



RONALD AUBRY BOONE
TWIN FALLS, IDAHO

"Daniel" "Danny"

ONE look at that jaw and you read his character. Boone is a plugger and a fighter,—incidentally he sports the Academy welterweight championship, so steer clear of any argument.

¶ "Danny" came to us from Idaho with one intention, to graduate, and he did it. It was tough sledding all along but that aforementioned jaw did the trick—and now that he has the "scrap of paper" he can truly look on it as a "work of labor" and not love's labor lost.

¶ "Dan's" no snake, nor has he a "one and only" back among the Mormons. He shows a preference for "thirty-sixes," and we thought he had fallen First Class Sep leave, but he saw her in a bathing suit and it was all off then. He and Frankus claim the honor of being the two misogynists of 364.

¶ He's something of a poet for all that—Kipling and Service occupy a place of Honor on his shelf; he's strong for the "virile" stuff.

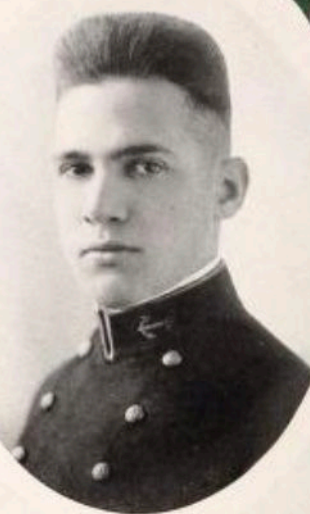
¶ "Danny" does n't intend to be one of those "fools" who go down to the sea in ships"—he says the gyrenes are the boys that wear the pants; if he gets his req granted, the Navy loses a real man.

¶ "Mr. Boone, what are target practice shells loaded with?"

¶ "Beans, sir."

¶ "For God's sake, Ole, shut up and let me bone."

Honors: Buzzard;
Academy Welterweight Boxing Champion, 3;
Academy Middleweight Boring Champion, 1.



STANLEY JOHN MICHAEL
CINCINNATI, O.

"Mike" "Mickey"

HOW distinctly we remember the stately, stern decorum of "Mike."

¶ His one relaxation has been on the cruises. "Base one" was his favorite corking place and there he spent many a peaceful hour. Whenever you could not find him, you tried the beaches or the various ice boxes and pantries. He could get into anything on board and then do the impossible and get out again with a whole skin. Remember that blood feed on the "Kan?"

¶ As a fusser, "Mike" is without a peer. Back him into a corner and ask him about the femmes, and you will find dignity giving way to beaming bashfulness; then you'll get the dope on anything from the Capes to the Suburbs of Cincinnati.

¶ Grace and savoir-faire are at his immediate command; and a smile, the best of camouflage, is the greatest of assets in his hands.

¶ "Stan" is not a charter member of the construction corps gang or the hop night duty squad. He fits easily into the wildest tea-fights and porch swings with the best of us and equally well in the poker games and wind jamming fests with the worst of us. A man who is so versatile cannot help being popular.

Honors: One Stripe.

