

16



Blue & Gold

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OF
Staunton Military Academy



1916

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA



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JOHN DAUM ADAMS, JR.

(Triangle Club)

"Dad" was born in Provincetown, Mass., July 17, 1895. Came to S. M. A. January 5, 1915. Has been Corporal and Sergeant in Battalion, 1914-'15. Expects to take Marine Corps exams this spring.

BOONE ARMENTROUT

(Triangle Club)

Boone was born at Beuna Vista, Va., May 20, 1896, and has made S. M. A. his home since 1909. Has been Junior First Sergeant and Junior Captain, Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant and Lieutenant in Band; manager of the basket-ball team, 1915-'16; scrub football team, 1914-'15. Athletic and exchange editor of *Hill Topics*. Will enter University of Cincinnati next year. Member of Triangle Club.



LELAND AYCOCK

Leland was born in Fremont, N. C., January 14, 1898. Attended the Fremont High School last year. Will enter University of North Carolina next year.

KIPLING BRINEY

"Kippy" was born in Bloomfield, Mo., February 12, 1899. Will enter Harvard University next year.



JACK BLIZZARD, JR.

(Academy Club)

"Jack" was born in Smyrna, Delaware, July 2, 1895. Has been at S. M. A. for three years. Member of the Academy Club; secretary of the Senior Class; member of Honor Committee, 1915-'16; has been Sergeant, First Sergeant, Sergeant Major, Lieutenant, and Lieutenant Adjutant. Elected most military man, 1915-'16. Track team, 1913-'14, 1914-'15; captain, track team. Will enter University of Virginia next year.



MARION B. CORBETT

(Triangle Club)

"Slim" first breathed the balmy air of North Carolina October 24, 1898. Since his stay at the Academy he has often been accused of speaking proverbs of which he seems to be especially noted. President of the Y. M. C. A., 1915-'16; treasurer of Senior Class; assistant literary editor of BLUE AND GOLD, and president of the Triangle Club. Has been Sergeant, Quartermaster Sergeant, Color Sergeant, and Lieutenant. Will enter University of Virginia next year to study law.



HERBERT M. COX

Born in Port Jervis, N. Y., in 1898. Came to S. M. A. in September, 1915. Expects to enter Cornell next year if he's still alive.



WRAY JOSEPH CRANDALL

Was born in Marietta, Ohio, September 19, 1898. Has been at S. M. A. for one year. His future is undecided.



GILBERT H. DUSMAN

Dusman was born in York, Penn., August 17, 1897. Graduated from York High School last year. Will enter Cornell next year.



J. WILSON DYE

Wilson first saw daylight in Jackson, Michigan, February 14, 1898. He came to us from Akron, Ohio. He has been with us two years and has had a hard time holding a corporality. Future is undecided.



HOWELL B. ESKRIDGE

Eskridge is another one of Staunton's famous sons who will graduate from S. M. A. He came to us from the Staunton High School. He expects to enter the University of Virginia next year.



JAMES THOMAS FLEMING

"Jim" was born December 16, 1898, in Savannah, Ga. At the age of eight he moved to Augusta, Ga. After finishing this year at S. M. A. he will return to the farm.



RUSSELL W. FRAZIER, III

(Phi Lambda Epsilon)

"Monk" first was noticed in Wichita, Kansas, April, 1897. He has had quite an adventurous career during his stay here, holding the offices of Corporal and Lieutenant in the Band. Member Honor Committee, 1915-'16; Social Club, 1914-'15; vice-president Social Club, 1915-'16; historian Senior Class, 1915-'16; miscellaneous editor of BLUE AND GOLD, 1915-'16; Academy Club, 1914-'15-'16; elected Best Dancer, 1915-'16. Music has always attracted "Monk." Among his latest selections is "Sweet Kentucky Lady." Will enter Kansas University next year.



WAYNE REYNOLDS FULLERTON

"Mad Anthony" first saw daybreak in Pittsburgh, Penn., November 5, 1897. Has been Corporal and Sergeant. Will enter University of Pittsburgh next year.



GEORGE L. GORDON

Was born November 26, 1899, at Staunton, Va. He has attended the Staunton Military Academy since 1911. He expects to pursue his studies at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.



GEORGE ANDREW HAGER

"Dode" came to us from Marquette, Mich. Has been at S. M. A. four years. He has been Corporal and Sergeant, 1913-'14; Lieutenant Quartermaster, 1914-'15. Senior Captain, 1915-'16; member of basket-ball team, 1915-'16; vice-president of Academy Club; member of Honor Committee; vice-president of Senior Class; secretary of Social Club; military editor of BLUE AND GOLD; elected Most Loyal Man in School, 1915-'16. He leaves us to enter University of Michigan next year.



WINFIELD L. HANCOCK

(Triangle Club)

"Abe" first saw light in Ethelsville, Ala., November 27, 1899. He is a pretty fair fellow. Has been secretary and treasurer of the Y. M. C. A., 1915-'16. Officer in Charge Allowances, 1915-'16, and second vice-president of the Triangle Club. Has been Corporal, First Sergeant and Lieutenant in the Battalion. Expects to enter Eastman Business College next year.



ROBERT L. HANN

Was born in Mt. Morris, Penn., September, 1896. Has been at S. M. A. for one year. He has been rather studious during his stay here, but was always on hand when wanted. Will enter the University of Pennsylvania next year.



DAVID NEWBY HARSH

"Snail" first made his appearance in Gallatin, Tenn., on September 30, 1897. He has been with us one year and is a member of the football team. He came to us from the Central High School, Memphis, Tenn. Expects to seek further knowledge at Cornell.



GEORGE HALE HEWITT

"Jim" was born December 17, 1899, in Washington, D. C., but has since moved to Colorado Springs. Has been Corporal, First Sergeant, and Lieutenant. Has been at S. M. A. three years. Will enter Yale next year.



ELMER D. HOOK

Was born in Staunton, Va., August 11, 1895. Spent three years at Staunton High School before entering S. M. A. Football team, 1914-'15, but couldn't play this year on account of injuries. He returned to S. M. A. this year for a special course in chemistry.



SCROOP D. HOOKER

"Hook" was born in Dilborough, N. C., October 14, 1896. Entered S. M. A. in 1913. Has been Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant, Lieutenant and Captain of Company "D." Elected Most Popular Man, 1915-'16; president Senior Class, 1915-'16; member of Honor Committee, 1915-'16; Academy Club, 1915-'16; Social Club, 1915-'16; business manager of BLUE AND GOLD, 1915-'16; baseball team, 1914-'15. Expects to enter Columbia University next year.



JAMES P. HUGHES

First started to study chemical engineering in Bedford, Penn., August 24, 1897. Has been Corporal in Battalion. Will enter University of Pennsylvania next year to study chemical engineering.



WILBUR R. JORDAN

"Dutch" was introduced to us December 29, 1894, and came to S.M. A. with an everlasting and innocent smile. Has been Sergeant, Corporal, and Sergeant in the Battalion. We have been wondering who this boy is attentive to, but it seems impossible to find out. Will take up engineering at Lehigh University.



JUAN A. LOMO

Juan first started doing electrical work in Ponce, Porto Rico, September 4, 1897. He has been at S. M. A. four years and held the offices of Chief Musician for two years, and Ordnance Sergeant on Staff, and also Chief Electrician. Member of Academy Club; chairman of refreshment committee of the Social Club. Elected Biggest Lady Fusser." He will leave us to enter United States Naval Academy next year.



BAYARD CASWELL LOW, II

(Delta Sigma Nu)

"Rabbit" was born in Cranford, N. J., June 14, 1896. "Rabbit" has held the offices of Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant and Captain of Company B." Chairman of Honor Committee, 1915-'16; president Social Club, 1915-'16; social editor of BLUE AND GOLD, 1915-'16; president of the Academy Club, and elected the Most Polite Man, 1915-'16. Will enter University of Virginia next year to study law. "Rabbit's" one and only trouble is keeping his matrimonial affairs straight.



GEORGE W. MATTOX

(Triangle Club)

"Crab" was born in 1898. Has been Corporal and Lieutenant in Battalion. Vice-president of Y. M. C. A., and member of track team. His favorite pastime is selling memory books. His future is undecided.



ROBERT ANDERSON McGUFFIN

Was born in Staunton, Va., February 3, 1897. Attended the Staunton High School before coming to S. M. A. Expects to attend V. P. I. next year.



JAMES W. McNUTT

Born in Brazil, Ind., June 30, 1898. Came to S. M. A. the fall of 1912. Has been on Bugle Corps and Corporal and First Sergeant in Band. Member of Mandolin Club, 1914-'15.



JOHN JOHNSTON McROBERTS

(Delta Omicron Omicron)

"Mac" was born February 26, 1897, in Sedalia, Mo. Has been at S. M. A. two years. Member of Social Club, 1914-'15; vice-president of Triangle Club, 1915-'16. Has been Sergeant, Quartermaster Sergeant, and First Sergeant in Battalion. Will study medicine at the University of Missouri next year.



AMOS A. MOORE

His first wail was heard in Walla Walla, Wash, on December 26, 1896. Has been Corporal, Sergeant, and Corporal in Battalion. Future undecided.



LAWRENCE FRANKEL MORAN

Lawrence first started riding motorcycles in Louisville, Ky., February 2, 1898. Has been Corporal, Sergeant in Battalion. Member of football team, 1914-'15, 1915-'16; baseball team, 1914. His future is very undecided as he was born on ground-hog day.



SAMUEL NIXON NIRDLINGER, JR.

"Sammy" was born in Philadelphia, Penn., in 1898, and came to S. M. A. in 1911. He has been here for five years, and has been Corporal Sergeant, Color Sergeant, and is a Lieutenant in Company "A" this year. Has been joke editor of *Hill Topics*. His future is undecided.



ELMER H. PETERS

"Pete" hails from Bramwell, W. Va., where he was born October 20, 1897. He has been Corporal, Sergeant, Quartermaster Sergeant, Lieutenant and Captain of Company C. Member of Honor Committee, 1915-'16; Academy Club, 1914-'15-'16; assistant business manager of BLUE AND GOLD; Social Club. Elected Neatest Man in School, 1915-'16. Will enter University of Pennsylvania next year, but will spend most of his vacations in Staunton, Va.



ARTHUR R. PETERSON

"Art" came to us from Wilcox, Penn. Has been Sergeant in Battalion. Was born June 18, 1896. Will study law at University of Pennsylvania next year.

LEONARD ODIS PRATHER

"Horse" came to S. M. A. from Bloomington, Ill. During his stay at S. M. A. he has won many victories on the athletic field. Has been Sergeant in Band. Member of the Academy Club; football team, 1914-'15; basketball team, 1914-'15; track team, 1914-'15; captain of football team, 1915-'16; captain of basket-ball team, 1915-'16; captain of track team, 1916. Athletic editor of *Hill Topics*; athletic editor of BLUE AND GOLD; prophet of Senior Class; elected Best Athlete, 1914-'15-'16. Will enter University of Illinois next year.



GEORGE H. POWELL

Born in Staunton, Va., May 20, 1896. Spent one year at S. M. A. Expects to enter University of Virginia next year.

H. S. RICHARDSON

Was born in Hawkinsville, Ga., January 1, 1898. Will enter University of Georgia next year.



ROBERT CHARLES ROOS, JR.

(*Mu Nu Sigma*)

"Charlie" first began singing "Moonlight on the Alamo" in San Antonio, Texas. Has been Corporal in Battalion and Sergeant in Band. Member of Social Club, 1914-'15. He brought a young studio with him to S. M. A. in 1914 and has been quite a noticeable figure in the social events of the Academy. He came to us from West Texas Military Academy. Will enter University of Pennsylvania next year.

WINFIELD H. SAGE

Born October 22, 1898, in Pittsburgh, Penn. He now takes Philadelphia, Penn., as his home. Has been Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant, and Lieutenant in Battalion. His future is undecided.



EDWARD ANDREW SCHAMBS, JR.

"Shorty" Schambs hails from Richwood, O. Has spent three years at S. M. A. Has been Rat. Corporal, Sergeant, Quartermaster Sergeant, First Sergeant, Second Lieutenant, and First Lieutenant in Battalion. Drum Major in Band. Vice-president of Senior Class, 1914-'15; member of Hbnor Committee, 1914-'15; athletic editor of *Bulletin Board*, 1914-'15; art editor of *BLUE AND GOLD*, 1915-'16; member of Glee Club, 1915-'16; Udads, 1914-'15; Manliest Man, 1914-'15; basket-ball, 1913-'14-'15; captain of football team, 1914-'15, and captain of basket-ball team, 1914-'15. "Shorty" is bound for Ohio state.



MARION P. SCHAMBS

Marion is a brother of the notable "Shorty" and also hails from Richwood, O. Expects to enter West Point next year. Born May 10, 1896.



HUGH B. SHEPERD

Hugh came to us from Weldon, N. C., but was born in Petersburg, Va., May 14, 1898. Has spent three years at S. M. A. His future is undecided.



JAMES STOCKER SIMMONS

"Jakey" was born in Charleston, S. C., March 10, 1895. Elected Best Dancer, '1914-'15; Best-Looking, 1915-'16; football letter, 1914-'15; member of Academy Club; poet of Senior Class, 1915-'16. Has been Sergeant Major of Staff. Future is undecided.



ROBERT HOLMES SMITH

"Smitty" was born in Rocky Mount, N. C. Came to S. M. A. in 1914. Has been a Corporal in Battalion. Will enter United States Naval Academy.



DONALD E. SMITH

Donald was born in Pontiac, Ill., November 29, 1897. Has been at S. M. A. for one year. Will continue his studies at Illinois Wesleyan.



SAMUEL W. STEVENS

"Steve" was born in Loudon County, Virginia, May 20, 1895. Has been at S. M. A. for two years. Track team, 1914-'15-'16. Hopes to enter Cornell next year.



RALPH F. WALTZ

"Kike" first saw daylight in Cincinnati, February 26, 1896. He came to us from Hughes High School. Member of Social Club, Academy Club, football squad, and track team; substitute on baseball team. Has been Corporal, Sergeant, Quartermaster Sergeant, Color Sergeant, and Lieutenant. He expects to enter the business field next year.



GILPIN WILLSON, JR.

"Gilp" first opened his eyes in Staunton, Va., on the 27th of December, 1898. He expects to continue his studies at the University of Virginia next year.



Senior Poem

In a little town way up in Maine,
A thousand miles away,
There lived a lass of twenty years,
Whose life was bright and gay.

One day she got a letter,
From a "pal"—it read like this:
"Oh, Mabel, dear, I've got good news,
I'm going to M. B. S."

She took it to her mother
In whom she put her trust
And said, "Oh, Mother, dear, just once—
You know, I simply must."

So they packed her trunk and suit-case,
And saw her to the train—
And now, we'll leave her just a moment.
But—we'll meet her once again.

* * * * *

Fate dealt the cards with steady hand,
Her future to unfold.
What did she see?—Let's wait awhile,
This story's not yet told.

* * * * *

Down South, in sunny Tennessee,
There lived a mournful lad,
Whose time hung heavy on his hand,
Wherefore, his life was sad.

One day he heard from an old-time pal
Who went to S. M. A.,
And straight away he decided
That 'twas there he'd wend his way.

So he made his preparations
To begin a life of ease(?)—
For, in his inside pocket,
Laid a check for eighty V's.

He arrived one day at even,
And was greeted at the train
By a score of boisterous "old boys,"
Who led him to his new domain.

* * * * *

Fate dealt the time-worn cards again,
His future to disclose;
She saw—well, let's not dwell on that
'Til we see how the story goes.

* * * * *

One day the lad went strolling
On Staunton's gay White Way,
And saw the "line"—his heart leaped up—
They were coming right his way.

His courage did not leave him,
And as they passed him by,
He nodded to the pretty lass,
And received a low reply.

Next Monday he went calling,
To a big white hall nearby,
To see the dainty Northern lass,
Who lately passed him by.

He came away with joyous heart,
And dreamt that moonlight night,
Of the lass from rock-bound Maine,
Who had made his future bright.

* * * * *

The years passed by, their friendship grew,
The time was drawing near,
When each would wear the flowing robes
That to Seniors' hearts are dear.

* * * * *

Their graduation days have passed,
But their lives hold memories keen,
Of the days when they were members
Of the class of sweet '16.

* * * * *

So, comrades, let us take to heart
The story herein told,
And in our days of after-life,
Ne'er forget the ones of old.

Be loyal to your college,
When your life is but a dream,
And ne'er forget the knowledge
Learned in the class of sweet '16.

* * * * *

Fate gathered up the well-worn cards,
And laid them safe away;
The things she'd seen were souvenirs
Of happy bygone days.

—JAS. S. SIMMONS, JR.

Prophecy of the Class of 1916



WHILE traveling in the East in the summer of 1945, I struck up a chance acquaintance with an occupant of a neighboring berth in the Pullman. After a little conversation in which we discussed the world war of 1918, I asked him what part, if any, he had played in that tragic struggle. He said that he had been Capt. L. C. McCallister, of the 13th regiment of Mexican Voltaires and had formerly been a famous "Toreador" in the Mexican pastime. I thought the name of McCallister sounded familiar to me and suddenly I tumbled to the fact that the man beside me was no other than my old school chum, "Mexico Mac."

After renewing old acquaintances with much slapping of backs and after living over the old days at S. M. A. again for an hour or so, I asked him if he knew what had become of any of the crowd that had graduated with us in 1916. He replied in the affirmative. Why, our old friend, B. C. Armentrout, has grown enormously wealthy manufacturing and selling "Armentrout's Aboriginal Plastic Pluto Water," and our mutual friend, Jakie Simmons, has also grown rich from his invention, manufacture and sale of Simmons' celebrated, non-elusive, sudless soap, made from the whites of South Carolina buzzard eggs. He asked me if I remembered the chemistry sharks and physics sharks, Lomo, A.; Moran; Gordon; McGuffin; Wilson, G.; Harsh; Jordon, W., and Hooke, E. D.

They finally succeeded, after years of labor, to perfect a liquid cosmetic which, smeared on the body, hardens into perfect impenetrable armor-plate impervious to bullets, shot, shrapnel, shells, submarines and other dogs of war.

The rest of the trip was spent in conversation of a like manner. We arrived in New York about five o'clock, and Mac gave me an invitation to his house for dinner which I accepted. Upon our entering his domicile I came face to face with a portly butler. Imagine my amazement when I recognized an old S. M. A. boy, McRoberts, who promptly fled and thereby earned his discharge. That evening I met Cedie's wife, Alma, who was a very gracious lady, indeed.

After dinner we went to the theatre to see the latest musical comedy, "Halt, Stare and Harken." Mac insisted on taking me behind the scenes and introducing me to the scene-shifters, and to my horrification, I beheld one Jew Blizzard and Kike Waltz and Monk Frazier. We fell into each others arms and after much sobbing and passing of the bottle the three of them succeeded in beating me out of a chew of Lucky Strike. This being about all I could stand in one day, we went home to bed.

At breakfast in the morning I was surprised to see a box on the table bearing the trade-mark, "Adams & Fore Solution of Granulated Red Weenies and Cream."

That morning we strolled down Broadway, crossed over to the intersection of Church and Courtland streets under the roaring span of the elevated. Our eyes fell on a group of white wings industriously loafing and another group approaching to help them. You can't imagine my consternation when I recognized the leader of the first gang as Charlie Roos, handling the shovel with the dexterity, placidity and accuracy that characterized deftness of days long passed at S. M. A.

Hearing clattering and banging behind us we turned and beheld a police patrol with steeds madly hitting the grit and pounding the asphalt, bell madly clanging, wheels grinding and swinging from side to side. I could hardly believe my eyes when upon the driver's seat I saw George Hager lashing the fuming and equestrian quadrupeds with a whole-heartedness born only with terrific excitement and impending calamity. Clinging back, top, sides, and insides, I beheld in the blue coats of New York's finest and fairest, McNutt, Dye, Hughes, J., Hancock, Corbett, Schambs, M., Sheppard, Shelton and Cox. In a moment they were passed. I turned to find the cause of all the alarm and learned from a passerby that they were rushing to arrest a certain Low, B., a Sweedis' spy, that had just succeeded in blowing up the East River. At that moment I noticed fragments of water descending with terrific concussions upon the surrounding neighborhood. I heard a terrible whimper in a voice of desolate despair. We rushed across the street, dodging more fragments of water. We arrived at the side of the fallen being, and,—lo! lying there white-faced and staring peacefully with a tear on his brow, was R. A. T. Crandall. We stayed till he was taken to the hospital.

That afternoon we went to the world-renowned Mattox & Peters' circus. As we approached the grounds,—great Heavens! Who should we see but Hewitt, G., Sage, W., and Richardson industriously driving stakes.

We passed on and our attention was attracted to a drove of Scandinavian Zebras being driven by. Following in their wake came two fellows armed with buckets of oats. Oh, terrible day! It hurts me to say 'twas Smith, R., and Estes, of S. M. A. While going through the menagerie, I was almost afraid to look in any of the cages for fear of seeing some more of the old boys. We passed on into the main tent and took our seats.

After interestedly watching various assortments of cunning clowns perambulating precipitously here and there, my eye fell on a familiar countenance which I immediately recognized as the forlorn natural frontispiece of

Samuel Emmanuel Frederick Nixon Nirdlinger, leaning upon a long-handled scoop-shovel, impatiently watching the trio of mammoth native African elephants. I was about to call to him but he disappeared in a minute with the elephants who gently wafted themselves laboriously and cumbersomely through the exit.

To say that I was thunderstruck at seeing Aycock, Briney and Battle, T., come dashing into the crowd distributing popcorn, peanuts, chewing-gum and ice-cold picnic twist with open-hearted tight-fistedness, would be putting it mild, indeed.

After leaving the circus we proceeded homeward. We arrived there at an early hour and decided to spend a quiet evening at home. After dinner I picked up the evening paper and was jocularly perusing the front page when I was astonished to see beneath staring headlines, the vivacious visage of Scoop Hooker, who had marvelously discovered a cure for the terrible ringbone, spavin and windpuffs.

In the column I read of the celebrated barbers, boilermakers, and broncho-busters' reunion at Buffalo. I was surprised but pleased to see the physiognomies of my former fellow-cadets, Eskridge, Fullerton, Fleming, Hann, Powell, Dusman, Church and Moore, A. A.

I was exceedingly well pleased to find that the boys were making such good use of the knowledge acquired in the above branches at old S. M. A.

Mac asked me what had become of that old bum, Shorty Schambs, that had so many ups and downs at S. M. A. I replied that I did not know but I thought that he was probably drum-majoring for Wausen-Wassers Weiniwurst Band, of Worms, Germany. Then he said that he forgot to tell me about Arthur Raymond Peterson; he said that he was carrying bats for the Johnsonburg Midgets.

He inquired as to what I was doing with myself. I told him I was manufacturing Prather's popular, potential, precarious, potassium, porous plasters for corns, ingrowing toe-nails, barbers' itch, warts, baldness, wild-hairs and bashfulness. Plasters for bashfulness are guaranteed.

I returned home next day. I enjoyed my visit very much and located some of the old boys. Thus endeth the first lesson.

Stand while ye rise, join hands and voices and unite in singing our favorite hymn—

Hallelujah, see the donkey;
Hallelujah, stroke his hair.

Amen.

—LEONARD ODIS PRATHER.

An Ode to the Senior Class

Up in the Blue Ridge mountains,
Upon those lawns so cool,
A crowd of boys came one day,
To go to the grand old school.

They formed themselves into a class:
Each worked as hard as he may;
Some worked on to graduate,
And some fell down by the way.

Those that had come back year after year,
Awoke at dawn one day,
To find themselves in the Senior Class,
At dear old S. M. A.

Too soon came the Baccalaureate Sermon,
Down in the old First Pres.,
And each resolved in his own mind
In after life to do his best.

At last came the day of the Finals—
The day of the last hard drill—
And all the people came flocking
To see the boys on the hill.

And when the drills were over,
The crowd broke up apace;
Each Senior looked around him,
To take leave of each familiar face.

They wished each other great good luck,
At the close of that eventful day,
Then turned with tears in their eyes,
To look their last on dear old S. M. A.

—HEWETT, G.



Department of Tactics

Lieutenant Colonel Lewis D. Greene (Capt. U. S. A.) . . . Senior Tactical Officer

Lieutenant Colonel T. G. Russell Commandant of Cadets

Major H. G. Acker Assistant Commandant of Cadets

TACTICAL OFFICERS

Major H. G. Acker

Captain S. S. Pitcher

Lieutenant Gibbs Lykes

Lieutenant W. C. Wallace

Lieutenant S. C. Chandler



STAFF

Staff



SPONSOR
Miss Margaret Enslow



LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT
J. C. Blizzard, Jr.

COLORS
Gold and Black

FLOWER
Violets

Lieutenant Quartermaster	Smith, C.
Sergeant Major	Simmons, J.
Ordnance Sergeant	Lomo, A.
Sergeant Quartermaster	Predmore
Sergeant Chief Trumpeter	Taylor
Hospital Sergeant	Dickerson

Color Guard

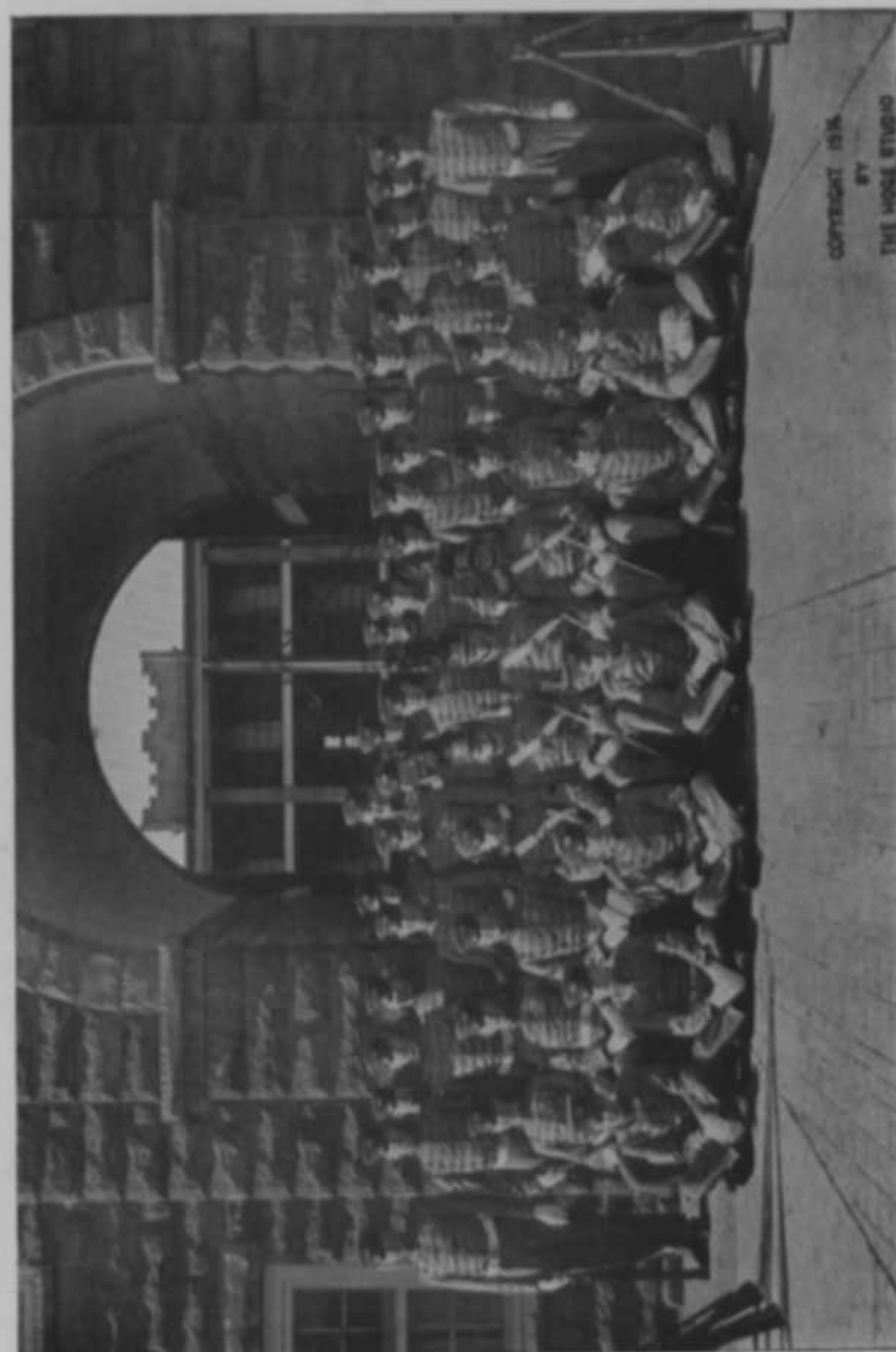
Color Sergeant	Ranshaw
Color Sergeant	Battle, T.
Private	Moses
Private	Hynson



BATTALION

Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of the Line and Band

"A"	"B"	"C"	"D"	"E"	BAND
CAPTAINS					
Hager	Low, B.	Peters	Hooker	Long	McCallister
LIEUTENANTS					
Nirdlinger	Driskell	Corbett	Waltz	Hancock	Frazier
Hewitt	Barnes, R.	Sage, W.	Laws	James	Armentrout
SERGEANTS					
Alexander	McRoberts	Gundry	Fore	Barnes, W.	McNutt, J.
O'Connor	Ranshaw	Sanderson	Shelton	Smith, G.	Mosser
Battle, J.	McMullen	Mattox	Peterson, A.	Harriman	Prather
Adams	Rambo	Moran	Lockhart	Rumberger	Roos
Hughes, P.	Bolten, J.	Fullerton	Lott		
Jordan					
CORPORALS					
Howell	Walker	Hughes, E.	Wright, L.	Jackson, F.	Bryson
Gates	Wedum	Berrie	McKelvy	Chandler	Carter, W.
Rosch	Smith, H.	Gregg	Rabey	Jackson, D.	
Moore, A.	Hughes, J.	Moore, B.	Williams, J.	Hood, O.	
Reifsnider	Bishop			Walsdorf	



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COMPANY A

Company A



SPONSOR
Miss Helen A. Mooers



CAPTAIN
G. A. Hager

COLORS
Turquoise Blue and Gold

FLOWER
White Rose

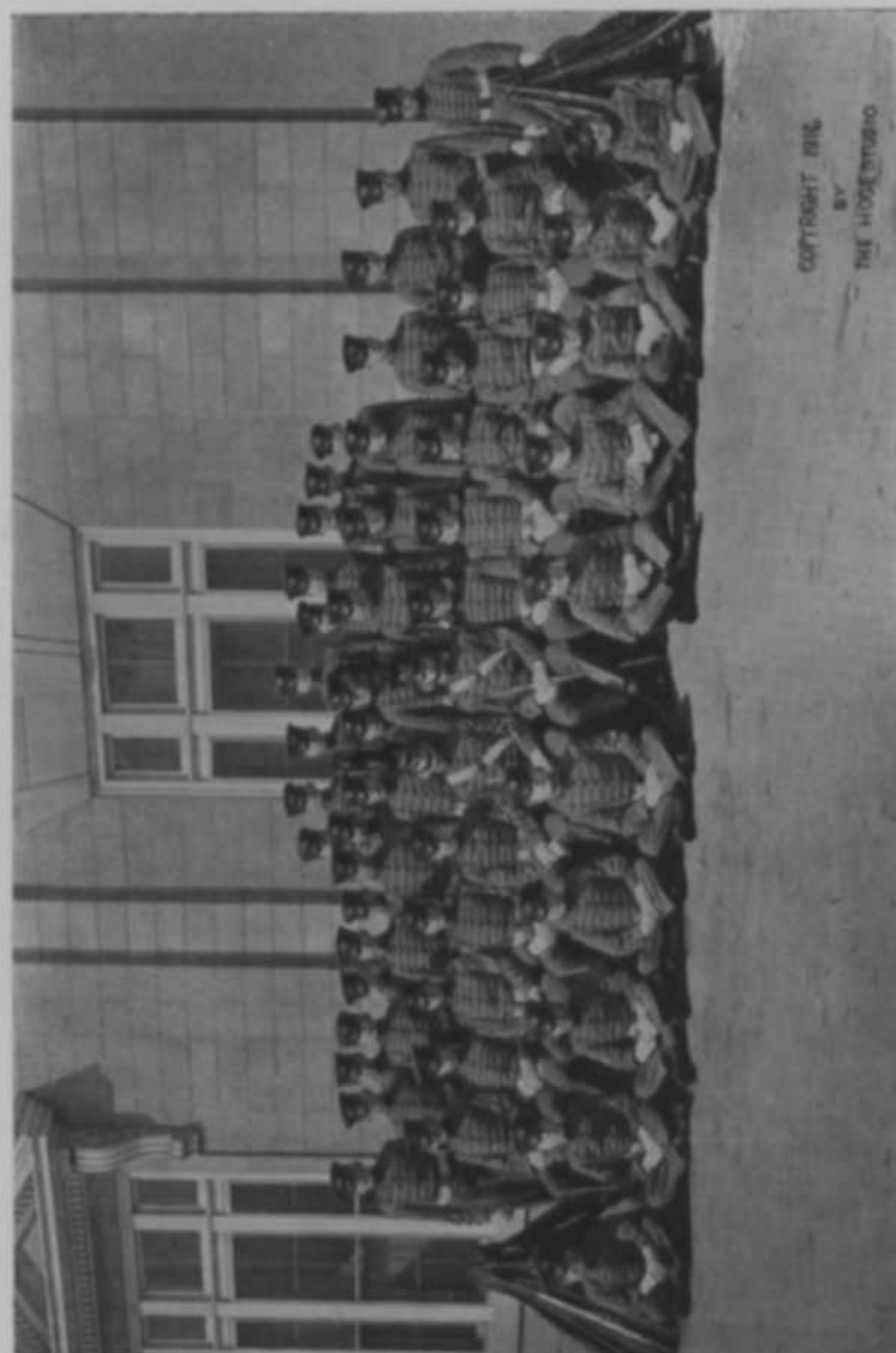
Lieutenants Nirdlinger, S. N.; Hewitt, G. H.
First Sergeant Alexander
Quartermaster Sergeant O'Connor
Sergeants Adams; Battle, J.; Hughes, P.
Corporals Howell; Gates; Moore, A.; Reifsnider; Rosch
Trumpeter Greene, P.

PRIVATES

Boxley
Buckley
Carr
Crandall
Doyle
Englar
Garcia, N.
Galbreath
Heath
Kendrick

Long, J.
Lawlor
Moses
Mertz, W.
McCullum
Newell, P.
Norman
Newberry
Perazo, F.
Schambs, E.

Schambs, M.
Shepherd
Sutcliffe
Stewart
Tessier
Thompson, H.
Wharton
Whittaker, H.
Whittaker, J.
Wright, S.



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COMPANY E

Company E



SPONSOR
Miss Frances Yates



CAPTAIN
L. S. Laws

COLORS
Red, White and Blue

FLOWER
White Carnation

Lieutenants Long, R.; James
First Sergeant Barnes, W.
Quartermaster Sergeant Smith, G.
Sergeants Harriman, Rumberger
Corporals Jackson, F.; Chandler; Jackson, D.; Hood, O.; Walsdorf

PRIVATES

Armstrong	Harr, J.	Mertz, J.
Bromley, T.	Harr, L.	Mathews
Bromley, W.	Hess	Melville
Byers	Hood, M.	Newell, R.
Breuil, J.	Herman, L.	Niven
Barrett	Holt	Queral
Crofton, R.	Ingalls	Sage, F.
Connington	Jones, L.	Starke, B.
Diaz	Jennings	Swanberg
Eldredge	Kosman	Turner
Fickenger	LeBrecht	Turman
Field	Lurio	VanBenschoten, C.
Frank	LeMaistre	VanBenschoten, F.
Feasel	McClure	Weeks
Garcia, J.	McKenna	Warner, E.
Grigsby	McNutt, L.	



COMPANY B

Company B



SPONSOR
Miss Elsie Morris



CAPTAIN
B. C. Low

FLOWER
Killarney Rose

COLORS
Orange and Black

Lieutenants Driskell, Barnes, R.
First Sergeant McRoberts
Color Sergeant Ranshaw
Quartermaster Sergeant McMullen
Sergeants Bolton, Rambo
Corporals Wedum; Walker, H.; Smith, H.; Hughes, J.; Bishop, E.
Trumpeter Watters

PRIVATES

Bacon	Hagaman	Proescholdt
Blick	Hynson	Richardson
Brown, S.	Heughan	Robinson, E.
Bradford, A.	Jenkins	Robinson, W.
Church	Kingsbury	Starke, E.
Cox, H.	Levy	Snyder
Clement	Lawson	Sheriden
Dennis	Lummas	Talbot
Dye	Linebaugh	Warner, F.
Eagles	Morrow	Wallace
Cortner	Miskovsky	Wehrly
	Nichelson	



CAPTAIN 224
 BY
 THE HOME STUDIO

COMPANY D

Company D



SPONSOR
 Miss Catharine Holt



CAPTAIN
 S. D. Hooker

COLORS
 Black and White

FLOWER
 Lily of the Valley

Lieutenants	Hancock, Waltz
First Sergeant	Fore
Quartermaster Sergeant	Shelton
Sergeants	Peterson, A.; Lockhart; Lott
Corporals	Wright, L.; McKelvey; Williams, J.; Rabey
Trumpeter	Parr

PRIVATES

Arango
 Aranguren
 Biting
 Blish
 Bruill, F.
 Bischoff
 Cole
 Carter, J.
 Dorsey
 Darlington
 Flemming

Forman
 Fuhrer
 Gottram
 Hinkle
 Johnson, J.
 Kolstad
 Ledbetter
 Mosby
 Moore, E.
 Mantinband
 McDonnell

Myer
 Ney
 Nichols
 Perazo, H.
 Perazo, R.
 Stevens, W.
 Sterne
 Skinner
 Watkins
 Wright, J.
 Weygant



BAND



SPONSOR
Miss Alma Wiist

FLOWER
American Beauty



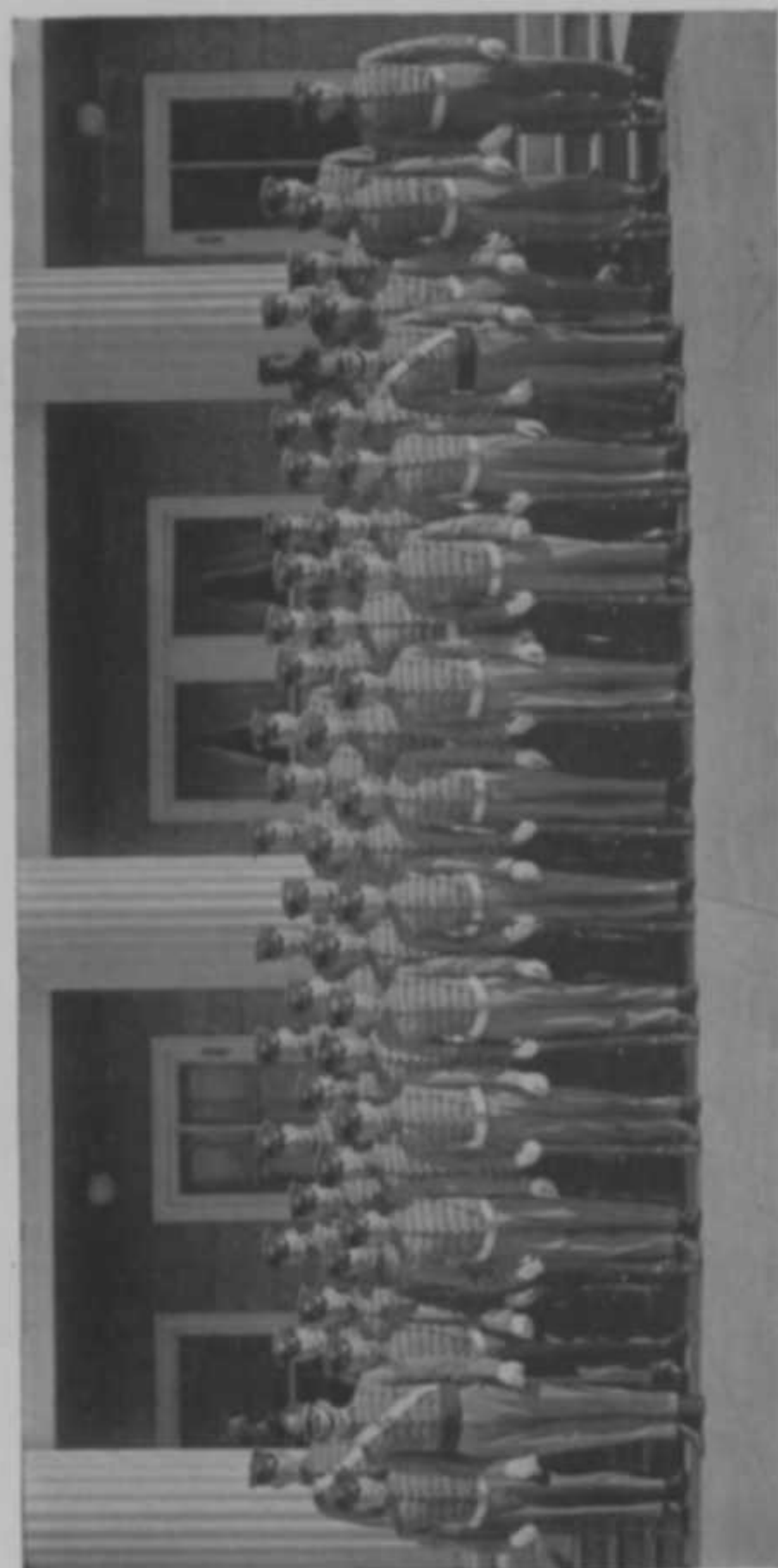
CAPTAIN
L. C. McCallister

COLORS
Purple and White

Lieutenants	Frazier, Armentrout
First Sergeant	McNutt, J.
Quartermaster Sergeant	Mosser
Sergeants	Prather, Roos
Corporals	Bryson; Carter, W.

PRIVATES

Allen, D.	Carter, R.	Greenleaf	Lybarger
Ballou	Cox, J.	Hanson	Marrone
Bradford, W.	Davitte	Jackson, S.	Moller
Craft	Dusman	Johnson, A.	Smith, D.
Curry	Fulton	Lesczynski	VanDyke
	Foster	Latham	



COMPANY C

Company C



SPONSOR
Miss Page Hughes



CAPTAIN
E. H. Peters

COLORS
Lavender and Gold

FLOWER
Pink Rose Buds

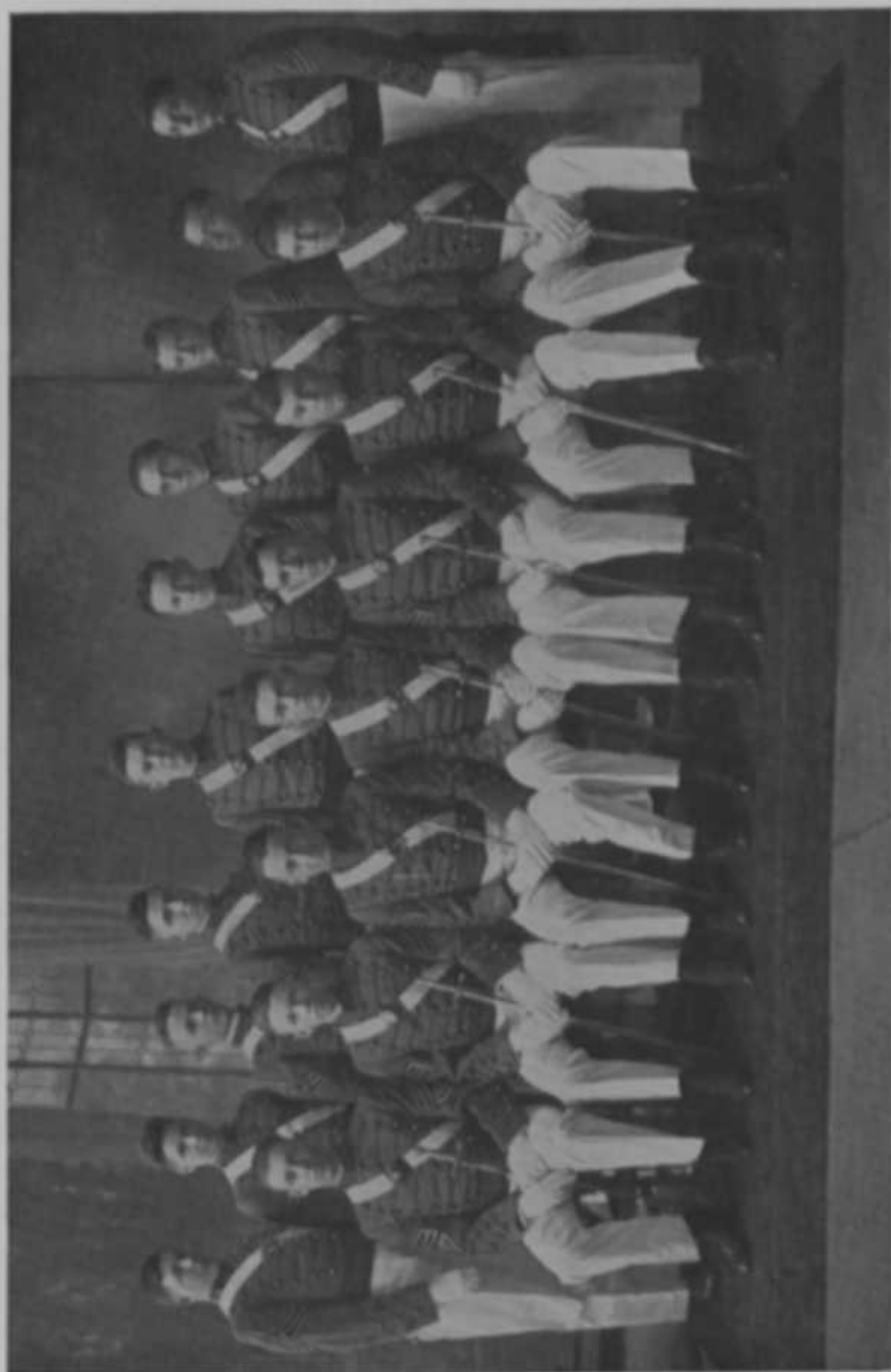
Lieutenants Corbett; Sage, W.
First Sergeant Gundry
Quartermaster Sergeant Mattox
Sergeants Sanderson, Fullerton, Jordon
Corporals Hughes, E.; Gregg; Moore, B.; Berrie
Trumpeters Collier, Hitt

PRIVATES

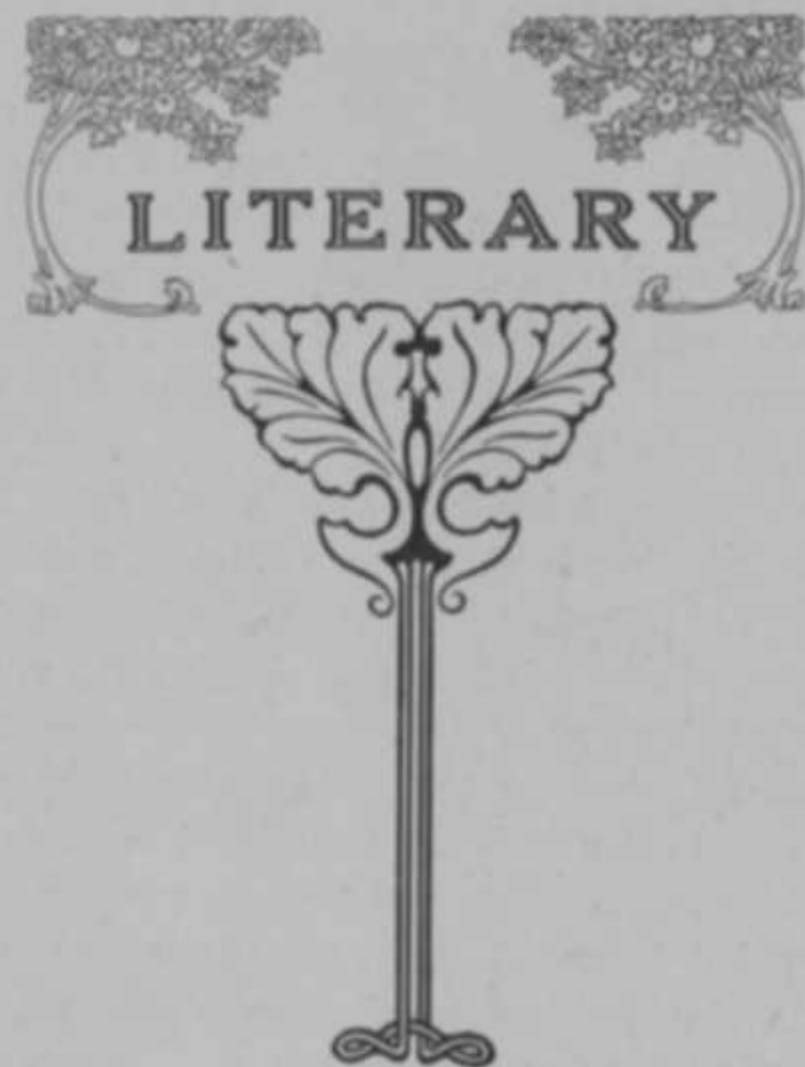
Aycock
Armstrong, S.
Billingsley
Bellinger
Briney
Bridges
Baird, E.
Cadmus
Cardwell
Crofton, M.
Cahill
Callahan

Dale
Emde
Erf
Farrell
Hann
Howe
Hinz
Hudson
Hutchings
Jones, M.
Jones, D. B.
Kibbe

Kent
Marsh
Mulford
Neale
Ogden
Price
Stevens, J.
Stone
Starr
Volkerding
Westgate



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



Macbeth and His Wife



WO of the most interesting and terrible characters in drama are Macbeth and his wife. Their actions, as portrayed in the play, are truly horrible. But Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature is shown in the fact that even these characters have certain elements in their dispositions which are not altogether detestable. There are moments in this tragedy when the reader almost feels compassion for the hero and his wicked "better half." Let us study their natures, and see how this comes to be.

When Macbeth first appears upon the scene, he is a loyal subject of King Duncan the Meek, of Scotland, and a valiant soldier. The first step in his downfall is due to his superstition. He takes too much stock in the prophecies of the witches, and repeats them to his wife. Her ambitious and rapacious mind instantly seizes on the idea of raising her husband to supreme power. She does not seem to be desirous of a crown for herself, but only of "solely sovereign sway and masterdom" for her spouse. She influences Macbeth to commit murder to gain this point.

We do not conceive of Lady Macbeth as originally a cruel woman. Shakespeare's portrait of her is that of a frail and sensitive creature who has a "small hand," whose husband addresses her by the affectionate name of "Dearest Chuck," and who faints in a crisis after the murder of Duncan. But ambition enters into her soul, and consumes all her feminine and charming traits. Her will-power is superior to Macbeth's, and she spurs him mercilessly towards the goal of her wishes. Thus she becomes the creature who is spoken of by Hazlitt as "A great, bad woman, whom we hate, but whom we fear more than we hate"; and of whom Mrs. Jameson says: "Her amazing power of intellect, her inexorable determination of purpose, her superhuman strength of nerve, renders her fearful in herself as her deeds are hateful. Yet she is not a mere monster of depravity with whom we have nothing in common, a meteor whose destroying path we watch in ignorant affright and amaze. She is a terrible impersonation of evil passions and mighty powers, never so far removed from our own nature as to be cast beyond the pale of our sympathies; for the woman herself remains a woman to the last, still linked with humanity."

What wonder this woman possesses such power over her weaker husband? Macbeth, as host, basely murders his guest and sovereign. By this

crime, he gains the kingdom, but the sin leads to fresh evils. He must slay Banquo and his sons, since the weird sisters have prophesied that Banquo's posterity shall be kings. Macbeth, therefore, employs murderers to assassinate Banquo and his son, Fleance. Banquo is killed; but in the turmoil of the moment Fleance escapes. Fleance's flight is the climax of the play.

Up to this point everything has been favorable to the schemes of Macbeth. From this point, however, his downfall is swift and certain. His nobles begin to desert him. He is haunted by the spectres of his victims. His cruel murder of Lady Macduff and her children is one of the most evil as well as one of the most unnecessary acts of his bloody career. His wife dies, having, it is thought, laid violent hands on herself, being overcome by remorse at the memory of her deeds.

Life is now devoid of all pleasures for Macbeth, and he can only look forward to a hated old age, empty of "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." He feels that he has already lived too long, and envies slaughtered Duncan, who now, "after life's fitful fever sleeps well."

Macbeth's pitiful condition at this time is well described by Taine, the French writer, in the following words:

"What joy can remain for a man besieged by such visions? The wide, dark country which he surveys from his towering castle, is but a field of death, haunted by deadly apparitions;—Scotland, which he is depopulating, a cemetery. His soul is 'full of scorpions.' He has 'supped full with horrors', and the faint odor of blood has disgusted him with all else. He goes stumbling over the corpses which he has heaped up, with the mechanical and desperate smile of a maniac murderer. Thenceforth death, life, all is one to him, the habit of murder has placed him beyond humanity. There remains for him the hardening of the heart in crime, the fixed belief in destiny. Hunted down by his enemies, bear-like, tied to a stake, he fights, troubled only by the prediction of the witches, sure of being invulnerable so long as the man whom they have pointed at does not appear. His thoughts inhabit a supernatural world, and to the last he walks with his eyes fixed on the dream which has possessed him from the first."

However, wretched as Macbeth's life is at present, his former courage is renewed when he hears that Malcolm, son of Duncan, and Macduff, husband of the murdered Lady Macduff, are advancing against him with a strong army from England. He endeavors valiantly, if vainly, to combat them.

When he discovers that the witches have cheated him, the end arrives.

His spirit is utterly broken. He gives up, and is killed by Macduff.

In Macbeth and his wife, therefore, we see two characters, originally noble, completely ruined by giving way to sins that spring from superstition and ambition. Enough of their former nature remains in their degradation to make us sorry for them, despite their crimes.

In a certain sense, the play is a didactic one, and its moral is, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Very little real gain comes to Macbeth and his wife by their wickedness. Even in their happiest moments after the murder of Duncan, their feelings are those which are described in the poem of Owen Meredith:

This is the Castle of King Macbeth;
And here he feasts, while the daylight wanes,
And the moon goes softly over the heath,
His Earls and Thanes.

A hundred harpers, with harps of gold,
Harp through the night high festival;
And the sound of the music they make is rolled
From hall to hall.

They drink deep healths till the rafters rock
In the Banquet Hall; and the shout is borne
To the courts outside, where the crowing cock
Is waked ere morn.

And the castle is all in a blaze of light
From cresset, and torch, and scone; and there
Each warrior dances all the night
With his lady fair.

They dance and sing till the raven is stirred
On the wicked elm-tree outside in the gloom;
And the rustle of silken robes is heard
From room to room.

But there is one room in that castle old,
In a lonely turret where no one goes;
And a dead man sits there, stark and cold,
Whom no man knows.

—GEORGE L. GORDON.

The Colonial Cavalier



WO great forces had contributed to the making of the Anglo-American character—the Puritans, who settled on our bleak northern shores and the settlers of Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, known as Cavaliers. The Cavaliers of America were not necessarily Cavaliers in blood or loyalty to the Stewart cause, but Cavaliers in their general view of life, in virtues and vices. We cannot afford to let them slip into the dim and shadowy background of the past unnoticed, for their history is so closely interwoven with the history of our own states.

Let us turn first to the Cavalier's home. We see the red brick houses almost hidden away in the green groves of elm, pecan and magnolia trees, the broad avenues leading down to the water's edge and bordered by roses and boxwood. We love most to think of the cheer and comfort of these magnificent old homes on a cold winter evening. We see the broad panelled hall with its polished floor and winding staircase and as we picture we can see our colonial girl descending, and the true Cavalier smilingly awaiting her in the hall below; for around our Cavalier there always hangs a romantic glamour. We see the library with its great chimney, and the family is gathered here laughing and chatting while the blazing logs on the hearth cast their dancing shadows on the old portraits in their brazen frames and along the well-filled book shelves. Again, we picture the whole house ablaze with lights, strains of music and laughter, the gay young girl tripping up and down those broad steps and the smiling Cavalier with his powdered wig, satin knee breeches and sword at his side, awaiting her, and offering his arm, he leads her to the ball-room, as they glide away to the strains of "The Minuet." Our Cavalier is a man of leisure; he owns the waving fields at the right of his magnificent old home, he owns the negroes whom we see toiling there, they are the planters and reapers, and our Colonial Cavalier pockets the returns and lives in his splendor.

It was a picturesque world in those days, the gentry rode gaily dressed in bright-colored velvets and ruffles, while the clergy wore scarlet robes. It was an age of elaborate compliment and superficiality, yet underneath all this it must be credited to the Cavalier that he treated womankind with great tenderness and respect. It was a dancing age, old and young of every rank danced and tradition tells us of their ease and grace. Much attention was paid to

music and no scientific criticisms were to be feared when the young folks raised a tune. Many of their beautiful old songs have been handed down to us, and although centuries have passed we can picture the young folks grouped around under the great portico, and, as we listen, the strains of "Anne Laurie" drift to our ears.

We find that the most popular amusement was gambling and much time and money were thus squandered, but our Cavalier was not a stranger to manlier sports. The life of our Colonial dames, however, must have been very monotonous. They shared little of the various amusements of the husbands and sons, but if our records are true, they were far happier than our modern women. Their lives were those of loyal wives and devoted mothers—they did not wish it otherwise. Could we seek for nobler traits in women?

When we turn to the relation between the Colonial Cavalier and his church, we find that holy and profane things mixed in many cases. The first church in America was only an old tent set in the Jamestown marsh, under pines and hemlocks, but a chapel was soon begun and although crude as the structure was, the worshippers were sincere, and had our churchgoers of later period, as our Cavalier had been, as God-fearing and fervent as these early settlers, our Colonial history would have been greatly changed.

We love to recall our Colonial Cavalier and to live a while in the good old days, being Cavaliers ourselves. We see again the old homes noted for hospitality, the Cavalier noted for chivalry to women, his quick-tempered sword thrusting honor and the man himself in his lace buckles, jewels and doublet. These are sorrows no more now, and we must know that our reckless pleasure-loving Cavalier has gone from us forever. Our age is a prosaic one, and only in our fancies can we recall, like a gay decoration against our neutral background, the true Colonial Cavalier.

—E. F. REIFSNIDER.

Essay on Gulliver's Travels



ONATHAN SWIFT, when he wrote "Gulliver's Travels," had in mind a hidden meaning for his apparently just pleasing fiction. He wrote it as a deep satire on the politicians of the day, and as a finishing touch he satirizes the whole human race in the last chapter.

His chief character, Gulliver, was undoubtedly inspired by DeFoe's "Robinson Crusoe." Gulliver was educated to be a surgeon but becomes a common seaman because of the wander-lust in him. His education though, makes it possible for him to appreciate some of the more delicate subjects with which he comes in contact. He has his first adventures with a race of pigmies, who, though small, show a mode of government and a code of morals much higher than those shown by his native countrymen in their political dealings.

At first he is considered by them as a great menace; later as a great friend. At last he falls victim to the spite of an official of high rank who is jealous of Gulliver's deeds and consequent favor at the court. Gulliver leaves Lilliput, as this land of pigmies was called, and after a few minor adventures, finally reaches home.

But he is possessed with longing for adventure and the sea, so he embarks with another captain on a vessel bound for southern waters. Here they are caught by a storm which blows them out of their course. Finally they sight land and go ashore to replenish their fresh water supply. On shore Gulliver goes exploring and while he is at some distance from the landing boat, the men see a huge giant approaching. They immediately take flight to the ship and sail away leaving him there. Later he is found by one of these huge creatures and taken care of. He was placed in a huge box and carried about the country, being shown here and there as an attraction because of his small size. The people of this land which was known as Brobdingnag were twelve times the height of the average Englishman and their houses along with everything else were in proportion.

Gulliver learned their language very rapidly and being shown before the queen who bought him as a pet, he soon became a great favorite with both the king and queen. He tells the king something of the government of his native land and about its complications. He told the king that the laws were made so that a good lawyer could gain for his client property rightfully be-

longing to another. This the king said was altogether wrong and unnecessary as law was a thing which was most efficient in its simplest form. Finally the huge box in which he was carried about the country when the queen traveled was carried off and far out over the ocean by a gigantic bird. This bird was attacked by others and forced to drop the box, and it being water-tight, did not sink.

It was sighted some time later and Gulliver was rescued and taken home on an English merchantman. He does not stay there long though, leaving almost at once on another voyage. The ship is attacked and captured by pirates, but their lives are spared and after changing them to the pirate ship, and re-manning the merchant ship with a pirate crew, the vessels set sail for parts unknown to Gulliver. On board the ship in which he had been placed was a Dutchman who contrived to have him set adrift in a small boat with but a few provisions. He arrives at some barren islands where the only means of sustenance was bird-eggs found in the rocks. From this desolate place he was rescued by the inhabitants of a great flying island. These people were great students of the heavens and heavy thinkers.

Gulliver was let down from this flying island in a strange land, the capital of which was called Lagado. At the Grand Academy at Lagado he saw many wonderful things. One was a man working on a scheme to extract sunshine from cucumbers and sealing it hermetically in vials for use on cold, cloudy days.

He returns to England after many strange adventures by way of Japan, thence to Holland and then home.

Gulliver has one more adventure. As captain of a merchant ship he sails for the South Seas after having spent barely five months with his wife and children. The ship was bound on a trading expedition, but when they reached the South Seas the crew mutined and put him ashore. The land he found to be ruled by a race of horses who had for servants a sort of monkey, in shape much like a man but loathsome in appearance and having no mentality at all. These horses, called Houyhnhnms, lived and governed themselves in a manner much superior to the ways of his own people in many respects.

Thus Swift shows his sentiment, that even animals have more common sense than human beings. He held this view of life.

—AMOS A. MOORE.

Growth



EVERYTHING worth while in this world is the result of growth. From earliest childhood we are taught that "Tall oaks from little acorns grow; large streams from little fountains flow." It is one of Nature's unchangeable laws that nothing is full-grown at birth. Everything must have a small beginning and then by nature, by cultivation and all other means especially applicable to every growth, expansion gradually takes place.

Shakespeare, in his beautiful *Ages of Man*, gives a grand description of Nature, but it is not necessary to go to this great delineator of human nature to tell us of what we witness every day.

We see the mother watching over her infant with the most zealous care, guarding and guiding the helpless little creature as the days go by, and it will not be long ere it takes its place where we now stand, and a little later on, as we hope to be soon, landed in the sphere of useful manhood or womanhood. The little acorn is planted, soon the germ expands and then a tiny two-leaf plant peeps out of the ground, and upward it grows. Expansion of its branches gradually takes place, and he who planted the acorn, if he lives man's allotted time, will see a grand monarch furnishing shade and shelter for hundreds of feet around. So, too, with the tiny stream that trickles down from the mountain-side. Two or three of these little streams come down from our far-off northern boundaries, growing as they rush along, until at last they meet in, or form, a little lake, and from this little formation Lake Itaska, in southern Minnesota, a small stream comes out and flows on and on in its southern journey, growing wider and wider as it rushes along, until the mighty Mississippi—the great national highway from North to South, in almost lake-like appearance, empties its great volume of water into the Gulf of Mexico.

There are lessons in almost everything we see impressing upon us the immutable laws of nature. We see the little bird dilligently bringing its twigs, mosses and grasses to build a home for its coming nestlings. At first, the few twigs brought seem as nothing, but the little nest grows and grows, until it often becomes a thing of beauty; then if you will watch, in the course of time you will see the nestlings with open mouths watching for their mother, and, day by day, they grow and the fledgelings are ready to leave their nest—and so on through the whole course of Nature we find these illustrations.

Ideas, too, grow and expand. The telegraph, the telephone, flying machines and moving pictures tell of ideas that started as a mere atom. Take, for instance, Edison. Before he was out of his teens he had mastered the keys of the telegraph and one day walking along the streets of Detroit he met two gentlemen who knew him. Noticing that his eyes were cast upon the street in a contemplative way, they asked him, "What is the trouble, Tom?" "I have an idea," he replied, "which I am trying to make grow into a realization. This idea is not yet fully developed, but I believe that I can work out the problem of sending a message from here to New York while at the same time a message over the same wire is being sent here." They felt so sorry for the poor young fellow whose mind they were sure was wandering, and advised him to give up impossibilities, and as they walked off, one said, "Poor Tom, his mind is about gone." They never dreamed that such an idea could grow and develop into a reality, but it was only a short while after that the world found out that Tom's idea had made a splendid growth, for the duplex system of telegraphy was soon in vogue everywhere, and Tom Edison's ideas never ceased to grow, for today he is known as the wizard of the world.

Who ever thought that out in mid-ocean we could make the whispering winds tell those at home where we were. Marconi thought it out, and the little idea that flashed across his mind grew and gathered strength until at last the seeming impossibility was accomplished.

There is one more growth which it is said sooner or later confronts us all. Cupid is claimed to be a mischievous little fellow who hurls his darts in every direction, and when one of them touches a certain spot, though tiny at first, it grows until we believe that the world is hardly big enough to hold such an immensity of love, and therefore, I say, Boys, be careful what you do; watch all things as they daily grow, and when life's lesson comes to you—the lesson we all will some day know—

You'll find that *growth* should be esteemed,
For, hour by hour, and day by day,
The love for which we never dreamed,
Will with us now forever stay.

—F. P. HAGAMAN.

Southern Characteristics



HE patriotism of one of America's great statesmen has been crystallized into that electric sentence: "Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable."

Though we are not natives of Massachusetts, yet today each heart-beat echoes in unison with the words of her most eloquent son; notwithstanding the late civil strife, we are still true to the Stars and Stripes, and no people in all this broad land can rightfully charge us with a want of patriotism, or of fidelity to the American Union. We believe that *sectionalism*, in its tyrannical type, is buried with the tragic past, and above its mouldering form has been erected a monument to American liberty more lasting than marble. But *sectional pride* still lives. Yet, in speaking of Southern goodness and greatness, we would not pluck one laurel from the wreath that graces the brow of the North. All honor to that section of this Union, whose Franklin first caught the fiery steeds of the skies, and whose Morse made them subservient to the will of man; whose Edison gave winds to the human voice, and whose Hamilton laid the cornerstone of our national banking system. Yes, we are Americans, all—but we were Southerners before we were Americans.

The character of a people is affected in no small degree by the influence by which they are surrounded, and hence, by the occupation they follow. The people of the South have been, and are still, a great agricultural people. We have but few crowded cities, with their horrifying contrasts of pale poverty and pompous wealth. Our middle class is large, and the simple, every-day blessings are enjoyed by nearly every citizen. The original occupation of man—the cultivation of the soil—seems to be most consistent with the formation of pure, strong, noble, independent character. Born and reared principally in the rural districts, as free as the air they breathe, the people of the South seem to imbibe a spirit of independence and individuality which follows them through life. History shows that the greater number of men who have left their impress upon the world were men who were reared in rural purity and simplicity, freedom and happiness. As a result of these facts, we are today secure from many of the besetting sins of the North. We should feel grateful that we are removed as far in fact as in space from its "isms" and "schisms." We know but little about the socialists, the communists, and the dynamiters. And we pray that we may ever remain free from that fiendish

class—the dynamiters—as their only advocate in the congress of this nation has been consigned to the shades of political oblivion.

Reared under these beneficent influences, the South may be said to be a race of rulers. For more than a century, though in the minority, she guided the destiny of the American republic. This was done, despite the boasted wealth and intelligence of the North. What other people in all the past has run such a race of goodness and greatness? During these long years no nation of the earth surpassed the United States in the enjoyment of liberty, prosperity and happiness. Who, but a people of marked characteristics, could have achieved such feats? What integrity, what firmness, what ability to govern does this reign imply?

History proclaims to the world that the South has been outstripped by no people in the production of great men. Doubt you, my hearers? go inquire of the silent tomb at Mount Vernon; go read the history of this republic in the days of its childhood; go ask who made the first burst of opposition against the Stamp Act, though less pecuniarily interested than their New England brethren; go ask whose Madison drew up the Bill of Rights, which has been called the Magna Charter of America; go ask whose Henry condensed the Revolution into that electric sentence, "Liberty, or death"; go ask whose Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and whose Marshall became its most eminent expounder; go ask whose Henry Lee moved that the Colonies be free and independent States; go ask what people made the *first* Declaration of Independence, and whose Calhoun and Clay hurled their shafts of eloquence in defense of that great principle which, though dead, yet lives. For the day, we ignore utterly the rights belonging to the States will be a sad day for the American republic.

Perhaps the most distinguished characteristic of the Southern people is their devotion to their native land. The bosom of every true son of the South, be he great or small, rich or poor, burns with purest patriotism. History affords no better illustration of this than the life of the peerless Lee. When, after much discussion and hesitation, Virginia's Convention declared that she should cast her lot with the Gulf States and fight the American Union, General Lee was serving in the United States Army under General Scott, Commander-in-Chief. His pure character and ability to command had already won for him the warmest affections of General Scott. And he would have recommended

the young warrior for the highest position in the service. But feeling that he must tread the path of duty, though it bristle with bayonets, Lee turned his back upon all these honors, resigned the position he held, and came to his native State. In his letter of resignation he says, "Save in defense of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword." His attachment to the flag for which he had fought so bravely upon the hills of Mexico was strong. But his love for his native State was still stronger. By birth, a Virginian, he determined, if need be, to die in her defense. Some writer has said that if the North Carolinians were to become satisfied that the New Jerusalem were outside of their State, they would not wish to go there. While this statement, is, of course, false, yet it suggests an honorable truth. For we believe that if there be one State in all the South more loved than another, by its own people, that State is North Carolina. And never will her sons grow indifferent to her interests so long as the memory of Vance remains embalmed in their hearts. Nor have the people of the whole South any less cause to love their land. It is, indeed, as all the world acknowledges it to be, a great and goodly land. Its people have made it great in its productions, great in its political history, great in war, and great in peace. In its bosom sleep the ashes of soldiers as brave as ever followed Cæsar to victory; orators whose eloquence was never surpassed; military leaders, the peers of Marlborough, Wellington or Napoleon.

The South has ever shown two characteristics which may be regarded as indicative of true Anglo-Saxon respect for authority and resistance to its abuse. Her people were ever loyal to the general government until they became convinced that they were oppressed by it—that they were being deprived of Constitutional rights. Then they seceded. We will not stop here to discuss the rights of secession. But we do affirm that their unprecedented courage and undying tenacity proves to the world that they were fighting for what they believed to be right. Convinced that either home and liberty, or their life was to be destroyed, they preferred to "die upon the altar of their country and upon the field of glory." For four long and gloomy years they fought a trained army of three times their number and often hurled them back in defeat. Hope gone, homes desolated and hearts rended, they were overpowered and compelled to surrender. They were *never conquered*. As few people are, they were great even in the hour of defeat. Money, prop-

erty, and friends, swept away by the flood-tide of war, they began at once to restore their former prosperity and submitted to the insults and injuries of a victorious foe with even God-like heroism. The carpet-bag rule and negro governments which they endured were sufficient to try men's souls. And the fortitude which they displayed in these hours of adversity has no parallel in the annals of history. Defeated in what they believed to be right, the South again declared her allegiance to the Union. For several years, as Mr. Watterson expresses it, she had no seat in Congress. For more than twenty years she occupied a back seat and held but few of the offices of this great nation. Her voice was hushed by the hand of oppression. But during these long years of misrepresentation and almost obscurity, the buoyant, brave men of the South were sowing the seed of perennial hope, and after so long a seed-time, it has brought forth the "rich harvest of a rapturous triumph." Thank God, the Union lives, and the South is free.



Bugle Song

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

O love! they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever,
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying!

—TENNYSON—



MANDOLIN CLUB



Social Club

OFFICERS

President	Cadet Captain Bayard C. Low
Vice-President	Cadet Lieut. Russell W. Frazier
Secretary	Cadet Captain George A. Hager
Treasurer	Cadet Captain Fred C. Emde

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Floor	Cadet Sergeant W. O. Ranshaw
Decorating	Cadet Captain S. D. Hooker
Refreshment	Cadet Lieutenant E. H. Peters
Music	Cadet Orderly Sergeant J. A. Lomo



HE social life at S. M. A. during the session of 1915-1916 has been a delightful success throughout the whole year. The Saturday night informals given every two weeks have been very much enjoyed. But all of these fade into insignificance when we think of the big dances of the year, which were the Thanksgiving, George Washington and Final hops.

All of the large hops were held in the mess hall which, in its brilliant decorations could hardly be surpassed by any in the State. The music furnished by the Beverley Orchestra could not have been excelled.



The Washington hop, beyond doubt, was the most delightful of the formal dances. The mess hall was beautifully decorated (beside its permanent decorations) with masses of red, white and blue paper. Long streamers of these colors connected the chandeliers in artistic designs. The walls and the punch booth were also a myriad of the national colors. Dancing was from nine until two o'clock. The orchestra was screened behind a bank of palms. Handsomely embossed programs were favors.

Among those present were: Col. and Mrs. W. G. Kable, Col. and Mrs. T. H. Russell, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. T. G. Russell, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. L. D. Greene, Maj. and Mrs. H. G. Acker, Maj. and Mrs. L. L. Sutherland, Maj. and Mrs. F. M. Sizer, Maj. and Mrs. R. W. Wonson, Lieut. and Mrs. H. G. McLean, Lieut. and Mrs. Cooke, Prof. and Mrs. T. S. Beardsworth, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Timberlake, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hogshead, Mr. and Mrs. Sumpter Sublett, Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Allen, Mrs. L. K. Moores, Mrs. E. K. Mercereau, Mrs. J. M. Spotts, and Mrs. Logan; Miss Jane Allen with Lieut. Gibbs Lykes; Miss Helen Moores with Cadet Capt. G. A. Hager; Miss Elsie Morris with Cadet Capt. B. C. Low; Miss Margaret Enslow, of Richmond, Va., with Cadet Lieut. Blizzard; Miss Madeline Butts, of Wichita, Kansas, with Cadet Lieut. Frazier; Miss Page Hughes with Cadet Lieut. Peters; Miss Evangeline Harman with Cadet Lieut. Armentrout; Miss Mary Preston Hanger with Cadet Serg. Maj. Simmons; Miss Margaret Hawkes with Cadet First Serg. Waltz; Miss Laura Ward Wise with Cadet Serg. Prather; Miss Kibbe, of Springfield, Mass., with Cadet Serg. Adams; Miss Catharine Holt with Cadet Serg. Roos; Miss Kibbe, of Springfield, Mass., with Cadet Kibbe; Miss Dorothy Mercereau with Cadet Jackson, S.; Miss Mary Sue Bowman with Cadet Eagles; Miss Charlotte Spotts with Cadet Craft; Miss Virginia Eddy with Cadet Howe; Miss Lillian Anderson, of Cleveland, Ohio, with Capt. Emde. Stags were—Capt. Pitcher, Lieut. Wallace, Mr. Gilpin Willson, Mr. Thos. Holt, Mr. Chas. Hoge, Mr. Edgar Jobe, Mr. Guy Kyle, Mr. Travers White, Mr. Foster King, Mr. Walton Opie; Cadets Laws, Hooker, McCallister, McRoberts, Moran, Westgate, Hinz, Bridges, Wright, Cardwell, Estes, Teabo, Stevens and Baumgartner.

The Social Club is greatly indebted to Mrs. S. D. Timberlake for her great interest taken in all social and athletic activities, and mere words cannot express our appreciation and gratitude for the delightful Monday after-

rooms at home. Mrs. Timberlake has made many friends among the cadets who will never forget her friendly spirit toward them.

The Academy Club gave a small informal dance which was without a doubt the most enjoyable informal dance of the school year. The gym was artistically decorated in the orange and black colors of the club. Punch was served at one end of the hall. Music was furnished by a five-piece orchestra.

Through the kindness of the Staunton girls, Mrs. S. D. Timberlake and Mr. Thomas Hogshead, the officers of S. M. A. were entertained on Saturday night, October 23d, at the Country Club. Dancing was enjoyed from 9:30 to 11:30 P. M.; during this time delicious refreshments were served. Among those dancing were: Mrs. S. D. Timberlake, Jr., and Mr. Thos. Hogshead; Cadet Capt. Hager with Miss Catharine Holt; Capt. Low with Miss Eleanor Curry; Lieut. Blizzard with Miss Margaret Enslow; Lieut. Nirdlinger with Miss Page Hughes; Serg. Maj. Simmons with Miss Mary Preston Hanger; First Lieut. Waltz with Miss Margaret Hawkes; Corp. Davis with Miss Helen Moores; Private Billingsley with Miss Charlotte Spotts; Private Mosby with Miss Ida Mae Digges. Stags—Castillo, Buckley, Frazier, Scott, R., and COUNT JUAN A. LOMO.

The corps is greatly indebted to the various churches of the city for the socials given by the ladies to the church squads.

Academy Club Gives Dance

The Academy Club gave its second dance of the year in the gym on Saturday night, March 4th. This affair was beyond doubt one of the best dances the Academy Club has ever given, and was very largely attended. The gym was elaborated upon with pennants and banners of many designs and descriptions. Punch was served through the evening and the music was furnished by the colored orchestra.

Leap Year Dance

Thanks to the girls of Staunton, a most enjoyable dance was given at the Country Club Saturday evening, February 12th. The Social Club is greatly indebted to the girls of the city for making this affair one of the most enjoyable dances given during the school year. Among the girls of the town were also a number of seminary girls and visitors, which helped to add to the enjoyment of the evening.

The finals this year are greatly looked forward to, especially the final drills and the dance. The latter will undoubtedly be the largest and best dance of the year. Besides the Staunton girls there will be a large number of visitors.

Mrs. Logan has been giving a series of informal dances every afternoon in the gym. These informals take the place of the regular dancing class and prove to be more enjoyable than the latter. Music is furnished by the colored orchestra.



SOCIAL CLUB



Athletics

FOOTBALL

Prather (Captain) (Manager) Low, B.

BASKET-BALL

Prather (Captain) (Manager) Armentrout, B. C.

BASEBALL

Hughes, E. (Captain) (Manager) Emde

TRACK

Prather (Captain) (Manager) Frazier

Men entitled to wear the "S" are:

Football Team

Prather (Captain)	Bridges	Kingsbury
Emde	Hinz	Covington
Westgate	Harsh	Wright, J.
Moran		Moses

Basket-ball Team

Prather (Captain)	Bridges	Kingsbury
Lawler	Hinz	Teabo

Baseball Team

Hughes, E. (Captain)	Hooker	Moran
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Track Team

Prather (Captain)	Blizzard
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FOOTBALL TEAM

Football

Westgate	R. E.
Moses	R. T.
Kingsbury	R. G.
Emde	C.
Wright, J.	L. G.
Covington	L. T.
Moran	L. E.
Bridges	Q. B.
Hinz	R. H. B.
Harsh	L. H. B.
Prather (Captain)	F. B.



CADET HARSH

Substitutes

Simmons	Fore	Waltz
Crandall	Hynson	Armentrout

Football Scores of 1915

S. M. A.	20	Woodberry Forest	0
S. M. A.	6	W. & L. Seconds	20
S. M. A.	16	Massanutten	13
S. M. A.	0	U. of Va. Freshmen	23
S. M. A.	25	Randolph-Macon	0
S. M. A.	12	F. M. S.	13
S. M. A.	12	A. M. A.	7
Total		Total	76

Football

M. Leo Hinz (R. H. B.) played in every game and made sensational runs in nearly every game. He was picked for an all-State man and he certainly deserved it on account of his speed and dodging ability.

Samuel D. Moses (R. T.) was a little lazy the first part of the season but one day one of the boys ruffled up his hair a bit and after that he was a whirlwind at defense, and could be depended on to make a hole in his side of the line when necessary.

Jack L. Covington (L. T.), not a very large man but the man that played against him thought he was a mountain. He was full of "pep" and never gave up.

Frank Westgate, "Ham" (R. T.), was our best man in the line on defense. Very few gains were made over or around him. He was right there when a forward pass came his way.

Fred Emde (C), our next-year captain, played a steady game and was accurate at passing. He was a tower of strength in the center of our line.

Joe Wright (L. G.) was a sure tackler. Many a line play of the opponents' stopped like hitting a stone wall when he got in their way.

Edwin Booth Kingsbury (R. G.) was the tallest and huskiest man on the squad and his weight and strength won for us many victories.

Frankel Moran (L. E.) played in the back-field part of the season, but in the championship game he was seen at end. He was our best punter and many times his toe got us out of danger.

James Ray Bridges (Q. B.) used good judgment at running the team and was also good on defense, and could be counted on for a gain when needed.

David Newby Harsh (L. H. B.) is a fast man; end runs were his specialty. He played at end the first part of the season, but later, on account of his speed and ability to carry the ball, he was shifted to the back-field.

Leonard Odis Prather, "Horse" (F. B.), the mainstay of the team, was elected best all-around athlete by the entire student-body. His strong point was on defense intercepting many forward passes, his greatest delight was plunging the line by which he always gained the necessary ground.

Lieut. J. C. Cooke, our head coach, though not a very large man was full of "pep" and look what he turned out, "S. M. A., Champions Prep. School

Football of Virginia." He is from the United States Naval Academy, where he played half-back.

Capt. Kyle, assistant coach, worked on the line men and as a result two of them made the all-State team.

Lieut. W. C. Wallace, assistant coach, had charge of the second team and his work was greatly appreciated. He graduated from Citadel, where he played quarter-back for two years.

We started the season with a rush, defeating our old rivals, Woodberry Forest, 20 to 0. Next came Washington and Lee seconds. The only way our team was out-classed was by the opponents' weight, size and age. But considering everything, our team did itself proud by holding them 20 to 6 with Washington and Lee at the big end of the score.

We next defeated Massanutten, 16 to 13. The final and winning touchdown was made in the last ten seconds of play.

University of Virginia Freshmen defeated us 23 to 0. This was the lowest score made by them against a prep school team and the highest against S. M. A.

We had no trouble in defeating Randolph-Macon. Our machine was working at its best and could not be stopped.

The team went to pieces and we lost to Fishburne by one point; score, 13 to 12.

Roller's came over and intended to swamp us, but we couldn't see it that way. Score, 12 to 7, in favor of S. M. A. This gave us the prep school championship, because Roller's defeated Fishburne and we beat Roller's.



Basketball Team

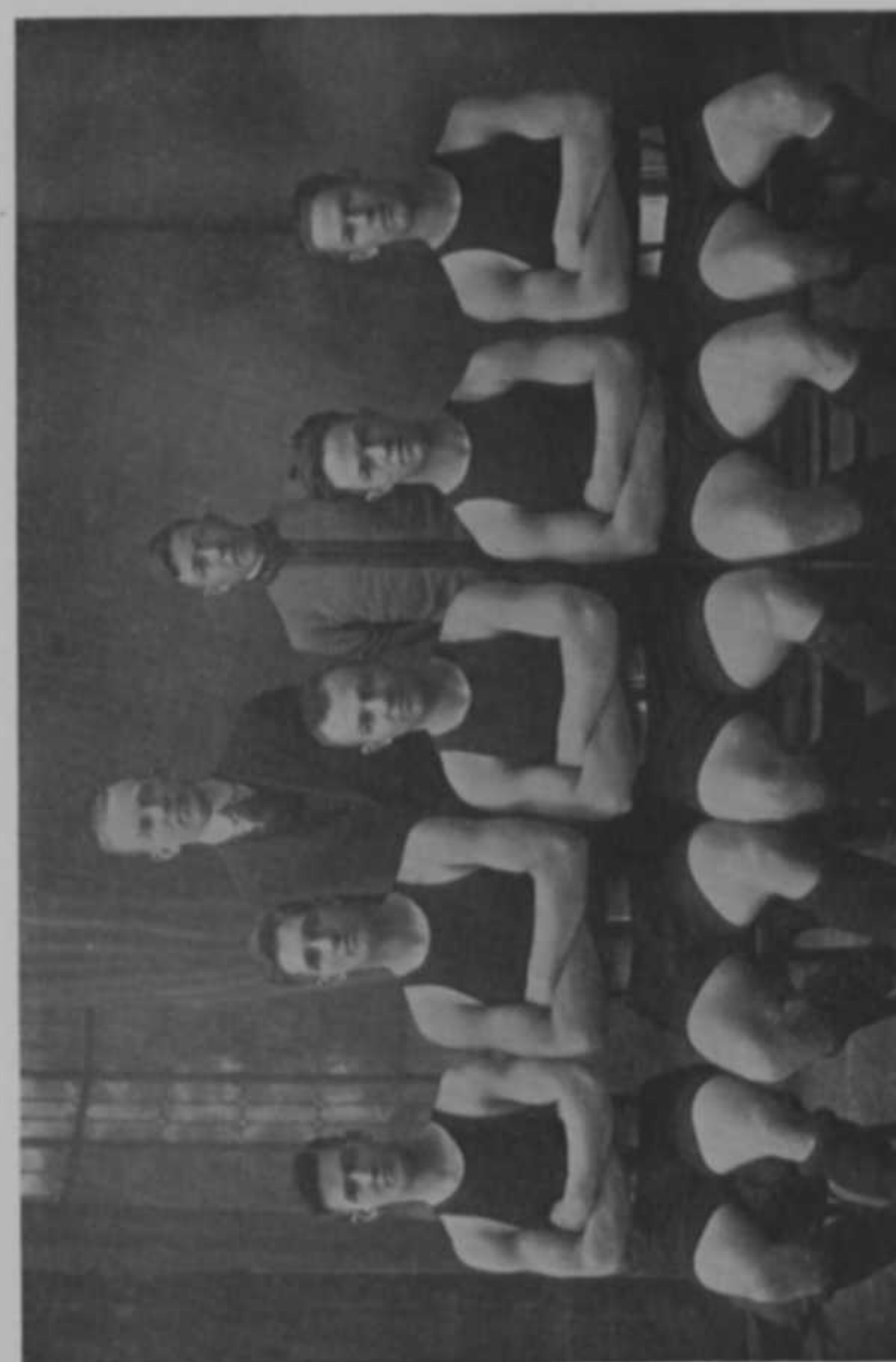
Teabo	R. F.	Kingsbury	C.
Bridges	L. F.	Lawlor	R. G.
Prather (Captain)		L. G.	

Substitutes

Hinz

Eagles

Armstrong



BASKET-BALL TEAM

Basket Ball Scores of 1916

S. M. A.	32	Richmond College	34
S. M. A.	22	A. M. A.	25
S. M. A.	26	F. M. S.	32
S. M. A.	63	W. & L. Seconds	25
S. M. A.	25	Elon College	26
S. M. A.		Randolph-Macon (cancelled) .	
S. M. A.	60	Eastern High	12
S. M. A.	79	Eastern College	8
S. M. A.	41	Greenbrier	13
S. M. A.	36	A. M. A.	31
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total	384	Total	206

Basket Ball

The season was considered successful by all the fans and cadets, although we lost two prep school games at the first of the season. The team made up for this by coming back strong and piling up big scores on Eastern High, Eastern College and Greenbrier; then to cap the climax, we defeated Roller's on their floor, 56 to 31. Winning this game gave us a good claim to the championship. Roller's refused to play the tie off and it is popular opinion that we have far the strongest claim to the big title.

Charlie Teabo (R. F.) gave any guard put against him exceedingly much trouble, and he was next to the highest scorer on the team.

James Ray Bridges (L. F.), the highest scorer of the team, when at his worst, made several baskets; but when at his best the score went soaring. He was a good floor man and the best shot at the basket.

Edwin Kingsbury (C.) out-jumped every man he played against this year, college men included, and proved a valuable scoring man.

Lawlor (R. G.) was easily the fastest floor man on the squad, and was very effective scoring.

Leonard Odis Prather (L. G.), the old reliable; winner of five letters in a year and a half; the most dependable all-around guard S. M. A. has known for a good many seasons. As captain this year he has brought the team through with a remarkably fine record, winning championship of Virginia State preparatory basketeers.

Baseball

There are three of last year's team back this year, Hughes, Hooker and Moran; and with the new material, we expect to run our rivals a close race for the championship this year.

The entire school is very enthusiastic over baseball, and when candidates are called for the coach will have all the material he needs.

A strong schedule has been arranged.

Baseball Schedule

March 28—	Miller School	at home
April 1—	University of Virginia Freshmen	at home
April 6—	Eastern College	at home
April 7—	Harrisonburg High School	at home
April 10—	Roller's	at A. M. A.
April 13—	Randolph-Macon	at home
April 17—	Harrisonburg High	at Harrisonburg
April 20—	Western Maryland College	at home
April 21—	Chatham Training School	at home
April 26—	Fishburne	at Waynesboro
April 28—	Business High School, of Washington, D. C.	at home
May 1—	Roller's	at A. M. A.

May Trip

May 8—	Miller School.
May 9—	University of Virginia Freshmen.
May 10—	Woodberry Forest.
May 11—	Episcopal High School.
May 12—	Eastern College.

Dates pending are, two Roller games here, and Woodberry Forest here.

Track

Not much interest was taken in track last year, but this year we are sure to be heard from. The prospects for dash men are, Harsh, Hinz and Blizzard. For distance men, Stevens, S., and Alexander. The weight men are, Prather (Captain), Schambs, Kingsbury and Joe Wright.

The team will go to the inter-scholastic meet at Lexington, Va., and probably to the big meet at the University of Virginia.

Yell

Blue and Gold, Gold and Blue,
Staunton! Staunton! here's to you!
Hoo-rah-rah! Hoo-rah-ray!
Who will win this game today?
Staunton! Staunton! Staunton!



ACADEMY CLUB

Academy Club

Colors

Orange and Black

YELL

Boom, chicka boom, boom, chicka boom,
 Boom, chicka ricka, chicka ricka, chicka boom;
 Sis boom, bah! Sis, boom, bah!
 A. C., A. C.,
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS

President Bayard C. Low
 Vice-President and Secretary George A. Hager
 Second Vice-President Fred C. Emde, Jr.
 Treasurer Russell W. Frazier
 Sergeant-at-Arms Juan A. Lomo
 Historian Scroop D. Hooker

MEMBERS

Lawrence C. McCallister	Jas. S. Simmons, Jr.
Ralph F. Waltz	Robert B. Billingsley
Weldon O. Ranshaw	Edwin R. Mosby
Sam D. Moses	Richard W. Quinn
Leonard O. Prather	John C. Cardwell
Jack C. Blizzard, Jr.	Clarence E. Smith
Elmer H. Peters	John W. Lawlor
Frank N. Westgate	



TRIANGLE CLUB

Triangle Club

President Corbett
 First Vice-President MacRoberts
 Second Vice-President Hancock
 Secretary Mattox
 Treasurer Long, R.

MEMBERS

Able
 Adams
 Laws
 Kingsbury
 Driskell
 Barnes, R.
 Shelton
 Van Dyke
 Kibbe
 Cole
 Harsh



HONOR COMMITTEE

Honor Committee

MEMBERS

Captain G. A. Hager

Captain L. S. Laws

Captain S. D. Hooker

Captain E. H. Peters

Captain L. C. McCallister

Lieutenant and Adjutant J. C. Blizzard

Lieutenant R. W. Frazier

Sergeant W. O. Ranshaw

Cadet F. C. Emde



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

Y. M. C. A. Officers

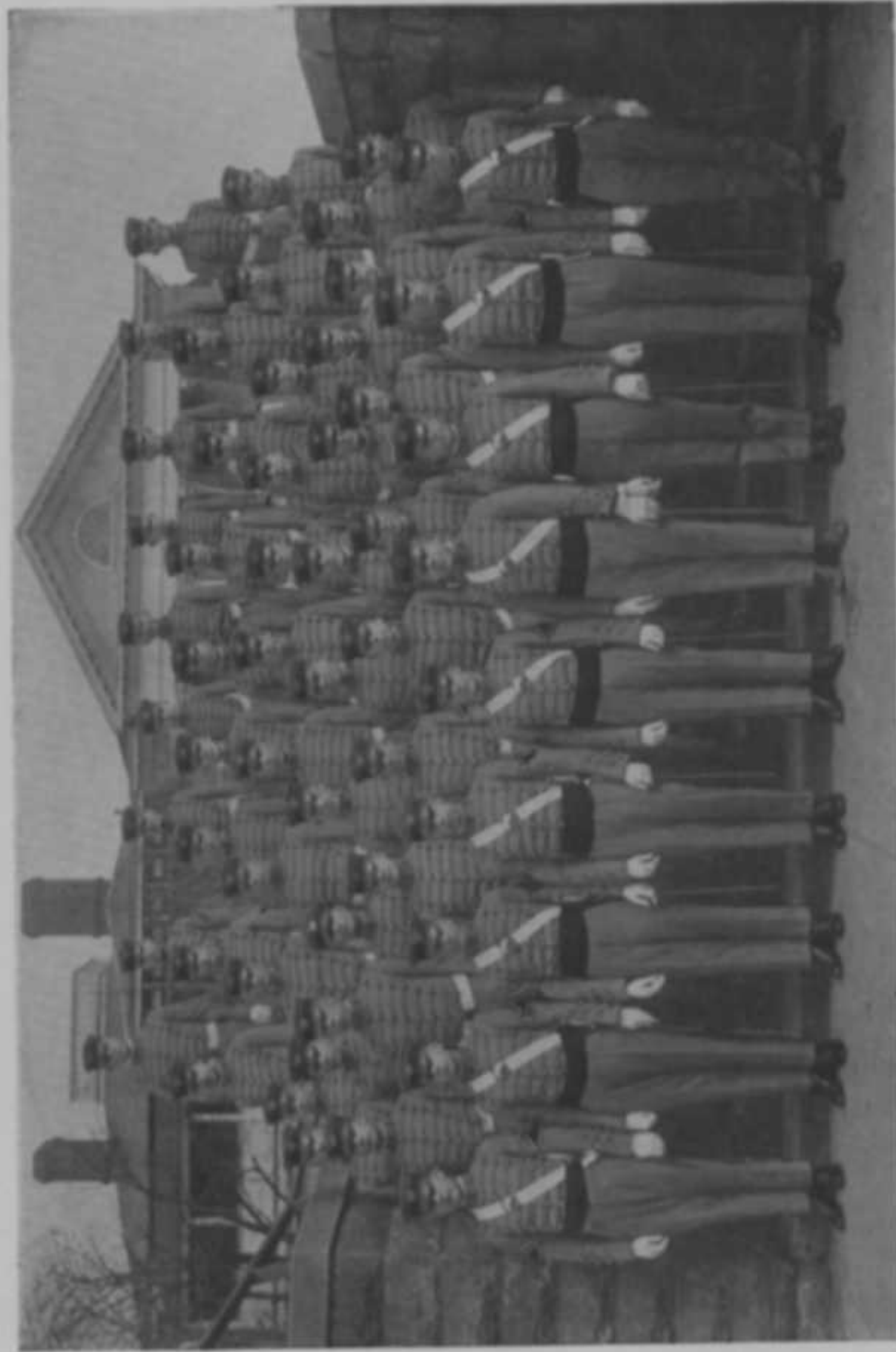
General Secretary	Lieut. S. C. Chandler
President	Cadet Lieut. Corbett
Vice-President	Cadet Lieut. Mattox
Secretary-Treasurer	Cadet Lieut. Hancock



HE Young Men's Christian Association at S. M. A. is the largest organization in the Academy and during the past year it has wielded a potent influence toward the advancement of high ideals and moral courage among the cadets. Its activities have been managed entirely by the student membership and the results obtained have been prophetic of even greater success in the future. S. M. A. sent a large delegation to the last student Y. M. C. A. convention held at Richmond College and assurances point to a similar representation at the Blue Ridge Conference this coming June. The organization has a history of six years, during which S. M. A. has had a remarkable growth. The broad and liberal aims of the Y. M. C. A., its constant and effective improvement in management and facilities of operation have been contemporary with the rapid growth of the academy. The essential work of the Association during the past year has been characterized by a spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm.

Throughout the year meetings have been addressed by State College Secretary Lee, members of the Faculty, representatives from the University of Virginia, and several prominent citizens of Staunton. The lectures of Dr. Winfield Scott Hall, Northwestern University, at the beginning of the school year served as a proper introduction to the subsequent work of the Y. M. C. A. The new general secretary, Lieut. Chandler, has infused new life into the work of the Association by his strong personality and his energetic efforts toward bringing all the affairs of the Association to a successful culmination. Several new methods have been introduced by which the membership has been brought into touch with the ideals of the Y. M. C. A. as never before. The Faculty have given their substantial support by conducting the weekly Bible classes and by giving practical talks at the Sunday evening meetings.

There is every reason to believe that the year now drawing to a close has been a prosperous one for the Y. M. C. A., and there can be no doubt but that the prosperity of this organization has played an active part in the development of strong character among the cadets at Staunton Military Academy. That the principles of Truth, Honor and Duty may have a fuller meaning and a stronger hold upon the cadets has been the purpose of the Y. M. C. A. during the past year.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



Expressional

Examinations, known of old—
 And quizzes, too, of awful dread—
 Beneath whose awful power we hold
 Desperate to pen and pencil lead—
 Kind Dame of Fortune, be with us yet,
 Lest we *forget*, lest we *forget*!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The Keedets one and all depart—
 And still we work with gleaming eyes,
 An humble and a hopeful heart.
 Kind Dame of Fortune, be with us yet,
 Lest we *forget*, lest we *forget*!

Far-called our memory flits away—
 Outside the balmy breezes call;
 Lo, all our thoughts of yesterday,
 Are in one small and tangled ball—
 Kind Dame of Fortune, be with us yet,
 Lest we *forget*, lest we *forget*!

—NODROG AND KLIPWING.

Hall of Fame

Most Popular Man	Hooker, North Carolina
Most Military Man	Blizzard, Delaware
Most Loyal Man	Hager, Michigan
Most Popular Rat Faculty	Lieut. Cooke
Most Popular Faculty	Lieut.-Col. L. D. Greene
Most Popular Rat	Westgate, Ohio
Most Polite Man	Low, B., New Jersey
Most Modest Man	McCallister, Illinois
Best Dancer	Frazier, Kansas
Best Looking	Simmons, South Carolina
Most Solemn	Prescholdt, New Jersey
Most Studious	James, Ohio
Tallest Man	Ranshaw, Ohio
Thinnest Man	Moore, A., South Carolina
Fattest Man	Bacon, Arizona
Best Athlete	Prather, Illinois
Neatest Man	Peters, West Virginia
Biggest Lady Fusser	Lomo, A., Porto Rico
Homeliest Man	Dennis, J., Texas
Biggest Lady Hater	Emde, Ohio
Mexican Athlete	Nirdlinger, Pennsylvania
Best Musician	McNutt, J., Indiana
Biggest Hit at M. B. S.	Driskell, Texas
Freshest Rat	Baumgarten, Ohio
Biggest Pest	Armentrout, West Virginia
Sloppiest Man	Hitt, Washington, D. C.
Wittiest Man	Moses, Texas
Shortest Man	Harr, J., New York
Hardest Man	Hynson, Washington, D. C.
Best Natured	Smith, C., Texas
Most Effeminate	Norman, Kentucky

—J. A. L.

The Opening of the Baseball Season



THE GAME opened with Molasses at the stick. Smallpox was catching. Cigar was in the box and had plenty of smoke. Horn was playing first-base and Fiddle was playing second. Corn was in the field. Apple was umpire. When Axe came to bat he chopped one and made a cake-walk, and Sawdust filled the bags. Song made a hit and Twenty made a score. Every Foot of Ground kicked and they said Apple was rotten. Balloon started to pitch but went up into the air. Then Cherry tried it but was wild. When Spider caught a fly the crowd cheered. Needle tried to umpire. He was sharp enough but had only one eye. Ice kept cool until he was hit by a pitched ball, then you should have heard Ice-Cream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Grass covered lots of ground in the field. Organ refused to play. Hornet stung the ball but it fell into the hands of The Clock. Bread loafed around. In the fifth inning Wind blew around what he could do and Hammer began to knock; then the Trees began to leave. Knife was out for cutting first base. The crowd roasted Peanut all through the game, and everybody kicked when they put Light out. The Meat was put out at the plate. The score was 1 to 0 and the game was over. Door said if he had pitched he would have shut them out. There was a lot of betting on the game and Soap cleaned up, but Eggs went broke.

—LAWLOR.

ESTES
HUGHES
SHAMBS, E

SHAMBS, M.
HEWITT
HAGER
McNUTT
HANCOCK
PRATHER
FOER
NIRDLINGER

SIMMONS
SMITH, H.
LOW, B.
BLIZZARD
WALTZ
BATTLE, T.
JORDAN
BRINEY

HANN
CORBETT
CRANDAL
ESKRIDGE
McGUFFEN
DUSMAN
AYCOCK

HARSH
HOOKER
MORAN

WILLSON, G.
POWELL
ROOS

MCROBERTS
LOMO A.
ARMENTROUT
ADAMS
SHEPHERD

GORDON
FULLERTON

SAGE W.
RICHARDSON
MATTOX
PETERS
DYE
PETERSON
SHELTON

—SAMUEL F. E. NIRDLINGER.



Misleading Delinquencies

1. Waltz—On time from leave.
2. Hager—Loafing around barracks on Sunday night.
3. Blizzard—Same.
4. Simmons—Same.
5. Frazier—Present at Reveille.
6. Dye—Sitting up watch in guard-room.
7. Schambs, E.—Not singing on way to formations.
8. Driskell—On time to breakfast.
9. Moran—Not chasing Stuart Hall line.
10. Long—Going to Natural Bridge.
11. Moore, A.—Not asking Major Acker a foolish question.
12. Corps—Visiting while Laws or Low, B., is on duty without getting reported.
13. Nirdlinger—Not telling a few big ones.
14. Roos—Same.
15. Peters—Not playing 500 after Retreat.
16. Moses—Not talking in ranks.
17. Armentrout—Absent from bowling alley at 5 P. M.
18. Shepard—Trifling in ranks.
19. Emde—Present at laundry formation.
20. Reifsneider—Giving right commands at drill.
21. Gregg—Same.
22. Col. Greene—Not meeting military science classes.
23. Col. Russell—Cancelling beat.
24. Maj. Acker—Absent from gallery at S. D. I.
25. Frazier—Dress uniform at formation.
26. McRoberts—No rouge at Reveille.
27. Mattox—Fully dressed at all formations.
28. Hitt—Blowing service calls correctly.
29. Smith, C.—Present at breakfast.
30. Lomo, A.—On time to all formations.

SIMMONS
COVINGTON
MORAN
WESTGATE
EMDE

COACH COOKE
HINZ
CRANDALL
MOSES
CAPT. PRATAER
KINGSBURY
FORE
HYNSON
BRIDGES

When S. M. A. first I entered,
'Twas with thoughts of many a prize
To be carried home in triumph,
My family to surprise.

But such thoughts have long since vanished,
And no longer ambition's star,
With its faint and feeble glimmering,
Is beckoning from afar.

Better, by far, to rest in peace,
With no thoughts to trouble the day,
Than to go in quest of a will-o'-wisp,
That each morn is further away.

—NODROG.

Gone, but Not Forgotten



AIL, ye Voltaires!

The renowned history of the secret society known as the Voltaire Club has gone down deep in the chasms of the world's most noted facts in history, and sunk itself deep in hearts of the great men of the universe—of whom, some were its members.

Founded in the University of Jerusalem, in 999 B. C., by two loyal sons of Ireland, the Voltaires began their weary but steady climb for the uplift of morality. With the aid of such men of noted character as Julius Caesar, Joe Aristotle, Booker T. Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Jack Johnson, the Voltaires soon grasped the undivided attention of the uncivilized world.

It seems as if though by an act of Providence a chapter was installed in our institution in the year of our Lord, 1911. But, as Fate would command, our most loyal and beloved member was taken from our midst by the grim hand of Death. The backbone of the club seemed to leave with his departing soul on its downward path. Through those days of sorrow the Voltaires began their awful path downward. Just as they were about to reach the lowest part of Hades, Providence came to them again, and landed in their midst a new brother who seemed to step into the shoes of their past brother, now in the land of the far away.

A new dawn rose. Brother Voltaires no longer went forth with drooped heads and sad faces, but with haughty spirits. For Dame Fortune had flung among us a hero worthy of notorious mention, our most esteemed and beloved brother, Paul N. Fogle!

Brother Fogle was immediately put in charge of affairs, and with the hand of Samson he began the tedious task of the uplift of our submarine Chapter, which was in a sinking condition.

In spite of all difficulties, Brother Fogle, with the hand of a guiding angel, took his stand at the wheel. With the heart of a lion and eye of a bat, guiding our Chapter through the Valley of Sin, amid the unceasing assaults and slanders of non-members, he landed his precious burden in a safe harbor.

Our first meeting was held in Lodge No. 318, Brother Fogle presiding. The meeting, as usual, was opened with prayer by our chaplain, Bayard Low. Then Brother Fogle was called on to speak to the sinners. By a fiery speech, that made Lincoln's address at Gettysburg fade into insignificance, he poured

into the hearts of our brothers words that are now of world-wide fame. He touched the vital points, and brought tears to the eyes of the strongest men.

The Voltaires were taking a new stand! History would soon begin to repeat itself! Vice in our institution would be hit a blow so hard that it would never be able to rise again on its degrading foundation!

But, oh! dreadful day and dark hour! Shall we ever forget it?

Just as Brother Fogle had won a place in the hearts of his fellow countrymen, the terrible charge of treason was brought against him. Never has mankind been so astonished as when the royal sheriff, Russell W. Frasier, made his entrance at the Grand Lodge with none none but Brother Paul N. Fogle handcuffed, in disgrace, with drooping head and white face (for once in his life!). Brother Fogle was brought before the Royal Order to be tried for the unpardonable act of treason against the Voltaires! The trial was opened by the chaplain. Through a blinding sea of tears, he prayed for the life of the accused. The court was called to order by the chief justice, who commanded the charges to be brought forth against Brother Paul Fogle. Every eye was fixed on Brother Sam D. Moses as he arose and accused Brother Fogle of treason, to-wit: The act of roughing another member's bed! The heart stood still, the brain for a moment refused to record the awful message which had just flowed from the lips of Brother Moses!

The trial proceeded.

Brother Fogle took the stand, and through a blinding storm of tears, defended himself with a flaming speech which could hardly be heard above the wailing and weeping of the brothers.

The jury retired and did not make its entrance until after a session of three long, awful hours. When the grand jury returned, each man of those composing its number carried a drooped head, and a tear on the end of his nose.

The judge arose and challenged the jury for its verdict.

The spokesman arose, and, with a quivering voice, pronounced Brother Paul Fogle GUILTY OF TREASON!

Oh, fearful moment, awful hour! Will it ever be forgotten? No, brothers. *He was found guilty!* Never will such a moment be placed in history!

Through an ocean of tears, tearing of hair, and gnashing of teeth, the judge arose, and with a tremulous voice pronounced the sentence:

"Brother Paul N. Fogle, found guilty of treason, shall be, according to the laws and by-laws of the Voltaires, cut in small pieces and put in the sink, at sunrise on the ensuing day! (if he chooses to rise so early!)"

The judge had no sooner pronounced the sentence than a cry arose as if from the depths of hell: "Lynch him! Lynch him!"

All sorrow and bereavement of feeling towards Brother Fogle was turned into terrible hatred!

A wild stampede followed. Men changed into beasts. With sightless rage they hurled themselves at the victim. By the aid of a guard, he made his way toward the door, and flew for the port of safety. Tables, chairs and bureaux were overturned. Ink bottles, books and cigarette butts hissed through the air, directed at the accused. By the right hand of luck, however, he reached the door in security.

Brother Fogle was next seen speeding as if on the wings of Mercury toward the Y. M. C. A. building. The angry mob were at his heels. They were armed to the teeth with swords, rifles, and scimitars. The cries of "Lynch him! Mob him!" and "Shoot him!" rent the crisp autumn air. But all was useless.

Brother Fogle was too swift for his pursuers. He reached in safety the cellar of an old barn, where he stayed for three long days and weary nights. Then he was rescued by Troop X of the S. M. A. cavalry, and put in safety in the guard-room. There, patiently awaiting the grim call of Death, he lived on bread and water, and a few birds, which were given him by kind-hearted sympathizers.

At last Brother Fogle was sent from our midst to exile in the wilds of Ohio. There he now remains, a degraded and infamous outcast to the civilized world, and to the Royal Order of the Voltaires.

Take heed, Oh, ye Voltaires, that this awful fate may not some day befall you! Remember the words, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*"

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

Mr. Bayard Caswell Low

Mr. Bayard Caswell Low had a raven-bird—jest a plane old crow;
The crow was a pet and used to set above the do, and keep a-quoting, "Never
mo, never mo."

Cose dis was a long time ago, and cose I'se not Mr. Low: I ain't got no crow,
and I ain't got no doe;

But one thing I does know, is: if dat ole crow, wid his "Never mo,"
Knowed one-half the things I knowed, he'd quote mo dan "Never mo."

Seemed like Mr. Low was in love wid Miss Leano, but, she done died long
time ago.

Co'se, I don't know if Mr. Low know'd she was dead fo' sho'; but, if he didn't,
and still cried to go—well, as I 'foresaid, I'se not Mr. Low.

And I ain't in love wid no Leano—especially, when she done died long time ago.
'Cause, I got a wife and her name is Flora, but dey calls her Flo, and to where
she lives is just a block or so.

But, does you hear me crying to git de Flo? No, sir; "Never mo," and den
some mo.

—R. W. FRAZIER, with apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.

Songs Entitled

"Dublin Bay"	Hughes, J.
"One Wonderful Night"	Wherley
"The Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along"	Dr. Kable
"Sheltering Palms"	Red Laws
"The Darkies' Serenade"	Steve Baird
"Come Back to Dixie"	Jakey Simmons
"When I Leave the World Behind"	Capt. Davis
"Don't Blame Me For What Happened In the Moonlight"	Low
"Araby"	Monk Frazier
"Down Home in Tennessee"	Harsh
"Hello 'Frisco"	Bacon
"Peg O' My Heart"	Waltz
"When I Get Back to the U. S. A."	Blizzard
"That Hula Hula"	Lomo
"Blow Your Horn"	Lieut. Cooke
"The Girl on the Magazine"	Maj. Wonson
"Ladder of Roses"	Graduation
"My Sweet Kentucky Lady"	Ranshaw
"Good-bye Girlies, I'm Through"	Fred Emde
"Texas Tommy"	Sam Moses
"Can't You Hear Me Calling Caroline"	Peters
"My Little Dream Girl"	Prather
"They Didn't Dream, Girl"	Nirdlinger
"Feed Me With Love"	Mosby
"I Want to Look Like Lillian Russell"	Norman
"My Trombone Man"	McCallister
"First Love"	Smith, C.
"Sweetest Girl in Monterey"	McNutt
"Kentucky Home"	Cardwell
"My Little Girl"	Hager
"When You Are a Long, Long Way From Home"	Corps
"Wedding Bells"	Capt. Pitcher
"Floating Down the Old Green River"	Lieut. McKay

"I Love the Ladies"	Lieut. Lykes
"He's a Devil"	Billingsley
"America, I Love You"	Mattox
"The Black-Faced Comedian"	Sutcliffe
"He's Pickled Again"	Hinz
"They Always Pick On Me"	Ham Westgate
"Tempt Me Not"	Corbett
"My Own Venetian Rose"	Morrone
"They Just Follow Me Around"	McMullen
"When the Lusitania Went Down"	Emde
"Put Me to Sleep With an Old-Fashion Melody"	Shams, M.
"Ireland, Forever"	Lawlor
"Sympathy"	The Beat
"Meditation"	Lieut. Chandler
"Watch Your Step"	Ted Russell
"Chinese Blues"	Bridges
"Cows May Come and Cows May Go, But the Bull Goes On Forever" ..	Roos

Military Dictionary

Athlete—One who attempts to dodge beat, confinements, etc.
Athlete (Mexican)—See Roos.
Barracks—Large gray edifice on summit of hill bearing resemblance to college at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.
Battalion—A mob, herd, or flock.
Bugle—Agony horn.
Commandant—One whose delight in life is dealing out punishment.
Commandant (assistant)—Moore, A.; gravy train.
Dance—Hop, social affair of sad infrequency; chief source of income for Low and Frazier.
Drill—Favorite pastime.
Epaulettes—Insignia of rank worn by school janitors.
Faculty—General nuisance; common herd; see Stickers.
Finals—A time we all look for and hate to see completed.
Guard—Choice collection of grafters; see Stickers.
Guard-room—Place of detention for night hawks and adventurous spirits.
General—Title applied to school carpenter.
Hall (study)—Place for writing letters and reading magazines.
Hall (mess)—Chief use is for high-brow dances; target range for practicing with dough-balls.
Inspection—Weekly event preceded by much vigorous work by recruits.
Johnson's—Feed store; popular resort on run; place for bumming cigarettes.
Kivlighan—Proper name, meaning in Latin, stew, beans, strong solution of chalkey water.
Leave of Absence—A thing much sought after, and seldom gained.
Lieutenant—Dignitary, whose sole duty is wearing stripes.
Musician—Misnamed low-brow; disturber of our dreams.
Major (drum)—Tall, angular, awkward boob that leads the Band; see Schambs.
Nuisance—See Faculty.
Officers—The faculty's favorites; wearers of the stripes.
Prisoner—Nondescript who has a faculty for being caught in all nefarious enterprises.

Quadrangle—Place bordering on the Barbary coast; usually filled with rotten apples and ink bottles.
Quiz—Weekly event tending to show up bluffers.
Rat—Recruit; dregs of humanity; aspirant to high military honors.
Run—Place for filling dates and faces.
Shako—Form of hat worn by officers bearing striking resemblance to an inverted cuspidor.
Sword—Long knife carried by officers for protection against beat walkers.
Stickers—One who likes to be military, or hard.
Uniform—Kind of dress, resembling a straight jacket.
Valet—See Rats.
Wash-room—A place off limits and strickly avoided.
X-Officer—One who has lost his stripes.
Yellow—Color of all linen when it returns from the school laundry.
Zebra—Field officer's mount.



It Isn't the Town It's You

If you want to live in the kind of a town,
 Like the kind of a town you like,
 You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
 And start on a long, long hike.
 You will only find what you left behind,
 For there is nothing that's really new;
 It's a knock at yourself, when you knock your town—
 It isn't the town—it's you!

Real towns are not made by men afraid,
 Lest somebody else gets ahead;
 When everyone works, and nobody shirks,
 You can raise a town from the dead.
 And, if when you make your personal stake,
 Your neighbor can make one, too,
 Your town will be what you want to see:
 It isn't the town—it's you!

—S. D. RAMBO, JR.

Poor Old Zip

There was once a fellow whom they called Zip,
And every afternoon he would take a trip;
And yet he was always on the beat,
Regardless of the condition of his feet.

One day T. G. decided to cancel all beat,
And it was then that Zip could not control his feet,
For it was a wonderful treat
For him to see Main Street.

But now, instead of walking beat,
He sits in confinement and rests his weary feet.
Now, when on duty and in charge of beat,
He yells, to make it snappy, no matter how sore their feet.

If not held in the afternoon for beat
Poor old Zip was continually on his feet,
And when he was seen on Main Street
He always replied, that he had served his beat.

—MORAN.

Bachelor Reminiscences

(Two bachelors in 1926, thinking of the *old bunch* at S. M. A. in 1916.)

Say, Rabbit, do you remember the bunch back at old S. M. A.?
That certainly was a jolly gang, and they always had a whole lot to say.
Remember how they'd sit in the third-floor corner and sling it all the day?
I got a letter from McCallister, just the other day;

He says he's not married yet, but the girls still get in his way.
Remember Lomo and Punkey?—They roomed downed in two-twenty-nine—
And how they used to argue and fight? They were fighting most all the time.
And then there was Wienie and Moses; they roomed down on the first floor,
And if you'd walk into their room unannounced,
Percy would throw you clear out the door.

And there was Jack, Smittie and Jakey—fine fellows all the three—
I don't know what has happened to Jack and Smittie, but they say Jakey
has gone out to sea.

And do you remember Shorty and Prather? They were certainly two husky
old boys.

Remember how Shorty used to yell? He surely could make some noise.
And say, Rabbit, don't forget the girls of Staunton—they were fine girls,
every one—

From what I have heard lately the boys have been married to some.
Excuse me a minute, Rabbit, I think the mail carrier is at the door. . . .
Yes, it's a letter from Jim Rosenberger,—says Pete and Page are married
and in Baltimore.

And you surely remember Catharine. She was certainly a mighty fine girl;
They say she and Hooker are married now, and in Seattle are right in the
whirl.

And then there was Laura, Mary Sue, and Fair—fine girls all the three—
They surely did like you, but they never fell much for me.
And, Rabbit, do you remember the dance the girls gave at the Country Club?
That was certainly a keen party, and—let me see—wasn't that the time
Johnny fell in love?

Yes, I most certainly remember Frances, she was very nice to me;
I sure thought a lot of Frances, but she didn't care much for me.
And, you remember Elsie, don't you, Rabbit? She was a—
What's that?—Oh, I beg your pardon—now go ahead, lead your ace.
Rabbit, as I sit here and ponder, and think of the bunch back at old S. M. A.,
I have often wondered what is happening to each member, each passing day.

—ANONYMOUS, '16.

A Day's Work

First call blows at sunrise,
Most cadets turn over in their beds;
Reveille sounds five minutes later,
Most cadets stick out their heads.

Assembly blows after the warning:
There is a noise of feet,
And those who are behind time
Will most likely be seen walking beat.

Breakfast blows at seven-fifteen,
And everybody is down on time;
For if you missed this formation,
You would have to borrow a dime.

Inspection blows right after breakfast,
And if your room is not clean,
The inspector will most likely stick you,
And then on the beat you will be seen.

School call blows when inspection is over—
This is the call that everyone hates;
You can see the O. D. walking about,
To catch all of the lates.

Recess starts at one minute past noon,
And those who of breakfast did not partake,
At once make a run for room 209,
For that is where Blizzard sells cake.

Dinner call blows when school is o'er,
And immediately it can be seen,
That every cadet is most eager
To reach the Mess Hall for his beans.

Guard mount immediately follows,
And the first sergeants begin to swear,
If it is on the upper asphalt,
For red sashes must be worn up there.

Then in fifteen minutes we go to drill,
Hard luck to the cadet whose feet
Are not in the best of condition,
More so, if he happens to have beat.

When the band comes out in the evening,
The companies march out for Retreat;
Then they all march into the Mess Hall,
Where there is nothing but ham to eat.

Study Hall blows from the sally-port gate,
And many a cadet's heart sinks,
For now comes two hours of misery,
Except for those who are "studious ginks."

First call for Tattoo the bugle sounds—
Second call and Assembly follows fast;
Many a cadet's heart is glad within him,
For of formations, this is the last.

Taps sounds last from the quadrangle—
It is blown so loud and clear,
That away outside and down in the town,
The girls in the two schools can hear.

—HEWITT.



"BUNKO" WALTZ WALKS RIGHT IN
AND COMES BACK OUT AGRIN!!



Jokes

Col. Russell (in Trig. class): Now, gentlemen, I have explained this thing so plainly that even a bonehead should see it. Do YOU see it, Mr. Frazier?

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

Fish balls, potato balls, cannon balls, and cartridges.
Ice-cream, cold-cream, vaseline, and sandwiches,
Roast beef, spare-ribs—and ribs we can't spare at all.

Col. Russell (in Solid class): Everything we use, or nearly everything, comes from the ground.

Low, B.: How about eggs, Colonel?

Maj. Wonson (in M. and M.): Baird, do you know where the old English names such as Glouster and Worcester originated?

Baird: Well, I suppose they got Worcester from Sauce.

Maj. Wonson: No, Baird, but you are getting hot.

Maj. Sutherland (in Chemistry): Battle, what is a catalectic agent?

Battle: Why, it is a man who sells Cadillacs

Latin Professor (to "Monk" Frazier): Mr. Frazier, what did John Wilkes Booth mean when he cried out, after the assassination of President Lincoln, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis?*"

"Monk" Frazier: Well, Captain, he had just broken his leg and I guess he was too much of a gentleman to say it in English, and I kind of hate to translate it before a class.

HEARD ON A JANUARY NIGHT

Sentinel (challenging cadet on third gallery): All right? You in the underwear.

One challenged: All right!"

Sentinel: Give your name!

Cadet: Jones, B. V. D.!

Maj. Sutherland (to class): We are now about to make an experiment with a high explosive. If this experiment goes wrong we shall be blown to atoms. Gather around closely, gentlemen, so that you may follow me closely.

Maj. Stevens: Bacon, please parse the nouns in the first sentence.

Bacon: I don't know anything about them things.

Low B. (to Westgate): Say, "Ham," which would you rather be, Grand Turk, or Grand Scribe?

Westgate: Guess I'd rather be Grand Turk; It sounds more like a cigarette.

M. P. H.: When we are married I must have four servants.

R. B.: Never fear; you shall have twenty, but not all at the same time.

Capt. Gruver: Mr. Low, what is the meaning of *Veni, Vidi, Vici?*

Low: I don't know Captain, but it must be some college yell.

Riefsnider enters room 307 and acts as usual—

Watters: Why do they shoot the men in Europe and let him live?

Starr: You know they spare the women and children.

Capt. Davis: Hynson, give an illustration of a precipice or a bluff.

Hynson: I can lick you.

Capt. Davis: What's that?

Hynson: A bluff.

"My hair is coming out," said Peters to the barber. "Can't you give me something to keep it in?"

Barber: Here's a pill-box. Will that do you any good?

Low, B. (to Waltz): McCallister would be a perfect dancer if it wasn't for two things.

Waltz: What are they?

Low: His feet.

Lieut. McLean: Blizzard, what are you taking French for?

Blizzard: For a while.

He failed in Latin and flunked in Chem.—
They heard him softly hiss:
"I'd like to find the man who said
That ignorance was bliss."

AS SCHAMBS TOLD IT

I was seated in the hammock,
My little girl and I,
While the soft and mystic moon
Beamed forth from beneath the sky.
I asked her one slight question,
My heart was filled with hope,
But I never got an answer,
For her brother cut the rope.

Heard in Capt. Davis' history class: "Each man put his mummy in a pyramid."

CIGARETTES

"I am not a mathematician," said the Cigarette, "but I can add to a boy's nervous trouble, subtract from his physical energy, multiply his aches and pains, divide his mental powers, take interest from his work, and discount his chances for success."

Lieut. Wallace: Now, men, we will see what a hard nut we have to crack.

Westgate: Please stand up.

Waltz: What would you say if I were to throw you a kiss?

Peggy: I'd say you were the laziest fellow I had ever met.

IN 1924

McAllister: Captain, I am indebted to you for all I know.

Capt. Pitcher: Pray don't mention the trifle.



Hooker: They have been taking moving pictures around the barracks.

Prather: Did they catch Emde in motion?

Hooker: Yes.

Prather: Science certainly does wonders in these days.

Reifsnider: If anyone ever hears me use slang I hope they will put a hot potato in my mouth.

Hooker was feeling ill and sarcastic; he entered Bell's drug store and asked for a dozen quinine pills.

"Shall I put them in a box?" asked the clerk?

"Yes, said Hooker; "do you think I want to roll them to the barrack?"

Major Sutherland: Low, B., how many yolks has an egg?

Low, B.: Two, Major.

Major Sutherland: Wake it up, Low; wake it up.



Do You Know Them?

Rabbit	Low
Pete	Peters
Cedric	Mac
Shiny Bright	
Monk	Trayce
Pluto	Armentrout
Abie	Fort
Horse	Prater
Weinie	Ranshaw
Mexico	Muddinger
Jew	"
Irish	Lawlor
Jakie	Simmons
King Hobo, I	Doc Winebrake
King Hobo, II	Perry, Hyman
King Hobo, III	Steve Baird
Gyp the Blood	
Mose	I am Moses
Piley	Hughes



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