.
Dickson, D. L.
Dillon, S. H.
Dodd, V. A.
Dodge, C. E.
Dominick, A. E.
Donaldson, L. A.
Donovan, R. P.
Duarte, J. R.
Duemling, W. F.
Duerwinkle, H. C.
Duff, L.
Dunn, L. R.
Edison, K.
Edwards, W. N.
Egy, F. P.
Ekk, E. R.
Elkland, H. E.
Ellis, J. D.
Ellis, D. W.
Ellis, R. W.
Enderton, A. H.
Engel, G. H.
Engelhardt, I. G.
Engman, H. E.
Erkenbright, E. K.
Erickson, R. C.
Erickson, R. C.
Escobedo, C.
Escudier, E.
Espinoza, E.
Evans, C. R.
Fajardo, O.
Fallis, L. D.
Farmer, W. B.
Farell, J. D.
Farin, W. M.
Faulkner, E. C.
Ferguson, W. D.
Fernandez, A.
Fannin, R. E.
Fernandez, M.
Ferrara, A.
Fierst, C.
Fisher, H. K.
Finn, C. R.
Fisher, A. T.
Fisher, C. O.
Fitzgerald, M.
Fitzhugh, W. J.
Fletcher, J. S.
Fletcher, K. H.
Fleming, C. O.
Fontenot, C. J.
Ford, F. E.
Ford, P. F.
Foster, A. D.
Foster, R. N.
Fox, H. M.
Foxworthy, J. N.
Fraidenburg, D. R.
Franklin, H.
Franke, E.
Fredrickson, F. E.
Frey, H. L.
Fris, F.
Fulcher, G. H.
Furchak, W. V.
Gabby, F.
Gallagher, D. L.
Galland, O. G.
Gannaway, E.
Garcia, J. F.
Gardner, R. S.
Garrett, C. G.
Garrision, F. C.
Gaudette, E.
Geisiger, C. E.
Geppieta, R.
Getz, M.
Geyer, M. W.
Gibbels, T. W.
Gibbels, W. F.
Gibson, C.
Giguere, L. L.
Gillwoman, A. D.
Gillbrath, J. L.
Gipson, A. L.
Girly, M.
Gladysz, A. C.
Goin, J.
Golder, R.
Gonis, C. R.
Graves, A. E.
Grant, C. A.
Graves, H. M.
Gray, F.
Gray, L.
Green, C. S.
Green, K. W.
Green, W. J.
Greeg, C. L.
Griffin, H. C.
Griffin, W. H.
Griffin, J. R.
Gristey, W. J.
Grimes, A. E.
Gritter, W. G.
Grove, F. A.
Grove, R. L.
Gunabe, C.
Gunvaldson, A. C.
Gurley, J. R.
Roster of Pollywogs

Guirdge, J. M.
Guy, S. W.
Hacker, R. F.
Haddad, G. C.
Haddon, J. R.
Haftard, J. R.
Hall, J. R.
Hale, E. J.
Hall, J. J.
Hall, R. E.
Hale, S. B.
Hamilton, B.
Hamlin, R. E.
Hancock, D. S.
Hanny, W. K.
Hannon, W. J.
Hansen, G. A.
Hansen, M. V.
Hansen, P. L.
Hansob, R. N.
Harbert, C. B.
Hartin, J. A.
Harmon, A. N.
Harmon, J.
Harper, R. C.
Harper, B. L.
Harris, C. G.
Harrison, J. W.
Hart, A. J.
Hart, B. D.
Hassler, J.
Hathaway, A. C.
Havens, E.
Hawley, W. W.
Haynes, W. D.
Haywood, E. D.
Heath, A.
Hedlund, O. J.
Heldings, E. A.
Hill, H. B.
Helfman, A.
Helm, A. C.
Helton, J. E.
Hensche, E. M.
Henneberry, T. J.
Henley, E. F.
Hensley, H. S.
Hensley, W. A.
Hensley, E.
Hensley, O.
Herman, C. P.
Herrman, G. E.
Herring, J. J.
Herron, W. R.
Hershebergan, J. E.
Hetrick, E. L.
Hey, R.
Hickey, C.
Hill, C.
Hinson, D. L.
Hitesman, W. C.
Hixson, E.
Hodges, J. A.
Hoff, X. G.
Hohl, P. C.
Holly, G. M.
Hollis, L.
Holmer, A. T.
Holmes, A. R.
Holmes, W. D.
Holt, M. M.
Holtte, L. F.
Hopper, H. E.
Hopper, H. D.
Horn, J. L.
Horsbly, H. H.
Hosted, J. G.
Hought, K. B.
Hovanessian, K. S.
Howard, J. J.
Howell, J. D.
Hubbard, J. G.
Hubert, A. W.
Hudgell, D. P.
Huebner, E. G.
Huff, P. S.
Hull, K. B.
Humfit, C. J.
Hunt, E. H.
Hutt
Hyde, M. C.
Ingram, R. H. Jr.
Jackson, E. W.
Jacobs, L. F.
James, D. W. R.
Jameson, W. E.
Jamison, H. E.
Jamison, O. E.
Jani, J. S.
Jaras, S. J.
Jaroszewski, K.
Jasinski, F. A.
Jensen, C. M.
Jensen, C. A.
Jewell, H. G.
Juekens, R. L.
Johnson, A. P.
Johnson, G. E.
Johnson, H. R.
Johnson, R. G.
Johnston, S. H.
Jones, C. C. O.
Jones, M. F.
Jones, P. R.
Jones, W. H.
Joseph, J.
Joslin, L. R.
Jorden, J. G. L.
Jorden, R. R.
Jorgensen, N.
Jorgensen, A. A.
Jodest, J. O.
Joslin, M. T.
Kahler, E.
Kalmstrom, A. J.
Kaltzschmidt, H. H.
Kaminski, C. J.
Kanter, A.
Kattier, R. B.
Kaufmann, J. W.
Kaye, A. R.
Keller, J. F.
Kelly, G.
Kemmer, M. R.
Kemp, G. C.
Kent, H.
Ketcham, E. L.
Key, L. F.
Kief, E. J.
Kiley, J.
Kilman, O. D.
Kienart, E. W.
King, C. W.
King, J. W.
King, M. H.
Kinsley, A. W.
Kirkner, J. C.
Kirk, H. H.
Kissecky, S. P.
Kiss, A. J.
Klaus, C. W.
Kleeman, J. F.
Knick, F. H.
Klier, W. C.
Klotz, E. F.
Knecht, J. H.
Knorr, W. Jr.
Knudsen, A. B.
Knudsen, G. A.
Knight, R. R.
Knutson, E. S.
Kohls, H. W.
Koken, W. E.
Krafczyk, J. J.
Kramer, E. W.
Kreh, F. A. Jr.
Krick, C. C. O.
Krick, C. G.
Kuester, W. B.

Kunsman, L. F.
Lacasse, A. P. J.
Lachney, T.
Lackey, W. C.
Lacy, L. F.
Lagow, R. E.
Landman, A. P.
Lang, R. E.
Langford, C. C.
Langlois, J. R.
Lannie, J. T.
Lann, C. J.
La Poile, J. C.
Larenita, T. P.
Larkin, W. R.
Lascoules, A. D.
Lauria, A. T.
Lawrence, C. J.
Lawrence, W. C.
Lehner, J. C.
Leder, H.
Leding, C. M.
Lee, C. J.
Le Fave, R. G.
Leger, J. W.
Lemieux, C. E.
Lenz, G. H.
Leonard, H. B.
Leopard, A. T.
Lesque, J.
Lewis, H. E.
Leis, M. F.
Lewis, O. V.
Lewis, W. F.
Lewis, W. R.
Linno, W. C.
Linnet, A. O.
Livermore, G. W.
Lobosco, X.
Lockwood, R. E.
Loftin, E. L.
London, E. J.
Louis, W. B.
Love, A. J.
Lovely, H. F.
Love, C. G.
Lowther, R. M.
Lubom, S. E.
Lucas, C. E.
Lumagut, M.
Lumley, L. B.
Lund, R. L.
Lundstrom, A.
Lynn, D. W.
Roster of Pollywogs

McArthur, D. M.
McAuley, R. C.
McAven, C. B.
McCann, W. C.
McCannon, B. E.
McCart, M. C.
McCarty, L. A.
McCauley, D. L.
McCrindle, W. J.
McCullough, J. W.
McCurley, O. G.
McDaniels, G. F.
McDonell, J.
McDonald, A. T.
McFarland, A. P.
McGehee, W. C.
McGinley, N.
McGuire, R. P.
McGuire, R. W.
McIntyre, J. H.
McKay, D. M.
McKeller, N.
McKendry, W. H.
MacKenzie, J. B.
McKelben, W. W.
McManus, J. H.
McMullan, J. J.
Macbamba, M.
MacArthur, D. N.
Macaulay, G. H.
Magnusson, A. A.
Magnar V.
Maier, F. J.
Makamae, T.
Mal Arkey, J. B.
Mallone, A. C.
Manslemon, R.
Marsagon, S.
Mariani, V. J.
Marsh, C.
Marshall, T. W.
Marie, A.
Martin, C. H.
Martinson, H. A.
Marn.
Matteucci, A.
Matthews, A. C.
Matthews, E. F.
Matteson, W. J.
Mausia, L.
May, R. D.
Mead, H. V.
Mears, R. J.
Medina, C.
Meier, L. L.
Mellendorf, C.
Melvin, G. A.
Mench, W. J.
Merrill, A. R.
Mesimer, C. J.
Messina, M.
Michener, J. D.
Mies, W. F.
Migliore, C.
Mika, J. J.
Millard, G. T.
Miller, F. F.
Miller, H. A.
Miller, J. P.
Million, C. N.
Miles, L. S.
Miskimen, R. C.
Mitchell, C. E.
Moby, J.
Montanes, R.
Montgomery, J. A.
Moore, E. C.
Moore, E. F.
Moore, J. D.
Moore, L. C.
Moore, R. C.
Mornes, L.
Morgan, J.
Morgan, J. C.
Morriston, J.
Morris, A. T.
Morris, P. E.
Morris, W.
Morrissey, J. F.
Morten, F. D.
Morton, W. M.
Moss, C. G.
Mount, H. C. Jr.
Mountain, C. E.
Mullins, R.
Murch, C.
Murphy, H. E.
Nabers, A. J.
Nees, R. E.
Neeley, C.
Neeley, H. L.
Neff, E. L.
Nelson, G. A.
Nelson, L. E.
Nelson, W. J.
Netka, J. F.
Neymesser, N. A.
Newhall, L. J.
Nichols, C. B.
Nichols, D. M.
Nielson, L. H.
Nielson, E. A.
Niem, W. G.
Nimmie, M. A.
Noll, A. J.
Nix, H. M.
Noble, A.
Noel, K. H.
Nordstrom, A. W.
Norton, C. F.
Novak, A. H.
Nunnally, F. L.
Nutall, G. C.
Odell, R. E.
O'Gara, J. W.
O'Hara, J. R.
Olds, J. T.
O'Leary, W. R.
Olson, V. F.
Ong, A. F.
Osborne, L. McR.
Osborn, B. W.
Osborn, E. R.
Ostler, A. E.
O'Toole, H. J.
Overholtz, F.
Pace, E. W.
Packing, F.
Pagan, W. R.
Pagonis, H. A.
Paine, T. C.
Papp, E. T.
Pangilian, M.
Panfilo, H. F. W.
Pariseau, G. H.
Park, J.
Park, L. M.
Parr, M. H.
Parx, C. N.
Patterson, A. M.
Paus, R. N.
Pax, G.
Penn, P. M.
Pena, L.
Pence, W. A.
Perkins, H. C.
Perry, G. E.
Perry, H.
Perry, L. D.
Petersen, R. J.
Petersen, A. B.
Peterschmier, F.
Petit, S.
Pouge, J. H.
Popp, J. A.
Pilgrim, W. G.
Phelps, E. J.
Pierce, C. A.
Pierce, L. C.
Pierce, W. D.
Phap, W. L.
Pilch, E. W.
Pilch, J. F.
Platt, E. C.
Plotkin, H.
Plumeau, F. T.
Plummer, G. E.
Pond, D. L.
Ponton, F. E.
Pope, P.
Potter, E. W.
Powe, G. L.
Preincker, C.
Price, J. B.
Priest, H. S.
Prince, H. M. Jr.
Programm, F.
Pruitt, H. W.
Quarles, L. G.
Rade, A.
Rademacher, R. J.
Ragsdale, H. H.
Rasmussen, W. J.
Ray, R. A.
Rea, D. M.
Reed, F. L.
Reeves, S. E.
Regan, O. A.
Reilly, J. J.
Reiniers, N. G.
Ribble, F. W.
Ricks, R. B.
Richards, G. B.
Richards, L. P.
Riley, W. R.
Ristow, N. P.
Roach, H. D.
Roberts, J. A.
Robertson, L. B.
Rogers, B.
Rogers, C. A.
Rogers, J. E.
Rogers, A.
Rodkevech, G.
Rollins, C. L.
Rook, J. H.
Roper, A. W.
Ross, E. O.
Ross, R. R.
Rowe, B. T.
Rowe, H.
Rudd, G. L.
Russell, V. B.
Russell, R. L.
Roster of Pollywogs

Russell, W. L.
Rux, A. A.
Ryan, G. M.
Ryle, R. C.
Samson, C. T.
Sanford, C. W.
Sanstey, R. P.
Saunders, W.
Sawyer, G. F.
Scheffer, H. G.
Scheffer, H. F.
Scheid, P.
Schilke, A.
Schilling, F. B.
Schmidt, R. A. A.
Schmidt, C. I.
Sahl, M.
Sanford, C. W.
Scheid, P.
Schmidt, A. A.
Schmidt, E. A.
Schmidt, J. E.
Schmidt, J. R.
Schnebel, A. A.
Schoettner, H. J.
Schugren, W. C.
Schultz, V. E.
Schlegler, G. A.
Schwab, J. F.
Schwenek, H. J.
Scarcella, J.
Scott, O.
Seifert
Selbo, W. F.
Self, E. D.
Seppi, W. J.
Sewell, L. C.
Shapley, J.
Sharp, R. L.
Sharp, W. A.
Shaw, C. W.
Shaw, D. D.
Shear, C. H. A.
Shearer, C.
Sheffield, J. R.
Sheldron, R.
Shelley, E. C.
Shelton, H. K.
Sheppard, J. J.
Shermer, L. O.
Sholander, A.
Shook, W. E.
Short, K. J.
Shore, R. R.
Shumate, H. F.
Shumock, T.
Sikorski, J. J.
Silva, P. M.
Simmons, J. F.
Simmons, H. C.
Sisson, A. A.
Slaton, G. A.
Smeriglio, F. W.
Smith, A. V. A.
Smith, C. S.
Smith, D. K.
Smith, F. A.
Smith, R. R.
Smith, G. C.
Smith, G. E.
Smith, H. N.
Smith, J. S.
Smith, J. W.
Smith, L. J.
Smith, W. E.
Smith, L. H.
Smook, J.
Smyers, J. G.
Snow, H. M.
Snow, W. O.
Snyder, H. H.
Snyder, L. G.
Snyder, R. W.
Sommerfeld, F. A.
Sorensen, E. H.
Soul, A. H.
Spangler, P. E.
Spence, J. P.
Spencer, E. E.
Spencer, W. C.
Spivey, H. M.
Sproule, C. L.
Sprague, A. C.
Spurr, J. G.
Stick, A. S.
Stang, J. H.
Stanger, W. C.
Staehle, G. C.
Staehle, J. M.
Stark, L. L.
Stauder, R. E.
Staib, J.
Steiner, C.
Stella, F. J.
Stenzaker, H. B.
Sternard, H.
Stevens, E. L.
Stevens, T. J.
Steward, S. W.
Stiebel, C. T.
Stiles, C. A.
Stiles, W. A.
Stille, J. L.
Stinson, R. R.
Stinson, V. V.
Stiverson, G. W.
Stixrud, E. T. E.
Stout, W. W.
Strang, A. M.
Stroud, A. R.
Studebaker, R.
Sutherlin, E. F.
Sutario, R.
Swanson, C. R.
Swart, A. L.
Swartwout, C. G.
Swartz, F. M.
Swearingen, B. R.
Swenson, C. E.
Swift, J. T.
Swisher, G. D.
Switzer, M. L.
Sykes, C.
Tabidisto, L.
Takacs, J.
Tally, A. C.
Tanks, J.
Turnapal, S. L.
Tate, R. L.
Taylor, E. M.
Taylor, W.
Taylor, G. C.
Taylor, W. H.
Taylor, C. J.
Terry, W. E.
Terry, M. H.
Thacker, C. V.
Thomas, S.
Thomas, R. L.
Thomas, H. K.
Thomas, J. J.
Thomas, L. S.
Thomas, G. A.
Thomas, J. A.
Thorne, W. J.
Thompson, M. W.
Thompson, E. J.
Thorne, F. J.
Tibbs, E. E.
Tibble, R. C.
Tilley, J. E.
Tilton, R. A.
Tim, S. C.
Tinkle, P. P.
Tolentine, Toms
Tompkins, W. J.
Tomlinson, W. D.
Tornstorf, F. L.
Topitzer, H. T.
Trotsky, L. F.
Trotter, L. S.
True, J. R.
Tuttle, E. N.
Turley, J. C.
Tyler, J. L.
Tyjenski, H. J.
Tyrell, E. B.
Udascio, A.
Udascio, B.
Ukovich, Roman
Underwood, P.
Valdez, D. M.
Van Acker, G.
Vance, P. B.
Van Dame, A. L.
Vanderbeke, H. J.
Varnet, K. W.
Vega, G.
Ventura, F.
Vik, John
Vincent, A. W.
Vinson, S. J.
Volmer, G. R.
Waddell, W. R.
Walker, J. K.
Walden, J. W.
Waltz, E. H.
Wagner, H. J.
Walker, J. L.
Walker, W. P.
Walker, G. F.
Walker, E. G.
Wallace, J. A.
Wall, E. J.
Walters, N. A.
Ward, R. G.
Warner, J. M.
Ward, F. A.
Ward, J. M.
Ward, S. E.
Warren, E. W.
Wasson, G. W.
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Ledford, D. E.                                          Eckert, M. J.