

Blue and Gold  
1914





The  
**Blue and Gold**  
YEAR BOOK  
OF

*Staunton Military Academy*



1914

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA



LIEUTENANT COLONEL LEWIS D. GREENE  
*Captain, United States Army; United States Military Academy*  
PROFESSOR OF MILITARY SCIENCE AND TACTICS

To Lieut. Col. Lewis D. Greene, U. S. A.  
1914

We respectfully dedicate this the ninth volume of  
Blue and Gold

## Lewis Douglass Greene

LIEUTENANT COLONEL LEWIS DOUGLASS GREENE, (Captain, U. S. A.), was born in New York on May 23, 1856, and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point on July 1, 1874.

Naturally bright, Colonel Greene easily kept near the head of his class, retaining always his habits of reading and study which seem to have developed early in life. He was (and is) full of fun and always ready with some witty remark, story of advice—the supply of which seemed then, and seems now, inexhaustable.

On June 14, 1878, after the most trying year of a cadet's experience, the Colonel was graduated as Number 13 in a class of 43. This high standing seems all the more remarkable when we know that many days of his senior year were spent in the cadet hospital, thus necessitating much extra work on his part in order that he might hold his place and pace.

He was appointed a second lieutenant in the Army upon graduation and was assigned to the 7th Infantry. The following October he was stationed on frontier duty at Fort Snelling, Minn., where he served for a year. In October, 1879, he was ordered on the "Ute Expedition," on which duty—though having previously tasted of the romance of a soldier's life in Minnesota—he became acquainted thoroughly with the American Indian. This expedition lasted only seven months, but was fraught with excitement and danger.

From July 13, 1880, to August 13, 1882, his station was Fort Buford, Dakota, and during this tour was on detached service from November 23, 1881, to May 1, 1882, serving at Old Poplar River,—which was then considered by those of the Service as the "jumping-off place." This section was the scene of much excitement and furnished no end of thrills and hair-raising episodes to the young lieutenant and his "bunkie," Lieutenant Heistand (now colonel, adjutant general), who is a classmate of Colonel Greene and was associated with him in the arduous service in Dakota and Montana. At Old Poplar River lived many thousands of wild Indians, so near to the young officers' small log cabin that the sound of the "tom-tom" was always thrumming in their ears, day and night, either in revelry or superstitious practice.

When we pause to consider the location of this interesting station (near the Canadian line in Montana), and know that the mercury remained frozen there for half the winter and once the spirit thermometer dropped to 67 below zero, we can imagine the terrible strain on young men less than three years in active service, used to the happy camaraderie of "cadet-dom" and civilization and thus thrown on their own resourcefulness for obtaining such happiness as was possible and for securing a field for the outlet of young ambition in a wild country, uncivilized as the Great Northwest was in those days. What cheer there was must originate with themselves, and it must have been during this trying period that the cheery attitude, the divine "human-ness" and the natural sparkle of wit "cropped out" to its fullest in young Greene—which properties have become so much a part of the man that they are still evident in action and thought and manner.

Our lieutenant's next stations were Fort A. Lincoln, Dakota, August 13, 1882, to June 5, 1883; Fort Fred Steele, Wyoming, to December, 1885; Camp Pilot Butte, Wyoming, to November 3, 1886, from which latter post he went on leave of absence to March 1887.

The young lieutenant was then stationed at old, historic Fort Laramie, Wyoming, until July 13, 1887. Fort Laramie is situated on the North Platte River and was the first settlement made by the Americans in 1834 in the Territory of Wyoming. After participating in the rifle competition of '87, Lieutenant Greene was detailed as aide-de-camp to Major General George Crook from October 8, 1887, to June 8, 1889. A more picturesque chief could not have been found: known as "The Old Fox" by the Indians, General Crook was at that time commander of the Division of the Missouri, and represented our Government with the red brothers most creditably. The Indians always held great respect and admiration for this wily American General, for he always made good on promises to the red men; whether there was promised "fire water," a blanket or a licking—the Indian knew he could count on it being delivered, and acted accordingly. It was this same American who, in May, 1883, won fame for himself by pursuing a large band of Apache Indians into Mexico, taking nearly 400 prisoners.

During this tour as aide, Lieutenant Greene was stationed at Chicago,—General Crook's headquarters,—and met Miss Lillian Taft, of Boston, who was in Chicago on a visit. The acquaintance-ship transformed itself into a romance which later culminated in their marriage at Boston.

On December 16, 1888, Col. Greene received his promotion to first lieutenant,—a promotion well-earned but somewhat tardy, due to the then "regimental system" of promotion.

In the meantime, our young officer had made quite a reputation as an expert shot and hunter. He owned probably the finest bird dogs on the prairie, and game of any sort went down before his rifle; deer seems to have been his favorite quarry, however. When we pause to consider the "real country" which the West was in those days, we may readily realize the opportunity offered for real sport.

His next service was on the regimental staff of the 7th as Quartermaster—having been offered his choice of the adjutancy or as "Q. M.," and choosing the latter because of his interest in the supply departments and wishing to further augment his training with knowledge in this direction. His application to the mastering of details in this position was so apparent that we find him later on (April 4, 1894), detailed as Quartermaster and Commissary of the Army and Navy General Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas, which position he held until August 24, 1898. As quartermaster of his regiment, he served from June 13, 1889, to November 21, 1889, at old Fort Laramie, again; to July 1, 1893, at Fort Logan, Colorado. While at the latter post he was ordered in the field against hostile Sioux Indians in December, '90, and until January, 1891, at Cheyenne River, S. D.\*

The Sioux, it will be remembered, are the nation which was victorious over General Custer at *Little Big Horn* in 1876, and who, in August, 1889, had ceded eleven million acres in Dakota to the United States.

\*The territory of Dakota was admitted to the Union as the States of North Dakota and South Dakota, in 1889. An interesting story of this last Indian campaign is told by Col. Greene in the March 15th issue of *The Bulletin Board*.

While at Fort Logan, the first son, Douglass Taft, was born on April 24, 1891, who entered the Military Academy in March, 1909, graduated in June, 1913, and is now second lieutenant in the 2nd Infantry and stationed in Honolulu, H. T. The second son, Joseph, is now at the University of Illinois, specializing in agriculture. He holds the office of senior Battalion Adjutant in the cadet regiment there, and graduates in June, 1915.

After his retirement from the active list as captain, on April 26, 1898, (the day after Congress declared war with Spain!), Col. onel Greene became interested in the coal business, but could not withstand the "call of the Service" for long; and finally, at the request of the Governor of Illinois, he was detailed for duty with the National Guard of that State and was commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General, 4th brigade, on June 19, 1906. Subsequently he was promoted on November 30, 1907, to be Colonel and Adjutant General of The Division, and was also Chief of Staff to Major General Edward C. Young, commander of the Guard, which position he held until October 10, 1913, when he resigned his commission in the Illinois Service to accept the detail at S. M. A. as Professor of Military Science and Tactics, reporting for such duty on October 20, 1913, and being given the local rank of Lieutenant Colonel according to the Regulations of the Academy.

Colonel Greene has always been a leader in social life—staging theatricals and originating "stunts" of all sorts, ringing surprises of a captivating nature on the garrison wherever he was stationed. The soldiers of his company adored him, no less than his social companions.

Since his arrival here, the clear vision and keen perception of things essential to a modern, preparatory, military academy have predominated in directing his recommendations for the betterment of conditions for both the personnel and matériel of the cadet corps. His own fine efficiency coupled with his vast practical knowledge and keen application of "theory based on fact" are features which make him so valuable to the Academy as an officer, a gentleman, and, above all, a man.

—P. C. R.



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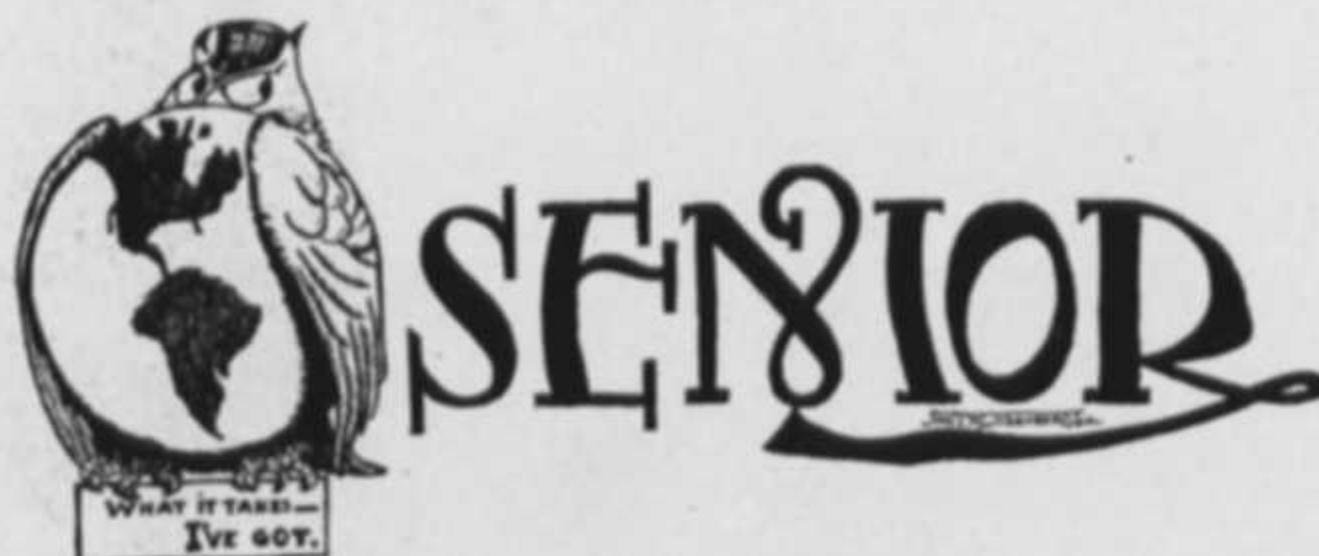
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SWINTON D. ALDRICH

"Duke" bounced into Honolulu on a large wave June 19, 1893. Came to us in 1913. Member of Football Team, '13. Elected "Most Popular Rat." Expects to enter University of Pennsylvania.



ROBERT W. ALDRICH

(*Chi Sigma Chi*)

"Bob" was born at Johnsonburg, Pennsylvania, July 20, 1893. Not liking the climate he hit for Wilcox. Has held offices of Lieutenant and Captain. Charter member of Honor Committee. Senior Class Historian. Future unknown.



DANIEL GRANT ARNOLD

At Lewistown, Pennsylvania, 1895, our Daniel opened his eyes. This is his first year at S. M. A. Will study chemistry at Cornell.





ROY BRYANT  
(Pi Phi)

"Dick" was born in Laredo, Texas, 1893. Migrated to New Orleans, La. Entered S. M. A. '11-'12. Rat Corporal '11-'12; Lieutenant '12-'13. Has been elected most popular rat '11-'12; "most popular man '12-'13"; "most loyal man '13-'14." Cheer leader '12-'13-'14. Member and Secretary of Social Club. President Social Club '13-'14. Assistant Business Manager BLUE AND GOLD '12-'13. Miscellaneous Editor of *The Sabre* '12-'13. Member of Honor Committee '13-'14. Member of Mandolin Club. To seek further knowledge at Washington and Lee, and then to study agriculture at University of Wisconsin.



LANCE CHAFFE BALLOU

"Elsie" puffed out his chest first at Lakewood, R. I. December 29, 1895. From thence he sprinted to Providence. He has been on track team '13-'14. Corporal '13-'14. Will enter Paint Manufacturing Business.



ARMIN GEORGE BARTELDSES

(Delta Sigma Nu)

In Lawrence, Kansas, "Mem" let out his first squawk. He has been Corporal in Band. Expects to go to the University of Kansas.

MR 9-67

W CHAILLE C. BERNARD

Has been Sergeant in Band '13-'14. Made his first toot May 10, 1896, Lake Providence, Louisiana. Will take up his work at Union College.



EDWARD V. BOAGNI

The name you see will turn to us his degree. "Bo" by name, made his first blow at Opelosa, Louisiana, November 29, 1895. He has been Junior Color Sergeant. Tulane University will claim him for law.



ROBERT GORDON BURLEIGH

(Chi Sigma Chi)

"Bob" has been Corporal, Sergeant, Captain '12-'13. Captain and Lieutenant '13-'14. Has been Military Editor of *The Sabre*, Military Editor of *The Bulletin Board*, Member of Honor Committee. President of Y. M. C. A. '12-'13. Elected most military in '12-'13; most popular '13-'14. Expects to go to Boston Tech. next year.

forever, la



V. 0  
**ADELBERT BROWN**

Born at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, November 28, 1895. Member of scrubs, football team '13-'14. Will study law at University of Oklahoma.



*George Brown*  
**JAMES E. CANTRILL**  
(*Pi Phi*)

"Jimmie" was born in Georgetown, Kentucky, August 22, 1897. Entered S. M. A. in '12-'13. Has been member of Social Club '12-'13. Secretary of BLUE AND GOLD. Corporal '13-'14. Member of Hop Committee of Social Club '13-'14. Will try for law at Washington and Lee next year.



*Cliff*  
**A. C. CAMP**  
(*Delta Sigma Nu*)

"Cliff" was in the band his first year. First Sergeant and Lieutenant '13-'14. "Elected best dancer '12-'13." "Most studious '13-'14." Member of baseball team '12-'13-'14. Social Editor of BLUE AND GOLD '13-'14. Officer in charge of mail. Charter member of Honor Committee. Will enter University of Pennsylvania to take up Commerce and Finance.

V. 0  
**JACK W. COPELAND**

Corporal, Company Quartermaster Sergeant. Born at Fort McKarrett, Texas, but owing to the Mexican war he went to Dallas. Jack's best role is to play Dr. Jeckle and Mr. Hyde. Will enter Eastman's Business College.



V. 0  
**ARCH G. CHILTON**  
(*Delta Sigma Nu*)

Rank Corporal, Sergeant Major. Born at Tyler, Texas, July 5, 1893, and has since moved to Dallas. "Birdie" has been with us for three years. Future is yet undecided.



*Deceased*  
**ALBERT EDWARD COLBURN**

Born August 18, 1895, at Somerworth, New Hampshire. Post Graduate '12-'13-'14. Ranking Corporal.





ALBERT M. CRANCE

October 23, 1894, the natives of Hammondsport, New York, first heard his high treble cry. He intends to study Chemistry in France next year.

Genwa NY



HARRY H. HARRISON

Began his post-graduate course at S. M. A. September, 1913. "Yens" took his first good look at the sun in 1895, at Lovington, Illinois. Will enter University of Pennsylvania next year.



JOHN I. ELDRIDGE

"Chauncey" has been Corporal. "Elected tallest man '12-'13." Born at Aurora, Ohio, June 28, 1896. Will attempt agriculture at Ohio State next year.

Aurora Ohio



THOMAS J. HENRY

In the quiet town of Pleasantville, Ohio, December 14, 1894, "Dutch" made his way. First year at S. M. A. Will take up Mechanical Engineering at Boston Tech. next year.



RUSSELL D. FRIEND

(*Delta Omicron*) - *Omicron*

"Rusty" has been Corporal and Sergeant in Band. Copist of *The Bulletin Board*. Member of Mandolin Club. Born at Lawrence, Kansas, August 11, 1897. Rusty was dropped to us from the tail of a Kansas Cyclone, September 12, 1913. Will enter University of Kansas next year.

New Rochelle NY

CROMWELL HORTON

Born January 27, 1896, at New York City. Has been member of bugle corps. Carnegie is his future playground.





FRANK THOMAS HOLT, JR.

(*Phi Sigma Chi*)

"Tommie" had the misfortune to be born at Staunton, Virginia, in 1894. Will seek further knowledge at Washington and Lee.

VILAS HORNER  
(*Pi Phi*)

"Dutch" was born in 1894, LaCrosse, Wisconsin. Entered S. M. A. 1911. First Sergeant '12-'13. Lieutenant '13-'14. Member Social Club '11-'12-'13-'14. President of Social Club. Assistant Cheer Leader '13-'14. Member of Honor Committee. Will study Finance and Commerce at University of Pennsylvania next year.



CHAS. W. HORR

First year at S. M. A. Was born at Wellington, Ohio. His future is undecided.

LEON H. JASTREMSKI

Was born at Houma, Louisiana, October 17, 1895. First year at S. M. A. Enters Louisiana State to study medicine.



THOMAS SELDEN JONES  
(*Pi Phi*)

"Shrimp" has been a Corporal, First Sergeant and Captain of Band. Member of Social Club '12-'13-'14. Member of basketball team '13-'14. Member of baseball team '12-'13-'14. Director of S. M. A. Orchestra. Born in Huntington, West Virginia, June 15, 1896.



GILBERT L. KENDALL  
(*Chi Sigma Chi*)

"Mistah Gibby" has been Sergeant '12-'13; Lieutenant '13-'14. Member of football team '13-'14. Let out one big whoop at Portsmouth, Ohio, July 19, 1895. Future unknown.





GEORGE G. LYON

Havre de Grace was increased many fold in November, 1896. "Tad" has been Corporal. Will go to Johns Hopkins.



JACOB LEVY

Has been Corporal '13-'14. Was born at Vicksburg, Mississippi, July 17, 1897. Will take up a course at Tulane.



GEORGE D. DE LAUREAL

(*Phi Sigma Chi*)

"Frenchie" was born at Broussard, Louisiana, September 14, 1897. Has been Corporal, Color-Sergeant and Sergeant. Will take up further work at Harvard.

DANIEL L. LAMARCHE  
(*Phi Sigma Chi*)

Sergeant '11-'12; Captain '12-'13; Senior Captain '13-'14. Dan is President of Senior Class. Has been member of football team '11-'12, '13-'14; also of basketball team '11-'12-'13-'14. Elected Captain '13-'14. Won medal for best drilled cadet '11-'12. Manager of track team '12-'13. Athletic Editor of *BLUE AND GOLD* '12-'13. Military Editor of *BLUE AND GOLD* '13-'14. Most military man '13-'14. Assistant Business Manager of *The Sabre* '12-'13. Member of Social Club '13-'14; Mandolin Club '13-'14. Cheer Leader '11-'12. Charter member of Honor Committee. Will enter University of Pennsylvania next year.



JOSEPH B. MAGNUS

Has held offices of Corporal, Sergeant, and First Sergeant. Born May 5, 1896. As "Joe" is very bashful we will not put down the town and state. Future is undecided.



HAROLD RAMOND MASON  
(*Pi Phi*)

Born at Washington, D. C., July 18, 1895. Held offices in separate Co. E, of Sergeants; First Sergeant and Lieutenant. Entered Corps in 1911; held Corporal, First Sergeant, Lieutenant, and Captain. Alumni and Personal Editor of *The Bulletin Board* '13-'14. Assistant Business Manager *BLUE AND GOLD* '13-'14. Member of Honor Committee '13-'14; Social Club '12-'13-'14. Prophet of Senior Class '13. Prophet Class '14. Assistant officer in charge of mail '14. "Elected most modest man in '14." "Babe" will study Metallurgy in Carnegie Tech. and University of Pittsburgh.





ROY W. MAY

(*Chi Sigma Chi*)

Louisville, Kentucky, jumped when on June 14, 1893, Roy made his jump into life. He has been Corporal. Member of football team '12-'13-'14; basketball team '12-'13. Member of Hop Committee Social Club '13-'14. Will study Electrical Engineering at University of Michigan.



EDWIN MATSON, III

(*Delta Sigma Nu*)

"Tacks" has attended S. M. A. for four years. Held officer of Sergeant, First Lieutenant and Captain. Member of Tau Phi Frat, first year and baseball. Captain of baseball '11-'12. Member of Social Club. "Elected worst woman hater." Captain of baseball third year, and manager of football team. Athletic Editor of *The Sabre*, and Chairman of Social Club. Member of baseball and football his fourth year. Manager of basketball. Athletic Editor of *BLUE AND GOLD*. Best athlete '13-'14. Born at Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, July 29, 1894. Will go to University of Pennsylvania to study Finance and Commerce next year.



SAMUEL TULLY MAYALL

(*Theta Phi*)

A jubilee in the mountains of Boulder, Colorado, February 9, 1895, was held as our friend "Monk" came in. He has been Corporal, in Battalion and Band. Is now a Sergeant in Band. Colorado School of Mining will claim him.

WESTON WORDELL MORRELL

Was born at East Orange, New Jersey, December 23, 1893. Weston has been "Rat" Corporal, First Sergeant and Lieutenant. After finishing his Post Graduate Course here he will study Chemistry at Yale. Basketball team '13-'14.



CARL H. MUELLER

"Monk" was born at Meriden, Connecticut, June 10, 1896. Has been a Corporal. Enters University of Penn.



HARVARD McCANDLESS

Was born in Ellensburg, Washington, June, 1896. From there to Tacoma, Washington. Will take Electrical Engineering at Carnegie Tech. next year.





HARRY W. McCULLOUGH

(*Phi Sigma Chi*)

Was born January 28, 1896, at Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania. He has been Corporal and Company Quartermaster Sergeant. Expects to enter Cornell.



ROBERT W. McCULLOUGH

The strong man lifted himself from Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, July 24, 1895. "Bob" will take up Civil Engineering at Penn. State next year.



GORDON K. NIGH

(*Delta Sigma Nu*)

Corporal Bugler, Sergeant Major, Second Captain. Member of Honor Committee. Social and Literary Editor of *The Bulletin Board*. Assistant Faculty. Critic of Senior Class.

1912  
Jersey Shore Pa.

GERALD F. O'REARDON

(*Theta Phi*)

Born at London, England, 1896, but like others same across to Baltimore, Maryland. "Mick" has been Corporal, Sergeant, and First Sergeant. *Biggest Lady Fussel*. Miscellaneous Editor of *The Bulletin Board*. Will study Geology at Johns Hopkins.



PHILIP SAMUEL PERKINS

He quietly entered Plakuerie, Louisiana, December 27, 1894. This is his first year at S. M. A. Will enter Texas State University next year.



JOSIAH MARION REECE

The town of Millville, Pennsylvania, was astounded March 16, 1896, by the first note of "Pinky." Will enter Penn. State.



IKE LEE ROAN

Has been a Sergeant. Was born at Navasota, Texas. March 24, 1896. Will enter Citadel next year.



JAMES THOMAS ROSENBERGER

(*Delta Sigma Nu*)

"Jimmie" was born in Staunton, Virginia, 1893. He has been member of baseball team '11-'12-'13-'14. Captain of baseball team '13-'14. Member of football team '11-'12-'13-'14. Captain of team '13-'14. Member of Social Club. Artist of BLUE AND GOLD '13-'14. Cartooning is his best. He will enter Washington and Lee next year.



ALLEN D. ROBERTSON

(*Phi Sigma Chi*)

Is a Corporal; Sergeant and Assistant Instructor. "Battalion" has been with us for two years. Expects to study surgery at Pennsylvania. Was born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, October 22, 1894.

ROBERT C. SCOTT

(*Mu Nu Sigma*)

MR 9-67  
Sergeant in '08-'09. Co. Quartermaster Sergeant '12-'13. Lieutenant Quartermaster '13-'14. Captain of Second football team '12-'13. Member of team '13-'14. Miscellaneous Editor of BLUE AND GOLD; Business Manager of *The Bulletin Board* '13-'14. Member of Honor Committee. Born at Colerado, Texas, July 20, 1894. Basketball team '13-'14. "Bob's" best expression is "Where's my gun." Studies law at University of Texas.



RODNEY ENGLISH SNOW

(*Delta Sigma Nu*)

"Rod" has been Quartermaster Sergeant and First Sergeant of the Band. Chairman of Tennis Club. Member of Social Club '11-'12-'13-'14. Member of S. M. A. Orchestra. Will enter University of Pennsylvania next year. He was born in High Point, North Carolina, October 15, 1895.



CHARLES GUY STRONG

(*Delta Sigma Nu*)

Corporal, Quartermaster Sergeant and Lieutenant, and Drum Major of Band. Literary Editor of BLUE AND GOLD. Secretary of Senior Class. Associate Editor of *The Bulletin Board*, Secretary and Treasurer of Social Club. Vice-President of Hop Committee. Charter member of Honor Committee '13-'14. Manager of '13-'14 football team; member of baseball team '12-'13-'14. The University of Pennsylvania will claim him.





*Decided*  
**EVERETT CHAPIN SCOTT**

"Chap" is going through his first year at S. M. A. Was born at Springfield, Massachusetts, August 12, 1894. Intends to enter Dartmouth next year.



*W*  
**WILLIAM A. SELTS, JR.**

(*Delta Sigma Nu*)

Has been bugler, Corporal, First Sergeant, Lieutenant and Adjutant, and Lieutenant in Battalion. Member of Honor Committee; Social Club '12-'13-'14. Was born at Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, September 24, 1895. The question is, "Who said Bill was hard?" Will enter Cornell.



*Ricville 19*  
**E. PERCY SMITH**

(*Theta Phi*)

Corporal, Lieutenant. Has been member of basketball teams '11-'12-'13-'14; Captain of basketball team '13-'14. Member of football team '12-'13-'14. Athletic Editor of The Bulletin Board. "Elected nerviest man in school." Born at Millville, New Jersey, 1894. Member of Honor Committee. Will try for Mechanical Engineering at Swarthmore College.

*Louisville Ky*  
**JACK A. THOMAS**

Member football team '13-'14. "Tommy" quietly entered Louisville, Kentucky, November 5, 1894. Will enter University of Michigan to study structural engineering.



*Houston Tex*  
**GEORGE W. WILBURN, JR.**

It is little "Willie's" first year at S. M. A. Born at Houston, Texas, December 2, 1895. Will enter University of Texas next year.



*CHARLES WARREN WILEY*

(*Chi Sigma Chi*)

Color Sergeant '12-'13. Lieutenant '13-'14. Charter member of Honor Committee. "Monk" for his features "shoah" has one draw-back: was born at Syracuse, New York, November 23, 1894. Goes into business next year.





GEORGE STEPHEN WEAR

"Steve" has been on track team '12-'13-'14. Corporal. Chairman of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet. Will study law at Texas State University next year.



CARL B. WAHLE

"Judge" first appeared in Brooklyn, New York, May 17, 1896. Crossed to New York City. Came to S. M. A. in 1913. Has been Quartermaster Sergeant and First Sergeant. Substitute on football team '13-'14. Will enter Princeton next year.

## Class of 1914

Their engineers flock to the hills and plains,  
In the North, South, East and West  
Where they burrow and build  
With their skillful brains  
And lay down the rails with the best.

Ahead of the miners and rails  
With a face that is set and grim,  
Geologists toil and tell strange tales  
Of civilization brought in.

And some of us go to the Army,  
A few of us follow the sea  
Through the tropical night dark and balmy,  
May the honor of the school go with ye.

The men who follow the wheels of trade  
Sit in their offices tall,  
And think of the name that the class has made  
And the school that made them all.

Go forth, but remember you carry  
The brand of the school in your face,  
And look well that where'er you tarry  
That you bring on the Class no disgrace.

G. F. O'REARDON.  
H. RAYMOND MASON.

## Prophecy of Class 1914



WHILE sitting at my desk, one night, working studiously over the fatal "Trig," my eyes grown heavy from "much study" refuse to decipher the formulas and other mysteries of Mathematics further, and closed; and so I was far from the land of realities and in the dream country, I saw myself walking past a moving picture theatre and became attracted by the sign of the current weekly review, and I went to see it. I never dreamed of the surprises in store for me.

The picture flashed upon the screen and the first one was "World Touring Champs," and a bunch of baseball players were shown. This, at first was of no special interest until I noticed some familiarity about the group and saw Matson, in the center surrounded by Strong, Camp, Murray, J., Smith, P., and Scott, R., all of whom had played while at school. This gave way to the second picture entitled, "Great Orchestra draws crowd at Panama Exposition," and in this I recognized Jones, S., Crance and Scott, E., Friend, Bernard, who had followed their school-boy pass-time to a vocation. Then I read "Famous Railroad Completed," and I saw among the group of engineers of our new Alaska Railway, Chief Engineer, Roy May; Harry McCullough, Burleigh, McCandless, Mayall, Wilburn, Thomas. Then the firing line of Storm Ridden Mexico and the hospital surgeons in that country and some of the wounded soldiers were shown. Among the surgeons were Robertson A. Roach, Jastremski, L., DeLaurel and in the wheel chairs I recognized the wounded as Kendall and Roan, I., who, after passing through the Citadel had followed their uniform further. Then came the words, "Washington, D. C., Senator Cantrill speaks to well known lawyers on the subject of better politics," and among them were shown Holt, Wear, G., Wahle, Brown, A., Perkins, Reece, Mueller, McCullough, R., Horr, Horton and Boagni.

The next was headed "Noted Iron Men Make Great Discovery," and saw Dan LaMarche, who, with his brother, were now important factors in the Malleable Iron Industry and their chief metallurgist, Mason. This was followed by "Winners" of World's Hygenic Examinations," and Nigh and Morrell appeared, holding blue ribbons for Grace, Beauty, and Poise. From there the slide produced "The Latest Marvels of Agriculture," and who should appear, but Bryant and Eldridge between a massive pumpkin—their product in "The Business of Life." This was not to last long as the "Manufacturers' Convention" gave place to it and on the speakers' platform were seated Horner, Chilton, Copeland, Colburn, Snow, Selts, Wiley, Aldrich, R. After this we noted, "Scientists of To-day," and Aldrich, S., was portrayed as a chemist along with Arnold, G., Barteldes, Harrison and O'Reardon supported the Geologist section, while Lyon, G., and Levy were Archeologists. When the latest steps in dancing came by the first city's four-hundred; it was no other than "Beau Brummel" Ballou, who has followed Terpsichore. The last but not least was "The Comic Section." What's that? Yes, Mutt Rosenberger, the well known cartoonist, and thus ended my prophetic dream.

H. RAYMOND MASON.

*My friends, the faculty must be this year  
 Recorded thru hobbies true and clear.  
 Yet nicknames, like friendship, are to those who are dear.  
 So their nicknames and sayings are written here.*

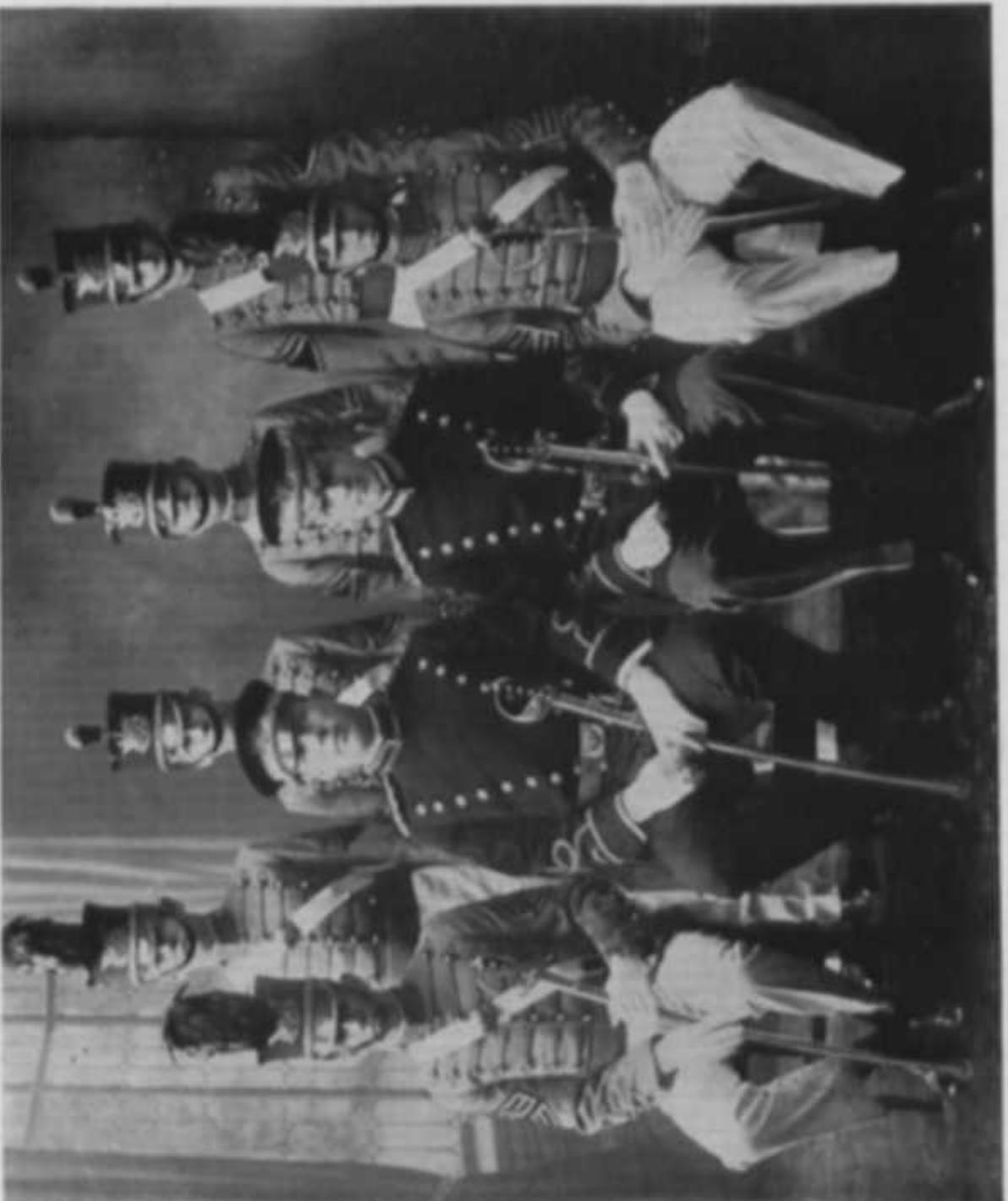
NAME	NICKNAME	HOBBY	WHAT WE THINK OF HIM	SAYINGS
Col. Kable	"Bill"	Writing lessons	A true friend	I can stand on my own feet
Col. Russell	"Baldy"	Trig.	Shady lawns anywhere	When I played football
Lt. Col. Russell	"Ted"	Forfeiting S. N. Privileges	Pure and Unadulterated	Shades of the "Thidadel"
Lt. Col. Greene	"Sally"	Tactics forever	Something awful	When I was a West Pointer
Maj. Ragan	"P. C."	Guessing weight of army blankets	An officer in disguise	It's not military
Maj. Wonson	"Satchel"	Finding out how little you know	A square but severe	Take your hands out of your pockets
Maj. Stevens	"Stevo"	Annuals	Little but mighty	Bryant, get busy
Maj. Sizer	"Freddie"	The Ancient Calibash	Some class to Freddie	What about you?
Maj. Tiller	"Iron-Master"	The Juniors	A disciplinarian	Get over the desk
Maj. Sutherland	"Henpecko"	Baseball	Some baseball player	Just, you stop that
Capt. Davis	"Jeff"	Reading Carolina State	A white scout	7 hours Mr. Murray
Capt. Legge	"Barney"	Athletics	Some man and knows it	No language on field, please
Capt. Acker	"George"	Combing his auburn locks	He'll pass in a crowd	One more
Capt. King	"Our Supporter"	Proverbs	Wonder	What are you going to do when night time comes
Capt. McCue	"Sammy"	Fussing the women	Stop the bear-cat rage	Darnifino
Lt. Gibson	"Gibby"	Baseball	Square	Unprintable
Lt. Boykin	"Sister"	The Beauty Parlor	Some track man	Oh, sugar
Lt. McLean	"Parle Vous"	Keeping Study Hall	Dear Heart	Ach du lieber
Lt. Alstadt	"Farmer"	Pink-eye	Pretty soft	Now girls don't rush
Capt. Pitcher	?	?	?	?



## Department of Tactics

Lieutenant Colonel Lewis D. Greene, (Captain, U. S. A.) .... *Senior Tactical Officer*  
 Lieutenant Colonel Ted G. Russell ..... *Commandant of Cadets*  
 Major Perry C. Ragan ..... *Assistant Commandant of Cadets*

## Staff



STAFF



SPONSOR

Miss Adelaide M. Old

FLOWER

American Beauty Rose

COLORS

Red and Green

### FIELD AND STAFF

Major Perry C. Ragan .....		
Lieut. Colonel Ted G. Russell .....		{ Battalion Commanders
Cadet Lieutenant H. Way Clark 2 .....		Adjutant
Cadet Lieutenant Robert Scott 4 .....		Quartermaster
Cadet Lieutenant H. A. Fulton 11 .....		On Duty at Cadet Hospital
Cadet Lieutenant E. R. Roach 1 .....		Aid to the Superintendent

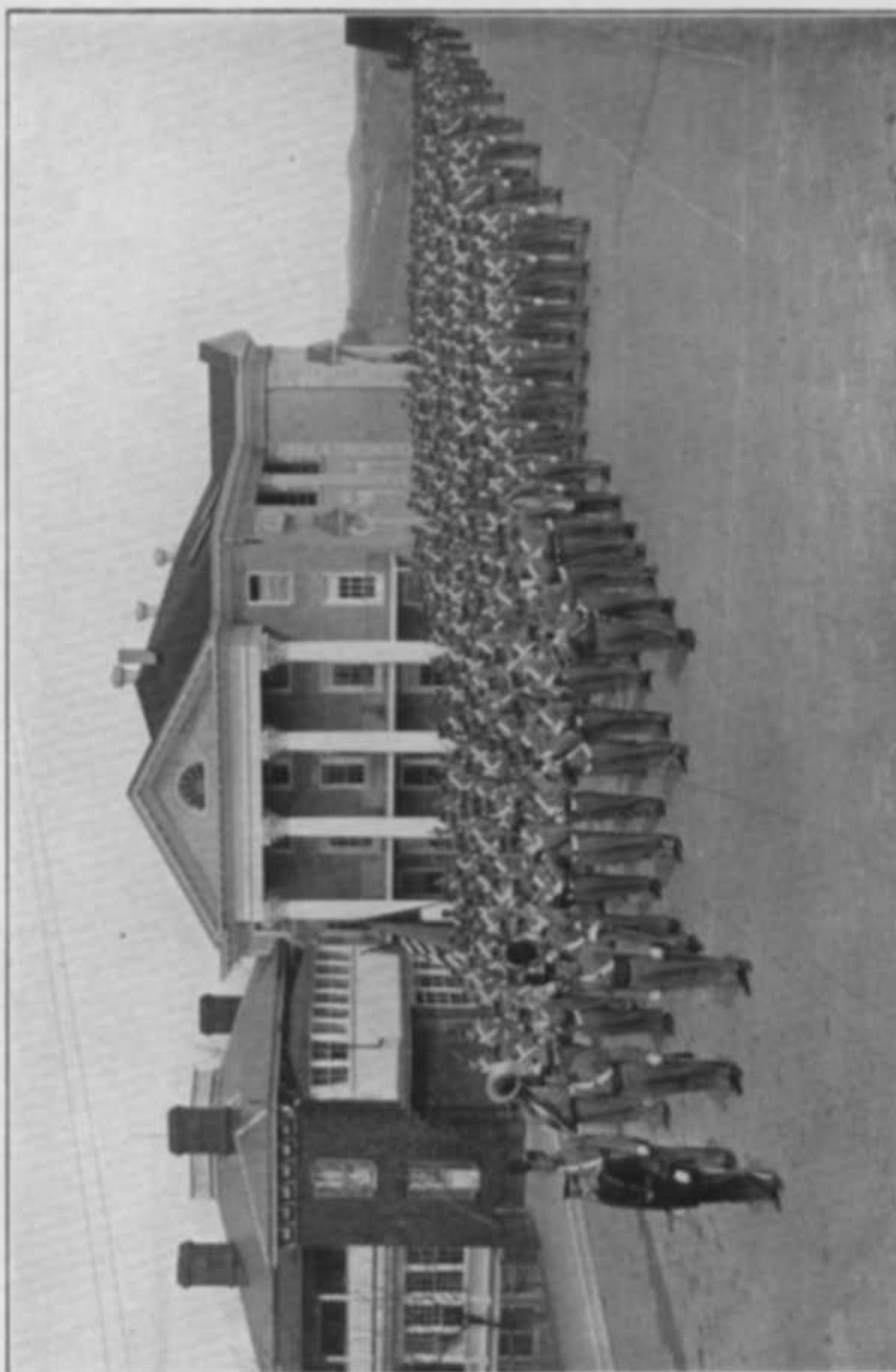
### NONCOMMISSIONED STAFF

Cadet Arch Chilton .....	Battalion Sergeant Major
Cadet W. D. Harwell .....	Battalion Quartermaster Sergeant
Cadet H. H. Lynch .....	Ordnance Sergeant

### COLOR GUARD

Cadet Sergeant E. V. Boagni .....	
Cadet Sergeant W. T. Lewis .....	{ Color Bearers
Cadet Roy Bryant .....	
Cadet R. W. McCullough .....	{ Color Privates

## Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of the Line and Band



Co. B	Co. D	Co. C	Co. A	Co. E	Band
<i>Captains</i>					
LaMarche	Aldrich R.	Matson	Mason	Nigh	Jones S.
<i>Lieutenants</i>					
Selts Homer	Smith P. Burleigh	Laurer Kendall	Wiley Camp C.	Clough Morrell	Strong Adams
<i>First Sergeants</i>					
Wahle	Gibson	Magnus	O'Reardon	Latimer	<i>Junior</i> Snow
<i>Company Quartermaster Sergeants</i>					
Coffin	Copeland	McCullough H.	Dilas J.	Thom	<i>Junior</i> Griffith
<i>Sergeants</i>					
Boagni Nirdlinger Robertson A	Low B. Johnson G. Ranshaw	Lewis W. Erkenbrack Miller H.	Roan I. Paterson S. DeLaureal	Conrad James Barnes W.	<i>Junior</i> Mayall Johnson W. Bernard Friend
<i>Corporals</i>					
Colburn Randolph May Emde Schambs Wear	Cantrill Ballou Harwood Murray J. Walcott Anderson	Lyons G Lott Schobe Morey Sullivan Mueller	Hager Shepherd C. Levy McLeod Eldridge Estes	Smith G. Harps A. Mejia Armentrout Stewart F. Andrews	<i>Junior</i> Barteldes Comstock Ridgeway Armentrout Stewart F. Andrews
<i>Trumpeters</i>					
Lomo L. McCandless	Lomo J. Arps N.	McNutt Spencer	Horton Wadsworth		



COMPANY B

## Company B



SPONSOR  
Miss Mary Lyon

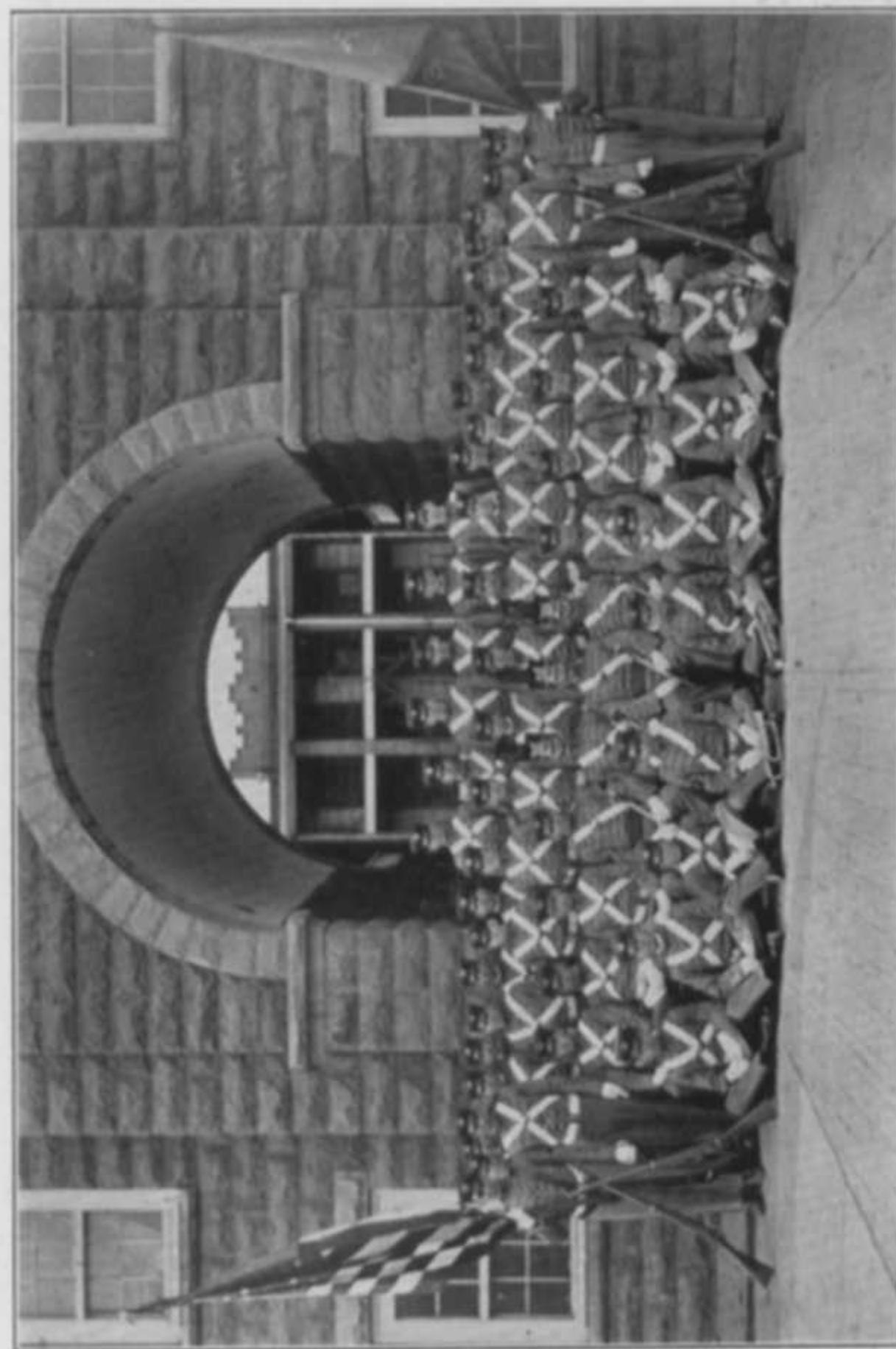
FLOWER  
Pink Rosebuds

COLORS  
Blue and White

LaMarche, ..... *Captain*  
Selts and Horner, ..... *Lieutenants*  
Wahle ..... *First Sergeant*  
Coffin ..... *Co. Quartermaster Sergeant*  
Boagni, Nirdlinger and Robertson, A. ..... *Sergeants*  
Colburn, Randolph, May, Emde, Schambs and Wear, ..... *Corporals*  
McCandless and Lomo, A. ..... *Trumpeters*

### PRIVATE

Aldrich, S.	Carmalt	Hooker	Pinckney	Stivers
Alexander, J.	Castillo	Jastremaki, J.	Pringle	Schermer
Brown, A.	Carisman	Jastremaki, L.	Reece, J.	Thomas
Brown, W.	Conley	Long	Reindollar	Townsend
Bertholet	Davison, J.	Leslie	Reardon	Weatherly, M.
Breece	Davis	Lockhart, A.	Robinson, W.	Wingate
Browning	Ewing, G.	Miller, L.	Rogers	
Bryant	Harrison	McGowan	Shaw	



COMPANY D

## Company D



SPONSOR  
Miss Mabel Hinkle

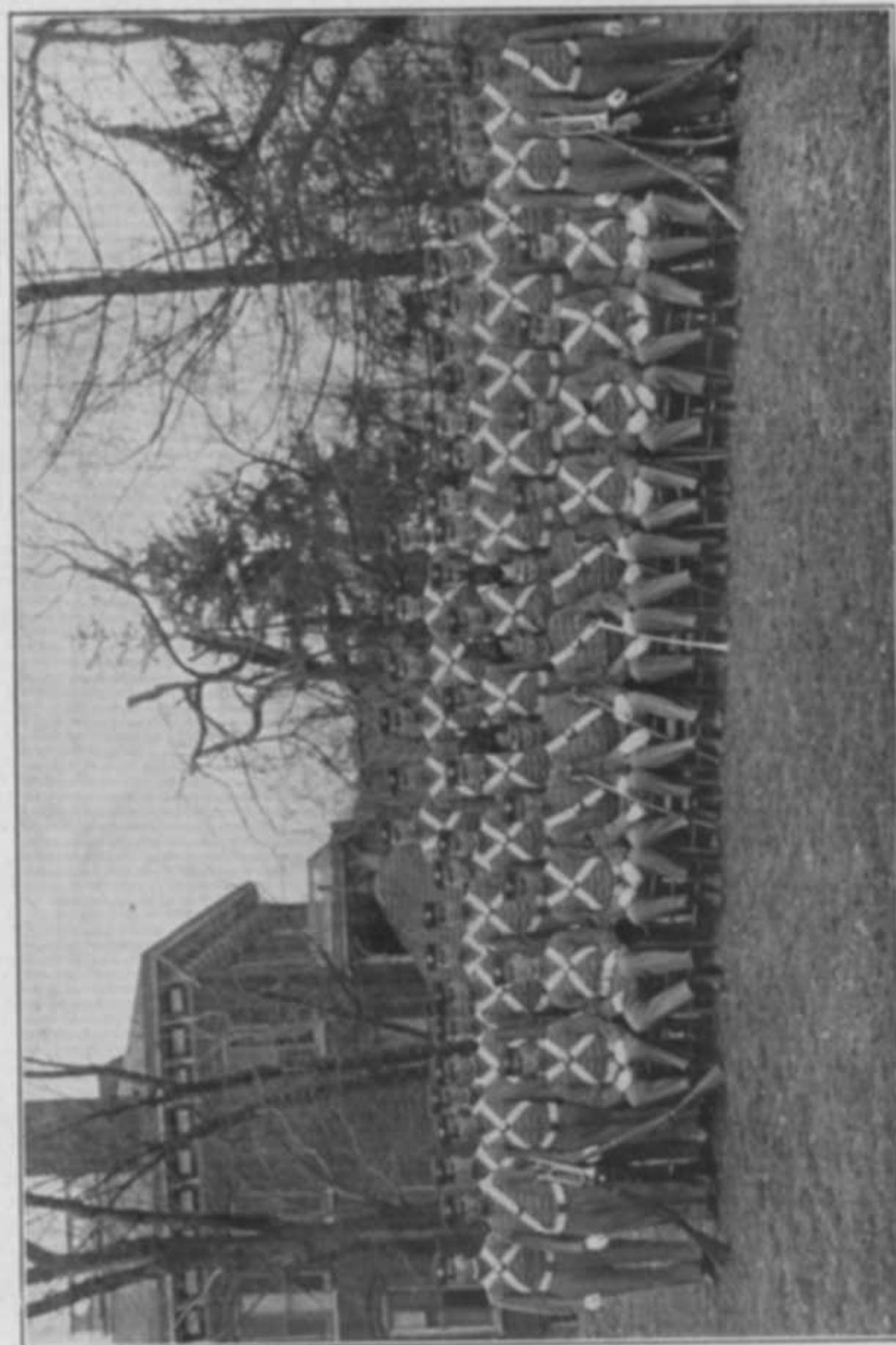
FLOWER  
Violets

COLORS  
Blue and red

Aldrich, R.	<i>Captain</i>
Smith, P., and Burleigh	<i>Lieutenants</i>
Gibson	<i>First Sergeant</i>
Copeland	<i>Co. Quartermaster Sergeant</i>
Low, B., Johnson, G. W., and Ranshaw	<i>Sergeants</i>
Cantrill, Ballou, Harwood, Murray, J., Walcott and Anderson	<i>Corporals</i>
Lomo, J., and Arpus, N.	<i>Trumpeters</i>

### PRIVATES

Barnes, R.	Coghlan	Frazier	Lyon, S.	Rambo
Barbee	Corbly	Graves	Makinson	Rolfe
Bell	Deshon	Hewitt, C.	Mayers, J.	Sagendorph
Beutel	Dill, L.	Hinkle	Miller, J.	Sheets (day)
Bixler	Dillow	Houston	Moss	Speddy
Blizzard	Driskell	Jenkins	O'Connor	Titus
Buckley	Edwards, J.	Kahn, J.	Patterson, R.	Treuleben
Chapman	Ewan, V.	Laws	Patton	Vanden Berg



COMPANY C

## Company C



### SPONSOR

Miss Mary Stuart Robertson

### FLOWER

Rose, Killarney

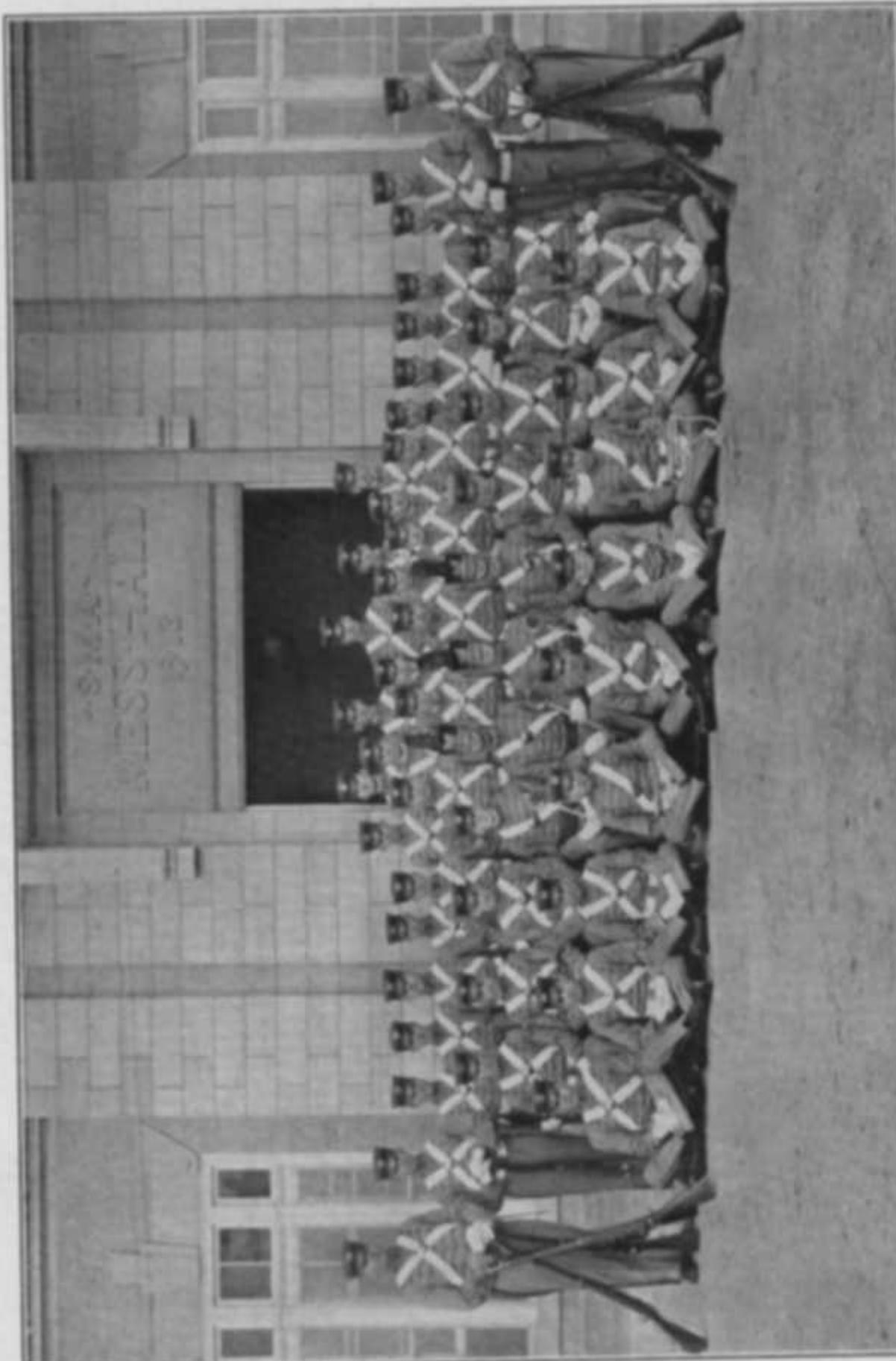
### COLORS

Maroon and White

Matson,	.....	<i>Captain</i>
Laurer and Kendall	.....	<i>Lieutenants</i>
Magnus	.....	<i>First Sergeant</i>
McCullough, H.	.....	<i>Co. Quartermaster Sergeant</i>
Lewis, W., Erkenbrack and Miller H.	.....	<i>Sergeants</i>
Lyon, G., Lott, Schobe, Morey, Sullivan and Mueller	.....	<i>Corporals</i>
McNutt and Spencer	.....	<i>Trumpeters</i>

### PRIVATES

Berrie	Corbett	Harkins	Orendorf	Smith, J.
Blanck	Douglas	Kensinger	Oliver	Turk
Bolton, J.	Engeman	Moore, A.	Peterson, A.	Walker
Carazo	Garcia	Moore, W	Sanford	White
Carter	Giles	Myers, C.	Saunders	Watson, W.
Chesley	Guardia, H.	McCarthy	Shearer	Willson
Clark, E.	Guardia, R.	McCullough, R.	Schrock	Wright
Coiner	Hancock	Nobles	Shepherd, H.	



COMPANY A

## Company A



SPONSOR  
Miss Page Hughes

FLOWER  
Red Rosebuds

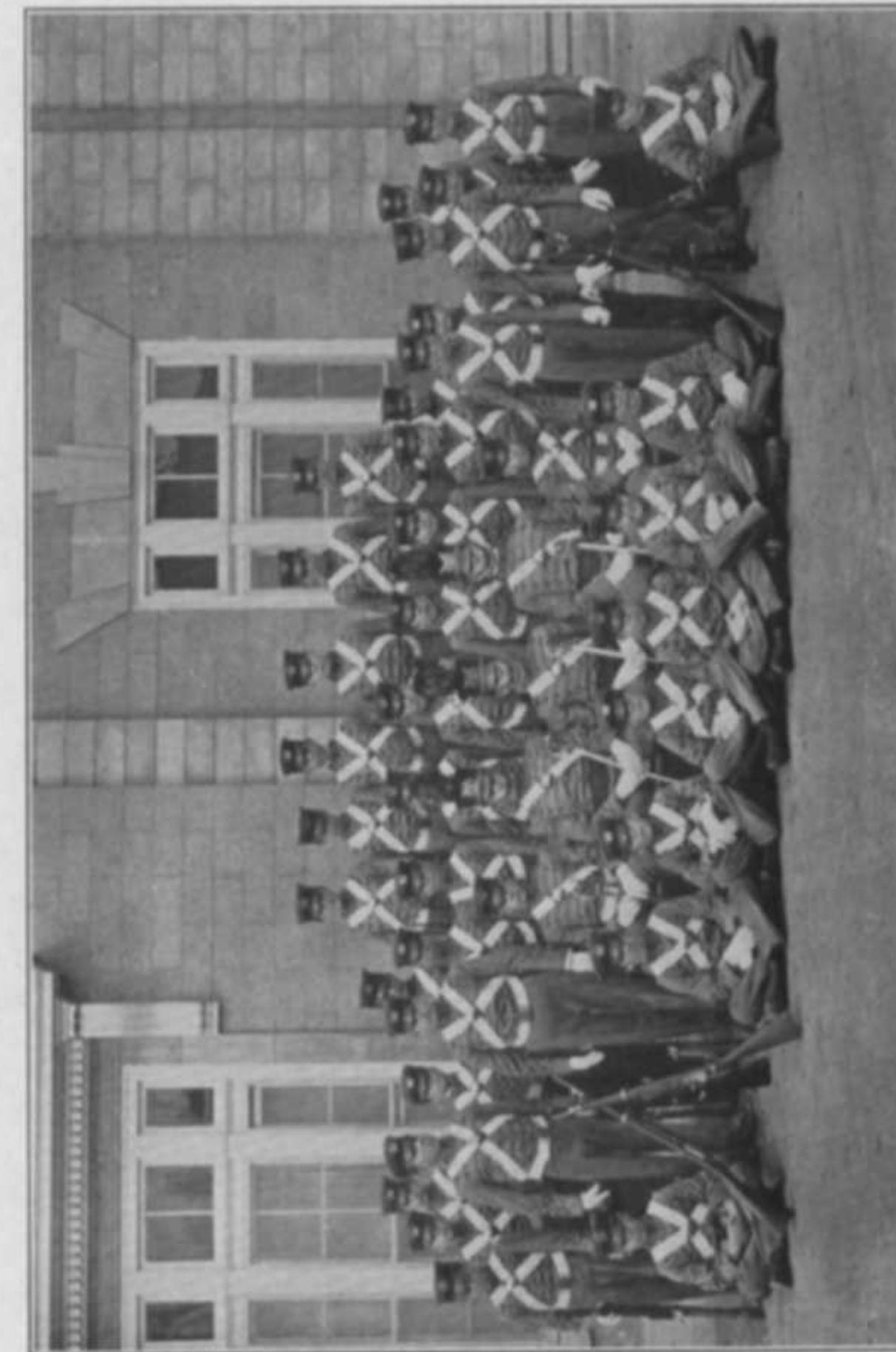
COLORS  
Green and White

Mason .....	<i>Captain</i>
Wiley and Camp, C. ....	<i>Lieutenants</i>
O'Reardon .....	<i>First Sergeant</i>
Dils, J. ....	<i>Co. Quartermaster Sergeant</i>
Roan, I., Peterson, S., and deLaureal .....	<i>Sergeants</i>
Hager, Shepherd, C., Levy, McLeod, Eldridge, Estes and Schneider....	<i>Corporals</i>
Horton and Wadsworth .....	<i>Trumpeters</i>

### PRIVATES

Abel	Farewell	Jones, R.	Perkins	Wilson, J.
Arnold, G.	Garrett	Matthew	Rothstein	Westerdahl
Baird, E.	Gray, H.	Mattox	Scott, E.	Whelpley
Battle	Gundry	Milligan	Scott, J.	Wilburn
Canova	Gwin	Murray, G.	Smith, C.	Williams, R.
Chamorro	Hall, F.	McMullen	Stranburg	
Cornwall	Hawley	McLemore	Taylor	
Deardorff	Horr	Penn	Totty	

## Company E



COMPANY E



SPONSOR

Miss Margaret K. Hawkes

FLOWER

Chrysanthemum

COLORS

Pink and Green

Nigh .....	<i>Captain</i>
Clough and Morrell .....	<i>Lieutenants</i>
Latimer .....	<i>Junior First Sergeant</i>
Thom .....	<i>Junior Co. Quartermaster Sergeant</i>
Conrad, James and Barnes, W. ....	<i>Junior Sergeants</i>
Smith, G., Harps and Mejia .....	<i>Junior Corporals</i>

PRIVATES

Ashbrooke	Curtis	Hudson	Newell, R.	Tappan
Alexander, A.	Coldren	Johnson, F. R.	Oatman	Vanbenschoten
Averill	Dewart	Lockhart, R.	Patterson, J.	Villa
Beals	Edmonds	Lazenby	Potter	Winebrake
Bixel	Grigsby	Landa	Rhodes	Waid
Bryson	Hewett, G.	Lewis	Rumberger	Wartenbaker
Baird, D.	Hall, H'	McIlwaine	Roehn, J.	
Bacon	Hoffman	Newell, P.	Stinson	

## Band



BAND



SPONSOR  
Miss King Nelson

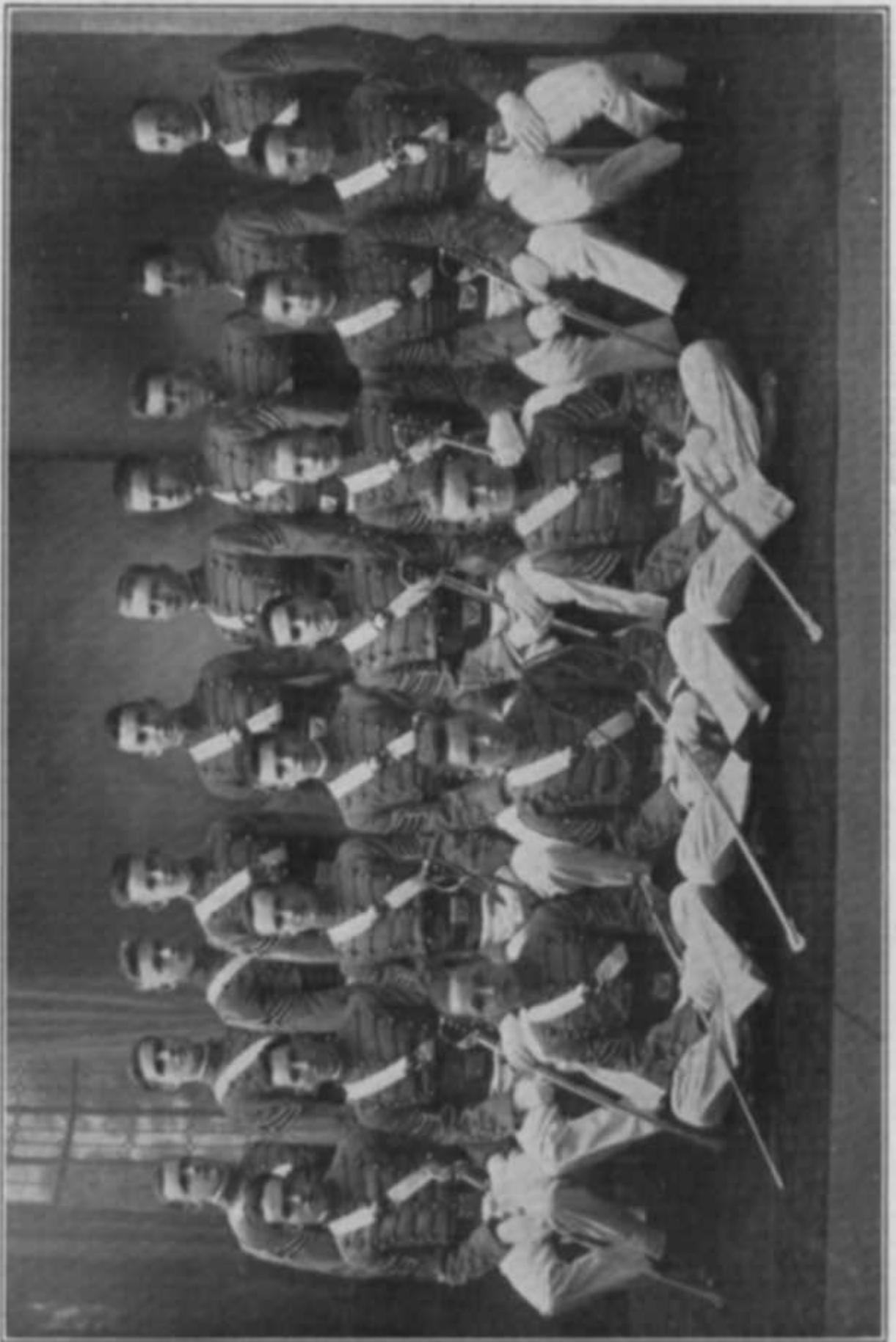
FLOWER  
Red Rose

COLORS  
Orange and Black

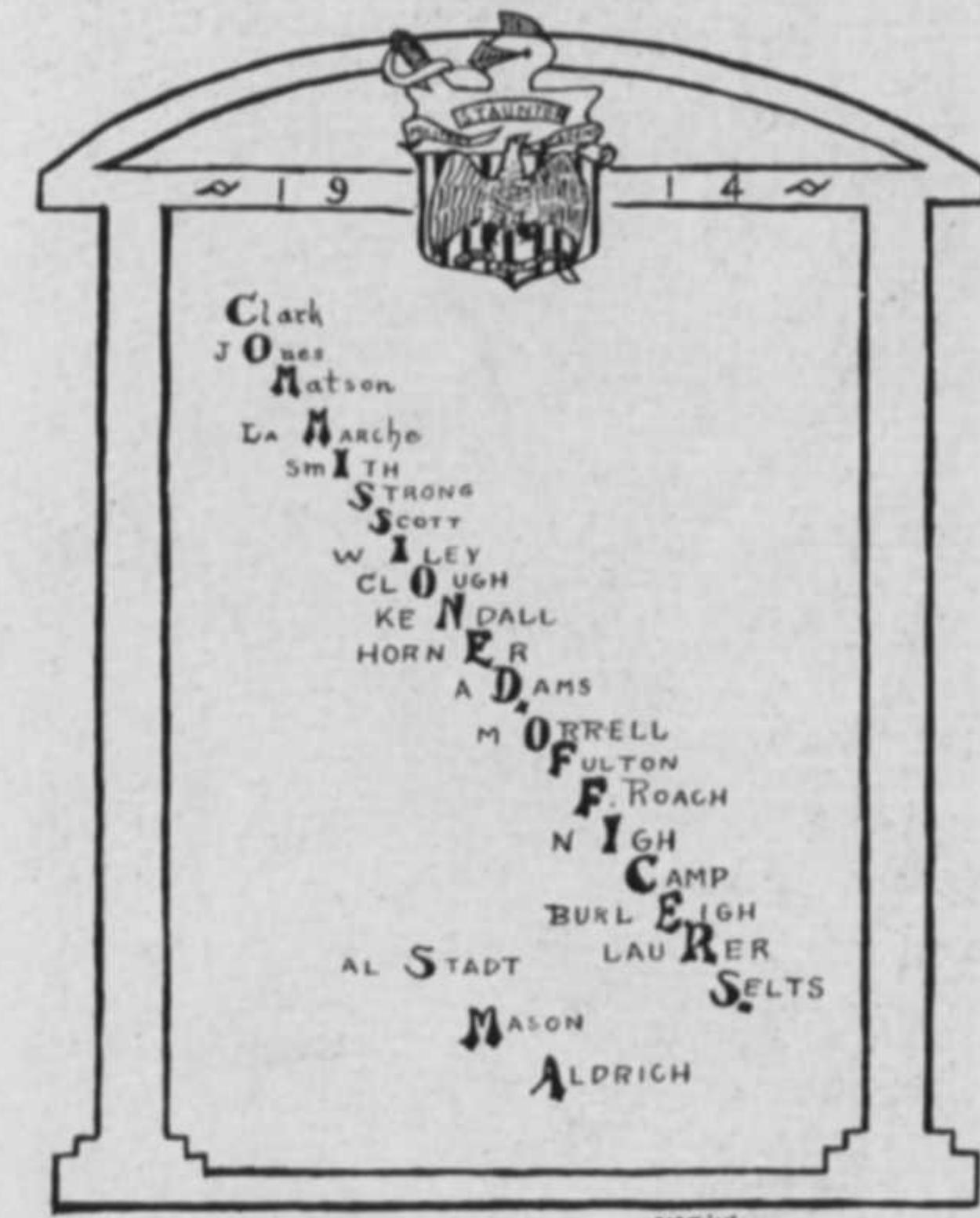
Jones, S. .... *Captain*  
Strong (drum major), and Adams, .... *Lieutenant*  
Snow ..... *First Sergeant*  
Griffith ..... *Co. Quartermaster Sergeant*  
Mayall, Johnson, F. W., (ch. trmptr.), Bernard and Friend ..... *Sergeants*  
Barteldes, Comstock, Ridgeway, Armentrout, Stewart, F., and Andrews ..... *Corporals*

### PRIVATES

Allen	Katz
Arnold, J.	Hubbard
Bigelow	Lantz
Campbell	McCallister
Chase	Parker
Cox	Peters, E.
Crance	Rudisill
Cressman	Shelton
Dean, O	Stewart, E.
Henry	



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS





NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



## One Evening

**I**T WAS indeed a brilliant affair—that Grand Opening night of the biggest Lodge in the city. A gay and festive little city, too, in the heart of Virginia, so it was an interesting gathering of the best Southern society.

There were soft lights and fragrant flowers in abundance as a background for all styles and types of the world honored Southern women. The gowns, so becomingly displaying ivory necks and shoulders, in marked contrast to the somber black and white of the gentlemen's evening clothes. Also, there were all manner of good things to eat—food-stuffs and beverages such as only Southern people are capable of producing.

Almost entirely lost in this crowd was a lad and three of his companions from the old Academy on the Hill. On account of their musical abilities, they had been invited to play for the formal opening exercises. This had given them the opportunity to enjoy the festivities following. However, this story concerns only one of these lads, and how, after he had sworn himself immune, he fell under the spell of the tiniest, most elusive of all the little belles of that Southern city.

Nearly everyone had eaten to surfeit when this certain little girlie happened to brush against the sleeve of the one lad in question. Then it happened—reason, common sense, former resolves and all came tumbling down like a house of cards. Forgotten was

all his former indifference and all on account of a momentary glance from the piquant little face of this certain little woman. The punch bowl was undoubtedly the most attractive object in that dining saloon, and small was the chance of this little lady quenching her thirst had it not been the lad saw, and grasping his opportunity started the romance, if such it may be called, by offering her a long, cool glass of the amber fluid.

Shortly after, the hilarious crowd adjourned to the ball-room, and then indeed began a famous time. In a gathering of people so well known to each other, the modern dances could be enjoyed to the fullest extent, and indeed they were. All the pretty, dips, glides, and steps were to be found. The lovely one-step, the Tango in variegated forms, the Castle Walk, Hesitation and innumerable others—they were all to be seen. On the farther side of the floor was the girl “tripping a light fantastic,” while foremost in the throng of onlookers stood the lad. He who does not “Hesitate” is lost, but this lad was not one of those unfortunates. Taking one desperate chance he steps out among the whirling couples, taps her partner lightly on the arm and murmuring a polite excuse, “You will pardon me, I’m sure,” and swings off to the slow, dreamy music of L’Amour.

A glance, a word and the acquaintance is begun? No useless apologies for his seeming boldness, that would be a mere waste of time, and hence, opportunity. Soon kindred subjects of interest are found, and before the last chord of the selection, the deed is done and one more poor lad has gone to misery or unlimited joy.

The evening progresses too rapidly. The time rapidly approaches for departure to the solemn old barracks on the Hill. The four lads realize it only too well, and as the Headmaster of the School is one of the onlookers, they take their courage in hand and cornering him, beg for permission to remain an hour or two longer. They succeed, and great indeed is the rejoicing.

Dance follows dance and as it is quite permissible to “break” one another during a dance, many and frequent are the dances the lad and girlie have together. Finally the late hour makes de-

parture imperative, and with a last fond “Good-night” the lad plods his weary way back to the Academy leaving his heart with that certain little figure still whirling about the dance floor.

This, my readers, may sound decidedly common-place, but in the life of four lads, and in one particular, it was an event of great moment. There might be more—in fact there is—but that needs be another story, so here let this tale end with the old, time-worn motto:

“Tis useless to build ever so firmly upon Reason, for Fate and Love move hand in hand in mysterious ways.”

EVERETT C. SCOTT, '14.

## Our School

Dear old Barracks, grim and sullen,  
Proudly raised against the sky,  
Though the strife of years have marked you,  
May the following pass you by?

Since forever Alma Mater,  
Father, I pray be kind,  
Leave our school to teach its honor  
To our brothers, left behind.

Moulder of our highest virtues,  
Listen soft as we depart,  
Hear our songs of love and honor,  
Praises ringing from our hearts.

All we know of and  
We have learned beneath your roof,  
Hail, all hail to you who teaches  
Lives of honor, duty, truth.

Honors, we may win in lifetime,  
Learned we hear and it is sweet,  
That we live to kneel and lay them  
At our Alma Mater's feet.

Classmates all, I pray be faithful  
So if all your life be seen,  
Our old school will proudly claim you,  
Class of S. M. A. '14.

Pause a moment ere you hasten  
Down the hill to future strife,  
Many names are interwoven  
On the heartship of thy life.

When you're old and turn the pages  
Backward in the book of years,  
Friends will greet you long forgotten,  
Down your cheeks come silent tears.

Classmates all one friendly handshake,  
We are graduates tomorrow,  
Half the joy of love and friendship,  
Will he deal at partings sorrow.

Friends of my heart, I'll sadly miss you,  
In my heart of hearts your name shall stay;  
God bless you all, farewell forever,  
Class of '14, S. M. A.

## The Passing of Killemagin



WAS a dark and dreary night; the soft snow was falling hard and the gallant sentinels, after echoing their constant "All Right," wearily paced their sodden path of duty, while the officers, reposed in their handsome quarters, enjoying a brief rest after their final tour of duty and all was peaceful around our beloved barracks.

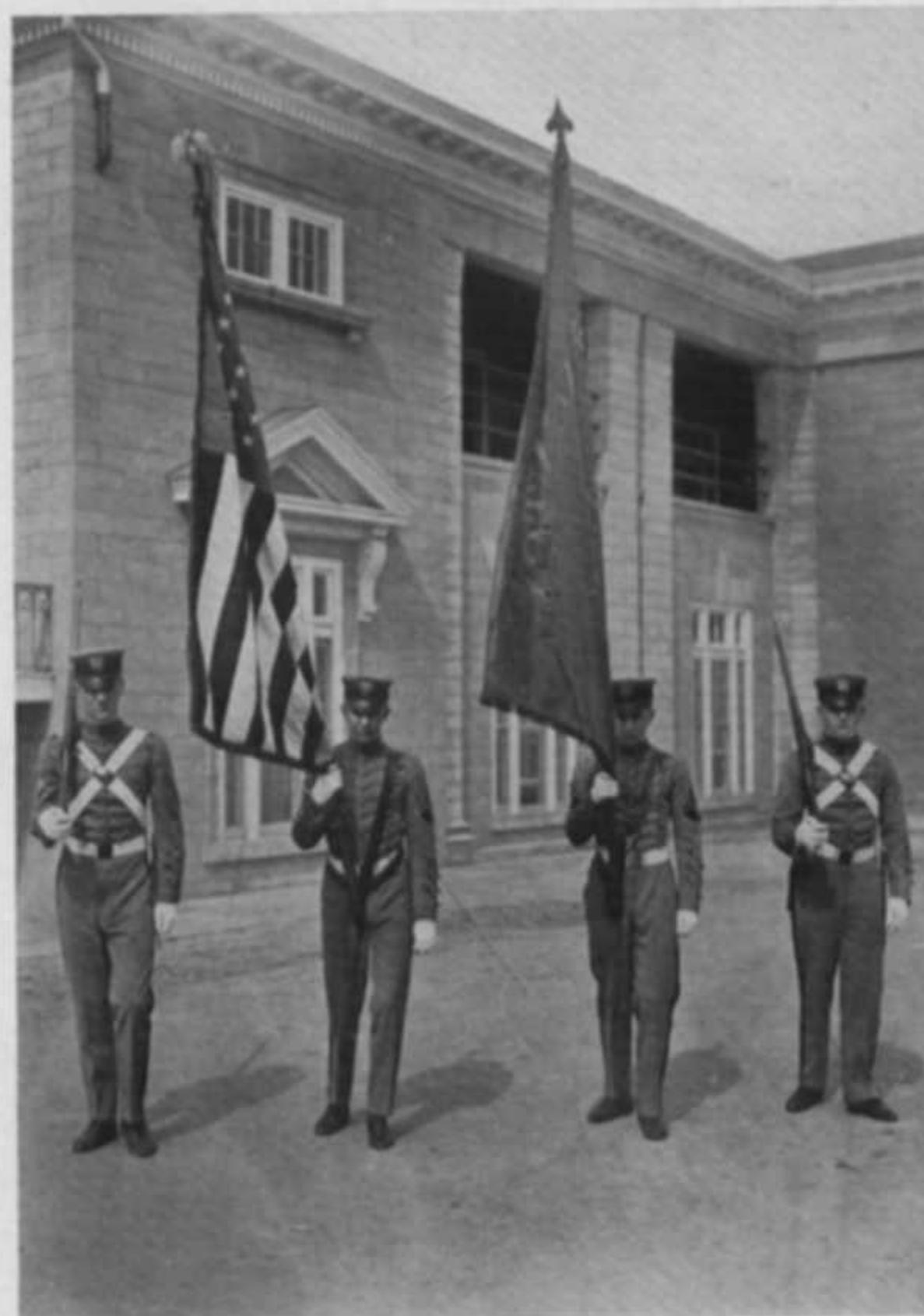
As Sentinel Number One paced his dreary post, his mind wandered to home and his loved ones. His thoughts became gentle and a sad smile lit up his face as he tenderly dreamt of the girl who would not be his to hold and caress for two long months, and his cheery reassuring cry was softer as he continued on his rounds, while high overhead in a foul retreat three arch-demons of the most desperate kind, plotted even then against the welfare and security of S. M. A.

Suddenly a long noose, in the hands of the expert assassin shot out and the sentinel's half-uttered cry of alarm was choked in his throat and as he fell, a dark, red strain slowly spread across his manly breast and soaked in the snow, his life blood given in defense of his tour of duty.

Again the operation was repeated and again a noble young soul spent his dying breath uselessly trying to sound an alarm to the resting comrades in the warm Guard-Room but alas it could not be, the deadly noose was cast too true and another loyal son went to his final encampment.

Past the unwary sleepers stole the murderers with a determination that would have won them undying fame in a worthier cause and by desperate climbing, clinging to the sides of the narrow wall, digging their fingers in the crevices of the old time stained fortress, the roof was finally gained.

Across the roof hurried the conspirators, one carrying a package, yet by the fearful look on the cowardly faces it was plainly visible that their craven souls shrank within them as they carried out this desperate enterprise.



COLOR GUARDS

Alas! Noble souls, sleeping the unbroken sleep of the innocent little did they dream that their very lives were in eminent danger of annihilation or that creeping above their heads while they were wrapped in peaceful slumber were two of the most blood-thirsty villains that ever drew a breath, commanded by that arch-demon and cut-throat for whose head the government had a standing offer of \$1,000 in gold and no questions asked.

Up to the flagstaff crept the midnight prowlers and then with a sinister chuckle the ignoble leader hastily strapped on a pair of climbing irons and with a package in his hand he hurriedly ascended the pole, where he unwrapped the package, and drew forth a large folded cloth which as he unfolded it and nailed it to the peak proved to be the much dreaded, thrice cursed banner of the hated musketeers.

Slowly there appeared over the parapet, the face of one of our valiant officers, horror and surprise written on every feature, after a moment of shocked surprise gallant Colonel Killemagain, with a low muttered prayer in his teeth, hurled himself bodily upon the miscreants.

With a shriek of anguish the three cut-throats fled and after a hard and useless pursuit in which he exhausted both his trusty revolvers and vocabulary with no visible effect, except to increase their already record-breaking speed, Col. Killemegain returned to see what unheard of deviltry, the unprincipled desperados had committed and there to his intense horror, waiving high above him and nailed securely in its place was a snow-white banner bearing a blood red ensign which try as he might he could not read so thick was the blinding snow.

With fierce determination and unalterable purpose he grasped the slippery ice covered staff and with half-frozen fingers that left traces of his blood at every touch he began the slow upward climb.

Higher and ever higher he mounted until at last the filthy banner was in reach of his blood-stained hands, but alas, the effort had been too great for him and with a feeble groan he grasped the banner in his frozen hands. Then relinquishing his grasp he

fell dizzily downward, yet retaining his clutch on the ignoble flag that had cost him his life, carrying it with him even unto his death and when he hit the hard roof with a sickening thud he still had it in his tight-clasped, nerveless fingers.

Death was eminent, he knew that he had but a few moments to live yet with the old fighting light in his eyes and his teeth ground together to keep back the cries of pain he half dragged himself and half crawled to where he could see a little gleam of light from the arc far below, casting its feeble rays through a long, unused loop-hole in the old moss covered parapet.

Swaying in the grip of death his old battle smile grimly frozen on his face by sheer mental effort he held himself erect and slowly but surely as death overtook him he raises the banner, then faltered and swayed uneasily on his feet, but with a determination that would not be denied he steadied himself and just before death called him to that happy warriors' reward, with the glaze of death in his eyes and the death rattle in his throat he slowly and painfully read in blood-red letters: "We Want Better Food!"

THE INCESSANT INSTIGATOR OF '14.

## Dicky Bryant

What are the bugles blowing for said Deetjen on parade,  
To turn you out, to turn you out, Color Sergeant Wiley said,  
What makes you look so white, so white, said Deetjen on parade,  
I'm dreading what I've got to watch, the color sergeant said.  
They're breaking Dicky Bryant, you can hear the dead march play.  
The regiment is howling mad that Ted should act that way;  
They're taking off his sabre, they've cut his stripes away,  
Sure they're breaking Dicky Bryant at appointments.

What makes the rear rank breathe so hard, said Deetjen on parade,  
They're fighting mad, they're fighting mad, Color Sergeant Wiley said,  
Why is that corporal cussing so, said Deetjen on parade,  
Ragan reduced their pet commish, the color sergeant said.  
They're reducing Dicky Bryant and Ted thinks it's lots of fun,  
But Ted ain't treating Bryant right and trouble has begun.  
He'll have to walk a sentry's post and be carrying of a gun,  
For they're breaking Dicky Bryant at appointments.

His cot was in the room with mine, said Moody on parade,  
He reports to reveille in ranks, Color Sergeant Wiley said,  
I've drunk with him a score of times, said Moody on parade.  
He's drinking bitter drink tonight, the color sergeant said.  
They're reducing Dicky Bryant the anarchist of this place,  
He shot a sleeping ASH-CAN, you must shame to his face.  
Three hundred comrades like him and thinks it's no disgrace,  
But they're breaking Dicky Bryant at appointments.

What's that so black against the sun said Deetjen on parade,  
A dirty sin somebody did, Color Sergeant Wiley said.  
What's that that murmurs overhead, said Deetjen on parade,  
The murmurs of an angry corps, Color Sergeant Wiley said.  
They've done with Dicky Bryant and now he'll march so gay,  
But Dicky's done with them for keeps the day he goes away.  
There'll be no handshakes nor good-byes nor love to such as they,  
For they broke our Dicky Bryant at appointments.

ROBERT C. SCOTT.



V. M. C. A. OFFICERS

## Peerless M---



HEN it's all over, Madge?" M— wistfully inquired as he gazed sadly at the ring she handed him. "I am afraid so," she replied. "You see, when you went to Staunton and played football and baseball, I loved you, you were my idol and I worshipped you because you played so wonderfully, but honest, M—, I can't marry you. Why, Father says that being a mechanic is a low trade, even if one does drive a special racer. And M—, dear," she said, with the tears standing in her lovely, violet eyes, "Don't you see I am all Dad has and I can't disappoint him."

"Madge," he replied, as he caught her roughly in his arms. For a moment reason gave way to love and she lay softly in his arms; her lips upturned to meet his, then pushing him from her, she ran to the other side of the room. "Madge," he cried again, as he held out his arms, mingled love and anguish showing plainly on his face, but she had no answering gleam for him in her eyes that once had spoken his answer so eloquently when her lips trembled and couldn't speak. So, gazing reproachfully at her, he turned and left the room.

Something pathetically like a sob choaked his speech when he told her picture good-night. But next morning as he rose and hurried to the shop to inspect the Monster Fiat that he would drive in that awful grill that afternoon. The old smile was on his face and he cheerfully smiled good morning to his little mechanic he had brought all the way from Honolulu.

"Runs like a top, M—," he said as he paused for a moment in his final overhauling. "She was missing a bit at first this morning, but I fed her a little more and she's sure talking to me now."

M— ate dinner with the manager and after a last few words of instruction from his boss he hurried to the paddock to dress, for this drive was to be no child's play; the best in the country were there and rumor had it that de Palma got 84 out of his big National that morning.

When the negro brought his clothes, he took them indifferently enough and dropped them on the floor, but suddenly stopped

and a look of pleasure mingled with surprise flittered across his face, for there, pinned to the breast of his thick, greasy jersey just over the big, white F was a slender Blue and Gold ribbon, his school colors, pinned with a little ball pin that could belong to no one in the world but Madge.

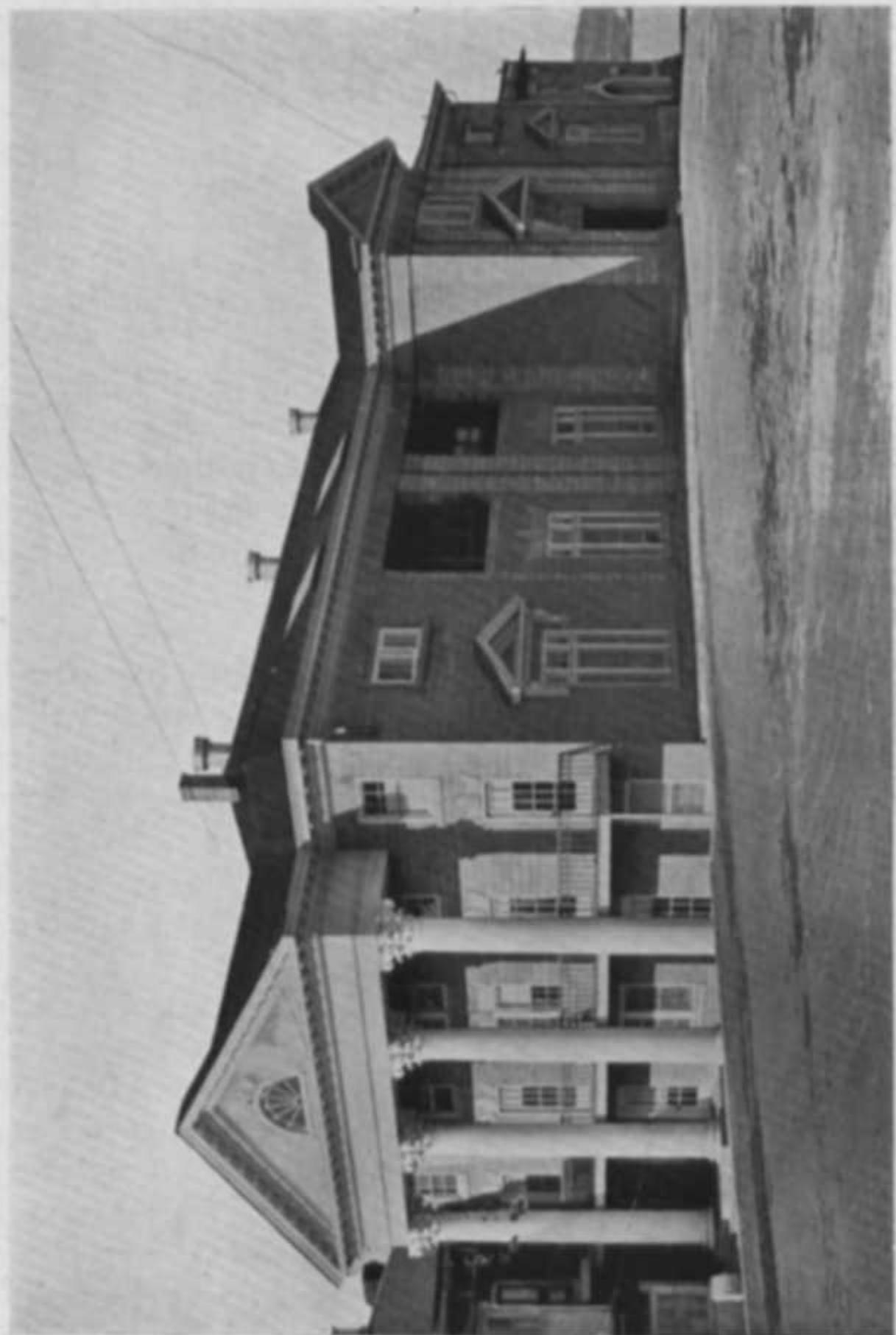
"Time to start, M—," yelled Duke from the pit so M—, with his usual racing grin, replaced by a tender smile, drove to the tape, shook hands with the starter, then 'midst the loud coughing of the exhaust, hurried good luck France and warnings from the judges, the pistol cracked and the race was on.

High up in the grandstand sat a pale-faced girl, her hands clasped nervously in her lap and a sad smile on her face. "M—, do be careful," she whispered. "I am sorry, truly," but then the race began and with set nerves and brain on fire she watched with feverish interest, the big, white FIAT which started well in the front.

Jockeying for a place he took the first turn and then with only two cars in front he began to drive in earnest. Lap after lap he drove, the oil path running underneath him like a narrow ribbon and then by careful driving and iron risk the road ahead was clear, but de Palma, delayed only for a tire change at the pits, showed up behind him and at a signal from Duke he opened the Monster wide and with hot sparks and grease blowing in his face, the sting of dust setting his cheeks afame he passed the checkered flag and was hailed by thousands.

He felt his control slipping, he sank in his seat and the wheel slipped from his fingers as the long demon jumped the bank and crashed into the fence. When he opened his eyes, Duke was kneeling anxiously at his feet and he was gazing into the same beautiful eyes that had spoken so cruelly the night before, but now were strangely moist with tears and soothed by the soft stroking of his hair he became conscious only of a desire to rest.

Slowly and with an effort he opened his eyes again and this time he knew it was no illusion, and "Madge," he whispered, but exultantly this time, for deep in her violet eyes there was an answering gleam of love. "Hush, dear," she whispered, "the doctor says you must not talk." Then he felt her hot tears on his face as she bent and softly kissed his lips.



MESS HALL

## Her

She says that she loves you,  
When you are near,  
But distance lends doubt,  
And that I fear.  
Her winsome ways are many,  
Her faults, you find but few,  
Her heart is your desire,  
May victory come to you.

You think of her each day  
And long to hear her voice.  
Of all your many lasses,  
She has come to be your choice.  
Your cup of love has reached its limits,  
And all seems made of gold;  
Your nightly dreams are of her  
For you pray her love to hold.

May all the powers of Fate be yours,  
And time to play this part;  
That when your ardent strife is o'er,  
Your treasure, shall be, her heart.  
You have made your way to victory,  
But your work is incomplete,  
You must make your life that which is just,  
And worth, a woman's love to meet.

ROY BRYANT.

## Ballad of Blue and Gold

(*Apologies to Kipling*)

Oh East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat.  
But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth  
When two strong men stand face to face though they come from the ends  
of the earth.  
Fetzer is out with stalwart men, his team is strong and tried  
Trained each man by his own hand true in their pass and stride.  
Brave men all who follow their ball and play to their dying breath  
Their nerve is fire tried, it's Fetzer's pride.  
They would laugh in the gates of death.  
Then up did spring a man of them who knew of our men afar,  
Of the new so true in gold and blue, who play like fiend of hell?"  
Then up did spring a man of them who knew of our men afar,  
If you know the track of the morning mist,  
You know where their foot-prints are.  
At dusk they train till their tongues hang out, at dawn they are training again,  
They pass like moving streaks of light and shoot like drops of rain.  
Now would you win the championship our men must be tried with fire,  
Lasting our vim, men huge of limb, whose breath will never tire.  
They fought for the ball in the crowded hall from the time was blown the  
whistle;  
Fishburne's stride was strong as the tide, ours like a wind-blown thistle,  
Swiftly and fair a breath of air they fly down the beaten track,  
But guard meets forward in sullen shock and the ball is passed fair back,  
Backward and forward and over the floor as blown dust devils go,  
Fishburne ran like a stag of ten, but we, like a barren doe,  
They passed the ball in crowded hall under, around, and above,  
But we tossed it and passed it back and forth as a maiden toys with her glove.  
Three times the Fishburne men have scored, but four in our goal has gone,  
And they crossed the floor like a wounded bull, but we, like a new roused fawn.  
The whistle blows and the game is o'er, the score-keeper reckons the score,  
Then a Fishburne man cried all is lost, Championship's ours no more.  
We gripped our opponents by the hand, sad at their first defeat,  
Don't talk of champions, said we, when wolf and grey wolf meet.

The game you played is worthy, regret you should not feel;  
By all the Gods tonight we've met Foe-men worthy their steel,  
Your courage draws you near our heart, your game so fierce and sweet.  
What dam of courage brought thee forth to jest at the dawn of defeat,  
We be two strong teams, yet, they cried, you beat us fair but then,  
We grudge you not the championship, for we played with men.  
They dined with us before parting, we pledged each other, and tears  
Sprang up as we pledged our friendship through all the coming years.  
Oh East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet  
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth  
When two strong men stand face to face though they come from the ends  
of the earth.

ROBERT C. SCOTT.



HONOR COMMITTEE

## Honor Committee

### CHAIRMAN

Cadet Lieutenant-Adjutant H. Way Clark

### MEMBERS

Cadet Captain Gordon K. Nigh  
Cadet Captain H. Raymond Mason  
Cadet Lieutenant W. A. Selts, Jr.  
Cadet Lieutenant-Quartermaster Robert C. Scott  
Cadet Lieutenant E. Percy Smith  
Cadet Lieutenant Vilas Horner  
Cadet Lieutenant C. G. Strong  
Cadet Lieutenant Robert G. Burleigh  
Cadet Roy Bryant

## Our Honor System

This year has seen many improvements for S. M. A., but the largest and best of all has been the adoption of the Honor System by the corps. It realized the value of such a system and its unanimous adoption shows how much it values it.

The Code was drawn up by a committee of ten cadets, picked by the Faculty for their clean, upright characters. Cadets who were known by the Faculty to be fair minded and brave enough to stand up for what was right, regardless of the many obstacles that would be placed in their paths.

The adoption of the Code was preceded by several addresses made by prominent speakers, who were gotten here mainly through the efforts of Captain S. O. McCue.

After several weeks of hard thought on the part of this committee, with every angle and phase of the proposed system talked over and discussed, the committee finally met to draw up the Code to govern the Honor System at S. M. A. In fact two codes were necessary, since there are so many younger cadets in school, who could not be brought under a code too stringent for them. A fair code at last was drawn up by this committee.

It was then put up to the corps at a large mass meeting, whether it should stand as drawn up or be changed. The corps adopted it as it stood and also decided at the same time to have the Honor System at S. M. A.

The original committee who drew up the Code, Cadet Captains LaMarche and Aldrich, R., Lieutenants Clark, H., (Chairman), Scott, R., Smith, P., Wiley, Strong, Vietts, S., Camp and Morrell.

We, the corps at S. M. A., have every reason in the world to be justly proud of our Honor System. Of course, as it is our first year, there have been a few, a considerably small number, considering all the facts, who have come under the ban of it. It

has had many knocks both ways, but has triumphed over all large and petty things thrown in its path.

It has placed each and every cadet in school upon an equal footing. One cadet's word given on honor is as good as another's. And what more could have been asked at the opening term of school than *that every cadet's word be his bond?* The new cadets cannot appreciate this as much as the old boys, for they have never seen S. M. A. as it was before this year.

You Seniors, after you get out into the world, will thank your lucky stars that you were members of the Corps of 1913-'14. This corps will go down in the history of the school, as the corps that adopted, and still more, put the Honor System through at S. M. A. Yes, way down deep in our hearts, we are all proud seniors and under-classmen alike, that we had the strength and manhood to adopt the one thing that would put our school in the foremost rank of Prep. schools. Yea, we have done even more, for there are not many Prep. schools who can say: "Yes, we have an honor system."

## Social

As an effect of the Expulsion of Fraternities in our school, the Social Club deemed it best to dissolve and reorganize. The Club heretofore consisted of Delta Sigma Nu and Pi Phi Fraternities. At the end of '12-'13 Cadet Whitehead was elected President for the coming year, but due to his failure to return Cadet Roy Bryant elected Vice-President, ascended to the Presidency. Bryant and the other officers resigned and a new committee was chosen as follows:

*President* ..... Cadet Lieutenant Vilas Horner  
*Vice-President* ..... Cadet Lieutenant C. Guy Strong  
*Secretary* ..... Cadet Lieutenant A. C. Camp  
*Treasurer* ..... Cadet Roy Bryant

### FLOOR COMMITTEE

Cadet Captain LaMarche, *Chairman*  
Cadet Captain Matson  
Cadet Captain Mason  
Cadet Corporal Cantrill  
Cadet Corporal May

ONE of the most conspicuous pleasures in the school social life came in the form of a series of informal dances given under the direction of Mrs. Small, (now Mrs. Logan), who with the assistance of Cadet Bryant, made each individual dance a success. Mrs. Small is the dancing instructress of the Academy, and is constantly soliciting pleasures for cadets in social life. The informals were given at two-week intervals, thus shortening the length of time between our four larger dances.

The music rendered by our School Orchestra was most appropriate for the late dances. We appreciate the volunteered services of Captain Seldon Jones and his orchestra; namely, Cadets Sergeant Friend, R., Sergeant Griffith, Sergeant Bernard, Cadet Lieu-

tenant Adams, Crance, Scott, E., and Chesley. Among the ladies who attended most of our informals were: Misses Laura Wise, Mary Sue Bowman, Fair Searson, Mary Stuart Robertson, Elsie Morris, Page Hughes, Ida Mae Diggs, Dorothy Crawford, Annette Crawford, Ruth Sublett, Carrie Sublett, King Nelson, Evan Hoge, Elena Floyd, Eleanor and Constance Curry, Rachel Rodgers, Isabel Young, Elsie Hall, Diddy Bell, Mary Bell, Helen Moore, Vira and Emma Harmon, Margaret Enslow. The cadets usually attending were: Cadet Captains LaMarche, Matson, Jones, S., Nigh, Mason, Cadet Lieutenants Camp, Strong, Horner, Adams, Morrell, Clough, First Sergeants O'Reardon, Latimer, Magnus, Snow, Sergeants Boagni, Johnson, G., Bernard, Lynch, Dills, Coffin, Corporals May, Ballou, Lyon, G., Cantrill, Privates McGowan, Aldrich, S., Thomas, Westerdahl, Vandenberg, Bryant, Williams, R., Hawley, Miller, and Schambs.

Cadet Lieutenant Camp spent several days in Washington, visiting relatives. He was accompanied by his sister, Miss Katherine Camp, of Mary Baldwin Seminary.

Cadet Corporal J. E. Cantrill, son of Hon. J. C. Cantrill, of Kentucky, spent a week-end in February with his father in Washington, D. C.

Cadet Lieutenant Selts spent several days at his home in Jersey Shore, Pa., during the month of March.

Cadet Robertson, A., enjoyed a visit at his home in Pennsylvania during March.

Cadets Cantrill and Bryant were the guests of Congressman J. C. Cantrill, in Washington, during the Easter holidays.

Cadet Captain Gordon K. Nigh spent two weeks at his home in Huntington, W. Va., in February.

Cadet Wright was agreeably surprised by a visit from his father, during the month of March.

During the month of January Cadet Bigelow enjoyed a short visit paid him by his father.

Mrs. Ted Smith, of New York, spent several days with her son at the Academy during the month of February.

Mr. S. N. McClellan, Senior Captain of '13, returned to S. M. A. for a short visit to his friends during the month of February.

Cadet Roy Bryant spent a week-end visit with friends in Crozet, Va.

Cadet Moore, W., had the pleasure of a short visit by his mother and father of Birmingham, Ala., during November.

Cadet Able's parents were with him a few days in March.

Miss Edith Dreshler, from Baltimore, Md., attended S. M. A. for the Thanksgiving dance. She was the guest of Cadet G. F. O'Reardon. Cadet O'Reardon also enjoyed a visit from his mother and father in February.

Cadet Chrisman was paid a short visit by his mother from Owenton, Ky., in February.

Mr. Roy Selts (Pi Phi), S. M. A., '11-'12, paid a short visit to his brother, W. A. Selts, during November.

Kendrick Seeley (Pi Phi), S. M. A., '13, now in attendance at Washington and Lee University spent several days with his fraternity brothers at S. M. A.

Arthur Vanderbilt Gwynne, S. M. A., '11-'12 (Delta Sigma Nu), spent a week in January with friends and fraternity brothers in S. M. A.

Clarkson Ogilvie (Phi Sigma Chi), '11-'12, S. M. A., now in attendance at Washington and Lee University, was on the visiting list for a few days in January and March.

Cadet Captain Gordon K. Nigh enjoyed a short visit by his cousin, Mr. Eastham, of Huntington, W. Va.

Cadet Comstock enjoyed a short visit by his father in the month of January.

Mrs. McDonald and daughter, of Chicago, Ill., were guests of Cadet Lieutenant Vilas Horner, for the Washington Hop.

Mr. H. Perkins, of Baltimore, Md., paid a short visit to his nephew, Cadet Schneider.

Cadet Spencer enjoyed a short visit by his Uncle, Mr. Devre, from Canada, in February.

Cadet Stewart, F., was the recipient of a visit from Melbourne, Fla., by his father in January.

Cadet Hooker enjoyed a brief visit from his father of Dillboro, N. C., during the month of December.

Mr. Chapman, of Elyria, Ohio, spent a few days with his son in January.

Cadet Lynch enjoyed a short visit by Dr. and Mrs. Williamson, of San Francisco, during the month of February.

Cadet Jack Copeland was the recipient of a brief visit by his uncle, Mr. C. B. McConnell, of New Orleans, during the month of November.

Cadet B. J. Adams enjoyed an agreeable surprise in December by a short visit by Miss Edna Gregory, of New York.

Dr. C. T. Crance, of Buffalo, N. Y., paid a short visit to Cadet Crance in November.

Cadet Titus had the pleasure of a visit from his father in February.

Cadet Capt. Mason and Corporal Schobe have been the hosts of Guild and Trolinger, '13, many times during the year.

## Thanksgiving Hop



HE annual Thanksgiving dance was one of the most brilliant affairs ever attempted at the Academy, and to say the least, was a success in every way.

Departing from the usual custom, the dance was held in the spacious new Mess Hall. The stone floor made an excellent floor for dancing.

The hall had been most attractively decorated. Pennants and college banners were hung from the wainscoating around which the chairs were placed, while from the ceiling hung a dozen large American flags. The ornate hanging fixtures were covered with dark green crepe paper which diffused a soft light over the brilliantly gowned ladies and uniformed cadets, while here and there were gentlemen in citizen's evening dress. It was indeed a charming sight and one which will linger in the minds of those attending.

Around the walls was draped dark green bunting. The orchestra was hidden by a bank of ferns and palms. A thirst quenching frappe was served in a beautifully gotten-up booth at one end of the hall.

The music was very good and only the best and latest music was disposed.

Chaperones: Col. and Mrs. Russell, Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Russell, Major and Mrs. Sizer, Major and Mrs. Southerland, Major and Mrs. Wonson, Dr. and Mrs. Phelps, Major and Mrs. Ragan, Mrs. Small, Lieut. Col. Greene, and Capt. and Mrs. King.

Among those dancing were: Miss Dreshler, of Baltimore, with Cadet O'Reardon; Miss Sinclair, of Charlottesville, with Capt. S. O. McCue; Miss Marion Ferris, of Charlottesville, with Dr. Kable; Misses Moses with Cadets Hawley and Morey; Miss Martha Newton, of South Carolina, with Cadet Snow; Miss Mary Sue Bowman with Cadet Milligan; Miss Laura Ward Wise with Lieut Alstadt; Miss Martha Bell with Cadet Freeman; Miss Mary Stuart Robertson with Cadet E. Matson, III; Miss Elsie Morris

with Cadet McGowan; Miss Isabel Young with Cadet Coffin; Miss Rachel Rodgers with Cadet Morrell; Miss Carrie Sublett with Cadet Giles; Miss Elena Floyd with Cadet LaMarche; Miss Constance Curry with Cadet Selts; Miss Annit Harman with Cadet Burleigh; Miss Haddie Fretwell with Cadet Low, B.; Miss Virginia Mish with Cadet Bryant; Miss Annestine Crawford with Cadet Lynch; Miss Dorothy Crawford with Cadet Jastremski; Miss Elsie Haile with Cadet Dils; Miss Sue Finnel, of Atlanta, with Cadet Lewis, W.; Miss Edna Ellerbe, of Michigan, with Cadet Scott, R.; Miss Beals with Cadet Hunter; Miss Gregory, of New York, with Cadet B. J. Adams; Miss Tuttle, of Alabama, with Cadet Turk.

The stags present were, Cadets Horner, Strong, Camp, Thomas, Aldrich, S., Cantrill, Mason, Moore, W., Williams, R., Vandenberg, DeLaurel, Wiley, Fulton, Griffith, McCaleb, Clough, Charlie Holt, Davison and Shields, of U. Va., and McIntyre, of Fishburne.

Horner, Strong, LaMarche, Camp and Matson, as a committee welcome the acceptance of the one-step by the members of the Faculty. Heretofore it was on trial, but now has become permanent.

## Washington Hop



N Monday night, February 23d, the new Mess Hall was the scene of one of the most brilliant social functions of the year, when the Social Club gave its annual George Washington Hop. The hall was attractively and appropriately decorated for the occasion. A large portrait of George Washington held the place of honor, while stacked arms, American flags and other emblems gave the dance a patriotic significance. The tall columns of the spacious hall were draped from ceiling to floor with red, white, and blue bunting, while the same color scheme was worked out with the lights. The wainscoating was artistically decorated with school pennants, banners and other designs. One of the most prominent wall hangings was a large portrait of the late principal and founder of the school, Captain William H. Kable.

The dance was one of the most successful and enjoyable ones ever held at S. M. A. Dancing continued from nine to one-thirty. The Staunton string orchestra rendered the twenty-four program dances. Fruit punch was served throughout the evening.

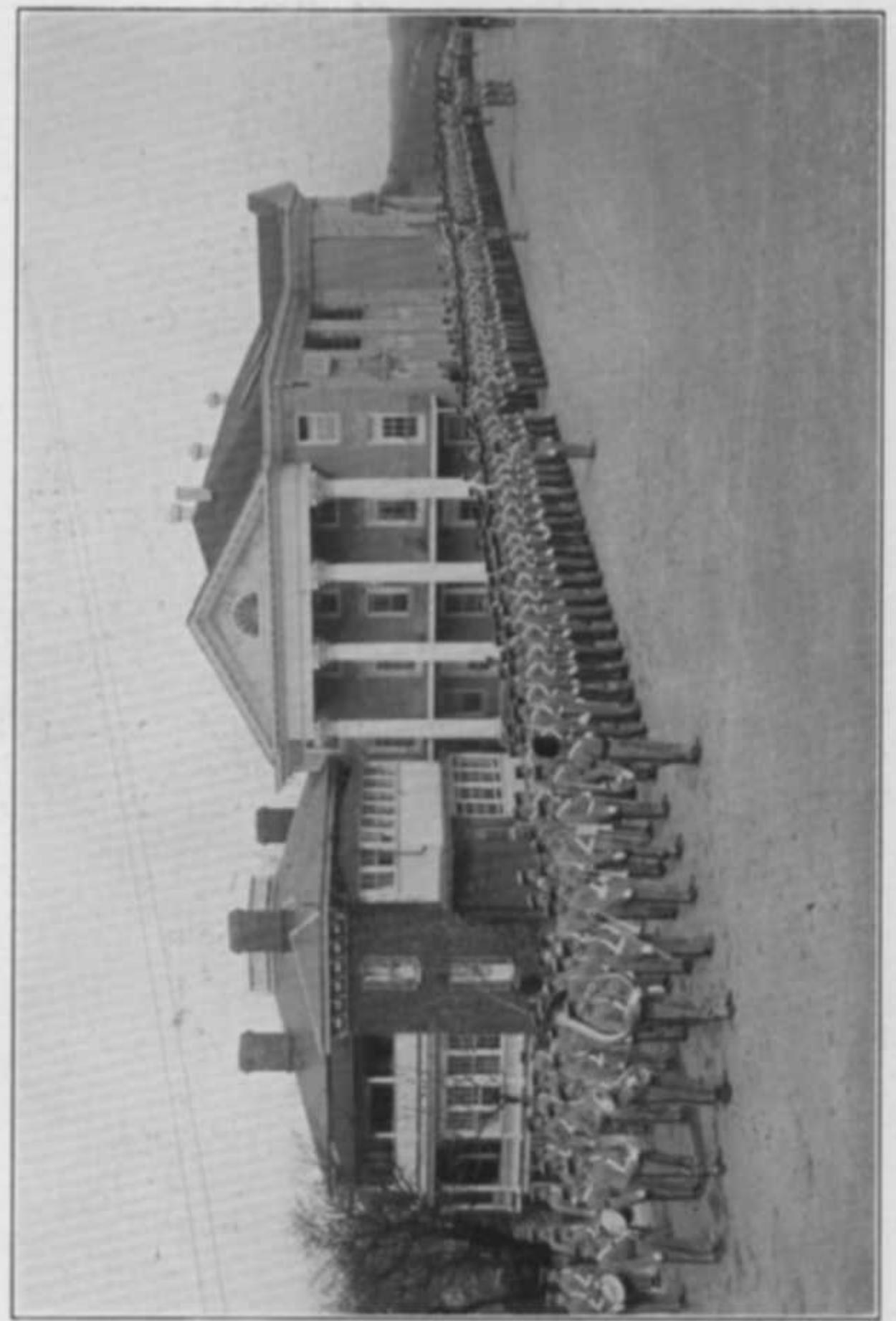
Chaperones were Col. and Mrs. T. H. Russell; Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Russell; Col. L. D. Greene; Major and Mrs. R. W. Wonson, Maj. and Mrs. Sizer, Major and Mrs. Perry Cole Ragan; Captain and Mrs. J. J. King; Mrs. Logan, Mrs. H. Small, Mrs. Franklin Hanger, Mrs. Julia Sublett, Mrs. C. K. Hoge, Mr. and Mrs. Sumpter Sublett; Captain Beardsworth, Major and Mrs. Sutherland, Col. Kable. Among those present: Miss Eleanor Curry with Cadet Corp. Morey, Miss Annestine Crawford with Cadet Mueller, Miss Dorothy Crawford with Cadet Sergt. Lynch; Miss Laura Wise with Cadet Corp. Friend; Miss Isabel Young with Cadet Williams; Miss Elena Floyd with Lieut. Alstadt; Miss Rachel Rogers with Cadet Wear; Miss Elizabeth Miller, of Mar-

linton, West Virginia, with Capt. Kyle; Miss Ellen Howison with Capt. McCue; Miss Ruth Sublett with Cadet Capt. Jones; Miss Carrie Sublett with Jr. First Sergt. Latimer; Miss King Nelson with Mr. Randolph; Miss Ida May Digges with Cadet Sergt. Mayall; Miss Elizabeth Clemmer with Cadet Sergt. Griffith; Miss Evelyn Hoge with Cadet Lieut. Strong; Miss Amie McDonald, of Chicago, with Cadet Lieut Horner; Miss Fretwell with Cadet Whelpley; Miss Elsie Morris with Cadet Aldrich; Miss Mary Stuart Robinson with Cadet Capt. Matson; Miss Virginia Richie with Cadet Lieut. Morrell; Miss Jane Allen with Cadet Houston; Miss Fair Se arson with Cadet Moore.

Among the stags were, Capt. Pitcher, Lieut. Boykin, Cadet Lieut. Camp, Cadet Corp. May, Cadet Capt. LaMarche, Cadet Capt. Mason, Cadet Vandenberg, Cadet McGowan, Cadet Thomas, Cadet deLaureal, Messrs. Chas. Holt, Foster King, Walton Opie, Thomas Holt.

The Dance programs were appropriate for the occasion, having a bust of Washington embossed in gold on lavender programs with the date, February 22, 1914, on the cover.

Officers and committees who arranged the dance were: Cadet Lieut. Strong and Cadet Lieut Horner. Floor Committee, Cadet Lieut Camp, Cadet Bryant, Cadet Capt. LaMarche. Refreshments, Cadet Corp. Cantrill, Cadet Corp. May.



BATTALION



## Athletic Association

### FOOTBALL

ROSENBERGER, Captain                            BURLEIGH, Manager  
STRONG, Assistant Manager

### BASKETBALL

SMITH, P., Captain                            MATSON, Manager

### BASEBALL

ROSENBERGER, Captain                            COFFIN, Manager

### TRACK

WEAR, G., Captain                            LAMARCHE, Manager

The following men are entitled to wear the block "S" for service on the Athletic Field:

### FOOTBALL

ROSENBERGER, Captain	SMITH, P.	THOMAS
MATSON	LAMARCHE	McGOWAN
SCOTT, R.	BRENHAM	LAURER
BRIGGS	ALDRICH, S.	

### MAY

### BASKETBALL

SMITH, P., Captain	LAURER
LAMARCHE	GILES
SCHAMBS	MORRELL
JONES, S.	SCOTT, R.

### BASEBALL

ROSENBERGER, Captain	JONES, S.
MATSON	STRONG
MURRAY, J.	CAMP
	GIBSON

### TRACK

WEAR, G. Captain.

## Football

May	Right End
Briggs	Right Tackle
McGowan and Kendall	Right Guard
Scott, R.	Center
Schambs and Brenham	Left Guard
Laurer	Left Tackle
Thomas and Matson	Left End
LaMarche	Right Half
Smith, P.	Full Back
Rosenberger (Capt.)	Half Back
Aldrich, S.	Quarter Back

### SUBSTITUTES

Wahle, Traver, and Freeman

### SCORES

October 4	S. M. A., 12—Washington and Lee Second, 0
October 13	S. M. A. 38—Jefferson, 0
October 18	S. M. A., 46—Massanutton, 0
October 25	S. M. A., 6—Greenbrier College, 6
November 1	S. M. A., 23—Woodberry Forest, 3
November 8	S. M. A., (Canceled), Fork Union, —
November 14	S. M. A., 14—F. M. S., 25
November 27	S. M. A., 7—A. M. A., 7



HE football season of 1913 was a success throughout, and too much credit can not be given to Coach Legge for his untiring efforts. Along with his personal character and ability as a coach and with Rosenberger, Smith, P., May and Laurer, four of last year's Varsity men as a nucleus, a team was turned out that would do justice to any Prep. school.

During the whole season the gridiron warriors worked together, displaying remarkable team work and consistency throughout.



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Losing but one game during the season is a record which will go down in the annals of Football at S. M. A.

As to the men themselves, too much can not be said, but a few words of comment is due them.

With May, Matson and Thomas on the ends a better selection could not have been made. Accurate on receiving forward passes, and always down the field to cover punts. We were unfortunate in losing Matson, during the latter part of the season, who sustained a broken collar-bone and the team felt his loss.

Laurer and Briggs, our tackles, were hard to beat. Laurer showed his usual strength and consistency. Briggs punted well.

McGowan, Schambs, Kendall and Brenham held down the guards and were always there with the goods, being impregnable.

Scott, R., proved himself capable of holding down center. Accurate in passing and showed great skill in drop-kicking.

Aldrich, S., our reliable quarterback, used excellent judgment in commanding his team. He was a dependable ground gainer and tackled with great precision.

Capt. Rosenberger, Smith, P., and LaMarche forming our back-field, were a hard trio to beat.

Rosenberger proved himself as being one of the worthiest men on the team and as a captain he was of the very best. A sure ground gainer and without doubt one of the best forward-passers in the South. His loss will be greatly felt by graduation.

LaMarche was a hard line plunger and could always be relied upon. A sure tackler and hard defensive player.

Smith, P., at full-back was good in every stage of the game. A hard fighter and a consistent defensive and offensive man.

Credit must be given to Freeman, Traver and Wahle, our substitutes, who showed their loyalty to the team and were able to do themselves justice when called upon.

Laurer was selected to fill the position of tackle on the "All State Prep. School Eleven," this being his second year selected.

Mention must be made of Rosenberger, Aldrich, S., Smith, P., Scott, R., and Matson, who were second choice in their respective positions.

Laurer was elected Captain of next year's team and the honor is justly due him.



BASKETBALL TEAM

## Basket Ball

Smith, P., (*Captain*) ..... Right Forward  
Jones, S. ..... Left Forward  
Schambs ..... Center  
Morrell ..... Right Guard  
Scott, R. ..... Left Guard

### SUBSTITUTES

Laurer, Cantrill, Giles, and Griffith

### SCORES

Jan. 16.....	S. M. A., 20—Massanutten .....	14
Jan. 19.....	S. M. A., 10—Jefferson High .....	25
Jan. 24.....	S. M. A., 11—F. M. S. ....	17
Feb. 2.....	S. M. A., 12—Randolph-Macon .....	24
Feb. 6.....	S. M. A., 12—Daleville College .....	14
Feb. 11.....	S. M. A., 19—A. M. A. ....	16
Feb. 14.....	S. M. A., 18—Shepherds College .....	8
Feb. 16.....	S. M. A., 16—Gettysburg College .....	15
Feb. 21.....	S. M. A., 7—A. M. A. ....	31
Feb. 23.....	S. M. A., 12—F. M. S. ....	10
Feb. 28.....	S. M. A., 12—F. M. S. ....	10
Mar. 2.....	S. M. A., 10—U. of N. Carolina .....	39

## Athletics



THE basketball season of 1914 turned out to be a successful one, although handicapped at the beginning of the season on account of lack of material and injuries sustained during the first few games, crippling the team to an extent which necessitated a call for more material. The call was answered, and practically a new team was organized which turned out to be the champions of the Shenandoah Valley.

It must be taken into consideration, however, that an aggregation such that represented S. M. A. could not have been turned out were it not for the able instruction of Coach Kyle. LaMarche was Captain of the team, but owing to the fact that he had so many studies, it was necessary for him to resign.

Smith, P., Captain and a member of the Varsity for three years, showed his same good form and aggressiveness as heretofore. His loss to the school by graduation will be greatly felt.

Jones, S., proved to be an able running-mate to Smith, and it was due to his speed and accuracy at shooting baskets that enabled the team to win several games.

Schambs at center, although new at the game, soon became a tower of strength to the team. He wasn't a sensational player but was always steady and could be depended upon to do his share.

Morrell at guard was one of the steadiest players and destroyed many attempts at shooting by opponents which probably would have resulted in victory for them.

Scott, R., at the other guard was a reliable and hard player. Although new at the game as a basketball player he showed great ability.

Laurer, Griffith, Cantrill, and Giles were valuable and could fill any position when called upon.

Schambs was elected Captain of next year's quint and he is a man worthy of the honor.



## Baseball



HE prospects for baseball for the coming season looks bright so far, although handicapped by the weather, which interfered greatly with practice and the new material has not had a chance to show its real qualities.

Notwithstanding this, however, they are men who look very promising and this coupled with the fact that seven of last year's varsity men are back, a fast team will be turned out which will no doubt compare with the fast and championship team of last year. It is beyond doubt that with the material on hand and with Coach Legge's ability, a team will be turned out that will figure greatly for the championship this year.

A very good schedule has been arranged with a trip to Washington for four or five days. Most of the games will be played on the home field and it is hoped that with the aid of all, S. M. A. will take the championship again this year.

## Track

Track Athletics has never figured to any great extent at S. M. A. during previous years, but this year it may establish itself as a regular sport.

A large squad answered Coach Boykin's call and have been diligently at work for preliminary work.

All efforts will be made to organize a team that will represent S. M. A. in the annual Interscholastic Meet to be held in Lexington, Virginia. Besides, several other meets are being arranged.

The men who have already turned out for practice, with proper training, could do justice in any meet of Prep. school rank.

The track men may rest assured that the whole school will be behind them and will do their utmost to help them along in all their endeavors.

## Baseball Schedule

March 27—Miller School .....	at home
March 31—Richmond College .....	at home
April 3—Eastern College .....	at home
April 6—Bingham School (Mebane, N. C.) .....	at home
April 10—Old Dominion Academy .....	at home
April 13—St. John's College .....	at home
April 15—Fork Union Academy .....	at home
April 17—Washington Business H. S. .....	at home
April 20—Miller School .....	at Crozet, Va.
April 21—Jefferson School .....	at Charlottesville, Va.
April 22—Eastern College .....	at Manasas, Va.
April 23—Episcopal High School .....	at Alexandria, Va.
April 25—Shenandoah Collegiate Institute .....	at home
April 27—Rollers .....	at home
May 1—Bingham School (Asheville, N. C.) .....	at home
May 4—Jefferson School .....	at home
May 7—Massanutton Academy .....	at home
May 9—Roanoke High School .....	at home
May 11—Rollers .....	at Fort Defiance
May 15—Rollers .....	(place pending)
May 18—Fishburne Military School .....	at home
May 22—Fishburne Military School .....	at Waynesboro
May 28—Fishburne Military School .....	at home

## Just Sayings

**S**tand up all ye "rats."—O. D.

**T**ake him out.—Low B.

**A**ll aboard for Baltimore.—Nigh.

**U**nited we stand but there's h— to pay.—Corps.

**N**ever, no, never again.—Hornet and Strong.

**T**hat caused adjectives to fly.—Reveille.

**O**nly one more.—Snow.

**N**ever comes too soon.—Taps.

**M**aybe it's the M. B. S. line.—Harwood.

**I** am afraid to go home in the dark.—Wonson.

**L**ook me up a cigarette, "rat."—Selts.

**I**wonder if Mary sees the signal.—Matson.

**T**hey all envy my line.—Bryant.

**A**rch is my name, but they call me "Birdie."—Chilton.

**R**at!—Smith, P.

**Y**oung, but love-sick.—Morrell.

**A**ll right.—Green.

**C**arry me to thy arms.—Barteldes.

**A**ny Ely Court girl for me.—Strong.

**D**arn it, Henry, let me sleep.—LaMarche.

**E**nergy is power wasted.—Vandenberg.

**M**yrtle flowers are my passion.—Aldrich, R.

**Y**ears go past and my bindings change each season.—Blue and

[Gold.]





DELTA SIGMA NU

## Delta Sigma Nu

### PHI CHAPTER

#### ACTIVE MEMBERS

C. D. Alstadt	E. G. Kyle	B. C. Low	A. G. Chilton
H. W. Clark	C. G. Strong	G. D. Milligan	J. L. Coffin
J. M. Freeman	A. G. Barteldes	J. T. Rosenberger	W. T. Lewis
E. C. Matson	A. C. Camp	R. E. Snow	G. K. Nigh
	W. A. Selts	H. Schobe	

#### HONORARY

Col. W. G. Kable	Major P. C. Ragan	Lt. Col. T. G. Russell
Capt. H. G. Acker	Major R. W. Wonson	Capt. S. O. McCue

#### CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA, 1893—Ann Arbor, Mich.
BETA, 1895—Fort Wayne, Ind.
GAMMA, 1896—St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.
DELTA, 1898—Pontiac, Mich.
EPSILON, 1899—Duluth, Minn.
ZETA, 1902—Minneapolis, Minn.
ETA, 1903—Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, Cal.
THETA, 1903—Flint, Mich.
IOTA, 1904—Morris High School, New York City.
KAPPA, 1904—Los Angeles, Cal.
LAMBDA, 1905—Port Huron, Mich.
MU, 1905—Eureka, Cal.
NU, 1905—Hackensack, N. J.
OMICRON, 1905—Pasadena, Cal.
Pi, 1905—Buffalo, N. Y.
RHO, 1906—Horace Mann School, New York City.
SIGMA, 1906—St. Paul, Minn.
TAU, 1907—Miami Military Academy, Germantown, Ohio.
UPSILON, 1907—Denver, Co.
PHI, 1907—Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va.
CHI, 1908—Oak Park, Ill.
PSI, 1908—Yonkers, N. Y.
ALPHA BETA, 1909—Newtonville, Mass.
ALPHA GAMMA—New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.
ALPHA EPSILON—McKinley Training School, Washington, D. C.



PHI SIGMA CHI

## Phi Sigma Chi

### MOTTO

Amicitia et Fraternitas

### COLORS

Old Gold and Black

### FLOWER

White Carnation

Lambda Province

Alpha Chapter

### FRATRES

George D. de Laureal  
Harry F. George  
William D. Harwell  
Frank T. Holt, Jr.  
Daniel L. LaMarche  
Harry W. McCullough, Jr.  
Allan D. Robertson  
Seeley H. Vietts



PI PHI

## Pi Phi

### COLORS

Old Gold, Blue, and Cardinal

### FRATRES

Roy Bryant      James E. Cantrill      Thomas S. Jones      Floyd Phillips  
Thomas A. Burke      Vilas Horner      H. Raymond Mason

### FRATRE IN FACULATE

Major Frederick M. Sizer

### 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	
GAMMA, 1884 (Cayuga Lake Military Academy) .....	Aurora, N. Y.
DELTA, 1885 (Fort Hill Military Academy) .....	Cananduage, N. Y.
EPSILON, 1888 (Troy High School) .....	Troy, N. Y.
ZETA, 1888 (Cheltenham Military Academy) .....	Ogontz, Pa.
ETA, 1890 (New York Military Academy) .....	Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Chapter House	
THETA, 1894 (Auburn High School) .....	Auburn, N. Y.
IOTA, 1897 (Grinnery School) .....	Washington, D. C.
Chapter House	
KAPPA, 1901 (Mount Beacon Military Academy) .....	Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.
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.
Xi, 1905 (Academy of Univ. of Southern Cal.) .....	Los Angeles, Cal.
OMICRON, 1907 (Central and Western High Schools) .....	Washington, D. C.
Chapter House	
Pi, 1910 (Townsend Harris, Morris & Stuyvesant High Schools)	New York City
Rooms: Hotel Endicott, 81st Street	
RHO, 1910 (Pingry School) .....	Elizabeth, N. J.
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 .....	Ithica, N. Y.
Pi Phi Alumni Association, Schenectady .....	Schenectady, N. Y.
Alumni Association of Omicron Chapter .....	Washington, D. C.
Pi Phi Alumni Club of Union College .....	Schenectady, N. Y.
Sigma Alumni Pi Phi Club .....	Philadelphia, Pa.



CHI SIGMA CHI

## Chi Sigma Chi

### UPSILON CHAPTER

FLOWER  
Violet

COLORS  
Blue and White

#### FRATRES

Capt. B. R. Legge	H. A. Fulton
Capt Thomas Beardsworth	C. A. Laurer
R. G. Burleigh	M. Harwood
C. W. Wiley	R. C. Comstock
R. W. Aldrich	R. W. May
G. L. Kendall	J. L. Corbly

D. C. Griffith

#### CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA—New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.  
BETA—Ohio Military Academy, Portsmouth, Ohio.  
GAMMA—Wilson Vail School, New York City, N. Y.  
DELTA—Barnard School, 125th Street, New York City, N. Y.  
EPSILON—Ohio Military Academy, College Hill, Ohio.  
IOTA—Woodward High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
ZETA—Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va.  
ETA—Patterson-Davenport School Louisville, Ky.  
KAPPA—Chillicothe High School, Chillicothe, Ohio.  
THETA—Woodward High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
LAMBDA—Bellefontaine High School, Bennefontaine, Ohio.  
MU—Newberg Academy, Newberg, N. Y.  
NU—Hamilton High School, Hamilton, Ohio.  
XI—Miami Military Institute, Germantown, Ohio.  
OMICRON—Wooster High School, Wooster, Ohio.  
Pi—Technical School of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
RHO—Michigan Military Academy, Orchard Lake, Mich.  
SIGMA—Eastern High School, Detroit, Mich.  
TAU—Kiskiminetas Spring School, Saltsburg, Pa.  
UPSILON—Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va.  
PHI—East High School, Columbus, Ohio.



THETA PHI

## Theta Phi

### Nu Beta

#### FRATRES

B. J. Adams  
E. P. Smith  
J. A. Murray  
G. F. O'Reardon  
S. T. Mayall

*Fratre in Facultate* ..... Captain S. S. Pitcher

#### CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA—Utica, N. Y.  
BETA—Clinton, N. Y.  
GAMMA—Onondaga Valley, N. Y.  
DELTA—West Winfield, N. Y.  
EPSILON—Frankfort, N. Y.  
GORTON ZETA—Boonville, N. Y.  
ETA—Hamilton, N. Y.  
THETA—Fayetteville, N. Y.  
IOTA—E. Syracuse, N. Y.  
KAPPA—Chittenango, N. Y.  
LAMBDA—Oneida, N. Y.  
MU—Manlius, N. Y.  
NU—Holland Patent, N. Y.  
OMICRON—Johnstown, N. Y.  
Pi—Fort Plain, N. Y.  
SIGMA—Weedsport, N. Y.  
TAU—Ihon, N. Y.  
UPSILON—Herkimer, N. Y.  
CHI—Gloversville, N. Y.  
PSI—Wellsville, N. Y.  
Xi—Horner, N. Y.  
OMEGA—Rome, N. Y.  
ALPHA BETA—Syracuse, N. Y.  
BETA BETA—Rochester, N. Y.  
GAMMA BETA—Hornell, N. Y.  
DELTA BETA—Buffalo, N. Y.  
ZETA BETA—Little Falls, N. Y.  
ETA BETA—Hightstown, N. J.  
MU BETA—Elmira, N. Y.  
NU BETA—Staunton, Va.  
BETA EPSILON—Ossiego, N. Y.

## Question Box

*Dear Mr. Editor:*

Could you tell me how to get letters into the Sem?

ROY MAY and LAMARCHE.

Answer: Take them down yourself.

*Mr. Editor:*

Could you tell me how to climb a porch without being seen?

G. L. KENDALL.

Answer: Best advice for you is to quit climbing.

*To the Editor:*

Please tell me how to get through the sally-port gate after  
ten o'clock

CHESTER LAURER.

Answer: Wait till they open them in the morning.

*My dear sweet Editor:*

I am a young second Captain at S. M. A., about five feet tall, dark complexion, and considered very good-looking by the Corps. What can I do to better my complexion?

GORDON K. NIGH.

Answer: 'Tis not fair for you to take advantage of the other cadets at the dances and other social functions, so we deem it wise that you leave your looks alone.

*To the Editor:*

I am very much in love with a young lady in town? Do you consider it improper etiquette to make dates for the dances and the remaining Sunday nights until June?

IRA MOREY.



Answer: No! Not if she is foolish enough to give them to you.

*Mr. Editor:*

I am a striking young blonde, just 16, and am the pride of the M. B. S. line. Is it fair to monopolize the attention of the said young ladies every afternoon?

HARWOOD.

Answer: Without a doubt the ladies have a good sense of humor and know a joke when they see it.

*Dear Mr. Editor:*

I have been christened by the name of Edwin. Said name is a disagreeable burden to carry through life. Newspapers and the BLUE AND GOLD insist on using my name, but "I just don't like it at all."

EDWIN MATSON.

Answer: Change it and we'll try the new one on the public. Variety is the spice of life.

*Dear Mr. Editor:*

Will you please tell me how to hold a "good thing" when you've got it.

JOHN L. COFFIN.

Answer: Don't let "it" run away from you.

*Dear Mr. Editor:*

What is good to remove "red ink" from a shirt?

HAROLD FULTON.

Answer: Will answer same the 15th of next month.

*Dear Editor:*

Do you think I have been slighted, after my strenuous efforts for the *Police Gazette*, not to be able to star further.

O'REARDON.

Answer: We appreciate your good humor, but are afraid you're carrying the joke too far.

*Dear Editor:*

I seem to have some difficulty in holding the attention of my tactics classes. Could you propose anything to remedy this.

COL. GREENE.

Answer: We might suggest a pet Indian to hold the attention, or change them into night classes and allow the cadets to bring beds.

*Dear Editor:*

Do you think there is any way of persuading Capt. Matson to attend other than the Emmanuel Church Sundays.

CO. C.

Answer: We might suggest getting the Churches, to trade chairs on Sundays.

*Dear Editor:*

I am Captain of Separate E, known to the "boys" as the Sheep, and this embarrasses me very much, so don't you approve of the term "Second Captain," which I used to such a great extent.

2ND CAPTAIN NIGH.

Answer: It's fine for strangers but take off your "false face," Gordie. We know you.

*Dear Editor:*

I am a Udad. Do you think I could have done much better?

"SIME SIMP."

Answer: We don't know how much better you might have done, but can assure you, you couldn't have done worse.

*Dear Editor:*

Since entering the social whirl, have met many charming young ladies, and have seemingly been warmly "greeted" by them all. Should I court them as a group or anchor myself to one alone?

SMITH, P.

Don't kid yourself "Smitty." Even snow looks good to everyone when it first falls.

*Dear Editor:*

Would like to have some idea how my dancing is received by the corps. As you know I've already had offers to produce it for the public.

BALLOU.

Answer: Regret to say that the language in such an answer wouldn't pass our advisory board.



## Hail The Idads

All hail the mighty Idads,  
"Incur not their wrath upon you,"  
For they stand together like iron-clads,  
Their motto don't misconstrue.

We are a mighty lot of men,  
Who, many don't understand,  
We are together in numbers, "Ten,"  
And demand respect from o'er the land.

We'll take Roy May, he's number one,  
He is a true Kentucky son.  
He is the smallest of us all,  
But ready to answer any call.  
Now comes big "Mac," as number two,  
And does what no one else can do;  
A stalwart lad and strong at that,  
Even though the freshest "rat."

Now, comes Jack, for number three,  
A modest lad we all agree;  
He hasn't very much to say,  
But does his part in a quiet way.

Now for "Tacks," as number four,  
Woe be to the man who gets him sore;  
He fears not anything at all,  
And bars not either big or small."

"Duke" follows him as number five,  
Take it from me he's always alive;  
'Twas on the field he won his fame,  
And came off the field with his share of fame.

"Big Dick" comes next, as number six,  
A witty chap and full of tricks;  
A busy man with some renown,  
Let's hope he will go up and never down.

Here's to "Jimmie" as number seven,  
His virtues came direct from heaven;  
He is the fairest of the bunch,  
And gets things, always, on a hunch.

Now comes "Dan" as number eight,  
Of all his powers we love to relate;  
But as we haven't got much time,  
We'll have to go on number nine.

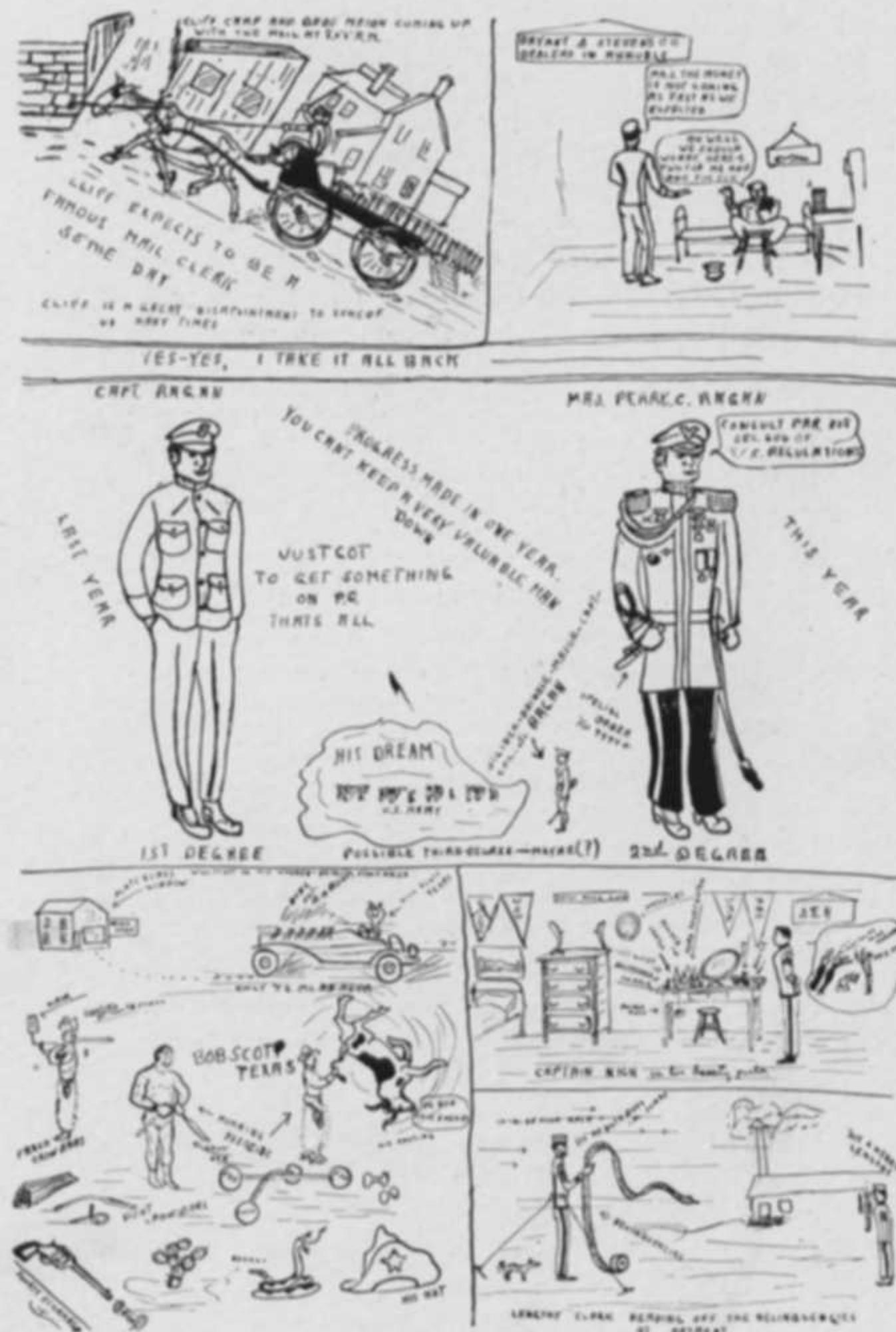
Coffin is our worthy nine,  
A man reliable at any time,  
He is a lad both good and true,  
And what he says, he'll always do.

Last but not least is number ten,  
Our old reliable and faithful "Hen."  
When reveille blows we hear his calls,  
As he comes thundering through the halls.

## Idads

- 1 May
- 2 McGowan
- 3 Thomas
- 4 Matson
- 5 Aldrich, S.
- 6 Bryant
- 7 Cantrill
- 8 LaMarche
- 9 Coffin
- 10 "Henry"

## "The Corporal"



Three little corporals sitting in the guard room  
To lose their little stripes would surely cause much gloom  
For Sunday night leave where "fussing" they may go;  
Or down-town after "eats" if they've four hours or below.

These aren't to be despised, as you may readily see,  
For all these things, though small, cause the corporals much glee,  
Though higher than a private by only one little stripe  
They are caused much anxiety by such a little mite.

When a corporal on duty across the quadrangle walks  
You'd think he was "some cheese" by the hard way he talks.  
But beware of the corporal, unless two bits be your plea,  
Or he'll have you on the beat as sure as sure can be.

When P. C. enters the guard room they all at attention stand,  
Shaking for fear they've disobeyed his command.  
P. C. now looks them over to see that they're O. K.  
And spies a dirty collar, much to poor corp's dismay.

It is during the night watch that a corporal reigns supreme,  
For he has charge of the barracks, a great honor to be sure it may  
seem.

But after the first hour his head begins to droop  
And falls to dreaming of himself as leader of a troop.

"Sherlocko" Mason now appears on the scene,  
And wakens the corporal from his majestic dream.  
He threatens to report him for committing such a crime,  
But a "fiver" soon closes his mouth for the time.

Such is the career of a corporal,  
While on duty is he,  
Though some may think it regal,  
It's not what it's "cracked up" to be.

CORPORAL L. C. B.

## Toasts

Here's to Dick Bryant, Business Manager of BLUE AND GOLD,  
When the outlook for the Annual looked gloomy,  
Said, "There will be one, for I will get out and get the gold."  
And you fellows get busy and stop being looney.

Here's to Smith, P., the captain of our basketball team,  
Whose playing won many a hard-fought game;  
But who was alas completely defeated by long, sweet beam,  
From the eyes of a wonderful dame.

Here's to the Captain of our kid company, Gordon Nigh,  
Who is acknowledged the handsomest man in school;  
He has caused many a poor maiden a deep sigh,  
Over his wonderful game of pool.

Here's to our Commandant, Ted Russell,  
Who is quite an expert with an automobile,  
We hear he is going to use his muscle,  
And try to push the famous Oldsmobile.

Here's to Lieutenant Col. Greene, our tactics teacher,  
He was raised in the army life,  
And his classes sometimes wish the bleacher,  
Had upon him landed and ended their strife.

Here's to the BLUE AND GOLD,  
And her Editorial Board,  
Who were in a tight hole,  
When the conductor said, "All Aboard."

## A Thought



HAT, fellow Seniors, are our feelings upon leaving this chool? Do we leave it with a sense of satisfaction, of work well done, or do we simply rejoice at being free once again, not appreciating the advantages we have gained for our life work?

Let us hope that it will be entirely the former, for in years to come, will we gaze back over the days we spent at S. M. A. with fond memories in mind? In my estimation they were happy days, and for some of us, undoubtedly, our happiest days! Where, among our schools and colleges, could we find a better lot of associates? Lads are here from every part of our country giving a democratic tone hard to find elsewhere.

The school is soundly built, and backed by a gentleman well worthy the success he has achieved. By him we have been treated squarely, and through him we have gained our knowledge, which puts us just so much further along the road to our goal—Success.

Some of us have been here longer than others, but we all go out together, to scatter to the farthest corners of our country and carry the good word from S. M. A. Success is what we desire, still some of the cadets may not gain it; but let us try our best and work hard, success is *bound* to come.

Our school-life here was always done on the minute, every duty responded to the sound of a bugle. Let us do everything on time through life, as have we been taught here. Stop not for tiny draw-backs, but keep on plugging, always remembering our motto: "Truth, Duty and Honor," also the words which hung on our walls: "I will make good." Here we part; farewell, my friends, farewell, and don't forget when you get the "blues" to glance back upon the happy days you spent at S. M. A.

ALBERT M. CRANCE, '14.

## The Udads



Sponsor: Silk Sock Sue.  
Object: Matrimony.

Flower: Skunk's Cabbage.  
Frater in Facultate: Ole Man Mason.

Dope: Ash-cans, ink-bottles, or anything else.

Hurrah for the Udads!  
Chapters Five,  
You get past them  
You've got to look alive.

The Free Toad Chapter,  
With "Bill" and "Nuts,"  
That's where we go  
To "Shoot the Butts."

The Gaboon Chapter,  
"Spider," "Shorty," and Scott  
Many is the man  
Who goes there to get "shot."

The Organic Chapter,  
With "Gibby" and Joe,"  
Where the Kink of the IDADS  
Is scared to go.

The Xyree Chapter,  
With "Bob," "Neil" and "Percy,"  
"Percy" is an M. B. S. lad,  
Me for, Mercy.

The Slam Hanwich Chapter,  
With Robert and "Hoot,"  
The place to get anything  
From a sandwich to a suit.

Beware! All you rounders,  
And IDADS, too!  
Don't cross our path,  
For though we are few  
Never was there a more terrible crew!  
Soon we must part,  
Good-bye old man.

ANONYMOUS, '14.

## Class-Mates All

Here's to our happy graduates, noble men and true,  
I think they are fit examples for such as me and you;  
They have gotten their diplomas so now on the Q. T.,  
I would like to ask a question between you and me.  
I would like to whisper softly, how in the Hades did you do it?  
LaMarche was Senior Captain and a football player too,  
He learned to kick so awful hard they had to let him through,  
Burleigh skates upon thin ice, as those who know can tell,  
We really think he ought to flunk but they let him in as well.  
Bryant helps Maj. Stevens to sell the BLUE AND GOLD,  
But when they let him graduate, the battalion hollered "sold";  
Aldrich is military to an extreme degree,  
And as West Point will need him they let him by you see.  
Mason's arm is covered with service stripes clean through,  
Now Woodward won't sew them on B. V. D.'s so they let him skip by too.  
When Scott, R., got his diploma the audience looked shocked,  
And somebody yelled "For the love of Mike," who left the gates unlocked?  
Strong, our loyal Ty Cobb, he took a bat and straight  
He knocked his average up so high he had to graduate.  
Aldrich, S., with his quarterback sneak, hit our gridiron like a bomb,  
But when he sneaked his diploma, he put one over on Col. Tom.  
Arnold is a Chem. shark, he mixed a drink for fun,  
That made the Col. fall asleep, so he grabbed his Dip. and run.  
Bernard played the piccolo, fine I have no doubt,  
Cause Col. gave him his Dip. too, to make him cut it out.  
Bartelles, a cotton-headed Swede, came to school one day,  
He bought a diploma from Rusty Friend and made his get-away.  
Ballou is a dandy so debonaire that Southern belles won't suit,  
His diploma won to his northern belle, I hope he'll quickly scoot.  
Boagni says he won his "Dip.," we'll grant him that, but all the same,  
We like to know what means B. S. so fondly written after his name.  
Brown is short, the Majors tall, they say as sure as eggs,  
Shorty grabbed his diploma and ran between his legs.  
Camp is our only scholar, his diploma was fairly won,  
He is a rose among thorns, a scholar amidst bums, the poor little son of a gun.  
Cantrill is an actor, he does his parts up brown,  
But since he's graduated, there will be weeping in the town.  
Copeland got his diploma and went down to the bay,  
He bought a boat named Beulah and quickly sailed away.  
Chilton chews tobacco, it seems to be his fate,  
That he can't get by with that up here, so they let him graduate.  
We call our Colburn general, he passed Tactics Exam.,  
But the graduate on tactics we thought quite a slam.

Crance is a siren, his beautiful voice gave him a berth on our shelf,  
But since graduation and the song is o'er the Col. has been kicking himself.  
deLaureal, our color-sergeant, bore his colors well,  
The Col. reduced him and gave him his "Dip." and told him to go to ——.  
Eldridge bought a radiator, so I have heard Hitchins say,  
And when he graduated tried to carry it away.  
Friend is a shark, he plays chuck-a-luck and invites everybody to shoot,  
He won two diplomas, sold one to Bartelles, and had fourteen dollars to boot.  
Harrison boxes, he swings like a gate, but one day while swinging for fun,  
He swung a diploma and grabbing it tight he carried it off on the run.  
Horr is another Chemistry shark, but the Col. wouldn't bite,  
He gave him his "Dip." pinned back his ears, and kicked him out of sight.  
Horton will be a doctor, he loves to feel the bones,  
He whispered seven quickly and fled the Senior zones.  
Henry, our local fat man, sat down and argued and pled,  
Until the Col. passed him, but wished that he were dead.  
Holt is our local "Beau Brummel," in his car he loves to fly,  
He rides the Profs. and graduates, and still they wonder why?  
Jastremski is a polished nobleman, I know it's true and yet,  
He won his "Dip." by looking wise, and being teachers' pet.  
Jones, the Shrimp, said, "Cover the block," but I thing it a sad mistake,  
When they covered his block with a sheepskin, and made his poor brain ache.  
Kendall is pretty, I grant you, he won his "Dip." then took  
One mighty stride to Stevo to get his face in our book.  
Levy has been known to study, yet it should be stated,  
He typewrites for Col. Russell, that's why he graduated.  
Lyons graduated, that is true, and yet I can't find why,  
Though I searched for a possible answer through earth and sea and sky.  
Matson is our champion athlete, I swear that this is true,  
But now he's graduated, what will M—— do?  
Just 'cause a man plays basketball, as Morrell can surely do,  
I don't call that a reason for Col. to pass him through.  
Roy wants to graduate, but Col. was heard to say,  
When asked if he would graduate, murmured soft, "May," may.  
McCullough, R., is a husky lad, alas we sob to state,  
That fear won't let us tell you how he did graduate.  
McCullough, H., ah, noble youth, to judge from your sweet looks,  
The knowledge that lets you graduate was never learned in books.  
McCandless owns a bugle, to get rid of the same,  
The Maj. grabbed his sheepskin and quickly wrote his name,  
Magnus handles a sabre in a way to make one fear,  
So Col. let him graduate to get him out of here.  
Nigh is the Captain of the "Sheep" and so I think it fit,  
That he should have a sheepskin to go along with it.  
O'Reardon is a daffodil, our peerless Irish rose,  
He ran a race with flunking and won out by a nose.

Robertson, A., is a doctor and once he let it slip,  
He doctored up his daily grades so that's why he won his "Dip."  
Rosenberger's store got Jimmie through, as plain as a pane of glass.  
He sells us our asparagus, that's why they let him pass.  
Reece says he's going to graduate, but here's where we have to holler,  
If credits cost five cents a piece he'll have to spend a dollar.  
I'm going to tell a joke, about Roan, I., but don't you blow it,  
He won his "Dip." by simple bluff, I'm from Texas and you know it.  
Scott, E.,'s music is sad and weird, you sob at a rapid clip,  
Col. cried on his sheepskin and nearly ruined his "Dip."  
Roach is a bold Lieutenant, yet he wears his citizen's clothes,  
Why they didn't reduce him and flunk him, goodness only knows.  
Rodney Snow is deep in love, with a girl from the Tarheel State,  
He couldn't stay away from her, so he had to graduate.  
Smith, P., does study awfully hard, but the bunch will want to fight,  
When they hear of the 100 he made in Trig. one beautiful Friday night.  
Selts, at pictures lost his coat, and appeared in a shirt of blue,  
So they gonna fix his diploma around his neck with glue.  
Thomas our beautiful football end, caused a chorus of "Look how dear,"  
When he marched up for his diploma to end his brief career.  
Wear, G., is our Track team captain, and a funny little cat,  
He grabbed his "Dip." and ran a mile in just one minute flat.  
Wahle will be a lawyer, but he must have argued fine,  
When he got his diploma and joined our happy line.  
Wilburn is a quiet little chap and doesn't have much to say,  
But I hear he sells hot dogs on Houston's great White Way.  
Wiley claims a sheepskin, but his claim is mighty thin,  
He can't skate as well as Burleigh, and I hear that he fell in.

## "Punts and Bunts"

Maj. Ragan: What house did Cleopatra belong to?  
Selts: They didn't have houses, they lived in tents.

Col. R.: Heredity is very strong and I have noticed that the same types follow the same lines.

Bryant: Harwood and the M. B. S. line, I presume.

Girl from Tar-Heel State: All extremely bright men are conceited anyhow.

Snow: You're wrong, dear, I'm not.

In after years, LaMarche: How do I know this suit won't shrink?

Levy: Mine frendt, every hose-cart in the city but two has squirted water on that suit.

Col. G.: If you were a drummer boy with your drum on your shoulder and saw the enemy approaching, what would you do?

Low, B.: Beat it.

Maj. W.: Why were the dark ages known as the dark ages?

Wilburn: Because there were so many knights.

Lieut. G.: May, if you had a dollar and I gave you five more, what would you have?

May (sleepily): Hysterics.

Ballou: Sure, my father is a broker.

Colburn: What kind?

Ballou: Pawn-er-that is, I mean stock-broker.

Maj. S.: What is liquid air, Roach?

Roach: Why, water of course.

O'Reardon: I've just fallen heir to a million.

Turk (warmly): You don't say so.

Mick: Sure, loan me a quarter will you?

McGowan: Did Minerva ever marry?

Maj. S.: No, my boy, Minerva was the goddess of wisdom.

Jones, S., The man that shoots craps is a gambler pure and simple.

Adams (sadly): Especially simple.

Wiley: How about the money for the cab tonight, Percy?

Smith, P.: Great snakes Mo, assemble the sub-division.

Unknown (sadly): If Clark can publish an evening *Bulletin Board*, why in Heck can't I publish an early morning *Banner*?

Jack Kahn: Got change for a dime, Gordon?

Nigh: Sure, want it?

Kahn: Only half of it—loan me a nickle.

Thomas: Loan me a dollar for a month old boy?

LaMarche: All right, but what would a month-old-boy do with a dollar?

Low, B. (Passing a house that has just burned down): Gosh they must have had a fire here.

deLaureal: Major, are they going to give credits in spelling after this?

Maj. W.: Yes, why?

Frenchy: Oh joy, I graduate in fourteen more years.

Col. G.: If the enemy were approaching across the mountain, what would you do?

Camp: Wire the navy department for submarines, of course.

Milligan: Co., I assure you that I do study.

Col. R.: Extensively, intensively or pretensively?

Capt. McC.: All right, Burleigh?

Burleigh: Very well, thank you Capt., how is yourself?

Please pardon this quotation from Life, "RED TAPE is the bulwark of inferior minds."

Clerk at Hotel Virginia: Room with bath, I suppose?

Horner: By Heck, tonight is Saturday, and I hadn't thought about it.

Murray, J.: McCandless, was that breakfast that you blew assembly for?

McCandless: Sure, why?

Murray (crawling into bed): Oh, wake me up for dinner, please.

Capt. Legge: What is the trough of a wave?

Barteldes: Oh, that's what the ocean greyhounds drink out of.

Mason: What get's broke about your auto the oftenest?

Harwell: Me.

Kendal: Do you make your spending money writing?

Wahle: Yes, writing father.

Clark: Why haven't you shaved this morning?

Shambs: Ain't I shaved?

Clark: No.

Shambs: Well, Scott and I used the same mirror and I must have shaved him by mistake.

Nigh: Oh, I just adore caviar.

Adams: Isn't he just the grandest singer?

Eldridge: Look here, Mr. Willson, your shaving powder isn't a bit of good, I put some on my face last night and the hair is longer than ever.

Col. R.: A fool, you know, can ask a question that the wisest man can't answer.

Robertson: Ah! so that's why I flunked, is it?

McCullough, H.: Well, all the fools are not dead yet

Mayall: I'm glad of it too, I couldn't go through a military and play sad music for a dub like you.

Fulton: Gee, I'm glad you stepped in, Van, I was just going to send for a rat to go down on the run.

Van: Where does he room, I'll go get him for you, Fax.

"I took a long walk yesterday," said Stewart, as he dropped into room 219, and sat down.

"Take another one to-day, old man," said Murray, "it will do us both good."

Cadet: There is a cadet in school with the kleptomania.

Fulton: Sure enough? What's he taking for it?

Cadet: Oh, anything that looks good to him.

Matson (Capt. of baseball team), severely: Murray, you knew one of your lessons to-day.

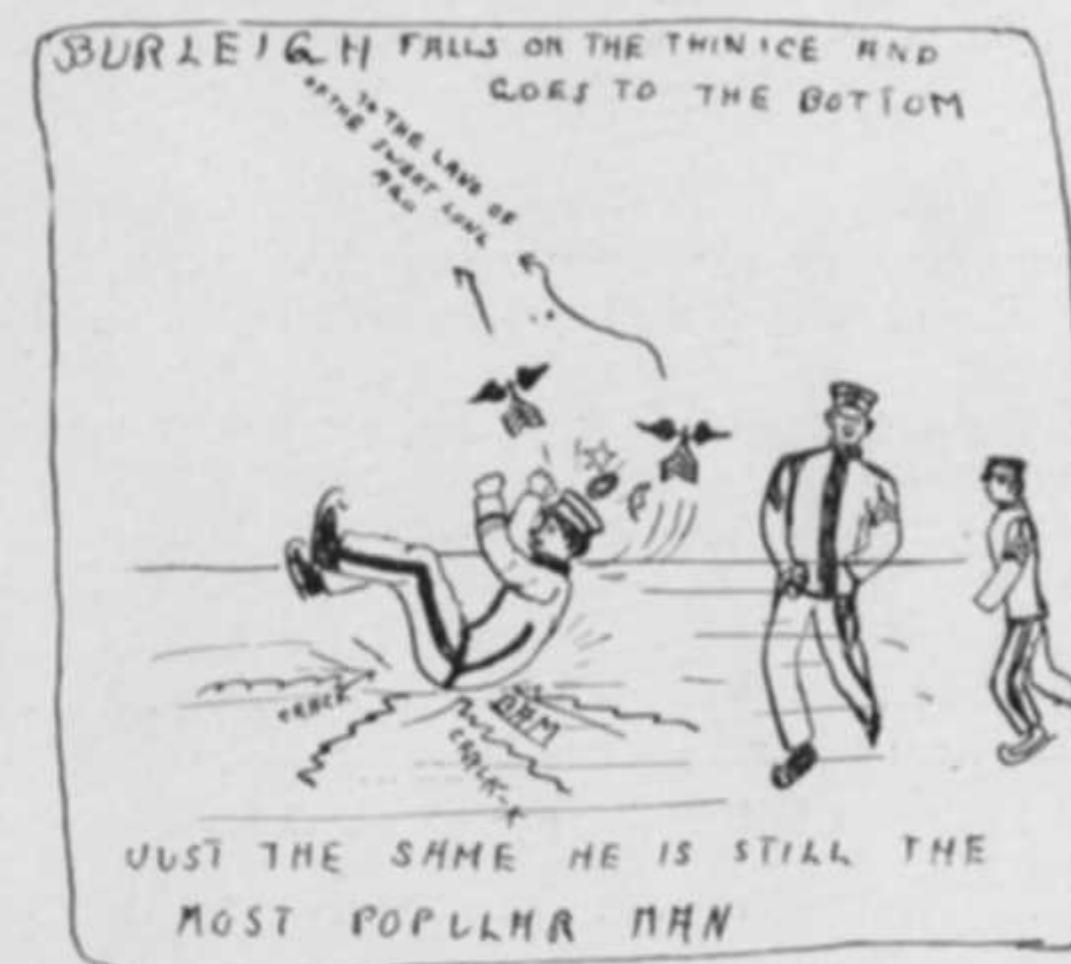
Murray, meekly: Yes, sir.

Matson: Well, let it pass this time, but don't do it again, as it looks as if you were neglecting baseball!

Rosenberger: Hey there, Birdie, guess what Ted said about you a while ago?

Chilton: I haven't the least idea in the world.

Rosenberger: Aw, somebody told you.



## Know ye That

Distance may lend enchantment, but the successful enchantress  
is the one who always snuggles close to you.

Bob Burleigh is our champion moon-light skater?

Smith, P., has an awful sore hip at basketball practice and  
then stars in our games?

"Chet" Laurer likes to go sleigh-riding about the same time  
that Burleigh skates?

Aldrich, R., says visiting while he is on duty means 4 hours?  
Chilton is more commonly known as "Birdie" at G. M.  
Roach says the stronger the iodine the greater the cure?  
McCandless seldom knows what he is blowing on his bugle?  
Scott, R., is known as the incessant instigator of '14?

Eldridge received his long-deserved corporalcy at last?  
Capt. Jones of the Band fell in love with a green suit on?  
Pink-eye is the best excuse for non-study we've had this year?  
Col. Russell wore glasses for a week?

Tortoise shell glasses give one a very literary expression?  
"Peerless Matson" is not by the same author as "Speed  
Rodgers?"

Roan, I., is known as the Chinaman this year?  
Rosenberger and Kyle did a Caruso, Rosa Bonheur stunt  
this summer?

Capt. Ragan, of 1912-1913, is Major Ragan, Assistant Com-  
mandant and Tactical Officer this year?

Horner and Strong went to the Virginia Grill one night? ? ? ?  
LaMarche and May tumbled for two M. B. S. girls? ? ? ?  
Tommy Holt is very liberal with his car? ? ? ? ?

There are to be four bases on a baseball diamond hereafter?  
Next year goal posts will be used on football field, and the  
field will be marked off and the ball will be inflated with air—  
pig-skin covers may be used in emergency.

For beauty I know I'm no star,  
There are others more beautiful by far.  
But my face I don't mind it because I'm behind it,  
'Tis the people in front that I jar.

LIEUT. ROACH, '14.

## The Superiority of the Superlative

If you want to hear a wonderful tale  
Of the wild west or any such rot,  
Take my advice (it'll never fail),  
Don't read dime novels—See Scott.

If you want to read of marvelous deeds,  
Or of outlaws that he has caught,  
Or perhaps of brave men which through danger he leads,  
Don't read dime novels—See Scott.

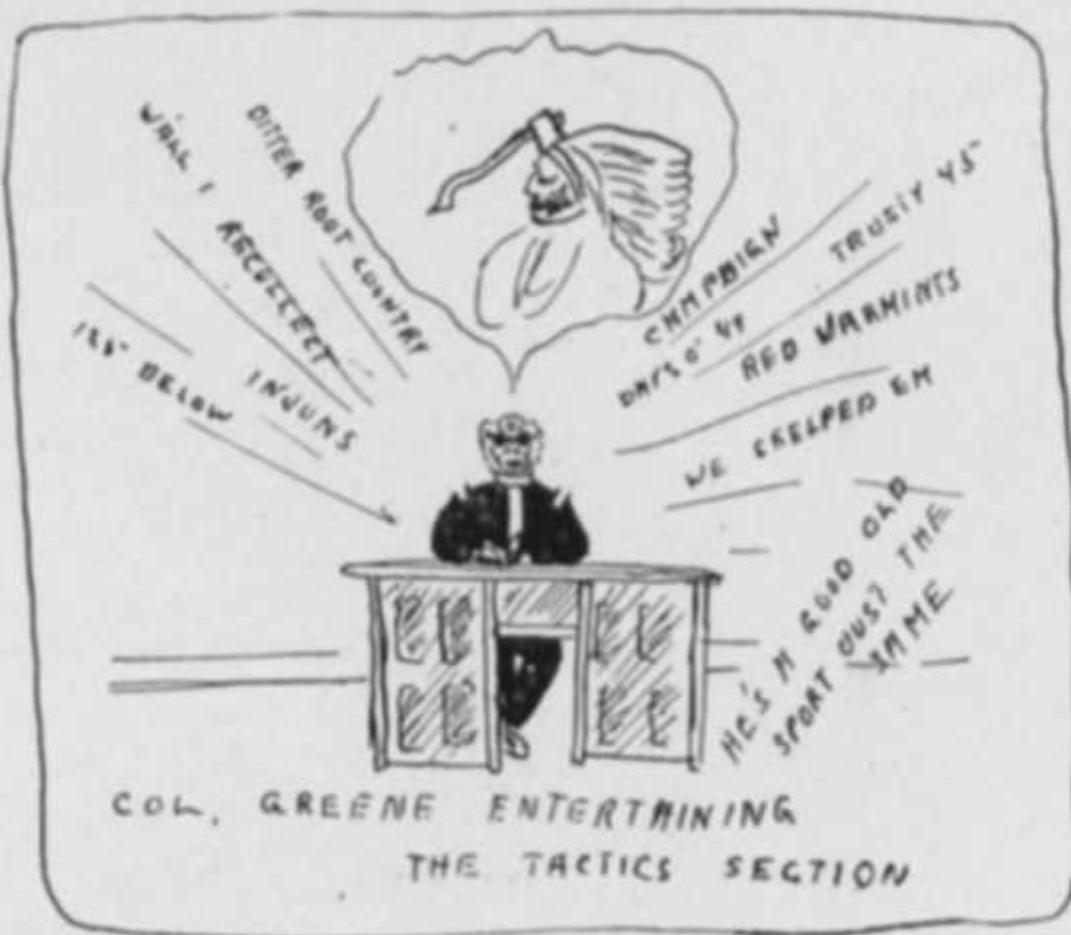
If you want to say "that's going some,"  
'Bout a panther that two hours fought,  
And at last was choked by chewing gum,  
Don't read dime novels—See Scott.

If you want to listen about shooting  
Two miles at a tiny dot  
Not missing once when anyone's looking  
Don't read dime novels—See Scott.

If you'll hear 'bout the car, his big brother  
Drove through plate glass when 'twas hot,  
To the fountain, took a drink, then another,  
Don't read dime novels—See Scott.

I've seen Bob asleep, awake, sober and full,  
And what's more, I like him a lot,  
But I'll have to admit if you want to hear bull,  
Don't read dime novels—See Scott.

## My Commandant's Orders Are:



To charge for passing this post and keep all Government property in view with object to rent, sell or lease.

To neglect my post for mercenary matter, keeping constantly on the alert for filthy lucre and reporting everything that takes place without proper pacification offered.

To take part in every breach of orders or regulations until his Mightiness appears on the gallery.

To repeat cat-calls and jeers of derision from all posts distinctly to the guard-room from my own.

To receive money only when properly deceived.

To receive, transmit and accept all cash considerations and allow myself to be relieved of 50 per cent by the commission officer, Officer of the Day, or officer who would be hard.

To hold conversation with no one who is an extremest in regard to duty.

In case of fire or disorder to get out my Manual of Arms and teach a musician the fire call. After he learns it he may blow it if the fire or disorder has not been put down.

To watch for the Commandant for anyone who desires to commit a nuisance on my post.

In any case not covered by instructions wake up Col. Greene and ask him about it.

To salute and assist all officers cased or "pickled."

At night to exercise greatest vigilance. Between rounds of Corporals, etc., to repose on a trunk or other similar article.

Between reveille and retreat to turn out the guard for all persons entitled to the compliment, including Old Man Mason and Col. Reed, and for all cavalry and artillery except those specified in par. 12,437.

To challenge the Officer of the Day at night and the Officer of the Night in day time.

To permit no loitering of ash-cans or ink-bottles on my post. All this I pretend to steadfastly believe.—Good Night.

ROBERT C. SCOTT, '14.

## Staunton Military Academy

### ROOM REGULATIONS

#### *Don't Read—Burn as They Deserve.*

The copy of these regulations will be roasted for being on the back of the door as they richly deserve.

Except when penalized by the Commandant of Cadets all furniture shall be arranged, changed and disarranged:—

Beds—Placed along the wall and under no conditions allow them to rest on the floor or ceilings.

Brooms—Shall be kept in corner; unauthorized persons, as Old Boy Officers, except detailed rats, will be penalized for use of same.

Caps—Shall be worn on the right or left ear as fashion demands.

Chiffonier—Shall be placed against the wall with a towel on the top. Always dry towel after bath as it sticks to the varnish.

Cleanliness—Tables and floors must be kept clean at all times Put trash in police cans behind U. S. Navy trunks or in Boy Scout cuspidors.

Clothes, Uniforms—When not in use, wear an ash-can to the baths, your table drawer to the wash-room and wrap the radiator around you for baseball practice.

Clothing, Other—Underclothing shall be kept in chiffonier drawers. A heavy penalty is attached for wearing same.

Decorations—Hangins and Murders must be flat against the wall and on no conditions hang Old Man Mason to the salley-port.

Equipment—Shall be thrown on bed after use, on the floor after Taps, and on the bed again at reveille.

Bags, Laundry—Shall be kept inside closet door and only soiled clothes put in them. If you don't change your clothes get a rubber laundry bag and by filling it with air, you can fool the inspector.

Orderly—Will be directly responsible for all disorder of room and the rat on duty will be responsible to the orderly. The

orderly's name and not the rat's shall appear in the disorderly board.

Regulations—May be kept on shelf. 302 volumes in the rear and the 303d in front to file new regulations reported hourly by Western Union.

Rifles—Racks are placed in each room, but they are so convenient for book shelves or to lean your elbow on.

Shoes—Neatly polished, cleaned, nails enameled and laces neatly tied; may be arranged in the latest tango fashion.

Officers' Side Arms—Shall be hung on the rack, then put your feet in the shoe-box, your head in the lower chiffonier drawer, your hair on the closet shelf and then you are ready to find repose.

By order of  
S. N. P. A. F. HUSTLE.

(Saturday night privileges are forfeited.)



## Glossary

**ANNUAL**, *n.*—A publication, the editing of which requires the brains of the corps, midnight lights, a pirate-like look on the faces of the business managers, and the painless extracting of mazuma from the corps by dirty nickles and dimes.

**B. ACHE**, *v. i.*—To complain long and loud about a stick.  
*v. i.*—To submit an explanation.

**BEAT**, *n.*—An organization having for its object the promotion of pedestrianism. The daily Roll of Honor.

**BOODLE**, *n.*—Contraband smokes, pipes, etc., purchased for the benefit of the faculty.

**B. S.**, *n.*—(1) British Science; the study of English.  
(2) Flowery applications of the same, as in conversation, recitation, or B. Ache.

**BUCK**, *n.*—Member of the lowest order of society; a cadet without chevrons.

**BUTT**, *n.*—(1) A remnant, (*e. g.*, a cigarette butt).  
(2) That end of a rifle or carbine opposite the business end.

**CAN**, *v. t.*—To oust; to throw out.  
*n.*—*Trash C.*—A receptacle for damaged articles, and an instrument of torture used on rare occasions or rebellions, etc.

**CADET OFFICER**, *n.*—  
(1) The wearer of the gold.  
(2) A collection of bets after appointments.  
(3) One of the Com's Own.  
(4) One who suggests names for the daily Roll of Honor.

**CHEVRON**, *n.*—(1) Insignia of a make.  
(2) The badge of the Brotherhood of Stickers.

**CLEAN-SLEEVE**, *n.*—A cadet who has always been a buck.

CONFINEMENT, *n.*—(1) A period of rest assigned to makes.  
(2) Voluntary detention in barracks or  
“on the hill” as the result of skins, sticks, etc.

CORP., *n.*—(1) A corporal.  
(2) The officer of the Night; of higher rank than  
the Supe.

COLOR BEARER, *n.*—Champion wrestler of the corps, especially on windy days. (Cf. Lewis, W., and Boagni).

DELINQUENCIES, *n.*—A collection of sticks.

DEMERIT, *n.*—The agency by which a stick, skin or several delinquencies become punishment.

DRAG, *n.*—A puff on a cigarette butt.

DRUM MAJOR, *n.*—A cadet detailed to wield the big stick, chosen because of his dashing style (Cf. Strong).

EQUIPMENT, *n.*—Ornamental Government property worn about the waist and shoulders.

FULL-DRESS COAT, *n.*—An instrument of torture devised by Headquarters and consisting of one chest, two tails and 99 brass buttons arranged in mobs.

GUARD MOUNTING, *n.*—Ceremony for the edification of the O. G. and humiliation of the drum major.

GUM-SHOE, *v. i.*—To sneak; to Sherlock. (See O. C.)

HOSPITAL, *n.*—(1) A home for the aged, indigent and infirm.  
(2) A dispensary of adhesive tape, pills, Hunyadi, pink-eye, measles and advice.

HOSPITAL LIEUTENANT, *n.*—An assistant doctor, chosen because of his professional appearance and slow movements. (Cf. Fulton.)

INSPECTION, *n.*—(1) Weekly agony on Mondays.  
(2) *Police I.*—Daily interruption by the highbrows.

MERIT, *n.*—The reward of good conduct. *Obsolete.*

MAKINGS, *n.*—Materials for producing a smoke, consisting of “Bull and papers.” (Such procedure is frowned upon by highbrows, but is practised by them in secret.)

MATRON, *n.*—A person of the other sex devoted to hopping bells, performing feats in the diet kitchen and taking temperatures.

MESS HALL, *n.*—(From the Scandinavian *mess*, to eat with the fingers, and hall, *a. s.*, to pull). A place wherein food is eaten and pulled with the fingers, *i. e.*, messed.

NIGHT WATCHMAN, *n.*—Chief assistant to the Officer of the Night. (cf.)

NUISANCE, *n.*—Reveille, school battalion drill, parade, guard mounting, *et al.*

O. C., *n.*—The Chief of Police and daily gum-shoer of the faculty.

O. G., *n.*—New cheese-knife artist (see G. O. 4, 1914), of the common or garden variety of corp, or higher.

ORDERLY (Commandant’s), *n.*—Chief flunkie; a Seeker of Persons.

OFFICER, CADET, *n.*—(See Cadet Officer).

PIECE, *n.*—A young gun, but somewhat more dignified than a son-of-a-gun.

PUNISHMENT, *n.*—The result of a collection of sticks, skins, etc. (See Delinquencies).

Q. M., *n.*—Official absentee at academic instruction. “Been in th’ Supply Room, sir!”

RAT, *n.*—A pampered pet of the authorities. Official lugger of edibles and contraband articles for the highbrows.

REGULATIONS, *n.*—The *n.* Commandants.

SEM, *n.*—Forbidden territory inhabited by fair dames.

SENTINEL, *n.*—(1) A night hawk.  
(2) A vigilance committee of one. He is “All Right.”

SERGEANT MAJOR, *n.*—(1) Keeper of the Roster.  
(2) A cadet afflicted with a desire to see other makes on guard. (Cf. Birdie.)

SICK CALL, *n.*—(1) A daily formation of the lame, the halt and the blind.  
(2) An excuse for skipping drill.

SKIP, *v. t.*—(1) To beat it.

- (2) To excuse oneself from a duty or formation.
- (3) To play hookey with the O. D.

STICK, *v. t.*—To write an essay on your best friend's faults and shortcomings.

*n.*—The above essay when written.

STRIPE, *n.*—(*See Chevron.*)—*Service S.*—A badge of mourning denoting years of faithful service or servitude.

SUB-DIV., *n.*—(1) A sub-division of barracks.

- (2) Sub-division inspector; nurse and head chambermaid for the occupants of 7 to 12 rooms.

SUCKER, *n.*—A mutt; a cadet; a thief.

TAR-BUCKET, *n.*—A full-dress hat; a shako; a peculiar head-dress worn by the highbrows.

WOODEN, *adj.*—Made of solid ivory, stupid.



EDITORS OF THE BULLETIN BOARD

Attention to Report of Deliriums Since Last  
Published caused by Mess Hall Coffee

CADET	OFFENSE
Matson	Present at Reveille
Moore, A.	Clothes pressed at all formations
LaMarche	Serving confinement when he had none
Nigh	Hair not cut at Taps inspection
Schambs	Cap on straight at retreat
Horner	In room at mid-night inspection
Low, B.	Military conduct at church
Bryant, Not talking while the Star-Spangled Banner was being played	
Camp	Unprepared in class
Mason	Present at formation
Snow	Wearing socks to reveille
Fulton	Trousers and coat at same
O'Reardon	Talking less than one hour at telephone
Smith, P.	Not Making eyes at girls
Aldrich, R.	Not reporting Anderson for smiling
Ballou	Coming to dancing class without his usual conceit
Bernard	Not visiting Seminary on Monday, 21st inst.
Jones, S.	Gross neglect of duty by not following M. B. S. line
Chilton	Not chewing tobacco at B. I.
Cantrill, Going on leave Sunday night without customary "two-bits"	
Eldridge	Late to formations
Kendall	Respect to Academic officer at mess
Aldrich, S.	Not waving towel to Stuart Hall
Scott, R.	Present at class
Comstock	Not bothering anybody for five minutes
Morrel	No perfumery on face
Clough	No rouge at reveille
Schambs	"Ishcibibble"

### The Farewell

Good-bye Boys!

I am leaving for home to-day,  
Leaving school with its joys,  
It's friendships that never wane.

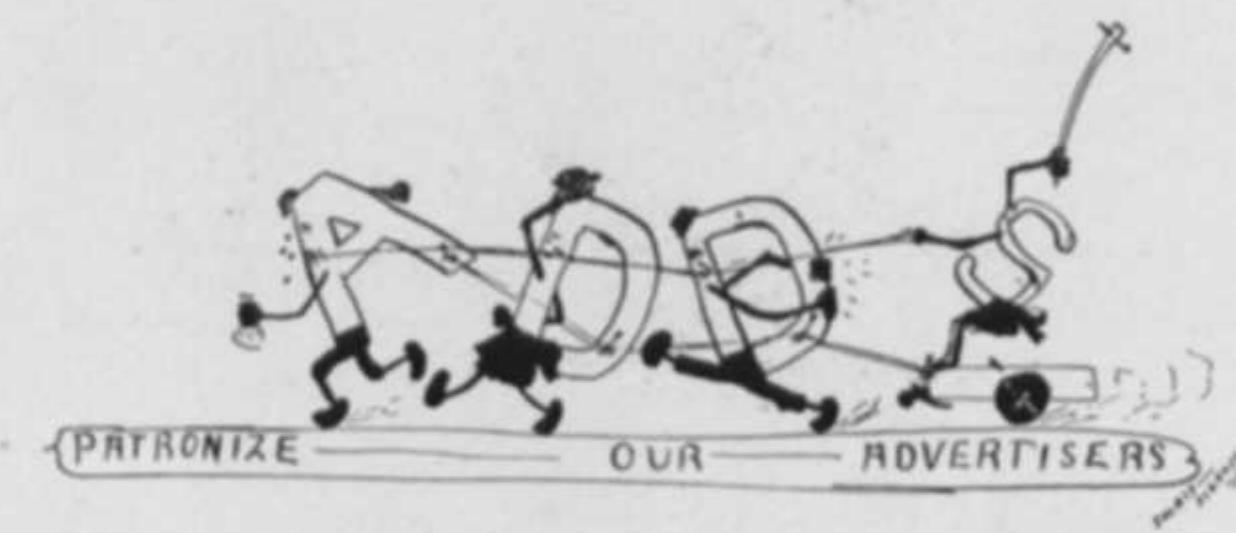
Then here's to our Alma Mater,  
With her drills and bugle calls,  
Long will I remember  
The days spent within her walls.

So farewell, though not forever,  
On this last, solemn day,  
Never can I forget her,  
Dear old S. M. A.

G. T. L.



The End



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