

Blue and Gold

1912







The
Blue and Gold

YEAR BOOK

OF

Staunton Military Academy



1912

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA



To the S. M. A. Alumni
 We gladly dedicate the Seventh Volume of the
 Blue and Gold



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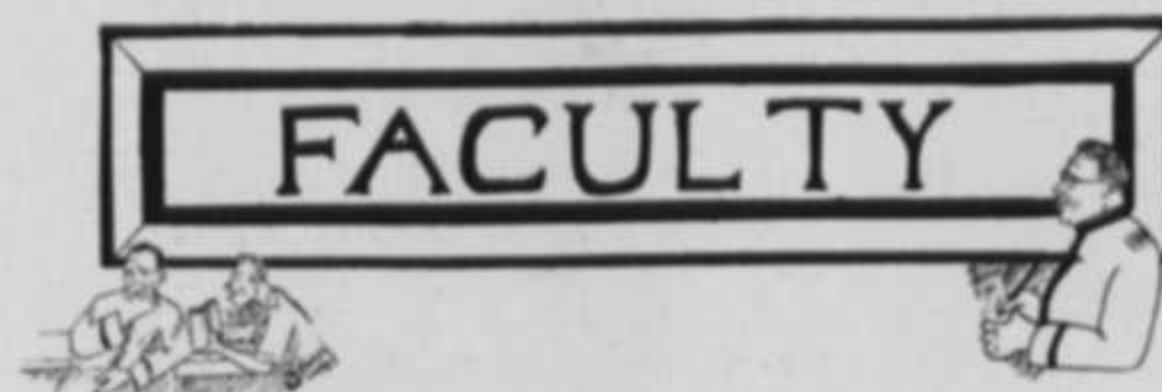
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Toast to Faculty

Here's to Capt. Russell,
Who puts us on the beat;
And here's to Major Russell,
Trigonometry he does teach;
And here's to Capt. Kable—
A married man is he;
And here's to Capt. Forney,
Assistant Commandant would be;
And here's to Capt. Lowman,
Who can play some ball, they say;
And here's to Capt. Acker,
A lady-killer is he;
And here's to Capt. Watkins,
A jolly man is he;
And here's to Capt. Wonson,
Who is a favorite here;
And here's to Capt. Stevens,
The "Annual" maker each year;
And here's to Capt. McLure,
Who's long and slim and tall;
And here's to Capt. Gollehon
Who keeps Study Hall;
And here's to Capt. King,
A Y. M. C. A. man is he;
And here's to Capt. Sizer,
Who Modern language does teach;
And here's to Capt. Tiller,
Who keeps Small Study Hall;
And here's to Capt. Davis,
As good as he can be;
And here's to Capt. Sutherland,
Who's liked by one and all;
And here's to one who has left us,
Capt. Ruben Small.

—Boykin.



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MISS LORETTA WALTER
Mary Baldwin Seminary, Peabody Institute
MUSIC



MR. THOMAS KIVLIGHAN
POST COMMISSARY

What the Day Brings Forth

A. M.

- 6:59 Alarm clock makes a noise, and the 3d corporal slowly comes to his senses.
- 6:52 3d corporal decides to wake the musician.
- 6:55 Agony horn sounds.
- 6:58 A few "rats" get up.
- 7:00 Agony horn sounds again.
- 7:02 Tobias and Kimball begin dressing.
- 7:04 Hold it!
- 7:05 Assembly for reveille. Gwynne is late.
- 7:15 Some wash for breakfast.
- 7:20 Woodruff makes himself beautiful.
- 7:30 Assembly for breakfast. Gwynne is "stuck" for being late.
- 7:35 Capt. "T. G." returns Thanks.
- 7:38 "Shoot the milk and rolls," Chief.
- 7:50 Capt. King preaches to the cadets.
- 7:55 King continues to preach.
- 8:05 King is still preaching.
- 8:12 King quits.
- 8:14 Captains Sizer and Sutherland march down the street with lunch baskets.
- 8:15 Evans, O., bums a match.
- 8:20 Captain Wonson makes a tour of the 3d floor.
- 8:21 Woodruff applies some facial cream to his rosy cheeks.
- 8:22 Is caught in the act by Captain Wonson.
- 8:45 Mail crew slowly climbs the hill.
- 8:50 The "favorites" get their mail slipped to them.
- 9:00 School Roll Call. Gwynne gets theretoo late to answer his name.
- 10:30 Third period reports.
- 10:40 "Mr. Mullen, I'll have to report you and Mr. Fakes if you don't get here sooner."
- 12:00 Recess. Cadets go to their rooms. What for?

P. M.

- 12:15 More school. Some in the Tactics Class tell how little they know.
- 2:00 Woodruff tries some beautifier this time.
- 2:10 "Asst. Com." repeats the morning Thanks.
- 2:30 Big rush for the Post Office.
- 2:45 Some didn't get letters from their best girls.
- 2:46 I don't care. Don't love her anyway.
- 3:00 Drill. As usual, Gwynne is late.
- 4:05 Recall from drill.
- 4:06 Woodruff thinks powder is best for the afternoon, so uses it plentifully.
- 4:12 Cunningham and Woodruff follow the lines.
- 4:15 "Jack" makes a hit. That is, the cape does for him.
- 4:20 Girls come to dancing school.
- 6:00 Retreat. Gwynne did not get there on time.
- 6:02 Dancing class reviews Evening Parade.
- 6:05 Reports are published. "Gwynne late to school, class and all formations."
- 6:06 Mullen flourishes the "big stick."
- 6:07 Woodruff marches the battalion to "cats."
- 6:10 "Ted" gives us the same "speil" for the third time.
- 6:35 Call to quarters. Tobias starts a rough house.
- 6:36 Evans, O., makes a plea for a match.
- 6:37 "Tobe" gets the worst of the rough.
- 7:00 Study Hall. Special seniors have to go also. Full seniors swap stories.
- 7:30 Several get fresh in study hall.
- 7:31 Captain Gollehon puts them on the "beat."
- 9:30 Tatoo. Gwynne there nearly on time.
- 9:35 Big rough house starts in room 230. Faculty stop it.
- 9:45 Woodruff massages his face before retiring.
- 10:00 Senior lights out.
- 10:30 Fakes and "Tobe" retire.
- 11:35 Captain Sizer makes an inspection and finds two absent.
- 11:40 By the assistance of the night watchman, the culprits are discovered. One is captured, the other makes good his escape, and "beats" it for his boudoir.
- 12:00 The first corporal has made himself comfortable, and is dead to the world.
- 12:01 All's well.

T. J. F.



SENIORS

Senior Class Officers

Flower
American Beauty.

Colors
Maroon and Grey.

Motto
Ande Sapere.

President
CAPT. E. HILL MYERS.

Vice-President
CAPT. HERBERT K. ROLLINS.

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CAPT. A. V. GWYNNE.

Treasurer
CAPT. RALPH E. WOODRUFF.

Historian
CAPT. TURNER J. FAKES.

Prophet
LIEUT.-ADJ., JOHN D. CUNNINGHAM.

Poet
CADET OLIVER H. McFARLAND.

"Men of polite learning and a liberal education"—Henry.

"Fair flower, that does so comely grow"

SAMUEL IRVINE ANDERSON

(Phi Sigma Chi)

Created much excitement in Coshocton, Ohio, and helped to celebrate our Father's birthday February 22, 1893. "Andy" stopped over a year here before going to Ohio State University.



"That mighty orb of song"

A. G. BARTON

(Delta Sigma Nu)

Began singing in Anderson, S. C., on September 30, 1892. "Buck" is a member of the Social Club, football and track teams; and assists the minstrel quartet very much with his tenor voice. Prepares himself for business in Eastman Business College next year.



"A soul as white as heaven"

HUGH ANDERSON BARTON

(Chi Sigma Chi)

Gazed on the inhabitants of Barton, Ohio, for the first time, June 29, 1893. Sergeant in the band. This is his fourth year, and he returns in September as a Post-Graduate.





"The puzzle of critics"
JAMES LANDECK BAUER
(Phi Sigma Epsilon)

Looked out meekly on New York City, October 24, 1894. This is "Jimmie's" first year and he goes to University of Pennsylvania this Fall.



"Nameless here forevermore"
HARVEY CLEVELAND BEATTIE
(Delta Sigma Nu)

"The" 1st sergeant was added to the population of Greenville, S. C., December 23, 1892. "Rat" will go to Cornell in the Fall.



"There's a nice youngster of excellent pith"
EARNEST LeMOIN BOGGS

Found fault with Barton, Ohio, August 29, 1894, but brightened up when he came to S. M. A. in 1908. He goes to Ohio State University after leaving us.



"And his cheek was like a rose"
HENRY RENICK BOGGS
(Chi Sigma Chi)

Sang his own cradle song September 10, 1904, in Good Hope, Ohio. "Honns" leaves S. M. A. for Ohio Wesleyan University, where he will find some fair co-ed. who can Boss-'er-man.



"And grave with wonder gazed about"
PAUL RAYMOND BOGGS

Barton, Ohio, is the home of the corporal and crack clarionet player. "Beany" was born April 22, 1895, and came here in 1907. Ohio State University next Fall.



"A creature that did bear the shape of man"
HORACE H. BRONSON

Danced into Cortland, New York, December 7, 1895. "Hoddie" is a sergeant, and goes to the University of Penn. to study Law.



"And, sure, he is an honorable man"

MORGAN WILLIAM BROWN

A human being that was born in Nashville, Tennessee, January 21, 1894. Came to S. M. A in 1908. This year he is a corporal in the band. Cornell.

"I live and love, what would you more?"

RICHARD LATHAM BRYAN

(Pi Phi)

Came here in 1908, and has been corporal, color sergeant, and 1st sergeant. Also a member of the Social Club. Was born in Columbia, S. C., January 2, 1894. "Dick" will try the University of South Carolina next.



"I am a part of all that I have met"

A. HEBARD CASE

Claims Topeka, Kansas, as his birthplace. Was born there November 20, 1892, but moved to Hawaiian Islands in 1895. He is sergeant in band, and as a result of his musical talent, is undecided where he will go after leaving S. M. A.

"I know a hawk from a handsaw"

ROBERT EARL CONLEY

(Pi Phi)

Quietly entered Batavia, Illinois, July 17, 1893. There was too much noise for him so he left for S. M. A. in 1908. Member of the Social Club, and Vice-Pres. of the Y. M. C. A. He has held the offices sergeant and quartermaster, and lieutenant and quartermaster. Next year will see him in business for himself.



"Custom reconciles us to everything"

EDWARD LUKE COVINGTON

Bowling Green, Kentucky, was first aware of the addition to its number April 7, 1895. "Covy" is a sergeant and member of the track team. Some one (?) has persuaded him to go to the Citadel.

"I am no orator as Brutus is"

JOHN DODGE CUNNINGHAM

(Phi Sigma Chi)

The Class prophpet sailed into Glouster, Massachusetts, August 30, 1892. "Jack" is also business manager of the "Blue and Gold." He has been a corporal, and lieutenant, and adjutant. No more college life for him, as he goes into business after this year.





"Oh, Love be more moderate"

JOHN ALDEN CUSHING

(Chi Sigma Chi)

Was blown into Lancaster, New York, November 27, 1893. The breeze was so strong that S. M. A. was his only hope, and he landed here in 1908. "Cush" has been a corporal, sergeant, and 1st lieutenant; and still is "some ladies' man." University of Buffalo to study Pharmacy next year.

"Heaven rest his soul"

WILLIAM CURTIS DeWARE

Woke up (?) in Jefferson, Texas, March 23, 1893. Completed High School and left at once for S. M. A. "Lengthy" has done fine work preparing for the University of Texas.



"A soul that pity touched, but never shook"

MALCOLM WHITE DILLON

(Delta Sigma Nu)

"Crusty" gazed upon Pike's Peak from Denver, Colorado, June 9, 1896. Corporal and member of the Social Club. This completes his fourth year and he leaves here for Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.



"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time"

HOUSTON HALE DRIGGS

Arrived in Washington, D. C. July 3, 1893, in time to assist in the big celebration. "Monk" has been an ornament here for four years, and will try Cornell next.



"As monumental bronze, unchanged his looks"

SIDNEY PORTER DRISCOLL

(Delta Sigma Nu)

Was left by mistake in Deerfield, Massachusetts, April 6, 1894. Was chased out, so now he "stays" in Savannah, Georgia. "Sam" is a member of the Social Club, and also a sergeant. Tests his luck at the University of Virginia this Fall.



"Love little, love me long"

TURNER J. FAKES

(Chi Sigma Chi)

Faked the gatekeeper and was admitted into McCrory, Arkansas, July 16, 1892. Class historian and captain of company "D." Last year he was corporal and sergeant. Won the medal for the best drilled man in S. M. A. Goes to Cornell to study electrical engineering.





"The Post's darling"

JAMES FAIRFAX FULTON

(Delta Sigma Nu)

Came to Staunton, Virginia, November 9, 1892, to follow the "Sem." lines. "Fax" spent two years in High School, and enrolled in S. M. A. September, 1910. He is a member of the Social Club. Goes to Washington and Lee University this Fall.

"His is that language of the heart"

JOHN PIERCE GAINES

Came into Matagorda, Texas, on a "bucking broncho" September 13, 1893. This is first year of military life, and he leaves for the University of Texas.



"A progeny of learning"

ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON

Is another inhabitant of Staunton, Virginia. Born July 9, 1897. He has done some excellent studying here for the past four years, and returns as a Post-Graduate.



"It seems a part of wisdom"

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON

Was born in Staunton, Virginia, May 19, 1895. This is also his fourth year. Will spend the next few at the University of Virginia.



"Infinite riches in a small room"

SAMUEL MURTON GUILD

(Phi Sigma)

"Monk" is a noisy fellow from Aurora, Illinois. Commenced life June 27, 1895. He returns as a Post Graduate to pass away his fifth year here.



"I was not always a man of woe"

ARTHUR V. GWYNNE

(Delta Sigma Nu)

"Avie" has been in S. M. A. some time. Has held the offices of corporal, sergeant, and lieutenant in the band; captain and lieutenant in Company C. He is Treasurer of the Social Club, Class Secretary, Captain of Football and Basketball, Manager of Baseball, and Athletic Editor of "Blue and Gold." Was born in New York City, January 23, 1893. Went to Montclair Academy before coming here. Washington and Lee University.





"Here was a type of the true elderly race"

HARRY MARVIN HUNDLEY

Made his first appearance, astride a mule, in St. Joseph, Missouri, August 1, 1892. "Professor" is a sergeant in Company D. He thinks because he finished High School and S. M. A., the University of Penn. can be taken in easily.

"Art thou a friend of Roderick?"

RODERICK SPEARMAN KIMERER IRVIN

Began making characters like bird's tracks in Fusan, Korea, May 20, 1895. Went to school three years in Chefoo, China. Stopped here a year on his way to Harvard.



"Yond Cassius hath a lean and hungry look"

HUGH HAIGLER KENNEDY

(Chi Sigma Chi)

Became an ornament to Washington C. H., Ohio, September 7, 1892. "Horse" will leave his Baby Doll to paint 11's at Ohio State University in the Fall.

"Sigh no more ladies; sigh no more"

WILSON S. KIMBALL, Jr.

(Chi Sigma Chi)

The "most solemn man" first looked natural in Casper, Wyoming, October 20, 1893. "Swiftly" has worn the stripes of a sergeant, and lieutenant during his term of three years here. Was honored by a sending off party, when he made his debut into Staunton Society, October 22, 1911. Cornell.



"Oh dear discretion, how his works are suited"

CARL FREDERICK LaMARCHE

(Pi Phi)

On the 14th of July, 1893, the above made an increase to Cleveland, Ohio. Carl is sergeant; member of the Social Club, and also of the Football Team. He tries Cornell next.



"I hold the world but as the world"

JOSEPH MARTIN LEHMAYER

The corporal smiled upon Grand Rapids, Michigan, October 22, 1894. "Joe" moved to York, Pa., but stopped at S. M. A. two years before going to Penn. State College.





"Time rolls his ceaseless case"

LOUIS CHARLES LeROY, III

(Omega Gamma Delta)

"Lou" drifted into New York City, and fooled some one April 1, 1892. Takes up forestry this Fall, at Biltmore College.

"There is soul of goodness in things evil"

NEAL MORGAN LOOMIS

(Beta Phi Sigma)

Broke loose in Independence, Kentucky, June 13, 1894, but went to Marion, Indiana, in 1905. "Doc" is on the track team, and clerk to the Assistant Commandant. Indiana University.



"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves"

GEORGE YEWELL MALONE

A brilliant product of Geneva, Alabama, being born there January 21, 1896. We wish "Georgie" luck during his stay at Vanderbilt.

"And that voice still soundeth on"

JAMES FRANCIS MARTIN

(Pi Phi)

Began his career as a cheer leader November 25, 1893, in Indianapolis, Indiana. "Tubby" is a member of the Social Club, and sergeant. After leaving here he will go to Ohio State University.



"Peccavimus; but rave not thus"

SIDNEY A. MOSS

(Theta Pi Omega)

Commenced blowing his own horn in Savannah, Georgia, December 28, 1903. Moved to Shanghai, China, in 1900. "Chink" is a sergeant in the band. Goes from here to the University of Michigan.



"This charm is wasted on the earth and sky"

EDMUND W. MULLEN

(Phi Sigma Chi)

Smiled on the Pacific coast from Redondo, California, August 1, 1892. Moved to Los Angeles in 1897 and left for S. M. A. in '09. "Runt" has been a corporal, sergeant, 1st sergeant and lieutenant in the band. He manages the track team and is drum major, assistant business manager of "Blue and Gold." Ed. is one of the end men in the Minstrels, and we will miss him when he goes to Cornell.





"The valiant never taste of death but once"

EDWIN BEANEAU MURRAY

(Chi Sigma Chi)

Made his first bright remark November 3, 1893, in Palestine, Texas. "Ned" is a corporal and member of the football and baseball teams. He goes to Boston Polytechnic Institute to hold down 3rd base for them.

"His wit invites you by his looks to come"

E. HILL MYERS

(Delta Sigma Nu)

Our "most popular" man was born in Denton, Texas, August 20, 1892, but went to Beaumont in 1901. Hill has held the offices of sergeant, sergeant-major, and captain of Company B. Social editor of "Blue and Gold," president of the Senior Class, and Social Club, and manager of football, and basketball, and assistant manager of baseball. He takes up the study of Sugar Chemistry at the University of Louisiana.



"I talk with respect, and swear but now and then"

WILLIAM F. McCUTCHEON

(Phi Sigma Chi)

Coronal Institute was too slow for "Rooster," so he came to S. M. A. in 1909. His long lean physique assisted him as high jumper for the last three years. San Marcos, Texas, was first aware of his presence June 15, 1891. Was a sergeant last year, and a lieutenant and captain of company C. this. Cornell.



"Fruitful and friendly for all human kind"

WILLIAM CEPHAS NORTON

(Pi Phi)

First presented himself to the public of Des Moines, Iowa, September 13, 1892. Moved to Greenfield, Ohio at an early age and completed High School last year. "Bill" is a member of the Social Club, and goes to Ohio State University.



"Oh let me howl some heavy note"

MEREDITH WILLIAM REID

Blew into Omaha, Nebraska, September 16, 1895, but the weather was too rough for him, so he went to Ponce, Porto Rico, in 1907. "Merry" enters Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.



"As musical as bright Apollo's lute"

HERBERT KNAPP ROLLINS

(Delta Sigma Nu)

Took the Soothsayer's advice "Beware of the Ides of March," and was born on the 13th of that month, 1893. "Wallop" has been a corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, and captain in the band. He is Vice President of the Social Club, and Senior Class. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute for him in the Fall.





"Only this, and nothing more"

FRANKLIN LAWRENCE SHERIDAN

Here is the true type of the New Yorker. Four years at S. M. A. and then to business is his motto. He was a valentine sent to New York City, but he didn't arrive until the 16th, 1894.

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith"

HARVEY HASALL SMITH

(Delta Sigma Nu)

The "Trig Shark" claims he first came to life on Long Island, October 13, 1904. "Smittie" goes to Columbia University, after having spent three years in S. M. A.



"O, name him not"

JOHN HARRY SMOOT

On June 1, 1896 "Dutch" started life in his slow, easy-going way in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. His parents carried him to Berlin, Germany, in 1900, and since that time he has seen the greater part of Europe. He is a corporal. Will study electrical engineering at Bliss College next year.



"The youth replies, 'I can' "

DAVID LIVINGSTON SOLES

On that unlucky day of November 13 (?) Soles smelled the smoke McKeesport, Pa. Spent the greater part of '04, '05 and '06 in S. M. A. but left and went to Pittsburgh Academy. Returned here in 1911 on his way to the University of Michigan to study Law.



"Little strokes fell great oaks"

JOHN ROBERT STEVENSON

(Pi Phi)

Caused much amusement in Lock Haven, Pa., September 17, 1894. Held the offices of corporal, sergeant, and lieutenant. Member of the Social Club. He tries for Penn. State College this Fall.



"Young in limb, in judgment old"

WILLIAM D. STINSON

(Delta Sigma Nu)

The town of Salem, Illinois, received this valuable addition April 15, 1894, but soon sent him to Mt. Vernon, Indiana. From there he was sent to S. M. A. to be a sergeant, and a member of the Social Club. We have seen "Bill" long enough, so will see that he gets to Jefferson Medical College.





"A prating boy"

WASHINGTON IRVING TRAGLE

(Phi Sigma Chi)

Assisted in mounting his first guard in Reading, Pennsylvania, October 8, 1895. "Jeff" is sergeant-major, end man, and business manager of the Minstrels. Goes into business this year.

"With heart as calm as lakes that sleep"

EDWIN HENRY TREBEL

(Delta Sigma Nu)

Arrived in Hamilton, Ohio, in time to eat turkey, November 15, 1893. The "Baron" came here in '09 to hold the offices of corporal and lieutenant. Returns as a Post-Graduate.



"Young fellows will be young fellows"

RODMAN FLEMING VANSANT

(Pi Phi)

Played a piccolo for the first time in Philadelphia, Pa., July 16, 1893. Five years later he moved to Chicago, Illinois. During "Vans" three terms here he has been a corporal and 1st sergeant in the band. Secretary of the Social Club, and end man in the Minstrels. Takes up agriculture at the University of Illinois.



"No more than I am well acquitted of"

EDWIN ELTON WARD

Heard the roar of the mighty waves in Chestertown, Maryland, May 1, 1893. "Doc" has been preparing for Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.



"What I have done is done"

JOHN ALFRED WHITE, Jr.

Started his "big line of talk July 15, 1894, in Clarksville, Arkansas. Moved to Clarksville, Texas, and bluffed his way through High School. He has been a corporal and sergeant. John will go to Texas Medical College.



"Men at some times are masters of their fates"

SETH WIARD

(Delta Sigma Kappa)

"Rusty" came to Boston, Massachusetts, July 1, and heard the report of the big fire works in 1894, for the first time. Moved to Yalesville, Connecticut, the same year. Was clerk for the Assistant Commandant last year, and leaves for Rennselaer Polytechnic Institute.





"Facts are stubborn things"

ALEX. HUTCHESON WILLIAMS

(Pi Phi)

Outwitted Santa Claus and got to Arvon, Virginia, December 24, 1892. Was a corporal, now is lieutenant, and member of the Social Club. Goes into business after three years of military life.

"A mother's pride, a father's joy"

RALPH E. WOODRUFF

(Phi Sigma Chi)

Columbus, Ohio, had to endure "Woody's" presence from January 9, 1892, until he left for S. M. A. in 1908. He has been a corporal, sergeant, and lieutenant; this year he is our Senior Captain. Captain of the track team for the past three years. Military editor of "Blue and Gold," treasurer of the Class, and president of the Y. M. C. A. "Woody" will be at the University of Wisconsin next year.



"And thereby hangs a tale"

FRED COROTHERS WRIGHT

Made a noise in Clarence, Missouri, on the morning of December 9, 1894. Corporal in the band. "Fritz" goes to the University of Missouri, after spending a few months vacation.

Senior Class



ON the third Tuesday in September we climbed the old hill once more, to begin another year of hard Study. There were many old familiar faces among the crowd, but most of them were new ones.

Both the business men and the fairer sex seemed glad that we had returned, as it meant more business for the former and a chance of more pleasure to the latter.

Several of our best athletes and most of the officers are enrolled in the Senior Class. Next Fall will see an entirely new set of officers, and it may be for the best that old S. M. A. will lose some of the ornaments that have been "sticking around" for the past few years.

The class of '12 is the largest in the history of the school, and we extend our heart-felt thanks to the Faculty who have been faithful and untiring in training our minds for the future trials of life.

We sincerely hope that in years to come, we will be a credit and benefit to our Alma Mater.

Class Poem

And far away from Staunton our footsteps bend;
Our happy military days are at an end,
Reluctantly and slowly we turn away,
But, as to others so to us, the day
Has come at last when we must say good-bye,
And bid a long farewell to dear old Staunton.
But it is not a solemn thought, my friends,
To think that with commencement service ends
A life that we will never know again.
At some far distant date, no doubt a dream;
We'll musingly wonder how 'twould seem
To be again at dear old Staunton and see
The old time sights just as they used to be.
We'll shut our eyes and hear again the bell
That rang for classes, and we'll try to tell,
In lowered voice, for fear we get caught
For we are doing what we never ought—
To some one in the crowded line, what we
"Just know we made" in Plane Trigonometry,
Chemistry, Physics, French, or German Prose,
The English Literature, of goodness knows
The other dreadfuls which we learned to hate.
And once again we'll sit and sourly croak;
"I'll bet that intermission bell is broke
Why doesn't the blamed old idiotic thing
Get some kind of a hurry on and ring".
And when it does, again, in thought you'll jump
And start to run before the signal's thump,
And, while walking beat you'll wonder why.
You ever came to such a place as Staunton
And declare if it ev'r should be your fate
To stop, or worse, to some day to graduate,
That never, never will you come again
To such a life of teachers, toil and pain
And then, awakening with a start, you'll say,
My! but I wish I was back again at S. M. A.

—O. H. M.

Prophecy



ANY times have I affirmed that the only "institution" in this school worth while is my little, seven by three white enameled cot. Most emphatically I state it every morning just before reveile and a voice always agrees with me from across the room, in terms equally as forcible. I believe it even more firmly since it has rolled aside for me the curtain of the future and I was allowed to see my friends and classmates at work or at play in the year 1925.

The sun was beating fiercely upon the white sands and the thatched roofs of the huts beneath, while the heat waves arose to meet me as I swooped close to the barren land. The rush of hot wind almost suffocated me and the motor of my Bleriot was throbbing its protest. When preparing to land I saw a group of fifty or more savages dancing in wild glee around a big fire over which was suspended a huge pot. To one side lying tied and gagged was a drab figure. Although bound and in a twisted position it still clung to the dignity which becomes a Lieut. in the U. S. Army. Suddenly I discovered to my amazement that it was Harkness who was about to make soup for these cannibals. I like soup myself, but I didn't relish the idea of those heathen eating a Christian broth. If they had been converted it would have been all right, but as it was I dropped among them with a cry of, "No Soup." They scattered and I snatched him to my bosom without stopping. After an hour's flight we beheld a column of dusty troops riding to the rescue. Upon landing we found that Lieut. Breck was leading Troop Z to annihilate the natives and save their beloved officer.

The scene changed, I was in Illinois flying over a large tract of farm land, with a beautiful mansion in the center surrounded by lawns and flower gardens. Seated on the piazza was Van Sant arrayed in white flannels and a Panama hat, smoking a big cigar. He had won ease and fame by grafting skunk cabbages with tea roses, making a delightful breakfast food. He said that Conley had never left S. M. A., but had married a town girl, making his living by running the supply room at the school.

As I flew by the U. of Ill., I could see Professor Cushing in the act of demonstrating to his pupils the fallacy of nitroglycerine being an explosive. Unfortunately the compound blew up delaying the discussion until the roof was restored and the scattered class assembled from the various parts of the state. La Marche, C. was luckily in another room tasting for poison when the accident occurred.

Clyde Aldrich was Assistant Commandant of the Ohio Military Academy, where he had installed the beat, swimming pool, fine shady lawns, and other requisites. Needless to say he was successful.

The bitter cold winds swept across the ice fields, bluish white in the moonlight cutting through my heavy firs to grasp my body in an icy clutch. I dropped to the snow pack, opened the door of the cabin which was miraculously at hand and greeted Avy Gwynne and Hill Myers who were shooting crap for their dust beside the red hot stove. We talked of our mutual friends. I learned that Anderson, I., had been caught smuggling Chinamen into the U. S. and chased into the Bering Sea by the Pacific Fleet. where he was hung at the yard arm with appropriate ceremonies. Poor Andy, his wild and adventurous spirit had led him astray. McCutcheon had been hurt in an auto accident. Upon running over a Greaser three times in as many months the machine had skidded at the last attempt throwing "Mac" and straining his little finger. I always knew that to run down a man three times was unlucky, especially for the man.

I had walked a million miles or more or less and I was beginning to tire when I perceived a teepee. I went in, threw myself upon a pile of leaves and was soon asleep only to be awakened by a gruff voice which somehow seemed familiar. After shaking hands with Kimball I was introduced to his wife, Mrs. Singing Brook, and the seven children. He was tending cattle for Fakes, who owned rich timber lands nearby, keeping them from eating all the little defenceless cactus trees. Tobias had become an opera star who captivated his audience with his wonderful lung power and display of pink tights. Rollins had gained a fortune by transposing all the higher Math. into music which he played on his trombone. This proved a delightful and efficient manner of learn-

ing to his classes in Boston Tech. Soles, D., having mastered Trig. by this new method was preparing himself for the Bar.

I went into the Gaiety, mistaking it for the Park Street Church. The music was fine, best prelude I ever heard, but when the curtain rose I was astounded. Tragle, taking active part in the services? Impossible! He seemed to be talking earnestly about something, "monologue" the Order of Services called it, anyway it seemed rather flippant to me, somewhat out of place. Soon a bevy of girls came in dancing and singing with a shocking display of ungainly limbs. Could it be possible? De Ware leading such a sacrilegious ceremony? I looked again and saw Bronson, Driggs, Irvin, Norton (quite plump to be sure but graceful) and Kennedy, who made rather a sharp contrast. Driscoll, Case and Ward, E., completed the number. They were named Chorus Girls on the Menu. Next came some smaller ones. These might have represented cherubs, but it was too unlikely. Pony Ballet? What a strange name to call Boggs, E.; Boggs, P.; Adams, C.; Walls, B.; Smith, H.; Barton, H.; Dillon, M.; and Brown, M. But there was Bauer leading the choir, and Entwhistle playing the cornet, surely that was quite like our Y. M. C. A. meetings, except for the new and catchy hymns. The pulpit cleared and I saw Moody in the center juggling some dumb-bells with 1,000 painted in white on them.

I determined to report them all to the authorities for "improper behavior in church," when Le Roy entered in ministerial garb and solemn mein. "Now for the sermon." I thought, but just then in rushed the girls with Hundley, who was doing a strange dance. I got up and left, vowing never to go to church again.

Just outside I ran into Loomis vending peanuts without a license. From him I learned that Trebel was a Piano Player in a Moving Picture Show; Smoot was a Missionary to the poor, benighted Austrians; Boggs H., engineering a pipe line from New York to Newfoundland to give the "blue noses" steam heat; and Martin, F., a Salvation Army Captain, having shown a remarkable ability for Bible teaching at S. M. A.

"Words, words, words!" my head ached with them, but the torrent flowed on. Each time the lawyer cleared his throat it seemed as if he said "Hoot, Hoot." I glanced up, caught sight of the "owl features," and ejaculated, "Ogilvie, by all the gods!"



OH WHY DID I LEAVE THAT DEAR HACKEN'SACK, N.J.

He was debating on, "Who Drove the Jews from Jerusalem, Or Why is a When?" Stevenson, J., Counsel for the Defence, declared that his criminal mind was in motion; whereupon Judge McGowan dismissed the case as being "contrarious ad fectum" (meaning an auction of finance.)

Speaking of finance reminded me that Moss was doing a profitable business in China, making the Chinks pay ten years in advance for life insurance, then starting revolutions to kill them off. Covington was also rich, or on the road to being so, for he had become a faculty officer at S. M. A., after graduating from the Citadel. Reid, M., was King of Puerto Rico, with Wiard acting as Prime Minister. When the subjects got unruly they lulled them to sleep with vocal duets. Powers was a Police Sergeant in the Metropolitan Park Service, keeping the squirrels from molesting the "nuts" who slept all day on the benches. Barton, A., sang tenor in a Church on Sundays and in a Burlesque Show on week days. Bryan was married. I always feared some calamity would befall him. Lehmeyer won the goal by manufacturing a new lard from rum-cherries although bitterly opposed by the Temperance Leagues.

My gasoline had given out, so I picked out the most imposing house at hand and rang the bell. In the light of my front lamps I discerned a familiar figure in a green smoking jacket. I grabbed Woodruff gasping faintly for kerosene, he protested that he had retired from business after making his fortune in stocks. I was relieved to hear that Evans, O.; Beattie, R.; and Williams, A.; were living as respectable American citizens should. McFarlane was poet laureate of the Campbell's Soup Ads. Deetjen was running a German beer garden in Jersey City, which was very popular with the natives. White, J., was traveling salesman for the United News Co., on the B. & O.

After procuring the benzine I started out, but the auto seemed to have a desire to run through the earth. The soil was loose, so progress was easy, so easy that I decided to try it alone. I got out and walked ahead digging my way as I went. After about an hour's work I heard sounds of a pick at work. Almost immediately the barrier gave away and Mullen stood before me pick in hand making an essay of copper dirt. He said that he

was engineer for all the mines in the West and——, but I didn't hear the rest for he was already far, far behind and then I struck water. I had been swimming for some time and had just picked up an acquaintance with a couple of fish, when I heard a voice saying, "Reveille has blown."

"Huh!" I muttered. It was repeated so loud that I woke up long enough to say that unless T. G. himself on bended knees begged me to get up, I would not do so, and furthermore that four hours, "beat" was nothing as compared to five minutes more in my little white cot, the only sensible feature of S. M. A.

—J. D. C.



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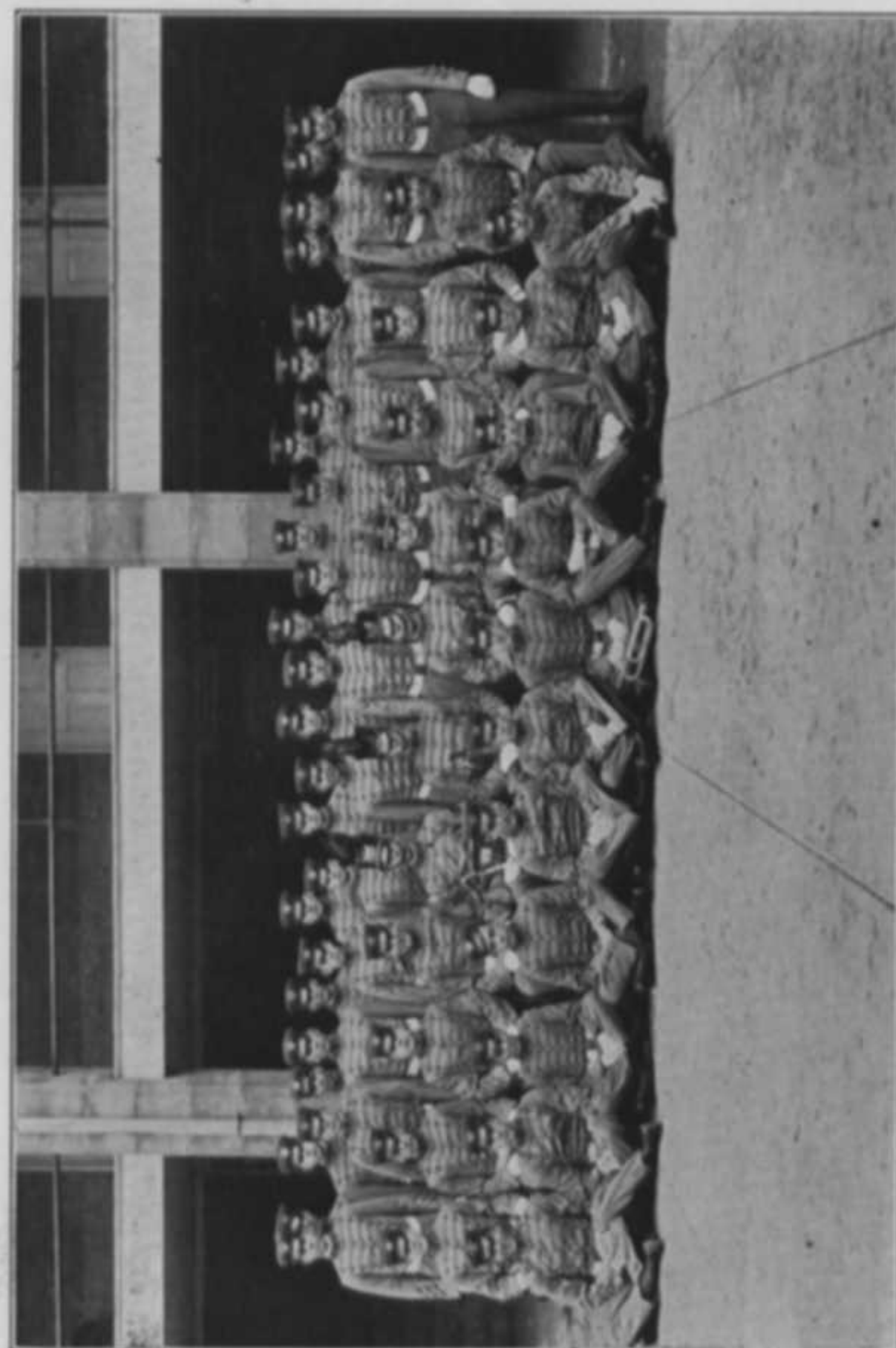
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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Barbadoes Bells



THREE hours after sunset the wind arose—not the usual West Indian trade-breeze, but a strange sea-hurricane, sharp and strong, blown from God knows where. It shrieked over coral-reef and cane-field, tearing the trembling branches of the thinly-scattered tropical trees, and heaping the heavens from horizon to zenith with dark storm-clouds, forerunners of rain. They parted for an instant, letting the moon's beams fall on the white grave-stones of a deserted country graveyard, then closed again. The gloomy roadway ascending an ever-steeper incline, here twisted itself suddenly. Almost under Neal Hardy's feet, in the swirling mist, something caught its breath with sharpness. Then there was the instantaneous gleam of a lantern, the crash of the body of a heavy man hurling itself furiously to attack the unsuspecting traveller. Then the fight began.

"Kouneworth, I have captured him!" The two were down in the roadway, now, locked in a struggle, furious, breathless, straining—over and over, now upon dew-wet grass, now into thorny undergrowth. Hardy's arms were twisted torturingly, his mouth seemed full of warm blood. Again, for the fraction of an instant, the lantern flashed. The night air was shattered by an old man's shriek, hoarse, broken, discordant: "Koun, Koun, thou art Satan's own fool! thou art mad, lad; give me the cutty-knife, think you that I can kill him with only my old fingers?"

"'Tis the wrong man, you have captured the wrong man," said a deeper-measured voice, from perhaps half a yard's distance—and as the words yet echoed, the speaker's mood grew strange.

He began to laugh in the darkness, subduedly, horribly, like a hyena—like nothing human. Hardy's pulse throbbed fast. "Hush ye Koune, we'll have done with him swiftly, give me the cutty-knife," commanded the first night voice harshly. The hideous soft chuckles ceased here as unexpectedly as they had begun. "It can be none but the right man, for knows not every West Indian, that he who murders by poison must on the third night after his crime stab through the heart of his dead victim, that he may 'lay' the poisoned ghost." Clear, sudden, upspringing, the flames of a lantern on Hardy's right illuminated, in its small, bright circle the two wild faces of the assassins. The elder stranger stooped to knot Hardy's wrists more tightly, with a scarlet Spanish sash. The younger one, kneeling, set the bright lantern, and a brighter gold coin in the center of the circle of cleared sand. Over his head wavered the thorny branches of the giant West Indian flowering-fence, the "Jumbi-tree" of negro voodooism, haunt of a thousand legendary horrors, never planted near a home. Its twisted roots wrapped themselves like serpents about three huge flat, greenish-white rock slabs, nameless and dateless gravestones, that lay all arow in the foreground. Through the lonesome, country silence one could hear the crickets chirp.

"If blackmail is your purpose, I will pay none, I give warning," said Hardy. "Loose my hands and show me the road. You will do well, sir, to be advised, and I may keep silence at Bridgetown as to this strange attack. What is the meaning of your talk of poisoning?"

He had addressed, instinctively, the younger stranger, who seemed some how the leader. It was the old man who interrupted him here, crazily enough.

"This good gun is your reward for the poison which you made with redswamp flowers and rats-bane, at dark of the moon," he said curiously, leaning forward, his black eyes penetratingly, insanely brilliant, under shaggy eyebrows, a murderous finger tip on the spring of his flintlock. There was an instant's thrilling silence. He wheeled away from the puzzled Hardy with a passionate gesture of rage.

"Koune, you shall toss the coin, for Justice or Law. You are impartial. You hated her, Koune, you hated Florence. You shall

toss for her secret poisoner's fate. Shall we give him justice for his crime and kill him here alone in the grave-yard, or law and a trial next month by jury."

"Have I wandered by night into Bedlam?" said Hardy. The younger stranger smiled at him maliciously. His eyes were unreadable, hollow, haunted, steel-gray.

"My uncle Crentall there," he explained, pointing at the old man with extreme indifference, "has condemned you to death upon circumstantial evidence. His daughter, Florence, died strangely by poison. He has watched her grave for two nights in vain. He knew the superstition of our islanders. He knew that her murderer would come alone to this grave-yard, within three days to 'lay' her ghost." His sleepy voice changed suddenly here. Hardy knew now that it was this younger man who had laughed in the darkness. "Toss! toss!" whispered the parrot-like old man. And again, a second later he cried: "He shall 'lay' no ghosts to-night. But the younger stranger bent forward eagerly towards Hardy, across the second great grave-stone.

"It was you," he said, abruptly, yet with significance, "Crentall you remember?" he added, addressing the old man. "This man was at Jeffrey's ball. He danced three times with Florence; why, why, that was where he first met her, Crentall. I wonder why he should poison her, he scarcely knew her."

"I have poisoned no Florence. I danced with no Florence at Jeffrey's ball," began Hardy angrily. But even as he spoke his memory was aroused. The ball-room flashed again before him; lights, laughter, a shimmer of silk, a haze of faces, a ripple of song; shrill and hurrying he heard again, in fancy, a chorus of fiddles, in the lightest dance tune that ever rang in a man's ears:

"Come let us dance and sing,
While Barbadoes bells do ring!
Quasby touches the fiddle string,
And Venus fingers the lute!"

With the swell of this music, the girl's forgotten face returned to his recollection. It was a cruel, equine face, exquisite, unusual, with slanting slits of deep-set dark eyes, keen under the soft shadow of auburn hair. How the invisible violins in his head played that wild, little tune! Hardy, leaning on leached grave-stones, shivered unconsciously.

"There were twenty other men who danced with your daughter at Jeffrey's," he said meaningly in his turn. "If that is the sole ground for this attack, for this charge of murder, twenty other men are equally guilty with myself. And there was one stranger in especial who glared and frowned at the young lady most murderously all evening."

The older man, fondling the gold coin desolately, looked up with sharp, sudden anger.

"Oh! that was Louis King," he said, while his teeth gritted. 'Twas because you hated him that you enviously poisoned the innocent girl, who was to marry him Thursday.

"His eyes were sea-green with jealousy, if she looked at another man," said Hardy, "why should he not poison her as well as I, prythee sir? He was assuredly most angry with her."

"Nay, he was jealous, for they had quarreled then," said the elder man abstractedly. "He is very unhappy now; he would not come out with us to-night. He dreaded to see her grave. But you are guilty. You came to her grave the third night. Aha! I was clever to watch for your coming, poisoner!" he added, musingly. Then, with inconsistent suddenness, the fire of his fury flared again. "Kouneworth, if ever you owed me kindness, toss! Toss for his death, the poisoner's! By justice or by law!"

"You are most cruel and most unreasonable. My hands are tied. I am alone. You may slay me. But something tells me that the murderer of your daughter was the frowning man at the ball, Louis King! Louis King!" said Hardy. The younger man here leaned across the grave-stone, and struck him, scornfully across the mouth.

"Liar!" he said furiously. He is my friend, though he was Florences. He is no murderer. Be silent, dog!" Hardy rubbed the blood from his lips clumsily, with pinioned arms, and was quiet. For a long space stillness reigned absolute. Only the flame of the lantern flickered in the wind, in the midst of the strange circle of three. The old man, Crentall, muttered and mumbled, incoherently, rocking from side to side in his excitement, and clutching the golden coin.

"Toss now, toss now! It is your toss, Kouneworth," he scream-

ed; and then again, "Justice or law! The night wears on. Pray toss! I would kill him quickly."

"I shall toss at dawn, no sooner, Crentall," said the younger man harshly, and his elder glared and still mumbled, mumbled frantically. The short moments flew by, and then the hours began to pass as though on wings. The air had the tropical clearness, and the silence was unbroken. The wind had died long ago.

Kouneworth, statuesque, inscrutable, impassive as an Indian, stared toward the dusky foliage of the flowering-fence through half-shut, indifferent eyes. A feeling of some far-forgotten horror hung in the air. Ghosts seemed to rise now like a night mist, and fill the forlorn grave-yard. After what felt like a thousand years, through the dark distance, suddenly and faintly the cock of some West Indian farm-house began to crow, heralding the dawn. The three watchers drew simultaneous deep breaths. "I am mad to sit here silent—madder than your uncle Crentall. But you are sane sir," said Hardy impetuously, biting his lip. "Show me the road, and I will give you money. I will promise anything. Will you see me suffer death innocent?"

"I shall wait for the decision of chance," declared Kouneworth, with composure. "I do not know you. I do not care for you. I am just." And again, a moment afterwards, "your life or death is nothing to me," he resumed contemptuously. Give me the fife in your pocket, Crentall; I will play this wretch some tunes before he dies or lives, which the gold coin will soon decide.

The tunes that he played were, at first, unfamiliar to Hardy. Night waned. The skies were clearing. Slow-moving clouds passed westward in ragged grandeur. The brilliant stars peered forth only to pale in their unfathomed depths of purplish azure, and those depths themselves faded hourly to dimmer blue. Slow, sober, saddening on the night air, hitherto, the music in Hardy's ears here began to change. It grew laughing, triumphant, and hurrying. It took a definite, well-known form, a tune, sweet, shrill, maliciously cheerful, the voices of the fiddles of Jeffrey's ball and the air which those fiddles had played. Hardy remembered the ball; he had not dreamed that it could lead to this strange situation. Through the dusky light, he could see the green, flat grave-stone of the murdered auburn-haired girl, in the shade of the haunted

tree. A thread of thinnest salmon rose slowly on the eastern horizon. Hardy sighed. The gold coin, the steadily burning lantern, the pitiless faces that watched his dwindling hours of life, seemed to turn into part of some ancient, curious dream. He sprang to his feet. He laughed with his eyes on Kouneworth's cat-like eyes opposite, and then very clearly, very sweetly, for if he must die, he thought that he would die in a cheerful manner, he sang towards the rising dawn the maliciously cheerful chorus, played once by Jeffrey's fiddles, and now by his tormentor's fife.:

"Come let us dance and sing,
While Barbadoes bells do ring!
Quasby touches the fiddle string,
And Venus fingers the lute!"

Amber, faint lilac, emerald, amethyst, gold—how swiftly the dark east grew bright with frail, fresh color, the shadow of sunrise, the fore-runner, the loveliest light of the day. Morning comes with a leap in the tropical countries. Here on the hillside the air was still cool, tasting of darkness and every valley of all St. Quentins myriads held—more pearly than clouds, vaguer than smoke—it's seething lakelet of mist. In the white illumination of gaining light, the lantern flickered and paled, near the worn grave-stones. The faces of the three night-watchers showed haggard, lined, and aged. Hardy's merriment was gone. "Toss and have done," said Crentall wearily; his fire too had faded with darkness. "Justice or law for a poisoner. It is the dawn." Kouneworth laughed jarringly, as he knelt by the lantern. The bright coin spun in the air, and fell, half-buried by loose, red grains of sand. The tosser uncovered it with careful, long, white fingers. His face was a mask, without emotion, without expression. "It is justice and death for the poisoner," he said slowly, and turned the gold guinea thoughtfully in his hand, looking at it with vague, unseeing eyes, a "what-shall-I-do" expression, irresolute, perplexed. "Now may I kill him, Koune?" pleaded the old man, hungrily. "You shall rue my murder dearly, sir," cried Hardy angrily, in the same breath. Then the fife-player seemed to wake from his dream. Glancing from one to the other, lifting his flint-lock swiftly, again his evil, inscrutable smile twisted his wordless lips. And in that smiling second, too late for deed or speech, and almost ere pistol report

itself rang out, Hardy knew—knew who had killed the girl he danced with at Jeffrey's ball. Kouneworth lay dead by his own hand.

Crentall seized the flint-lock, reloaded it with trembling fingers, and fired another charge point-blank into Kouneworth's corpse, as it lay limp across the gravestone in cold light of the dawn.

"Accursed wretch!" shrieked Crentall, "the crime was thy own! In a fit of insane jealousy and hatred, roused against Florence, by your childhood friend, Louis King, you poisoned an unhappy girl, who had never shown you anything but kindness. But justice has now prevailed."

JAMES L. GORDON.



The Egotistic Senior

The Senior Class is surprising,
The mind of each member is sound, (?)
But you just ought (n't) to see the goose eggs
That they get when exams. come 'round.

In science each member is talking;
The theme of the subject is G-A-S,
But you would think of a bee-hive,
When by the door you should pass.

In Math. they are almost perfection;
They understand everything fine (???)
Except when on examination,
They can't remember a line.

In Latin, (French, German and Spanish),
they're simply delightful
But there are so many hard words
That the grammar has to come to the rescue,
With her knowledge of phrases and verbs.

In English everything's lovely,
And lessons are simply sublime (?)
But a change oft comes over Capt. Stevens
When things don't go so divine.

Their knowledge of book-lore is meager,
And the lessons they learn are few,
But they are all jolly good fellows—
And I'm sure you'd like them, too.

W. C. DeWARE, '12.

"Kid" Heart



It had been my third hunting trip to the Rockies, and on each I had old Pop Hansen as my guide and companion. Pop was, I should say, anyway 65 years old, and had seen our West in the making, having come to it from Ohio in '49. Pop had any number of tales of his earlier days, he had a little schooling, and surely was a good talker—never shall I forget those long evenings around our camp fire, he sitting there pipe in hand, the sparkle that came into those deep gray eyes, as he went over some of his past life in a country that was then far beyond the reach of law and order.

Many were the stories I heard from Pop, but the one that impressed me most, and perhaps one of the best, was that of Kid Heart, and here is the Kid's story in as nearly as I can give it the old mountaineer's own words.

"Like most of the shiftless, hard lot that went to make up our West in the 70's, Bill Wilson, as he called himself, though it was noised around that Wilson was not his real name, drifted into the little town of Antelope, Montana, from no one knew where, and practically all he brought with him beside what he carried on his back, was a reputation of being something of a gun man. Antelope, a true western town of that period, had her share of bad men who took pride in their standing as bad men and were anxious to raise this standing by tackling almost any stranger that happened along; they tried it out on Wilson, and Antelope was minus one bad man for good, with another out of working order for some months to come. These events were enough to establish the newcomer's reputation, and he was left alone from then on. It can be said to Wilson's credit that he left them alone and kept to himself mostly, he was a very quiet fellow. We knew little of his past, except that he had skipped west when the authorities and his wife's folks had made things too hot for him, because of his doings for his drunk of a brother-in-law; his wife and their baby boy had left him at this time.

Wilson had been with us nearly a year, and though he gener-

ally had very little to say, he was well liked by nearly all who knew him—when the thing happened.

I remember it distinctly, it was in November of '75, the range work was over, and "Kid" Heart, with his partner, Buck Young, drifted into town, both boys had been working all season for the Lazy K outfit and were out for a good time, Kid was about twenty at the time, and Buck about five years his senior. Heart was a good-natured, generous boy, and a favorite with all, Buck was a good lad, too, but he never did over do it in the whiskey line, and when he was on one of his booze fights, was inclined to be nasty. At the time of this story, Buck had about all he could hold, and still keep his feet untangled. How, in the condition that he was, he ever got Wilson to sit with him in a game of poker, I don't know, but he did all right, he had been losing heavily since the start of the game and was in a pretty ugly state of mind. To do Wilson justice, we all saw that he was anxious to quit the game, but he was considerably ahead of the game and Buck wanted a run for his money, and he got it.

Play had been quiet for several hands around when Buck opened, declaring that it would cost the other twenty dollars to draw cards; Wilson stayed; Buck held a pat hand, while Wilson called for two cards, it was up to Buck to bet, he bet ten dollars. Wilson saw and raised it twenty; Buck raised twenty and then just saw after Wilson had added twenty more. Buck threw down a club flush, Wilson showed a flush in diamonds and took the pot. Buck cursed his opponent loudly, and his hands shook, as he shuffled and dealt. He was out six hundred and thirty dollars, a large part of his season's wages, and down to his last hundred and fifty.

For two hands the play was quiet when Buck, who had dealt, found that it would cost him twenty-five dollars to draw cards, Wilson called for one card and Buck gave himself two. Wilson bet twenty-five; Buck saw and raised twenty-five, Wilson saw and now raised it fifty, Buck now saw and raised fifty, remarking that it was the last of his cash, so Wilson meanly saw his fifty. Buck showed four aces and a Jack, and leaned trembling across the table to learn what Wilson held, it was a straight flush in hearts. Buck drew back with a curse, declaring that the cards had been stacked,

and at the time drawing his gun to back up his words, (such words needed backing in those days) and fired at Wilson, and if it had not been for the liquor Buck was carrying Wilson would probably have been a back number then, as it was he only got winged in the left arm. Before Buck could fire again Wilson's gun cracked, and Buck crumpled up alongside the table—Bill Wilson had made his second killing in Antelope.

Of course the shooting was investigated, but there had been several of us who saw it, and Wilson was cleared, he had shot in self-defence. Kid Heart could not see it that way, however. Buck and he had been pards for the past two years or more, and his pard had been done for, so Kid hunted up Wilson, who had never met the boy before, told him his name, also that if he was in town after six o'clock the next day, he would shoot him on sight. Wilson stood the jawing coolly, and without answering a word until the Kid mentioned who he was, then he looked hard at the boy for a minute, swallowing once or twice, his face blanched, and he turned and walked slowly away and nothing more was seen of him that day, but he was still in town the next morning.

It was bitter cold, and trying hard to snow that day, Wilson was attending to some business in the postoffice, he had finished and was leaving the place when around the corner came the Kid, he almost ran into his man; both men went for their guns at once, only Wilson's hand seemed unusually slow then, and the Kid's gun, one of those, then, new-fangled double action arms, came out first; we all expected to see Wilson drop. I don't know just what it could have been, but maybe heavy oil and the intense cold did the trick or didn't do the trick, but the Kid's gun jammed some how or other. Then the thing happened; Bill Wilson's arms went limp and he broke down, "For God's sake, Billy," he said, "Billy, don't you remember me, Billy, back in Ohio, where is she, boy? Your mother? And now the Kid caved in, he stared, then his gun dropped from his hand as if it had been hot, and he fell at the older man's feet. "Daddy," he gasped, "Daddy."

"And now, lad," I was suddenly aware of Pop's talking to me, "get into your blankets if we are to get the elks, you were speaking of, tomorrow."

L. C. L.



Jack to Kitty

There is a boy by the name of Jack,
Who goes around with a fellow named Black.
He is now going to S. M. A
But hopes to go to Washington some day.

Now in Washington there is a girl,
Who wears with her hair a little curl.
This little maid's name is Kitty,
And take it from me, she sure is pretty.

In Washington there is also said,
To live a chap by the name of Ed,
But who, pray, is he, this handsome boy
Who has caused in your heart such sudden joy?

You queen of a girl, you Kitty,
Whom all think is awfully witty,
Don't crowd your brain with too much knowledge
At that famous Washington Business College.

Kitty, my child, why so meek,
Even tho' you hear every week?
Your Jack, who attends S. M. A.
Wishes he could write you every day.

Now, Kitty, you of the flirty eyes,
The only girl I idolize,
I beg of you to write this day,
To your little boy at S. M. A.

But why go on to relate,
The clock strikes the hour eight.
And now, Kitty girl, it would better seem
That your pal would to sleep, and of you dream.

This boy is not very fond of a dance,
But if a girl came like you he wouldn't miss the
chance
To dance all the latest things with a hop,
Such as the Boston Dip or the Turkey Trot

We will now finish with this cadet,
Who loses all the money he can bet,
And thinks so much of Charlotte and Kit,
Whom he thinks are more than fit.

R.

Kitty to Jack

There is a girl by the name of Kitty,
She attends the Washington Business College,
Whom everyone thinks is so very witty,
And is crowding her brain quite full of knowledge.

Now Kitty isn't very tall,
But Ed says that doesn't matter at all,
For if she was, wouldn't they look funny,
Walking down street when it's bright and sunny?

There's no thought of Ed when Jack's around,
For then she can never hear any sound
Except his charming and delightful voice,
Which seems to drown every other noise.

But he is attending the S. M. A.
Where he thinks of this fair one every day.
And writes her letters every week,
Which surely makes her very meek.

Kitty has such flirty eyes,
That by every one they are idolized,
Now she just can't make them behave.
If she espies some college student brave.

She certainly likes to go to a dance,
Where she will often take a chance
At doing some of the dances just so,
Such as the Cuban Waltz and the new Skybo.

But if everything we should relate
About this girl, who knows how to skate,
It would fill a book quite full of woe
With the accounts of her love affairs and dough.

So we will conclude of this pretty lass,
By saying that she sure has class,
And we hope if you have not yet met her
You'll soon be introduced by some kind sir.

R.



The S. M. A. Military Minstrels



T was about the last of September that the idea of having a minstrel this year found root and seemed to find favor with the cadets, so it was decided that a minstrel there should be.

After a long and careful hunt for material, a meeting was called, and an election of officers made, with the following result: President, James J. King; Treasurer, Captain H. G. Acker; Musical Director, Capt. Roy W. Wonson; Director of Orchestra, Capt. Thos. Beardsworth; Stage and Business Manager, W. I. Tragle, Jr.; Master of Properties, J. L. Hitchins, and Chief Usher, C. F. McCullough.

Music was then ordered, soloists picked, and rehearsals begun. Let us pass over two months of hard work, and tedious rehearsals to December 9, 1911, the day set for the presentation at the Beverley Theatre.

In the morning a parade was held, after which, quickly partaking of a hasty meal, suit cases were packed, and the S. M. A. Minstrel Troupe started for the theatre, to give its opening matinee. As the M. B. S. girls were to be there in a body at the afternoon performance, many a heart was fluttering as the actors climbed into their costumes and donned their burnt cork.

Promptly at three o'clock, the S. M. A. Orchestra made its ap-

pearance, and the curtain ascended, on a stage set for the usual minstrel first part, the performers composed of eleven singers, in dress uniforms, being seated in a half-circle, and in the glow of an S. M. A. formed of brilliant incandescents suspended above the seat of the Interlocutor, Capt. Roy W. Wonson, who, attired in a gay Hussar uniform, of red and gold, made a very stunning appearance.

After the singing of the opening overture those four merry jesters, VanSant, Mullen, Capt. Acker and Capt. Lowman, wearing minstrel suits, cut evening dress style, of green and red, arrived and gave a clever little dance before taking their seats. Then the fun began. VanSant told us "what kind of a man he was," after which he sang "That Railroad Rag." We then learned of Mullen's domestic troubles, and then heard Cushing sing "Mary, I Love You." Ends then changed and Capt. Acker sang "Who Set the Jaskass Free?" to the amusement of all, after which Capt. Lowman informed us of "Fish Forney's love affairs." Gaston then sang "I'm a Lucky Boy to Have a Girl Like You" in a very pleasing manner. Next we were introduced to those two "Kings of Fun," Tragle and Hitchins, and after hearing Tragle recite "Two Lonesome Skunks" and sing "If I could See as Far Ahead as I Can See Behind," the Quartette rendered "Honey, I Will Long for You." Hitchins then told us of his painting abilities and after singing "King of the Bungalows," the first part came to a close with the singing of "Good-Bye Betty Brown, by the entire company.

After an intermission of ten minutes, during which the orchestra played "Remick's Song Hits of 1911," the curtain again arose for the second part of olio.

First on the program came Maj. Tom Russell billed as "Ephram, a South Carolina Darky," who, accompanied by his banjo, sang some of those old time plantation melodies. Then came William Maurer, presenting his eccentric dance, entitled "The Dance of a Dope Fiend," and many were the comments as to his fine acting and realistic picture of this somewhat weird and sympathetic character. Following this came Hitchins and Tragle in their black-face sketch, "On the Band Wagon," which kept the audience in an uproar of laughter during their entire time on the stage. (I wish to state here that it is due to the kindness of Bowers and Wade

that we were allowed to present "On the Band Wagon," which belongs to Mr. Bowers, and is now being played by him over the Orpheum Circuit.) Next came "The Silent Drill," a fancy drill executed by sixteen of the cadets with beautiful precision which comprised many difficult evolutions, and great credit is due to Capt. Forney, the drill-master for the manner in which this act went off. We were next given "A Few Minutes in the Land of Harmony," by the "Honey Boy Quartette," composed of Cadets Hitchins, Barton, Tragle and Gaston. They were greeted by rounds of applause, and it was only after their stock of songs were exhausted that they were allowed to leave the stage. The show closed with "Stung," a comic sketch, enacted by Cadets Cushing, Levinsohn and Tragle; and the curtain descended on a performance second to no amateur production ever held in this city.

It was played again that night to a crowded house and went off even better than the afternoon performance.

That night about twelve o'clock, to anyone happening to be about at that time, could be seen a number of dark forms coming out of the stage entrance of the Beverley Theatre, and start their dreary climb up New Street to the barracks, and if you should happen to look more closely you would see that their faces were enraptured in a smile of satisfaction, and their chests stuck out with pride at this, the second signal success of the cadets of the Staunton Military Academy in making a name for themselves by handling most satisfactorily a very huge proposition—that of presenting to the people of Staunton an evening of Modern Minstrelsy.

W. I. TRAGLE, JR.



ROMULONIAN SOCIETY
 FULTON, President SMITH, H., Vice President McFARLAND, Secretary STINSON, Treasurer

Romulonian Soceity

Organized December, 1911, by Senior Class in Latin.

Object—To give a deeper impulse to the study of the Latin language and to strengthen the ties of love and friendship among those who make it their life-work.

Colors: Red and White.

Flower: White Rose.

Motto: "Nulli Secundus."

MEMBERS

Norton, Ohio

McFarland, Pa.

Fulton, Va

Stinson, Ind.

Gordon, J., Va.

Smith, H., N. Y.

Gordon, A., Va.

Boggs, P., O.

Bauer, Conn.

Moss, China

Capt. S. F. Gollehon. Teacher

Class grade for the year, 96½ per cent.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



Social



EVER has social life at S. M. A. been more delightful and successful than it has during the past session of 1911-1912.

Especially enjoyable have been the Saturday night informals, given throughout the year, which served to brighten the school life and create much merriment among the cadets.

These, however, somewhat fade into insignificance when we glance back over our three big dances of the year, which were the Thanksgiving, George Washington and Final hops. Undoubtedly these were anticipated and enjoyed most of all by the cadets.

The annual Thanksgiving hop, given on the evening of November 29th, being the first of the formals, was one of the largest and best dances of the season. But even this, if possible, was eclipsed by the George Washington hop, which was unquestionably the most brilliant event of the social year. Nothing was left undone to make the affair decidedly unique and attractive.

The gym., which was elaborately and handsomely decorated never looked more effective or lovely. The ceiling and walls were appropriately draped in red, white and blue bunting, while hundreds of college pennants and national flags were artistically woven

in. A cozy corner at each end of the hall, filled with a profusion of pillows, pennants and rugs, presented a most enticing and inviting appearance. All this together with the pretty gowns worn by the young ladies present, and full dress uniforms of the cadets, made a scene not soon to be forgotten. Fruit punch was served throughout the evening, and unusually inspiring music was furnished by the Beverley Orchestra, which was hidden behind a bank of palms and ferns.

The affair was all that could be desired and will always be a bright spot in the memories of those who attended. Those present were: Miss Laura Ward Wise, with Cadet Capt. Hill Myers; Miss Frances Beard, with Cadet William Tindal; Miss Mary Sue Bowman, with Corp'l McFarland; Miss Helen Holliday, with Cadet Lieutenant A. G. Barton; Miss Mary Bell, with Cadet Wiard; Miss Elizabeth Carpenter, of Harrisonburg, with Cadet Sudborough; Miss May Edwards, with Cadet McCune; Miss Elizabeth Faw, with Cadet Houghton; Miss Nannie Timberlake, with First Sergt. Beattie; Miss Elizabeth Timberlake, with Cadet Strong; Miss Ethel Fentress, with Sergt. Ogilvie; Miss Daisy Osenton, with Sergt. Moody; Miss Eleanor Curry, with Corp'l Moss; Miss Elsie Morris, with Corp'l Wright; Miss Crawford, with Corp'l Case; Miss Margaret Templeton, with Cadet Lauer. Stags: Cadet Capt. A. V. Gwynne, Cadet Capt. H. K. Rollins, Cadet Hitchins, Cadet E. Smith, Cadet First Sergt. Adams, Dr. John Kable, and Messrs. Thomas Holt and Sam Bitting and Carl Livingston, of the University of Virginia, graduates of the Academy.

Mesdames H. W. Small, W. G. Kable, Louis Small and Harman chaperoned.

Each hop of the year, however has been a great success, due to the untiring efforts of the Social Club officers, who are Capt. E. Hill Myers, President; Capt. H. K. Rollins, Vice-President; First Sergt. R. F. VanSant, Secretary; Capt. A. V. Gwynne, Treasurer; Cadet William Tindall, Chairman of Floor Committee, the Decorating Committee consisted of Sergt. Moody, Chairman, and Sergt. York.

Mr. Percy Weiss, of Beaumont, Tex., a former Cadet Captain of S. M. A., accompanied by his daughter, Miss Signora Wiess, and

Miss Leonora Norvell, paid us a visit for several days in the month of September.

Dr. and Mrs. Roach, from Baltimore, spent several days with their son Erwin Roach, in the month of April.

Mr. Carl Livingston, who is now attending the University of Virginia, formerly Lieut. Quartermaster of S. M. A., attended the George Washington hop.

Mr. C. L. LaMarch, from Marion, Ohio, visited his sons, Sergts. Dan and Carl LaMarch, on Jan. 20.

Mr. W. A. Maurer, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, visited his son, Will Maurer, on Feb. 8th.

Mr. E. D. Talbott, of Elkins, W. Va., spent several days with his son, Cadet Donald Talbot, in the month of February.

Mrs. Fentress, of Norfolk, Va., accompanied by Miss Fentress, spent several months with her son, Cadet Fentress.

Mr. J. W. Stapleton, of Winchester, N. Y., visited his son, George Stapleton, on October 8.

The Phi Chapter of the Delta Sigma Nu Fraternity will hold its annual banquet in the large dining hall of the Virginia Hotel, on the evening of May 30th.

Mrs. R. A. Phillips, from Venice, California, spent several days with her son, Cadet Floyd Phillips, during the month of October.

Mrs. T. E. Blair, of Chicago visited her son, Cadet Carl Blair, on April 7th.

Mrs. H. F. Auten, of Little Rock, Ark., visited her son, Cadet Lawrence Auten, on January 4th.

Miss Signora Weiss, from Beaumont, Texas, was the guest of Capt. Hill Myers at one of the informal hops.

Mr. John G. Stewart, who is now attending the University of Pennsylvania, formerly a Lieut. at S. M. A., attended the Thanksgiving hop.

Mr. F. R. Griffith, of Greensburg, Pa., visited his son, Cadet Corp'l Dean Griffith, on March 8th.

Mr. J. M. Hawkins, from Huntington, W. Va., spent several days with his son, Cadet Don Hawkins, in the month of February.

Mrs. V. Lucy, of New York City, spent several days with her nephew, Cadet Samuel Myall, in November, and attended the Thanksgiving hop.

Mrs. W. S. Kimball, from Caspin, Wyo., accompanied by her daughter, paid her son, Cadet Lieut. Kimball, a few days' visit in April.

Mrs. J. L. Ogilvie, from Columbia, Mo., spent several of the winter months with her son, Cadet Sergt. Ogilvie.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Harkness, from Pittsburgh, Pa., spent several days with their son, Sergt. Harkness, in the month of October, and were among the guests at the Thanksgiving hop.

Among the Alumni of the Phi Chapter of the Delta Sigma Nu Fraternity that have visited the school during the past session, are as follows: Former Cadet Captains J. R. Strong and H. F. Tindall, Lieut. L. R. Ledbetter, Sergt. Walker, First Sergt. Lee Dillon, Sergt. McFarland, and Capt. Yerkes.

Mr. A. J. Orem, of Sarom, Mass., visited his son, Cadet Dean Orem, on November 20th.

Miss Ruth Bronson and Miss Ann Balch, who are now attending school at Charlottesville, Va., were the guests of Sergt. Bronson at the Thanksgiving hop.

Mrs. Charles Young, of Foxboro, Mass., accompanied by Miss M. Young, paid her son, Cadet Leslie Young a visit on April 6th.

Cadet First Sergt. VanSant and Sergt. Moody attended the 34th Annual Pi Phi Convention at Schenectady, N. Y., in the month of April.

Mrs. M. Brown, of Nashville, Tenn., accompanied by Miss M. Brown, spent several days with her son, Cadet Morgan Brown, in the month of March.

Miss Leonora Norvell, of Beaumont, Texas, who is attending school in Boston, will be the guest of Capt. A. V. Gwynne at one of the informal hops during April.

Mrs. W. A. Selts, from Jersey Shore, Pa., visited her son, Corpl. W. Selts, on December 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wheeler, of Erie, Pa., spent several days with her son, Cadet Everett Wheeler, in the month of October.

The Sigma Chapter of the Pi Phi Fraternity will hold their annual farewell banquet in the large dining room at the Virginia Hotel on the evening of May 31st.

Many of the Alumni will be present to enjoy the meeting of the

new brothers. The dining hall will be decorated with the fraternity colors, the tables will be artistically arranged in the form of the Greek letter Sigma, over which the sorrow of parting will be lessened by the congeniality which will exist. Music will be rendered by the "Four Spades," a negro string quartette from Charlottesville, Va.

Mrs. Eva Jung, of New York City, will be the guest of her brother, Cadet Capt. H. K. Rollins, at the finals.

Miss V. Chesterman, of Richmond, Va., paid Lieut. Williams a visit of a few days in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of Monte Callo, Ill., visited their son, Paul Moore, on November 17th.

Mr. R. Wolfe, of Vienna, Ill., visited his son, Cadet Joe Wolfe, on November 24th.

The Phi Chapter of the Delta Sigma Nu Fraternity held their annual Christmas banquet in the banquet hall of the Augusta Hotel.

Miss S. Rainey, from Tallahassee, Fla., spent several of the winter months with her nephew, Cadet Lamar Raney, in Staunton.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Anderson, of Akron, Ohio, visited their son, Cadet Robert Anderson, for several weeks in December, on account of his being ill with appendicitis.

Mr. H. A. Madson, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a cadet of the corps in 1910-'11, is expected to visit Cadet Murry, in June.

Mr. Sam Bitting, who is now attending the University of Virginia, formerly a Sergeant at S. M. A., attended the George Washington hop, and several of the informal ones.

Miss Kathleen Givler, of Carlisle, Pa., accompanied by her sister, Miss Julia Givler, will be the guests of Cadet Hitchins at the final hop.

On the evening of October 16th, Cadet Fairfax Fulton entertained all of the old Delta Sigma Nu men that were back from last year, with a delightful and most enjoyable dinner party. The guests found their places by fraternal place cards. The table was beautifully decorated with the fraternity colors. Fraternity pennants and banners were hung from the ceiling and walls. Cadet Fulton is one of the most popular day students at S. M. A., and has been a member of Delta Sigma Nu for several years.

Miss M. Wheeler, from Erie, Pa., paid her brother, Cadet Everett Wheeler, a few days' visit during February, and is expected to be present at the final hop.

Mr. S. H. Nigh, of Huntington, W. Va., visited his son, Cadet Gordon Nigh, on October 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hundley, of St. Joseph, Mo., accompanied by Miss E. Barnard, of St. Louis, Mo., visited their son, Sergt. Hundley, in November.

Miss Ethel Fentress, of Norfolk, Va., will attend the finals. She will be the guest of Miss Laura Ward Wise.

Mrs. J. J. Covington, of Bowling Green, Ky., visited her son, Sergt. Covington, on November 4th.

The Sigma Chapter of the Pi Phi Fraternity, received several enjoyable visits from their Alumni, among whom were: Mr. Edward Walls, of New York City; Mr. Nick Bailey, of Omicron, '06; Mr. John McNaughton and Mr. B. M. Barron, of the University of Virginia; Mr. A. B. Clark, of Gamma; Mr. Stevens Don, of Princeton; and Mr. Teal Cox, of Alpha, now attending Cornell University.

Mr. L. Hanson, of Wilmington, N. C., visited his brother, Cadet David Hanson, on April 3d.

Miss Helen Deetjen, of Montclair, N. J., will be the guest of Capt. A. V. Gwynne, at the final hop.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bauer, of Hartford, Conn., visited their son, Cadet James Bauer, on November 1st. Mrs. Truan and Miss A. Truan, of Washington, D. C., also paid Cadet Bauer a few days' visit in the month of November.

The Lambda Alpha Chapter of the Phi Sigma Chi Fraternity will hold their annual banquet at the Virginia Hotel on the evening of May 31st.



NIGHT WATCHMAN. "GIT BACK THERE
GOL DARN YE."



Athletic Association

President

MAJOR THOS. H. RUSSELL

Vice-President and Secretary

JAS. R. TAYLOR

Treasurer

CAPT. T. G. RUSSELL

Football

A. V. GWYNNE, Captain E. HILL MYERS, Manager

Basketball

KENDRICK SEELEY, Captain

E. HILL MYERS, Manager

Baseball

EDWIN E. MATSEN, Captain A. V. GWYNNE, Manager

E. HILL MYERS, Assistant Manager

Track

RALPH E. WOODRUFF, Captain E. W. MULLEN, Mgr.



FOOTBALL TEAM



MURRAY	L. E.
JENKINS	R. E.
MOODY	R. T.
CRANDALL	L. T.
SNEAD	R. G.
LA MARCHE	L. G.
ALSTADT	C.
WHITEHEAD	Q. B.
ESKRIDGE	R. H.
ROSENBERGER	L. H.
GWYNNE	F. B.

A. V. GWYNNE, Captain

E. HILL MYERS, Manager

Substitutes

YORK	L. H.
GASTON	Q. B.
BEARD	L. E.
BEARD, J.	R. E.

Football



WHEN the football season opened here last fall, it looked as if the "Devotees of the Manly Art of Chasing the Pigskin," would be sorely disappointed in our team, but as our old stand-by, Coach "Pat" Krebs, got busy, after the first two unlucky games, our noble eleven showed up in its true colors—"The Invincibles."

Only two of our old men were back, Moody and Gwynne, who will be remembered as last year's stars. During the whole year there was hardly an individual playing, the team all acting together as a unit. "A well-oiled machine" is a good simile for their work. Their "Forte" was defensive, not offensive work, although many gains were accomplished by Rosenberger's forward passes, and the notable spectacular runs of Gwynne and Eskridge.

When in tight places, either Moody or Crandall, the two best tacklers that have been here for years, when put in the full-back position, could always be relied upon to pull us out with flying colors.

On account of the team not being as heavy as in former years, "Pat" developed them into a fast and aggressive bunch, the equals of which it would be hard to find in any other "Prep." school for miles around.

In accordance with their usual custom, our team made themselves Champions. The team ought to have for its motto a slight revision of Cæsar's famous speech, "They came, They saw, 'We' conquered."

A great deal of credit is due Cadet Captain Myers, one of the most popular cadets at S. M. A., for his able work in the position of Manager. His schedules were admirably arranged, and he worked with Capt. H. K. Rollins, of the band, who was Assistant Manager, "the harmonious collusion."

Greenbriar College	6	S. M. A.	12
Fork Union	8	S. M. A.	6
W. and L. Juniors	15	S. M. A.	0
W. and L. Seniors	0	S. M. A.	16
A. M. A.	6	S. M. A.	9
F. M. S.	6	S. M. A.	22

ESKRIDGE
MURRAY
GASTON
'
JENKINS

FORD
MOODY
YORK
WHITEHEAD

ROSENBERGER
WARNER
ALSTADT
CRANDALL

CAPT. GWYNNE
SNEED
COACH KREBS
LA MARCHE



BASKETBALL TEAM

Basketball Team

SEELEY (Capt.)	C.
KYLE	R. G.
GWYNNE	L. G.
LA MARCHE, D.	R. F.
SMITH, P.	L. F.

Substitutes

GRIFFITH	LA MARCHE, C.
----------	---------------

Basketball Record

Guilford College	20	S. M. A.	10
Massanutten Academy	13	S. M. A.	29
S. C. I.	9	S. M. A.	36
Frederick College	14	S. M. A.	25
Daleville Col. (Cancelled by D. C.)			
V. P. I. (Cancelled by V. P. I.)			



BASE BALL

TEAM

Murray	3 B.
Eskridge	2 B.
Matsen	S. S.
Ford	1 B.
Hunter	L. F.
Kyle	R. F.
York	C. F.
Rosenberger	C.
Brunson	P.
Foster	

SUBSTITUTES

Martin, F.
Ryan, L.

Petty
Yerkes

March 28	Dean Academy (Mass.)
April 6	Penn. State (Pa.)
April 11	Rutgers Prep. (N. J.)
April 12	Virginia Medical (Va.)
April 13	Roanoke High (Va.)
April 20	Western Maryland College (Md.)
April 25	Massanutten Academy (Va.)
April 27	Emory and Henry College (Va.)
April 29	Miller School (Va.)
April 30	Guilford College (N. C.)
May 3	S. C. I. (Va.)
May 4	Gettysburg High (Pa.)
May 6	Fishburne Military School (Va.)
May 8	Morris Harvey College (W. Va.)
May 11	Old Dominion Academy (Va.)
May 13	F. M. S., at Waynesboro (Va.)
May 18	G. P. I. (W. Va.)
May 25	Covington (Va.)

Wearers of the "S"

Football

S

ALSTADT

JENKINS

LA MARCH, C.

YORK

ROSENBERGER

ESKRIDGE

GWYNNE

MOODY

CRANDALL

SNEAD

WHITEHEAD

MURRAY

GASTON

Basketball

B S B

KYLE

GWYNNE

SEELEY

LA MARCHE, D.

SMITH, P.

Drifting

When to S. M. A.

A green, young rat I came,
It seemed that senior captain
Was my very highest aim.

But now that year is closing
And the first step I can't see;
For the noble rank of Corporal
Has not been given me

But in baseball I am a wonder:
I can catch them with one hand,
Somehow I can't hit the sphere
When it comes to beat the band.

In my classes I can fool them,
When I try my very best,
But it's very hard to study,
When I feel I need the rest.

I don't care to be a corporal,
I don't care for a medal bright,
I don't care for baseball honor,
Nor to study day and night.

So next year I'll be a private,
And when I graduate,
Some easy seat of luxury
For me will surely wait.

E. COVINGTON.



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

Y. M. C. A.



WITHIN a period of but little more than a half a century, the Young Men's Christian Association, as such, has gained for itself a position in the world of affairs in many respects beyond that of any one or of all organizations. The citizen whose view is but that of superficial inquirer, now readily acknowledges it as an agency for good, while the thoughtful investigator of its aims, its endeavors, and of its accomplished results, can well insist that it easily ranks first among the many societies founded for the betterment of young men. Its spirituality finds expression in a Christianity that is hemmed in by neither sect nor creed,—for its aim is broader than creeds, and its ambition is wider than sect. It is a preacher of self-respect, and weaves an ethical and moral woof into the warp of student life. Its latchstring fits into the hand of all men and boys, irrespective of race, religion or lineage. Its Christianity strikes the clear note of humanitarianism.

The Young Men's Christian Association is not an experiment, but is the survivor of many experiments. While other young men's organizations, social, athletic, ethical and even religious, have failed, this has succeeded and is now in successful operation in over eight thousand places throughout our country and the world. No force is doing more to impregnate young men with betterment than this single influence of righteousness.

As the school year rapidly draws to a close, many of us are beginning to think of that bigger life and of the new responsibilities awaiting us outside of these preparatory days. As we face the future, how have we equipped ourselves to compete with those forces which are at play out in the big world? What are the real things which have been stamped indelibly upon our lives as we have lived them upon this mount of opportunity? How have we been benefitted by the virile type of Christianity, as it has been set forth by our school association? What part have the fundamental issues of life, as truth, integrity, character, faith, reverence and worship played in our lives since we have been at the Staunton Military Academy?

With our forward look, these questions arise before us, and we must answer them in some concrete form if we would take our rightful places in the world's work.

What we have done and are doing now are the things which are to give expression to our future career. The lines on our faces, the development of our physique, the clear mind, the quick eye, the steady hand, these are the phonographical records of character to be read of all men on to-morrow.

This is the second year of our actual existence as a Young Men's Christian Association at the school, and we are greatly encouraged at the splendid results and gradual growth which has characterized every phase of the work. As this year closes, it finds us in better shape as an Association than we hoped or dreamed of at the beginning of the present session.

Every side of the work has shown a decided improvement over last year. Our building has been enlarged, thoroughly overhauled and painted outside, and inside so that it has become a "hang-out" for a larger crowd of cadets than it ever has in the past. Our reading room and library has grown to twice its former size, and with its new equipment, in the way of furniture, pictures, books, magazines and newspapers, it has easily become the most attractive room on the hill. The pool room has been newly carpeted and decorated, and every other part of the building so marked by a similar material improvement that all the members feel a great indebtedness to Capt. Kable.

Not to speak further of the visible improvements, of which much more could be said, let us glance at what is considered to be the greatest work of the Association.

Upon our enrollment this year, we have nearly two hundred and twenty-five members. This is an advance of over a hundred per cent over last year's record.

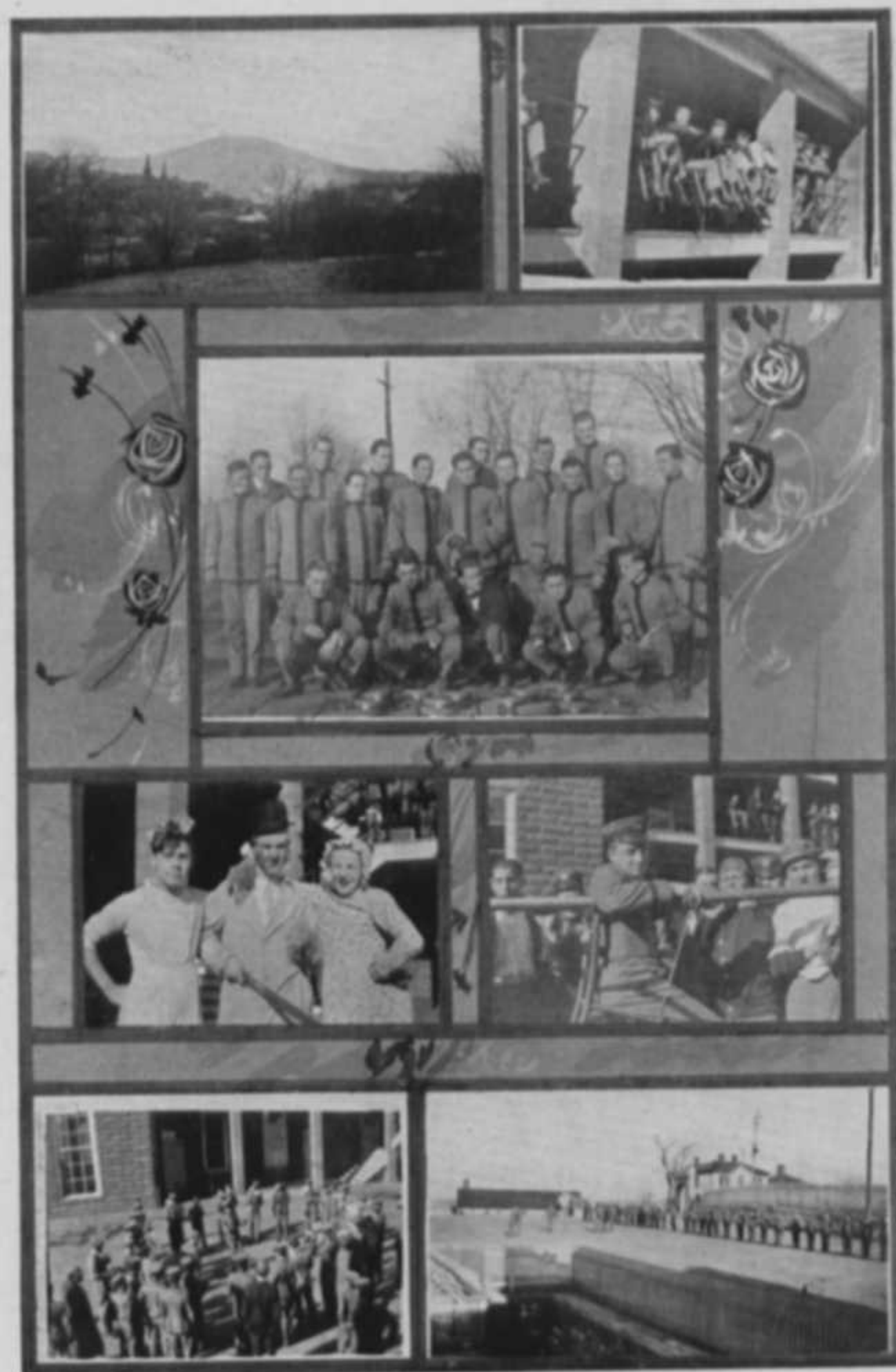
Perhaps the most effective work of the Association has been done along the line of Bible study. Six classes, with an enrollment of about one hundred and fifty cadets have attended these classes throughout the winter. Among these have been the strongest men in the school. Of the Seniors and commissioned and non-commissioned officers there have been fifty-five in Bible classes.

The Sunday night services have been most encouraging. At these meetings there has been an average attendance of one hundred and twenty-five cadets. Here we have had the opportunity of hearing distinguished men high up in their professions who have come to us from such places as New York, Washington, Richmond, and the University of Virginia. They have been lawyers, doctors, teachers, preachers, college students, and business men who have come and talked to us straight from the shoulder, and have tried to instill into our lives the ideals which make for Christian manhood.

As we recount our successive and rapid progress, we can look out upon the future of our Association, and claim for it the finest and most vital role to be played in the future success of the old school.

Let us rally around it and give it our best support.







DELTA SIGMA NU

Delta Sigma Nu

PHI CHAPTER

E. Hill Myers
 Arthur V. Gwynne
 Herbert K. Rollins
 Chas. F. McCullough
 Edwin H. Trebel
 Albert G. Barton
 Donald Campbell
 H. Cleveland Beattie
 Chas. W. Adams
 William D. Stinson
 E. Guy Kyle
 Sidney P. Driscoll
 Edwin Charles Matson
 Frank Scott York, Jr.
 Malcolm Dillon
 Gordon K. Nigh

J. Fairfax Fulton
 James T. Rosenberger
 Herbert R. Crandall
 Harvey Smith
 N. Paul Whitehead
 Richard A. Du Brock
 William M. Tindall
 Will H. Maurer
 Eugene B. Smith
 Chas. Guy Strong
 John L. Coffin
 Ralph E. Beatty
 Guy S. Wolverton
 Bernard J. Walls
 Oliver H. McFarland
 James Gaston

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Capt. William G. Kable, Commandant
 Capt. Ted G. Russell, Asst. Commandant
 Capt. Roy W. Wonson
 Capt. Harold W. Small
 Capt. Henry G. Acker

Chapter Roll

Alpha—Ann Arbor, Mich., 1893.
Beta—Fort Wayne, Ind., 1895.
Gamma—St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis., 1896.
Delta—Pontiac, Mich., 1898.
Epsilon—Duluth, Minn., 1899.
Zeta—Minneapolis, Minn., 1902.
Eta—Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, Cal., 1903.
Theta—Flint, Mich., 1903.
Iota—Morris High School, New York City, 1904.
Kappa—Los Angeles, Cal., 1904.
Lambda—Port Huron, Mich., 1905.
Mu—Eureka, Cal., 1905.
Nu—Hackensack, N. J., 1905.
Omicron—Pasadena, Cal., 1905.
Pi—Buffalo, N. Y., 1905.
Rho—Horace Mann School, New York City, 1906.
Sigma—St. Paul, Minn., 1906.
Tau—Miami Military Institute, Germantown, Ohio, 1907.
Upsilon—Denver, Col., 1907.
Phi—Staunton Military Academy, Staunton Va., 1907.
Chi—Oak Park, Ill., 1908.
Psi—Yonkers, N. Y., 1908.
Alpha Beta—Newtonville, Mass., 1909.
Alpha Gamma—New York Military Academy, Cornwall, N. Y., 1911.

In Memoriam

Captain Harold Wesley Small

Died March 12, 1912

To the memory of a devoted brother this
page is dedicated by Phi Chapter
of the Delta Sigma Nu
Fraternity



PHI SIGMA CHI

Phi Sigma Chi

Samuel I. Anderson

John D. Cunningham

John L. Hitchins

Frank T. Holt, Jr.

Daniel L. Harris

Dan L. LaMarche

William F. McCutcheon

Edmond W. Mullen

James C. Ogilvie

W. Irving Tragle

Ralph E. Woodruff

William L. Deetzen

Harry M. Condit

HONORARY MEMBER

Capt. L. R. Forney

A Resolution

Staunton, Va., Nov. 1, 1911.

At a special meeting of the Lambda Alpha Chapter, Phi Sigma Chi, held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from us our beloved comrade and brother, ROBERT LEE BOWEN; and

Whereas, During his connection with this fraternity he has endeared himself to each and all of us; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this fraternity bear testimony to his merits as a friend, comrade and brother in Phi Sigma Chi, and deeply mourn the loss of one who by his manly bearing, keen sense of honor and amiability of character, secured our affection and regard.

Resolved, That in the death of our brother this fraternity has lost an esteemed and valued member, whose many virtues and winning qualities were a bright example and a prompt incentive for good. That he was a man who had the courage of his convictions to a marked degree, and had force of character, a firmness of purpose, enthusiasm in duty, combined with a rare foresight and keen perception that stamped him as a man and a gentleman.

RALPH E. WOODRUFF,
EDMUND W. MULLEN,
WILLIAM F. McCUTCHEON,
JOHN D. CUNNINGHAM,
LAWRENCE R. ETTLA.

Pi Phi Chapter Roll

Alpha, 1878 (East and West High Schools).....	Rochester, N. Y.
Rooms: 37 East Main Street.	
Beta, 1881 (Schenectady High School)	Schenectady, N. Y.
Rooms: 220 State Street.	
Eta, 1890 (New York Military Academy).....	Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Chapter House	
Theta, 1894 (Auburn High School).....	Washington, Conn.
Iota, 1897 (Gunnery School).....	Washington, Conn.
Chapter House	
Lambda, 1901 (Binghamton High School).....	Binghamton, N. Y.
Rooms: 409 Phelps Bank Building.	
Mu, 1904 (Central and North High Schools).....	Syracuse, N. Y.
Rooms: 219 Montgomery Street.	
Nu, 1905 (Open Book Club).....	Los Angeles, Cal.
Omicron, 1907 (Central and Western High Schools).....	Washington, D. C.
Pi, 1910 (Townsend Harris, Morris and Stuyvesant High Schools) New York City, N. Y.	
Rooms: Hotel Endicott, 81st Street.	
Rho, 1910 (Pingry School).....	Elizabeth, N. J.
Rooms: Pingry School.	
Sigma, 1911 (Staunton Military Academy).....	Staunton, Va.

ALUMNI

Rochester Pi Phi Alumni Association.....	Rochester, N. Y.
New York Pi Phi Alumni Club.....	New York City
Cornell Pi Phi Club.....	Ithaca, N. Y.
Pi Phi Alumni Association of Schenectady.....	Schenectady, N. Y.
The Alumni Association of Omicron Chapter.....	Washington, D. C.
Pi Phi Alumni Club of Union College.....	Schenectady, N. Y.



PI PHI

Pi Phi

FRATRES

(Active)

Richard L. Bryan
 Roy Bryant
 Newton Brunsen
 Robert E. Conley
 George Connor
 E. N. Foster
 Vilas Horner
 Trimbell Johnson
 Barney I. Linenthal
 Carl LaMarche
 J. Francis Martin
 Wallace H. Moody
 Fred McMahan
 William Norton
 R. Floyd Phillips
 Sherman Petty
 Roy P. Selts
 J. Robert Stevenson, Jr.
 Kendrick Seeley
 Rodman F. Vansant
 Alex. Williams
 Carlton Warner

FACULTY

Frederick Mortimer Sizer

ALUMNI

James S. Brown
 Oliver Huff Brown
 Chellis
 Edward Clark
 Reese Dillard
 George Ingham
 Chester Kerr
 William Leech
 Richard Maupin
 Charles B. Malone
 Herbert H. Mattox
 Richard Norvell
 Jack Walz
 Christopher Petzelt



CHI SIGMA CHI

Chi Sigma Chi

COLORS
Blue and White

FLOWER
Violet

FRATRES

W. S. Kimball, Jr.
H. H. Kennedy
W. K. Jenkins
H. H. Powers, Jr.
C. W. Wiley
W. G. McGowan
J. S. Lashley
T. J. Fakes
C. S. Tobias
O. K. Evans

G. L. Kendall
H. R. Boggs
C. B. Waite
R. E. Anderson
F. W. Carroll
J. A. Cushing
R. W. Aldrich
H. A. Barton
R. G. Burleigh
E. B. Murray

O. C. Sudborough

FRATER IN FACULTATE
Capt. J. J. McLure



THETA PI OMEGA

Theta Pi Omega

MOTTO

Dulce est pro fraternitate vivere.

COLORS

Black and Gold

FLOWER

Red Rose

FRATRES

Sidney A. Moss

M. Campbell Oliphant

Wingate C. Smith

Dave C. McCluer

Dean C. Griffith

E. Eugene Hill

Donald J. Starr

Thomas E. Campbell

Harold A. Fulton

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Thomas D. Watkins

Kenneth E. Lowman



PHI SIGMA

Phi Sigma

COLORS

Orange and Black

FLOWER

Violet

MEMBERS

A. Howes

W. P. Trolinger

G. V. Milliken

E. L. Boggs

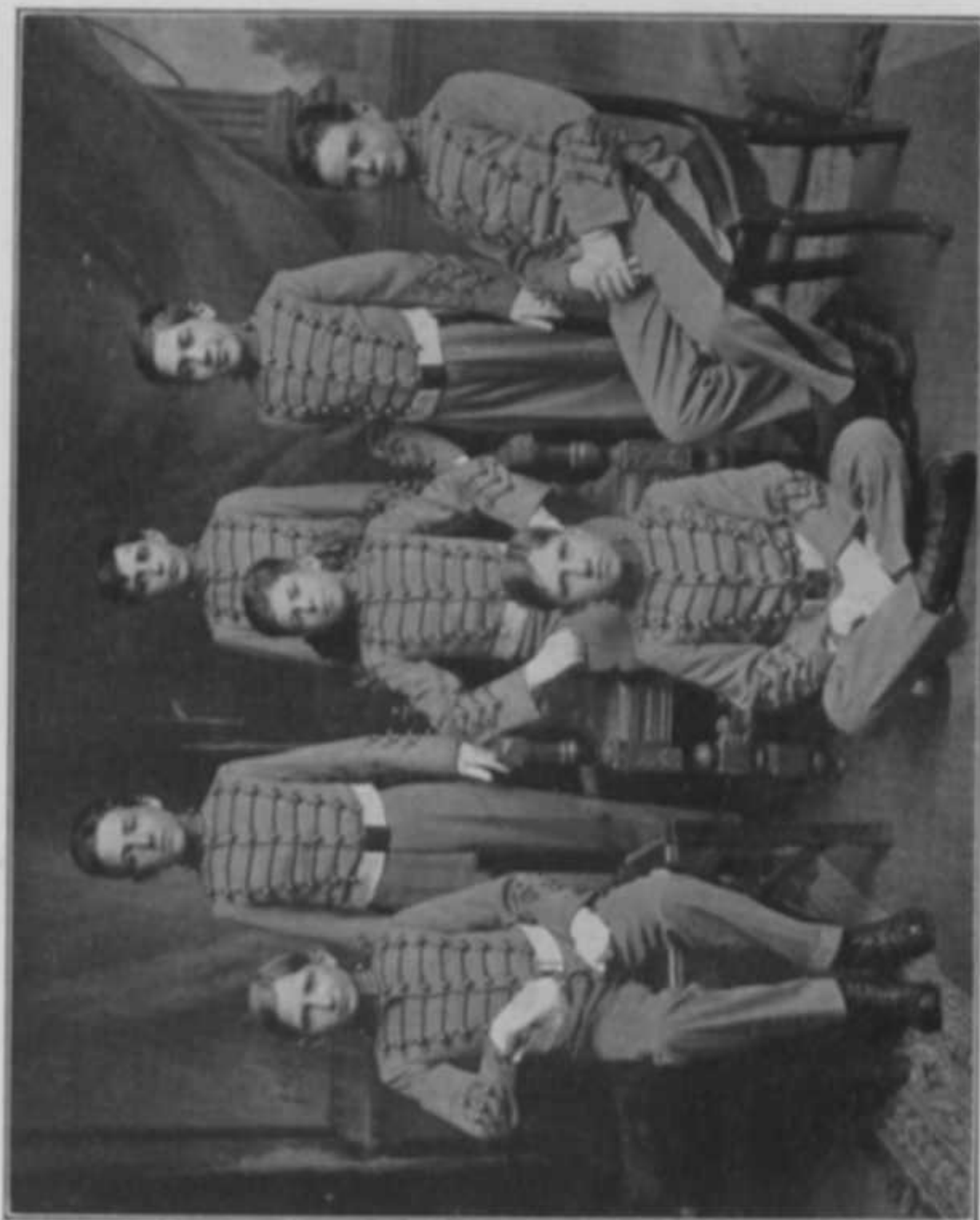
S. K. Lowe

A. S. Stanford

P. R. Boggs

L. Wheeler

S. M. Guild



SIGMA PI OMEGA

Sigma Pi Omega

N. P. Battle

L. C. Auten

M. S. Saunders

E. Gwin

E. M. Simpson

C. Sanford

W. Smith



MISCELLANEOUS

TWO DAYS

(Written by Sedith Reard)
Time 1912

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Billiam.....High Mucki Muk of Kaydettes
Tigi.....} Plenipotentiaries
Wonsocti.....}
Sherlocko-Mason.....A Menial
Oh Dee.....The big Thing
Oh Gee.....The (no) Thing
Kaydettes, Facultæ, etc.

ACT I.

Scene 1. Office of Billiam.

Alarum. Loud cries.

Billiam—For what are the angry mob raging today?

Tigi—Methinks 'tis the war-cry "No Soup."

Billiam—By the mess-hall milk! I will see to this.
(Rings bell.)

Enter Oh-gee.

Oh-gee—What wouldst thou?

Billiam—Whence comes this pandemonium?

Oh-gee—Most high lord, there are evil smells abroad.
They are said to come from soup and they do say no more
of it.

Billiam—The vile herd are fed too much.

Tigi—By the long hair of Wonsocti! they shall walk the beat all day.

Billiam—Aye, that they shall.

(Curtain.)

Scene 2. On the beat.

1st Kaydette—What means this vile outrage?

2nd K.—I know not, but 'tis said it cometh from the cries of yester-eve.

3rd K.—'Twould be seemly to avenge ourselves.

1st and 2nd K.—'Tis so! But how?

3rd K.—Would it not be fitting to hurl missiles into the quadrangle?

1st K.—Yea! This very night shall numerous ash-cans be thrown.

2nd K.—Aye! I'm in on this.

Oh-Dee—Walk up! I'll have to "stick" you all.

1st K.—(aside) May he lose his chevrons.

Chorus—It takes a long, lean, lanky man to walk the beat all day."

(Curtain.)

Scene 3. Night in barracks.

Taps is heard blowing. At fourth note, ash-cans hurtle from galleries.

Tigi—What an unseemly noise. I must needs investigate.

Wonsocti—It soundeth like mess-hall rolls dropping like the rain from heaven.

Tigi—They couldst not "roll" like that.

Oh-Dee challenges sentinels.

Oh-Dee—No. 3! Who is the perpetrator of that heinous deed?

Sentinel No. 3.—(customarily) Didn't hear nothin!

Oh-Dee—You're "stuck."

Low mutterings heard from sentinels.

(Curtain.)

Scene 4. Night outside of barracks.

Enter Sherlocko Mason.

Sherlocko Mason—"Tis a good night to break barracks. I must needs keep good watch. Hist! Methinks I hear footsteps.

(Listens intently. Moves stealthily, with "pea-shooter" drawn, towards sally-port.)

Who goes?

Unknown person—Who wants to know?

Sherlocko Mason—Halt, or I fire (advances toward figure). By my hypnotizing eyes! 'tis Wonsocti. Whither goest thou?

Wonsocti—I go e'en now, to the Beverley Keg. Au reservoir. (Exeunt.)

(Curtain.)

M. W. REID.
S. WIARD.

CONCERNING THE VOULTAIRE CLUB



History of the Voultaire Club



HE VOULTAIRE CLUB was founded at the University of Jerusalem 1850 by Isaac Goldburg and Abraham Bimberg, two staunch and loyal Irishmen from Rome, N. Y. The organization was formed for the uplifting of morality and the suppression of vice. Like our Puritan fathers, strictly adhering to the old adage made famous by Booker T. Washington, "Every dog has its day," this organization was formed in the face of grave difficulties. King Fatima, son of Henri de Murad, demanded a royal tax of 50,000,000 ginks (equal to \$1.98 in American money) before a charter could be secured. After many sleepless nights, through the untiring efforts of Italian friends, Abey and Ikey, who beat old Fatima down to 49,000,000 ginks (equal to \$1.85 in America) and secured the charter, and everything ran smooth as sandpaper.

Passing through the corridors of Time, the hallways of Fame, and the staircases of Publicity, we next hear of the Voultaire Club at the Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va., where great enthusiasm was aroused upon hearing of the remarkable career of this now famous club. They selected a chosen band of followers from the refined and cultured element of the school, and amid wild cheering, loud hollering, and vociferous applause, the Bowulf chapter, No. 210, was installed by J. L. Hitchins, who in his triumphant tour of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Hoboken, saw marvelous possibilities in the installation of a chapter at S. M. A.

Born seemingly under a lucky star, fortune came to us the first day when we found we had in our midst a youth of unqualified qualities in penmanship, and whom Apollo, the God of Appolonaris, had nothing on him for physique, and whom Venus, of a-Milo-off, was a rank outsider. Brother Hawkins, for such was his name, was our one best bet, a sure 100 to 1 shot. Being initiated into our mystic order by the degree team, he at once, being a natural born penman, and a leader among men, took the helm of our "Submarine Chapter," which was in a sinking condition,

and guided it slowly but surely over the rocks of poor management.

Officers were elected, with the following results: President, J. D. Cunningham; Treasurer, R. E. Woodruff; Secretary, J. L. Hitchins; Corresponding Secretary, H. K. Hawkins.

The first meeting of the year was held in the club's magnificent quarters, Room 306, which was profusely decorated in the club's chosen colors, Pink and Purple. After several business matters of minor importance had been attended to, the question arose as to where the next National Convention should be held. Paris, the home of Paris garters; Jerusalem, the home of pawnshops and fire-sales, and Shanghai, the home of laundries, were suggested and met with approval. Shanghai was finally selected mainly through the effects of a fiery speech, made by Brother Hawkins, full of emotion, pathos and other things, mostly other things.

Next arose the question of electing a delegate from our chapter. Brothers Mullen, Martin, and Hawkins were nominated, and after a heated discussion, a vote by secret ballot was taken, declaring Hawkins a victor by one vote. Brother Hawkins with tears in his eyes, accepted in a neat little speech with gestures.

At the next meeting York and Treble declaring themselves utilitarian students of the school were initiated amid suppressed enthusiasm. Brother Hawkins was instructed to duly deputize all the minutes of the previous meetings ere "the sun sets in the east, and stimulate them under his hand and seal," which was done with much agusto.

Applications were then read from Capt. Roy W. Wonson and Capt. T. G. Russell, both prominent members of the faculty. A vote was then taken declaring Capt. Wonson elected to membership, but Capt. Russell preferring the Masons to the Voultaires declined. Then arose the question how shall we keep the rough neck element of the school from practicing our rights? Already some of these rude characters had been deceiving our brothers by giving the sign of comradeship, and Brother Hawkins in particular had suffered many indignities at their hands. In one instance, he had sustained a skinned nose, done by one of the aforesaid ruffians, who threw a history book at him in a false spirit

of comradeship. This led to him denouncing the club, for which he was tried by Court Martial on the charge of slander and treason.

A warrant was immediately sworn out and given to Sheriff Tragle to be served upon him. The sheriff accompanied by a squad of chosen men, under the command of Cadet Lieut. Barton, soon discovered the rascal, and handcuffing him, he was marched to the guard room to await his hearing.

The trial was held in the club's room, better known as the Chamber of Horrows. Brother Moody being counsel for the defense, and Brother Hitchins took care of the club's interests. Honorable Chief Justice Cunningham presided in the pulpit. After a long and at times critical military Court Martial, Brother Hawkins was found not guilty, by the twelve gentlemanly jurors, but the decision of the court was not met with popular approval by the spectators, who lashing themselves into a frenzy, surged upon the guards of the prisoner, with cries of "Lynch him." Only through the heroic efforts of the guards, was a tragedy averted. Brother Hawkins made good his escape, with the angry mob at his heels. He was last seen in the direction of the Mess Hall, flying as if on the wings of the morning. Thus endeth the first lesson.

Americanus et Cluborum—Hail Voultaires.





School Days

Have you really ever noticed how much school has meant to you,
Have you noticed that the benefits are really not a few?
Well, perhaps you never took the time to think about such things,
To think, besides the tasks, of the pleasures old S. M. A. brings.

When you're gathered round a camp fire, and you're many miles
from home,

With no roof that's o'er you, except the heaven's endless dome,
When your very bones do ache after tramping over the trails,
After supper you'll tell stories till you've spent your lore of tales.

After stories are all over and you can't recall one more,
Do you all relax to silence 'cause you've told your little store?
No, I guess its very different, for I've found that it's the rule,
That when'er your tales are over, conversation drifts to school.

Yes; it's school that you will talk about, and the teachers you
have had,

(They are happy thoughts of school-days, too—no syllable is sad)
And they are so familiar, too; not one of them uncouth;
Oh, they are little masterpieces found all upon the truth!

There are students at S. M. A. who'll some day be engineers,
And those who will be artists, philosophers, and seers,
And there are some whose aspirations are not quite so high,
But how those things will come about we'll find out by and by.

But if things do not turn out as you expected that they would,
Just tell yourself you did not do the very best you could.
Just say things will be better in a thousand different ways,
For the dream of our lives is still the hope for better days.

So make the best you can of school life, let no chances pass,
Even though you be a rat or in the Senior class;
Remember everything you learn is so much to your gain,
And opportunities you miss, you may never meet again.

J. L. HITCHINS,
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Some Statistics about S. M. A.

No. of cadets who come late to reveille every morning	261
No. of cadets who think they understand chemistry	72
No. of cadets who ACTUALLY understand chemistry	2
No. of steps from third floor to quadrangle	1792
No. of steps from any room to T. G.'s office	3
No. of minutes Capt. King is supposed to preach	5
No. of minutes he really preaches	25
No. of hours we are supposed to study	6
No. of hours we do study	10
No. of formations the staff is supposed to attend	6
No. of formations the staff really attend	2
No. of cadets who are supposed to take baths	360
No. of cadets who do take baths	36

School Elections

Most Popular	Cadet Capt. Myers, Beaumont, Texas
Most Popular "rat".....	Cadet Corp'l Bryant, New Orleans, La.
Handsomest	Cadet Senior Capt. Woodruff, Columbus, O.
Manliest ..	Cadet Lieut. and Adj. Cunningham, Gloucester, Mass.
Wittiest	Cadet Hitchins, Carlisle, Pa.
Most Popular Faculty	Capt. Wonson, Boston, Mass.
Most Popular "rat" Faculty ..	Capt. Gollehon, Seven Mile Ford, Va.
Best Athlete	Cadet Capt. A. V. Gwynne, New York, N. Y.
Best Mexican Athlete	Cadet. Stanford, Devon, Pa.
Homliest	Cadet Hawkins, D., Huntington, W. Va.
Most Studious	Cadet Kwan, China
Most Solemn	Cadet Lieut. Kimball, Caspar, Wyoming
Neatest	Cadet First Serg. Bryan, Columbia, S. C.
Worst "Lady Fusser,"	Cadet Capt. H. K. Rollins, New York, N. Y.
Worst "Woman Hater"	Cadet Serg. Matson, Wellsboro, Pa.
Most Military	Cadet Capt. Fakes, McCrory, Ark.
Most Conceited	Cadet Lieut. Tobias, Boulder, Colo.
Most Modest	Cadet Serg. York, New York, N. Y.
Best Dancer	Cadet William Tindal, Greenville, S. C.
Best Natured	Cadet Serg. Martin, Columbus, O.
Tallest	Cadet Feliu, Porto Rico
Thinnest	Cadet Lieut. McCutcheon, San Marcus, Texas
Shortest	Cadet Smith, G., Philadelphia, Pa.
Fattest	Cadet Vietts, Thompsonville, Conn.
Biggest "Hog at Mess"	Cadet Hawkins, H., Philadelphia, Pa.
Best Voice	Cadet Gaston, Atlanta, Ga.

Applied Quotations

Borgen macht Sorgen (German)	
Borrowing makes sorrowing	Jennings
Cave canem (Latin)	
Beware of the dog	Kimball
Detur digniori (Latin)	
Let it be given to the worthiest	"Beat"
Damnans quod non intelligunt (Latin)	
They condemn what they do not understand	Faculty
Cogito, ergo sum (Latin)	
I think therefore I am	Harkness
Dios me libre de hombre de un libro (Spanish)	
God deliver me from a man of one book	Gollehon
Faire mon devoir (French)	
To do my duty	Night Watchman
Profanum vulgus (Latin)	
The profane herd	Company "D"
Fiat lux (Latin)	
Let there be light	Gas Company
Facilis descensus Averni (Latin)	
Easy is the descent to hell (dismissal)	Wiard
Ora pro nobis (Latin)	
Pray for us	Martin
Un cabello haze sombra (Spanish)	
A hair casts a shadow	Feliu
Honores mutant mores (Latin)	
Honors change manners	Lieut. Trebel

A Touching Story With Very Few Words

Davy Wynne was a modest young fellow. Even after he had won the Fishbone game due to his own superhuman efforts he seemed to show no enlargement of the cranium, which most heroes would do. With the score standing three to six at the end of the first half, Pat Skrebbs had thrown all kinds of epithets and other things at the men huddled underneath the grandstand. He had aroused their ire to such an extent that when the referee's whistle blew for the second half to commence, the Staunton boys wre like a lot of tigers. In the very first scrimmage, Wally Hoody, the crack S. M. A. tackle, sunk his fist into a Fishbone man's eye, and after much careful operating the said fist was removed, and also was Mr. Hoody of pugilistic fame.

It would be quite superflous, dear reader (a la Bronson style) to go into the details of that never-to-be-forgotten last half. Suffice it to say that our boys just tore up things and the score finally stood 22 to 6 in our favor, Davy Wynne bearing the brunt of the game.

P. S.—T. G. was so much overcome at the result of the contest that before he could control his emotions, he had granted calling permission to several of the most eloquent cadets.

Wanted

Beauty Prize	Hawkins
Senior Captain	Tobias
A Cigarette	Mauer
Warm Water.....	Cadets
A Wig	Major Russell
Sympathy	Capt. Gollehon
More Christians	Y. M. C. A.
To Be Slim	Burleigh
A Bath	Hawkins, D.
A Nail	Coffin
To Be Funny	Levinsohn
More Material	Coach Krebs
Mercy	Hawkins, H.
To Be Seniors	Battalion
Service	Linenthal
Speed and Legibility	Capt. Kable
More Subscribers for the Annual	Capt. Stevens

We Want to Know

Who broke the study hall clock?

Who heaved the brick at Mr. Mason?

Who told Gaston he could play quarter-back?

Why Capt. Gollehon persists in wearing a bathing suit to the baths?

Where Capt. Wonson got that walk?

When we'll get those new rifles?

Why Tragle don't wash his neck?

Don'ts

Don't tell of your deeds, there is a fellow in school who has them beat.

Don't fail to put the board in the hole.

Don't leave your pipes in plain view, T. G. has taking ways.

Don't flash a new born check, somebody has a hard luck story.

Don't use fever as an excuse to get in the infirmary, the nurse uses never-lie thermometers.

Don't break windows it's "paneful."

Don't bring cigarettes to class. The faculty might "swipe" them.

Don't make dates too far ahead, perhaps T. G. will have one with you.

Society for the Prevention of Disturbance in Study Hall

MINUTES OF THE FIRST MEETING

Meeting was called to order by our Grand Unworthy President in the spacious apartments of the society on the fifth floor. Professor Gollehon (our faculty advisor) being present, reported everything quiet. Our most Uncouth Secretary, Brother Bryant, moved that the membership of the society be increased, stating that several applicants had passed the examination for accuracy in missile throwing, and were qualified to join our organization. The rough necks being named were as follows: Walls, Moody, and LaMarche, D. Capt. Gollehon strenuously objected to this motion, on the grounds that there was far too much accuracy in the school now. He cited an instance in which he suffered an indignity on the way from mess, due to accuracy. He made a stirring speech on Accuracy and Speed (no legibility), he stated that accuracy was a curse when placed in the right hands and incidentally a snow-ball also. The Supernumery then took the floor, and said he was from Tiger County, and would see that Justice was "did" whatever the cost. The Untrusted Treasurer then said Justice would be "did 'ere the sun set in the east. He also moved that the motto of the club be changed from OCHUCKIS SPITBALLUS NIXGETCAUGHTUS to GIVE US ACCURACY OR GIVE US "BEAT." This illustrious motto was unanimously declared null and void. The Untrusted Treasurer then read his report of finances. He stated that there were several outstanding debts, Brothers Bryant, Matson, and Hitchins owed 7 kopecks each, and Brother Capt. Gollehon owed an apology. The meeting then adjourned.



Capt. Acker—Woodruff, what is the highest plain in the United States?

Woodruff—Aero-plane.

Capt. Forney to Walters, disgustedly.—Walters, if your head was whittled down to fit your brain, a peanut shell would look like a cowboy's hat on you.

Reid, M.—I hear that Woodie doesn't shave any more.

Wiard—Why?

Reid, M.—I saw him with a Beard yesterday.

Capt. Acker in English class—Levinsohn, compare ill.

Levinsohn—Ill, sick, dead.

Capt. Small in American Lit.—Who wrote Irving's Sketch Book?

Mason—Ichabod Crane.

Matson, to crowd of rough necks in corner room—Will anybody shoot me for a nickel? (meaning craps.)

Myers—If I had a gun I would shoot you for less.

Capt. Davis, in history class, discussing social life in the colonies in the 17th century.—What did the colonists do at night?

Bright Cadet—They went to bed.

Tragle—Did you hear about Cunningham's watch?

Mullen—Pawned?

Tragle—No, there's a woman in the case.

Two's company.

In a parlor there were three.

A maid, a parlor lamp, and he;

Two's company, without a doubt,

And so the parlor lamp went out.

Harris, buying wall paper for his room— Can I hang this paper on myself?

Clerk—Yes, sir; but it would really look better on the wall.

Capt. Russell to Hitchens, in Plane Geometry class—Go to the board, and prove the proposition that the square of the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

Hitchens—I don't have to prove it; I admit it.

A zero is a little thing,

It does not seek for fame.

We hate to see it on our card,

But it gets there just the same.

A TRAGEDY

It was a Black and Raney night, and a Strong West wind was blowing. A young Mann with a Whitehead and protruding Lipps was wending his way towards his hunting Lodge. It stood on a Hill, in the middle of a Littlefield. He had come through Boggs and Marsh's to reach his Lodge, as he went through the Gates, he noticed that there were Budds on the Vines, and the Reeds were Short. Entering one of the rooms along the Hall, he took a certain book from the Case, which stood in the Co(R)nnor, and turned to Page 21, which dealt in Battles and Law.

As he was reading, a Burleigh Mann entered the room. He had a Brown Moule on his cheek, and was a Miller by trade. Cross(ing) the room he took some White Potts from the mantle, and put them in a Coffin, but he Auten(n't) have done it. The other Mann rose from the Cushing he was sitting on, and asked why he didn't put them on the Walls, but the Miller replied I Cant, but Millikin. As he spoke he saw a Roach crawling over the Coffin; seizing a Ball, he hurled it at the Roach, but struck the other Mann who saw Starrs and Sparks. The Miller then apologized and said Mayall be well. The Hunter then replied you are a Kerr to cause me so much Paine, and by the Powers, you shall suffer, beWare. But the Miller was a Wily Mann and was Krafty and said, "Yes, I am a Kerr, it Gaines me nothing." It was Nigh on to 7 o'clock, and the Miller only stayed a Short while. After he left the Lodge, he said, "I will get him yet, but if I Can't do it, will Guildoo it? If he Cant, Boykin.

Capt. Wonson—Murray, if you were in a battle and had gotten behind a tree, from which side would you shoot?

Murray—From the back side, Capt.

Barton, A.—I've just been over to Capt. Kable's office for some orders.

York—Did you get them?

Barton, A.—Yes, he gave me orders to get out.

Reid, M. (at mess)—Say, Scotty, are you a suffragist?

York—No, kid; I'm a Methodist. (In an undertone) pass the sinkers, Steve.

Woman (to tramp)—Now, if you don't leave at once, I'll call out my husband, for he is an old Roller's football man.

Tramp—Lady, if you love him, don't call him out. I used to play with Kable's.

Hawkins, H. (Sentinel)—Who goes there?

Ans.—The officer of the day.

Hawkins—Then what are you doing out here at night?

Corporal (to Holzman)—If you saw the Assistant Commandant crossing your post while on sentinel duty, what would say?

Holzman—Turn out the guard! Here comes the main guy!

Don't you think Avy Gwynne is a "Strong" and "Burleigh" "Mann?"

Well, "Auten" he be?

McCutcheon was offered leading part in Chanticleer; I wonder why?

Pretty Girl at M. B. S.—"Professor, do you think there is much in the assertion that there are microbes in kisses?"

Professor—"I'm sure I don't know, but it's a problem I should like to investigate under present conditions."

M. B. S. Girl—Cushing, what makes you so happy?

Cushing—I got a commission; my, but I feel great!

She was a girl at M. B. S.

And he an S. M. A. man

And during the holiday season

They gathered a coat of tan

Which caused unlimited wonder.

People cried, "What a disgrace!"

For each of the pair was sunburned on the opposite side of the face.

SMOOT.





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