

Blue and Gold
1915



The
Blue and Gold

YEAR BOOK

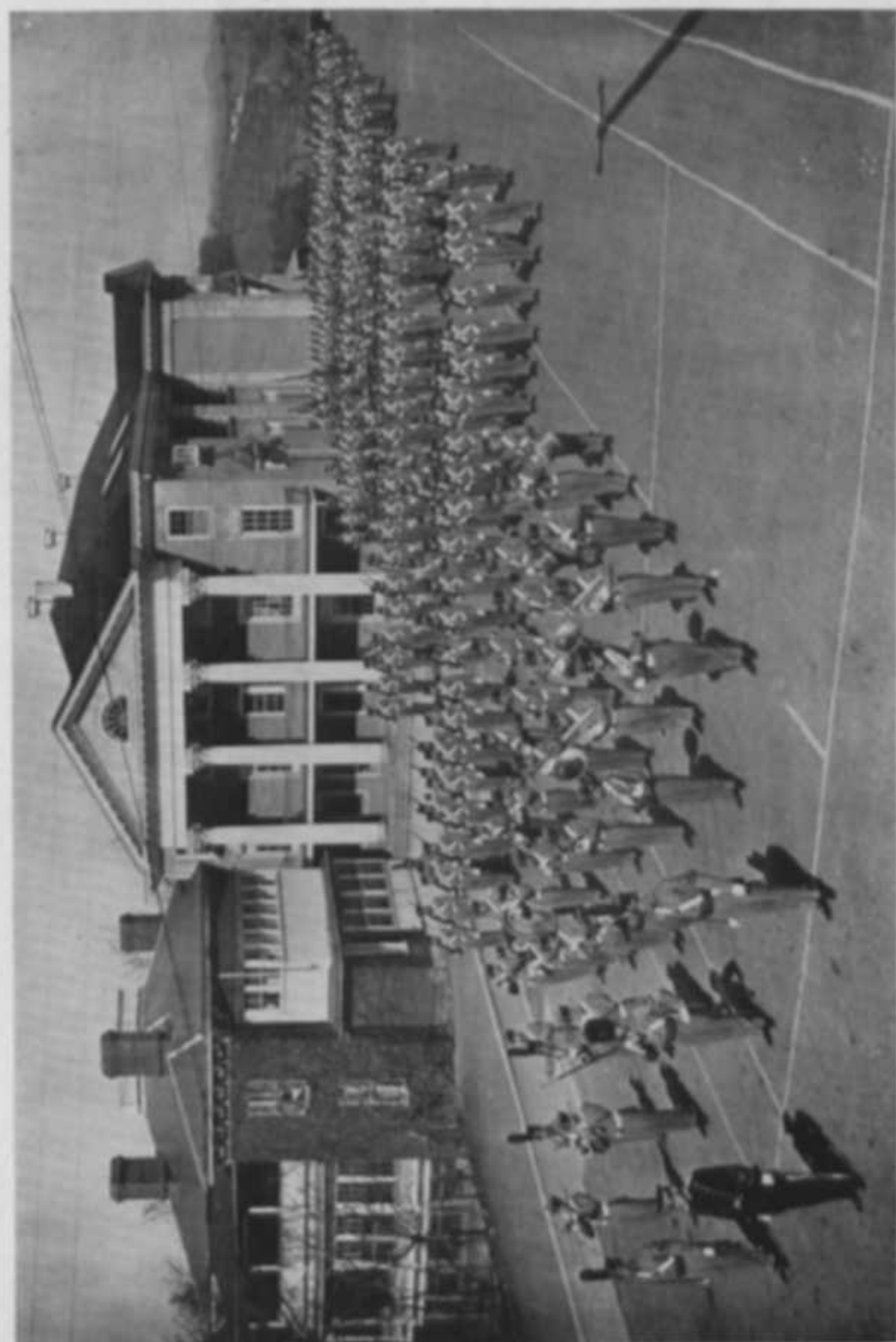
OF

Staunton Military Academy



1915

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA



BATTALION

Dedication

To the Merchants and Business Men of Staunton,
who by their financial aid in liberal advertis-
ing in this book make possible its publi-
cation, we gratefully dedicate this
the tenth volume of the
Blue and Gold

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Lillies of the Valley

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Maroon and Blue

MOTTO

"Something Different."

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Cadet Captain Coffin.....	Treasurer
Cadet Captain Clough	Prophet
Cadet Lieutenant Erken Brack.....	Historian
Cadet Lieutenant Rudisill.....	Poet

*"It was a saying of his (Aristotle) that education was
an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity."
—Diogenes Laertius.*

PAUL ANDERSON

CORPORAL—BATTALION QUARTERMASTER
SERGEANT

"Paul" migrated into this world in Jamestown, N. Y., September 10, 1898, and upon his arrival here "Jeff" accused him of throwing "bombs" in his class-room. Next year we wish him luck in his course at Boston Tech.



LUCIAN M. ARNSPARGER

"Speigel" first tumbled into Paris, Ky., February 3, 1896, and soon held the office of First Sergeant of the "Paris Recruits." He is a member of the Social Club and will most likely study law at Vanderbilt next year.

NEWTON ARPS

CORPORAL CO. E—BUGLE CORPS—CORPORAL

"Shrimp" first saw light in Norfolk, Va., April 23, 1898, and has since been trying to find out who cut up his cuffs in church. Will attend U. of Pa.



LESTER N. BARBEE

CLERK TO COMMANDANT (B. A.)

"Scott" came to Memphis, Tenn., September 16, 1895, after taking examinations for West Point. He is a member of the Social Club, and will go to Vanderbilt University next year.

ARTHUR W. BROWN

CORPORAL—SERGEANT—COMPANY QUARTERMASTER
SERGEANT

"Bud" came into existence in Chicago, Illinois, May 10, 1897, and for the past four years has been pestering "Tom" by hiding his chalk. Was a member of the scrub football team '13-'14, and a substitute '14-'15. He will brighten the lives of a few of the faculty at the University of Michigan next year.



H. WAY CLARK

(Delta Sigma Nu)

SERGEANT—COMPANY QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
—LIEUTENANT—LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT—
SENIOR CAPTAIN

"Lengthy" first became conscious in New Bern, N. C., March 6, 1893, and although he treats us well, the "Com-mish" have a little trouble to get him to bring their mail up in the afternoon. He has been Secretary and Treasurer of the Y. M. C. A., '12-'13; President, '13-'14; President, '14-'15; President of the Social Club, '14-'15; Chairman of the Charter Honor Committee; Chairman of the Honor Committee, '13-'14, '14-'15; Assistant Miscellaneous Editor of the BLUE AND GOLD, '13-'14; Business Manager, '14-'15; Associate Editor of the Y. M. C. A. Hand Book, '13-'14; Editor-in-Chief of the *Bulletin Board*, '13-'14, '14-'15. Officer in charge of the Mail; Officer in charge of the Allowances; President of the Senior Class; and was elected "Most Popular Man in School," '15. He expects to enter the field of business.

CHARLES E. CLOUGH

CORPORAL—FIRST SERGEANT—LIEUTENANT—
FOURTH CAPTAIN

"Pinkey" was born in Waverly, Ohio, December 23, 1897. The Commandant of the Wing is a member of the Honor Committee; Manager of the Basket-ball team; Chairman of the Floor Committee, Social Club; Prophe: of the Senior Class; Military Editor of the *Bulletin Board* and BLUE AND GOLD; and was elected the "Big-gest hit at M. B. S." Next year he will go to Cornell.



NEIL B. CONLEY

CORPORAL—SERGEANT

"Neil" was first heard from in Louisa, Ky., August 24, 1896, but occasionally since we hear of his name mixed with society news. He is a member of the Social Club, Academy Club, and Associate *Editor of the *Bulletin Board*. The University of Pennsylvania will be his hunt-ing grounds next year.



ROBERT C. COMSTOCK

(Chi Sigma Chi)

CORPORAL—LIEUTENANT (BAND)

"Bobby" succeeded in getting away with his birthday in Meriden, Conn., February 7, 1899, and has had to fight with the boys to retain it. He is a member of the Mandolin Club, Social Club, and Academy Club. He will go to the University of Pennsylvania.



HAROLD P. CONRAD

CORPORAL—SERGEANT—FIRST SERGEANT

"Tubby" started to learn the treacheries of life in Cleve-land, Ohio, July 16, 1898, and has learned since that time that the smaller the villain, the greater the crime. His future is undecided.



MARVIN C. CHRISMAN

CORPORAL—SERGEANT

"Marvin" was born April 7, 1898, in Owentown, Ky., and has had a great deal of trouble since his arrival here to keep a date with his fair one. His future is undecided.



RAFAEL DESHON

CORPORAL

"Nic" came unwillingly into this life in Leon, Nicara-gua, C. A., October 25, 1895, and has spent all of his time in the United States at S. M. A. He is a member of the Social Club. His future is undecided.



WILBUR C. ENSINGER

"Clint" boasts of Washington, D. C., as his birth place. Next year he will dig deeper into the profundity of knowledge.



KENNETH B. ERKENBRACK

CORPORAL—SERGEANT—COLOR SERGEANT—
LIEUTENANT

"Erk" was first noticed in Albany, N. Y., March 10, 1895, but since he has made an effort to break into society. He is a member of the Honor Committee, Academy Club, Football team, '14-'15, Basket-Ball team '14-'15, Historian of the Senior Class, and was elected "Most Modest Man in School." Next year he will follow engineering at Boston Tech.



HARRY D. FELTENSTEIN

"Harry" was born in St. Joseph, Mo. But what is worrying us is where that \$75 Victrola went at Christmas time. He is a member of the Social Club. He will take a course in Finance and Commerce at the University of Penn.



MAX FORE

"Max" started to bellow in Pittsburg, Texas, June 11, 1897, and has continued to do so ever since. His future is undecided.



JULIAN F. FISKE

"Fish" was born August 24, 1896, in Augusta, Ga. There is a rumor that he writes every day to a certain party in his own home town. His future is undecided.



WINNIETT P. HARMAN

"Winnie" was born in Staunton, Va., December 22, 1897, and that accounts for his wonderful abilities to "murph" the boys. He will take up Finance and Commerce at the University of Penn. next year.



ELBERT F. HAWLEY

CORPORAL—SERGEANT—FIRST SERGEANT

"Bert" came to life in Washington, D. C., June 16, 1895. He is a smart boy all right, for he sneaks letters into M. B. S., and he always gets caught. "Bert" is a member of the Social Club, and Exchange Editor of the *Bulletin Board*. He was elected "Most Polite Man in School," '15. He intends to go to Cornell.



PERCY B. HOWELL

CORPORAL—SERGEANT

"Phoebe" was born in Ethel, Ga., October 6, 1896. Sunday night is his time for rejoicing if he can sneak by the "Sem." He was a member of the scrub football team, '14-'15. He will likely go to the University of Florida.



RAYMOND S. JONES

CORPORAL

"Bones" was born in Owentown, Ky., January, 6, 1897. He is a "Trig" shark and a bright lad in general. We sincerely hope "Bones" makes good in his course of engineering at the University of Cincinnati.



ELMER D. HOOKE

"Ele" was born in Staunton, Va., August 4, 1893. He was a member of the football team, '14-'15, but owing to an accident, he was unable to continue with his abilities in the athletic line. His highest ambition is to go to the University of Pennsylvania.



NATHAN KATZ

CORPORAL (BAND)

"Ned" began blowing his old clarinet, April 5, 1898, in York, Pa. Somebody says he runs like an elephant on stilts, but we don't believe it. He will finish at the University of Pennsylvania.



HARRY H. LYNCH

CORPORAL—ORDNANCE SERGEANT—THIRD CAPTAIN

"Harry" began life in Los Angeles, Cal., April 24, 1896, and soon earned the name of "Light Horse Harry" for his reckless running on the cinders. He is a member of the Honor Committee, Social Club, Personal Editor of the *Bulletin Board*, and Chairman of Legation, Y. M. C. A. He is bound for the University of California.



JOHN H. LOTT

CORPORAL—SERGEANT—COMPANY QUARTERMASTER
SERGEANT—COLOR SERGEANT—FIRST SERGEANT

"John Henry" was born in Waycross, Georgia, February 23, 1897, and his ambition is to run for President, but if John takes our advice he will continue to run late squads. Next year he will study agriculture at Cornell.



WILLIAM T. LEWIS

(Delta Sigma Nu)

CORPORAL—SERGEANT—COLOR SERGEANT—SERGEANT MAJOR—LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT

"Bill" began his adventurous career in Greensburg, Ky., November 30, 1894, and just recently he narrowly escaped death when some vagrant shot at him. He is a member of the Honor Committee, '14-'15; Academy Club; Vice-President of the Social Club, '14-'15; Social Editor of the BLUE AND GOLD; Secretary of the Senior Class, and was elected the "Neatest Man in School." He will finish his education at the University of Pennsylvania.



WILLIAM P. MOORE

SERGEANT MAJOR—LIEUTENANT

"Willie P." began to break hearts in B(ad)'ham, Ala., April 9, 1897, and during his stay here has tried to stam-pede the "sems." He is a member of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Basket-ball team, '14-'15. The University of Alabama will furnish him with the rest of his knowledge.



WILLIAM A. McILWAINE

CORPORAL—SERGEANT (CO. E)

"Mac" began sweeping in Sumter, S. C., March 2, 1899, but has since forgotten his occupation as he is always absent when "Sweepers' Call" blows. He is a member of the Social Club; Mandolin Club; and will finish at the University of Virginia.



CHARLES H. MILLER

CORPORAL—SERGEANT

"Hen" was born in Allentown, Pa., May 3, 1896, and we are sorry to say that he will probably be a pawnbroker, for once he innocently confiscated a "rat's"? He expects to enter the Lehigh University to take Civil Engineering.



F. LEWIS PEYTON

"Lew" began star gazing in Dallas, Tex., March 14, 1896, and up to a late date he could be invariably found looking sadly out of his window and dreaming of—"well, we don't know what," but we have a good idea. He will take a course in Law at the University of Texas next year.



ELMER H. PETERS

CORPORAL—SERGEANT—COMPANY QUARTERMASTER
SERGEANT

"Jake" broke into the village of Bramwell, W. Va., October 20, 1897, and during his stay with us he has burglarized the hearts of several of our fair damsels. He is a member of the Academy Club, and will go to the University of Pennsylvania.



GUY D. RANDOLPH

CORPORAL—LIEUTENANT

"Guy" began fooling the public in Summersville, W. Va., April 1, 1898, but once one of our society "queens" put one over on him. He is a member of the Football team of '14-'15, Assistant Manager of the Baseball team, '14-'15. Next year we expect great things of him at the University of Pennsylvania.



JOHN A. ROUSE

"Shorty" first went to church in West Newton, Pa., December 13, 1896, and he started to go regularly when he came here, but owing to the enormous size of his Bible he was prevented. "Slim" was elected the "Tallest Man in School." He will go to West Point.



GEORGE RUDISILL

FIRST SERGEANT—LIEUTENANT (BAND)

"Rudy" awakened in York, Pa., February 12, 1898, but after a year down here, the boys quietly laid him away. He belongs to the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, and he expects to enter Yale next year.



CULBERTON S. SANFORD

"Cube" played his first game in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 19, 1897, and he got away with it for four years while he was here before he was caught up with. He will pursue civil engineering at Cornell next year.



BERYL C. SHEARER

LIEUTENANT

"Beryl," our all southern tackle, began wrestling in Wi-field, Iowa, March 11, 1896, and has been throwing the bull ever since. He is a member of the Honor Committee; Football Team, '14-'15; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Miscellaneous Editor of the *Bulletin Board* and BLUE AND GOLD; Vice-President of the Senior Class. Next year he will go to the University of Chicago.



FRANK H. SHELTON

"Tex" first began to talk in Winnsboro, Texas, June 26, 1898, and has continued to do so up to the present date. He will study Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania next year.



CLYDE D. SHEPHERD

CORPORAL—SERGEANT—FIRST SERGEANT—LIEUTENANT

"Shep" joined us poor mortals in Petersburg, Va., November 21, 1896. He takes great delight in hurdling fences when he is near the "sem" and he sees a faculty. "Shep" was a member of the football team '14-'15; Academy Club; and Business Manager of the *Bulletin Board*. Next year he will try his luck at the University of Virginia.



NATHAN H. SHERMER

CORPORAL

"Cupid" began cultivating his teeth in New York, September 6, 1897, and they proved their worth. "Nat" is a member of the Social Club and his future will be partly spent at the University of Michigan.



CHARLES M. TREDENNICK

Charles began business in Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 18, 1895, and he proved to us his ability in that line by disposing of his room at a profitable advantage. Next year he will go to Cornell to study Agriculture.



ROBERT S. TITUS

CORPORAL

"Joe" began arguing in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 20, 1896, and continued to do so until "Tom" informed him otherwise. He is a member of the Social Club, and hopes to enter Carnegie Tech. next year.



HEWITT WALKER

CORPORAL—SERGEANT (B. A.)

"Hew" was born in Eustis, Fla., January 24, 1897, and recently came into promise by joining the "Harrisonburg Rangers." He has been a member of the Baseball team. '13-'14, '14-'15; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Literary Editor of the *Bulletin Board*; Track Team, '14-'15. His future is undecided.



RALPH BURNETT CROSBY

"Skeeter" was born in Staunton, Va., November 20, 1895, and will likely continue his course at University of Pennsylvania.



Post Graduates

SWINTON D. ALDRICH

SERGEANT—FIRST SERGEANT—LIEUTENANT

"Duke" started to call signals in Honolulu, June 19, 1893. He has a bad habit of annoying his fellow cadets in church. His career here is marked by various pleasant remembrances such as: Member of the Swimming Team; Football Team, '13-'14, '14-'15; Social Club; Social Editor of the *Bulletin Board*; Athletic Editor of the *BLUE AND GOLD*; and was elected "Most Popular Rat," '13-'14. He will finish at the University of Pennsylvania.



GEORGE HUNTER

CORPORAL (B. A.)

"George" has seized several ribbons in track and two letters in baseball during his stay here. Next year Yale will honor his agreeable presence.



WESTON W. MORELL

CORPORAL—FIRST SERGEANT—LIEUTENANT—SECOND CAPTAIN

"Westy" guarded ever since December 23, 1893, and has continued to guard his pie supply since his enrollment here. He is a member of the Honor Committee, '14-'15; Charter Honor Committee; Treasurer of the Y. M. C. A.; Ass't Editor-in-Chief of the *Bulletin Board*; Literary Editor of the *BLUE AND GOLD*, '14-'15; Judge Advocate of the Court Martial; Guard on the Basket-ball team, '13-'14, and Captain of the Basket-ball team in '14-'15; Member of the Mandolin Club and was elected

"Most Military Man in School" in '15. We are sorry to lose him and wish him all kinds of success at college.



The Seniors' Creed

Wherever we may wander,
Though o'er lands and seas afar,
We'll be loyal, true defenders
Of who and what we are.

We are the pride and glory
Of dear old S. M. A.
Defend, may we her honor;
Be true to her alway.

She gave us something lasting—
Some friends we'll long to meet.
They, too, will soon be feeling
The parting, none too sweet.

And may we be successful—
May we be true and brave—
May we be ever mindful
Of our days at S. M. A.

We'll defend our class-mates' honor,
And the honor of our school,
And some day we'll be happy
For having kept this rule.

We may not know what the future
May have for us to pay,
But we will preserve the honor
Of the Class of '15—S. M. A.

—From the *Poet and the Peasant*.

Prophecy of the Class of 1915



ONE afternoon in the year 1940, as I sat at my desk looking over some valuable documents, I missed one of them, and after a thought, I remembered that it had been placed in an old trunk in the corner of the attic. I immediately went to look for it, and in searching the trunk I came across old letters, magazines, newspaper clippings, school papers and various other things. I was highly elated as I picked up my old 1915 BLUE AND GOLD and eagerly glanced over it seeing the faces of my old class mates, this brought me back to my dear old days in S. M. A. I was glad that I had kept in touch with a number of them. In my excitement I forgot all about the missing document, and carried a number of the articles that I had found, down to my study. The first newspaper clipping that came to my notice told of the discoveries of our foremost chemists of the day, Arps, Deshon, Ensinger and Katz; one of their latest achievements was a new and far simpler method of producing radium. The next thing that caught my eye was a letter that Shearer had written me just before he won the middle weight champion wrestling belt of the world. Next big head-lines stared me in the face as I unfolded another clipping, telling of the grand opening of a large theatre in New York, proving that Clark had made a success in the management of theatres. I glanced over some letters and a familiar hand writing came to view, it was from "Light Horse Harry Lynch," telling me of his visit in Berlin while demonstrating his wonderful invention, an armored aeroplane. He also told me of seeing Morrell, Aldrich and Conrad, German officers, at a military maneuver on the parade ground just outside of Berlin. As I looked over another clipping, I noticed an advertisement of a beauty parlor under the management of Moore and Barbee; below this was an account of an evangelistic campaign, which was being waged through the united efforts of Reverend J. H. Lott and Rev. Peyton, D. D., and on the other side of the clipping as I glanced down the loan column, much to my amusement I saw the firm of Feltenstien & Shermer. Next I find a summons from Judge Wahle to attend the great trial of State vs. the two clever swindlers, Walker and ErkenBrack, who had swindled Paul N. Anderson, the Sweedish Prince, out of his millions. The prosecuting attorney being

Jones and the law firm of Peters and Randolph defending the criminals; as I glanced over the society columns I saw an account of a grand reception which had been given at one of the country homes of C. E. Clough, the Social Lion of the day. I next picked up a *Police Gazette*, showing photographs of Comstock and his dancing partner doing their latest steps; further on were some photos showing the prize-fighters of prominence "Kid" Sanford, "Knock-Out" Brown and "Gun Boat" Christman in their characteristic poses; then I noticed the announcement of the initial performance of Crosby's latest theatrical production "Slaughtered for Love," in which Howell appeared in the leading role, and Rouse, Arnsparger, Lore and Fisk being members of the chorus. As I glanced over the desk I noticed a letter, it was from no other than our love-sick Conley telling me of his matrimonial difficulties and how he finally succeeded in winning a rich widow and at last was contented in his new life. At my elbow I noticed a *Country Gentleman* and as I looked over it I noticed an article on "Tobacco Raising," written by the tobacco king, Shepherd, and on another page were photographs of Miller's stock farm. As I looked through the *Cornell Era* I noticed a clever article written by McIlwaine on the "Whatness of Ain't", showing that he had certainly made a mark in the literary world; in the athletic section I noticed that they were very well pleased with their new coach Hooke; also a mention of the work in South America of Hawley, one of their former graduates of the engineering department. I picked up a *Medical Journal* and read a ninteresting story on the "Theory of Evolution" by two medical authorities, Dr. Frederick and Dr. Williams, M. D. In a *Motor Age* was an account of the "Dare-Devil" Lewis in his thrilling 500-mile race at Indianapolis and how Rudi-sill, his mechanic, hung on the side of the car holding a broken pipe from the gasoline for the last 100 miles. What? Yes. Last but not least was a letter from Harman which he had written me, telling of his success at the last Olympics. After meditating over what I had read, I thought of what each man was doing and wondered if we all would ever meet again at a Grand Reunion at S. M. A. I carefully folded each clipping, and gathered the other articles that were on my desk, and took them back to the old trunk in the attic and stored them away to be read some oher day.

CHARLES E. CLOUGH.



Department of Tactics

Lieutenant Colonel Lewis D. Greene, (Captain, U. S. A.)...Senior Tactical Officer
 Lieutenant Colonel Ted G. Russell.....Commandant of Cadets
 Major Henry G. AckerAssistant Commandant of Cadets

TACTICAL OFFICERS

Captain S. Stewart Pitcher
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 Lieutenant Gibbes Lykes



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W. T. Lewis



Miss Page Hughes
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Orange and Black

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Quartermaster Sergeant	Anderson
Ordnance Sergeant	Laws
Sergeant-Major	Blizzard
Hospital Sergeant	Canova
Hospital Corporal	Mattox



BATTALION

Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of the Line and Band

CO. A	CO. B	CO. C	CO. E	CO. D	EAND
Clark, H.	Morrell	Lynch	Clough	Coffin	
Shepherd, C Emde	Johnson, G. W. Randolph	ErkenBrack Low	Shearer Moore, W.	Peterson, S Aldrich	Comstock Rudisill
Johnson, F. W.	Lott	Hooker	Centzd	Hayley	Andrews, C
Peters	Ranshaw	Nirdlinger		Corbett	
Lomo, A. (trumpeter) Chrisman Conley Miller, H.	Douglas O'Connor	Gundry Howell, P.	(Junior) McIlwaine Smith, G. Barnes, W.	Brown A.	Giles
Abel Murray Cornwall Smith, C. De Shon	Matthew Latimer Hancock Dillow Hewitt, G.	Shepherd, H. Arps Rambo McMullen Shermer	(Junior) Alexander, A. Bryson Rumberger Lazenby	Penn Long Wahle	Hubbard Armentrout
				Barnes, R. Titus Jones, R. Stranburg Houston	Lantz Moulden McNutt Katz Frazier



COMPANY A

Company A



SPONSOR
Miss Hilda Crawford



CAPTAIN
H. Way Clark

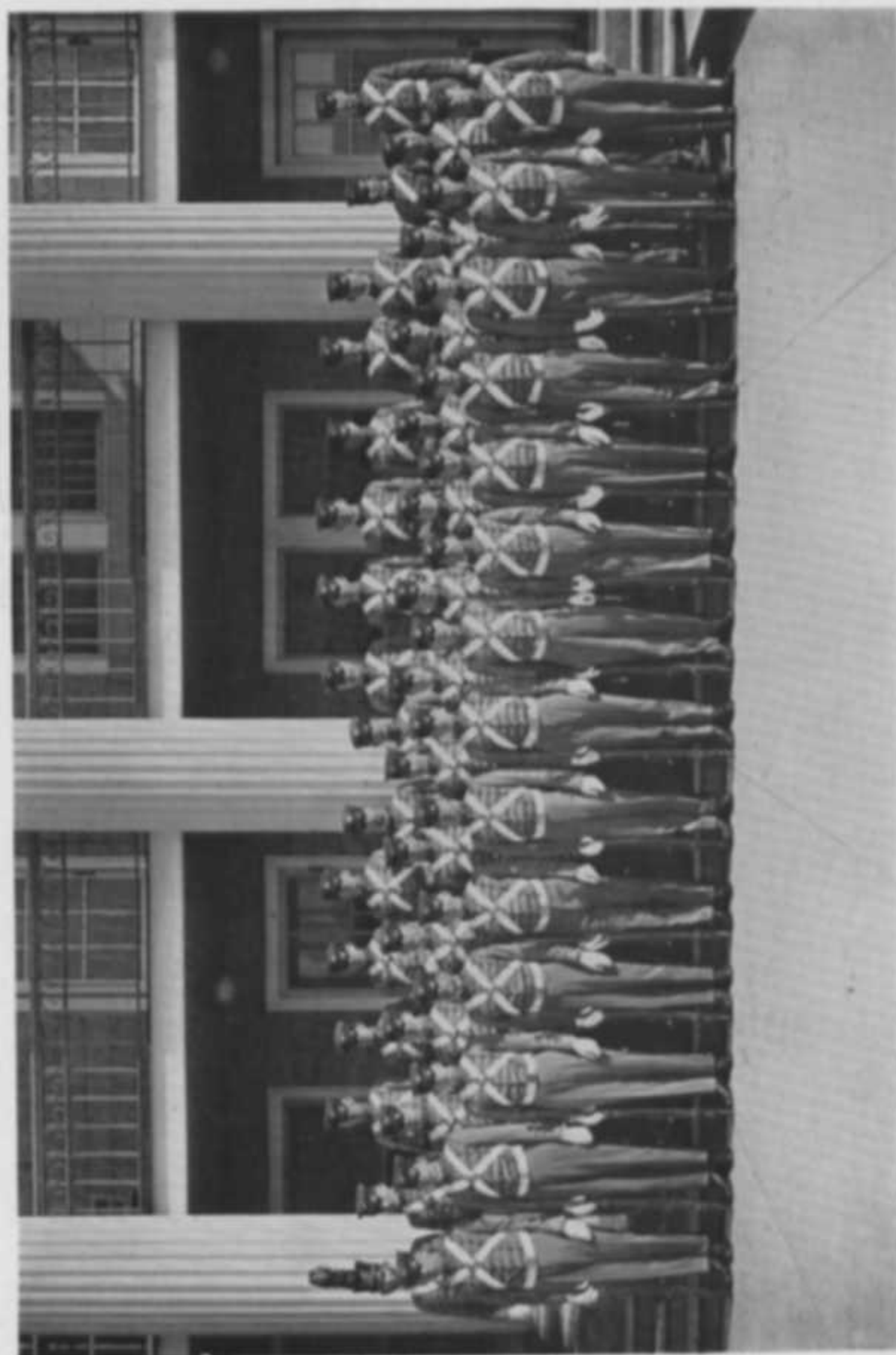
FLOWER
Red Carnations

COLORS
Red and Green

Major Henry G. Acker Tactical Officer
Shepherd, C. and Emde..... Lieutenants
Johnson, F. W. First Sergeant
Peters Co. Quartermaster Sergeant
Chrisman, Conley, and Miller, H. Sergeants
Abel, Murray, Cornwall, Smith, C., and Deshon..... Corporals
Lomo, A..... (Sergeant and ch. trmph)..... Trumpeter

PRIVATES

Barbee	Copeland	Moore, A.	Shelton
Baird, E.	Curtiss	McCarthy	Trueleben
Battle, J.	Dewart	McLemore	Villa
Breece	Garcia	Fore	Watson, W.
Buckley	Hunter, G.	Oliver, P.	Weatherly
Bolton	Johnson, N.	Peterson, A.	Wertenbaker
Wright	Herman, A.	Rouse, P.	Wilson, C.
Costello	Hewitt, C.	Sanford	Wingate
	Lockhart, A.	Saunders, M.	



COMPANY B

Company B



SPONSOR
Miss Ida May Diggs



CAPTAIN
Morrell

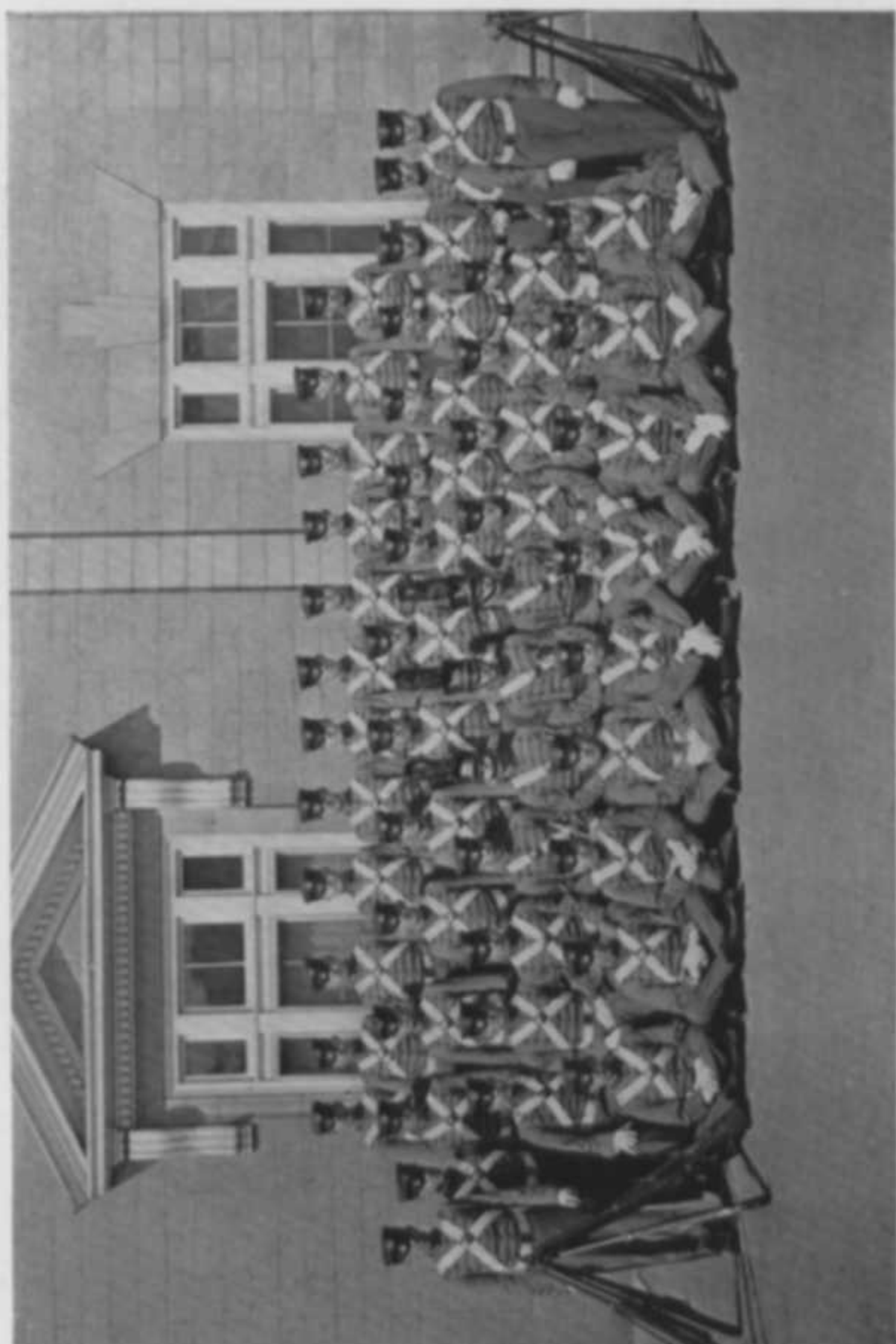
COLORS
Red and Blue

FLOWER
White Sweet Pea

Capt. Pitcher	Tactical Officer
Johnson, G. W.; Randolph	Lieutenants
Lott, J.	1st Sergeant
Corbett	Color Sergeant
Ranshaw	Quartermaster Sergeant
Douglas; O'Connor	Sergeants
Matthew; Latimer; Hancock; Dillow; Hewitt, G.	Corporals
Lomo, J.	Musician

PRIVATES

Adams	Eaton	Leith	Robb
Arnsperger	Hirsh	Mahorney	Rouse, J.
Blair	Howell, L.	Moran	Smith, R.
Boughton	Hughes, E.	Moses	Waltz
Bracy	Hughes, P.	McDowell	Warford
Carr	Hubinger	Nathason	Williamson
Cory	Hynsson	Peyton	Windham
Desire	Kneeland	Randall	Worthington
Dye			



COMPANY C

Company C



SPONSOR
Miss Carrolaine Sublette



CAPTAIN
Lynch

COLORS
Green and White

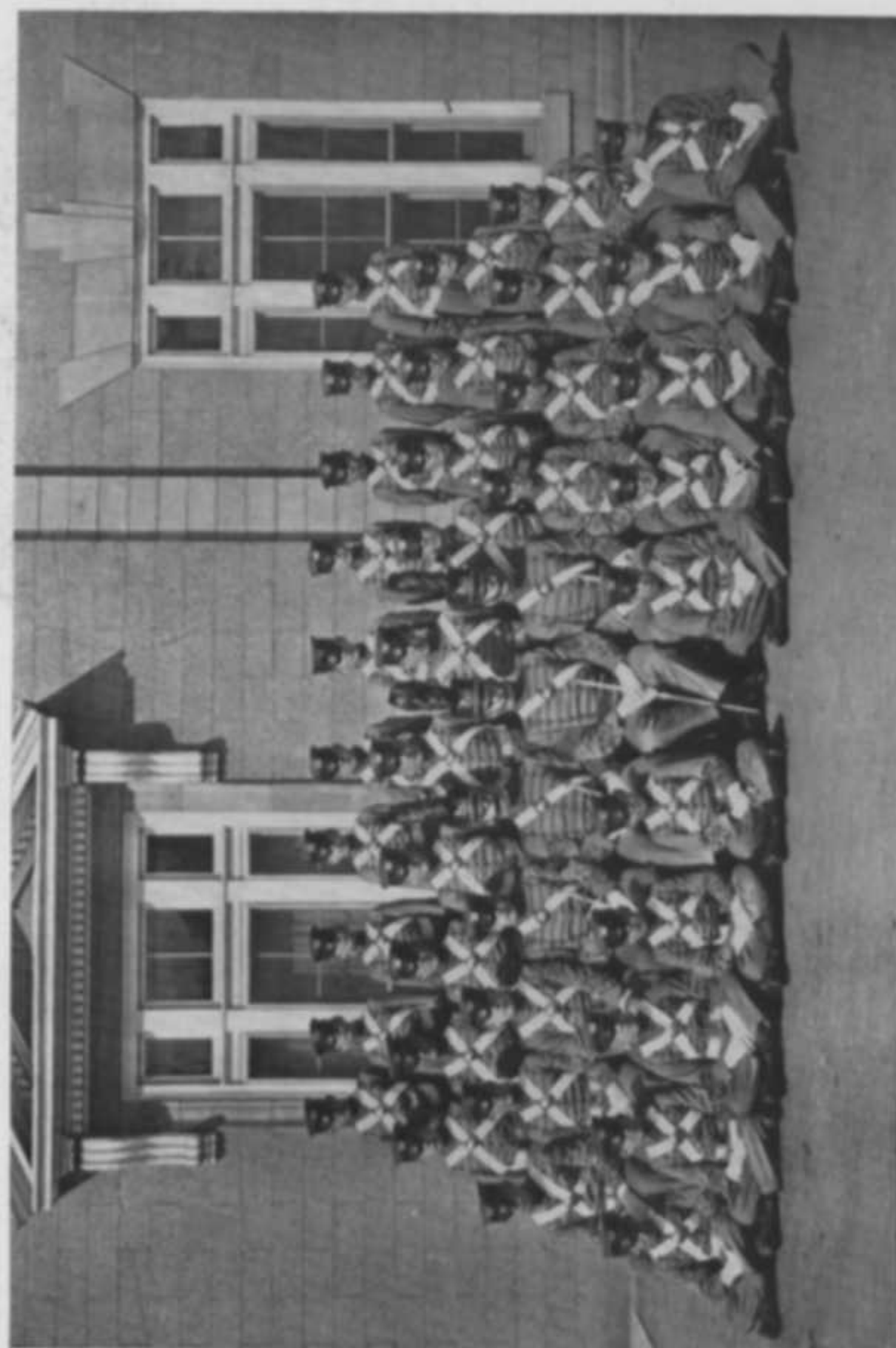
Killarney Rose

FLOWER

Lieutenant Gibson	Tactical Officer
Erken Brack; Low, B.	Lieutenants
Hooker	First Sergeant
Driskell	Q. M. Sergeant
Nirdlinger	Color Sergeant
Gundry; Howell, P.	Sergeants
Shepherd, H.; Arps; Rambo; McMullen; Shermer	Corporals
Collier	Musician

PRIVATEES

Alexander, C.	Gregg	Milligan	Simmons
Battle, T.	Handy	Moore, B.	Easby-Smith
Brient	Hoar	Muthig	Smith, W.
Carter, W.	Homan	Reeves	Starr
Crampton	Hayward	Rosch	Treavarthen
Davis	Howard	Reifsnider	Tredennick
Fiske	Hughes, J.	Sage	Wedum
Fullerton	Kilgour	Sanderson	Walker H.
Gates	Lee		



COMPANY E

Company E



CAPTAIN
Clough



SPONSOR
Miss Catharine Holt

FLOWER
Lily of the Valley

COLORS
Royal Purple and Silver Grey

Shearer; Moore, W. Lieutenants
Conrad 1st Sergeant
James Q. M. Sergeant
McIllwaine; Smith, G.; Barnes, W. Sergeants
Alexander, A.; Bryson; Rumberger; Lazenby Corporals

PRIVATES

Bishop
Bloomberg
Bromley, T.
Bromley, W.
Chandler
Cooper
Crosland
Feasel
Grigsby
Hall, H.

Harriman
Herman, L.
Hood
Ingalls
Jackson, D.
Jackson, F.
Johnson, F. R.
Jones, L.
Kingsley

Le Vine
Lockhart, R.
McClure
Miller, R.
Newell, P.
Newell, R.
Quene
Rabey
Roddy

Rogers, F.
Stone
Turner, H.
Turner, T.
Trowbridge
Van Benschoten
Walsdorf
Weeks
Williams, N.



BAND

Band



SPONSOR
Miss Emma Denués



LIEUTENANT IN CHARGE
Rudisill

FLOWER
Yellow Rose

COLOR
Maroon and Black

Rudisill	Lieutenant in Charge
Comstock	Principal Musician
Andrews, C.	1st Sergeant
Giles	Q. M. Sergeant and Drum Major
Hubbard; Armentrout	Sergeants
Lantz; Moulden; McNutt; Katz; Frazier	Corporals

PRIVATES

Allen	Colegrove	Marrone
Bettcher	Darby	Mosser
Baird, D.	Gaudet	Muir
Bindley	Hudson	Whelpley
Boothman	Lane	Wertebaker
Carter, R.	Prather	



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Literary Department



Who's First



WITH a long sigh, the hot breeze swept over the grassy plain. As if expressing the thoughts of the rider, who drew near from the distant horizon, the sun was setting over the foot-hills. How true, thought the man on the horse, is the day to the tales of our lives.

"Why I can remember—" he said, in a half audible voice, "I can remember how bright everything once looked ter me. Just as ther sun, when it lights up ther sky in this mornin'."

With a start he roused himself from his reverie. His mustang stood with ears alert, as if he too were interested in his master's tale.

"Giddap! Yer lazy bag of er devil's hide an' bones. Me life's little game don't consarn you any more 'en where yer er ter take me, yer imp of Satin!" The pony once more began to plod along the winding path; which perhaps some buffalo had first made a century past. The cow-puncher was not concerned with the how, when and wherefore, went back to his dreaming.

"Now Jimmie," he says ter me, 'play yer game square, an' keep an open 'and.—But how could er feller help it. I played open. I ain't ever done nothin' wrong, but I had er good reason ter back it up.

"I have done m' duty, an' I ain't ashamed ter 'fess up. I've been er man, yer know that Jock," he said, patting his horse's neck. "What if er feller does get drunk; what if er feller does take er 'and at cards. Ther' ain't nothin' wrong with that. I ain't ever cheated. I ain't ever 'armed any man no way; except myself, an' I guess me an' ther devil will foot our bill together, when ther roll of the goats is called.

"I've been er goat since m' old dad died. I killed that guy 'cause it 'as right; and nobody ever said it wasn't. But money talks, an' it's kept Jim Riley hot futten' it ever since. They law ain't no easy thing ter play with no way. It al'ays seems er sheriff comes sticken' his nos' in ther pie, just when he ain't wanted 'round in that vercinity.

"But this Sky Pilot don't promise no forgiveness ter er feller who don't stop havin' 'is little fun. As fer me; I don't see an' 'arm done, as long as I look after m'self; an' I'm ther only one who gets ther small end of the game, when it don't roll 'round m' way.

"But er feller never can tell. These newspapers will soon want us ter wear tin wings, ter show we'er candidates fer heaven. But just because we'er candidates ain't no sign our wings er goin' ter take us there. An' just because I carry a Bible in m' hip pocket ain't no sign I'm er preacher. When er dyin' man gives yer somethin' ter take care of, why it's yer duty ter keep it.

"It says: 'Ther last shall be first, an' ther first shall be last.' I've been er waitin' on that prophecy er pretty long time now. It seems ter me, if that sayin' is goin' ter hol' good on this earth, it's just about time fer some han's ter be dealt in m' favor. I ain't had er batch of good luck in all m' life. I ain't never been nothin' but er pig tail no way. I ain't disputin' the Bible's word, but it does seem that ther first fer me is er long time comin' at ther end.

"I've come ter this country, an' I love it. It has brought me up; it has taught me ter live. I ain't much of er man no way. But most of what is in me, this 'ere country has made. My dad never had er chance to 'elp me make good, an' it's been up ter Jim ter shift for his own rashions. It's er pity ther people in ther cities can't let this 'ere country live. They want ter kill; they ain't satisfied with enjoyin' it's wild beauty. This is God's own country, but pretty soon he ain't goin' ter have much or er' an' in it's winnin'. They city fellers want money; an' them railroads they run in 'ere soon ought ter carry it all out. They ain't satisfied even then. They want ter kill ther wild things ther Creator put 'ere ter live. They don't do no 'arm. Why don't ther city guys come an' shoot rattlers, it's just because they 'er 'fraid of a bite. They want ter shoot somethin' that can't perfect itself. It ain't goin' ter be long, before none of us er left to enjoy what the Creator put us 'ere too."

The pony came to a standstill. The form of him and his master were a silhouette against the crimson sky. They had come up the narrow trail from the plain to the crest of one of the surrounding hills of the canyon. A little ways down on a far projecting ridge into the gulch, burnt a fire. It was there the pony bent his steps.

At the camp-fire preparing an evening meal sat an aged Indian. He was one of those few who still wander over his lost country; whose heart was still in Nature. Old, yet still supple of limb. His long gray hair fluttered occasionally, fanned by a breeze, which seemed to whisper the language of the wild.

He stood alert, for he had heard the approach of the stranger, and his horse. The cowman hailed him and then approached. As his form came into the firelight glow, the Indian's bright eyes scanned him closely. He was tall of stature, thin and rawboned. His face was oval, a high forehead, dark eyes and lashes, a mouth of sensitiveness, and a jaw of determination. Tanned by every season's wind, the hue of his skin was almost as dark as that of the Indian's. His hair was flecked with gray, for he was now in the declining years of his life.

"Hello Ingin, can a feller an' 'is 'orse share yer fire with yer?" spoke the man, after each had carefully surveyed the other.

"Yah," said the Indian, and sat down to finish the preparation of his meal. The cowpuncher unsaddled his mount and staked him not far away. Then returning to the fire, he also prepared to make his meal.

"What's yer name, Ingin an' what's yer occupation? I ain't nothin' but some left-over remnants ov 'er cowpuncher. An' m' chief occupation is ter keep er livin' and shy of the sheriffs."

"Yah—me know yo', yo' Long Jim—yo' come from Death Hole Devil's Home Town."

"Well—of—all ther d—— animules left in this 'ere creation. Jumpin' jackasses and little weezers, how in tarnation do yer happen ter know ole Jim, from ther next pie eater, huh?"

"Yah—me have all this, my country to live in; me travel lots," spoke the Indian, waving his arm around him. "The Great Spirit, He give my father's father this country. He say this country is His an' He want His children to live here. He teach me to love it all; the buffalo, the wolf, the bird, by brothers. He talk to me in the wind—His voice. He look over me in the stars—His eyes. They ever kind—they know I love my country."

"Once there was no white man here. My father's family knew no home but this. It was enough. The Great Spirit, He give it to us an' we loved this land. The buffalo lived out yonder on the plain; the wolf up yonder on the mountains. Each knew his country and he loved it."

"But the white man come. He kill the buffalo, he kill to see them die. My brother the wolf, he kill also. Then he kill my people! He say we must do as he say; he say we must not do anything but work for him."

"Did not the Great Spirit give us this country? What right has

the white man to take it from us. But we let him come, we trusted him. When he come he bring men with guns, he say for us to 'clean out.' We fight, we love our country. His men kill my father,—my mother,—all my people!—Only I am left.

"But still I love the land which the Great Spirit give me; an' so I live here. Soon I will go to the Happy Hunting Ground where I will meet my people."

"The Great Spirit—He love me; His voice in the wind tell me. The white man like to kill, the Great Spirit not love him. Only I of my people are left to love my country."

The cowpuncher sat still. Here, too, was one who loved God's country. Here was a man who had never had his good part of life. Perhaps the Indian was right. Perhaps the Creator had the first part waiting when a fellow died.

"Ingin, did yer ever head ther Bible read? If yer haven't it won't make no difference with yer anyway. Yer have got ther right pointer. Ther Bible says: 'Ther last shall be first.' Perhaps me an' you won't al'ays be at ther end of ther line. Perhaps me an' you won't be invited to participate in the Devil's ball no way."

"It's a rough ole trail that leads over mountain, ter where yer can see ther sun. But Ingin, it's ther hard work of climbin' up, that makes us see the real things on the other side. A feller who runs 'is 'orse up a mountain, so he can get down on the other side faster, ain't half so wise as the feller who walks 'is 'orse up. 'Cause the guy who runs 'is 'orse, ain't goin' ter have one long enough to reach ther top. But ther other guy will have 'is 'orse to come down the ther side on. An' it's a bet of two ter one, that ther feller with the 'orse is ther one who will get down on ther other side first, even if he was ther last one gettin' up."

The moon peeped over the crest of the hills. The stars looked down on the two men in God's country. An owl called to her mate. All was still except for the wind,—the voice of Him in the wilderness.

Under the starlit night two men lay in their blankets. The Indian and the white had both learned the lesson of life. There is a God, and that of His is not to be mutilated. The fellow who plays the clean game. The fellow who keeps an open hand, isn't going to be the fellow put in the pen, when the Sheriff makes His raid.

There is a last to it all. The man with the tin wings is not very likely to get to heaven. But the fellow who spends his time making a bag and filling it with gas, although not half so pretty as the tin, has a much better chance of getting there. The fellow who runs his horse the hardest and makes the best showing in the beginning, is most likely to be the one who will walk in at the end.

"The Bible says," muttered Jim Riley, rolling over in his blanket, "'Ther last shall be first.' Maybe after all, I ain't goin' ter have ther Devil's wife as a partner at ther farewell ball."

F. L. PEYTON, JR.

The Deed



It was a beautiful afternoon. Only a few clouds were seen in the blue sky and the bright sun was slowly sinking in the west. It was unusually quiet along Main Street and the silence was only broken by a lonesome Ford as it wheezingly climbed up the slight incline, or now and then by a street car with its usual amount of human freight (one and sometimes two passengers) which went screeching past as if bewailing its sad fate (to traverse the thoroughfare of Staunton.) The Police Force walked slowly up and down his accustomed post between Hogshead's and Woodward's, stopping occasionally to mop his brow with his red bandanna handkerchief and to bestow a caressing pat to his gleaming badge which shone forth conspicuously from its place on his breast. Here and there a weary pedestrian could be seen, making his way along the sidewalk. Nothing seemed to be lacking on this sultry summer afternoon in order to pronounce Staunton virtually asleep, as if under the enchantment of some genii like in olden times.

Suddenly three figures in gray uniform could be noticed creeping stealthily along the street as if to avoid detection. They appeared to be in earnest conversation and were making some very mysterious signals, pausing quite frequently in order to gaze backward in the direction from which they had come to ascertain if they were being pursued. One of these three uniformed figures held a piece of folded paper tightly in his right hand while he used the left as a shade against the strong sunlight as he gazed further up the street. Quickly making a motion to his companions, they all three dodged into an alley-way, out of sight of curious eyes and began to talk in an undertone.

"It's about time they were due, don't you think?" the one with the paper asked his friends.

"I don't think they have had enough time yet" answered one, "they have only been gone about twenty minutes."

"I hope we pull this off O. K., because if we are caught—you know what that will mean." and the third member of the trio shook his head significantly as he spoke.

Who were these three desperate criminals who evidently plotted destruction to some one? Were they in the employ of some foreign power as their uniforms might imply? Or were they ordinary thugs, using this appropriate time for the carrying out of their nefarious designs? Where was the brave and efficient Police Force of Staunton, while these strange characters might be plotting the destruction of the entire town?

Once more the one with the paper stepped out from his place of concealment and eagerly scanned the deserted street. His vigilance was rewarded this time for he gave an exclamation of satisfaction and whispered a word to his companions in an excited tone.

"Here they come, fellows, and luck is with us for there is no one in sight. Get ready now while I do the deed."

The three crouched in the shadow of the alley-way and presently there was heard the rustling of skirts and the sound of girls' voices. Several girls passed by unsuspectingly but suddenly as a pretty, well-dressed girl went by, the fellow with the paper jumped out, thrust it hastily in her hand and fell back with a sigh of relief as he said to his brother cadets: "Thank goodness it is over."

It was merely several S. M. A. boys, trying to get a note into the M. B. S. line.

When the Gray Men Came



HE pert tinkle of the telephone bell aroused the girl who had been gazing at something away outside the window. She straightened up on her high stool, twirled a long tube or two, and listened.

"No, Monsieur, I receive no word. I ring and ring, but nobody speaks. There is no hum. I think the wires are cut." * * * "No, the men are all gone, except old Margene." * * * "Every half hour? Yes, Monsieur, I will answer. I think they come."

Then she resumed her watching. From her position, beside the window, she could look far out, through the quiet old street of Sacaret, with its little white-washed buildings, over the yellow corn fields quivering, in the late summer heat, to the hills, green and velvety with vineyards.

Except for the occasional, peevish bark of a villager's dog, there was no distinct sound, but, always, she could hear that queer, rolling grumble, which suggested an approaching thunderstorm. Sometimes, it would sink into a dull thud, that shook the little telephone office, and made the long gun rattle and quiver on the table. But, the girl's gaze never wavered from the line of hills. She only leaned a little further forward and intense black eyes, peering out from under a mop of untidy, black hair gleamed with excitement.

As she watched, the scrubby pine trees, on the horizon became indistinct before a heavy mass of smoke. (Or was it clouds? She did not know.) The bell rang, she answered, and then watched again.

And while she watched, and answered, the black cloud slowly crept over Sacaret until the village was as in twilight. Above, the ever-increasing rumble, she could hear vicious, roaring thuds, that made even the little bells in the telephone quiver and tremble. (Yes, * * * they are coming, but perhaps it was the little trees she saw.) She leaned forward. (Ah, they moved * * * .

It took but an instant to connect with Monsieur—

"Our men retreat!" * * * "Do you hear? They come! Send help!" * * * "Yes, yes, I will stay and answer you."

The thuds grew louder, sharper, then figures of men, of horsemen, of

horses with bulky, black things swaying behind them slowly appeared on the horizon, halted a mere instant, and then dashed madly down the slope. Bright things flickered and flashed, riders dashed here and there, stopping a moment at this group and then plunging ahead. (Ah, * * * they were going to make a stand.) Fewer and fewer came down the hill, and then none. The black, restless mass, half way down the slope, swiftly turned up long heaps of earth. A rider appeared on the brink of the hill. He was met by another, and they rode down together.

The clouds cleared away and all grew still. But the dark things lying there on the slope, with leveled guns thrust through vine shelters, waited * * * and the little bell rang again. "Yes, yes, Monsieur, they come. Our men are hidden behind dirt heaps and vines not a mile away, and they wait."

And so she watched and the men watched.

Once, just for an instant, a woman peered out from a half open shutter, and then with a sharp, frightened slam, she closed it. A few minutes later, old Margene, bent and twisted, shambled out of the door. He carried a monstrous old gun over his shoulder. Margene leaned heavily on his cane, as he plodded the scant half mile that lay between the village and the first corn field. There he settled down beside a small bush, tenderly polished his gun and waited * * * the last man of Sacaret. And then the little bell rang again.

"No, Monsieur, they do not come. You call again."

But, as she turned, a long row of gray horsemen, spears and sabers twinkling, appeared just on the edge of the hill. They stood there a moment, a perfect target, then wavered, broke, and fell as hundreds of tiny, white puffs rose above the hidden men. Then, another line came, another, still another, and with them came huge black things that belched smoke and destruction. The men, on the slope, fell back through flaming corn fields, until they came to old Margene, who knelt patiently waiting, gun leveled, to pay his old time score. But, still the gray men came on. And then the little bell rang again.

"Monsieur! Monsieur! they have come! Our men fall, fall." * * "Oh * * * yes, we kill them, but they come and come. I think they are millions."

The shrill, excited voices of women and children, as they scurried by, stopped here. Each woman trundled a wheel barrow piled high with bundles and food. Some had a gurgling baby tucked in between the bundles; and running ahead were the children, clutching to each thumping heart a doll, a kitten or a struggling duck. The pale women begged the girl to come, but no * * * she would stay and answer Monsieur. So they left her.

Slowly the men fell back until they were in the village itself. The war grew intense, her ears rang from it. (Would it never stop?)

There was a sharp splintering sound as something, strange and black, fell beside the girl. (What was it? It looked harmless. She did not care.) So she looked on the street again. The room shook, and down the street, Margene's house rose up, burst and fell, a mass of tangled boards.

The girl looked at Margene's house, she looked at the black thing * * and the little bell rang again.

"Monsieur! * * * a bomb has fallen! It is in this room! It is here beside me!"

She snatched off the receivers, slid from the stool, and stood, fascinated, stunned, terrified. (What could she do? Go outside, where men were stumbling by, kneeling to fire, and then racing on again? Ah * * * no! Maybe it wouldn't go off.) She stepped toward the thing, bent down, reached out her hand * * * and then with a little choking gasp jumped away * * * And the little bell kept ringing and ringing.

Suddenly she snatched up the long gun her soldier brother had left and scurried across the room. With a last, hasty glance over her shoulder, the girl pushed the door open, and was racing down a narrow, dark hall when the four walls, flaming red, closed in upon her with an angry, slamming crash. She pushed at them, swayed * * * and plunged forward into darkness.

But the gray men went on and on towards Monsieur, and his waiting men, until Sacaret lay in silence and in darkness, a ragged little wood pile with here and there a chimney, battle-scarred and torn, rising valiantly from the ruins.

—M.



Thanksgiving Hop

The Mess Hall at S. M. A. was the brilliant scene Thursday night of the second dance given by the school Social Club—the annual Thanksgiving Hop. The Hall was most attractively decorated with pennants and crepe paper, red and orange being the color scheme carried out. The light were wrapped with orange paper, shedding a soft harmonious light upon the dancers, and the Beverley Orchestra, which furnished the music, was concealed behind a bank of palms. Delightful punch was served during the evening. About mid-night Senior Cadet Capt. Clark with Miss Mary Sue Bowman lead a figure culminating in an "S"—the athletic insignia of the school, and while in this position a flash light picture of the gathering was taken. Dancing continued until two o'clock.

Those present were:—Mrs. W. G. Kable, Col. and Mrs. L. D. Greene, Maj. and Mrs. R. W. Wonson, Maj. and Mrs. L. L. Sutherland, Maj. and Mrs. F. M. Sizer, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Timberlake, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. R. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Sumpter Sublett, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hogshead, Prof. and Mrs. Thos. Beardsworth, Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Allen, Mrs. Franklin Hanger, Mrs. Julia Sublett and Mrs. C. K. Hoge.

Miss Page Hughes with Cadet Clough, Miss Mary Sue Bowman with Cadet Clark, H., Miss Katherine Holt with Cadet Comstock, Miss Evelyn Hoge with Cadet Morrell, Miss Ruth Sublett with Cadet Nirdlinger, Miss Carry Sublett with Cadet Lynch, Miss Mary Stuart Robertson with Cadet Martin, Miss Laura Wise with Cadet Coghlin, Miss Dorothy Crawford with Cadet McIlwaine, Miss Eleanor Curry with Cadet Katz, Miss Constance Curry with Cadet Eaker, Miss McClure, of Cleveland, with Cadet Wingate, Miss Bessie Landes with Dr. J. L. Kable, Miss Ida May Diggs with Capt. Pitcher, Miss Martha Bell with Capt. Grimes, Miss Frances Effinger of Washington with Lt. Keyser, Miss Cynthia Hassler of New York, with Walton Opie, Miss Elizabeth Clemmer with Cadet Coghlan, Miss Eleanor Curray with Cadet Mahorney, Miss Constance Curry with Cadet Eaker, Miss Martha Bell with Capt. Grimes, Miss Mary Sue Bowman with Dr. John L. Kable, Miss Page Hughes with Cadet Clough, Miss Evelyn Hoge with Cadet Clark, H., Miss Ruth Sublett with Cadet McRoberts, Miss Dorothy Crawford



with Cadet Nirdlinger, Miss Margery Brelsford with J. W. Pilson, Miss Rachel Rodgers with Cadet Martin, P., Miss Charlotte Spotts with Cadet Reifsnider, Miss Catherine Holt with Cadet Comstock, Miss Mary Sue Robertson with Cadet Schambs, Miss Gladys Hopkins with Cadet Lewis, W.; Miss Ruth Hall with Cadet Low, B.; Miss Eva Manry with Cadet Milligan, Miss Margaret Enslow, of Richmond, with Cadet Cory, Miss Carrie Sublett with Cadet Capt. Lynch, Miss Ida May Diggs with Cadet Hawley, Miss Gertrude Carter with Cadet Hager, Miss Bessie Wallace Landes with Cadet Williams.

Stags:—Capt. Pitcher, Lt. Lykes, Kaiser, Kyle, Wm. Beard, Ensign, U. S. N., Charlie Hoge, Foster King, Walton Opie and Roger Bear, Cadets Lee, McLemore, Deshon, Arnsparger, Walker, H., Barbee, Handy, Sutcliffe, Gregg, Carter, W., Wingate, Simmons, Hancock, Shermer, Barnes R., and Mellwaine.—*Staunton Daily Leader*.

Brilliant Dance at S. M. A.

Uniquely decorated in Hallowe'en designs, with bright colored streamers about the tall pillars, ghostly jack o'lanterns peeping in at the windows, and palms and other greenery secluding the orchestra, the handsome mess hall at Staunton Military Academy was the scene Monday night of the first formal dance of the season. The affair was one of the prettiest and most enjoyable ever given at the Academy, and was attended not only by the cadets and their young lady guests, but by some of the corps of Augusta Military Academy and by many Staunton society people. The spaciousness of the mess hall, which is splendidly adapted for an occasion of this kind, permitting the school social club to extend their hospitality to many outside of the institution.

Dancing continued from nine to one, the Beverley orchestra rendering an unusually good repertoire of dance music. During the intermission, a flashlight photograph of the brilliant scene was made, and the delightful event will be perpetuated in the school "annual" and catalog.

Among those invited were Col. and Mrs. W. G. Kable; Col. and Mrs. L. S. Greene; Col. and Mrs. T. H. Russell; Col. and Mrs. T.

G. Russell; Maj. and Mrs. R. W. Wonson; Maj. and Mrs. L. L. Sutherland; Major and Mrs. F. M. Sizer; Mr. and Mrs. Sumpter Sublett; Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Moore; Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Timberlake, Jr.; Mrs. C. K. Hoge; Mrs. Julia N. Sublett; Prof. and Mrs. Thomas Beardsworth; Col. and Mrs. W. and Mrs. Julius Witz; Dr. and Mrs. J. Perry; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. R. Nelson; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Gibbs; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hogshead; Mr. R. P. Bell; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ficklen; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Perry; Mr. and Mrs. L. W. H. Peyton; Dr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Sprinkel; Judge and Mrs. R. S. Ker; Mrs. Herbert Meyer, of Washington; Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Cooper, patrons of the school. The visitors from A. M. A. were: Cadets-Crenshaw, Loth C., Jones, Ireland, and Burdette.

Miss Elizabeth Clemmer with Cadet Coghlan; Miss Eleanor Curry with Cadet Mahorney; Miss Constance Curry with Cadet Eaker; Miss Martha Bell with Capt. Grimes; Miss Mary Sue Bowman with Dr. John L. Kable; Miss Page Hughes with Cadet Clough; Miss Evelyn Hoge with Cadet Clark, H.; Miss Ruth Sublett with Cadet McRoberts; Miss Dorothy Crawford with Cadet Nerdlinger; Miss Margery Brelsford with J. W. H. Pilson; Miss Rachel Rogers with Cadet Martin; Miss Charlotte Spotts with Cadet Reifsneider; Miss Catherine Holt with Cadet Comstock; Miss Mary Stuart Robertson with Cadet Schambs; Miss Margaret Enslow, of Richmond, with Cadet Corey; Miss Carrie Sublett with Cadet Capt. Lynch; Miss Ida May Diggs with Cadet Hawley; Miss Gertrude Carter with Cadet Hager; Miss Bessie Wallace Landes with Cadet Williams. Captains Lykes, Pitcher, Kaiser, Mm. Beard, Ensign U. S. N., Charlie Hoge, Foster King, Walton Opie and Roger Bear.—*Staunton Daily Leader.*

Washington Hop at S. M. A.

A gay assembly enjoyed the Washington Hop Monday night at S. M. A., in spite of the fact that Lent had started. The dining hall, decorated with flags and red, white and blue bunting, formed a beautiful setting for the animated scene. Pretty girls were plentiful and the music, furnished by the Beverley Orchestra, hidden behind a bank of palms near

Social Club Officers

President.....	Cadet Captain H. Way Clark
Vice-President.....	Cadet Lieutenant and Adjutant Lewis, W.
Secretary.....	Cadet Captain Coffin
Treasurer.....	Cadet Lieutenant Low, B.

CHAIRMEN

Decorating	Cadet Lieutenant Aldrich, S.
Refreshments.....	Cadet Sergeant Giles
Floor.....	Cadet Captain Clough
Music	Cadet J. T. Rosenberger



Athletic Association

FOOTBALL

SCHAMBS, Captain

COFFIN, Manager

BASKET-BALL

MORRELL, Captain

CLOUGH, Manager

BASEBALL

ROSENBERGER, Captain

ALDRICH, Manager

TRACK

BLIZZARD, Captain

MATTOX, Manager

The following men are entitled to wear the "S" for services on the athletic field.

FOOTBALL

SCHAMBS, Captain
HOOKE
SHEARER
EMDE
ALDRICH

MORAN
RANDOLPH
SHEPHERD, C.
SIMMONS

RANDALL
PRATHER
ERKENBRACK
ROSENBERGER
KILGOUR

BASKET-BALL

MORRELL, Captain
PRATHER
RUNDELL

ERKENBRACK
RANDALL
GILES

KIVLIGHAN
MOORE, W.

BASEBALL

WALKER, H.

HUNTER, G.

ROSENBERGER, Captain

TRACK

BLIZZARD, Captain



FOOTBALL



FOOTBALL TEAM

Football

HOOKE	R. E.
SCHAMBS, Captain	R. T.
SHEARER	R. G.
EMDE	C.
RANDOLPH	L. G.
SHEPHERD, C.	L. T.
SIMMONS	L. E.
RANDALL	R. H.
PRATHER	F. B.
ROSENBERGER	L. H.
ALDRICH	Q.

SUBSTITUTES

KILGOUR
MORAN
ERKENBRACK
DOUGLAS

Football Scores

S. M. A.	0	Jefferson High School	0
S. M. A.	14	Washington & Lee (2nd)	0
S. M. A.	14	Woodberry Forest	3
S. M. A.	6	Roanoke High School	0
S. M. A.	7	Massanutten Academy	6
S. M. A.	7	Fishburne Military School	26
S. M. A.	0	Augusta Military Academy	22

Football



OUR football season this year was not quite as was anticipated, but taking into consideration the many accidents which befell the team, it was however, one to be proud of. It showed to its fullest extent the indomitable spirit of S. M. A.

Too much praise cannot be given to Coach Legge for his work in overcoming the many obstacles that came his way. His energy and high spirit were inexhaustable and it was through his efforts that we came out as well as we did.

With Matson, Laurer, Brenham, Schambs, Rosenberger, and Aldrich all of last year's varsity men, back, there seemed no doubt, but that we would again win the state championship. When the season had just begun, Aldrich, quarter-back, broke his ankle, which put him out for the rest of the season. Rosenberger, last year's captain, followed closely with an injured knee, and his work was greatly missed.

This was not all however, as soon after Brenham, Matson, and Laurer, were unfortunately called away from us at different intervals of the season. However, practically another team was quickly made up, and throughout the rest of the season fought with unfailing courage to make up for what was lost.

A few words must be said of the players in justice to their services.

Hooke at left end, though a new man proved himself capable of holding down the position, his tackling was good, and he could receive forward passes at all times.

Schambs, (Captain) at left tackle, played his usual good game, and was a tower of strength to the team.

Shearer at left guard was like a stonewall, and tackled well.

The center position was filled by Emde, who played a consistent game. His passing was accurate, and he was a hard line plunger.

Randolph, who filled the position of right guard after Brenham left, was well able to take care of his man.

When Laurer left, Shepherd, C., took his place at tackle. His speed and ability to break up plays proved him a very valuable man of the team

The position of right end was filled by Simmons after Matson left. Jakey was good, and it took a mighty good and fast man to get by him.

The backfield was as strong as could be got together in the State.

Randall at right half was all that could be expected in a backfield man. Prather and Rosenberger were hard to beat, the former with his line plunging and defensive work, and the latter with his passing and speed, were sure a combination hard to beat.

No doubt Rosenberger is one of the best passers in the state and it was through him that many of our points were made.

Aldrich at quarter-back played his usual good game and always showed excellent judgment in running his team, and the selection of his plays. The team suffered a great shock when he was forced to retire.

ErkenBrack and Kilgour, both backfield men, could always be depended upon to fill their respective positions at all times.

Moran, who took quarter when Aldrich went out, used good judgment at all times and proved to be a good punter.

Three of the men made the All Southern, namely Prather, Laurer, and Shearer.

Considering our misfortunes, this speaks well for S. M. A. and her sons.

Prather was elected to lead next years team.

Basketball

MORRELL, Captain	Left Guard
PRATHER	Right Guard
RANDALL	Left Forward
ERKENBRACK	Right Forward
RUNDELL	Center

SUBSTITUTES

MOORE, W.

KIVLIGAN

GILES

Basketball Scores

S. M. A.	23	Massanutten Academy	10
S. M. A.	19	F. M. S.	37
S. M. A.	33	Washington & Lee (2nd)	20
S. M. A.	26	A. M. A.	25
S. M. A.	16	F. M. S.	21
S. M. A.	27	Randolph-Macon Academy.....	18
S. M. A.	26	Jefferson High School	35
S. M. A.	8	Elon College	13
S. M. A.	18	Jefferson High School ...	15
S. M. A.	16	North Carolina University	28
S. M. A.	34	A. M. A.	18
S. M. A.	35	William and Mary College	16



BASKETBALL TEAM

Basketball



NDER the supervision of Coach Kyle, S. M. A. turned out one of the fastest quintets in the State.

Although a bit slow at the beginning, we made a sensational finish, defeating twice our great rival, A. M. A.

A good idea of the team can be had, when one considers that we held down several college teams, to close scores, and defeated some of the best teams of the South.

Morrell, (Captain) at guard, played throughout the season in his usual manner. He showed many a team that he was hard to get by.

Centering around him were: Rundell, Prather, Randall, and Kivligan.

Rundell at center proved himself master of that position. His jumping and passing were accurate, and always managed to get the best of the opposing center.

Prather at guard, was a good running mate for Morrell, and was a dangerous man near a basket.

ErkenBrack, and Randall, as forwards, were both fast men, and could almost shoot baskets at will.

Giles, Kivligan, and Moore, W., were all good men and showed themselves well able to play high class ball.

Baseball



HE prospects for baseball are so far very good, there being much good material from which to choose.

Coach Legge, issued a call for candidates early in March, and has been working hard to develop a squad, which will make other teams of the state look to their colors.

Of last years men, Rosenberger, Walker, and Hunter remain with us and along with several others of great promise we feel sure that we can take the championship this year.

A very strong schedule has been arranged, most of the games are to be played on our home grounds and a trip of four or five days will be made about the middle of the season.

All indications point toward a very successful season for S. M. A.

Baseball Schedule 1915

March 27 Harrisonburg High School at home	April 21 Episcopal H. S. at Alexandria
April 1 Woodberry Forest at home	April 22 Jefferson School at Charlottesville
April 5 Miller School at home	April 26 Fishburne School at Waynesboro
April 7 Eastern High School at home	April 29 A. M. A. at home
April 9 Washington Business H. S. at home	May 1 Roanoke High School at home
April 12 A. M. A. at Ft. Defiance	May 3 Jefferson School at home
April 13 Massanutten at home	May 6 Cluster Springs Academy at home
April 16 Randolph-Macon Academy at home	May 8 Field Day, open to school at home
April 17 University of Michigan at home	May 12 Shenandoah Col. Inst. at home
April 19 Miller School at Crozet	May 15 Fishburne School at home
April 20 Woodberry Forest at Orange	

Track



LAST year was probably the first time that this branch had figured to any extent in this school, but this year it should be more prominent, as there is more interest taken in it.

The distance men, have been training hard for the coming season and from now on there will be much work for both the distance men and the sprinters.

Several meets have been arranged, including the Interscholastic meet to be held at Lexington, Virginia.

With such men as Blizzard, Hubbard, Stevens, and Mattox to start with, S. M. A., should make a good account of herself where-ever she goes.



DELTA SIGMA NU FRATERNITY

Delta Sigma Nu—Phi Chapter

ACTIVE MEMBERS

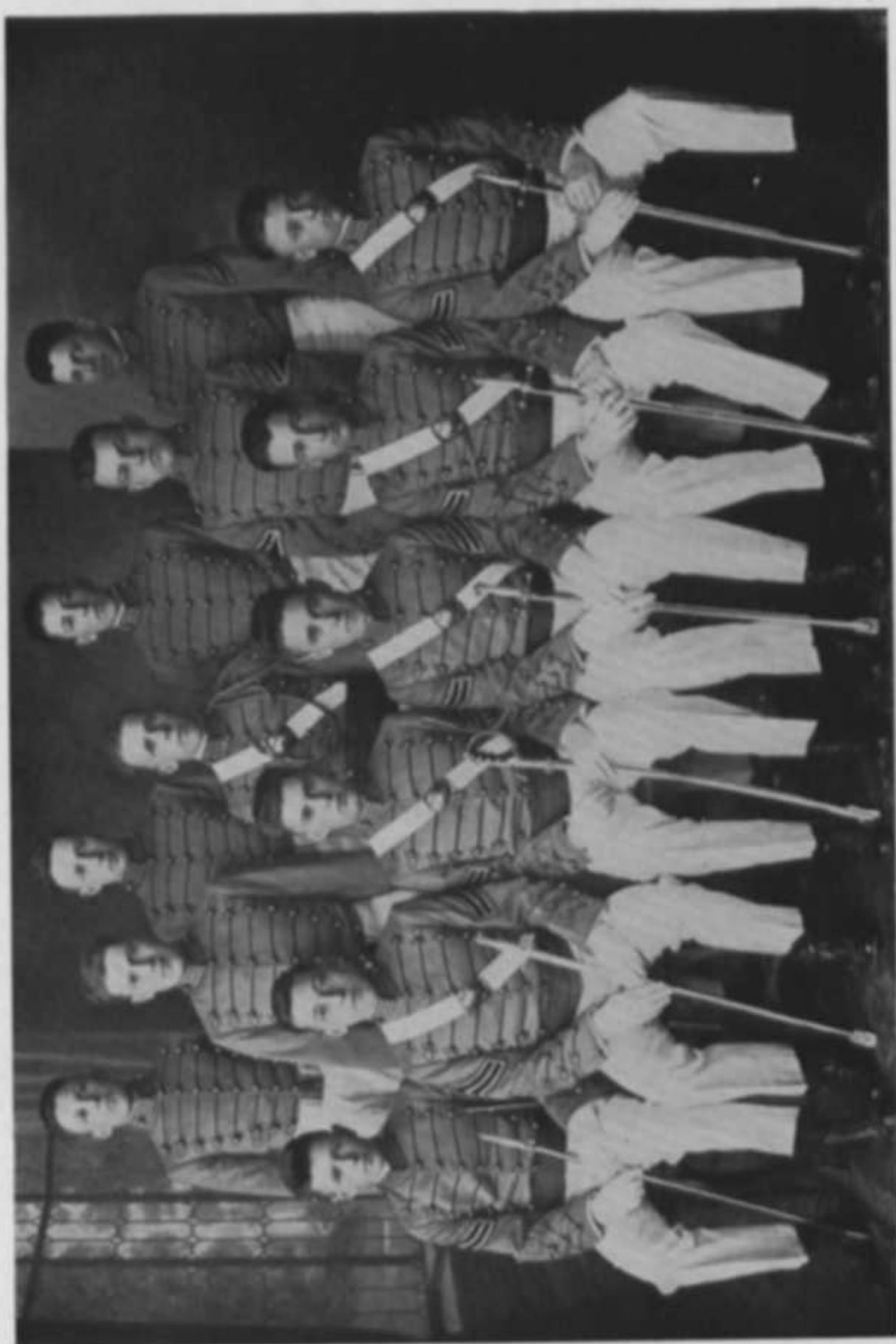
H. Way Clark	W. T. Lewis
J. L. Coffin	B. C. Low
J. T. Rosenberger	E. G. Kyle

HONORARY

Col. W. G. Kable	Lieutenant Colonel T. G. Russell
Major Henry G. Acker	Major R. W. Wonson

CHAPTER ROLL

Alpha, 1893.....	Ann Arbor, Michigan
Beta, 1895	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Gamma, 1896, (St. John's Military Academy).....	Delafield, Wisconsin
Delta, 1898	Pontiac, Michigan
Epsilon, 1899	Duluth, Minnesota
Zeta, 1902	Minneapolis, Minnesota
Eta, 1903, (Throop Polytechnic Institute).....	Pasadena, California
Theta, 1903	Flint, Michigan
Iota, 1904, (Morris High School)	New York City
Kappa, 1904	Los Angeles, California
Lambda, 1905	Port Huron, Michigan
Mu, 1903	Eureka, California
Nu, 1905	Hackensack, New Jersey
Omicron, 1905	Pasadena, California
Pi, 1905	Buffalo, New York
Rho, 1906, (Horace Mann School)	New York City
Sigma, 1906	St. Paul Minnesota
Tau, 1907, (Miami Military Academy)	Germantown, Ohio
Upsilon, 1907	Denver, Colorado
Phi, 1907, (Staunton Military Academy)	Staunton, Virginia
Chi, 1908	Oak Park, Illinois
Psi, 1908	Yonkers, New York
Alpha Beta, 1909	Nawtonville, Massachusetts
Alpha Gamma, (New York, Military Academy).....	Cornwall-on-Hudson
Alpha Epsilon, (McKinley Training School)	Washington, D. C.



ACADEMY CLUB

S. M. A.

N. B. Conley

F. C. Emde, Jr.

C. M. Cory

R. C. Comstock

K. B. Erken Brack

J. C. McLemore, Jr.

E. H. Peters

C. D. Shepperd

G. H. Hubbard

T. M. Douglas

G. A. Hager

T
H
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A
C
A
D
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M
Y
C
L
U
B

COLORS

Orange and Black

FLOWER

Red Carnation

W. T. Lewis.....President

W. C. Giles...Vice Pres. & Sec'y

R. W. Frazier, 2nd Vice President

B. C. Low.....Treasurer



1915



HONOR COMMITTEE

Honor Committee

CHAIRMAN

Cadet Captain H. Way Clark

MEMBERS

Cadet Captain Morrell

Cadet Captain Lynch

Cadet Captain Clough

Cadet Captain Coffin

Cadet Lieu'enant and Adjutant Lewis, W.

Cadet Lieutenant Johnson, G. W.

Cadet Lieutenant Shearer

Cadet Lieutenant Low, B.

Cadet Lieutenant ErkenBrack



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

President	H. Way Clark
Secretary-Treasurer	Morrell
Advertising	Moore, W.
Entertainment	Aldrich
Membership	Shearer
Religious	Clough
Bible Study	Walker, H.
Boys' Work	James
Music	Rudisill

OFFICERS ELECT, 1915-16

President	Corbett
Vice-President	Kneeland
Secretary-Treasurer	Hancock

ENTERTAINMENT

FACULTY ADVISORY BOARD

Colonel Thomas H. Russell
 Major Leroy Sutherland
 Major Frederick M. Sizer
 Major Henry G. Acker



COLOE GUARD

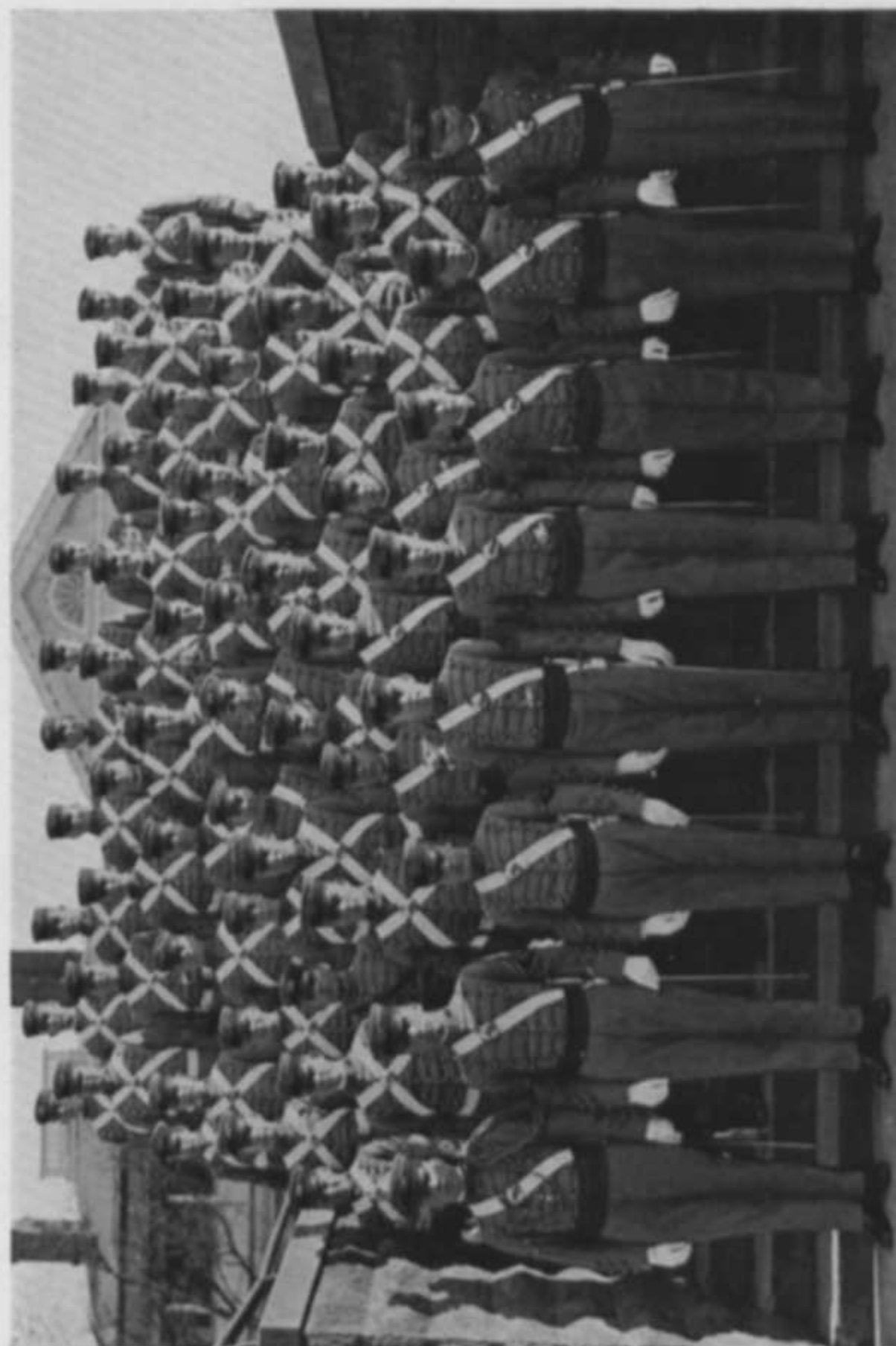
SHEARER
SIMMONS
MORAN
ROSENBERGER

FISK
HOOK
DOUGLAS
PRATHER

ERKENBRACK
ALDRICH
RANDAL
KILGOUR

CAPT SHAMBS
SHEPHERD
RANDOLPH
EMDE

—Boque Armenirout



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



The Cry of the Minstrel

Call forth the merry minstrels,
For Coffin needs some shoes,
And Schambs is going crazy
For he's got the Memphis Blues.

A tax on all the minstrels
'Tis sorrowful to say,
That Schambs doth need some articles
For which he cannot pay.

Oh may the merry minstrels
Sing everlasting songs;
Bring "two-bits", dimes and dollars,
For Coffin and for Schambs.

And now we hear the minstrel
His song is sweet and low,
For how can he be happy
When Schambs has all his dough?

We hope that Mr. Coffin,
And also Mr. Schambs,
Will ask for no more money
For "Tambourines" and "Songs."

—P. H. R.

The Y. M. C. A. Campaign

Lieutenant Keyser, the Y. M. C. A. Secretary, of the Staunton Military Academy, gave out the following announcement after breakfast one morning, about two weeks before the opening of the campaign.

"There is to be a campaign, beginning on March the fourth, and ending on March the seventh, for the betterment of the moral and religious character of the cadet corps of this school. Among the men who will be here to speak are Messrs. Lee, Brockman, Miller, Stuck, and, if possible, Mr. Tom Farmer, with whom the corps is well acquainted. Besides these as principal speakers there will be three cadets from Virginia Military Institute. I hope and believe, this campaign will be a success, and I would like for all of you who are praying men to pray for its success."

Sunday night of February the twenty-eighth when we went into supper the first *thing* that we noticed *were* little slips of yellow paper at each place. This naturally aroused our curiosity, and upon looking closer we saw that the paper at the head of each table had the word "WHO" printed on it, the place to the right of the head had a paper with "ARE" printed on it, the next place had the word "COMING," the next place started with the word "WHO" again, and so on around the table.

Tuesday night of March the second at supper time we again found the little slips of yellow paper at our places. This time, however instead of having "WHO ARE COMING?" printed on them, they had the name of one of the men that was coming.

Thursday about noon Mr. Brockman arrived, and was taken to Lieutenant Keyser's room which he was to occupy during his stay here. At about the same time the V. M. I. Cadets, Chittum, Hepner, and Holmes, arrived and were placed in Room 317. Later on Mr. Lee came and was given Room 243. Friday afternoon Mr. Stuck, of Washington and Lee, arrived and was put in the same room with Mr. Lee. Saturday afternoon Mr. Miller came and was given Room 126.

The first talk was given by Mr. Brockman, on Thursday night of March the fourth. His topic was: "Boys Who Have Failed and the Reason Why." Mr. Brockman, who is a very powerful and impressive speaker, held the attention of the cadets from the very beginning. He spoke for about forty-five minutes, and so impressed his audience, that when they left

the Study Hall there were a great many serious faces to be seen which were ordinarily laughing and gay.

The second talk was given Friday night, March the fifth. This was also given by Mr. Brockman, who took as his topic: "Shall We Make Good?" In this speech, which also lasted about forty-five minutes, he pointed out to us the reasons why we should make good, and the absolute lack of any excuse for not making good.

The boys were still more impressed with his talk than they had been the night before, and many were the resolutions to make good made that night as a result of the talk.

The third speech was given by Mr. Lee, on Saturday afternoon, March the sixth. Mr. Lee who is a very powerful speaker, chose as his topic: "The Fight for Purity." This talk was supposed to be for boys of over thirteen years of age, but a great many of the younger boys were there. In this talk Mr. Lee pointed out the horrible and demoralizing effects of immorality, and the lifelong consequences in the way of sickness and disease that the immoral are sure to suffer sooner or later. This talk opened the eyes of many a poor fellow who through ignorance of the laws of health was leading a fast life, and, upon questioning them it was found that a great many of them had never been taught anything by their natural teachers—their parents. Very few boys when they have a full realization of the laws of *sacredness* wilfully go wrong, but the sad part of it is, how very few have a full realization of these laws. However, from now on I believe the cadets in this school realize more fully the value and sacredness of their trust in this life, and will try to live cleaner, better, and purer lives.

Sunday morning, from nine to eleven, a meeting of the leading and most influential men in school was held in Lieutenant Keyser's room. The purpose of this meeting was to inspire the leaders with the realization that the Academy needed a good shaking up, or jolt, and to show them that the school had sunk as low as possible, and that from then on there would have to be a hard struggle upward towards a pure and Christlike life.

At eleven o'clock instead of going to church, school call was blown and we all assembled in the large Study Hall to hear some more of this magnificent speaking.

Mr. Miller first got up and led the corps in prayer, after which he said that Mr. Brockman would give us a short talk; then Mr. Lee; then Mr. Stuck; after him the three V. M. I. Cadets, and, lastly, any of the S. M. A. Cadets who had anything to say would get up and say it.

Mr. Brockman made a short, snappy speech about becoming a Christian and accepting Christ, then Mr. Lee made his little talk a continuation of Mr. Brockman's. After he finished Mr. Stuck told how he had started the religious meetings in his fraternity house and the attendant success. Then the V. M. I. cadets got up one after another and told the corps their beliefs and urged them to accept Christ.

The testimonials by the different S. M. A. cadets were started by Cadet Carr, who proclaimed himself a follower of Christ and begged the other fellows to accept Him as their guide. Following Carr's testimonial came Cadets, Coffin, Clark, H., Clough, Aldrich, Corbett, Prather, Lomo, J., and Lynch, who all proclaimed themselves followers of Jesus Christ and urged the rest of the corps to accept Him and lead cleaner, better lives.

After this Mr. Miller gave the corps a very strong speech backing up all that had been said in the past hour. Mr. Miller although not as old as Mr. Brockman, is even more impressive and powerful, and being young, attracted the cadets to him more than any of the other speakers. During all the time the men were here they were kept busy with interviews in which they were able to do much good.

After Mr. Miller had finished speaking he had cards distributed with the following words printed on each one: "IT IS MY PURPOSE TO BECOME A SINCERE FOLLOWER OF JESUS CHRIST." Over two hundred of these cards were signed, while over fifty pledged themselves to some definite action in the pursuit of the Christian life.

Sunday night was held what was called the, "Follow Up Meeting," in which Mr. Brockman and Mr. Miller both spoke. In this meeting most of the cadets who were undecided were converted and pledged themselves to follow Christ.

The work of the men was finished now except for making arrangements to have the cadets continue the work. The campaign was over! It had been a success! And the corps had a different outlook from that which they had held before.

Monday morning the following cadets assembled in Lieutenant Keyser's room and pledged themselves to carry on the good work of the past week: Coffin, Carr, Corbett, and Canova. The general outline of the work we were to do was gone over and arrangements made for a meeting right after Guard Mounting. The meeting was then adjourned.

In the afternoon the same cadets above mentioned were present and in addition the following cadets were also present: James, Aldrich, Lynch, Rudisill, Arps, Kneeland, Boughton, Nirdlinger, Hager, Lomo, J., Lane, and Walker, H.

Mr. Miller and Mr. Stuck talked to us and explained how they worked the religious meetings at the different schools. The plan finally decided on was to have two men in each Sub-Division. These two men would invite the rest of the men in their Sub-Division to come to their room or rooms as soon as Call to Quarter was sounded. The man in charge would then read selections from the Bible, give a little talk and prayer and then if anybody else had anything they wanted to say they would say it then. Besides this if any man in that Sub-Division were not leading the right kind of life the rest of the men were to get together and try to help him lead a better life. One thing emphasized was—not to force anybody to come to these meetings, but let them come of their own free will. After which all but a few of the cadets present led a prayer. When all the cadets had prayed Mr. Miller led us in prayer and then wished us all success and told us good-bye, as he was leaving that afternoon.

Monday morning of March the eighth Mr. Brockman left, as did also the V. M. I. cadets. Mr. Lee left about noon, while Mr. Stuck and Mr. Miller left in the afternoon.

We were all sorry to see them go, as, although they had been with us but a few days, we had come to admire, respect, and even love them. And they deserved it. They did a great thing for this school and are doing great things for other schools right along. And I am sure that the other schools feel about it as we do—eternally thankful to have had our eyes opened before it was too late and vow as we did to live better purer, and cleaner lives—in other words live a *real* Christian life.



OUR LITTLE COACH

Capt. **PITCHER**
 Col. **RUSSELL**
 Lt. Mc**LEAN**
 Maj. **TILLER**
 Maj. **SUTHERLAND**
 Lt. **LYKES**

 Col. **GREENE**
 Maj. **WONSON**
 Lt. **GIBSON**
 Capt. **DAVIS**

 Maj. **STEVENS**
 Capt. **LEGGE**
 Capt. **KABLE**
 Maj. **ACKER**
 Lt. **SCHOPE**
 Capt. **GRIMES**
 Lt. Col. **RUSSELL**
 Dr. (Capt.) **PHELPS**

Cassius—His Aim



CASSIUS, to the best of my belief, was the leader and chief instigator of the conspiracy. But after a study of the tragedy, I can find no reason that to my mind would make Cassius instigate such a crime. I say "instigate," because I believe Cassius to be the *chief character in the drama*. In the note one finds that Cæsar and Brutus take the leading parts, and the notice of the student and reader is directed to them. Yet I do not see why. Cæsar was a man famous in history, but he takes but a small part in the tragedy of his own name. He shows up poorly, or perhaps Shakespeare could find no great virtues in him, and does not bring out his true character. He does not appear to any great advantage, it seems to me.

The editor, in his notes, next turns our attention toward Brutus as a great man. He was a fine man, and he alone, among all the conspirators, was moved by no selfish ambitions or envy, as the editor remarks. Yet he shows no great ability in the play. Cassius is the man who nursed the conspiracy into being. He talked men into his way of thinking; he was a master of words, for in every case he put the matter up so delicately as not to shock his listeners, and so put his suggestions before his fellow conspirators that they believed themselves to be the important men. Even Brutus, who is put before us as the leading spirit in the scheme, what was he but a sort of tool? Yes, a tool, into whose mouth Cassius put the suggestions so that Brutus was made to appear as leader. What was the turning point in the play—the apex?

It was the speech of Antony at the funeral, was it not? Brutus gave Antony the opportunity to make this speech. He gave his consent in spite of Cassius' protests; he (Brutus) imagined that a speech beforehand by himself would completely offset any influence in Cæsar's favor, started by Antony. It didn't, and Cassius knew it wouldn't, yet his hands were tied, figuratively speaking, and he did his best toward limiting Antony's topic for his speech. However, Antony was too clever an orator.

This shows, however, that when Brutus did really lead for once and Cassius, the brains of the party, was unable to prevent, the fatal mistake was made, that of giving Antony a chance to work on public opinion. It

was the mistake which lead finally to the downfall of the conspirators.

I cannot see why the editor should give so much attention to Brutus, and ignore, or nearly so, Cassius. In reading along I can pick out the suggestions which were beneficial to the good of the conspirators. And who was it that made them? Not Brutus, in spite of the fact that he is made or considered the leader. It was Cassius. Brutus was a big man in many ways, but he acted as the executive only of Cassius. Cassius did the thinking for them. When any emergency arose, or means had to be found to accomplish some part of their plan, it was not met by any ability of Brutus. It was some hint, some suggestion slipped in slyly by Cassius and its worth was usually so obvious that it was at once adopted. To me, Cassius is the master mind that directed the entire drama.

But now, what can we find as a motive? Was it ambition? Was it that Cassius aspired to become a leading factor in Rome? It might have been yet if it was, why did Cassius so completely efface himself? Why did he allow Brutus to have the name and honor of leading if he was seeking for personal glory? He was modest and made himself appear rather as a follower than as a leader, as a man who picked out a man as Brutus, who professed influence to lead his enterprise. No, he was not searching for personal glory for it is improbable that he would so efface himself if that was his aim.

It could not be for any pecuniary gain for there would have been none.

It might be that he was envious of Cæsar, but would that justify him in his own mind, to carry out that crime? Would a man carry out such a crime for envy of another, if he did not desire himself to occupy the high seat of honor? It is possible. Yet Cassius seems to me to be a sensible man and above such a thing.

Another motive, the same as that accredited to Brutus and which he gave when inducing Brutus to join him was that of love of Cæsar and the desire to benefit the people. But we cannot tell, there is doubt, for Cassius appealed to each man with a motive different from the others, one would not be downtrodden, one for love of people and of Cæsar himself, etc. It showed what a reader of character Cassius was to be able to appeal to each man in the way he thought. Of these motives which was his own? Or was the real motive hidden under all the rest and confided to none?

CHAS. E. BOUGHTON.

Vacation

Summer vacation draws nigh us,
Back home we'll eagerly hie us.
There'll be dances galore,
Gay times are in store,
And we can mow the lawn, beat rugs,
Sharpen the carving knife,
Mend the electric toaster,
Put new washers in several faucets,
And do several other things that have been waiting
For our nimble fingers,
Ever since the first of January.

Treasure Island

The story of *Treasure Island* besides being one of the most entertaining books of fiction ever written offers to the prospective Author a most excellent opportunity for studying and gaining ideas for his plot. From the very first, when the old captain, with his old patched coat, tarry pigtail and brass telescope slung over his shoulder, comes plodding up the road, one senses immediately that there is going to be adventure and plenty of it in the future. The book has another good point which must not be overlooked, that is, that from the first paragraph one's interest is grasped and held right through to the very end, not for one moment does the story lag, there is always a suspense and sense of keen excitement, awaiting for the next action which holds the reader in suspense until he has read to the end and solved for himself the mystery and gone with the characters, as it were, through each successive adventure and seen for himself how they fared. And while I am on this same topic I may mention another feature which may be noticed by anyone, having an idea to attempt some story of adventure. This point, or characteristic rather, for it is found in all of Stevenson's works, is the intense human interest one takes in all of the characters. They seem so real and like-like, not as some personalities in fiction, the dim, poorly conceived product of a pseudo author's mind. When one reads the second paragraph in the book describing the old sea dog coming up the road and into the inn it is an easy enough matter to make a mental picture of him, endow him with personal peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, even before the author has attempted to do so. It is the same way with John Silver, one immediately upon reading a few lines forms a vivid image in the mind's eye which is not easily lost or forgotten.

This ability to so clearly portray his characters is one which in conjunction with his other talents, which will be enumerated later, makes Stevenson one of the most popular writers of adventure. To fully understand Stevenson's ability to put in, or remember all these points which make an entertaining narrative, it is necessary to know something of the man himself. For this reason it would be well to give a brief outline of his life here. To begin with he was from birth a sickly and weak child he was confined to his bed a great deal of the time and attended

school less than half the time that is considered necessary. So it was being thus confined his mind naturally took to some form of work, as he was not able to enjoy with his body the pleasure of youth. His illness did not, as is often unfortunately the case, make him morose or dull minded, but on the contrary gave to him an extremely philosophical and courageous turn of mind. This philosophical and cheery outlook shows itself in his writing, for example his quotation, "The world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should be as happy as kings," epitomizes his mental attitude and outlook on life. Later on in his life when sickness had so weakened his constitution that he fell a victim to consumption he still showed this same mental fortitude, undaunted by failures or seemingly insurmountable difficulties, he struggled on until finally when the disease had so undermined his health he was forced to retire from an active literary life and lead, until the time of his death the wearisome, trying existence of the hopeless invalid. Even in these trials which most men would have succumbed to he still maintained a cheery, optimistic manner, with always a kind word for those around him. When finally he died in the Samoa Islands, whither he had gone for his health, he was sincerely and deeply mourned by the natives with whom he had come in contact, and with whom he had so ingratiated himself.

Let us add in closing that it was not merely the so-called optimism of some weak characters who have failed in life, but the optimism which comes from a far-reaching clear vision of the problems and people of this world.

—THAYER.

The Knockers

I was sitting, full of pleasure,
Till the evening wind, it bore
A host of grewsome noises
Down the lofty corridor.

My pleasure turned to anguish
As I searched its source in vain;
For the sound was like the moaning
Of a mortal soul in pain.

As I sat, I grew bewildered,
Till I heard some distant raps;
And I scarce controlled my feelings
When I caught these wafted scraps.

"Say, the team is surely rotten."
"My, the food is mighty bad."
"I can hardly wait till Easter."
"Well, our captain, he is sad."

Then the chorus grew in volume,
And from out the distant sound
I could hear the chosen voices
Running all things to the ground.

Then I knew it was the Knockers,
Who were all at present bent
On running down our system
With most serious intent.

And the sudden thought aroused me
That if all of them should die,
Would they still keep up their knocking
At conditions in the sky?

But I heard a ghostly whisper
In amongst the steady flow:
"Let me set your mind at rest, sir,
For to Heaven they'll never go."

—Exchange.



CLARK
LOW
MORRELL
COMSTOCK
ALDRICH
SHEARER
SHEPAERD
RUDISILL
JOHNSON
RANDOLPH
ERKENBRACK
EMDE
CLOUGH
COFFIN
FIN
LEWIS
LYNCH
MOORE
HAGER
PETERSON
SHOPE
GRIMES
ACKER

Hall of Fame

1915

Most popular man Clark, H.
Most loyal Coffin
Most military Morrell
Most modest ErkenBrack (Kyke)
Neatest Lewis, W. (Bill)
Most Solemn Slusher
Most studious Turner, H.
Handsome Driskell (Handsome Willy)
Best dancer Simmons (Jakey)
Biggest lady fusser Machorney
Biggest women hater Giles
Wittest man Rowan, J.
Best natured Ranshaw (Wenie)
Best musician Boothman
Most popular rat Johnson, N. (Yim)
Tallest man Rouse, J.
Shortest man Bromley (Red)
Fattest man Conrad
Thinnest man Moore, A. (Mow)
Hardest man Douglas
Mexican Athlete McAllister (Mexico Mac)
Homliest man Barbee
Most polite man Hawley
Biggest hit at M. B. S. Clough
Most effeminate man Riefsnieder
Freshest rat Kilgour
Popular faculty Acker

Popular rat faculty	Grimes
Get-Rich-Quick Wallinford	Martin
Biggest "Crum"	Carr
Sloppiest man	Sutcliffe

Elected by S. C. C.
Staunton Military Academy.
Staunton, Virginia.

The Charge of the Dark Brigade

Our Laundry

Half a shirt, half a shirt, half a shirt homeward,
Came from the wash, there were six to be laundered,
Holes in the right of them, ribbons were left on them,
Pins stuck all over them, five or six hundred,
Mine not to make reply, mine but to go and buy,
Get in a new supply, each time they are laundered.

II

Soiled, they left my hands,
Cotton, with silken strands,
Heart brimming full of hope,
For some new laundry,
Mine not to make reply,
Mine not to reason why,
Mine but to do or die,
Into the tub of death,
Went my six shirties.

III

Steel prongs to the right of them,
Steel prongs to the left of them,
Buzz saws in front of them,
Rattled and clanked.
Ripped up the back and breast,
Ripped up with deadly zest,
Into the Tub of Death,
Into the boiling brine,
Went my six shirties.

IV

Forth from the tub he drags,
 Bundle of silken rags;
 Sprinkles on grains of dirt,
 Hammers them madly,
 Into the plaited front,
 Cuffs also bare and burnt,
 Of this cruel onslaught,
 Plunged in the streaming smoke,
 Neckbands are now all broke,
 Buttons—Oh! gruesome sight,
 Would that I dare did fight,
 For my six shirties.

L'ENVOI

How their fair mien did fade,
 Under the wild brigade,
 Of the dark laundry.
 Honor their former hue,
 It was strong, clear blue,
 Noble six shirties.



MANDOLIN CLUB

Songs and Plays Applied

Back to the Carolina You Love	Clark, H.
The Pink Lady	Anderson, P.
I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier	Clough
My Old Kentucky Home	Lewis
Camp Meeting Band	Low, B.
I Love the Ladies	Hager
All He Does is Follow Them Around.....	Coffin
The High Cost of Loving.....	Walker, H.
The Girl of the Golden West.....	Shearer
I Love the Name of Mary.....	ErkenBrack
Memphis Blues	McLemore
Dancing Around	Comstock
You've Got to Quit Kickin' My Dog Around.....	Ranshaw
They Wouldn't Believe Me	McCallister
Leave My Girl Alone	Nirdlinger
Forty-five Minutes from Broadway	Titus
They Always Pick on Me	Brown, A.
Busy Izzy	Feltenstein
Jim	Johnson, N.
Across the Rio Grande	Johnson, G.
California and You	Lynch
Nobody Loves a Fat Man	Conrad
The Country Boy	McMullen
On the Shores of Italy	Marrone
Sister Susie	Lieut Keyser

If That's Your Idea of a Wonderful, Take Me Home....Capt. Grimes
 I Want to be a Drummer in the Band.....Frazier
 The CharmerDriscoll
 The Slim PrincessClark, H.
 He's a Devil Rudisill
 The Midnight FlyerMuir
 The Beauty ShopRoom 308
 Just for Tonight Hunter
 I Knew Him When He Was All Right Carey
 Railroad RagSchambs--Martin
 Mighty, Lak' a RoseSutliff
 Wash Rag Quencer
 I Want a Little Lovin', Sometimes..... Conley
 I Can't Believe You Really Love Me.....Gregg
 Home Sweet HomeRats
 When You're All Dressed Up and No Place to Go.....Corps



"BEE" LOW AND HIS LITTLE PLAYMATE

We Want to Know

1. Why the boys kid Low about "The Cat?"
2. What Shepherd did in church?
3. If Lewis is in love?
4. Ditto—Clough and Hager?
5. Who fired the shots?
6. How Long and Baird, E., spend their Saturday nights?
7. Ditto—Conley and Barnes, R.?
8. Why some Commissioned Officers are so fickle????
9. What P. P. U. stands for?
10. What was in the letter Bryson wrote to Lieut Keyser?
11. Why Shearer gets a letter every day?
12. If Shearer answers every one he gets?
13. Why Clough and Hager are late to Retreat?
14. If Clark is not able to carry a few more subjects?
15. Where Capt. Grimes spends most of his time?
16. If Morrell really fell in love with his nurse in Washington?
17. If Lynch is really as love-sick as he appears?
18. Why Emde likes to go on duty?
19. What makes Barbee so good looking?
20. Ditto—Moore and McIlwaine?
21. If Sanford has ever contemplated getting a hair cut?
22. Why Comstock considers himself a good dancer?
23. Why Wahle don't attend sweepers' squad?
24. Why Walker can't work his line any more?
25. Why Rudisill is so conceited?
26. Why Driscoll was elected "Best looking man in school?"
27. Why the cadets in the wing have to go to reveille in barracks?
28. Where Nirdlinger had his voice (s) trained?
29. Why Miller lost his chevrons?
30. If Shearer was really snow-bound?

Stuck

I am the champion of the S. M. A.,
 For I get "stuck" most every day.
 No other "rat" can compete with me:
 Read my record and you shall see;
 I am stuck for shines and stuck for dirt,
 Stuck for no buttons on my shirt;
 Stuck for collars streaked with brown,
 Stuck for not shaving my mustache of down,
 Stuck for hair that is minus a part,
 Stuck for standing when I should start,
 Stuck for turning my wooden head,
 Stuck for not making up my bed,
 Stuck for keeping the windows shut,
 Stuck for not knowing a rifle's butt,
 Stuck for rust and stuck for grime,
 Honest and true, I'm stuck all the time.
 Stuck for clothes hung on a chair,
 Stuck for dirt on the floor everywhere,
 Stuck for match stubs lying around,
 Stuck for something wherever I'm found.
 Stuck for sleeping an hour in church,
 Stuck for "falling in" with a sailor's lurch,
 Stuck for turning left instead of right,
 Stuck for leaving my room at night,
 Stuck for pants without any crease,
 Stuck for clothes with spots of grease,
 Stuck,—yes, each day I have poor luck,
 Unless for something I'm *stuck, stuck, stuck.*

—A CRAMTON.

Song Entitled

Maj. Wonson—The Skeleton Rag.
 Col. T. H. Russell—School Days.
 Col. Greene—Snooky Ookums.
 Col. Kable—Steamboat Bill.
 Moore, A.—This is the Life (beat).
 Capt. Clough—The Pink Lady.
 Capt. Clark, H.—Hanky Panky.
 Lt. Aldrich—Chinatown, My Chinatown.
 Lt. Low, B.—Rebecca's on Sunnybrooke Now.
 Capt. Coffin—My Gal is a High browed Lady.
 Canova—Love Me and the World is Mine.
 Lt. Col. Russell—I'm the Guy.
 Quencer—Ragtime Soldier Man.
 Maj. Acker—You Can't Get Away From It.
 Capt. Davis—You Made Me Love You.
 Johnson, F. W.—My Name is Rufus Rastus Johnson.
 Capt. Grimes—He'd Have to Get Out and Get Under.
 Capt. Keyser—At the Devil's Ball.
 Lt. McLean—He's a Devil in His Own Home Town.
 Laws—It's Only Me and My Nightie.
 Maj. Stevens—I Love the Ladies.
 Mattox—Good Night, Nurse.
 Lt. Gibson—Don't Wake Me Up, I'm Dreaming.
 Lt. Lykes—Casey Jones.
 Capt. Legge—Oh, You Beautiful Legs.
 Capt. Pitcher—Do You Take This Woman to be Your Lawful Wife.
 Lt. Shope—Everybody Loves a Chicken.
 Dr. Kable—I'm in Love with a Girl from Mexico.
 Cornwall—Poney Boy.
 McCallister—I'm a Member of the Midnight Crew.
 Capt. Lynch—Whistling Rufus.
 Capt. Kivlighan—They Always Pick on Me.
 Sutliff—Just One Girl.
 Dr. Phelps—Doctor, Tinker, Tinker.
 Capt. Kyle—My Hula, Hula Girl.

JOHNSON, F. W. AND LAWS, I. S.



Ode to Radiator

Oh Radiator!
Gilded Viper,
Whose coils do glisten,
Like those of hydra, ready to strike,
And whose hissings and splutterings
Do betoken bubbling wrath or a disordered stomach,
Why art thou warm
At noon,
And yet
In the cold shiverings of grey dawn,
When the winds shrieketh through thickest walls,
And the thermometer taketh subway,
Thou spitteth not,
But lie cold and dormant,
A comfort to none,
An accursed thing,
Until at eve,
When the weary student
Sunk in a chair
Loseth himself in a novel,
Longside thy coils,
Suddenly,
With evil intent,
Thou disgorge o'er him
A jet
Of evil smelling
Rust colored liquid,
And then do gurgle inwardly,
As if chuckling
At his discomfiture.
Why are these things,
Oh, thou of the bilious system?
Art thou human?

Not Pining—But

I do not pine for human gore,
Yet boldly I assert,
I'd like to slap the brainless yap
Who calls a girl a "skirt."

I pine not to bring others woe—
I trust I'm not so mean—
But I'd like to swat the bo
Who calls a girl a "queen."

I pine to see no injured gink
Clutch at himself and wail;
But I'd like to boot the crude galoot
Who calls the girl a "frail."

I am not prone to violence,
But I should like to maul,
And kick, and muss the insane cuss
Who calls a girl "some doll."

Tho' I pine not to start a war,
A proper thing I deem,
Would be to massacre the boob
Who calls a girl a "dream."

Though I detest police arrest,
I'd gladly take a stick,
And change the front of any runt,
Who calls a girl a "brick."

A GROAN

Shepherd: Did you hear the news?

Frazier: No, what's the dope?

Shepherd: Why Comstock beat Boone Armentrout up.

Frazier: What was it all about?

Shepherd: Well, Comstock got up at reveille, and Boone didn't get up till inspection.

HER SECRET

"I am self made!" cry men in hosts
Of this no woman ever boasts—
Tho' self-made often, strange to say,
She hates to give this fact away.

ONLY ONE

Clough: Quencer, why aren't you wearing any underwear?

Quencer: My suit is in the laundry.

SAFETY FIRST

Low B. (showing LeVine a \$10 bill): Jakey what would you do if you had all this money?

Jakey: Oh! I would put it in the bottom of my trunk, and then I would lock the trunk and then I would put the key in the bank.

SHE COULD

Hawley: They say that women have no sense of humor; tell me, can you see a joke?

"Oh, very plainly," she said, looking straight at our noble First Sergeant.

CONTROL

He was the idol of the stands,
He was a pitcher great,
When knife and fork were in his hands,
He never missed the plate.

—TIGER.



Coffin: Do you know that Clark is an original cuss?

Laws: Why so?

Coffin: Well you see I've had my picture taken with him en groupe
three different times——

Laws: Yes?

Coffin——and he never said a word about breaking the camera.

Morrell (looking at his dance card): Is your dress blue or black?

She: Blue.

Morrell (looking at his dance card again): Come on then, this is
our dance.

Clough: When I was a boy, you know the doctor said if I didn't
quit smoking cigarettes I would become feeble minded——

Miss Keen: Well, why didn't you quit?

Major Stevens: Your answer is as clear as mud.

Conley: Well that covers the ground, doesn't it?

I possess a social room-mate,
Who is rather thin and tall.
He acquired gym credit last week,
Without any work at all,
Swinging all the dumb belles
At the deaf mute's ball.

AT DANCING CLASS

Comstock (peeved at several collisions he had had while dancing):
Hey, Jones, quit running into me all the time—what d'ye think I am,
saloon?

WARNING—FRESH PAINT!

The letter box was freshly daubed,
And a sign revealed the fact;
But the passersby had all to try,
—How fresh paint does attract.

As we sat in the corner behind the palms,
I couldn't resist the act,
And I touched her lips with my—finger tips,
—How fresh paint does attract.

Randolph: Do you think I'd make a good foot-ball player?

She: From what I know of you, you'd be disqualified for holding.

Peters: Hook was laid up with water on the knee.

Rudisill: He ought to have worn pumps.

AT THE EASTER FORMAL

Hager: I think Lewis is the worst dancer on the floor.

Miss Dancer: Hush, you forget yourself.

First Simple Nimrod: Hey, don't shoot! Your gun isn't loaded.

Second Simple Nimrod: Can't help that, the bird won't wait.

IN PHYSICS

Lieut. Gibson: Coffin, what is a vacuum?

Coffin: Lieutenant, I studied this lesson; I've got it in my head,
only I can't just express it.

WHA' D'YAH MEAN, LOVE?

They say a man cannot live on love; but he can if his love has enough
money.

Duke: I am going to see a swell dame this evening.

Willie P.: Couldn't you dig up one for me?

Duke: Wouldn't you just as soon have a live one?

ACCORDING TO NATURE

He saw a peach across the way,
All smiles and passing fair.
Quick shift—a word—an answer gay,
The peach became a pair.

IN PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

Capt. Legge: Who first believed the world revolved?

Cornwall: The first drunk.

She: Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

Clark: Well-er-I don't know. Your face does kind of seem familiar.

Don't you dare touch me, officer! I wear Prunella Corsets and
CANNOT BE PINCHED!

Love and a porous plaster, son,
Are very much alike;
It's simple to get into one,
But getting out—*Good-night*.

Clark (at a football dinner): Randolph got up and left the table
because someone told a story of which he did not approve.

She: Oh, Mr. Clark, how noble of him! What was the story?

Barbee: Of course Wellington was a great general. Didn't he lick
Napoleon?

Peters: Sure he did, you boob, but Napoleon was only half his size.

THAT'S BAD

Major Sizer: Why didn't you study your French lesson last night.

Walker: Major, my throat was so sore that I could scarcely speak
English.

Low, B.: Have you heard the latest definition of a boob?

Lewis: No, lead me to it.

Low: The fellow who breaks you when you're dancing the
"maxixe."

A REASONABLE EXCUSE

Nirdlinger: Say, have you forgotten that you owe me two "bones"?

Giles: No, not yet; give me time.

MEMORABLE

"I shall never forget tonight," she said,
As she looked at the twinkling stars.
"Nor I," said he, as he took a puff
At one of her dad's cigars.

Quotations

"Stolen kisses are always the sweetest."—*Walker, H.*

"Half dust, half diety, alike unfit to sink or soar."—*Newell.*

"Man is an animal that cooks his victuals."—*Quencer.*

"All great men are in some degree inspired."—*Marrone.*

"I find that nonsense at all times is singularly refreshing."—*Dye.*

"Order is Heaven's first law."—*Barracks.*

"No man is esteemed for gay garments, but by fools and women."—*Wahle.*

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."—*Colonel.*

"The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant."—*Shermer.*

"A plague on this quiet life. I want work."—*Whelpley.*

"So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."—*Sanford.*

"A certain solidity of gait and mien."—*Conrad.*

"Mad as a March Hare."—*Sutcliffe.*

"Larding the lean earth as he walks."—*Clark, H.*

"He that laughs at his own jokes, laughs alone."—*Lewis, W.*

"Love did his reason blind."—*Lee.*

"If it be a sin to covet girls, I'm the most offending soul alive."

—*Walker, H.*

"The road to Hell is paved with good intentions."—*Martin, P.*

L' Envoi

"Thank Heaven! the crisis—

The Danger—is past."—*Commencement.*

Field Day May 8, 1915

The following events were run off:

SENIOR EVENTS

Open to School
100 yard dash
220 yard dash
440 yard dash
1 mile
Shot put
Discus throw
Broad jump
High jump

JUNIOR EVENTS

15 yrs. not over 5 ft. 4 inches.
100 yard dash
50 yard dash
Hop, step and jump

MIDGET EVENTS

13 Years and Under
100 yard dash
50 yard dash
Hop, step and jump

Relay race between Companies and Band, four men to a team, each man to run one-half distance of the track.

Tug of War between Companies, A and B, C and D, and Band. The winners pull for the cup.

Potato race and three legged race, each gallery and the wing is allowed to enter one man in the potato race and a team in the three legged race.

A Silver Medal to the man scoring the greatest number of points.

A Silver Medal to the man scoring the next number of points.

A Bronze Medal to the man scoring the next number of points.

A Bronze Cup to the winning relay team.

A Bronze Cup to the winning tug of war.

Ribbons to the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places in each event.

Baseball game at 3:30 p. m., between Faculty and Commissioned Officers.

B. R. LEGGE,
Athletic Officer.

S. M. A., Staunton, Va., May 1, 1915.

Dear Brave Little Girl:

I think Mr. S. did the dirtiest trick I have ever heard of. He was so stubborn and any of the plans that we suggested would have been good ones. Even Miss Margy asked him. I like her for that, but if I ever get a chance to fix him he better look out. And you were so sweet about it and tried to keep from crying. That would have done you good because when anyone is all wrought up it helps lots, and I just wish I could have held you on my lap and let you have it all out on my shoulder. I'm going to keep on trying, but I'm afraid its no use. It won't be anything 'less you are in it, so I hope the whole thing goes to smash. Anyhow you can show them that you can graduate. I feel just as bad about it as you 'cause you just seem a part of my very life, and some day you will be. I told Kitten to take good care of you this afternoon.

You don't know how much I appreciate the candy, Sweetheart. It was wonderful of you to make it and it came at a most opportune time as I made the greater part of my dinner off of it, not being able to go home.

I told Kitten if she beat little Sherman I'd beat Nelson so that's agreed. She was awful gloomy too.

I am writing this at the studio, so I must stop and I've got to go to choir practice to-night. Let's hope we find a silver lining in the cloud, dear-heart, and remember that I love you better than anyone in the world. Thanks again for the candy.

With all the love and sympathy in my heart,

BILLY.

To Commandant of Cadets, April 7, 1915.

Cadet Priv. Rowan, J., Co. D.

Subject of Report: "Absent Baseball Special."

(Date on Delinquency Sheet, April 6, 1915.)

The Report is Correct:

But I had a date with my girl on Monday to go to the show, and after I got down town, I asked her if she did not want to go to the baseball game instead of the show, but she said, "No," so I could not disappoint her, so I went to the show. When I made the date I did not think of the baseball game.

Reporting Officer: Shepherd, C., O. D.

ROWAN, J.

Plans to Make Money Early and Rapidly

Plant No. 1.

Send your roommate's old dress uniform to the tailor. After he brings it back, burn two large holes in each pant leg and tear one sleeve out of the coat. Take the uniform back immediately and demand the price of the uniform. (\$50). He will then pay you.

Plan No. 2.

Put on a running suit, procure a confederate and, giving him a stop watch, take him up a track meet. Run the 100 your confederate timing you. Fall down exhausted at the finish. Confederate shouts, "He did it in 9 seconds!" You will then be invited to eat at the training table. Modestly decline saying you are working for your board. You will then receive your training table board free.

Plan No. 3.

Offer to collect a large bill for some merchant down town. If you cannot collect the bill threaten to sue. At the same time wink hard, saying you will take \$5.00 graft for not taking any action. Take the money.

Plan No. 4.

Start a Spring Water company. Fill bottles from Reservoir Pond.

Plan No. 5.

Organize a company and guarantee to put anybody's name in the *Leader* for \$10. Ordinarily this can be done by sending a letter to the person in care of M. B. S., and leaving it unclaimed. If this fails to work, sneak up behind the customer and hit him with a sledge hammer. This will put him on the infirmity list.

Popped—Stuck—Skinned

Name	Reporting Officer Col. Mason Offence
Shearer—	Present at Reveille
Hager—	Present at Retreat
Clough—	Same
Clark, H.—	Present at Military Science Class
Sutliff—	Clothes Pressed at all Formations
Moore, W.—	No Rouge at Breakfast
Lynch—	Not Taking Regular Sunday Night Leave
Morrell—	Refusing to Take Charge of Battalion at Retreat
Conley—	No Silk Shirt at Reveille
Douglass—	Clean Room at Inspection
Giles—	Not Raising Disturbance in Barracks
Frazier—	Shaved at Church
Low, B.—	Absent All Formations
Lewis—	Stiff White Collar at All Formations
Shepherd, C.—	Not Displaying Ignorance at Drills
Comstock—	Not Pestering Someone for Two Minutes
Cornwall—	Giving Proper Commands at Drill
Anderson—	On time at All Formations
Laws—	In Room at O. D. Inspection
Quencer—	Soldierly Appearance at All Forms
Stone—	Clean Sheets on Bed
Smith, G.—	Standing at Attention at Retreat
ErkenBrack—	Wearing Shako Properly
Aldrich—	Not Singing During School
Peters—	No Hair-cut at Taps Inspection
Randolph—	Cap on Straight
Brown, A.—	Keeping His Post in Company
Coffin—	No Chew in Mouth at Drill

To S. M. A.

To S. M. A. we lift on high

Our glasses sparkling clear;

Of her we boast,,

To her we toast

Our school, old and dear.

To S. M. A. we lift on high

Both morning, night, and noon;

All honor due

Be unto you,

Our Blue and Gold

The Secret to Success

Push—said the Button
Never be lead—said the Pencil
Take Pains—said the Window
Always keep cool—said the Ice
Make things hum—said the Top
Be up to date—said the Calendar
Never lose your head—said the Drum
Always got to sea—said the Sailor
Make light of things—said the Fire
Do a driving business—said the Hammer
Be Square and upright—said the Piano
Aspire to great things—said the Nutmeg
Be sharp—said the Knife
Keep moving—said the Clock
Stick to a good thing—said the Glue

Historical

When I first saw this planet fair
No barber'd ever cut my hair,
And money gave me not a care.
But that was years ago.

Whenever I wanted anything,
I'd howl and yell until they'd bring
The thing I wanted—I was king.
But that was years ago.

A damsel fair once looked at me;
"I'd like to kiss you, boy," said she
I yelled "You can't!" and turned to flee.
Gosh, that was years ago.

A man once told me I could write;
He said my stuff showed promise—quite,
He saw my great career in sight.
But that was an awful long time ago!

Ode to a Shower Bath

O varying, versatile, quick-changing shower bath
Just cause art thou to arouse all of our wrath.
Why is thy temperature constantly altering,
Causing the cadets to be constantly faltering?
Whether or no to dare enter thy stream
Of icy-cold water co-mingled with steam?
Where is thy source from whence cometh this water,
That's never been known to act as it oughter?
Why does the liquid thou spouteth and spurteth
Fall with such force, it invariably burneth?
Then suddenly change to a steam full of tickle,—
Why art thou so frightfully fitful and fickle?
O shower bath, 'tis plain to see
Thy middle name is inconstancy.

If We Only Told the Truth

1. That roommate of mine is a poor cheese, I admit.
2. Couldn't make a team, because I was absolutely punk.
3. I'm certainly a lucky guy to be in Mask and Wig.
4. Most of my talk about being a devil with the ladies is mere bull.
5. Oh that player piano sounds like * * * * *
6. Our prof. knows more than I do anyway.
7. Gee, but this grub is sad.
8. Poor tobacco, Mac, poor tobacco!
9. You stepped on my corn!
10. Well, I am a fool!

Jokes

McIlwaine: Does the Mandolin Club practice tonight, Moran?

Moran: Are you in the Mandolin Club? Why, you can't play.

"Mac": Well, you were on the foot-ball team, weren't you?

PROOF ENOUGH

Ted: Well, Hall, so you persist in insisting that you didn't throw the ash can, when I can get six men who saw you do it.

Hall H.: Well, I can get six hundred that didn't.

DESURE

Nathanson (after hearing someone speak of nitroglycerin): Desure. is that what they use to oil guns?

Desure: No, you d—— fool, that's what they use for chapped hands.

"I'm going to turn you out," she said

He had an awful fright,

But she didn't mean what he thought she meant,

For she meant the parlor light.

IN CHEMISTRY

Major Sutherland: Bryson, can you name a liquid which won't freeze?

Bryson: Hot water, sir.

They must have had some motor cars,

In the good old days gone by,

For the Bible says Isaiah

Went up to Heaven on "high."

OH, YE FATES

Hubbard: Make any resolutions for this year?

Ranshaw: Yep, I'm going to quit gambling.

Hub: A dollar you don't.

Ran: You're on.



The Horrid Thing.

Sweet Young Thing—Did you know that knee vanity boxes are becoming all the rage?

Emde— So I see.

S. Y. T.—Oh, you horrid thing! You cannot.

This Tinware Humor is Becoming Ghastly.

Twiddle—What are you doing nowadays?

Twaddle—Selling automobiles.

Twiddle—What make?

Twaddle(stage whisper—Sh— I'm selling Fords. Don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm a bartender.—Ye Crabb.

He clasped his arm around her waist,

And on her lips he pressed a kiss.

Quoth he, "I've sipped from many a cup,

But ne'er from a mug like this."

No Use.

Moore, W.—Quencer, you haven't washed for breakfast.

Quencer—No, sir, I'm going to take a bath this afternoon.

At Cohen's.

Douglas—Do you serve lobsters?

Waiter—Yes, sir, we serve anyone, sit right down.

Lewis, W.—Rabbit, what was the "Million Dollar Mystery"?

Rabbit Low—Oh, that was a graft.

If Brown, A. owed you \$10.00, what would Dillow?

There was a young boy named Rabbit,

And a nice little boy at that,

But he had one fault, 'twas a habit

Of teasing a poor, innocent cat.

Defined.

Kike—I see there's a report from Holland that concrete bases for German cannon have been found there.

Randolph—Don't believe a word you hear from Holland. The geography says that it is a "low, lying country."

Crown Him!

Clough—Captain, where was the C. & O. railroad mentioned in the Bible?

Lieut. Keyser—Why Clough, it never was mentioned.

Clough—Well, how about in Genesis, when the Lord created all "creeping things"?

Quite True.

Aldrich—You want to keep your eyes open around here today.

New Recruit—What for?

"Duke"—Because people will think that you are a fool if you go around with them shut.

That's Different.

She, (nestling closer)—Have you never, never done this before, dear?

Hager (doing likewise)—No, never.

She (sighing)—Oh, George, are you sure you haven't?

George—I only met you last night, you know.

At the Telephone.

Lewis—Give me Main 3-0-0-0.

Central—What's the matter, something biting you?

A change of women now and then

Is relished by the best of men.

M. E. T.

Carpentry.

Lynch—Who made the training table this year?

Johnson, G. W.—They used the same one they had last year.

Nor the One About the Ford.

Dr. Kable—Did you ever hear the joke about the Irishman?
Class (in unison)—No.

How about Mark.

She—Billy Sunday says that Cleopatra is in hell.
Blizzard—O death! where is they sting.

Colored Supplement.

Hunter—"What did Coffin do when the brothers sent him those pictures of colored dames for valentines?"

McAllister—"Sued 'em for blackmail."

Hi Henry.

Hi—"What are you doing with that ladder?"

Hen—"I'm going to get my automobile out of a tree."

Hi—"What t'ell have you been doing?"

Hen—"I was cranking it the other day and the d—— thing slipped out of my hand."

"And still they come."

Conley—I was out riding in my Ford yesterday.

She—Yes?

Conley—And I stuck one foot out the side of the machine.

She—Well?

Conley—And some boob hollered, "Hey mister, yeh lost one of yer roller skates."

Jones'll fox 'Em.

An Uplifting Occupation.

Lynch—Did you put the stamps on those letters?

Jones, L.—No, I slipped them through the slot when the fellow wasn't looking.

"What little boy in the class can mention a memorable date in history?" asked the teachers.

"Antony with Cleopatra," was the answer.

Well?

Ted—Gee, you ought to see Miss Blink in the new Movie.

Capt. Legge—That so, what does she wear?

Ted—Huh?

Capt.—What does she wear?

Ted—What I said.

Capt.—You didn't say anything.

Ted—Well?

Capt.—Well!

Slowly, silently, steadily, stealthily and sturdily the door opened. Something must be going to happen. No common door could do all that alone. Mine is a common door. Some big interest must be behind this movement.

I was right. An agent. Covering me with his hammerless automatic fountain pen he chirped hoarsely, "You are in my power," (Not horse-power). I continued my silence.

He stated further: I represent the Student Letter Writing Agency, Inc., or Ink. For three a term we send two letters weekly to your family covering church services, the necessity for cash to the college student, your good marks, —— But at this point I found my check book.

Wowdyism in d' Teater.

I wish dis to be considered a fohmal pwotest agin de wildness of sum of de cadet gents in de teater. I refer speshelly to de equestrain (diskshun-any woid) humor displade durin loving scenarios. De effect of many a sublyme loven match has bin ruined fer me because of mocking whines frum de hites of the edjicated. De devine pashun seems a misunderstand-ible to dem as de use of grape juice as a beveridge is to de men in de navy.

Lt. Keyser—Why, you wicked boy! I never heard such awful language since the day I was born.

Alexander—Yeah, I bet there must 'a been a pile o' cussin the day you was born.

Clough—Believe me, I'm no quitter.

She (yawning)—Yes, I know it.

Clark—Since you lost your bet, I think I can claim the forfeit.
She—I really don't know what you mean, and, besides, someone might see us.

"Anyhow, there's one advantage in having a wooden leg," said the veteran.

"What's that?" said his friend.

"You can hold your socks up with thumb tacks."

Cadet—(Trying to pick her up)—The fellows bet me a dollar, I didn't dare to speak to you. You don't mind, do you?

Beautiful Girl—Not at all. Run along now and get your dollar.

SOME PEOPLE ENJOY THESE

Lynch—It's wonderful, but I had a deaf uncle who was arrested, and the judge gave him his hearing the next morning.

Morrell—That's nothing. I once had a blind aunt who walked in a lumber yard and saw dust.

A Letter Home

DEAR GOVERNOR :—

You and the old woman say that I never write except when I want some dough; so I will scribe you a few, and beg for the dough later. You don't know how tight I have to be, with the few rocks you send me, or you would loosen up and send me more.

My last report jarred you, did it? Just wait until you gaze on the next edition and you will see what a whale you have for a namesake. I made a square zero on Dutch to-day; a flunk on Elic-tricity, and cut evening work.

Military, Canine! A fellow can't turn around unless he gets stuck. Last night we were having a rough-house when the O. D. goated in, stuck me for gross disorder during C. Q., bowl not converted, disorder under washstand, bed not piled, and a few more. But, Bovine! my room was a goat's-nest. For all this I will have to cut grit and be demolished by the President. I thought I would tell you a few of my troubles so you and the old woman can take them in broken doses.

I never did see why you checked me off to a military school. It is simply terrible. Why the other night one of the first-floor rats was up on the third visiting, when the C. Q. bell rang. He was afraid he would get stuck, so he jumped out of the window; thought he could get down quicker than via the steps. The horny-head came near kicking the bucket and has been in the hay ever since.

You were stuck on the grazing when you were over to finals. Well, just let me recite the feed for to-day. Growley, the kind that has made the mess famous; Murphys, odorized with onions—both should have been planted two years ago; light-bread, which had the wrong adjective before it; beans, that had walked away from Boston; the same old grass; strap; goat (the kind that comes in tubs); and a bottle of disinfectant. For boss we had a cubic inch of cake which I had to put sand on. I did not have to use the timber to find the remains of that dinner, but did break a tooth on a rock. You remember my showing you the growley machine which they use one day for grinding growley and the next for crushing rocks. Today they forgot to get all the rocks out. Please send me enough to railroad it to the Hill City or so I can get the tooth patched.

Am I in society? Well, I reckon. The other night I went rowing and butted in just in time to get a hand-out. Judas Anthracite and Bill Ellet! but I had a cinch of a time and got a meal ticket for next Sunday. I had 'em skunt until I told a bum joke, when they kicked me out. As it was nearly between two days and time to rool in the Ostermoor, I didn't mind.

It is dead easy to break off a letter here when you are writing to your honey-bug. Just say the lights have winked, some bell is ringing, time for drill, dress parade, or some other military to do, that they know nothing of. So I will say the lights have winked and cut all this slang out.

Now, don't you think it is up to you to send me two X's for this long epistle?

Give my best to the whole shooting-match and write soon and don't forget to enclose the twenty.

Yours devotedly, awaiting the dough,

JACK.

P. S.—If you can't translate this, I will send a pony.

LIGHTS OUT!



THE END

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