BUEARBOUN



1919







The

BLUE AND GOLD

THE YEAR BOOK

of the

Staunton Military Academy



STAUNTON, VIRGINIA
1919



S. M. A. Honor List

Lieut. Clifford Alexander, '17
Sgt. Charles Adams, ex '09-'12
Pvt. A. M. C. Berrie, ex '13-'16
Sgt. Robert G. Burleigh, '14
Capt. Phelps Collins, ex '13-'16
Pvt. Harold Davidson, ex '12-'13
Lieut. W. L. Deetjen, '13
Lieut. John Jacob Fisher, '09
Lieut. Edwin S. Gard
George L. Gordon, '16
Bos. Mate Alvin F. Hahn,
ex '12-'13
Lieut. John F. Hauser
Pvt. Beaufort Hoen, ex '10-'11
Pvt. Daniel L. Jones, ex '05-'06
Pvt. Claude E. Mieusset
Sgt. Robert McGuffin, '17
Lieut. (J. G.) Jack S. Spavin,
ex '10-'12
Lieut. W. G. Thomas, ex '14-'15
Lieut W. W. Treadway, ex '05-'07
Corp. Herbert L. Winslow,
ex '12-'13

DEDICATION

DIED FOR THE CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY



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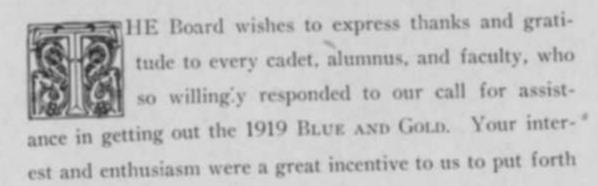
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great efforts to turn out the best annual possible.

We are unable to express our thanks to the advertisers, without whose support it would have been foolish to even attempt to publish a year-book. As "a friend in need is a friend indeed," we urge every cadet and the school to bear them in mind when in need of supplies.

Our hope is that this book will be a joy to you. As we are human, we know there are criticisms, but we have done our best.

-THE BOARD OF EDITORS.



You can fool part of the faculty.

All the time.

And all the faculty.

Part of the time.

But you can't fool all the faculty.

All of the time.





COLONEL WILLIAM G. KABLE, PH. D.

The University of Virginia. Monroe College. Actively identified with the Staunton Military Academy for many years. Commandant of Cadets until 1912. President of the Academy since 1912.



COLONEL THOMAS H. RUSSELL, B. S.

The Military College of South Carolina. Instructor in Mathematics, Horner Military School, 1902-01. Headmaster, Staunton Military Academy, 1904—



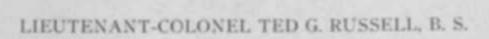
COLONEL JOHN CONKLIN

United States Military Academy. Colonel U. S. Army (retired). Active service in Spanish-American

War and extensive foreign service.

War and extensive foreign service. Head

Department Tactics, 1917.



The Military College of South Carolina. Instructor in Mathematics, Staunton Military Academy, 1907;

Assistant Commandant of Cadets, ibid,

1908-12; Commandant of Cadets, 1912—





MAJOR L. L. STEVENS, PH. B.

The University of North Carolina. Instructor in English, Horner Military School, 1903-1905. Head of the Department of English, Staunton Military Academy, 1905—



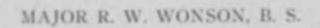
MAJOR LEROY L. SUTHERLAND, B. A., M. A.

Member American Chemical Society. Richmond College—Graduate work at Johns Hopkins. Practical
experience in chemical department of the City
of Richmond. Teacher of Science in Fork
Union Academy for two years. Head
of the Department of Chemistry,
Staunton Military Academy, 1908—



MAJOR F. M. SIZER, A. B.

William and Mary College. Berlitz School of Languages. Summer work at Columbia University. Many years' experience in language work. Head of the Department of Modern Languages, Staunton Military Academy, 1908—



The Military College of South Carolina. Summer work at Columbia University. Several years' experience as teacher of history in the schools of Charleston, South Carolina. Post Adjutant, Staunton Military Academy, 1910—





MAJOR H. G. ACKER, B. S.

The Military College of South Carolina. Summer work at Columbia University. Instructor in English, Staunton Military Academy, 1911-13; Assistant Commandant, ibid, 1913-



MAJOR L. B. STEELE, B. S.

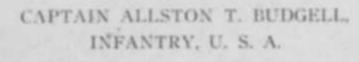
The Citadel, The Military College of South Carolina. Head of Department of Mathematics Staunton Military Academy, 1918-



CAPTAIN S. S. PITCHER, B. S.

The Military College of South Carolina. Captain and Adjutant First Virginia Infantry National Guard. Head of the Department of Mechanical Drawing, Staunton Military Academy, 1912-





Colgate University: Tactical Staff, Staunton Military Academy.





CAPTAIN THOMAS BEARDSWORTH

Director of the Cadet Band.

CAPTAIN THOMAS KIVLIGHAN Post Commissary.





LIEUTENANT E. E. TARR, A. B.

Western Maryland College. Post Graduate work at Yale University and University of Pennsylvania. Athletic Director at State Agricultural School of Alabama; State Agricultural School of Arkansas; Mercer University, Georgia; Davis and Elkins College, West Virginia; Carlisle Indian School, Pennsylvania; Staunton Military Academy, 1916-



The Military College of South Carolina. Summer work in social service and at student gatherings. Secretary of the Student Young Men's Christian Association, Staunton Military Academy, 1915-





LIEUTENANT KARL P. KREMER, A. B.

Roanoke College, 1916. Head of English and Public Speaking Department, Barnes School, Montgomery, Alabama, 1916-1917. Instructor of English, Staunton Military Academy, 1917-1918-



LIEUTENANT OSCAR M. HARRISON, L. C.

Graduate of Lewiston High School, 1903; graduate of Lewiston Normal School, 1905; post graduate work, Lewiston Normal School, 1906; Superintendent, Brereton High School, 1907-09; Superintendent, Bryant High School, 1909-10; research work abroad, 1910-11. Principal Junior Department, Florida Military Academy; 1911-17. Assistant Junior Department, Staunton Military Academy, 1917-18-



LIEUTENANT HENRY E. MANNING

Graduated Holy Cross, 1915. Instructor in Mathematics, Albion (New York) High School, 1915-16. Instructor in Mathematics, Turnen's Falls (Massachusetts) High School, 1916-17. Head Department Latin, Staunton Military Academy, 1917-



LIEUTENANT J. WALTER MANN, A. B. Davidson College, 1917. Instructor Junior Department, Staunton Military Academy, 1917-18-





LIEUTENANT ROBERT STERRETT, A. B.

Washington and Lee University, 1909. University of Virginia Summer School, 1910. Teacher St. Al-

bans School, 1909. Principal of Monterey

(Virginia) High School, Instructor of

Mathematics, Staunton Mili-

tary Academy, 1918-

EDWARD FLYNN

First Sergeant United States Army (retired) service. Thirty-four years' continuous service. Participated in the war in Cuba, and four years in the Philippines. Junior Tactical Officer, Staunton Military Academy, 1917-



LIEUTENANT RICHARD J. PORTER

Fitchburg (Massachusetts) Normal College, 1916. Instructor Fessender School, Boston, Massachusetts, 1917-18. Commercial Teacher, Staunton Military Academy, 1918-19-



LIEUTENANT ELMER E. HESS, M. E.

Pennsylvania State Normal, A. M., Bucknell University. Ph. D. Richmond University. Supervisor Public Schools, Oxford, Pa., 1907-1917. Shenandoah, Virginia, 1917-1918. Instructor in Physics, Staunton Military Academy, 1918-





LIEUTENANT R. E. MOODY, A. B.

Wofford College, South Carolina, 1912. Superintend-

ent Public Schools, McCormick; South Carolina,

1913-17. Principal High School, Chester,

South Carolina, 1917-18. Instructor in

Mathematics, Staunton Military

Academy, 1918-

LIEUTENANT HENRY G. VANDIVIERE, A. B. Ph. L. L. B.

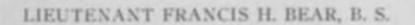
N. G. A. College-Branch University of Georgia. Principal Dawsonville (Georgia) High School, 1915-16; Principal Flowery Branch (Georgia) High School, 1916-17; Principal Barnwell (South Carolina) High School, 1917-18; Instructor History, Staunton Military Academy, 1918-



LIEUTENANT H. T. LOUTHAN, A. B. AND A. M.

University of Chicago. Adjunct Professor, William and Mary College, 1903-1909. Head Department of History, Mercer University, (Georgia) 1912-1914. Instructor in History, Staunton Military Academy, 1918-





William and Mary College, 1910. High School Principal, 1910-13. Head Teacher Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, 1913-1918. Instructor in English, Staunton Military Academy, 1918-





LIEUTENANT FRANCIS D. DUGGAN, A. B.

Holy Cross (Massachusetts) College, 1916. Professor of Mathematics, Millville High School, 1916-17. Instructor Mathematics, Staunton Military Academy. 1913—



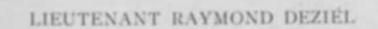
LIEUTENANT HARRY YORKE, L. L. B.

Victoria College, New Zealand. Assistant Instructor in English and Literature. Staunton Military Academy, 1918—



LIEUTENANT ALBERT DE CHANDRON

European Schools; University of Mississippi; University of Chicago. Instructor of Modern Languages in: Texas Female Seminary, 1898-1901;
Thurston (Texas) Academy, 1915-17;
Texas Presbyterian College, Milford,
Texas. Instructor in French,
Staunton Military Academy, 1918—



University of Missouri, 1900-1933 (Md.) Principal
Public Schools, Porto Rico, 1903-1908. Instructor
French and Spanish, Wentworth Military
Academy, Lexington, Missouri, 1917-18.
Instructor in Spanish, Staunton Military Academy, 1918—





A. L. TYNES, M. D.

University College of Medicine, Richmond, Virginia,
Post Graduate work Polyclinic
(New York) Hospital.



frank &. Almy

"Al" has that "Old Fall River Line" with him, which has certainly carried him through the year gracefully. He is a Private in Co. D, on duty with the Signal Corps. "Al" is a great reader of novels in Physics class, which may have some bearing on his future, but anyway he is going to Dartmouth for a year, then to Boston Tech.



Ernest arange

Ernest Arango

Was born in Tampa, Fla., Jan. 15, 1901. He came to us in 1915, and has held the following positions: Corp. Co. A, 1918; Lieut. and Quartermaster, 1919; President of the T. K. Club, and was on the Honor Roll of 1918. Will enter Columbia University next year.





R. L. Auchmuty

"Ox" was dimly seen through the smoke of Pittsburg on Oct. 18, 1900. On Sept. 26, 1918, he entered this academy as a private in Co. C. Next year he will probably enter the University of Pittsburg.





Logan C. Berry

"Crocodile" rose to prominence in the dismal swamps of Florida way back in 1901. Got tired of the said swamps and took pot-luck with us. His record is: Co. A, 17-18; Q. M. Sgt., Band, 18-19; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet. He wants to study Chemical Engineering at Georgia Tech. next year.





3. Whitney Bolton

"Tim" first came to the Comforts of Father Kable's bosom way back in the dark ages of 1912-13. He has been seen every fall since at the old Sally-Port. His record is: Sgt. and Col. Sgt. Co. D, 16-17. 1st Sgt. and 1st Lieut. Co. C, 17-18. Capt. Co. B, 18-19. Vice-Pres. and Pres. Exeter Club, 17-18-19. Pres. Senior Class 18-19. Chmn. Honor Committee 18-19. Chmn. Honor Committee 18-19. Chmn. Decorating Committee Social Club 18-19. Joke Editor Kablegram 18-19. Editor-in-Chief of Blue and Gold 12-19.



an hang

Alec C. Brantley

Herme-this young Alabamaian first gazed upon this industrial universe on Dec. 17, 1900. His first gaze fell upon the city of Troy. The vear 1916 is marked by the first appearance of Herme at this academy. He has remained with us ever since, and has been Private Co. A, 16-17; Sergeant and Quartermaster Sergeant Co. A, 17-18, and Sergeant Co. A, 18-19. He is very industrious?? and will enter business next year.





A. D. Cartwright

"Sal" co-sined into Colliersville, Tenn., Oct. 16, 1901; went to Colliersville High for a few Semesters, then tried his luck here, arriving Sept., 1918. He is a Private in Co. A. He will enter Cornell.





John C. D. Clark

"Jed" looked through his curly locks for the first time in Cheboygan, Mich., in Feb., 1901. He later moved to Wilmington, N. C., from whence he came to S. M. A. in 1916. He has held the following offices: 17-18, Corp; 18-19, Lieut. Co. E. He expects to enter Carnegie Tech. next year.





5. Clemens, 333.

"Shad" is a product of old Massachusetts, not to mention being an Archimedes the 2nd. Math is his hobby, which accounts for his choice of Boston Tech after a year at Dartmouth, to take Engineering. He is a Private in Co. C, on duty with the Signal Corps. Good luck, Shad, old thing.





Samuel S. Colbron

"Sam" threw his first steer in Muscatine, Iowa, 1900. He attended S. M. A. for half a year in 1913-14, and re-entered in 1917-18. His career is as follows: Sergeant, 1918; Sergeant Signal Detachment, 1919, Next year he will enter West Point.





Francis J. Conway

"Francois" was born Oct. 10, 1901; he didn't tell us where, so we will just have to let that go. He came to us this past Sept., and is a Pvt. in Co. A. He states that Georgetown University is good enough for him.





& Diterry

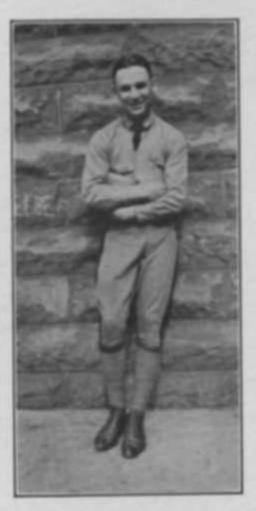
"Doug" drank the town of Harrodsburg, Ky., dry on July 25, 1901. Enlisted with us in September, 1915. His claim to Honor is as follows: Pvt. Band, 15-16; Corp. Band, 17; Sgt. Band, 17; 1st Sgt. Band, 17; Lieut. Band, 18; Capt. Co. D, 18-19; Secretary Senior Class; Social Editor BLUE AND GOLD and The Kablegram. His future is un-decided, but we hope the best for old "Doug."





Thos. Franklin Day

"Tom" entered S. M. A. in Oct., 1918. He has held down very nicely the position of private in Co. A. Princeton claims his attention next year. Tom hails from Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was born March 24,





Jean D. Delleese

"Jean" was born in Lima, Ohio, July 26, 1901. Entered S. M. A. in Sept., 1917. Has held the positions of Pvt. Co. D. 1917-18; Sgt. Co. B, 18-19. Leaves us for Ohio State University.





Edward b. Dunn

"Eddie" walked his first beat in Wickliffe, Ky. Went thru all the joys and sorrows of youth, then decided to come with the old "Blue and Gold" for a year.

He leaves us for Vanderbilt University.



Philip b. Enslow POST-GRADUATE

"Philthy" has been with us for several years as a fire-bug, etc. He graduated here last year, but decided to return to take up a special course in Chemistry. He was the youngest graduate of the Class of 18. He is Captain Co. E, also Miscellaneous Editor of the BLUE AND GOLD. "Philthy" leaves us for West Point, to complete his military career.







John ft. Farley

"Newt" was raised in Marianna, Ark., his initial raising being Jan. 1, 1900. Slipped in S. M. A. last fall, after hard work to leave the old State. He is a Pvt. in Co. A, and leaves us for Leland Standford. "Hold 'er, Newt, hold 'er."





5. C. felbman

"Pinkey" has been with us for three years, and things will no doubt find difficulty in going on in the same old way when he takes his sheep-skin in his hand and walks boldly out to conquer the world. He was born in Youngstown, Ohio, April 7, 1900. The University of Michigan will look upon his beaming countenance next year.





C. G. flannery

"Gene" was born in Pittsburgh, Pa, December 12, 1900. Shady Side Academy before he entered S. M. A. in Feb., 18. He has the distinction of having been Bull-Rat Sgt. Major and Lieut. and Adjt., being one of the best old S. M. A. ever had, which speaks a lot for "Gene." He will leave us for Carnegie Tech to study Metallurgical Engineering. He is Athletic Editor of both the Blue And Gold and The Kablegram. Letter man on the Football Squad, 18, making several star plays. Taking all together, "Gene" is there.





James G. Frager

"Jim" was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, on March 19, 1901. He spent three successful years in Bellefontaine High. He is a private in Co. A, being one of their best. He leaves us for the University of Chicago, where he will study Commerce and Finance.





Joseph f. Garnett

"Joe" was born in old Kentucky, from that place coming here in Sept., 1917. He has been a Pvt. in Co. D, 17-18; Corp. Co. A, 18-19. He intends to try Kentucky State next year for Agriculture. If he is as good a farmer as a cadet he will make a sure success.





Walker A. Garrot

"Luke" was born in Hopkinsville, Ky., Sept. 28, 1901. He landed here Sept., 1917. Has been a private Co. D, 17-18, Corp. Co. C., 18-19. Expects to enter the University of Kentucky.





John & Gorbon

"Jack" was born in Belle Vernon, Pa., May 24, 1901. Finished three years at Monessen High School, and then entered S. M. A. in Sept., 18. He is a Private in Co. F, and makes a good one. He leaves us for Princeton. After finishing there, he will study medicine.





Clem D. Gutwald

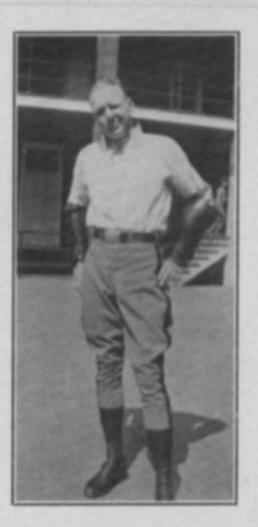
"Clem" is a "Rat" this year, but a very good one. He has not had time to climb the ladder to promotion yet, so is still a private in Co. C. Next year he will leave us for Purdue.





Ebgar hawley

Born in Shrewsbury, Mass., 1899. He came to S. M. A. in 1917, was a private in Co. D. Returned in 1919 and held the office of Sergeant Co. F. Future undecided.





Clifford C. bill

"Cliff" first appeared on the scene in Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 24, 1899. He wandered down to S. M. A. in 1917. Letter man in Football and Track 17-18. Letter man Football and Capt. Track 18-19. Will go to Tuffs University.





LeRoy A. hodges

"Spasm" began his career in Millford, overlooking Cincinnati, on Aug. 25, 1900. He went to the Milford High School until Jan., 1918, which is when he entered S. M. A. He is a Corporal in Co. C, and they say one of the best going, but you know Hodges, so—. He will finish his education at Yale.





A. T. hunt

Hunt first saw the big world in 1901 at Arhadelphia, Ark. He came to S. M. A. in the fall of 18, and hit out for the football team, making his letter in it. Out for track as well. Private in Co. A. He leaves us for Georgia Tech to study Engineering.





Percy Jenking

"Percy," sometimes known as "Oscar," laid eyes on a football for the first time in Quincy, Mass., Oct. 2, 1900. This is his first year with us, but he is letter man in Football, Basketball, and Track. His name has entered the Hall of Fame for the most popular rat and the best athlete. Next year he will enter Harvard.





Joseph f. Kearns

"Joe" called his first roolin Patterson, N. J., Dec. 3, 1900. In the year 1917 his thirst for knowledge prompted him to enter S. M. A. His career here has been onward and upward or: Private Co. D, 17-18; Quartermaster Sgt. Co. A; Sgt. and First Sgt. Co. F, 18-19. Art Editor of Blue and Gold, 18. Next year he will study Mechanical Engineering at the University of Penn.





k. O. Kimbro

"Ken" was born in Tulback, Texas, not so very long ago, if what we hear is right. After putting up with it for a while he came to us, this being his first year here. He is a Private in the Band, but we can't say what kind of a musician he is, as he won't tell. But anyway, he is going to the University of Texas next year.





Ralph King

born in Memphis, Tenn.,
S. M. A. in the fall of
July 12, 1901. Entered
18, and is a Private in
Co. B, on duty with the
Signal Corps. He will
go to Cornell, but has
no definite course as yet
picked.





C. S. Knickerbocker

"Nick" pulled his first successful trick in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 7, 1901. Entered S. M. A. in 1918, and in his two years has made many friends. Expects to enter the University of Ill.





Donald Little

"Senator" shot his first line Jan. 29, 1901. Talked his way into Col. Kable's heart in Sept., 1917. Has been Pvt. Co. D, 17-18, and Sgt. Co. A 18-19. Will go to University of Virginia next year.





Robert C. Lucas

Marion, Indiana, first claimed Bob as one of its population on June 12, 1900. This is his first year with us. His plans for the future are: Two years at the University of Indiana, and then he is preparing to finish at Yale.





Andrew T. Lyons

"Andy" was born Nov.

13, 1900, in Havre de
Grace, Md. He landed
in Staunton in Sept.,

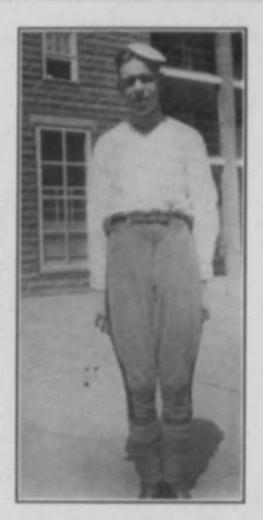
1917. He carries the following honors with him:
Letter man Football, 18
19; Baseball, 17-18; Corporal, 18-19. Will enter
University of Michigan.





3. 99. 99ee

"I" saw his first pooltable in Centerville, S. D., July 11th, 1901. He is a Pvt. in Co. A. He says the University of Chicago looks pretty good to him. He is our little "Champ" in the old game of Pool.





Carl Miller

"Sid" was born June 20, 1900, in Trafford, Pa, He entered Staunton Sept. 27, 1917. In 1918 he held the office of Corp. Co. C. He is leaning towards further education next year at the University of Pennsylvania.





Milliam Monroe

"Bill" called his first roll in Cleveland, Ohio, on Feb. 23, 1900. He signed up with us in Sept., 1917. He has been Pvt. Co. B, 17-18. Sgt. and 1st Sgt. Co. B, 18-19. His objective is Oxford, England.





James R. Moore

"Jimmie" was born
April 5, 1902, in the
beautiful little city of
Laredo, Texas. He was
known as the "Model of
Perfection" in the said
town. In 1916 he entered
San Marcos Baptist
Academy to study for
the ministry, but later
decided to be a soldier,
so shipped with us.
This is his first year, he
being a Private in Co.
A. He will go to the
University of Texas
next year.





Benj. P. Morris

"Budge" was born in Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 24, 1899, and there attended the Chattle High School until Sept. 17. His tale runs as follows: Pvt. Co. A, 17-18; First-Sgt. and Lt. Co. C, 18-19. Will go to Cornell to take Mechanical Engineering.





D. W. McClintock

"Slippery" was "Nee'"
Sept. 11, 1900, in the old State of Arkan-Saw.
Came here in Sept., 1918, and is a Private in Co.
A. His hereafter for a while will be Harvard.





99. C. MeClure

"Mac." Oakland, Cal., has the honor of being the birthplace of this high-standing son of S. M. A. Later he moved to Nashville, Tenn., where he now resides. He is a very "high standing" private of Co. A. Next year he will attend the University of the South.





Ray McDougal

"Ray" came to us some few years back from the big State of Texas, soon making his reputation as a good fellow. After leaving last June he did not return until February, this year. "Red" will leave for the University of Texas. His course has not as yet been determined. He is a Lieut. in the Band, also has been Sgt. Band, 17-18.





D. J. P. Relson

"Oliver J. P." first displayed his gold tooth to an admiring audience in Gallitzen, Pa., Sept. 5, 1899. He entered S. M. A. in Jan., 1918. Pvt. Co. D, 18; 1st Sgt. and Lieut. Co. D, 18-19. Best drilled cadet, 18. Exchange Editor of The Kablegram. Consult the Prophecy for his future.





Abolph Demman

"Addie" gave his first kick in Columbia, Tenn., on March 4, 1902. Later he moved to Pasco, Wash. This is his first year at S. M. A., and as yet he is undecided as to his future.





George T. Parry

"Duke" waddled into Indianapolis, Ind., some few years back (he didn't say when) and after reading the yearly "Joke Book" he too fell, even as you and I, he enrolled under the old "Blue and Gold." For a li'l feller he has a good record: Football squad, 17; Head Cheer Leader, 17-18-19; Tie Military Science Medal, 18; Social Club, 17-18; Pres., 18-19, Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A., 18-19; Honor Committee, 18-19; Treas. Senior Class, 18-19; Lieut. Co. C, 18-19. No future as yet decided.





Max D. Pergrin

"Max" is our "Wallingford," he being the proud father of a flourishing cake and candy store. Max has been a Pvt. and Corp. so many times that we have no room for all. However, at present he is one. He will hit for Harvard eventually.





Jr. n. Rainey.

3. D. Persons, 3r.

"Buck" was born in Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 5, 1901. He entered S. M. A. in October, 1918. Next year he will grace Yale Sheffield by his presence.



Joe A. Rainey

"Red" came storming into Winder, Ga., on April 4, 1902. This is his first year at S. M. A., as he was late in discovering this wonderful institution. He gained the office of private Co. A, by hard labor, and has succeeded in retaining this position throughout the year. He will enter the United States Naval Academy in the near future.



Fuder a Relation

fred. Richardson

Born in Bridgenort, Conn., August 19, 1901. He entered S. M. A. in 1917. He has been Corp. Co's C and F this year. Future is undecided.



James A. Rugh

"The Better' Ole" was nee March 3, 1900, in the sleepy little village of Greensburgh, Pa. Attended New Castle High for two years, and then played S. M. A. for a place to eat and sleep, Private Co. D, 1918, Corp. Co. A, 1919. He hopes to enter Penn. State next year.







W. B. Russ, Ir.

"Rusty" flies the "Lone Star" flag, San Antonio being the city. He is doing his best to go to West Point, but if he doesn't make that, Texas A. and M. will get him. Surgery is the aim of his life next to the "Point." He has spent a year at Culver, but thought S. M. A. a bit better. He is a Private in Co. A. Track team, 19.





Dean D. Russell

"Dean" was born in Anderson, S. C., July, 1900. Attended the Anderson High School for three years. Entered S. M. A. in the fall of 18. Has been a Private in Co. B and C. Assistant to Capt. Chandler in recreation room. He leaves us for The Citadel.





Will 99. Robinson

"Willie," a man of great interlect, worked his first Algebra problem in the State of Arkansas in 1899. 1915 is the year in which Willie first looked upon this beautiful valley and this noble school. Since then he has been: 15-16, Pvt. Co. B; 16-17, Corp. Co. A, Sgt. Co. A, later in that same year, 1st Sgt. and Lt. Co. B; 18-19. He is Vice-Pres. of the Senior Class this year. Future undecided.





Dabib W. Smyser

This is the boy of "Infirmary" fame, he being the proud Corporal of the above. He received his first training in York, Pa. Then he saw his opportunity and took it. He will go to Boston Tech.





Kenneth &. Snyber

Born Dec. 10, 1901, in Norristown, Pa. Entered S. M. A. in Sept., 1916. Pvt. Co. E 16-17. Sgt. Co. E 17-18. Sgt. Co. E 18-19. His future is undecided.



Shows to Sharks

T. W. Sparks

"Sparkie" hails from Illinois, coming here in Sept., 1918, from the thrifty little city of Lincoln, where he attended Lincoln High. He is a letter man, Football 18; Private Co. C, on duty with the Signal Corps. His future is at present up to the highest bidder.





Jas. b. Stallings

"Shorty" was born in Richmond, Va, Jan. 5, 1901. He attended Randolph - Macon Academy before we got him. He is a private in Co. A, letter man in football, also a member of "S" club. Next year he will enter Harvard.





John L. Stephens

"Lady" was born Feb.

1, 1903, in Kingfisher,
Okla. This is his "Rat"
year with us, and we
hate to lose the old girl,
but such are the fruits
of study. He has a
great longing for Kansas University. He also
is a Star-boarder in
Co. B.





William D. Stouts

"Bill" let out his first wail in Mobile, Ala., Jan. 13, 1900. He enrolled with us Sept., 1917. Private Co. A, 18-19. Expects to enter the Colorado School of Mines next year.





b. C. Thurston

"Thursty" was born April 17, 1900, in Detroit, Mich. He came into the clutches of the Colonel in Sept., 1917. He has been Pvt., 17-18; Corp. and Sgt., 1918. Will enter University of Michigan, to take up Electrical Engineering.





f. R. Tilben

"Big Foot" stumbled forth in New York, Nov. 12, 1901. He came to us from West "Philly" High School Feb., 1917, and has made the following distinctions: Pvt. Co. D, 17; Sgt. Co. B, 17-18; Lieut. Co. C, 18-19. Will enter Boston Tech to take up Engineering.





G. B. Tullidge, Ir.

"Tulip" was born in Philadelphia, on Dec. 29, 1901. He entered S. M. A. in 1917. Since that time he has been: 17-18, private Co. A: 18-19, Sergeant Co. A. He expects to enter West Point in June.





Altred J. Turner

"Al" was born in Grove City, Pa., May 24, 1901. He came to our gray old walls in 1917. He has been Pvt. Co. D, 17-18. Corp. Co. D, 18-19. Expects to enter West Point next year.





Ralph C. Walsh

"Ralph" hails from Cleveland, where he was born Nov. 2, 1900. He entered S. M. A. in 1916 and in his three years here has held the following offices: 16-17, Private Co. D; 17-18 Corp. and Sgt. Co. D; Lt. Co. F 18-19. He will study surgery at Johns-Hopkins next year.





bugh darren

"Smoke" lazily opened his eyes in the old "Show me" State Aug. 19, 1901. He then slowly drifted down to us. Pvt. 16-17. Bugle Corps, 17-18; Lieut. Band, 18. Another registrar of the "Hotel de Jug." Prophet Senior Class, 18-19. Will go to University of Mich.





Ronald B. Wherly

"Humidor" cast his fate with the world in New Jersey, Sept. 30, 1899. He came to us in Sept., 1915. Has been Corporal 16-17, Sgt. 17-18, Lieut. 18-19.

Will go with the Standard Oil Co. when he leaves us.





mith T. Wergant

"S. T." was born in Hackensack, N. J., Oct. 1, 1901. He jazzed his way into the Sally-Port Jan., 1915. Is an influential member of the S. M. A. Jazz Orchestra. Also of the Band. Will finish his education at Princeton.

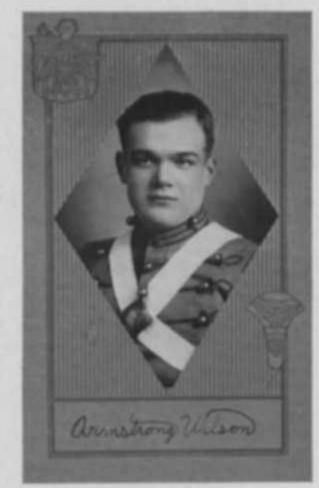




John A. Milliams

"Jack" delivered his first "Y" sermon in Middletown, Conn. Some few years later he slipped in here and made the following record: 1916-17, Pvt. Co. B; 17-18, Corpl. Co. B; 17-18, Sec. and Treas. Y. M. C. A.; 19, Sgt. Co. C, Lt. Co. E, Pres. Y. M. C. A., Literary Editor Blue and Gold. His future is at present in the hands of the world.





Armstrong Wilson

"Armee" was born in Atlantic City, Nov. 3, 1900. He swam into S. M. A. Oct., 1918. Co. B. was fortunate in securing him as a private, Numeral man, 1918. Dickerson College will be his next harbor.





August Mormser

"Fats" cracked his first pint Sept. 27, 1901, in Laredo, Texas. He blew into the Guard-room in Sept., 1917. 1st Lieut. Band, 18-19. He expects to enter the Colorado School of Mines next.





3.00.C. Wiright, 3r.

"Junius" was born in the wicked city of New Orleans, La., Jan. 20, 1900. He entered old S. M. A. in Jan., 1918, as a Christmas "Rat." His record is Pvt. Co. A, 18, Sgt. Co. A, and Sgt.-Maj., 18-19. Member Triangle Club, 18-19. Literary Editor of The Kablegram, 18-19. Vice-Pres. of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 18-19. Letter man, Track Team, 18. Will go to Purdue University next year.

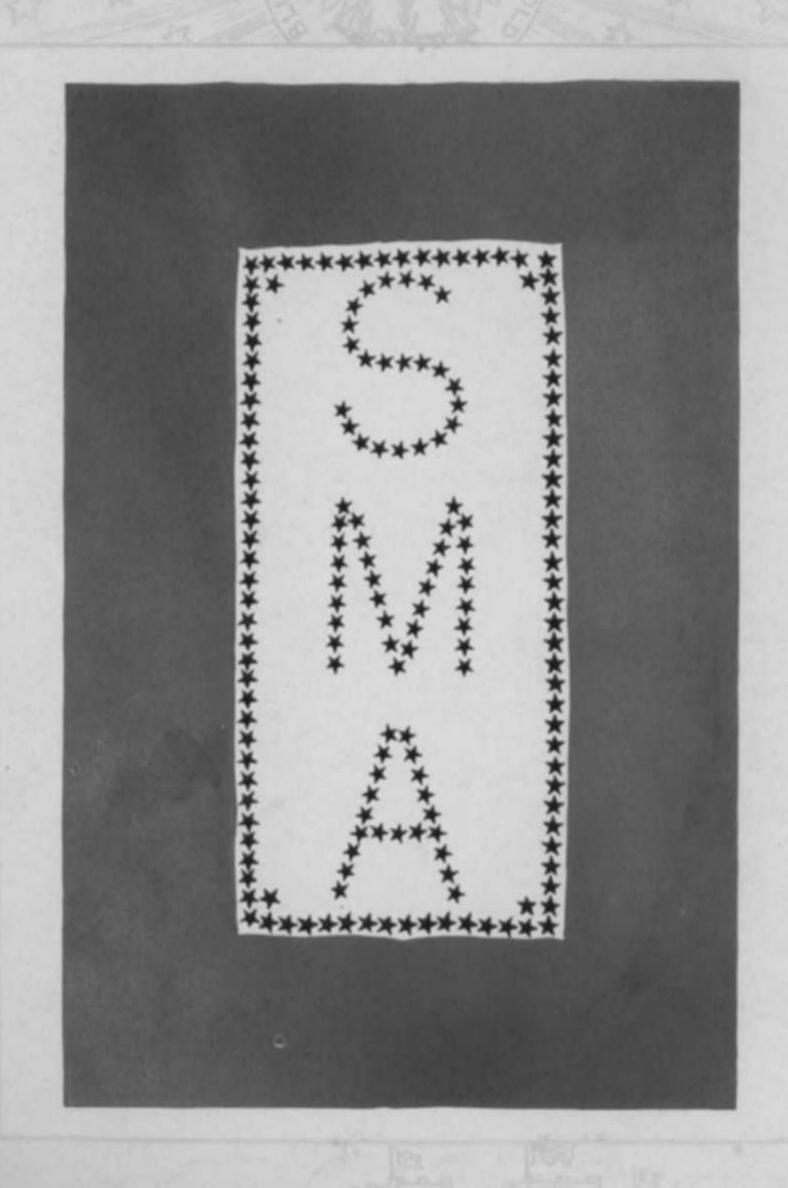




W. Reeran Boung

"Kee" saw his first
"Movie" Feb. 13, 1902,
in Laredo, Texas. He
landed in Staunton in
Sept., 1916. Pvt., 16-17.
Sgt., 17-18. Sgt. and
Lieut., 18. Sgt., 19.
Regular member of "Hotel de Jug." Historian
Senior Class, 18-19. Will
go to University of Mich.





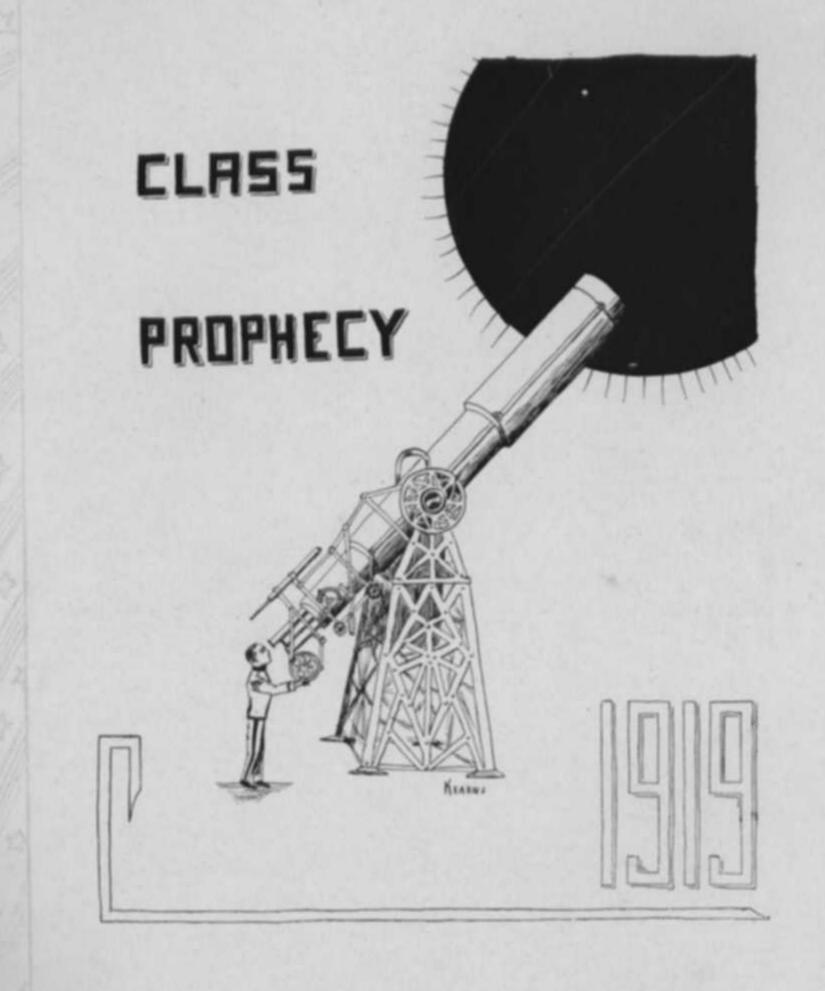












Class Prophecy, 1919



HE air was dense with the smoke of the many cigarettes glowing between the pale lips of the loafers. How it reminds me of the old rooms back at S. M. A., where you had to cut the smoke to get through, and then were in danger of stepping in a cuspidor. "Say, Duke, by the way, let's give the town the slip tonight. We have been here a month, and nothing of in-

I don't know; we might drift around to Siam, and see the Prince. He may take pity on an old pair of hard lucks and give us a harem apiece. Humy, you sure have got an eye for business; let's go."

This conversation took place between two of those picturesques who had wandered from one corner of the earth to the other chasing rainbows. They were both about middle age, the one tall and the other short.

The tall one, or Humy, as his companion called him, looked like he had been meant for either a paper hanger or a dress maker's model. One could easily see that he had been very handsome in his younger days, but by some unfortunate accident, whether it was the glare of the railroad tracks or not, he had been forced to put on an extra heavy pair of glasses which, to an ordinary person, looked like two windows in a skyscraper, or the headlights of an airplane.

The short one, or Duke, as we will call him, was one of those jolly fat men whose laugh makes the farmers turn around to see if one of their goats has followed them to town. At first sight he would give a close observer the impression that he had worked as a model for the fellow that invented the Kewpie.

They were a very unusual pair, and more than one pedestrian turned around to wonder where they came from.

"Duke, this ship looks like it was going to Siam. There are a lot of 'Chinks' getting on." On their way to the hold of the ship they passed the fellow who seemed to be the captain of the ship. As they passed by the short one nudged the tall one, saying, "Humy, that guy looks familiar." "Oh! we'll have plenty of time to look him up; let's get to our cabin." (the hold).

"Duke, we have been out two days with hard'y anything to eat; let's look up that guy you said looked familiar." Going on deck, the first man they ran into was the captain, who recognized them first (how could be help it?)

"Almy!" said Duke and Humy in one breath, "you look like an angel; we are nearly starved." "Well, of all the people I ever expected to see here, Duke Parry and Humidor Wherly, you are the last."

The first question asked when they had finished eating was, "How many of

our old classmates have you seen?" "You all tell me your story, and then I will tell you mine."

"Well, A'ney, to begin with, I met Humy on a poor man's pullman, and we have been together ever since. We have been all over, and have met a good many of our old classmates. I went in a pawnshop in Youngstown to pawn my ring, and tound Pinky Feldman running it. He gave me a pretty good price on my ring for old times' sake. McClure is president of a large moving picture corporation out in California. He was starring Knickerbocker with Mary Pickford's daughter."

"Nelson and Wright, J., you know the one that used to be Sergeant-Major, were working in Universal City, and it seemed to me like they were having a pretty close race for the hand of Theda Bara's niece. Coldren is in some little town out in Arizona. He married the school teacher, and took her place. Tullidge lives with Sam, and teaches the school when Sam is sick.

"Duke, don't you remember that quack doctor that patched us up after we had that little argument out in Colorado? You know him; what was his name? Oh! yes, you mean Smyser, the hospital corporal back at S. M. A. And Duke, do you forget that frightful night when we thought we were going to the realms of Neptune?

"Oh! yes, listen, Almy; we went to sleep on an old raft which was drawn up on the bank of the Rio Grande out in Texas. We woke up some time in the night and found ourselves floating down the river. We were on that raft a day and night, the only things we saw were cactuses and sand on both sides. We finally came in sight of a town which we later found out to be Eagle Pass, but we were in the middle of the river and no way of stopping. Humy let out a war-whoop, but no one came to our rescue. We didn't even see anybody, you know how those Texas towns are. We had floated by about a half a mile when we met a little motor-boat coming up the river. Humy let out another warwhoop, and it drew alongside. Who was running it but Alex Brantley; you remember old Hieme. He sure did look old and wrinkled, but no wonder, from the business he was in. He was in partnership with Jimmy Moore, who was running a public dance hall, and besides that, he was smuggling liquor from Mexico. He said there was good money in it, and wanted Humy and me to go in with him, but we didn't want to run the risk of getting caught. He said there wasn't a chance of that, as Jim Bolton, who was running a bull fighting school in Mexico, handled the liquor in Mexico, and Moore in Texas. All he had to do was to run the boat and collect the profits.

"We had a peach of a time in Eagle Pass with Jimmy, Alex, and Wormser, who was running the Wormser School of Saxaphone Sharks, and playing in

Moore's dance hall. We were going down in Mexico to see old Tim Bolton, who was pulling off a big Bull Throwing contest on the Fourth of July, but two of the cylinders in the engine of Hieme's boat were missing, and he couldn't find them.

"We were heading for New York from Eagle Pass, and on our way passed through Scurvy City, Oklahoma. As we were walking up the street we passed a prosperous looking office building. Looking up I saw in one of the second floor (accidentally the top floor) windows Dr. F. R. Tilden, Specialist in Physical Deformities. Feet a Specialty. We went up to his office, but he was out, and as the local freight was coming through, we left.

"As the freight drew through Sleepy Creek, Arkansas, we saw on the largest building in town, 'O. W. McClintock, Furniture Manufacturer. Small Sofas Guaranteed.'

"Almy, we stopped in St. Louis some time, and while there met quite a few of the old boys. There was Russell, a big Bevo manufacturer, Persons principal of one of the big high schools, Clemmons bell hop in the American Hotel, of which L. Lucas is proprietor, J. W. Gordon big manufacturer of the famous Gordon dried peaches.

"We went up to the Y. M. C. A. to bunk for the night and found Williams the secretary. Talking to him was a big cop who introduced himself as Budgie Morris. Lord knows we would never have recognized him; he looked like a beef trust.

"Morris persuaded us not to go to bed, but to go to a show with him. We went to a cabaret after the show, and there we saw Stevens, who was dancing there that week, and Garnett was playing the piano for him.

"We bummed from St. Louis to Pottsville, Pa., without seeing any one we knew. We were kicked off the train at Pottsville, and the only place we could find to sleep was a shaft in a mine. In the morning a big miner grabbed each of us by the neck and started to throw us out, when Humy recognized him as old Peter Gutwald.

"We stayed with Gutwald a few days, and one day while there we were surprised on seeing Gene Flannery who, with his wife, a former Cleveland girl, were looking at some mining properties. Gene told us about a few of the old boys.

"He said Auchmuty was a preacher and had married him. Then, there was Farley, who was running a pool hall in Pittsburg. Gene's favorite barber shop was owned by Rainey, and De Weese was the head barber. Logan Berry was running a manicuring shop in Jacksonville, Fla. Gene had seen him while down there one winter. He told us there was a bunch of the boys in Washington, and

loaned us some money to get there. So Humy and I rode a real Pullman for the first time in twenty years.

"Arriving at Washington, we headed straight for Congress Building, expecting, of course, to find a bunch of the boys there. The first man we met was Donald Little, who was holding down the job of chief janitor, expecting to be advanced to the position of doorman for long and faithful service. He told us Hodges, Snyder, and Porter were representatives, and Hawley was senator from Massachusetts.

"Richardson was running a large butcher shop supplying the White House with meat. We stopped in to see him, and he induced us to go to a big billiard contest for the world championship between our old friend, Mee, the American Champion and the English Champion.

"Humy wanted to go to New York, so we caught a side door pullman and started. We arrived late in the evening, and the first thing we thought of was a place to sleep and something to eat. Walking along the street, forlorn and hopeless, we saw a restaurant with K. K. Kimbro. Going in we saw our old friend Kimbro, who gave us a good meal.

"After that meal we thought we ought to see a little of the town. We had not gone far when we were hailed by a taxi driver. As he pulled up to the curb we recognized him as our old friend Newman. He said he was his own boss, and was going to show us a good time, so we piled in. First, he took us to see a boxing match between Red Hill, the K. O. Kidd, and the Australian Champion. After the fight, which lasted only two rounds, in which time Cliff knocked the Australian champion out, we went down to see Cliff. He was so glad to see us he very nearly broke Humy in two.

"Cliff said he knew where there was a peach of a cabaret run by two of our old friends. So we went out, and who was running it but Jap Walsh and Alex Hunt. We had some time, and on our way out to Cliff's apartment, where we stayed all night, he told us about Bill Monroe, who was the Head of Mathematics in the University of New York, and Joe Kearns, who was a cartoonist for the New York World. He also told us something we were very sorry to hear. Miller and Russ were in Sing Sing for trying to corner the wheat market. They received good treatment, though, as Thurston was warden.

"Almy, that is about all of the fellows that we have seen that I can think of; tell us your story now."

"Boys, I haven't seen very many of our old classmates, as I have been sailing the seas most of the time since I left S. M. A. However, I will tell you about those I have seen. There is Cloward, who graduated as senior captain at West Point a few years ago. "Then there is one of the most successful firms in New York. It is made up of Young, W., Lyons, and Curry. Young is a lawyer, and digs up the cases. Lyons is a doctor, and kills them, while Curry is an undertaker, and buries them. Boys, those are the only ones I have seen in my wanderings on land and sea."

After very nearly three weeks of hard passage the ship arrived at Pekin and Duke and Humy left Almy with many thanks for the voyage.

"Duke, what are we going to do among these Chinks, anyway? We don't know anyone here." "I don't know about that; who is that little dried up guy in that jinrikisha? Duke, he does look familiar. Say, it's Max Pereguin. Hello! Perg." "Well, if it isn't old Parry and Wherly. I would hardly know you. Come home with me, and we will talk over old times. What are you bums doing over here, anyway, if I may ask?" "Oh! We started to Siam to see the Prince, but the boat we got on came here, so we came with it. You know the ticket agent in America sold us the wrong tickets." "Yes, I know all about those tickets, boys. Hey! Eddie, drive on.

"Tell me your stories before we do anything else." At which suggestion Duke told him what he had told Almy on the voyage.

"Well, boys, to start with, I couldn't make enough money in America, so I decided to come to China and smuggle opium. Sparks, who is a missionary, told me there was good money in it. I am shipping to Jed Clark, who is situated in San Francisco, and am about ready to go back to the U. S., as I have cleaned up a fortune. How about going back with me, boys, to see the old school once more, and believe me, we will ride first class, because I haven't been living among the Chinks for nothing. Humy, we have been all over the world. Let's go back to Virginia now."

"About six weeks from the time Duke and Humy arrived in China they were riding a C. & O. Pullman with Perg headed for Staunton. When they were somewhere near Natural Bridge, which is near Staunton, so the "good book" says (about ninety miles), they passed a west-bound train. As they flashed (that's the way the C. & O. goes) by, Humy thought he recognized somebody in it. "Oh, go on Humy, you can't see through one of these windows; you are used to the windows of a side door pullman, and you can't teach an old dog new tricks." "All right, have your way, Duke. I am going to sleep; wake me up when we get to Staunton."

"All off for Staunton. Say Max, this isn't Staunton, is it? Look at that station; it looks more like Richmond to me. There is Phil Enslow sitting back in that big car just like I would if I owned S. M. A."

Getting in the car with Phil they were driven through town, which wasn't the same town to them. It had doubled in size, and the old buildings had changed.

Where Main street used to be, was now the lower part of town, and there was a pool hall where Hogshead's used to be. Arriving on the hill they were surprised to see big buildings scattered all around. They learned that the old barracks was used as a wing for the little kids.

The first thing Phil said when they asked about old classmates was, that Willie Robinson had just left that morning for Arkansas. He had just finished, and it was February, 1935. "There, Duke, I told you I recognized that guy at Natural Bridge. It was Willie Robinson going home." Phil showed us one of the uniform caps, and instead of William C. Rowland, of former days, we saw in big letters, "Ernest Arango, Uniforms, Staunton, Va."

Phil said he knew the whereabouts of nearly all of the old class, as he kept in touch with all he could, except the wanderers, like Humy and Duke. "Tell me the names of those you haven't seen or heard of, and I will see if I know anything about them. Barrier is running a hotel in Denver. Shorty Stallings married a Staunton girl; here, now, I saw him just before your train came in. Stoutz is head of the junior department here, and is one of my best teachers.

"Percy Jenkins bought Major Roller out, and is running a school for the feeble minded. I think Percy used good judgment when he bought A. M. A., Phil, because it has quite a reputation among feeble minded people, and then it is a good location for anything of that sort. I wouldn't be surprised if you were not right, Duke, because Percy has a good patronage. Turner and Wilson are teaching for Percy, and are both married, poor fellows. Garrott owned a tobacco factory in Newark, the last I heard of him. Cartwright is manufacturing that famous Cartwright Crystal Cheese, in Charlottesville. Simonds is a wandering book agent, and passed through here once; that is the last I have heard of him. Tuxworth is a lawyer somewhere in California, I don't know just where. Conway taught physics here for two years, then he taught at the Jenkins School for the Feeble Minded for a while. I don't know just where he is now. Day is the night watchman at M. B. S. It looks as though he just couldn't stay away, so he got a job there. He is old, but he has young ideas. We will drop down and see him after dinner. I couldn't get track of Frazer until just recently. I got a letter from King, R., who is running a pool hall in Cleveland. King said Frazer drifted in one day broke and wanted money enough to start him off as a preacher. King loaned it to him, and now Frazer is one of the foremost ministers of the city. Dunn was here in September, and put one of his sons in school. He owns a farm in Haymarket, Va., and is doing fine."

"Humy, let's you and Perg and I settle down here in Staunton. We can see most of our old pals again here. They all leave and wander around the world, but finally when they grow old and wise, they come back to Virginia, and old S. M. A."

Senior Poem

When our last parade is over
And our guns are all away
Let's think of the ones before us
Who've left us many a day.

Years they spent behind these walls,
Parading, drilling, studying,
To learn the future of their might
And guide the true in paths of right.

At last we are able to acclaim

After parading, drilling, studying,

That four years were not spent in vain

But to make us men of a higher plane.

Let's uncover, for Staunton we've outgrown.

Our work in this world is yet undone,
For '19 reveille has just blown.

Our day has barely begun.

Old Staunton, whose deeds we love to tell,
We may damn her, yet we loved her,
Though we cursed her, none's above her,
Old Staunton, the school we loved so well.

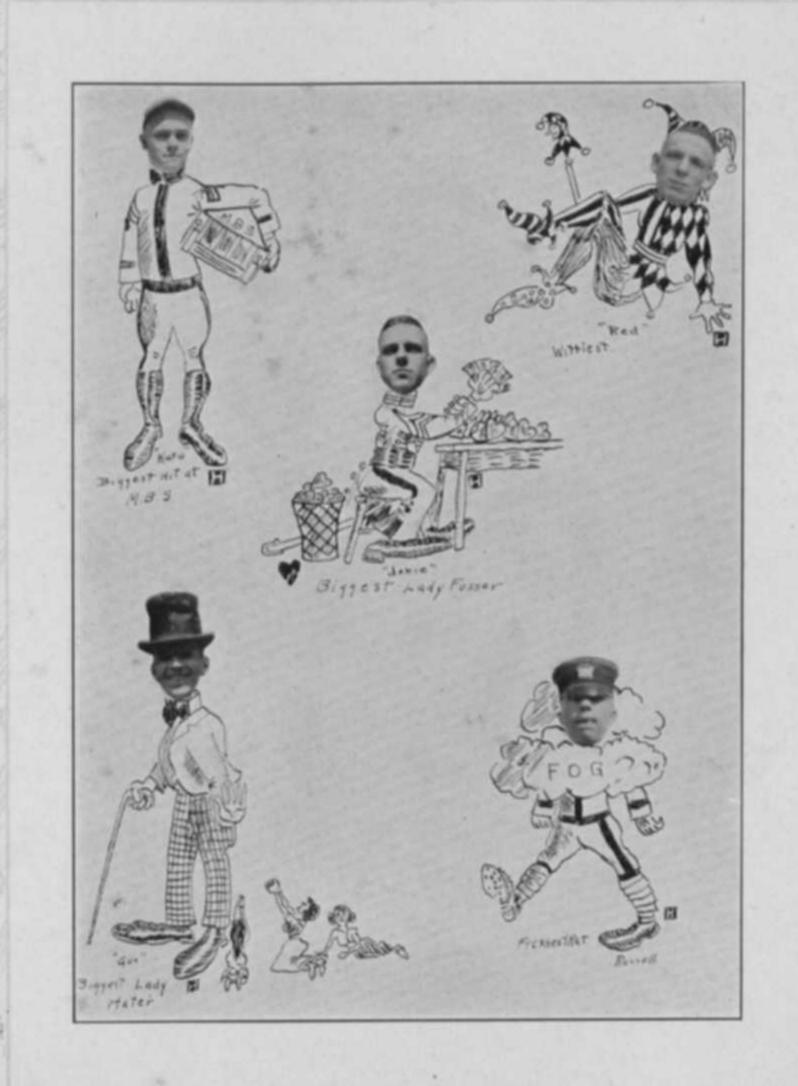
Tabo3 300

Most Popular	Bolton Tim
Most Loyal	Bolton Tim
Most Military	Shore Tom
Manliest	Morris, F Frank
Tallest	Wehrly Humidor
Smallest	Cochran Cocky
Thinnest	Marsh Slats
Fattest	Newman, A Fats
Most Popular Rat	Jenkins, P Percy
Most Polite	Curry Doug.
Most Modest	Bishop Maj.
Best Dancer	Turman Boud
Best Looking	Houser Max
Most Solemn	Pollock Chile
Most Studious	DeWeese Jean
Best Athlete	Jenkins, P Percy
	Neare Patsie
Biggest Lady Fusser	Jacques Harem
	Reagan Gus
Mexican Athlete	Bolton Tim
Biggest Hit at M. B. S	Granger Kufu
	Russell Dean
	McDougal
Best Natured Man	Freitag Friday
	Kingsley Pretty
	Herring Fish
	Johnston, F Ape
	Lt. Duggan

Election Returns

Most Popular	
Most MilitaryShore	
Manliest	
Tallest	
Smallest	
Thinnest	
Fattest	
Mexican AthleteBolton	
Best AthleteJenkins, P.	
Most Polite	
Most ModestBishop	
Best DancerTurman	
Handsomest	
Most SolemnPollock	
Most StudiousDeWeese	
Most Popular RatJenkins, P.	
Most LoyalBolton	
NeatestNeare	
Biggest Lady Fusser	
Biggest Woman Hater	
Biggest Hit at M. B. S	
Freshest RatRussell	
Wittiest	
Best NaturedFreitag	
Most Effiminate	
Most Accommodating	
Biggest PestJohnstone, F.	
Most Popular Faculty	
Most Popular Rat FacultyLieutenant Duggan	



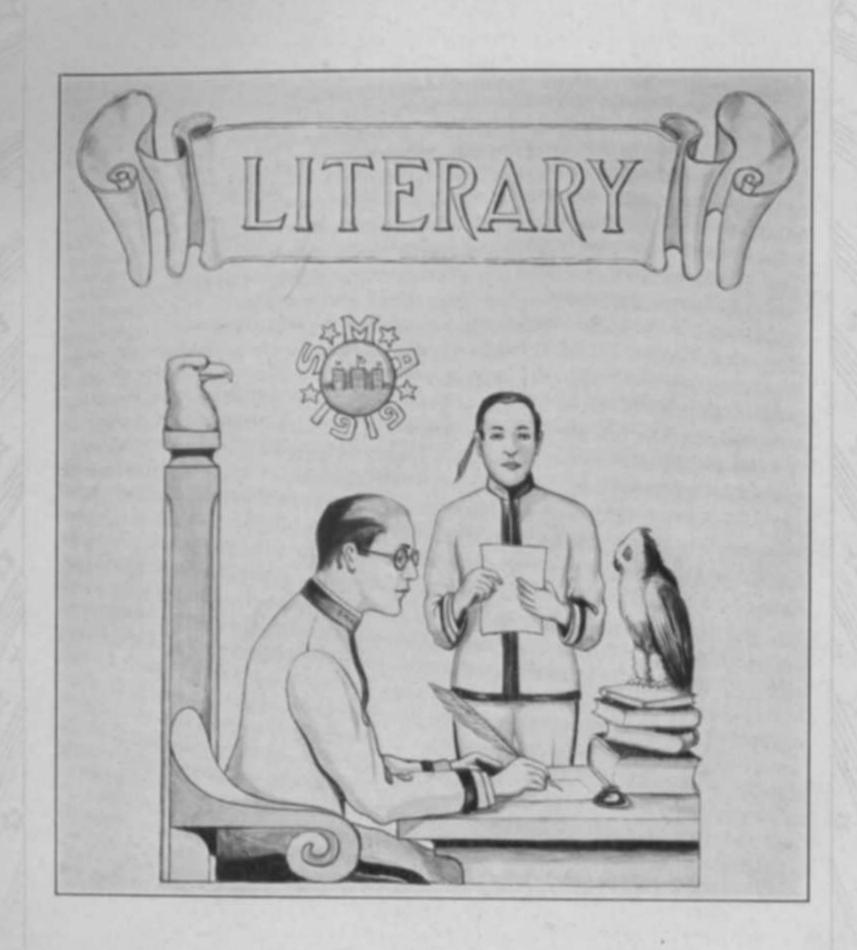












Dome



HE long voyage was nearly over, the Statue of Liberty could be seen in the distance holding out a welcoming hand to the several thousand boys crowded on the transport. All were eagerly looking forward towards the land—the land of the good o'd U. S., their own dear country. For a year, two, three, and to some, for four years they had not seen their native country.

Some of them were on crutches, some in wheel chairs, and many with arms in slings—but were they discouraged or sad? Not they. They had given a lot for their country but there wasn't one that wouldn't have given his all, and been glad to do it. Now they were nearing their journey's end, to be met by proud mothers, fathers, wives, and sweethearts.

But Dick Harvey was not filled with the home coming spirit as the others, though of course, he was glad to be getting back on his native soil. For just before leaving La Belle France, he had received a cablegram informing him of the death of his father. As he confided to a "buddie" of his, "Good old Dad. I'd been looking forward to seeing him again ever since I went to France, and now I have nobody—no real folks—my mother died when I was a youngster. Dad meant to me more than most Dads do to a fellow, possibly for the reason that we were real pals.

"I was engaged to a wonderful girl, and as soon as I finished college, we expected to be married—but not since the time I was transferred from the French army to my own Uncle Sam's army, have I had a word from her. I guess something has happened to her. I met a fellow in Amiens that heard that she was married. So you can understand why I'm not especially crazy about getting home—for I have no home. Of course, I have a big house and all that, but home to me, means someone who cares, not just a house and such, alone. And I can't do any work for at least two years, so the doctors say, on account of my lungs, which were badly affected by gas the night I was captured by the Huns and, well, the German prison food isn't of the best. But we licked those hounds, didn't we?"

With these last words, Dick tried to smile, but there wasn't much happiness for him at the present to make him look very cheerful. Where was he going when he got ashore? That was the question. He would have to go see his father's lawyers and get the estate settled, of course. But what then? He didn't want to go there in his old home and live alone, when there would be nothing but memories for company. Nor did he want to go live at his club.

He wanted to go where he could have some real friends. He thought—"I'll go back to old S. M. A. where I have friends, and stay there until I get used to the idea of being alone in the world."

For eight years Dick had been a cadet at S. M. A., and he had come to be thought a great deal of by the fellows and the faculty. He was only ten or eleven, when he first entered there, and he had grown up with the school. And, when he had graduated, the Colonel had said with tears in his eyes, and in a husky voice: "Dick, we are proud of you here at old S. M. A., and to me you are almost a son. I've watched you develop, and each step that you have taken has been as I would like a son of mine to take. You have gotten into mischief more or less here, but a good red-blooded boy as you, one doesn't expect to be perfect all the time. If you ever need a friend, please consider me that, and call on me—and do your best, son, in whatever you take up."

And now, at last the time had come when he needed a friend—a real friend, and those last words came to his mind. "That's where I'm going," he said, thinking out loud.

"Where are you going, Dick," said a small young fellow, apparently of foreign birth.

"Hello, Tony," said Dick. "I didn't know I was thinking out loud. I'm going back to the school where I spent a great part of eight years—but just to recuperate—not to study."

"Aw, Dick, I thought I could see you once in a while, for you know, Mr. Dick. I like you a lots; but if you go a very long ways off, I maybe can't do."

"Tony, you must come to see me, and I believe you, when you say you like me, Tony, for we have been buddies side by side for two years, haven't we, and Tony, I think you are one of the few real friends I've got and I sure think a lot of you. What are you going to do when you get back home?"

"Me?-I'm going to shina the shoe like I used to do."

The statute of Liberty was passed and up into the harbor the transport sped, amid the deafening screech of welcoming whistles and lusty cheers from crowds on passing ships. But as all trips end, this trip was finally over. Such a welcome—the dock was just a human mass of relatives of the arriving boys. But out of that huge mass, not a one was there to meet Dick Harvey and Dick knew it and held back while the others left the great ship. Only a few days more and he would again be just a plain citizen of the United States. That would be, just as quickly as the discharges could be made out. But then the memory of the old school and of the friends there, came to him and he straightened up. "Oh! well, it's all in a lifetime," he thought.

Several days later he was speeding towards Virginia, sunny Virginia, where

so many happy days had been spent. But before leaving for there he had tried to find out what had become of Dorothy Webster, his fiancée, but not a trace of her was found. No one knew where she was, the neighbors told Dick that the Websters had moved, several years before, but they knew not where.

It seemed like a real home coming to Dick when he arrived in Staunton for there was the Colonel, and the Headmaster waiting with hearty greetings for him.

"Dick, I certainly am glad to see you again, old scout, and I am mighty proud of you. And to think that you thought of the old school and of me in your time of home coming and are to make this your home for a time."

"Well, Colonel," he replied, "you know this place is just like a second home to me and—well, I guess I sort of think of you as a second father too. You are always so interested in the doings of 'your boys' as you call them, that they all have a great respect and liking for you."

Even though there were only a few fellows in the school that Dick had known, and they had been little fellows when he had left, six years before, he found plenty to do, watching the cadets drill and watching them at their play. And then too, he took hikes into the country to the haunts of his boyhood, renewing happy memories.

It was on one of these rambles that he was caught in the rain and developed a cold, which was soon followed by pneumonia. Day after day he lay between life and death. Due to the weakened lungs, caused by being gassed, the doctors gave up hope. Every day the Colonel came into the infirmary to try to cheer Dick up, but each day he became lower. "There is only one hope for him," said the Doctor one day. "He seems to be worrying about someone named Dorothy. Last night Miss Walton, the night nurse, said he kept calling for Dorothy. And when she asked who Dorothy was, he said 'Tony knows. I told him one night.' Whether it is the fever that makes him say such strange things or not, I don't know." "Great Day!" exclaimed the Colonel, "I believe he did say something about a trench mate of his named Tony. Let's see if we can't find this Tony's address somewhere. Possibly we can find out then where this Dorothy is, and who she is."

So a search was made among Dick's papers, and at last came to light the hastily scribbled address: "Tony Angelo Arrigoni, New Street Shoe Shine Parlor, Broadway, New York." Immediately, a wire was on its way to Tony with the instructions to find the girl and bring her to Staunton immediately. In a short time a telegram came, saying:

That night Dick grew worse and continually called "Dorothy!" and then as if he realized his calling was of no use, he would re'ax and sort of give up hope. As soon as Tony's answer came the Colonel went to the infirmary and said to Dick:

"Listen, Son, cheer up and hold on a bit longer. Dorothy is coming. She will be here tomorrow. Steady, Son. Just make up your mind you are going to get well. Just grit your teeth and try to pull through. Hold on, boy, for life is worth living."

All that night the Colonel sat by Dick's bedside, holding his hand and encouraging him not to give up his fight.

The next day dawned bright and clear, and the birds were singing away in the nearby trees—for it was spring. Dick seemed to pick up a little for he said, smiling:

"Say, Colonel, were you telling me the truth about Dorothy's coming or were you just kidding me. And then (all of a sudden) what is she coming for. She is married, so I heard. She doesn't care anything for me."

With this Dick seemed to be fast slipping (and then up drove a car).

- "Hey, where's Mr. Dick. What's wrong with him. I'm here and I've got the girl n'everything."

"Sh-h," said the nurse, "come this way."

As they entered the room Dick didn't move. For him, all interest in life seemed to be gone. As the "girl" came in the Colonel thought he had never seen anyone more wonderful than she.

Upon the sight of Dick, she rushed to his side.

"Dick!" He opened his eyes.

"Dorothy! Oh, I wanted you so much, you have come. But aren't you married?"

"Of course not, you silly boy."

"And do you still love me?"

"Yes."

And then he dropped off into a sound peaceful sleep. She was his and there was something to live for. Life wasn't so bad after all.

That night as Dorothy and Tony were talking with the Colonel, Tony said something about the Legion of Honor of Dick's.

"Why, I didn't know anything about that," said the Colonel. "In fact Dick hasn't said much about any of his experiences. He isn't one who talks much about what he does. Tell us about it, Tony?"

So Tony went on to tell how Dick had gone out in the midst of a heavy shell fire and brought in a wounded man, and how Dick had been seriously wounded

[&]quot;Am on my way with the girl. Will arrive, maybe, tomorrow on C. & O. Tony."

in doing it, but after a few months in the hospital he had returned to the front. Tony told this tale and many others, showing the fighting spirit of Dick and one could well see that he was an ideal to little Tony—for as Tony said, "Me just a bootblack, and he a very rich man, but he say to me 'we are both Americans, Tony, and we are pals, aren't we.' I'm awful proud of Mr. Dick."

As time passed on Dick kept improving and finally the doctor gave permission for him to be moved out in the sun parlor, and from here he could watch the boys drilling and their evening parades. And every day Dorothy was with him and he was as happy as could be.

One day he asked her: "Why did you stop writing me, Dorothy?"

"I did write you until word came that you were missing and then you were reported killed in action. And I didn't get any letters from you. Then your father died, and shortly after I saw where it was reported that you were in a German prison camp and not killed. And then I wrote you, but I never received any reply."

"Huh, I'll bet those low down Huns never sent my letters and they probably tore up yours to me. And I thought all the time that you were married. Gee, Oh, I'm just so glad you aren't."

"And how did Tony find you?"

"He didn't exact'y, I found him. I inquired as soon as I heard your regiment had landed, for you, but you had been discharged, but one of the boys said that perhaps Tony Arrigoni might know where you were and gave me bis address. And then I lost the address, but I knew it was a shoe shine parlor somewhere, near Forty-second Street on Broadway. I went in all I could locate around that district, but I believe every one has a Tony in it—but I couldn't find the right Tony—then just the day before the Colonel sent for me I went into the right one. I asked for Tony, and up looked 'our Tony.' Before I could say a word, he said, 'Aren't you Miss Webster?'

"Upon admitting the fact, he said, 'I knew it. For Mr. Dick, he say, to me one night, she the most wonderful girl in the world, has great big blue eyes and her hair, Tony, it is so nice and it is bobbed and it looks very keen. She isn't tall, Tony, he say, nor short, just medium. Just the very nicest girl ever. I remember all he say, and when I see you I know it's you all over.' Tony told me as much as he knew about you—and then I left Tony my address. I wrote to you that night but before I had mailed your letter the next day, Tony came for me and said, 'We are going to Virginia to see Mr. Dick. He very sick and want you.' So I came along. And Dick, I'm just so glad that you are getting all well again."

April, with its beautiful spring days, rolled by, and then came the marvelous month of May and with it, health for Dick. For the Doctor allowed him to get

up and walk about a little. The boys went to Camp and then returned for finals.

The sun in the west was shining brightly upon the six hundred youths upon the parade ground. The brass buttons of their dress uniforms sparkled and the drawn sabers of the commissioned officers reflected the rays of the sun. All were happy for it was the final parade of the year. Dorothy and Dick stood among the throng of spectators watching the impressive sight. Every movement was perfectly executed and indicated careful training. To both of them it brought back happy memories—for, once before, they had both been here at finals—only then Dick had been down on the field and Dorothy had watched him with pride in her heart, command his company, for she had begun to realized what that tall dark haired boy meant to her.

"Dick," she almost whispered, "do you remember six years ago at this time?"
"Do I, I'll say I do, for I could see you up here with Dad and I was just so
proud of you. And the whole company was proud of you for that matter, for
you were our sponser and the best looking sponser too."

As the companies marched up to the barracks, Dick said:

"Dorothy—Let's beat it and go home. Won't you marry me right away soon quick? The doctor says I am all well now, though I will have to take life easy for a time. Let's go home, sweetheart, HOME, spelled with capital letters."

-J. A. W.



That Dld Class Ring of Wine







I'm an old fashioned man, I have passed that day When in youthful joy I donned the grey. I care not for millions, For pomp or for power, For mansions of splendor, Gilded castles or tower. I have won no medals Or Epaulets bright That tell how I triumphed, In the midst of the fight, But my heart leaps up in joy, When I gaze upon the sign That fills me with the pride of youth---That old class ring of mine.







I gaze upon the handsome form Of the treasure I adore, When suddenly age leaves me And youth returns once more. My mind reverts in fancy To the school and the square, When months and years sped quickly by With friends we loved so dear. In the class room, on the campus, My past I live anew; The clouds are driven from my sight And the skies once more are blue. Then I think of the day that gave it Like a gift, to me divine-The emblem of our school days, That old class ring of mine.

How I find my thoughts are wandering In a feeble, broken train! What means all this idle dreaming? Youth and joy come not again. The school and the grounds remain As in days of long ago; But the band of students scattered now Will meet there nevermore. Old age has sprinkled my hoary head With many a silvery hair, . And soon I, too, must part From all that earth holds dear. Then when in my casket I lie, With me it shall rest in the shrine. In life and in death I will never part From that old class ring of mine.

-Selected.

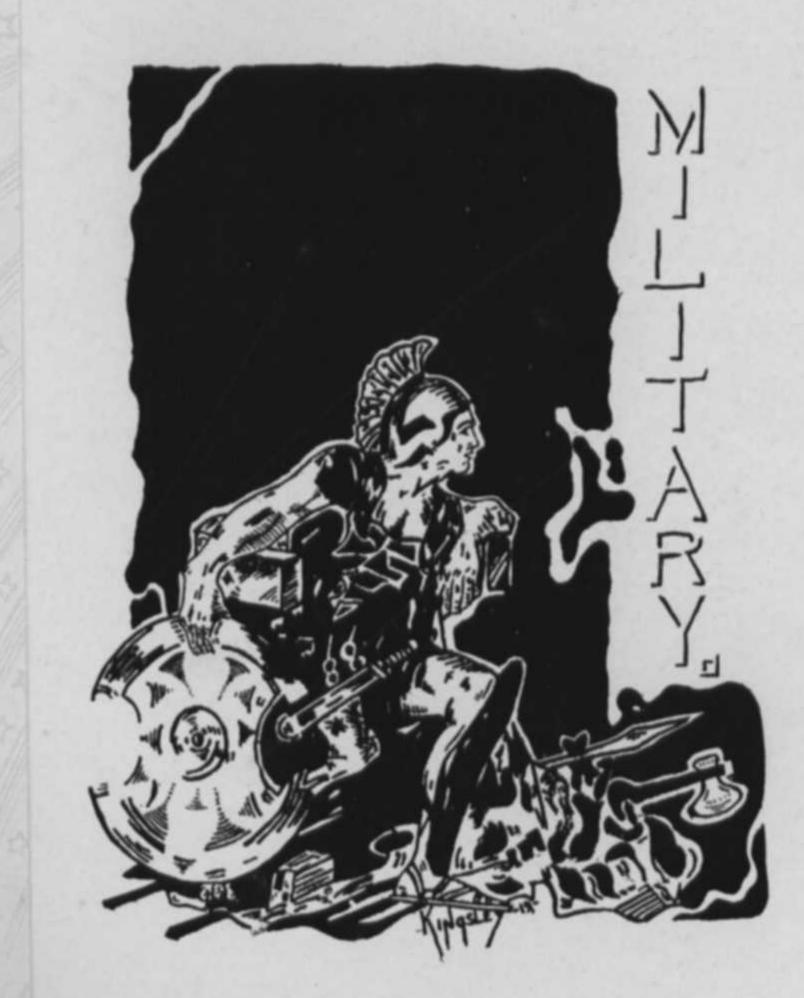


3 Pal Like Pou

When the troubles and cares of a world at war
Infested the passing days,
I dreamed of the years we lived before
In a sort of a mental haze.
I thought of the time we'd spent as chums
When life's gray clouds were few,
And I felt I heard the distant drums
That called a pal like you.

I sit at the table we used to share
At the little old café,
And make believe you're sitting there
As you used to yesterday.
But a turned down glass and an empty seat
Only make me sad and blue,
And I cannot even drink or eat
When I miss a pal like you.

I miss you pal, and the nights are long,
Long and dark and still,
I miss the smile and I miss the song,
That brought the old time thrill,
And out of the night I hear you cry,
And the cry rings loud and true,
For you seem to say the same as I,
"I miss a pal like you."



Department of Cactics

Senior	actical Officer
Junior	actical Officer
Junior	actical Officer Lieutenant Edward Flynn, (U. S. A.)
Junior	actical Officer Lieutenant Walter B. Shooter, (U. S. A.)
Comm	dant of Cadets Lieutenant-Colonel T. G. Russell, (The Citadel)
Assista	Commandant of Cadets



Wilitary Craining in Schools and Colleges

COL. JOHN CONKLIN, U. S. ARMY



HE Great War having practically come to an end, we now find the reaction.

Shall we lapse back into the state of utter "unpreparedness," where it found us? A state so dangerous and humiliating to us as a great nation. Thoughtful people realize that we were and have long been in a state of the greatest jeopardy, and that

it is not overstating the case to say that the British Navy and the Allied Armies saved us from what might have been real disaster. It is only natural that there should be a reaction and a feeling of almost disgust with armies and everything pertaining to battle, after the welter of blood and the wholesale destructions witnessed by the world in the past five years. A similar phenomenon followed the Napoleonic Wars, and also our own Civil War. After that war we allowed ourselves to drop into a state of pitiable defenselessness, where we were unable to either properly defend our own borders or afford full protection to our nationals abroad.

The statesmen of the world are now engaged in the effort to formulate a covenant, establishing a League of Nations, to the end that war may be decreased. I have heard of no one who believes that it can be entirely extirpated. It would seem unwise to depend entirely upon the efficiency of such a league.

Many of the ablest public men, including Mr. Kahn, the chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, advocate some form of universal military training; and it will undoubtedly be urged in some form or another.

Before the war, many of our colleges and other institutions of learning, maintained units of the R. O. T. C., organized under General Order 49, War Department, June, 1916. This was primarily for the purpose of furnishing a reservoir for Reserve Officers for our enlarged armies. They were functioning and increasing in number and importance when we joined in the Great War, and shortly afterward adopted the Selective Draft Law. This latter, naturally, threatened the institutions of collegiate rank with the necessity of suspending operations during the war, especially when the draft age was lowered to eighteen years. It would have taken all the male students, except the physically unfit, unless some arrangement could be made with the Government retaining them at the schools during a part of their service, and enabling them to train while so retained. At best, the course of study must be shortened and altered. Thse conditions gave rise to the organization of the Students Army Training Corps in the summer of

1918. Units were formed at nearly all of the colleges, and students inducted into the service to the number of 160,000. They were really soldiers, actually in the service, and under the command of officers of the Army detailed for that purpose. They drew regular pay, and the Government besides, paid the institution for their tuition and keep.

The system was in operation such a short time, that it is impossible to say whether it would have proved a success or not. It seems doubtful if the intensive training required under the circumstances could have been obtained, at the same time the student was pursuing his ordinary studies. It would have been impossible to spare the number of experienced officers required to standardize the training at so many institutions to produce officer material in so short a time. It had been found necessary to reduce the number of Officers Training Schools to only four for this very reason. It would have served as a system of depots of recruits awaiting assignment, in the meantime receiving military instruction.

After the signing of the armistice, the Committee on Education and Special Training of the War Department was greatly enlarged, and it took the necessary steps to re-establish the units of the R. O. T. C. when the members of the S. A. T. C. were discharged, besides instituting many new units.

The whole subject is receiving much more attention, and assuming an importance not formerly allowed to it.

At this Academy, as there was no S. A. T. C. Unit organized, the R. O. T. C. was continued during all this time. This was rendered possible on account of the average age of the student, as well as the privilege granted by the War Department of sending capable candidates directly to the Officers Training Schools as their induction into the service by draft approached.

Under the stimulus of the war, very naturally, all things military received more attention than ever. Since the armistice, however, the reaction is evident here as elsewhere.

The purely military schools and colleges are not affected in the same way as the civil institutions. The military is a part of their very life; it is the keystone of the arch upon which they rest, has been from the beginning and will so continue.

The authorities of some of our greatest institutions—Columbia, Princeton, Yale, and Harvard—have seen certain benefits inherent in the military system as applied to educational matters, and are enthusiastic now, where before the trial, they were lukewarm.

Quoting from a paper by a prominent educator, President Charles W. Dabney, University of Cincinnati:

I am strongly in favor of military training for young men, not only as a means of

national defense, but as valuable method of physical and intellectual training. There is nothing like it to make a healthy man and an efficient citizen. The American youth has been allowed to go loose too long. They need to be taught obedience of the law and discipline in conduct and work.

From Dr. C. R. Mann:

The recent experiences with this training on a national scale, have opened the eyes of educators to its marvelous power in developing fine set-up, co-ordination of will, "pep," promptness, alertness, and manliness. * * * * * * *

It is conceivable that there are many other forms of training that would be as effective as the military for developing men, and some of these methods have been applied in individual cases and on a small scale. All must agree, however, that no method that is at all comparable with the military system has yet been found to accomplish these results quickly and universally. * * * * * * *

It is one of the chief functions of the R. O. T. C. to discover by experiment the ways and means by which the best elements of both types of training may be combined in an educational system that is both disciplinary and liberal.

The authorities of the Staunton Military Academy have always stressed the importance of the military feature, not especially to recruit the ranks of our national fighting forces, but to prepare the young men passing through its halls for ALL of the battles of life. That it has been successful in the first as well as the latter, a glance at its service flag will show—435 stars known to belong there, actually reported, 156 of its sons given to the commissioned personnel of the forces.

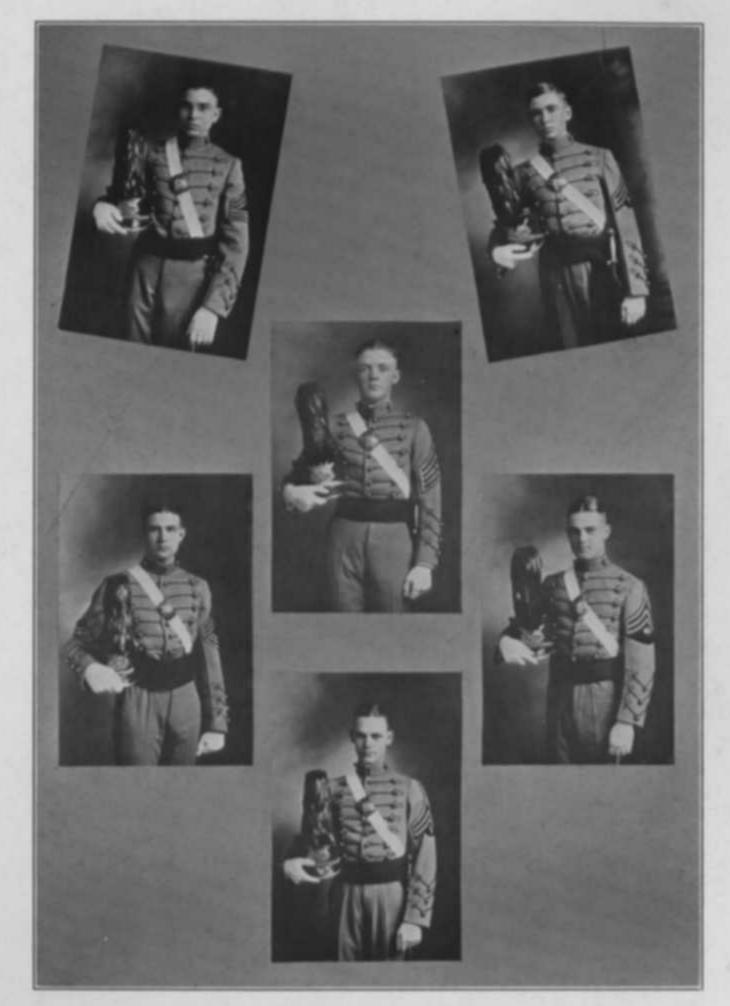
During my incumbency as Professor of Military Science and Tactics, I have had the support and encouragement of the Academy authorities, and the interest and co-operation of the student body to a most satisfying degree. It is my personal desire to see this work go on and increase in importance, and the good accomplished both for the recipient of the training and for the country at large.





MISS MARION LAKIN BATTALION SPONSOR





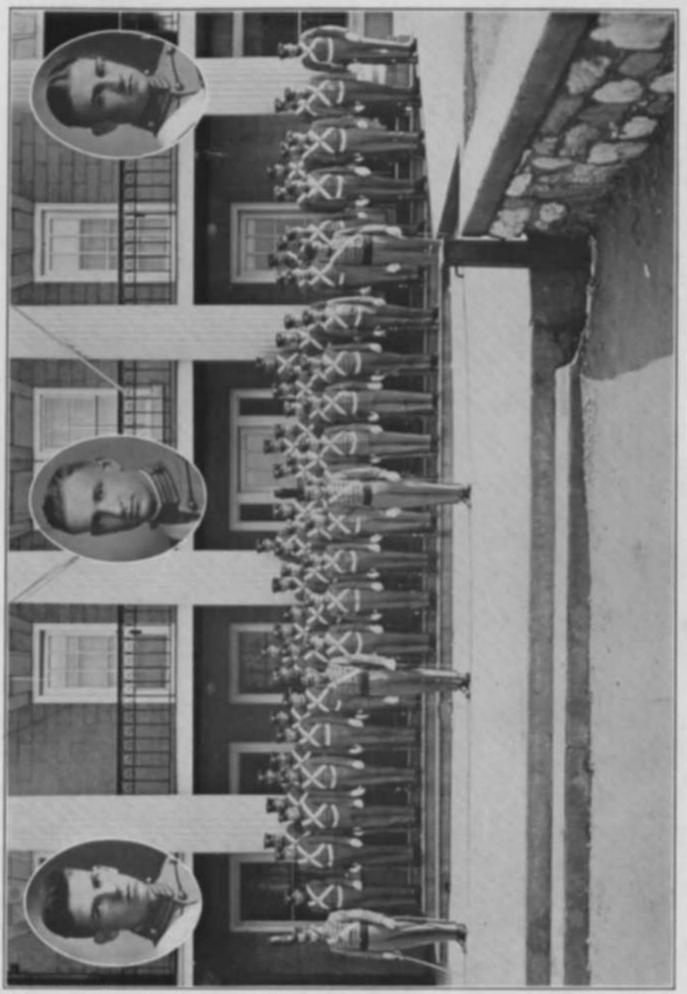
CADET MAJOR AND STAFF



NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF

Mon-Commissioned Staff

Cadet Major Bishop
Lieutenant Ordnance
Lieutenant QuartermasterArango
Lieutenant Adjutant
Lieutenant Signal CorpsNear
· Hospital LieutenantJordan
Quartermaster SergeantSmith, W.
Sergeant Major
Color Sergeant
Color Sergeant
Sergeant Signal Corps
Ordnance, Sergeant
Chief MusicianShort



MPANY A

Company A



Spansor Miss Esther Holden
CaptainShore
Lieutenants
First Sergeant
Sergeants-Field, Andrews, W., Little, Freitag, Klein, H.
Corporals—Brick, Harris, Amos, Garnett, Hart, Jennett, R., Rugh, J., Lee, I.
Musicians

COLORS Nile Green and Pale Pink

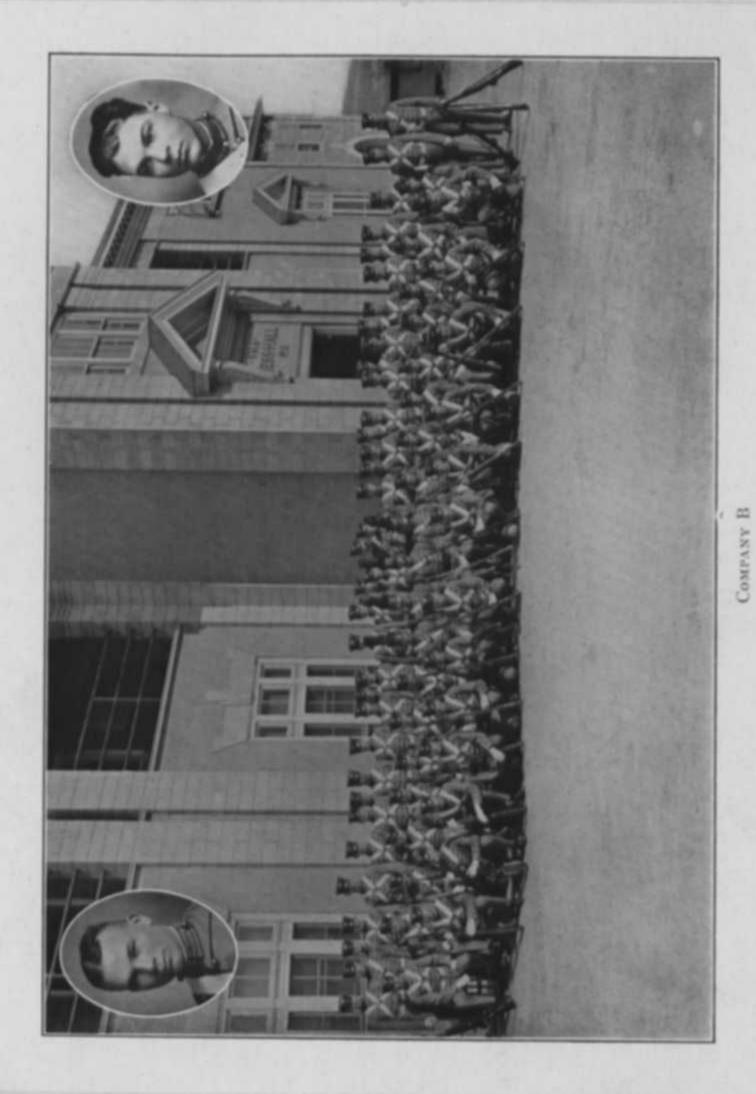
FLOWER Pink Kilarney Rose

PRIVATES

Andrews, A.	Fuller -	Neely
Belmont	Hotmes	Neville
Blanks	Holton	Newbake
Brady	Ivory	Numnley
Brown, T.	Jaycox	Poor
Cartwright	Jenkins, P.	Rainey
Cary	Knapp	Roth
Chambers	Kolb, W.	Sherrll
Conway	Krechmar	Sullenber
Day	Lee, R.	Shorteau
Downs	Limber	Shuster
Duan	Moore, R.	Simonds
Faragher	Morgan	Sivalls
Fariey	Moss, D.	Smith, M
Ferbend	McClintock	Squiers
Frame	McClure	Turner,
Francis	Naylor	Tuxwor

Wasson Woodward, E.





Company 23



Sponsor	
Captain	Bolton
Lieutenants	
First Serge	rant
Sergeants-	-Zemp, Boschert, Schenk, Crowers, Warner
Corporals-	-Dill, Fell, Gordon, Parmerton, McArthur, edringhaus, Parks, J., Smith, P., Williams
Musician .	Barrier

COLORS Orchid and Gold FLOWER Orchid

PRIVATES

Allyn	
Ashley	
Aydlett	
Barbour	
Benedict	
Bertram	
Borgening	
Burnes	
Brenison	
Brewer	
Bower	
Calkins	
Cates	
Clardy	
Collins	
Comstock	
Copp	

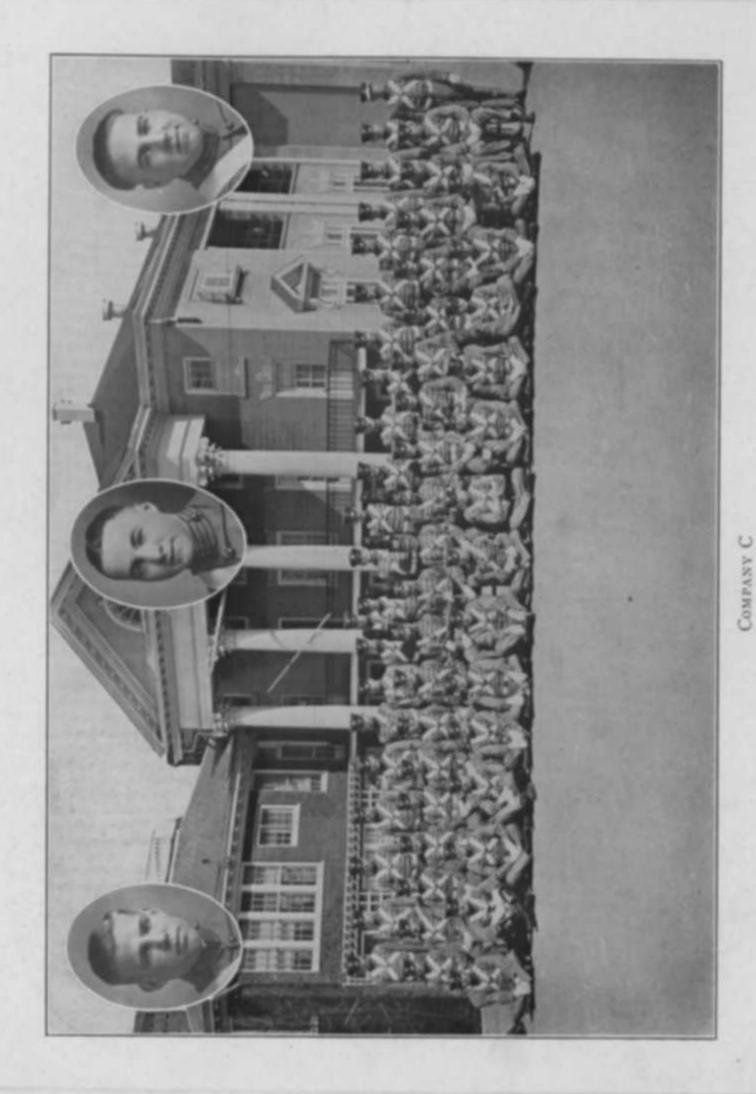
Cunningham Goudeau Grandier Hanson, O. Helmbold Higer King, R. Kingsberry Leverett Morriss Mosser McGinnis McQueen Newman, I. Parker, S. Peasley Pine

Ponce, H. Peeples Ruiz Russell Schuler Shanfelter Smith, S. Sorenson Staufer Stephens Stewart Tidwell Van Patten Van Wagner Van Valkenburg Wallace

Walters

Warley Wassman Wick Wilson, A.





Company C



Change Miss Massacrite Euleriter
Sponsor
Captain
Lieutenants
First Sergeant
Sergeants—Brophy, Bushman, Davenport, Garrott, W., Read, K
Corporals—Alger, Hodges, L., Maytnier, Madson, Meggs, A., Miller, E., Query, Smith, C., Smyser, Wagner, G.
Musicians Lomo, Connington

COLORS Green and Gold

FLOWER

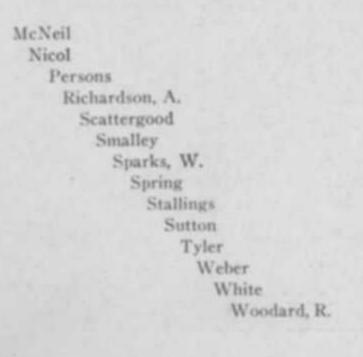
American Beauty

PRIVATES

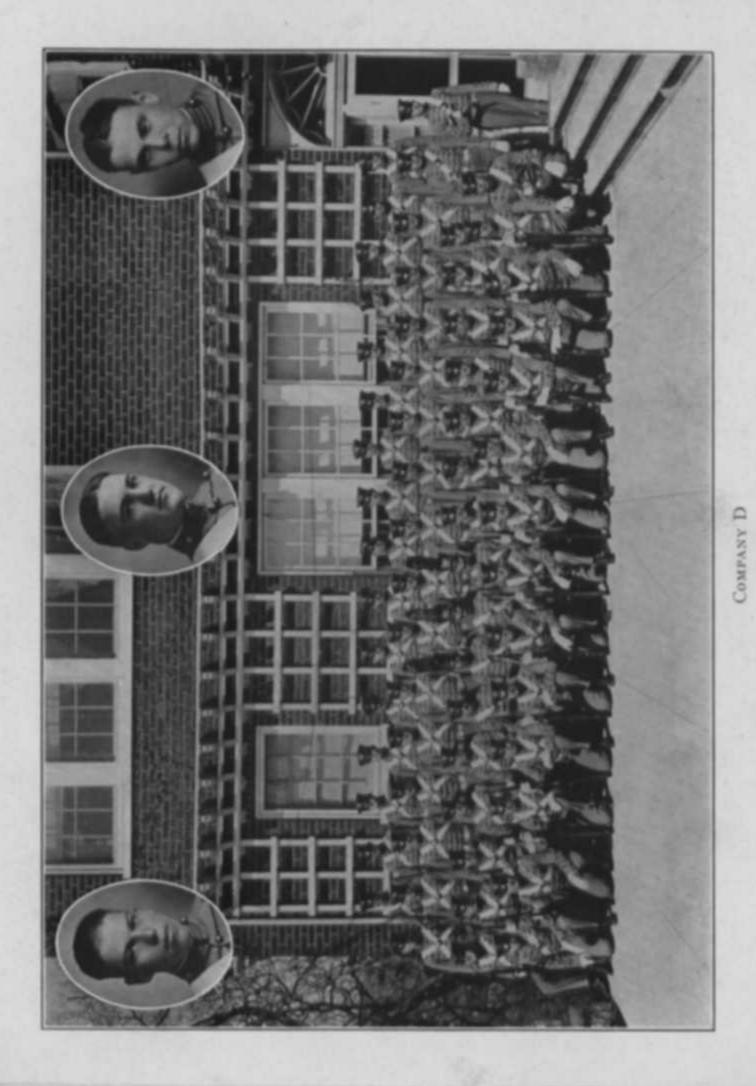
Clemens
Covington
Cummings
Deakin
Dillon, J.
Dilworth
Dudley

Evans
Feldman
Gordon, W.
Gutwall
Hladik
Holmden
Jarrett

Kimbro Maryn
Kline, G. Mears
Laifer Mee
Lawson Miles
Levering Mayer, E.
Lucas Moore, O.
Maddox







Company D



COLORS Electric Blue and Silver

FLOWER American Beauty Rose

Willis, H.

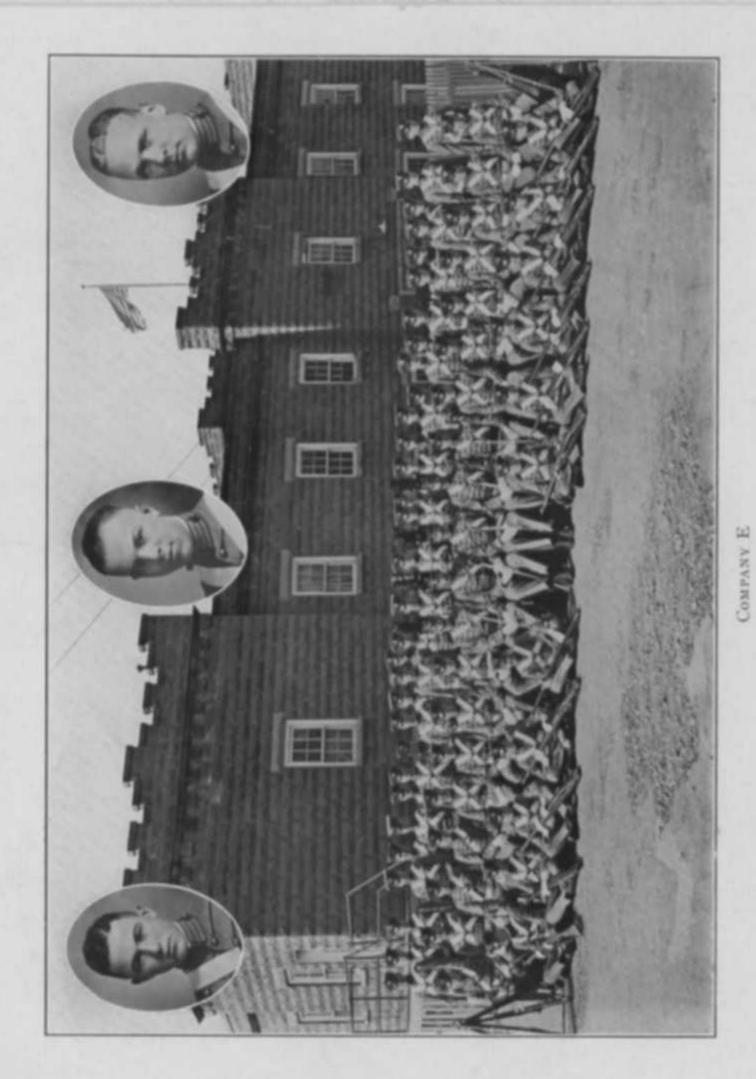
Willis, R.

Woodard, T.

PRIVATES

		I MA THE LAND
Almy	Graham	McPhail
Andrews, D.	Hickey	North
Bates	Higgins	Notman
Bartley, W.	Hoover	Porter, B.
Bernstine	Hughes	Rainold
Blake	Johnson, J.	Reed, H.
Borton	Johnson, L.	Rice
Carlton	Kenney	Rogers, F.
Chilcott	Knickerbocker	Ronay
DeVry, B.	Ledbetter, E.	Russ
DeVry, H.	Lunn	Schweitze
Etzler, A.	Mackey	Smith, Y.
Farrell	Miner	Stearns
Finn	Monroe, H.	Stiel
Ford, E.	Mueller, R.	Townsend
Gallagher	McBane	Trimble
Goode	McCann	Waldron





Company E



COLORS -Purple and White

Orchids

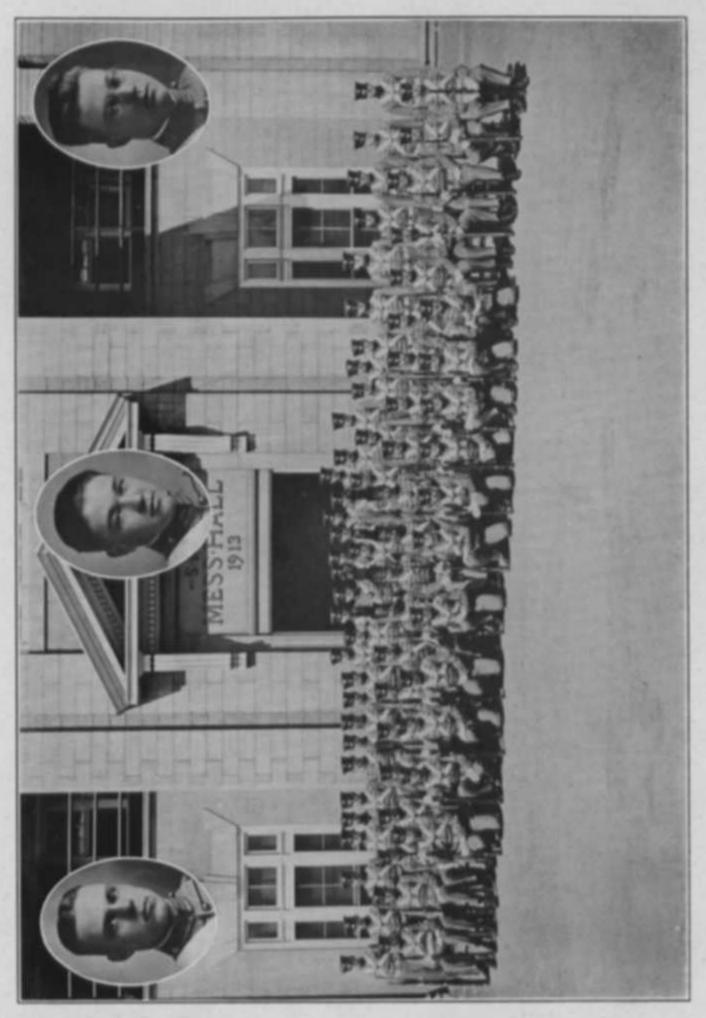
PRIVATES

		LIVIATION
Alstadt	Edwards, O.	Montgome
Bacon	Farrington	Moore, N.
Barnes	Fleischer	Nevin
Baughman	Fuerstenberg	Orris
Beggs, G.	Galbraith	Pollock
Belber, H.	George	Pratt
Bradley, W.	Gibson	Reed, J.
Broder	Griffith	Radford
Buck	Hamilton, J.	Rambo
Carter, G.	Hampton	Randall
Cornell	Harrison	Riggs, R.
Crane	Haun	Ritter
Darneille	Horner	Salt
David	Ireson	Smith, H.
Davidson	Kerwick	Staley
Deman	Lockwood	Stewart, M
Desimone	Marshall	Summers
Dunson	Mills	Turnbull

Wilcox Woodruff Wright, W.

FLOWER





PANY F

Company F



Spousor Miss Frances Reynolds
Captain
Licutenants Walsh, Wehrly, Quin!an
First Sergeant Kearns
Sergeants—Cloward, Griffin, McLaughlin, Snyder, K., Thurston, Young, W.
Corporals—Harvey, Irwin, Lyon, Peeples, Richardson, F., Scott, A., Thompson, H., Winegardner
Musician

COLORS Green and White

FLOWER Pink Rose Buds

PRIVATES Maue, B.

Alston	Green, R.	Maue, E
uchmuty	Gressinger	Mayer,
lentz	Grossman	Miller, V
lippus	Habbe	Morriss
tradly, W.	Hamilton, A.	Owen
turdine	Hanron, F.	Paget
reech	Heckler	Ponce, A
eWolf	Hepburn	Robbins
Dunlap	Heymann	Rogers,
aust	Hopkins	Rugh, K
razier, C.	Hunt	Russell
razier, J.	Ingly	Schossle
ullwood	Jenkins, F.	Shriner
ionzales	Kline, S.	Sontheir
ioodbread	Lawley	Stanton
ireen, J.	Lazarus	Stratton

Streaker Tattersall Thompson, K. Westhead





23and



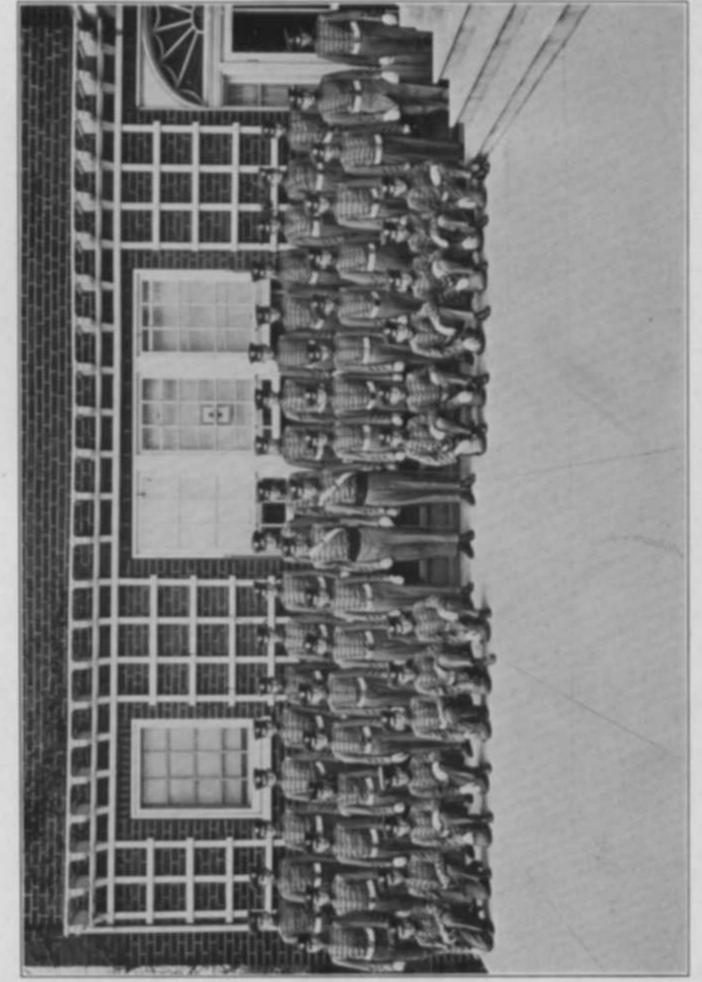
COLORS Blue and Gray FLOWER Red Rose Buds

PRIVATES

Weygant

Blane Beard, F. Kagey Daniels Lantz Esquival Lerew Goodwin Lockridge Hart, F. Maus Hill, V. Morrison Hooker O'Neal Harris Shaw Habert Tarnavsky Kacena Warren









Junior Detachment of Company &

OFFICERS

Lieutenant
SergeantWilson, H.
Corporals Brown, W., Duffield, LeHunt, Lingenfelter, Sutherland

PRIVATES

Anderson, T.	Edwards, K.	Jaubert	Taylor, M.
Baldwin	Everet	Johnston, L.	Voorhies, M.
Belber, M.	Forbes	Lambert, N.	Voorhies, R.
Beraud, E.	Garrahan	Leaver	Walton
Bowman	Gessler	Maynard	Watts, B.
Brown, C.	Gross	Morrissey	Watts, R.
Byram	Harr, J.	Okell	West
Cerecedo	Hawke	Riggs, H.	Whitwell
Cochrane	Hoffman	Snyder, E.	Wilmont
Collier	Hurst	Stalnaker	Yancey
Dickler			Yates



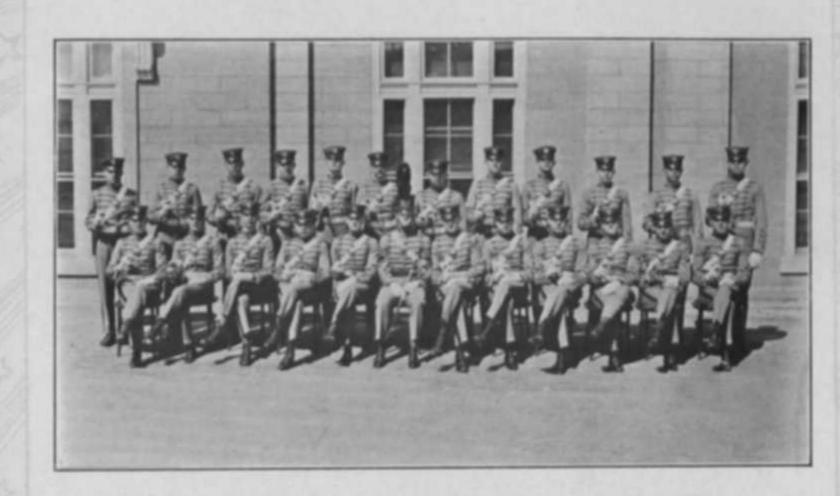
Signal Corps

OFFICERS

Lieutenant in Charge	Neare
Sergeant	
Corporals Blackmore, Hodges, L., Harvey	y, Parks, J.

PRIVATES

lmy	Lucas
arbour	Lawley
urton	McQueer
lemens	Poor, E.
ary	Peoples
leckler	Sparks
ohnson, J.	Stallings
enkins, F.	Smith, M
Colb	Stratton
ling, R.	Van Patt



Bugle Corps

COLORS

FLOWER

Green and Brown

Apple Blossom

OFFICERS

Sergeant and Chief Trumpeter	·	Short, D.
Corporal		McArthur

PRIVATES

Barrier	North
Brown, A.	Poole
Connington	Swanbe
Crane	Travis
Hodges, M.	Wolf
Lomo	Zarrow







SOCIAL CLUB OFFICERS

Social Club

OFFICERS

GEORGE T. PARRY	
DONALD KINGSLEY	Vice-President
CLAY McSHERY HERRIN	GSecretary-Treasurer
	COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN
MARTIN H. BOSCHERT	

Social



HE social life of S. M. A. has been exceedingly bright and gay this year, considering the many difficulties under which it has labored. The long quarantine made it impossible for the Social Club to give the usual Thanksgiving and Hallowe'en dances. The only formal, so far this year, was the Christmas Hop. Many informals were also given up, but in spite of all this the

corps has spent a most enjoyable year, and does not feel as though the social life has been less brilliant than of previous years.

The Social Club is a very capable one this year, with unusually good taste as to music and decorations, and all dances have been successful in every way. While they have not been able to give as many affairs as heretofore, they have given several that have made up for the loss in number by their high quality.

The music for most of the informals was furnished by our school jazz orchestra, which is composed of cadets only, and is indeed good.

Mrs. S. D. Timberlake, who has always been one of S. M. A.'s most loyal friends, has given several enjoyable evening dances at her home on North Coalter Street. The cadets are always delighted to attend these entertainments, and it is needless to say that they have enjoyed every minute of the time they have spent in the warmth of Mrs. Timberlake's hospitality.

THE Y. M. C. A. SOCIAL

Surprise gave way to delight when it was announced that the "Y" would hold a social. The main object of this affair was to enable the old and new boys to get acquainted. Capt. Chandler started the ball rolling with an address to the cadets, both old and new. This was followed by school yells and the singing of the "Blue and Gold." Refreshments were served, and dancing followed.

This is the first time the "Y" has stepped into the social whirl, but every one present voted the first step far too good for them to stop.

One of the first dances of the year was given by Mrs. Kable, for the cadets. It was held in the school gym, and a cordial invitation was issued to all cadets, large and small.

On Saturday night, January 18th, Mr. Thomas Hogshead gave an informal dance at the Virginia Hotel. The hall was beautifully decorated with the school colors, and the lights were dimmed with blue and gold tints. Delightful refreshments were served during intermission. Everybody was in the best of spirits, and was made even gayer by Mr. Hogshead's hearty welcome. It is needless to say, every one feels deeply indebted to this loyal friend of S. M. A. for this long-to-be-remembered evening.

CHRISTMAS HOP

The Social Club gave the annual Christmas formal on the sixth of December, in the school Mess Hall, which was very elaborately decorated with red and green colors, evidencing the coming holiday season.

The orchestra, which was in the center of the hall, was surrounded by palms in a most attractive way, while in one corner was a booth of green and red material which served as an ideal refreshment stand.

The holiday spirit was in evidence everywhere, and this did much to make the dance peppy and joyful.

Colgan's Orchestra, from Charlottesville, furnished the music, and was unusually good.

THE TRI-CLUB DANCE

The most elaborate dance of the season was given December 12, 1918, at the Virginia Hotel, by the Academy Exeter and Arbor Vitæ Clubs. The hall was beautifully decorated with the school and club colors, while a bewitching "moon" shown down on the gay scene, and furnished light for many no-break waltzes.

The music was furnished by "Smith's Famous Saxaphone Sextette," of Lexington, Ky. This is the first appearance of this orchestra in this part of the country, but it is hoped by all who attended this dance that it will not be the last.

The members of the three clubs were looking forward to another such dance at the end of the year, but owing to the sudden death of all the clubs in school, this is now out of the question.

The chaperones were: Mrs. S. D. Timberlake, Mrs. Spotts, Mrs. Moores, Mrs. Logan.

Those dancing were: Mrs. Nurney, Mrs. W. G. Kable, Misses Catherine Holt, Katherine Bear, Charlotte Spotts, Virginia Moseley, Emily Moseley, Mary Braxton, Anne Willson, Mary Beckham, Mary Sue Bowman, Julia Goodall, Eugenia Goodall, Dorothy Fletcher, Laura Fletcher, Anestine Crawford, Evelyn Lambert, Josephine Woodward, and Julia Kyle, Col. T. G. Russell, Capt. Pitcher, Mr. Thos. Hogshead, Cadets Turman, Curry, Bolton, Robinson, W., Neare, Wilson, H., Jacques, Ford, Jennett, J., Jennett, R., Hill, Houser, Rosenberger, Fickenger, Francis, Andrews, W., Andrews, D., Harvey, Quinlan, Bonta, Berry, Mercer, Young, W., Spilman, Kearns, Lawley, Mohler, Boschert, Lyons, Nelson, Hodges, L., Shore, Jenkins, McClure, McClintock, Irwin, Niedringhaus, Stallings, Regard, Shuster, Monroe, W., Drake, Pergrin, Warren, Little, Wormser, Parks, Monroe, C., McLaughlin, Kagey, Emery Willson, of the University of Virginia, Leo Flaherty, of Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY HOP

On Thursday night, February 27th, the Washington Birthday Hop was given in the Mess Halt. The hall was exquisitely decorated for the occasion with patriotic colors of red, white, and blue. The white columns were wrapped with blue and red streamers, while streamers of the same colors dropped from the windows. American flags took a conspicuous part in the color scheme.

The refreshment booth occupied one corner of the hall and from it were served refreshing temperance drinks.

Smith's Orchestra was engaged for this formal but could not reach here in time. The Social Ciub was very fortunate in securing the Richmond Jazz Band as a substitute and they were very successful in filling the place.

The chaperones were: Col. and Mrs. W. G. Kable, Col. and Mrs. T. H. Russell, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. T. G. Russell, Maj. and Mrs. L. L. Southerland, Maj. and Mrs. Roy W. Wonson, Maj. and Mrs. H. G. Acker, Capt. and Mrs. S. S. Pitcher, Capt. and Mrs. Steele, Capt. and Mrs. Thomas Beardsworth, Capt. and Mrs. S. C. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hogshead, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Timberlake, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Moores, and Mrs. Spotts.

Those dancing were: Herring with Miss Fulweiler; Kingsley with Miss Katheleen Crist; Bolton with Miss Charlotte Spotts; Clarke, J., with Miss Anne Willson; Niedringhaus with Miss Mary Braxton; Knickerbocker with Miss Dorothy Fletcher; Thurston with Miss Emily Mosely; Armstrong, C., with Miss Page Hughes, Ford, C., with Miss Julia Godall; Klein, H., with Miss Laura Fletcher; Jennett, J., with Miss Mable Warren, of Richmond; Mohler with Miss Eugenia Goodall; Jarrett with Miss Baugher; Wilson, H., with Miss Mary Beckham; Parks with Miss Evely Lamberth; Curry with Miss Katherine Bear; Turman with Miss Catherine Holt; Jacques with Miss Evangeline Harman; Lockridge with Miss Henrietta Loewner; Granger with Miss Virginia Moseley.

Stags: Boschert; Sutton; Comstock; Farley; Harris, C.; Stock, D.; Kimbro; Gordon, W.; Graham; Hopkins; Reed, H.; Lambert, C.; Richardson, B.; Parry; Reilley; Miller, W.; Dillworth; Albert; Kagey; Daniels; Furstenberg; Hill, C.; Jennett, R.; Bowers; Turner, M.; Garrott; Ackerman; Peasley; Hladik; Berry; Ashley; North; Pierce; Morris, F.; Stevens; McQueen; Tyler; McPhail; Coldren; Morrow, W.; Gordon, J.; Maue, B.; Russ; Harr, L.; Tullidge; Robinson, W.

SENIOR PROM.

The date set for the last dance of the year is the 27th of May. This is not only the last dance, but the only one since the 22nd of February, the Easter Dance having been done away with this year.





Football



ELL, it sure was some team! They had the "stuff" in them, and they showed it; they cleaned up everything; a true championship team.

But it was not all sunshine, for at the beginning of the season, the outcome of the team was very doubtful. There were only three old "letter men" back, and most of the material the

coaches had to work on had little or no experience on the gridiron. But that is where the coaches proved their worth, for they turned out an A-No. I team—the Champions of the State!

The first game of the season was one that the team and the coaches were just the least bit afraid of; it was with the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. This was the first time that the two teams had ever met, and the outcome between the college and the "prep" was the least bit doubtful. But that doubt did not last at all, after the first few minutes of play. S. M. A. was not only holding her own, but was by far out-playing V. M. I. Slowly but steadily the ball went over for the first touchdown, and then the real fight was on. V. M. I. couldn't possibly hold them back, and over went the ball for two more scores. The result was a 20 to 0 victory for S. M. A. and a bitter blow to V. M. I.

The next week old S. M. A. did not tackle a college, it "took on" a University —Washington and Lee. And the score? Well, it was the same thing over again; another 20 to 0 victory for the Blue and Gold. And had the game not been played on a muddy, rain-soaked field, the score would probably have been larger, for in spite of the slippery condition of the ground, the backs did some wonderful work, as shown by the "prep" school's score against a University with such an athletic record as Washington and Lee.

The next two games proved to be merely practise games for Coach Tarr's team, for he used fully three teams in both games. The 635th Aero Squadron from Richmond went down to the tune of 69 to 6, and the U. S. Marines from Quantico were easily humbled by a score of 55 to 0.

Then the long-looked-for day arrived, November the 18th. The old bitter rivals met—S. M. A. and A. M. A. That day will never be forgotten, it was a day of days. Smarting under the defeat of last year, Captain Rushing and his team went on the field determined to do or die. And S. M. A. did the "doing," while A. M. A. did the "dying."

The first half ended with the score 6 to 6, both teams having made a touchdown, but failing on the kick. S. M. A.'s score was made by hard, straight footba!!; A. M. A. made its six points by a blocked kick. During the intermission, Coaches Tarr and Manning gave the boys a talk, the result of which was shown in the second half. The team went out, and such fighting spirit was never before seen on Kable Field. Rollers was out-played in every angle of the game; three touchdowns were made in this half, bringing the final score to 27-6. Rollers found that they could make no gains by rushes or end runs, so resorted to forward passing, but this failed, too, for S. M. A.'s secondary defense had been too well drilled in this style of game, and as a result, only two forward passes were completed by the Augusta team during the whole game.

The last game of the season was just like the others, a complete walk-away for the Kable boys, the final score being, S. M. A. 69, Fishburne 0. Throughout the whole game the Blue and Gold line was never once in danger, and F. M. S. received the worst beating in its history.

But then, all the credit cannot be given to the team, for the "Faithful Scrubs" must be remembered, too. It was they who fought against the Varsity, day after day, and gave them the practise which did so much towards producing the Championship Team of the State.

At tackle, Captain Rushing is admitted the best in the state. Bill made the best possible leader for his men, always encouraging them on, and at the same time fighting hard himself. Very few, if any gains were ever made through his position.

Flannery, playing the other tackle, made a fit running mate for Rushing. He fought his hardest at all times, and never knew when to quit.

At center Bentz, who was elected captain for next year, was a bulwark of strength. His passing was most accurate, and his work on defense was first-class.

At the guard positions, the two "o'd reliables," Bridges and Townsend, could always be counted on. Both these men had little or no football experience, but they proved to be towers of strength in their positions.

Granger and Chambers, our ends, played very good games at their positions on the line. This was Granger's first year of football, but in spite of this, he played an exceptionally good game. Chambers proved to be one of the gamest men on the team, besides showing up very well at right end.

The other line men, Tilden, Wilson, Garnett, and Hoyt, proved equal to the occasion when called upon to take their positions on the line.

In the back field, Lyons at quarter, was a valuable man. He used his head on all the plays, and was exceptionally good on returning long kicks and punts.

Jenkins, one of the halves, could do everything that a fine football player can do. When given the ball, he could line buck or end run, and his work in the use of the stiff-arm and zig-zag running was a moral. Houser, the other half, was a wonler. Give him the ball and the gain was sure. He was fast as you make them, with great power to back it, and the hardest man on the field to tackle.

Hill, who switched from guard to full back, was a virtual "battering-ram."
He could just not be stopped, and made touchdown after touchdown for the Blue and Gold.

Stallings, Norwine, Sparks, and Hunt could make any average "prep" school backfield. Time and again they were used in games, and always met the expectations of the coaches.

At a meeting of the football men, lettered and numeraled sweaters were awarded to nineteen men, fifteen of these receiving the letters, and Tilden, Norwine, Wilson, and Garnett being awarded the sweaters with the numeral 1919. At this meeting the election of the 1919 captain was also carried out, Bentz, this year's center, being chosen as next year's leader. The letter men of this year were also given gold footballs bearing each man's name and the words, "State Championship, '19."

The annual banquet given in honor of the team was held at the Virginia Hotel in one of the private dining rooms. The banquet was the most elaborate ever given, and everyone enjoyed himself to the fullest extent.

S. M. A	20	Virginia Military Institute	0
S. M. A	20	Washington and Lee	0
S. M. A	69	635th Aero Squadron	6
S. M. A	55	United States Marines	0
S. M. A	27	Augusta Military Academy	6
S. M. A	69	Fishburne Military School	0
			-
	260		12





CAPTAIN 1918

Basketball



HE Basketball team, on account of its splendid record this year, has clearly won the "Prep" School Championship of Virginia. The team, under the able leadership of Captain Brophy, displayed a well balanced combination of clever passing, keen defensive playing, and skillful shooting.

whole. Everyone of the "Varsity" players did his share to make the year a most successful one. Starting the season under the handicap of having only two veterans on the squad, the coaches developed such team work and fast play that another Championship is added to the fame of old S. M. A.

The two games with A. M. A. were of course the "Big Games" of the season. The game at home was a walk-over for S. M. A., as evidenced by the fact that A. M. A. made only two field goals, and the final score being 40-8.

The return game on the A. M. A. floor was more exciting, the score at the end of forty minutes' play being tied at twenty all. In the extra period of five minutes, A. M. A. won the game.

On a floor of regulation size, Rollers would not have had a chance with our team. Critics and coaches from other schools declared it to be the best "Prep" School Team they have ever seen.

We broke even with the University of Virginia "Fresh," who had a team that was superior to their Varsity.

It is hard to pick an individual from the S. M. A. Five, for every man contributed something towards the victories, but in Captain Brophy, Jenkins, and Freitag, you will find three stars of the first magnitude.

Captain Brophy was one of the fastest floor-men and best shots in the scholastic ranks. He was the high scorer of the season.

Jenkins, his running mate, was one of the best. His ability to pass and follow the ball made him one of the best forwards the school has ever boasted.

Freitag played a sterling game at guard, and made a wonderful record in holding his opponents to a few goals. He is the best standing guard in the state.

Ingley, playing his first year of "prep" basketball, proved to be one of the best, and was a wizard in covering the floor, and is a fine shot for the basket.

Houser, the big pivot man, was a great asset to the Five. Playing his first year of Basketball, he was the equal of any on the jump.

In the other two letter men, Dillon at Guard and Kivlighan at Forward, were found very able substitutes. They could have been placed in the game without materially weakening the team's strength.

The second team developed some very good men, who ought to make the team next year. They remained faithful in their work, and won all the games they played.

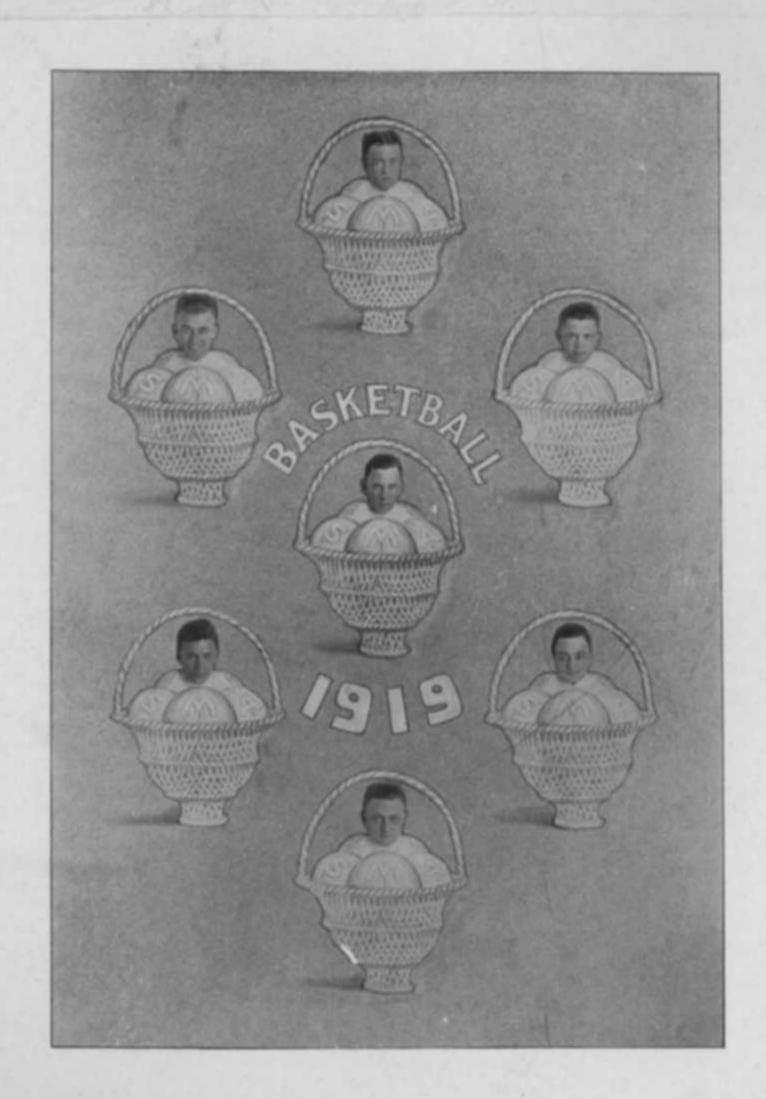
Dillon, who has been elected captain for 1920, should prove an able leader.

The outlook for next year is very bright, for the following men are expected to return: Dillon, Freitag, Ingley, Brophy, Granger, Notman, Schweitzer, Hanson, Sivalls, Maddox, Jarrett, Wassman, and others.

The scores of the season:

S. M. A	7 Harrisonburg High 10
	5 Massanutten Academy 7
S. M. A	
S. M. A 6	
S. M. A 4	
S. M. A	
S. M. A 4	6 Fishburne Military School 15
	4 University of Virginia "Fresh" 20
	3 Washington and Lee "Scrubs" 20
	0 Augusta Military Academy 30
50	1 160







Baseball



HE outlook for a Championship Baseball Team is very bright. The 1918 team was about the best the school ever had, but this year's team promises to surpass the record made by that team.

Captain Freitag, the mainstay behind the bat, is the best catcher in the state. He has as a foundation on which to build a winning team, several of last year's letter men. Brophy at

third, Houser at second, Reagan at center, and Lyonns in left field are the members of last year's team. Jenkins at short stop and Ingley at first base seem to have their places made. In the box, Werre, Sewell, and Smith are doing great work.

Werre demonstrated his worth when he held the strong Virginia Freshman Team to five hits, fanning seventeen men, and winning by a score of 3 to 1.

McClure, Moore, Hanson, and Ritter are fighting for a place in the infield, while Tullidge, Bishop, Sivalls, Lawley, Turner, and Mosser are fighting hard to make the outfield.

It looks like Old S. M. A. will have its most successful season this year in Athletics. Having already won the Championship in Football and Basketball, they are determined that they shall win in Baseball, too. Followers of the team who have watched its play closely, say that no other "Prep" School can compare with it.

In the first game of the season, the Miller School was defeated in a six inning affair, by the score of 24 to 3, two full teams being given a try-out. The second game with Harrisonburg High School, proved just as easy as the first, the score at the end of the seventh inning being 7 to 0, the game being called on account of the cold weather.

The third game scheduled with the Staunton All-Stars, with Lewllyn pitching, promised to be a more interesting game, but the heavy hitters of S. M. A. got busy, and the team easily won.

The team took its first trip, going to Woodstock to play Massanutten Military Academy, and brought back a victory to the tune of 11 to 0.

In all these games Sewell and Werre have equally divided the pitching honors.



CHEER LEADERS





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Love Letter Wiriting



NE MUST remember this is a subject that is very tickilish to the heart. When you really get down to facts it is where one expresses their love for another on paper when it cannot be expressed verbally.

When a fellow writes to a girl he may just hand her a "line" as most of them do while others tell what comes from their

hearts.

Now, there are times when girls do the same thing but the fellow has them all beat for he can put it in a way that the girl generally "falls" for it. There comes a time in every young man's life when he really believes he is in love, so if he has to leave his lady friend he at once starts corresponding with her and tells her all the sweet and loving things he can think of. Now, this is a known fact for it even happens in the town where they both live.

For the other side of the story there are many fellows who really don't know which girls they like the best and they generally tell each one a different story, but they all get a sweet letter and why should he care, they don't know the difference.

If a girl is very affectionate a fellow should write her and tell her how he misses her and how lonely he is, even if he is having a gay and glorious time of it, also life isn't worth living without her, but if she is of an indifferent nature he should tell her just the opposite, that he is having greater times than he did when he was with her, so this is the way the course in love letters run and it always will, with a few exceptions for those who find their TRUE love the first time.

We always laugh at Col. Ted's jokes,
No matter how old or bad they be,
Not because they are funny, folks,
But because it's our best policy.

Her face was happy,
His'n was stern,
Her hand was in his'n,
His'n was in hern.



Gast Barracks

Staunton's name has added fame

To her record of the past

Which I am sure in future years

Will cause its name to last.

The barracks of the East 'tis called

By the authorities that rule,

So far it's been a benefit

And a credit to the school.

Its citizens they number
Thirty ten and three,
Which includes rats and old boys
Also faculty.

Ask us how we like it
In our oriental home,
And we will simply tell you
That we do not care to roam.

We must confess that once our home
Was for the lame and sick,
But now that we are in it
Like glue we are going to stick.

We are represented by commission,
And a score of common rats,
A few all powerful old boys,
And busted aristocrats.

Some of us are brilliant
And a few a little dense,
But all of us are happy
And possessed of common sense.

We will say this of these dear barracks—
They are as near as near can be
To home, sweet home,
That not till June we will see.



The Staunton Wilitary Academy "Jagg" Drchestra

MOTTO

"Treat 'em Rough"

ARTISTS

Tights" Ford	Director and Trap Drumn
'Jazbo" Jennett	1st Banjo Mando
'Wiggles" Weygant	2nd Banjo Mando
'Shimmie" Habert	
'Razzle-Dazzle" Turner	
"Texas Red" McDougal	2nd Saxapho
'Slippery Hank" Kagey	I rombe
'Iazz-Hound" LeRew	
Whitney Bolton	Business Mana
"We aim to please, did we miss	our mark?"

Br. Bull-etin Board

(The rabble gather round this man of news and listen with mouths wide open.)

Like the County Courthouse, "My word is supreme"; and by the straight forward discharge of my duty, and the constancy with which I stand my post, I set an admirable example to the other officers. Day and night, rain and shine, winter and summer, I am to be seen from any part of the quadrangle. Here, just to the left of the Sally Port, I give information to Cadets and their friends. You may think me a gossip but my rôle is not such. I receive a fresh supply of news every day and I know that the Cadets are interested, because I oft times have listeners even during C. Q.

Often I am surrounded by them, and sometimes in grave danger of being thrown down by them, pushing and crowding to see which one, I wish to reprimand. Quite frequently they turn away sadly, but Duty has most appropriately been called, "The sublimest word in the English language," and I speak only the words which have been put into my mouth by my daily informer, the Adjutant. I am sorry when, sometimes, I cause the Cadets to speak disrespectfully in my presence, but this cannot be helped, and is no fault of mine. There are two of them coming this way now.

Good evening, young gentlemen. Yes, I have some news for both of you. Sam, on guard tomorrow. Odor of tobacco smoke in room at O. C. I. Why do you not refrain from violating regulations like your chum, Frank? Look at the smile upon his glowing countenance. You, Frank, two merits. I think this makes about a dozen I have given you lately. You are almost sure of your sergeancy, while you, Sam, will be lucky to remain at the Academy.

Welcome, Miss Harris! You want news of your fiancé? Yes, I can furnish you with lots of information about him, probably even more than his parents. Oh, yes! He can fill his date with you for tonight. I am g!ad you have asked me about him. I seldom have occasion to speak to him, except to serve notification on him that he must go on guard. Good evening; call again. "Gee, I'm glad Willie wasn't reported. This is the first time I haven't had his name this week."

That little fellow standing in the doorway seems unimpressed with my importance. Apparently he does not know that I am the herald of the S. C. C.; that I am the source of so much joy, hope, sorrow, and amusement to Cadets and their friends. "Say, youngster, don't you know a Bulletin Board when you see it?"

Signed,

BULL-ETIN BOARD, '19.



The Faculty

On a very small portion of this world of ours, where the weeds and the thistles grow up with the flowers, stands a large concrete building on the slope of a hill. The place where we have worshiped and worked with a will.

Perhaps it would be better for me here to give the names of the faculty who are with us now live.

Colonel Kable comes first with his soldiery grace, while Col. Thomas the second. looks up in his face. Col. Ted and Acker come trouping along and always dismiss by the ring of the gong.

In Military men, our school is immense, and their rooms are blue with the smoke of incense.

Col. Conklin comes first with his soldiery grace, and Capt. Budgel, who, recently came to this place, these together with good Sergeant Flynn, are drilling the boys as only men can.

These are followed by Maj. Wonson, Steel, and Pitcher, who always know when they see a good teacher. Closely following Southerland and Sizer, Harrison, and Mann, and Porter, who does all the work that he can.

I will now turn to the man of "Letters," to whom many cadets are indeed great debtors. Maj. Stevens, the wonder in all kinds of "Lit.," who can do good work without talking a bit. Closely related is Lieut. Louthan, whose knowledge of History is sure unfathomed.

I am now through with the Colonels and Majors, so turn to those who work for less wages.

Sterrett is fat and Moody is lean, and York is a has-been, as you have all seen.

There is Bear and Vandivere, Manning and Hess, who have caught us again as you all may guess. These are in league with Kremer and Tarr, and it gives them pleasure to talk by the hour.

I must now begin to end my story, and tell of de Chaudron and his days of glory. He and his colleague, Lieut. Deiziel, teaches us languages, we all love so well.

-JACK WILLIAMS.



Some Chings Wie Want to Know

When Bishop is going to learn to dance?

Why Herring is always late from Leave?

When Flannery is going to quit flirting?

Why "Pretty" came back so soon after Christmas?

When is Lieut. Mann going to shave?

When will Curry make a good captain?

Why some lieutenant wears his cape when it's eighty in the shade?

When is Lieut. Vandivere going to stop imitating Napoleon?

Why Bolton likes "spots?"

Who threw the ash can?

When "Pop" is going to grow?

When is Lieut. Porter going to "see" Washington again?

Why is everybody so anxious to get out of Co. "D?"

When is Ledbetter going to fall in "love?"

Where did Parry find that laugh?

When is Lieut. de Chaudron going to get a "crick" in his back?

What the "rat" system is going to be next year?

What happened to Houser on the train, when someone yelled, "Oh! it's a man?"

When is Lieut. Deziel coming back to the Kniseley house?

Why McGraw got a sergeancy?

When is Lieut. Kremer going home Saturday and Sunday?

Why they call Wehrly "Humidor?"

When will Enslow become popular?

Where did Frank Morris get his sponser?

When will the new barracks be finished?

Where did Kingsley go after taps the first part of March?

Does Bridges still go to sleep when he goes calling?

Why Tilden had to have football shoes made to order?

When will Lts. Manning and Duggan break into Grand Opera?

Why does Shore stand on Hogshead's corner every afternoon?

Can Coach Tarr whistle?

When will M. B. S. not be "off limits?"

Why Granger likes alleys so well?

If Lt. Deziel and "Buddy" wear the same size collars?

How it will feel to be home again.

-THE CORPS.



Ertracts From The Manual of Interior Grub Duty

SIR: The General Orders of a rhiney are:

- 1. To take charge of all gravy and spuds in sight.
- 2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any sausage that comes within my sight, smelling, or hearing.
 - 3. To report all reproaches of academy officers to my mess officer.
 - To repeat all calls for "seconds."
 - 5. To quit the table only when satisfied that there is nothing left.
- 6. To receive, but not to pass on to the man who sits next to me, any meat, soup, or beans overlooked by the head or foot of mess.
 - 7. To talk to no one who asks for onions.
 - 8. In case of fire from other tables, to fire back.
 - 9. To allow no one to steal anything in the line of grub.
- 10. In any case not covered by instructions, or a cover, to drink all I can hold.
 - 11. To salute all chickens and peaches not canned.
- 12. To be especially watchful at the table, and during the time of eating to challenge anyone who gets more to eat than I do. -P. L. S.

The Real World Series-Ind Way America Win

It opened in Bleeding Belgium, with the Kaiser at the bat, He won the game at Liege and thought he had the series pat, Then Johnny Bull went in to pitch, and stopped the foe's advance, While a feature of the game became the fielding work of France. Russia went in to pinch-hit, along the Eastern Front, While Italy and Roumania each laid down a perfect bunt. They trimmed old Bill at Vimy Hill-with woe they filled his cup; While out along the foul line Uncle Sam is warming up.

Your Uncle Sam is warming up to mount the pitching hill, And show such speed and curves that he will strike out Kaiser Bill. That war machine to conquer worlds will know the very worst When we hit one down to Hindenburg and beat his throw to first, When Sims goes up to bat and sweeps the subs from off the sea, And Pershing, sliding into third, spikes the Crown Prince on the knee. Yes, Uncle Sam is warming up, and after he goes in We'll be building baseball diamonds in the city of Berlin.

-Selected.







What Is Life to you?

To the preacher life's a sermon,

To the joker life's a jest;

To the miser life is money

To the loafer life is rest.

To the lawyer life's a trial,

To the poet life's a song;

To the doctor life's a patient

That needs treatment right along.

To the soldier life's a battle,

To the teacher life's a school;

Life's a disappointment to the grafter,

It's a failure to the fool.

To the man upon the engine,
Life's a long and heavy grade;
It's a gamble to the gambler
To the merchant life is trade.

Life's a picture to the artist,

To the rascal life's a fraud,

Life is perhaps a burden

To the man beneath the hod.

Life is lovely to the lover,

To the player life's a play;

Life may be a load of trouble

To the man upon the dray.

'Life is but a long vacation

To the man who loves his work,

Life's an everlasting effort

To show duty to the shirk.

To the earnest Christian worker,
Life's a story ever new,
Life is what we make it—
Comrade what is life to you?"

-Selected.

By-Laws of the Consolidated Union of "D. D.'s"

- I. In order that the members of the association may indulge in their after dinner nap, it shall be against regulations for the "O. D." to inspect during the fifth and sixth periods.
- II. Let the Orderly do the work, and have him report to you, at specified times, in order that you may keep tab on the general run of things in the Guard-Room.
- III. Never disturb the Commandant or the "O. C." during their daily nap in order that you may keep on the good side of them.
- IV. None of the Hospital excuses need be written up. It merely takes the Assistant Commandant's time to read them.
- V. Take great care not to report a Commissioned Officer "late" from leave.
- VI. If anyone wishes to speak to you unofficially, permit him to do so; he may have received a "box" from home; you never can tell.
- VII. The Corporal of the Guard shall remain in the Guard-Room after supper, while the "O. D." goes up to his room to take a "smoke."
- VIII. Never answer the Tactical Officer's bell until it has rung at least three times, so the "old boy" will think the Guard is busy.
- IX. It would be very unwise to attempt to stop any light-globe or ash-can throwing—"Ted" will see to that.
- X. No matter how sleepy, always appear interested in the "O. C.'s after-Taps conversation. He may give you an extra point or two on your next exams.

(Signed) "O. D.'s"

S. M. A., '18-'19.

The Sophomore Wotto

The lives of all great seniors remind us,
We can make our class sublime,
And by asking foolish questions,
Take up recitation time.

From a Recruit to Dis Fond Wother

Somewhere in Virginia, January 10, 1919.

DEAR MAW:

I got here, so now that I'm here I will rite and tell you how I don't like it. I'm awful popular—course I was at home, but not near so much as I am here. Why, Maw, I can't step off fifty feet without somebody hollerin' "Hey, 'Rat' "—that's what they all call me—"come here." Of course, I do as they says, but it's funny they always want me to do something. They call it workin' the rats, only it ain't work, it's just little favors I do for 'em. Obligin' and kind is me.

They herded us Xmas fellers up to a place they call the Commandments office, only it ain't a bit like them in the Bible; it's kind of an office. There was a feller there dressed up in one of these here khakhi uniformitys and leather puts like soldiers wear, only they say he ain't. But he's big enough for two of 'em, and like our hired man, he always has a funny story every day. Well, to get to pin points, he gave me a key and told a fellow to take me there, and when we got there two guys was there already, and they introduced themselves, such funny names, I can't remember 'em, so I call 'em by their nicknames, Buzzard and Simple. They call me Hick, guess it's 'cause I have the hickups so often, don't you?

A feller told me to come to his room, and asked me if I was workin' for anyone. Of course, I hadn't got no steady job yet, I says, "No." "Well," he says, "you're workin' for me." I asks him how much he was going to pay me. He told me I was a fresh rat, so says I, yes, I just got here yesterday. Then he got real friendly like and sent me over for the key to the parade grounds. I asked everyone, but everybody knew somebody else that had one, but they didn't —I guess there ain't no such thing.

A feller just come in with a big monkey wrench and asked if I had paid my raidator rent. Of course I says no. He says, you will have to pay a dollar for it from now till June, or I will take it out. As I desire to keep warm, I paid it. When he went out my roommates laughed. I wonder why.

Instead of hollerin' or ringin' bells here, they blow the orders through a horn. You got to know just what he says. I can't quite get everything he says, so I do just like the rest does. I'm clever, hey Maw? They call him a musician, only he ain't, he doesn't play a piano or make pretty sounds at all. He ain't popular near as much as me, they say nice things to me, but when they holler at him it's simply marvelous the adjectives they hurl upon his poor self, or in other plain talk, they cuss him somethin' tolerable.

Maw, you know that hair brush you used to use on me? Well, they do the same thing with a broom here—it hurts a lot more—when they say we get fresh. Well, as I am here to git a eddication, I'll put my pen in the drawer and close.

Your little soldier boy,

Тімотну.

8. 09. a.'s In The Dereafter

(Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

When Earth's last exams are over,
The diplomas all rolled up and tied,
When the oldest B. S. has fainted,
And the youngest rat has died,
We shall rest ("Ye Gods," we shall need it)
Lie down for an avon or two,
Till the master of Kable's tin soldiers
Shall set us to work anew.

And those who were good shall be happy
To pass M. B. S. they shall dare,
And go off limits past Main Street,
And only salute when they care.
They shall have real saints to drill for,
St. Peter, St. John, and St. Paul.
Shall "Pass in review" for ages,
And never get tired at all.

The Headmaster only shall praise us,

The Headmaster only shall blame,

And no one shall work for chevrons,

And no one shall work for a "name."

But each for the joy of existing,

And each in his separate star,

Shall shoot from ten thousand rifles,

(No cleaning—joy!) just as they are.

-P. L. SMITH.

a Romance

It was a big, spacious room filled with furniture and settings that suggested home and comfort. A long, low lounge stretched in front of the open fire-place. There was no light in the room except that which came from the flames as they slowly ate up the pine logs on the hearth. The couple sat on the lounge very close together.

Neither spoke a word; all was silent. Slowly their hands moved towards each other; they met; he grasped hers tightly in his; they both sighed deeply. He was most happy now; he was almost sure that he had surmized rightly. Yes! Yes! it must be true, for how could it be otherwise with so strong an evidence?

But then the least bit of doubt crept into his heart; maybe it was not true, though; maybe he was mistaken. He was not positively sure, even though he had every reason in the world to believe it. It bothered him, grated on his nerves, it haunted him, it made him afraid, so much so in fact, that he became determined to know whether it was true or not.

Some moments passed; the fire burned a little lower, the light shone a little dimmer, they were sitting closer together, he was holding her hand a little tighter. Suddenly something within him seemed to say, "Ask her now; you might as well know now as later." Then turning quickly, he gathered her in his arms and murmured, "Tell me, my sweetheart, tell me truthfully! You did eat an onion. didn't you?"

If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or drink,
If your grub tastes like ink,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If you've got cold feet,
Why don't you marry that girl?



a Soldier Bold

The lad he was a soldier

Just back from "Over There,"

And she the girl he left behind,

A beauty with cold black hair.

It was the first time he had seen her
Since he left a year ago.
And of course the heart grows fonder,
Especially for a soldier beau.

He held her in his powerful arms
And stole a kiss or more,
Some sight it was that Daddy saw
When he walked in the door.

Now Daddy wore a Number 10
And measured six feet three;
He was ranking as a Colonel
In the field artillery.

To land Colonel's daughter

The soldier sure had dared,

And when he caught the sight of him,

He had reason to be scared.

The boy jumped to attention,
And not a word was said;
The soldier's face was ghastly white,
While Father's face was red.

The Colonel answered the boy's salute,
And at a glance conceived
That the soldier boy had left his post
Without being properly relieved.

Daughter looked at Father,

Father looked at her—

And as he turned to go to bed,

He commanded "As You Were."



The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Mothing But the Truth

The Blue and Gold, having desired for so many years, to settle, once for all, those questions that have been agitating the minds of thoughtful cadets, now makes a feeble, but persistent, effort to fully satiate those seething crowds who set up a maddening cry for the Truth, in answer to the following queries:

I. For what purpose did you come to S. M. A.?

Ask Dad,-Cates.

Because Staunton offered an exceptionally good field to him who desired to become expert in the art of love-making.—Granger.

Search me.—Yettner.

Because this is the nearest Reformatory to Roanoke.—Barnes, F.

In order that I might familiarize myself with the manifold duties of a chambermaid.—Finn.

Here I would have unlimited opportunity to ask innumerable foolish questions.—Boschert.

Nowhere does the sun shine so bright as in Old Virginia.-Turman.

Because West Virginia has no Penitentiaries.—Bishop.

Because I desired to associate with the other twenty-five Christian gentlemen who constitute the faculty.—E. E. Tarr.

II. What Has Been Your Most Thrilling Experience at S. M. A.?

Haven't had any.-Reagan.

Listening to Freitag snore.—Jenkins.

It occurred in February, when a light-globe broke in my face, and I had to go to Philadelphia for treatment.—Walsh.

One day when "Thomas, H.," dismissed us from Trig. class in time for dinner.—Houser.

The Sunday night Y. M. C. A. meeting.-Williams, A.

Listening to Lieutenant Mann read the morning prayer.-Lieut. Flynn.

Going to supper fu'ly expecting ham, and finding "Hot Dogs" and kraut instead.—Clarke, J. E. D.

A waltz with Charlotte.-Bolton.

III. What Has Been Your Most Unpleasant Experience at S. M. A.?

Can't remember ever having any other kind.-Ferlbend.

When "my Sweetie" called me a "Big Stiff."-Wehrly.

When she asked me to part my hair in the middle.-Klein, H.

Trying to talk on the phone with a young lady (guess who?) when the entire faculty was in the Commandant's office.—Bolton.

Having cleaned six rifles for guard mount, swept three rooms for Monday morning inspection, made eight beds, and worked fourteen Trig. problems, to have Willie Robinson say to me, "Rat, go get me a cigarette and a match. You haven't done a damn thing all day!"—Sophie McClintock.

IV. How Have You Spent Your Time Since You Arrived at S. M. A.?

Writing explanations.—Knickerbocker.

On the beat.—Nunnally.

Writing to chorus girls.-McGinnis.

Making a "hit" in society.-Scott, A.

Collecting missionary money.-Williams, A.

Catching new girls.—Flannery.

Watching new girls try to catch me.-Bishop.

V. What Do You Intend to Do When You Leave Here? Everybody.—The Corps.

and They all Played Ball

The game opened with Molasses at the stick and Smallpox catching. Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn on first, and Fiddle on second base, backed by Corn in the field, made it hot for Umpire Apple, who was rotten. Axe came to the bat and chopped, Cigar let Brick walk, and Sawdust filled the bases. Song made a hit, and Twenty made a score. Cigar went out and Balloon started to pitch, but went straight up. Then Cherry tried it, but was wild. Old Ice kept cool in the game until he was hit by a pitched ball, when you ought to have heard Ice Cream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Grass covered lots of ground in the field, and the crowd cheered when Spider caught the fly. Bread loafed on third and pumped Organ, who played fast and put Light out. In the fifth inning Wind began to blow what he could do. Hammer began to knock, and Trees began to leave. The way they roasted Peanuts was a fright. Knife was put out for cutting first base. Lightning flashed pitching the game, and struck out six men. In the ninth, Apple told Fiddle to take his base; Oats was shocked, then Song made another hit. Trombine made a slide and Meat was put on the plate. There was lots of betting on the game, but Soap cleaned up. The score was 1 to 0. Door said if he had pitched he would have shut them out.

Selected, By T. C. SHORE.

Found in the Suard Room

Dear Mother:

Lots of things have happened since I wrote you that letter last Sunday. When I wrote you that letter I was rooming down at the "Y," but now I am rooming in number 101, Main Barracks. I wasn't so specially anxious to change rooms, but Col. Russell said that I wasn't receiving enough of his personal attention down at the "Y" and that he wanted me to move up to the "Dew Drop Inn," where he could see that I was properly looked after. And that's how I came to be where I am now. Maybe you would like to hear it, so I'll tell you how it happened, that he's taken such an interest in me.

You see there was an awful good show came to Staunton last Thursday night, and as I wanted to see it, I sneaked from my room at the "Y" on down to Mr. Hogshead's Drug Store and who should I meet but Col. T. G. himself. Of course I said "Hello, Col., how's tricks?" just to be friendly and show him I liked him. I tho't I had made him mad at first, because instead of giving me a friendly answer, he said, "Have you got leave?" But pretty soon I found out that he wasn't sore; because when I asked him what he meant he laughed right out loud.

I thought then that he was a good natured fellow, and that I had made a good impression on him; and, do you know, Mother, from that minute on, he has been showing me more attention that I ever dreamed of getting at S. M. A. It was then that he invited me to his "DEW DROP INN."

I'll tell you, Mother, Col. Russell is a friend to me sure enough; and just to show you how kind-hearted he is, he even made another cadet come downtown from Barracks with me to get my clothes and then to show me the way to number 101; because he said he was afraid I couldn't find the way, or that I might get lost and think the C. & O. station was the Barracks or something like that.

The cadet that Col. Russell sent with me, had on a curved sword, with so much junk tied to it, that it sounded like St. Nick, coming down the street in a sleigh, every time he moved. He was an ungrateful cuss too; because when I suggested that we take in the Movie before he showed me to my new quarters, he just said "Shut up" and keep pulling me right on up the hill by the arm.

This was about eight-thirty. Then, about nine-thirty Col. Russel made a cadet with a wide tan belt and a bullet box on, go down again with me to the "Y" to get the rest of my clothes, hair-brush, etc., to have in my new home. The cadet was very mad when Ted (I always call him that, now, since we are

such good friends) made him do this, but Ted didn't care, because he was looking out for my welfare.

Ted is so afraid something will hurt me that he won't even let me go to the wash-room without one of those armed cadets with me, to see that no one harms me. I really get tired of his unceasing attention, but he's such a good fellow that I don't like to hurt his feelings by telling him that; so I guess I'll just have to continue to be one of his guests at "Dew Drop Inn," until he gets tired of me.

I could tell you a lot more, because I don't have anything to do except write, although Ted does insist that Farrell, Nunnally, Holmden, Ferbend, and I take exercise every day during recreation, with a big gun on our shoulder, but I have run out of paper so must close.

Your own beloved son,

WILLIAM.

P. S.: Don't forget to address all my mail to the "Dew Drop Inn," 101 Main Barracks, S. M. A.; because Col. Russell insists that I stay here under his personal care for at least a month.

WILLY.

P. S. No. 2. You needn't bother about sending my allowance for the next three weeks, as I won't get a chance to spend it anyway.

WILL.

Three Words

There are three words, the sweetest words, In all of human speech-More sweet than are all songs of birds, Or pages poets preach. This life may be a vale of tears, A sad and dreary thing-Three words, and trouble disappears And birds begin to sing. Three words, and all the roses bloom, The sun begins to shine. Three words will dissipate the gloom, And water will turn to wine. Three words will cheer the saddest days-"I love you?" Wrong, by heck! It is another phrase: "Inclosed find check."



The Correspondence Club

FLOWER

COLORS

Her

Blonde and Brunnette

MOTTO

"Action and Reaction Are Equal and Opposite"

The Why and Wherefore of the Correspondence Club.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one sex to force its attentions on the other sex; a decent respect to all parties concerned demands that some explanation be given for this flow of unexpected "Billets-Doux."

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That, from the time of Adam the male of the parties in question have held a tender regard for the thoughts of love when down on paper; That, love was, is, and always will be the prime joy of life; That, in some way "She" must be told of this feeling of utter infatuation—Therefore we, the "Pen and Paper Pounders" of S. M. A. do hereby organize and institute—"The Correspondence Club."

Its aims are well covered in the motto; 'nough sed.

ORGANIZATION

Chairman HENRY "HAREM" JACQUES

MEMBERS

DONALD "COW-TALK" KINGSLEY FRANK "STUNNER" MORRIS CHARLES "SLING-IT" SPILMAN LOUIS "SPOOF 'EM" TURMAN

A Compendium of the Rules and Regulations of the Staunton Ganiac Asylum

- I. S. M. A. is a military school. However, this is mere formality. Adopt a free and easy attitude, and you will soon win the attention of your officers.
- II. One method of relieving the monotony of C. Q. is visiting. See how many rooms you can enter and leave before being challenged by some member of the guard.
- III. When challenged, "All Right?" by the sentinel, crack some little joke like, "Yes, thank you, how are you this evening?" This will probably make such an impression that some member of the Guard will come up to see you.
- IV. The galleries make very good race tracks. Run along them at every opportunity, yelling at the top of your voice. Little things like this make military life enjoyable.
- V. Don't forget to arm yourself with a blackjack before entering the Mess Hall, as by stunning every other fellow at your table, you may get enough to eat.
- VI. When your room is assigned you, throw your radiator out of the windoy. It merely takes up unnecessary space inside.
- VII. On dress parade, when passing in review, show your enthusiasm by keeping ahead of the fellow next to you. By so doing you will attract the attention of the Reviewing Officer, who will probably mention it to your Captain.
- VIII. Never fail to hand in lengthy explanations, as this is the sole form of amusement afforded the Assistant Commandant. He will appreciate your efforts.
- IX. Don't break your rifle. You will want it as a souvenir. It is issued to you for this purpose.
- X. When recall from drill is blown, try to act natural, and remember that reveille is only blown because it sounds pretty, and has no military significance. If it gets monotonous, we suggest sleeping with cotton in the ears.



Tokes

COLONEL T. H.: Mr. Houser, as a general rule, along what line does your mind run?

Houser: Along the "Line of Least Resistance," Colonel.

O. D.: Put your light out, there, Recruit.

RECRUIT: Who are you?

O. D.: I am Officer of the Day.

RECRUIT: Well, what the h-ll are you doing on at night?

"Gus" Reagan: Bish, for go(o)d(ness) sake, either shut the door, or let the window down. "Flu" germs will be blowing in, the first thing you know.

FINN (shivering): Don't make any difference if they do blow in, "Gus," they'll be going so fast they won't be able to stop.

Bolton, coming into his room after supper, rushes over to the dresser and grabs a clean shirt. A voice from a far corner, "Hey, 'Tim,' where's the dance?"

HILL: "Freity," why is a ship like a hen?

FREITAG: Because you call them both "The Old Girl" when you criticize them.

HILL: No; because she can "lay too."

On February 7, 1919, the memorable day upon which more than half the corps traversed the upper asphalt on punishment tours, the following took place.

Nelson (Lt. Co. D.): Beat, step two paces to the front of the company— Company, Halt!

Two Tommies went into a restaurant on the eastern front and said to the waiter:

"We want Turkey with Greece."

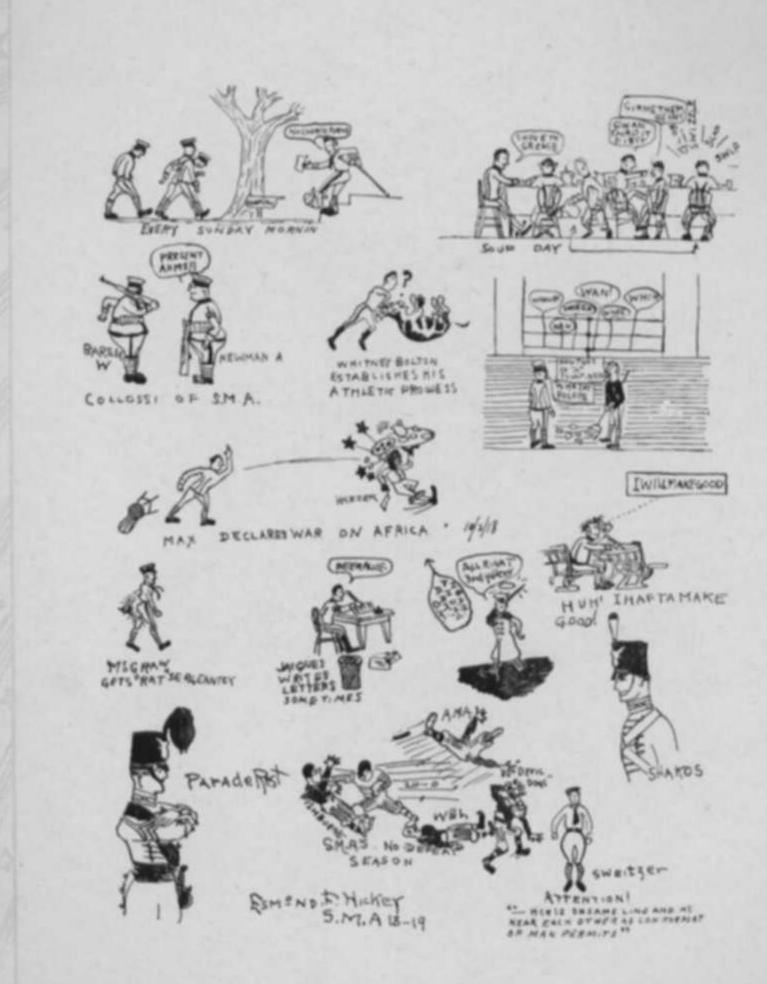
WAITER: Sorry, sirs, but we can't Servia.

The boss, hearing the order, said to them:

"I don't want to Russia, but you can't Rumania."

So the Tommies went away Hungary.

A fly and a flea in flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly: "Let us flea."
Said the flea: "Let us fly."
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.



JACQUES: I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite.

HERRING: Well, there are numbers of bright, intelligent girls around here.

Here's to Love, the only fire against which there is no insurance.

PARRY: I can't play tennis.

BISHOP: Why?

PARRY: Because I am a quiet person, and tennis has to be played with a racket.

Bartley, B.: Andrews, lend me a little Dutch Cleaner; I want to take a bath.

Andrews: Wait until I get a full box.

BOSCHERT: What are bananas used for? Kingsley: Primarily for making slippers.

Thurston: Maytnier, if Col. Kable has taken the following persons to raise as his sons—John-son, Law-son, Morris-son, Richard-son, Robin-son, Will-son—what will Bartley B?

MAYTNIER: Oh, I guess he'll have to be "Bill's" Wine-gardner.

Shore: Who made the training table this year?

Granger: They used the same one they had last year.

Maj. W.: Who can mention an important date in our history review?

Morris, F.: Anthony with Cleopatra.

Spilman: It is wonderful, but I had a deaf uncle who was arrested and the judge gave him his hearing.

PEEPLES: That's nothing. I once had a blind aunt who walked into a lumber yard and saw dust.

McDougal: Strange thing about carpets, isn't it? You buy them by the yard and wear them out by the foot.

Wanted-A boy to open oysters fifteen years old.

HERRING: I just broke a bone.

KINGSLEY: Tough luck. Where did it happen?

HERRING: Down at Cohen's.

KINGSLEY: How?

HERRING: Changed a dollar bill.

REAGAN: Why do cats sleep longer in summer than in winter?

FINN: I don't know. Why?

REAGAN: 'Cause the summer always brings the little cat-a-pillar.

ROBINSON: Jennett, R., works in a bank every summer.

McClure: What is he, cashier? Robinson: No, he is draft clerk.

McClure: Is that right?

Robinson: Yes, he opens and shuts the doors, and has charge of the ventilators.

KAGEY: What's better than a broken drum?

Ford, C.: I don't know; what? Kagey: Nothing. It can't be beat.

IN THE MESS HALL

WORMSER: Say, Lyons, this coffee is nothing but mud.

Lyons: Sure, it was ground this morning.



BOLTON'S FIRST YEAR AT S.M.A.

IF'S

If a man with a glass eye and a wooden leg bought a calf in Russia, would it grow up to be a Mos-cow?

If you were riding on a mule, would you let him jump off a high cliff just because you saw a horse-fly?

If you told your girl she was the sweetest thing in the whole, wide world, would a musk-eeter?

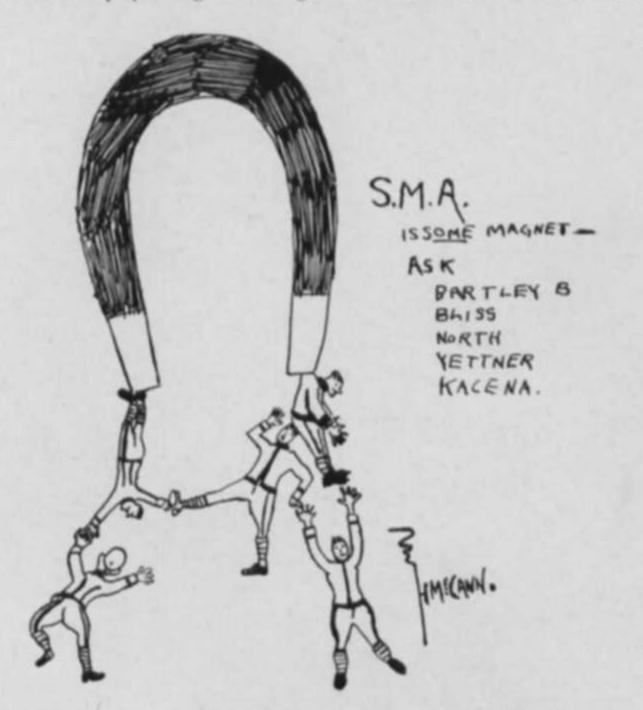
If you saw a canary swimming in the lake, would a spar-row?

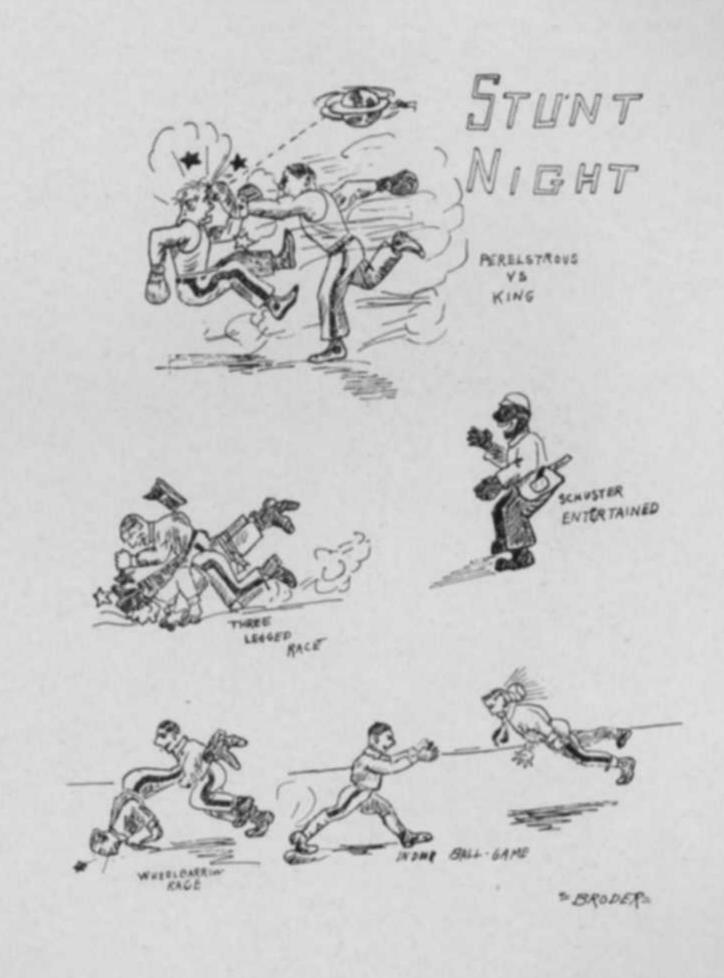
If a charming lady persuaded "Ted" to cancel beat, would Major (h) Acker?

If you jumped over a board fence would the plank walk?

If the boy's name is Pvt. Acker-man, why isn't the man's name Maj. Acker-boy?

If the cadets played a game of tag, would Robinson, W., be for Ever-itt?









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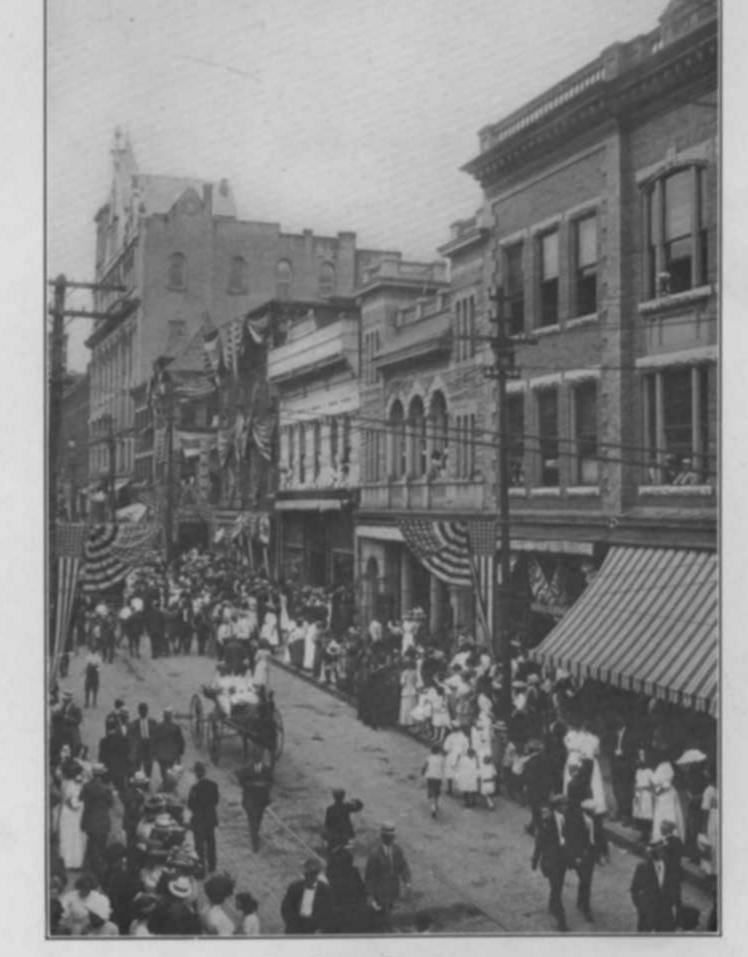
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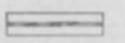


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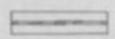
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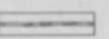
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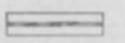


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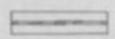
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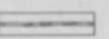
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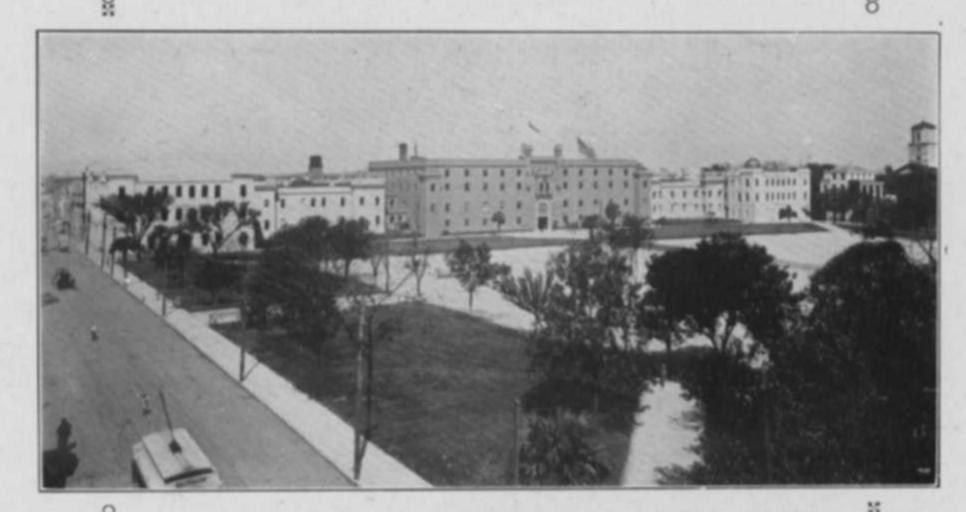
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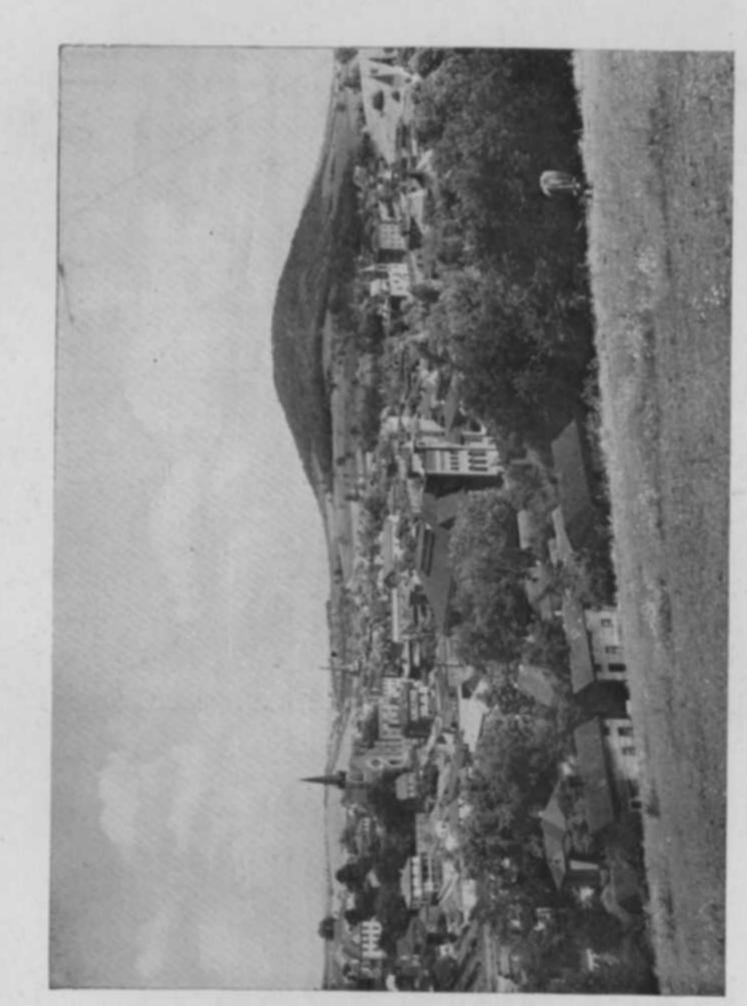
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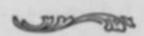
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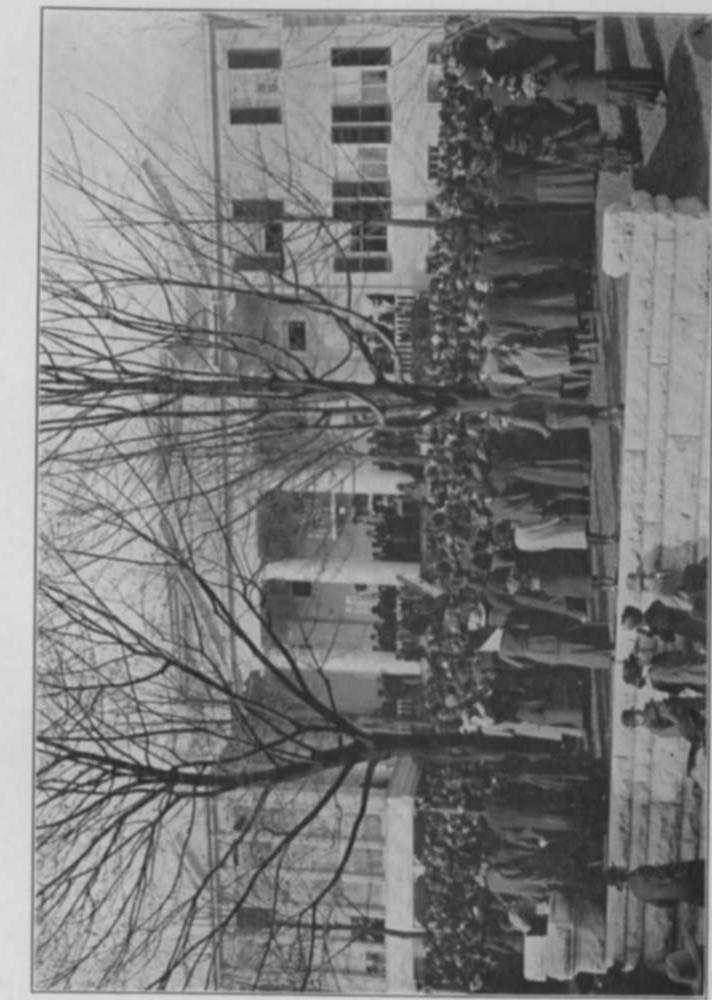
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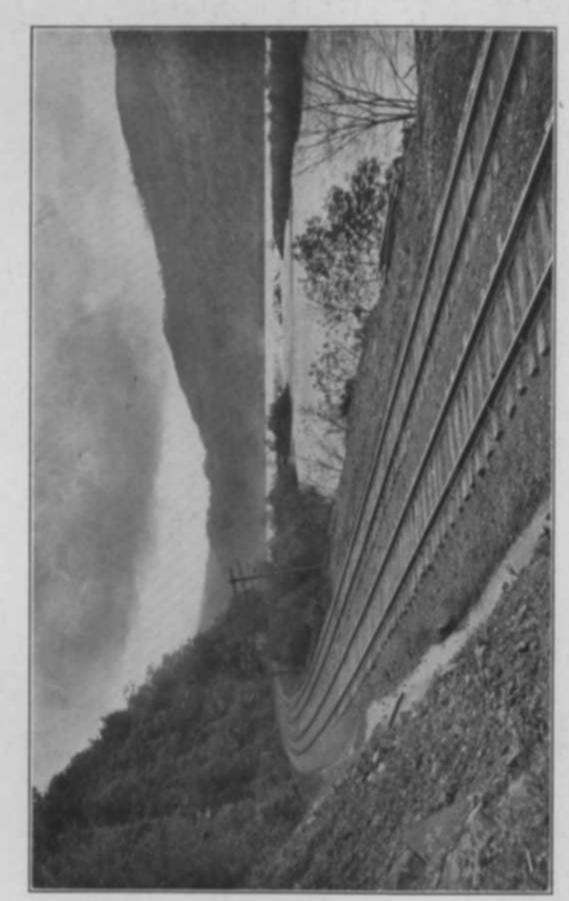
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