

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



The
SHRAPNEL
Nineteen Forty-One

Annual Yearbook of the Corps of Cadets

Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va.

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H. W. WELLS
Editor

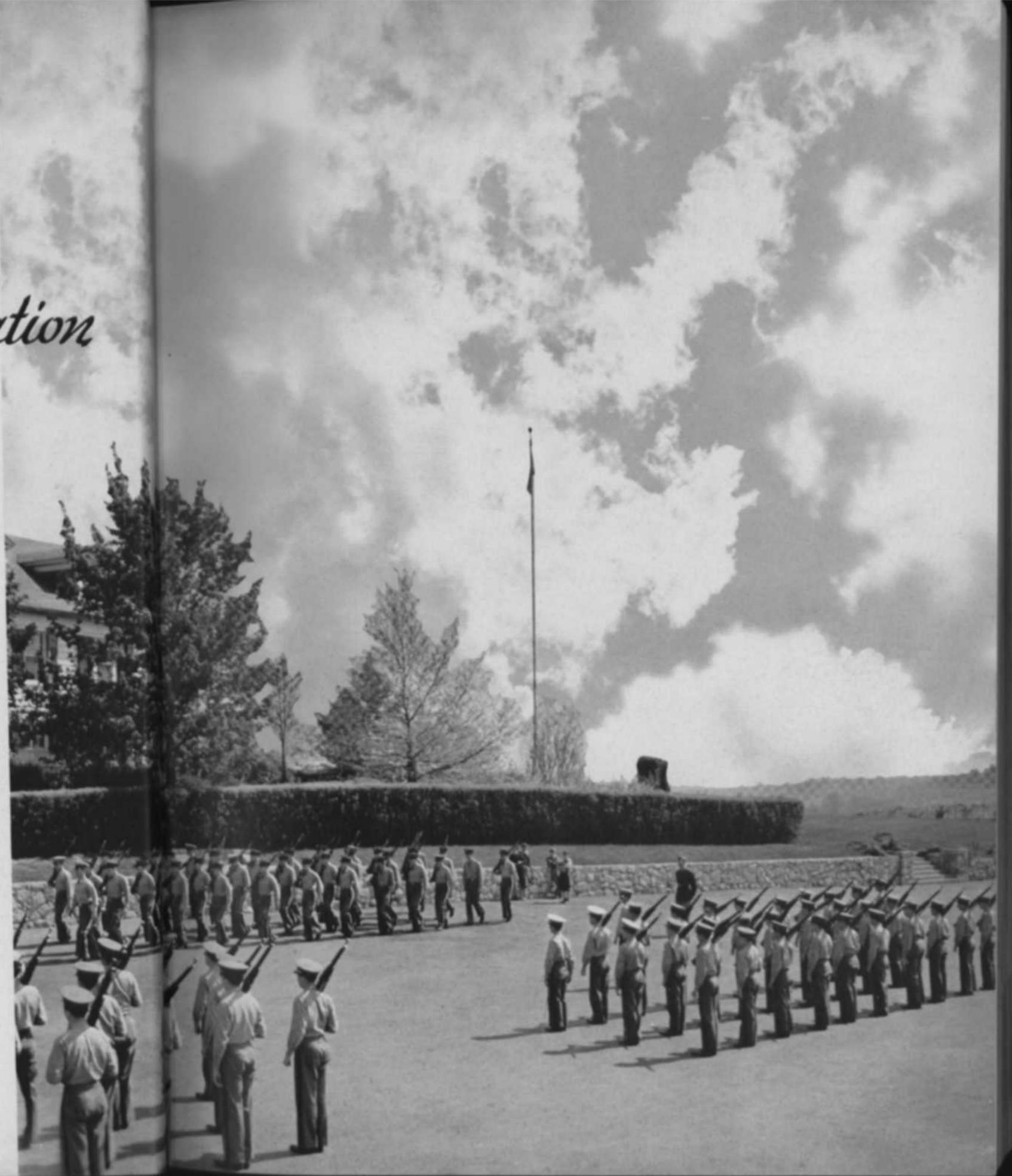
ERSKINE HUME, JR.
Manager



OUR DESTINY

Lies in the Future of the Nation

IT would be in exceptionally poor taste and more or less bordering on the facetious to say that we, the Senior Class of 1941, are graduating at a momentous time in Man's history. All of us, without a single exception, are more fully aware of domestic and foreign conditions than at any other period in our lives; we realize that, come what may, each one of us will be affected to the core by what transpires. But we are of one heart, and firm are our resolutions; deep in our souls is seated the unshakable conviction that our country and its way of life will emerge from its problems victoriously. The tempest's fury may be launched upon us in full, yet no one of us will lose faith. Each of us is responsible in some way that the great ship of state be piloted through the turbulent waters to the safety of the harbor's calm. For the destiny of our democracy is our destiny—and are we not impregnable in our fortress of justice and right?



CAPTAIN HARRISON S. DEY



DEDICATION



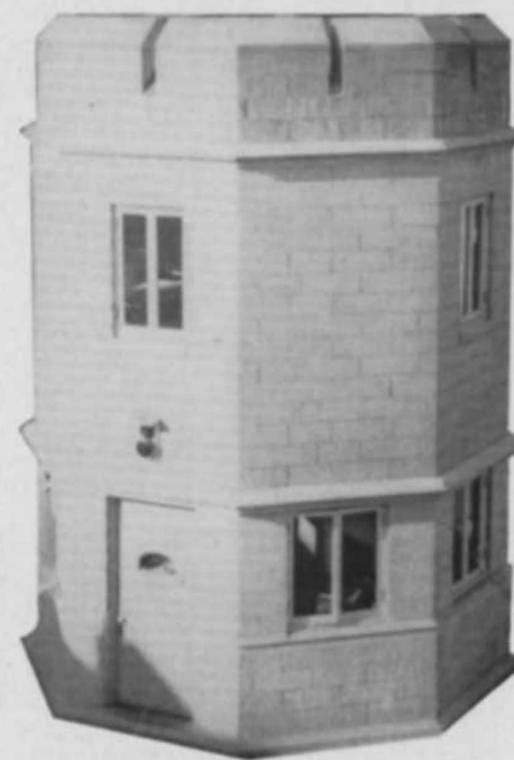
For the sincere role of companion and coach to the boys of basketball, football, and baseball, for stern but understanding guidance along the paths of history, for understanding of and sympathy towards the quirks of youth's mind, for devoting his talents to a career at the Staunton Military Academy, for all this, and more, we, the Senior Class of 1941, dedicate our annual to

CAPTAIN HARRY DEY.



CONTENTS

ACADEMY
CLASSES
MILITARY
ACTIVITIES
ATHLETICS
FEATURES



Book One

The
ACADEMY





Colonel McCabe

COLONEL E. R. WARNER McCABE
United States Army Retired
Superintendent

Colonel McCabe was born at Petersburg, Virginia, July 12, 1876; educated at the University School (Petersburg, Virginia), and the University of Virginia. He is a graduate of the Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth and Fort Riley, Kansas; the Artillery School at Fort Sill; the Army War College. His Army service included service in the Far East, in Mexico with the Pershing Expedition, and in the World War. He served as Military Attache at Prague, Czechoslovakia, and at Rome, Italy. He had varied and extensive Command and Staff duty during his Army career. His last two important assignments were Chief of Staff, Sixth Corps Area, Chicago, Illinois, 1936-37, and Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2 (Military Intelligence Division), War Department, Washington, D. C., to date of retirement in 1940. He assumed the duties of Superintendent of Staunton Military Academy March 10, 1941.

Major Wonson

Headmaster Emeritus

Major Wonson was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, educated at the Citadel (B.S. 1902), and Columbia University. He has been instructor in the public schools of Charleston, South Carolina (1902-10); instructor in history, (1910-11), post adjutant, (1911-13), assistant headmaster, (1913-20), and headmaster, (1920-39), of the Staunton Military Academy.

His long and distinguished service here is not terminated by his resignation from the position of headmaster, but promises to continue many more years. He is now head of the History Department.



Major Pence

Headmaster

Major Pence was born in Shenandoah County, Virginia. He studied at Roanoke College, (B.A.), Columbia University, (M.A.), University of Chicago, and University of Virginia.

He has been instructor in the Virginia public schools, (1912-13), principal, (1916-19), and instructor in mathematics at Staunton Military Academy, (1919-39). He was made acting-headmaster in 1939, headmaster in 1940.



Colonel Tuttle

L.T. COLONEL WILLIAM B. TUTTLE

Commandant of Cadets

United States Army

Colonel Tuttle was born in El Paso, Texas, in 1894; educated at New Mexico Military Institute and State College of New Mexico; Graduated Infantry School (Fort Benning, Georgia), and Command and General Staff School (Fort Leavenworth). Commissioned a Second Lieutenant in 1917, served with Third Infantry on Mexican Border; since stationed at Camp Sherman, Ohio, Fort Snelling, Minnesota, Tientsin, China (15th Infantry), Plattsburg, New York, and Fort Niagara, New York.



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*Business Manager
and Treasurer*



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*Alumni Secretary
Director of Athletics
Head Coach, Football*



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Adviser, THE SHRAPNEL*



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UNIVERSITE DE DIJON
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*Instructor in French
Adviser, "The Kablegram"*



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HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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Coach, J. D. Basketball and
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Adviser, Cotillion Club*



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UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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Tactical Officer
Instructor in Military Science



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ROBINSON, JR.
B.S. in Education
CAPTAIN, INFANTRY RESERVE
BROOKLYN POLYTECHNIC
DREXEL INSTITUTE
RUTGERS UNIVERSITY
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Shop, and Junior School
Science*



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HARVARD UNIVERSITY
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Tactical Officer

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BOSTON UNIVERSITY
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*Assistant Coach of Swimming
and Track*

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*House Mother for the
Junior School*

IN MEMORIAM

LEROY L. SUTHERLAND, B.S.

1908-1941
COLONEL S.M.A.
Instructor in Chemistry



THOMAS S. BEARDSWORTH

1908-1941
MAJOR S.M.A.
Instructor in Music



ROBERT E. BISCOE

1925-1940
CAPTAIN U. S. A. RESERVE
Instructor in English

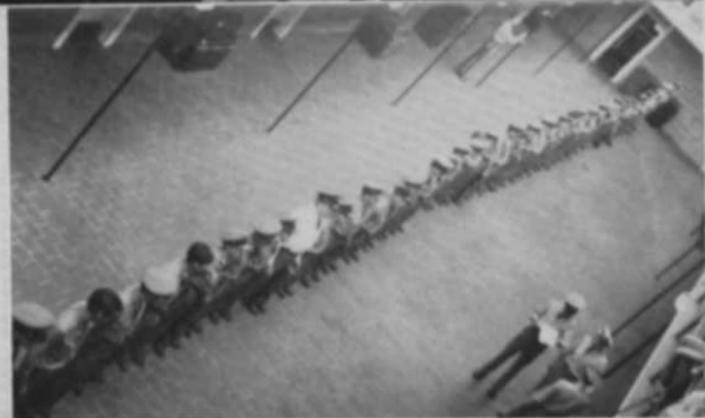




Book Tower

The
CLASSES





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The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



JOHN GEORGE ANDREWS

Cambridge, Ohio

Entered September, 1939

Private (I), Company B; Sergeant (II), Company B; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (II); Varsity Tennis Team (I); Varsity Tennis Team (II).

Meet the walking dictionary, folks. Andrews is the name—the scholar personified. That's him, the proud possessor of an infinite number of scholastic honors, medals, and what-have-you?

The only man in the corps who wrote a theme during Christmas—that's Andy. And frankly, this act is representative of Andy's whole outlook on life. But if one plans to enter dear old Harvard, one must diligently apply one's abilities in order to prepare for the rigorous curriculum of such a distinguished school, mustn't one? Assuredly. All heads nod in agreement, but only Andrews sincerely believes it.

If you wish to know any more about the exciting activities of this enterprising individual, speak to Steve Early about it. Steve says that Andy is certainly the only boy who brought his own mattress to school. Can you imagine that! Bringing an extra large sleeping cushion to a military school. Well, we'll let him have his fun. As long as he "rests" well at night we don't mind.



RICHARD H. ASH

Downingtown, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company A; Varsity Basketball Squad (I); Varsity Tennis Team (I).

This gay blade, young aspirant to West Point that he is (he approves of compulsory military training), is really, despite these bad features, a wonderful lad. Fable has it that on his trip to Washington for the "Point" exams, he actually knocked off a favorable grade. The only other comment is the fact that daily he saw much of a certain young lady attired in a red sweater.

There is a chance that he will be in command of a platoon some day, and then

Since he is a denizen of North Barracks, about the only thing in his favor is his choice of sports. Basketball and tennis hold no hidden pitfalls for this guy. Be good to him, all ye who fear the "draft," for he is a potential officer.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



JOHN HOWARD BALDRIDGE

Avalon, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1938

Private (I) Bugle Corps; Lance Corporal, Corporal, Sergeant (II) Bugle Corps; Lieutenant D.O.L. (III); Silent Drill Team (I, II); Vulture Club (III); Latin American Club (III); J. V. Football Squad (I, II); Company Basket-ball (I).

Baldrige, he of the Dog Brush, radios, and Vulture Club, is our nominee for champ idealist. Eternally dreaming of the little house with the white fence, he has shown great wisdom in the frequent repetition of the Baldrige-Wells war chant which concerns itself with the downfall of all mankind.

Few cadets, indeed, can lay claim to such a diversified collection of records as Baldrige. Ranging from hot to sweet and back again, even they show evidence of the Spanish influence upon the young man. As he spikes Spik the way a Spik would spike it, and as he made an excursion to Puerto Rico last Christmas furlough, this is only to be expected. The same goes for his rendition of La Conga.

However, we must add that the measures he has taken for the guidance of his wards—the second platoon J. D.—prove he is the paternal type.



CLAUDE LAWRENCE BALLENTINE, JR.

Columbus, Mississippi

Entered September, 1936

Private (I), Company D; Private (II), Company C; Lance Corporal, Corporal (III), Company A; Corporal, Sergeant (IV), Company A; Platoon Sergeant (V), Company C; Friday Night Riders (IV), *Kablegram* Staff (IV), Glee Club (IV); Friday Night Riders (V), *Kablegram* (V), SHRAPNEL Staff (V), Glee Club (V); Junior School Football, Baseball, Track (I).

Here's the boy—the one and only South Barracks addict who may be found any afternoon in one of the numerous bull sessions surrounded by a cloud of smoke, and roaring some song at the top of his—ahem—voice. Nobody has ever learned much about this fellow—that can be printed. He is one of the silent mysterious type, been hanging around here for the last five years and aside from one or two little jaunts here and there has kept in the black pretty well.

Seems that one day he joined the Medical corps and decided to establish a field hospital about five miles out of Winchester. The king didn't agree, and those two jolly comrades may be seen every Friday night keeping company in the South Barracks Emporium. Ain't love grand? My, my. One night he was found with a certain can in his room, and when asked the meaning of this he very modestly replied that it was one of his secret sins that he wanted to see his name in print all the time. As we gaze into our crystal ball we can see it now—purity, body and flavor! Nice work, boy, and lots of luck—you'll need it.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



DAVID EDWARD BARKER
Austin, Texas

Entered September, 1938

Private (I), Band; Corporal, Sergeant (II), Band; First Sergeant (III), Band; Friday Night Riders (II-III), SHRAPNEL Staff (III).

Now here's a wonderful specimen of—well, let it go at that: we have censors too. Anyway, if you want to get my meaning, I merely wanted to say that he is a wonderful manipulator of the saxophone. Watch him at Band practice some day as he lovingly caresses his cherished instrument. They say he gets a new mouthpiece each week. Must be the way he plays it.

This little angel from Texas is indeed the most formidable lady killer on the hill. Anyway, a woman killer. If you don't believe us just ask him. And he's a two-gun man also. Did he ever tell you about the time he shot the horse from under the sheriff? You have missed a lot if you've never got him going on some of his episodes back home.

Of course, up here he tries to act civilized so he won't scare the poor little Yankees too much with his backwoods Texas manners. You know how they are down there—no horseless carriages or anything like that; just plain old fashioned. And if you ever hear different, stranger, just you bet your boots that the other guy is plumb crazy.



WILLIS EDGAR BARTHOLOMEW

Columbus, Ohio

Entered September, 1939

Private (I), Company C; Corporal (II), Company C; Varsity Baseball Team (I-II), Junior Varsity Football Team (II).

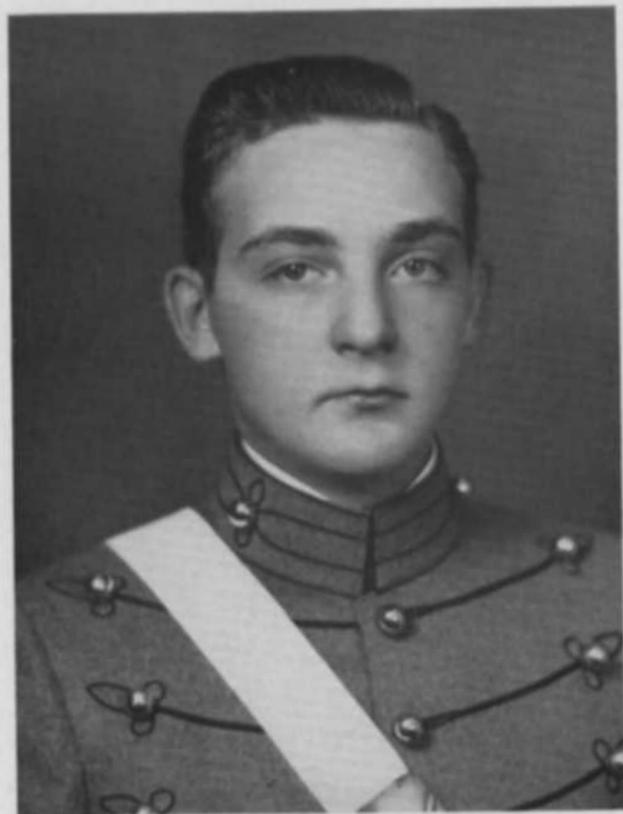
And here, women and children, we have that bouncing babe of bounty, Bart. During the two years that Bart has been slouching around the S. M. A. campus, he has become noted for two things.

First, he is the only lad we've ever run across who at every opportunity would indicate his pedal extremities with a grinning "Ain't they big?" Ask him about the time he lined his canal boats up with those of some other lads in order that a pictorial record might be made.

Secondly, who can ever forget how hot runs the baseball blood in Bart's veins? If he couldn't be found chewing the rag in South about the game, he was certain to be located on the field, a glove in his hand and a fanatical gleam in his eye. Remember Kaczynski and that old second base episode, Bart?



The Forty-One Edition



SIGMOND A. BEAR

Wilmington, North Carolina

Entered September, 1940

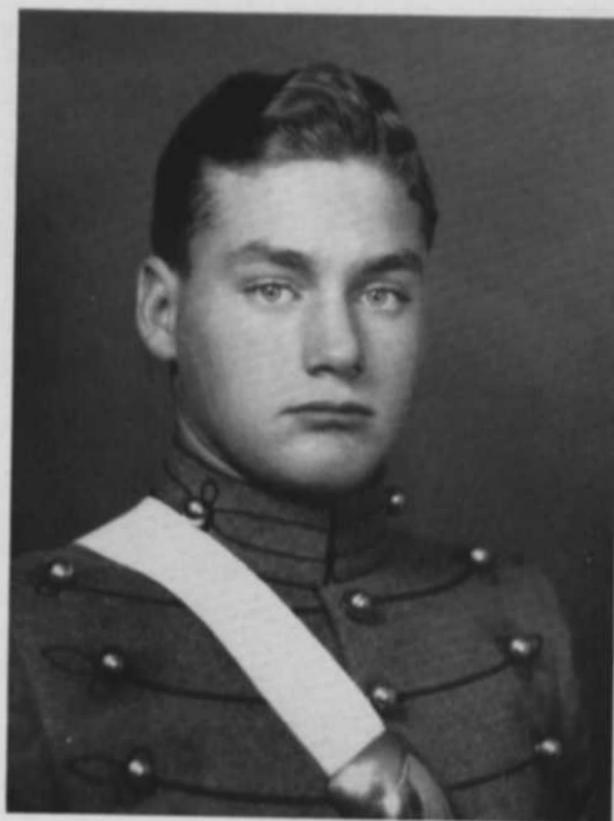
Private (I) Company B; Honor Society (I); Junior Varsity Football Manager (I).

At S. M. A. it is very unusual to find a boy who is a woman killer from way back and who does not make sure that everybody in the corps knows about it. Sig has kept "her" and her special delivery letters which come at frequent and regular intervals, pretty much of a secret to the corps. He has, however, not been able to subdue his scientific spirit and has often been known to remain in his room, hours at a time, working on some new device for one of his little model cars that spend a lot of time going nowhere around in a circle.

Sig is a rebel willing to fight to protect the honor of the little brown flag. Many an argument has been started by him on this subject, but somehow they always end in talk about S. M. A. food. To console his heart, which burns at the thought of this subject, he decides to go to town with Carneghi, who obtains the leave that Col. Tuttle seems never to refuse, a mystery to M. S. III and IV boys.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ALAN BLAIR BELOFF

New London, Connecticut

Entered September, 1937

Private (I) Company C; Lance-Corporal, Corporal (II), Company C; Sergeant, Platoon Sergeant (III), Companies C and A; Second Lieutenant (IV) Company A; Varsity Swimming Team (II, III, IV); Varsity Swimming Squad (I); Track Squad (II); Junior Varsity Football Squad (III); Spring Boxing Squad (III).

"What d'ya say, Ace?"

Who's going to carry on with that salutary greeting when Ace Beloff, the Connecticut Yankee himself, is gone? Who's going to be able to develop a similar system for mixing women with training and still coming out on top? Night life didn't bother Ace; the next morning after a little party he could go down to the pool and knock off the fifty-yard freestyle in 26 seconds flat.

Reference is made especially to that special order proposition of a year back. Colonel Tuttle didn't learn all the details by a long shot, did he, Ace? But that's all liquid gone under the bridge now; so we'll overlook it. Too bad you didn't take up boxing sooner, though. But what could you have done with Captain Joe on one side and Lieutenant Onesty on the other?

Queller of riots in "A's" second platoon, Ace has shown to all his military capabilities, capabilities which smack of a Napoleon meeting his Waterloo.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ISIDORO RAMON BENAVIDES

Havana, Cuba

Entered September, 1937

Private (I) Company A; Corporal, Private, Lance Corporal (II), Company C; Corporal, Private (III), Company B; Platoon Sergeant (IV) Company E; Spanish Club (I, II); Boxing Squad (I).

And then there was the guy from Havana, Cuba, who kept the Commandant and his stooges on their toes for four years. Ben belongs to the Schroder-Vidal clan of extra-curricular experts. And so he and the boys always have some horrible scheme for making the faculty in their vicinity miserable.

You've all heard the song "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga"; well, a studio on the first gallery South advertises—"Two Lessons from Signor Benny." Ask Handsome Tommy as to the success of these lessons—in Rhumba, of course.

In the field of academic laurels Benny is no slouch. Many's the proud headmaster who has fastened a ninety pin on that great chest. He is well known too, for his dignified, sober acceptance of certain principles of higher mathematics. All in all the school will sure miss Benny, especially the Commandant, Herr Tuttle (and how).



VIRGIL W. BOGUE

Geneva, Ohio

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Band; Disciplinary Sergeant (II) Band; Y. M. C. A. (I, II); Dance Band (I).

This is the story of Virgil Bogue. It is short, for Virgil is yet a youth. During the summer (or so the legend goes) he manages a state wide chain of hot dog stands. But at S. M. A. he contents himself with cokes and week-end excursions about the countryside. Reminiscent of his rat year at S. M. A. are a bass viol (or a vile bass) and a head of flying black hair. That was more than a year ago when Lieutenant Digges's Blue Knights were beating things out.

One more point. Virgil is, as far as we can be determined, the first disciplinary sergeant to be ever beheld in full array at S. M. A. And how that boy shines! In the dimness of the future, ex-kaydets will recall with mingled emotions the time when they, too, were part of Virgil's ball and chain gang.



The Forty-One Edition



ALEXANDER BORDEN

Hartford, Connecticut

Entered September, 1940

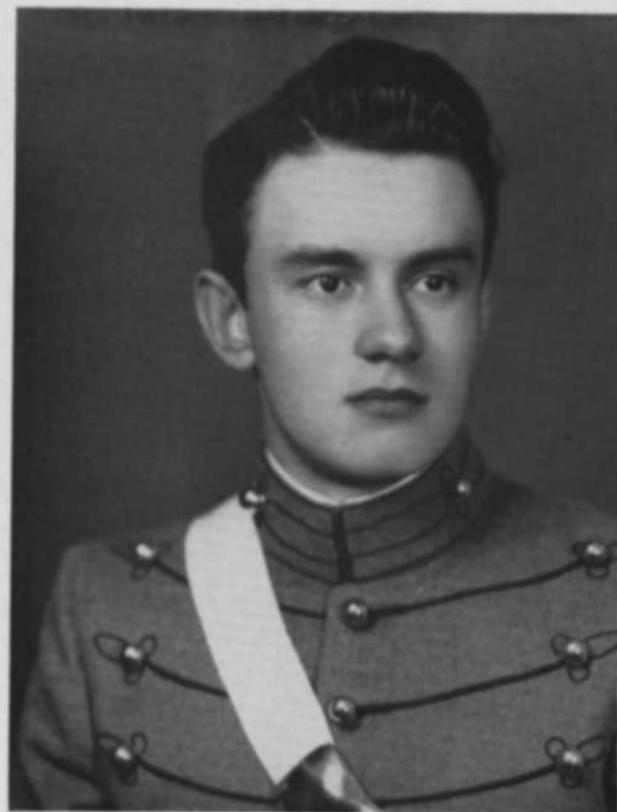
Private (I) Company A; Varsity Swimming Squad (I).

It seems a man named Marconi did a lot for radio; likewise it seems a man named Farnsworth did a lot for television. But these are two out of millions, and one of those millions is Alex Borden. You know, Borden's milk. That's his pop, or else it's his uncle or an aunt. Milk doesn't interest Alex, though. While at S. M. A. he divided his time between swimming and tinkering with his little five watter. Ever walk into that guy's room? If you can worm your way through those fifty or sixty radio sets, you'll find Alex industriously bent over still another mess of wires and tubes. Upon inquiring you'll find that none of them are his; he's fixing bad sets for friends. It's no wonder Holt's lost business insofar as repairing radios is concerned this year.

Ah well, once there was a Krey; now there's Borden. The next lad will have to go a long way to beat Alex's talent, though, and we're willing to put our money where our mouths are.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ROBERT L. BRUCE, JR.

New Martinsville, West Virginia

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Band; Glee Club (I), Dance Band Leader (I).

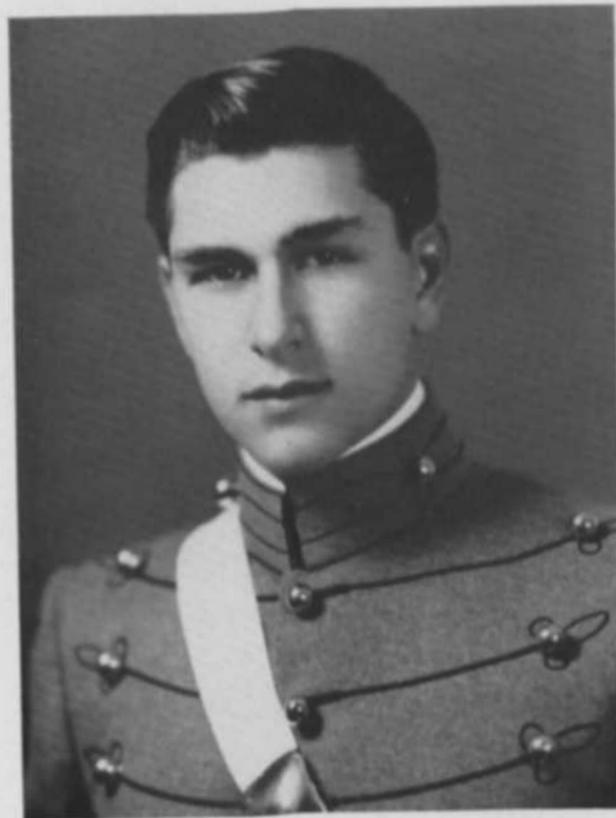
This West Virginia mountaineer came down out of the hills last September with a horn under his arm and a song in his heart. Later, after much practice in his moss covered den in the Stable, he attained a degree of skill worthy only of Lieutenant Tharp's proteges and was deemed to be of the proper caliber for the band.

Being a lover of both a good pipe and women, he has been quite at home among the Vultures. In fact he has smilingly swept away the litter of many battles and midnight parties sponsored by that organization. In fact he has been the wielder of the most efficient broom on the First Detail. We must also commend the lad on his choice of women. In spite of the influence of a Baldwinite roommate, he still is true to his mountain butterfly.



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ADOLPH BRUNI
Birmingham, Michigan
Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company C, Corporal (II) Company C; Varsity Football Squad (I), J. V. Basket-ball (I), Company Softball (I, II), Boxing Squad (II), Track Squad (II).

Don't look now, but here's the lad who has a double blessing; a brother at the Citadel and the middle name of Longevilla. He also used to be able to play the accodian, but he had to give that business up.

Lately he's been pretty tied up with Pinand and McCutcheon in beating a path from S. M. A. study hall to M. B. C. to the Dixie to the Arc and back. There's an occasional layover at the infamous M. B. C. Green Room. We won't have time to go into that now.

Our supposition is that Adolf is on the ball academically. Why else would he be getting a diploma? We don't know how "C" Company is going to get along without him; the officers sure will have an easy job not having to think of comebacks to his gripes and wisecracks.



THOMAS HENRY BURKHEIMER
Seattle, Washington
Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Co. A; Sergeant (II) Co. A; Varsity Track (I); J. V. Basket-ball (I); Varsity Basket-ball (II).

Here is one of those boys from way up in Washington, and we don't mean D. C. A pet pastime of Tom's is to run through the morning paper just to see if Seattle is mentioned. If it is, nothing can disturb him for the rest of the day. Fortunately, whenever Tom gets homesick he takes his big rubber thumb and just heads to Highway Eleven. It's a sure trick to catch the attention of the passing motorists, especially the femmes.

Distant family relationships have always been confusing, even for this lad. When women, however, from so near as Stuart Hall claim him, it's time to take notice. What was that gal's name?

One of Captain Dey's protegés, he has labored valiantly down in the big gym. Even looks like a pro if you're not too close.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



IRVING BUSSEL

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Co. A; Varsity Basket-ball (I); Company Softball (I).

As cadets come and go, year in and year out, as cadets make their place here at the academy, and as cadets leave this noble shrine to make their place in the world, there is a constant but gradual stream of students who, we are forced to admit, are of the BusseL type. Yes—a typical cadet, this fellow. He lives in his North Barracks cavity with little time to study and much time to dribble bull. However, this New Jersey boy may not need the amount of studying that certain cadets require, for he seems to be a junior Aristotle in the squares and cubes of geometry—a hive, some call him.

He is the boy who beats a ball around a basket-ball floor in the true spirit of S. M. A.—refusing to play basket-ball without his private little set of bars in front of his face. He originated the cry of "Hey, you, you in the bird cage!" Then after spending the afternoon in bars, he waits until the proper time for an escape from his room has arrived, and then he rushes out after taps and does his rounds of the local dives. Looking for barracks-breakers—in "line of duty."



JOHN CALVIN BUTNER, JR.

Penny Farms, Florida

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company C; Corporal (II) Company C; Varsity Football Team (I and II); Varsity Swimming Team (I and II); Varsity Tennis Team (I and II).

Ever hear of "Muscles" Butner, the man of the dumb-bells and the Annapolis intentions? The boy is also known as "jitters," flying tailback of the Varsity football team. We think he spent a season with the swimming team, too, although he's done so much in his two years at S. M. A. that we aren't sure.

One thing can be said in this boy's favor, though—he can take his women or leave them alone. Why, he's never seen the inside of M. B. C. Reason? What's that Lakeland girl's name, Johnny? Mary Jo, isn't it?

Another thing about "Jitters": he has drums. Lots of drums. And cymbals and tom-toms and bells, to boot. And he knows how to play them in a way that would raise the dead. At times he does; but we have yet to test him with any handy cadavers.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ALBERT J. CARNEGHI

Great Neck, New York

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company B; Honor Society (I), J. V. Football (I).

A "hive" from the lower leagues (MS I) and one of those individuals who room on Kable's lower veranda! "Best Rat" Carneghi has seen the rise of a new régime at S. M. A. It will be many moons before we again hear Al's bellow concerning the rat regulations, and their ancestors.

He has, at different times, created in the minds of the oppressed the violent idea of revolution and the new era. His cry of "Down With Orderlies Out" has been quelled innumerable times by vigilantes Russell and Brown and Andrews. Also given to the habit of beating small children over the head with old socks, he has led what might be referred to as a tasty life; a very tasty life.

Although we don't like to mention it (jealousy, y' know), we should put in something about Al's grades. In spite of the fact that he is always cheerfully slaphappy, his academics never seem to suffer.



WILLIAM URIAH CLYBURN

Kershaw, South Carolina

Entered September, 1939

Private (I), Company A; Lance Corporal, Corporal (II) Company A; Supply Sergeant (III), Company A; Technical Color Sergeant (III), Headquarters; First Lieutenant (IV), Company A.

Bill Clyburn, fellows, is one of those real Southern Gentlemen. Chivalrous to the last degree, he gives the local ladies many opportunities to gaze upon his well-combed locks, even going so far as to make Herb sweep out the barber shop twice every time he gets his ears lowered.

Not being satisfied with the usual means of transportation, he has sprouted wings—hence the pilot's license. And not without profit—his accounts of the MBC roofs will long be remembered. A battle-scarred veteran in good standing, Bill has been able to accomplish many and varied bits of skull-duggery not mentioned in the catalog. We believe he will understand when we quote, "Oh, Yehudi, look what we've got." He's the man who slept through that midnight stroll of "A" Company last year, and when they did finally wake him up he went over and asked the major, "What the hell's the idea of getting me up in the middle of the night?" Yes, sir, that Clyburn boy is really on the beam.



The Forty-One Edition of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ANDREW DEWING
Wellesley, Massachusetts
Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Corporal (II) Company C; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (I, II); Y. M. C. A. (I, Vice-President II).

Here he is, gentlemen. Meet the big-wig politician from New England. He has spent two years at S. M. A. and still thinks that the third term is the best going. But his merits make up for that rather sad deficiency.

Among other things, he has enhanced the meetings of the Woodrow Wilson Literary Society with his presence. Who will ever forget that now classic opening of his discussion of European affairs. As recorded in the annals of the Society, the innocently made remark was "Italy has Greece on her hands."

This then, is Andy Dewing, self-styled humorist of chance. Let him wander from the smallness of our flock the vastness of Harvard to enter, and let him succumb as Fate shall will.



STEPHEN T. EARLY, JR.
Washington, District of Columbia
Entered September, 1938

Private (I) Company C; Corporal, Sergeant, Technical Sergeant (II) Ordnance; Lieutenant (III) Ordnance; Rifle Team (I, Captain II, III).

Although Steve came to us two years ago, it was not until his coming out with the Staff that he became really well known. And he is a true staff man—a being with the reputation of sitting always on the inside of every one of the black and mysterious doings of the inner office, or the lion's den.

We had always thought him to be quiet, efficient, and pretty much of a woman-hater, but a slip was finally made. It was discovered that he was an expert hunter—of "rabbits" and "pigeons." As befits such a hunter, he is a dead shot on the rifle range. He has aptly proven this and other merits by being elected captain of the Rifle Team.

With all his graces, however, we find that Stevie has followed in the footsteps of the great Ordnance men and is slightly temperamental. And so, as this magnificent example of just what we don't know passes from our sight, we rise in salute, and say in adieu: Early to rise and early to bed makes a man wise but socially dead!



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



JUDSON M. ELLIS, JR.
McKeesport, Pennsylvania
Entered September, 1940
Private (I), Company A.

And here we have the perfect example of what will happen to the innocent, pure young ones who arrive at this shrine of learning every year. When "dimple chin" Jud enrolled here last September, he thought, spoke, or saw no evil. But now squint at him! (And he wasn't wisecracking when he challenged Lord Plushbottom—sometimes known as Captain Potter—to a duel on the gallery of North.) We never learned the gory details of the battle, but we do know that Jud was the loser.

Although we thought for a while that this brutal defeat would take our comrade down a peg or two, we now admit we were far wrong. It is rumored in these parts that our esteemed friend went with a few other cadets to some "off limits" caves not far from our noble institution and played the leading role in a great underground drama. If it hadn't been for Judd's kind heart, the story goes, some poor lad would still be roosting high up on a crevasse.



THOMAS WATKINS ENCK
Biglerville, Pennsylvania
Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company C; Glee Club (I); Varsity Football, All-State (I); Varsity Basket-ball, Baseball (I).

Once each decade there comes to S. M. A. a wonder boy. (No Superman stuff—just a natural, American wonder boy.) This decade his name is Tom Enck. Not only was this boy a member of the football, basket-ball, and baseball varsity teams, chosen as one of the All-state ends last fall, but he was also possessor of a very—and we are serious—high academic rating.

But in spite of all his more brilliant achievements Tom prides himself particularly upon his abilities as a lover. Tom knows the type he is—there's a neat little trick back home to whom he has remained absolutely faithful during the whole year.

When Tom and Dick Presbrey first arrived at S. M. A., they seemed to all to be two little babes in the woods. Now they emerge as two shining examples of success through modesty. Never a boast, never a brag—Tom, that, coming from us, is something you can really be proud to think about.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



MATTHEW G. ETTINGER

Newark, New Jersey

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Corporal (II) Company B; Junior Varsity Basketball Squad (I).

When the strident tones of an embryonic Caruso are heard along the inner recesses of Kable Hall, all know that once again that man Ettinger is airing his tonsils. Screeches that would impress even a Metropolitan impresario echo through the transoms of great and small alike.

As to extra curricular activities, including occasional sorties with the Vulture Club, Ettinger has done much scheming with cohort Miller, planning for a super band that would give Harry James some real competition. A set-back was the realization that the name "Silly Symphonies" was copyrighted.

Laboring through physics with phenomenal speed, Ettinger has been Major James's sporadic pride and joy, and has viewed many weird "incidents." Representative was the query made after the demonstration of the thermostat, in which sirens howl, lights flash, and water sprays the floor. Remembering the previous year's work, he asked, "What happened to the buzzer?"



EVERETT J. FERGUSON

Woodhaven, New York

Entered September, 1937

Private (I) Company C; Corporal (II) Company A; First Sergeant (III) Company A; Captain (IV) Company A; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (I); Y. M. C. A. (II); Dramatic Club (II); Treasurer Senior Class; Junior Varsity Football (I); Boxing Squad (I, II).

Here we have the perfect example of the super-man, only in a somewhat smaller edition. This "most military cadet" came to this place four years ago, and has gone places since. They say when he came here he was placid—well, look at him now; a real man in every sense of the word. He is a perfect example of what happens if you stay around this hole too long.

We hear from our scout that he has really made some headway with the women and, playing the field, he has refused to specialize. We imagine that the years he spent here were not exactly fruitless.

A veteran of various campaigns near Sorrels Hill, he can tell many lurid tales from the hills. And so we leave the answer to a woman's prayer, praying for another prey, and immersed in the contemplation of the infinite.



The Forty-One Edition



ARTHUR THEODORE FLUM

Bridgeton, New Jersey

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Band; Blue Knights (I); Boxing Squad (I).

Well, well, well, another damn Yankee, and from New Joisy, too; but we must admit that this guy Flum is not of the "Greasy Gus" type. In fact, he is well liked by most of us—maybe it's because he's so different. Instead of being a typical S. M. A. cadet and going around shooting bull and raising hell, he prefers to play his sax or clarinet. It is not at all unusual to see him and about five others in Olsen's room "swinging out."

About the books? Again he's different; he's got brains!

Oh, not to forget anything: Flum is one of the "toughies" of North Barracks, being one of Captain Joe's faithfuls. He shows promise of being a boxer—some day. This should come in handy, if, or when, he turns out to be a lover. Though his known work in this line is limited, we know still waters flow deep.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



RUDOLPH T. FREY, JR.

Montclair, New Jersey

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company A; Varsity Football; Varsity Boxing.

The "Big Boy," as he is known to learned members of boxing circles, is here for his first and last year. His attributes are many. Besides boxing, he played football here and has starred on Major James's terrific third tier.

Deciding early in his career at S. M. A. not to be bullied, he has made North Barracks an interesting place for the old boys as well as the new. The "Terror," or "The Idol of the 'Hill,'" as one newspaper put it, has only one fault: he refuses to visit the "Hen Coop" even for a second. This we can understand, not having had that fault ourselves—every man to his taste.

Despite "trig" and destiny and study hall, he has completed what outwardly appears to be a successful year. His own thoughts, however, are known but to few.



The Forty-One Edition



EUGENE FROST, JR.
Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Entered September, 1936

Private (I) Companies A and C; Private (II) Companies C and E; First Sergeant Ordnance, Private Company A, Private Ordnance, Sergeant Ordnance (III); First Lieutenant Ordnance and Headquarters Company (IV); Major Commander First Battalion (V); Officers' Club (IV, V); President Officers' Club and Vice-President Senior Class (V); Rifle Team and J. V. Baseball (I); Boxing Squad (II, III, IV); Company Softball (II, III, IV, V); J. V. Football (IV, V).

Gaze upon this face with alacrity and foreboding, dear reader. Has it ever appeared above you at midnight and interrupted a sound sleep by mouthing "Got anything to eat?" Yes, sir, if your belly crawls at attention, keep Pete in sight; he will lead you to something edible.

Gaze again upon this cherubic little face basking in the glory of its innocence. And then, those of you who hail from the old guard, try to remember the North Barracks incident of four years ago that dealt with water flooding all six washrooms. Never thought we'd dig that one up, did you, Pete? He has, however, made great strides between then and now. It's even been whispered that he's a lover—writes very ardent letters.

One thing we'd like to know before closing, Peter—who's taking over your drag with Cris?



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



JOHN WILLIAM GREENE
Wheeling, West Virginia
Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Sergeant (II) Company A; Varsity Tennis team (I, II).

Presenting, men, women, and children, Jack Greene, the man of the silvery tenor and the tennis racquet. He sings in the showers and swats on the sward. (Grass courts, which we got none of them.) To go further, he leads the glee club and captains the tennis team. Here, then, is a man.

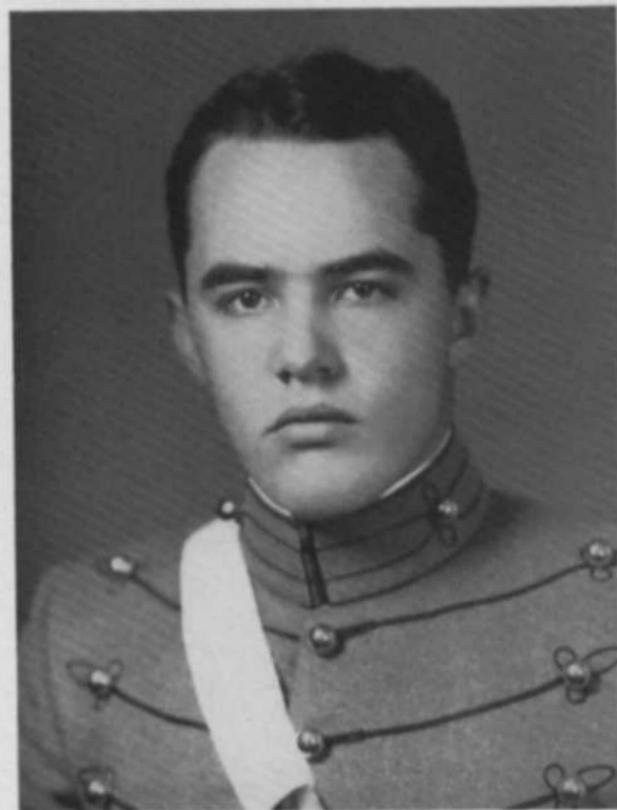
And we mean it. All unknowingly, Ham Wells has a hail-fellow-well-met comrade, for strong, rugged, and outstanding as Jack is, not once has he passed between the two bronze dogs guarding the M. B. C. portals. The inmates' affected sophistication means nothing to this heroic specimen.

Thus it may be assumed Jack will accomplish much in this world. Maybe Wheeling, West Virginia, will be his vocation. Ugh! We know that st—has characteristics offensive to the sensitive schnozzle.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



GEORGE GORDON HACKER

Stanley, North Carolina

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company C.

When a girl sighs and wants to know who that tall, dark, and handsome "C" Company youth with the Cahlahna accent is, the rest of the boys reply, "Oh, him? His name's Hacker." And so, in this manner, let us be introduced to him. His name is Gordon Hacker, and North Carolina breeds no better type.

When Gordon first arrived in South Barracks, he roomed close to our beloved Pete Frost. In the days that followed, a beautiful friendship budded, bloomed, and bore fruit—for Pete loved to swing a paddle, and Gordon loved to do things wrong. How many "Rat Rules" did you violate, anyway?

At least you're in good training for those freshman initiations next year; you'll show those "frat" boys what an S. M. A. graduate can stand. If you can stand it!



HARRY HARNER

Staunton, Virginia

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Staunton Detachment; Sergeant (II); Varsity Football, Basket-ball, Baseball Teams (I and II).

Harry Grass Eagle-eye Harner, that galloping ghost of the gridiron, that Hank Lusetto of the basketball court, and that Babe Ruth of the outfield is leaving S. M. A. Bow your heads in mournin', chillun.

Harry, besides being a versatile athlete, has conquered the "fair" hearts of many a Southern gal. But his O. A. O. resides down Richmond way. My, aren't long distance calls expensive, Harry? Grass has been trying to catch up with Jewett in the academic department all year. Take our advice, Harry, and confine your attempts to catching up with somebody on the football field.

Although just another "day-dodger" in the King's language, we must admit Harry has at times acted really civilized. Handsome Harry especially will miss Harner, Harry; maybe the rest of us will, too. (But not Major Brice!)



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



WILLIAM MONTGOMERY HAWKINS

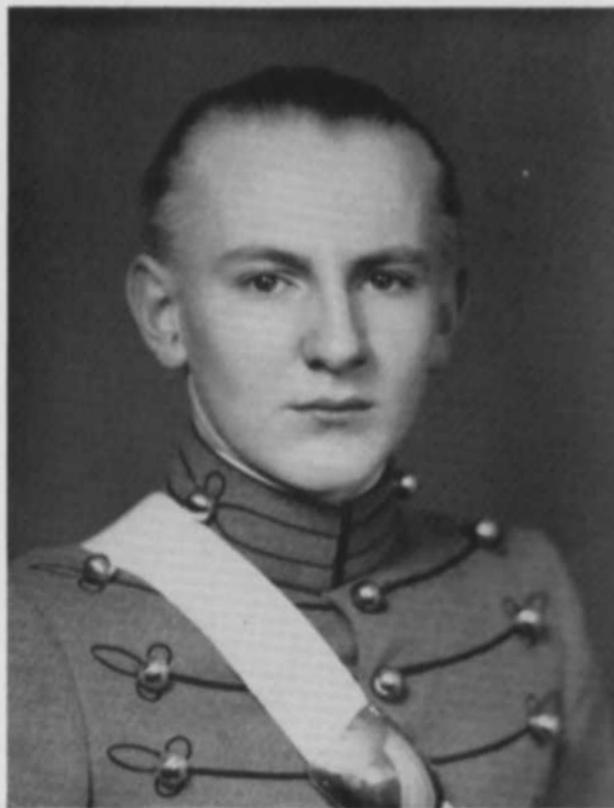
New Martinsville, West Virginia

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company B; Vulture Club (I); Glee Club (I); Varsity Football, Basketball, Track Teams (I); Company Softball (I).

Residing next to the trajectory of North Barracks' nightly barrage of "ink" bottles and "trash" cans, Hawkins has exercised remarkable will power this year (as far as we know he has!) in remaining the innocent youth he was when first he knocked on Staunton portals. We say "innocent," for that's what he was—a big, barefoot lad from someplace the other side of yonder. He had good reason to be barefoot—he'd always had to use his toes to get around, heretofore. He claims that at home you have to get off your mule fifty miles from the colony and proceed the rest of the way by grapevine, swinging through the trees like Tarzan.

At Staunton, Hawkins has not been entirely incommunicado with the old country. He gets the *Wetzel Republican*, local clarion which puts out special editions every hog killin' and Sadie Hawkins day! By the way, Sadie was originally in the same clan as our boy. In fact, we have it that it was his shyness that started the whole thing.



JOHN CALVIN HENNEBERGER

Greencastle, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company B; Sergeant (II) Company B.

Here's that man with the blonde hair and ready smile—Henneberger. He's a quiet, gentle lad; lets you go merrily on your way until two months pass after you borrowed that two bits. Then he beats you over the head!

A night-rider of no mean ability, Henny capitalizes upon his youthfully innocent face in evading faculty after taps. In spite of numerous sorties with Greasy Gus, he always seems to come out on top with a blibby in one hand and a wad of wet paper in the other. He also always (until the present time) appears to come out on top in Trig exams. Why, he not only is passing, himself, but also is doing a good job in getting several other members of the class through.

As a final word it should be pointed out to him that, although he voted for his company commander for Biggest Hell Raiser, that fact was never held against him.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



CHARLES B. HEWITT, JR.

Port Washington, New York

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Corporal, Sergeant (II) Company A; Boxing Squad (I), Varsity Boxing team (II).

People, meet Charles B. Hewitt, Jr., and stand back. Two-fisted, hard-hitting blond Adonis of Captain Joe's work (that's Charlie's version), he is not the first of his family to arrive for a stay at S. M. A. Ask any of the town taxi-drivers about his—oh, well, let us be content to say Charlie is living up to a certain predecessor's reputation.

Going into full swing to make certain of success in his last year, our Charles, our Casanova, our Greek god, has captured, by force, you understand, the hearts of many a fair local career woman.

State champ of the 145-pound boxing class, "Hansum" really came out on top. Long may he prosper in this and his sundry other trades.



HAROLD MELVILLE HINKSON, JR.

Princeton, New Jersey

Entered September, 1938

Private (I) Company B; Lance Corporal, Corporal (II) Company B; Platoon Sergeant, Company B, Staff Sergeant (III); J. V. Football Squad (I); Manager of Track Team (II).

You are now looking at the picture of one of the boys who managed to get on the military staff as a typist. Ask any cadet how this is done and he will be glad to tell you. Harold is also one of the great lovers that we have floating around the school. When he and his roommate, Sandford, get to talking about their "Flames" it is time for you to be leaving. If you don't leave they will have you believing that you are in love also.

If there is any "Hell" being raised in Kable Stables you will always find Harold and Sanford in the middle of things. They are usually doing all their dirty work after taps when they should be good little boys and get in bed.

We are still wondering how Harold managed to get out of this den of a thousand deaths with his ever present effervescent smile. We feel a cheshire cat is involved in his ancestors despite contrary opinions we have heard.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



OLIVER Z. HOGE, JR.

Staunton, Virginia

Entered September, 1937

Private (I, II) Company A; Corporal (III) Staunton Detachment; First Sergeant (IV) Staunton Detachment; Junior Varsity Swimming Team (IV); Golf team (IV).

It seems like only yesterday that Ozzie was selling papers up here at the entrance to the dancing room. Now look at him! A first sergeant in the day-dodger outfit. At least, they call it an outfit.

Not only has he become proficient in the military scheme of things, being one of the "king's" hives, but Ozzie has also advanced in other lines. He was even seen at a dance with a date, and it's rumored that there was an "affair of the heart" in Buena Vista (but we've been asked not to mention that).

Anyway, we expect to see this lad wolfing his way merrily along through the not too distant future, and properly headlighted, as usual. He won't have so far to go to reunions, come to think of it.



ALBERT DANIEL HOWELL

Morgantown, West Virginia

Entered September, 1935
(Because of sickness missed 1938-1939)

Private (I) Company A; Corporal (II) Company B; Sergeant (III) Company A; Medical Sergeant (IV) Headquarters Company; First Lieutenant (V) Companies D and C; Honor Company (II); Business Manager *Kablegram* (IV), *Kablegram* (V); Associate Editor *SHRAPNEL* (V); Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (V); Vulture Club (V); Company Basketball and Baseball (II); Varsity Basketball Squad (III).

Al is one of those lads who are ready to defend "them hills" at the very drop of a moonshine bottle. A believer in the simple, rugged life, he has often amused the cohorts of Kable by relating a story about a certain rock.

He is an optimistic student of French II. (You have to be optimistic in French II). Many's the time when Major Pitcher has barged into the room just two seconds after a copy of *Esquire* had been hidden away and asked the Hayseed what he was doing. "Oh, just studying some of Petty's—ah—'Sans Famille,'" was the reply. This was not the only time his quick wits rescued Al from the clutches of Colonel Tuttle. We cite the time Rules and Regulations caught him strolling down the hallway at ten-thirty. "Who's there?" thunder the stentorian tones. "Just Cadet Schultz, Sir."



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



EDGAR ERSKINE HUME, JR.

Frankfort, Kentucky
Entered September, 1939

Private (I), Company A; Sergeant (II), Company A and E; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (I, II), *Kablegram* (I, II), SHRAPNEL (I, II); Glee Club (I); Secretary (II), Treasurer (II), Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Business and Advertising Manager, SHRAPNEL (II).

If ever a perpetual motion picture machine is invented, its inventor will be this V. M. I. bound keydet. Of that we are certain, for hasn't Ed already accomplished a perpetual smile of good humor and best wishes to all? No one really knows what he looks like; no one ever will until he comes out from behind that masking grin.

Edgar has built up one reputation at this school; all consider him the only person who did any work on the SHRAPNEL. The editors-in-chief were true to form and accomplished nothing. It was always Business Manager Hume who kept the presses rolling and the type oiled!

(Trumpets and flourish.) It is even rumored that Major Brice was accustomed to nights of insomnia following W.W.L.S. debates in which Secretary Hume held the hall in hushed awe. But be that as it may, the Major will certainly have to cast around for another good debater next year.



ALBERT L. HUTSON, JR.

Washington, D. C.

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Lieutenant Adjutant (II) Staff; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (I, Sergeant at Arms II); SHRAPNEL Staff (I); Friday Night Riders (I).

Lookit the Navy go by! Here's one of 'em now—or at least he will be in the near future. Seems that he got a good start—for instance, there was the time he fell in—But that's neither here nor there.

Seems that he's already gotten a good start towards eating meals a la Chinese menu of roaches. Why, one time he spent a who'e half hour in the room of a certain hotel watching the roaches run around. Must have worked up an appetite in the meantime—as he has been talking about nothing else since that fateful moment.

A firm believer in the Mexican form of athletics, he admits never taking any but bunk exercise. His nefarious deeds include the taking of a young lady from Stuart Hall to an S. M. A. boxing bout. His plan of attack having been discussed in "bull sessions," we refer you for details to sitter-inners of South Barracks such.



The Forty-One Edition



JOHN DOUGLAS INGRAM

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company A; Boxing and Baseball squads (I).

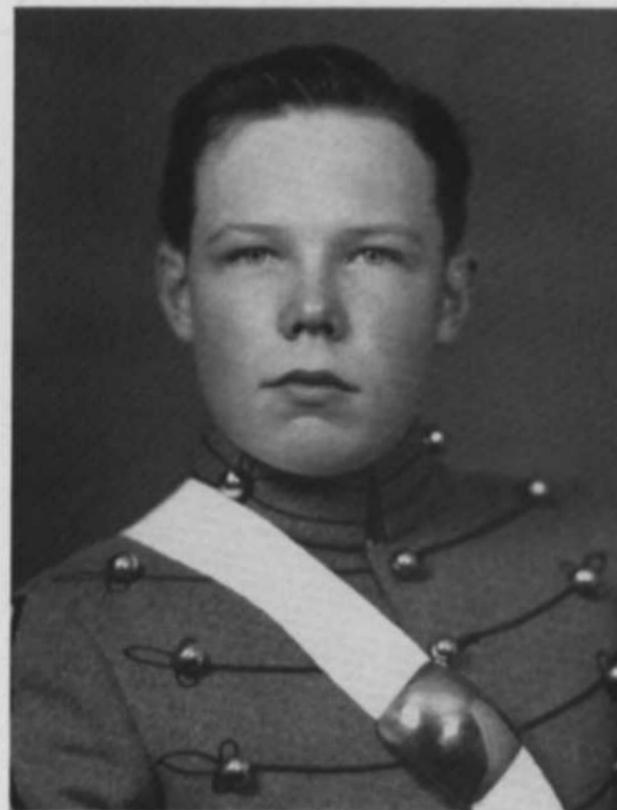
Jack—one of those descendants from that city of all cities, Pittsburgh—is one of those boy-wonders on our baseball team—a rat, no less. Need we mention more? One can hear him day and night insinuating that Staunton is no place for a boy from Pittsburgh.

During the beginning of the year, we all thought Jack was going to be one of those hen chasers, but something has happened. Perhaps it's someone back home. Or could it be one of the migrants of Mary Baldwin? But no matter what happened, we can all see that old sign—love. No one can approach him on that subject. We all know how you feel, Jack. At least most of us do, unfortunately.

Being a quiet fellow, Jack is well liked by the rowdier inmates of North. And through all the "hellfire and haseballs," Jack's calm and collected manner has brought him the highest recognition.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



JAMES PRICHARD JEWETT

Portsmouth, Ohio

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Companies B, D, E; Lance Corporal (II) Company A; Lance Corporal, Corporal, Sergeant (III) Company C; Platoon Sergeant, Supply Sergeant (IV) Company C; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (I, II, III, Secretary IV); *Kablegram* (III, Associate Editor IV); Co-manager Company Basketball (I).

"Now, according to Milton——"

"Roll up your pants, boys; Jewett's in again." Which is an apt remark, for any time we of the higher circles desire to discuss poetry and the affairs of literature, you'll find us listening to "Portsmouth" with wide-open mouths. His discourse and criticism dealing with "Omar Khayam" are superb.

But enough of that.

"Meatball" really has higher aims in life. Know where you can reach him next year? Address all correspondence in care of the Citadel.

Second to none (even Edgar Hume) when the time arrives for controversy, Jim is the first man in the history of the institution to stand up before the English IVB section and say to Major Brice, "I'm sorry, sir, but you're wrong on that point of grammar." At least, he *does* learn the stuff.

Although he is an old stand-by on the W.W.L.S., *Kablegram*, and SHRAPNEL, it must be said his information on women is weak. Yes, decidedly.



The Forty-One Edition



EDWARD B. JONES
Glenshaw, Pennsylvania
Entered September, 1939

Private (I), Companies A and C; Corporal (II), Color Guard; Sergeant-at-Arms, Senior Class (II); Varsity Football, Basket-ball, Baseball (I, II).

Pause, all ye perusers of the printed page! Look one final look of reverence at the puss of Mr. Edward Jones of S. M. A., for he now is leaving the realm of Sunday Parades and physics experiments for, quote—the field of higher something or other—unquote.

Big Ed claims the nearest he came to graduating last year was paying for a page like this. Too bad. However, at that time the subject of women—we refer to his present subject—had not yet exerted its influence. Coming from the Smoky City, Ed had little time for women till Marloff told him what the score was recently. And, man, did he learn fast! Must have been his good looks that did it. Note the Roamin' nose.

We might add that "Ed" is a tough hombre of the old-time calibre, mainstay of this and that varsity outfit. When it comes to handling a ball or an opponent, big or little, he's a pleasure to watch. . . . Did come down with measles at a critical moment, though!



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



RICHARD EDDY KEISTER
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company C; Sergeant (II) Company C; Varsity Football Squad (I, II); Company Softball (I, II); J. V. Basket-ball and Track (II); Spring Football (I).

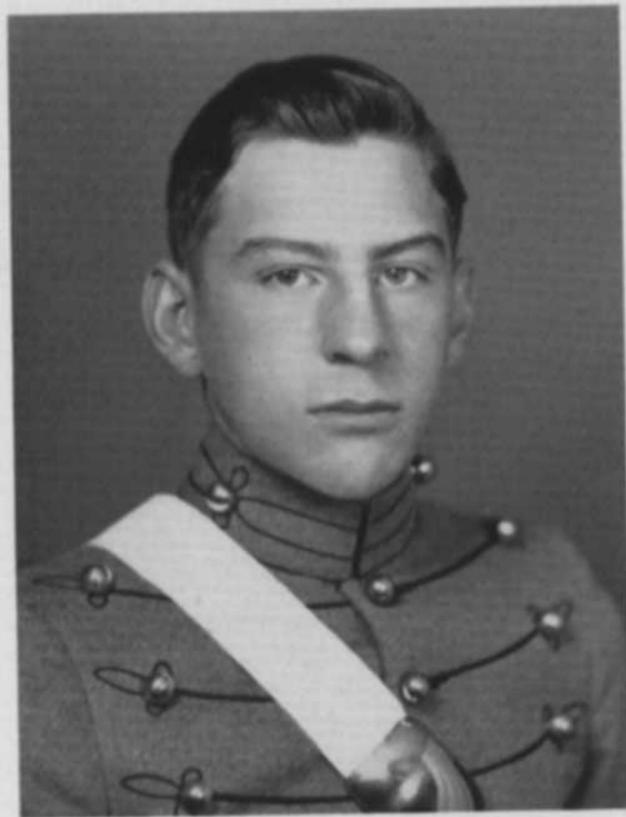
The day the Sahara bears fruit and becomes a fertile valley, the day all men proclaim woman to be the downfall of mankind—on that day, and on that day only, will Cadet Richard E. Keister be prepared for one of Pressley's ultra-rigid retreat shoeshine inspections.

A wandering wayfarer from "them-thar hills of Pennsylvaney," Dick explains he really didn't have time to shine those d—n shoes. It seems he was too busy winning football games and track meets for the glory of old S. M. A. Studying on the side, too, for the graduation of one Keister, R. E.

Ah, well, time is an ever unreeling ribbon of uncertainty; may the rugged world handle Dick with kid gloves.



The Forty-One Edition



ROBERT L. KOBLENZER

Cleveland, Ohio

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company B, Sergeant (II) Company B; Company Softball (I, II); J. V. Basket-ball (I).

This year, amid all the bilge water and flame, dust and turmoil of the third deck of Kable, the stentorian tones of Koblenzer's voice rang determined clear and true. "I won't do it! Ya can't make me! I won't push a peanut around the galley with my nose! Roommate—Help!" As Tons of Thunder Shaw came galloping down the gallery, Lieutenant Miller appeared and the riot was quelled.

Koby is really a lover—note the face above—a cross between a cow with a cud and a surrealist conception of a weeping willow tree.

Gussie (yes, the feminine of Gus) has reason to be proud of him. Look at that military record and, well, Archimedes studied physics for more than one year, too. Determined and resolute, Koby has no doubt aided B Company enormously with his: "Now we'll have a two-minute bracing period."



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ROBERT CEDRICK KUHLOW

Rocky River, Ohio

Entered September, 1938

Private (I) Company B; Corporal (II) Company B; Platoon Sergeant (III) Company B, Company D, Company B; J. V. Football Team (I, II); Varsity Baseball Squad (II, III); Varsity Swimming Squad (III).

In rooming with "Henneyberger," Kuhlow has truly led a life of the damned this past year. "Everything happens to me," might be an apt theme. Just think: rooming on the same gallery with Grishman and Newton. And then there's the military. Just look above and note: B, B, D, and back to B.

Yessir, "Porky" has taken a beating from both fate and the inspecting officers. Recall the time the chocolate and apples came last month? Lieutenant Cheek claims it was the best food found in the barracks.

After neglecting baseball (not willfully, perhaps) throughout early season in order to improve on his ability as one of Colonel Tuttle's "hives," the G. I. inspectors asked him one question: "What are these chevrons for?" Our own Destiny's Tot!



The Forty-One Edition



JOHN F. LARSEN
Wyomissing, Pennsylvania
Entered September, 1938

Private (I) Company C; Corporal, Sergeant (II) Company C; Lieutenant (III) Company D; Manager Varsity Basket-ball (III); *Kablegram* Staff (II) and (III); SHRAPNEL Staff (III).

Meet "Stud" Larsen, the most sport-conscious boy in the school. Legend has it that when awakened from a sound slumber in the middle of the night to answer the query: "Who won?" he will ask whether it is the score of baseball, track, golf, or tennis that is wanted. The answer would be typical.

Stud handles Captain Dey's basket-ball players with kid gloves. (Got into trouble with Colonel Tuttle over that, didn't you?) The sport page of the *Kablegram* would really look like the blank censored European paper's section on the war if little Larsen weren't in there pitching. Ah, for the life of an editor!

But athletics aren't Stud's only accomplishment. Remember that little squabble with Yo'o over Dot, belle of Staunton? Well, we say it once; we say it again, quote—unquote.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



JOHN JAMES LOBELL
Baltimore, Maryland
Entered September, 1938

Private (I) Company B; Lance Corporal, Corporal, Sergeant (II) Company B; Supply Sergeant (III) Company B; Honor Company (I, II); Honor Society (I, II, III); Honor Committee (III); President Vultures Club (III); Sergeant-at-Arms of the Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (III); J. V. Football Squad (I); Varsity Boxing Squad (II); Varsity Boxing Team (III).

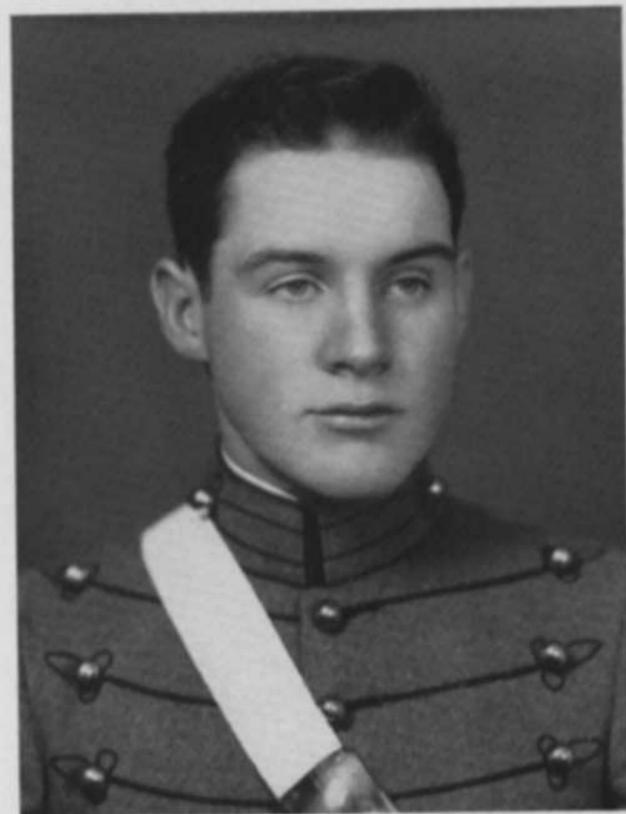
"Where's that Howard? He's the most inefficient roommate I've ever seen." These oft repeated words drip from the lips of Lobell as autumn leaves fall with the frost. When not trying to pound some salient point into his roommate's head by physical or other means, he can usually be found furthering the cause of the Vultures. Wherever the sound of a death rattle is heard echoing through the campus, all know it is the Vulture Club either calling for aid in the Canteen or in a struggle with a history exam.

The Vultch is quite a boxer. This he no doubt learned while engaged in mortal combat with Man Mountain last year. He also has excellent lungs and vocal powers, as shown by his renditions from the shower-room pertaining to the execution of Anne Boleyn and *The Ragtime Cowboy*.

Just a shy home-body type, he claims he will be content with a future of shoe polish factories and vulture feathers. As such, he has kept his hands off the women quite wisely.



The Forty-One Edition



NEWTON LOCKE

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Sergeant (II) Company D; Varsity Boxing Team (II).

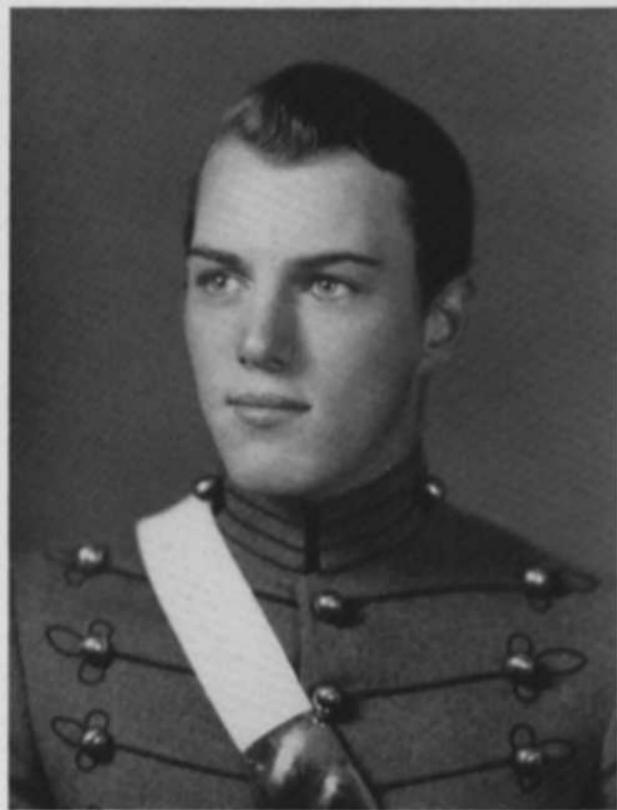
How short, how short time is. Only last year Newt arrived in this tiny metropolis with nothing but a natural inclination to go to as few formations as possible. This year he didn't go to any.

There are two features in his favor. He went out for boxing. Ask any of the fellows about his first steam room experiences. You might even ask him. Then, too, he went to Mary Baldwin. One of the few who're still there. It's understood up here that he was told by some corn-fed cutie that "we don't do *that* at M. B. C." A few days later he was told the same thing.

You certainly can't say the boy doesn't try hard. With his technique Newt should really go far. In closing we will say nothing about such unmentionables as trig and returning from Easter furlough.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ROBERT L. MARLOFF

Glenshaw, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1937

Private (I) Company C; Private, Lance Corporal, Company C, Corporal Company B (II); Communication Sergeant, Supply Sergeant, First Sergeant (III) Company B; First Lieutenant (IV) Company B; Honor Company (I-II-III); Silent Drill Team (II); Company Basket-ball (I); Company Softball (I-II-III-IV); J. V. Basket-ball Team (II); Varsity Basket-ball Squad (III); Captain, J. V. Basket-ball Team (IV); J. V. Football Team (IV); Vulture Club.

They call him "Shine," but it must be the shoe shine and hair tonic, for his instructors insist his radiance is restricted to non-academic pursuits. A pupil of that officer who tells the tale of his "Economic Snow" college course, he has attained a perfect background for the life-time position of First Class Beachcomber. Don't get us wrong, folks; his efforts to master Aerial Photography in M. S. will go down in the annals of military history.

Being an intermittent lover, he has had little time for concentration on any one woman; yet, somehow, he manages to get his gals. Perhaps his roommate slightly influences this stuff. The two can be seen pawing and segregating female photographs far into the night.

And Sports? Let us close by saying he is one of the Bair-Bast Bouncing Baby Bombshells. A J. V. footballer, no less.



The Forty-One Edition



ANDREW McCULLOCH, JR.

Arlington, New Jersey

Entered September, 1938

(Missed 1939-1940)

Private (I) Company A; Sergeant (II) Company A; Spanish Club (I); Glee Club (I); Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (II); Company Volleyball and Basket-ball (I).

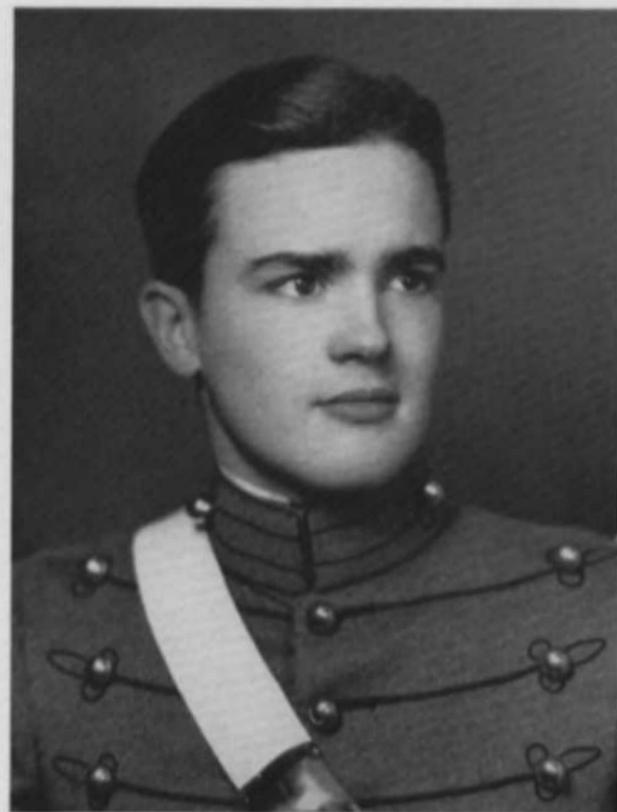
Mac is one of those youthful lads who try our establishment, move on for a year, and then return. Somewhere at home a girl is said to be waiting, but from what we hear of his activities, we believe it will be a long wait. He is another who could not stand the transients at M. B. C.; so now he is working in town.

Some say it's his gift of gab that gets 'em. If it is, he can thank (or blame) his recent months in the W. W. L. S. While Jewett finaggles, Vultures scream, and Pressley glares at all, Mac has been seen to "fink fings out mefodically," and arrive at a conclusion which astounds all by its simplicity.

Such is Mac; "God rest his soul."



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



WALTER P. MCGHEE

Crafton, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1937

Private (I) Co. B and Band; Corporal (II) Band; Private, drum-major (III) Band, staff-sergeant drum-major Band, private drum-major Band, staff-sergeant drum-major Band, Regimental Captain-adjutant (IV); Y. M. C. A. (I, II, II, IV); President Y. M. C. A. (III); Black Friars (I, II); Glee Club (II, III); Company volleyball (II, III); Assistant manager football (I); Manager spring football (I).

A few years ago something little and insignificant wormed its way into our august ranks and explained that it wanted to play, too—now look what we got! Mac, Maggie, or any more uncomplimentary terms one may choose upon investigation of the daily "stick" sheet and the discovery of several "McGehee specials," all refer to the same cadet—the individual exhibited above.

This lad is a charter member of the Explorers' Club, has been seen on many occasions at The Cave. The one in the Quarry, you dope! He's just a bottle baby at heart, though, more and more so every year. Well, as time marches on, so do we; and so we pass on to other spheres of activity, leaving Walter wallowing in whirlpools of woo. Wow!



The Forty-One Edition



GEORGE WALLACE MEYER

Forest Hills, New York

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Corporal, Sergeant (II) Company E; Rifle Team (I, II).

After many years of trying, the "Black Republican" has finally arrived at a senior page. Although a decent, sober lad, his devotion to the lost Republican cause has led him to many strange places. Ask the members of the rifle team who made the Washington trip.

Oh, yes, he's a full-fledged member of that illustrious outfit. In fact he is quite a big shot. Outside of his above mentioned nefarious activities, "Bud" has done little except.—A member of the North Barracks "gang," he is a firm believer in Lieutenant Haase and dotes on the saying from the old country, "Haseballs."

Well, we had better leave unsaid those other things which might be said. Sensibly, he can either take his women or leave them alone. Perhaps that comes from the "shafting" he is reported to have received at the opening dance last fall.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



EMORY JACOB MIDDOUR, JR.

Greencastle, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1935

Private (I) Company D; Lance Corporal (II) Company D; Lance Corporal (III) Company A; Corporal, Private (IV) Company A; Platoon Sergeant, Communication Sergeant (V) Company A; Captain (VI) Company E; Company Softball (III-IV); Rifle Team (V-VI).

One of Colonel Tuttle's hives, but a lad viewed with unquestionable wonder by Captain Potter, Middour (the one shown above) has left his marks at S. M. A., to say nothing of Fairfax Hall. It is said that at that noble and pure institution both Emory and his roommate, Parker, had to fight off a severe case of rigor mortis—can't understand it.

With the able guidance of right hand man Mulford he has delved deeply into the mystery of physics and has astounded Major James with his ability to get more out of a machine than he put in. It is said that when he and Melhado collaborated on the induced current experiment, the stocks in the power company went up six points.

This year, despite physics and other "insurmountables," E. J. M. has proved to all that he is quite rugged. I guess you have to be to keep Frumkes in hand.



The Forty-One Edition



HOWARD J. MILLER

Deal, New Jersey

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Band; Corporal (II) Band; Dance Band (I, II); Glee Club (I).

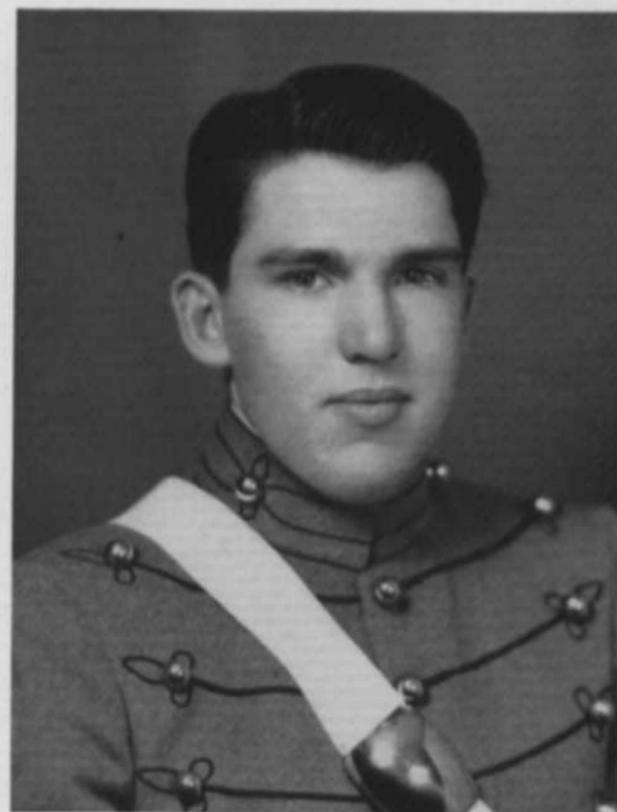
These boys who blow their trumpets on Sunday and then wonder why all the boys raise hell! Willie and Ettinger (the Gruesome Twosome) are the two noisiest lads ever to hit the third deck of Kable Stables. From sunrise to sunset and often longer you can hear the horrible sounds that come forth from 905 Kables.

The reason why so many boys leave school, Willie is one of the terrible tooters of the so-called Band and also one of the so-called Dance Band (Blue Knights to you). If ever you have heard of Jesse James the great highway robber, you ought to hear the Dance Band. It was rumored that they charged three dollars per man to play for a local dance. (It is our firm belief that this band should pay to be heard.)

Miller the physicist, the 4-B brain, is really a member of the intelligensia (one of the boys in the upper brackets). This lad has made a good "racket" for himself, and will doubtless continue to be heard from in later life.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



CHARLES P. MOORE, JR.

Pleasantville, New York

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company B; Honor Society (I); Varsity Football Squad (I).

The above cadet, blithe, young, and debonair, has weathered many hazards during the past year. It's bad enough that he should have to room on the first galley of Kable, but he also rooms with Best Rat Carneghi, horrible thought that it is.

"Weathered hazards" describes to a "T" the way in which he bulled his way through room inspections. Remember the tour the Commandant took last Thanksgiving? On a holiday, mind you! And thence into Lieutenant Cheek's régime and "Shako toward the window by the wall." While youths with less stamina trembled, our boy stood resolute with stomach in and jaw sagging.

Moore has gained, through sundry battles with invading third gallery mobs, excellent knowledge in the art of holding off Senior Page assessment collections. We hope this will stand him in good stead in the future. He'll need it.



The Forty-One Edition



WILLIAM BARNARD MOSES

Washington, D. C.

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company C; Y. M. C. A. (I).

If there exists anywhere a closer trio than Moses, Enck, and Presbury, it must be the three Marx brothers. You know the type: "We're pals; your stuff is mine and some of my stuff is yours." The only reason these men didn't go together on one rifle was, as Barney explained it, that there were so many rifles in the armory that Steve Early felt it unjust unless each be issued one. Barney's one of the few and far between English scholars—a 4-B student. Did those reams of paper under his arms ever lead you to believe a course in paper hanging had been inaugurated? Well, if it did, Barney was just turning in another informal theme.

He seems to get a malicious delight out of turning in themes that are so long that the instructors read 'em and weep (after the first seven pages). As he once remarked: "I paid to get into this place, and so I may as well get my money's worth."

In some ways we agree with this prodigy, and in others we don't. Anyway, we're sure he'll leave a mark on the sands of time . . . even if it isn't footprints.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



GEORGE VOGLER OFFERMANN

New York, New York

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Sergeant (II) Company A; Glee Club (I), Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (I-II), Y. M. C. A. (II); J. V. Swimming Team (I); Varsity Swimming Team (II), SHRAPNEL Staff (II).

What would the SHRAPNEL staff have amounted to without an honest-to-God N'Yawk man contributing his unbounded talent to its final make-up? For that matter, what would Jewett do in physics without a student as apt as he to offer competition?

If ever, in the dead of night, a beacon seems to be emanating from Major James's laboratory, don't lose any sleep—George is just using his brilliant brain to cram for exams. He wants to make a 98 instead of his low 93.

The big love in George's life seems to be swimming. They say he's worn a path two inches deep between the pool and North. After two years on the varsity team, he claims he can find the webs developing on his fingers and toes. But we think it's just growing pains. What are you, George; six two? It's a pretty safe guess you won't get lost in the great world beyond.



The Forty-One Edition



B. EDWARD PACKARD, JR.
Montreal West, Quebec, Canada

Entered September, 1935

Private (I) Company D; 1st Class Private (II) Company A; 1st Class Private (III) Company C; Platoon Sergeant, Supply Sergeant, First Sergeant (IV); First Lieutenant (V), Second Lieutenant (V) Company A; First Lieutenant (VI) Company E; Captain (VI) Company D. Glee Club (IV); South Barracks Officers Club, North Barracks Officers Club, and French Club (V); Cotillion Club, Y. M. C. A., and Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (VI); Junior School Baseball Team (I); Spring Football (IV); Spring Boxing (VI); Head Cheerleader (VI).

Ed, as he is more or less known to the elite, is, after his sojourn of six years here, not to be classed as a lover. For some obscure reason the young ladies round these parts avoid him as they would the plague. Perhaps it is the fact that even the young of our own "group" shun him when he is feeling his oats; watch out, he's rugged. Proof of this is to be found in his violent treatment of the local "Y's" duck pins.

Although his military career has had its ups and downs, Ed has in some way remained in Col. Tuttle's good graces. He has, moreover, acquired great military knowledge while roaming the ruts of various local terrain features. Applying our mentor's saying of "Share that among you, men," the machine gun outfit has really pounded crevices into the boy's gray matter.

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ROBERT BENJAMIN PANDOLFI
Farrel, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company C; Sergeant, Private (II) Company D.

What is there to be said about this guy that isn't already known? Who knows better than Bob how good Arcadia steaks taste at two-thirty in the morning? And what other second year senior has managed to keep strictly away from ye cackle club, M. B. C.?

One thing we'll say for Fra Pandolfi: for a boy who gets around so much, he's taken pretty good care of his conduct record; no orders, and very few reports. As far as the Colonel is concerned, Cadet Bob Pandolfi is an A-1 kaydet. Or is he so gullible?

Want to know how to make guard duty pay? See Bob; he'll give you the straight stuff, but keep it quiet, will you? We want to give Friar and his diploma a good start.



The Forty-One Edition



BYRON S. PAUL
Oxon Hill, Maryland
Entered September, 1936

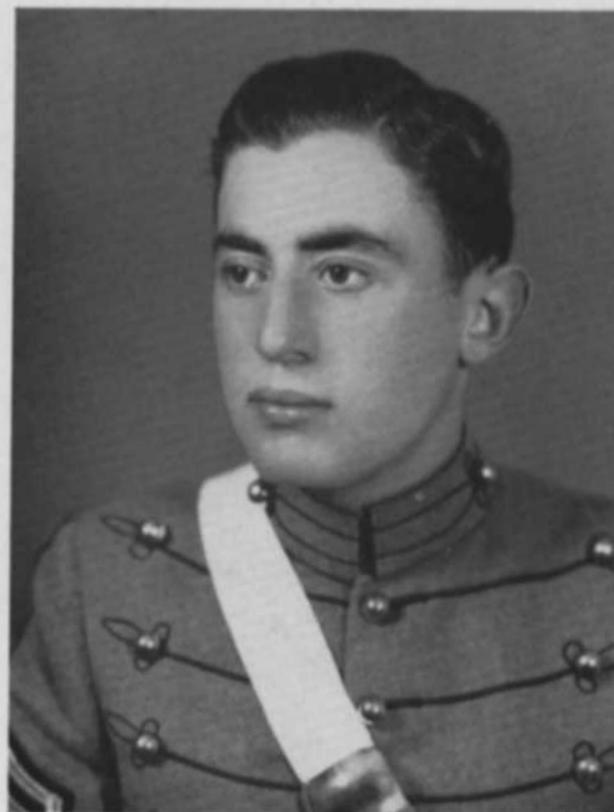
Private (I) Company A; Platoon Sergeant (II) Band; Second Lieutenant (III) Company A; Major, First Battalion Commander, and Junior Tactical Officer (IV) Company E; Junior Varsity football (II); Company Softball (II); Company Volleyball (II); Silent Drill Team (II and III); Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (II and III); Honor Society (III); Officers Club (III and IV); Cheer Leader (III and IV); Honor Committee (IV); President Honor Committee (IV).

B. S. has been S. M. A.'s primary ambassador of good will to Stuart Hall for the past four years. However, lately he has been dividing his time between the cuties of the Washington-Merry-Go-Round and Baby Gladys. We don't know whom to pity the most.

It'll be hard for us to forget Byron. Remember? He's one of the lads who led us in our cheers at the football games. We understand that Baby Gladys sat in the stands and bragged: "I know him." If she knew the *real* him, we doubt very much that she would brag about it. We know him fairly well, and you don't see us going into fits of pleasure, do you? Not yet, anyway. He's young, though. Although some say he used brains in leaving S. M. A. in January, others call it luck. We are inclined to call it half of each.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



HERBERT D. PLATTMAN
Brooklyn, New York
Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company C; Sergeant (II) Company D; Company Softball (I).

It seems that nobody knows very much about this lad; he has managed to keep out of the public eye for two years, and we are rather in the dark as to his love life and all that. We know that he had a reputation of being the ideal private during his first year—you know, the willing rat, etc. Now that he is some kind of a sergeant, we haven't heard much about him—seems that he has taken his rank seriously (just to be different), and has tried to make a good job out of his platoon.

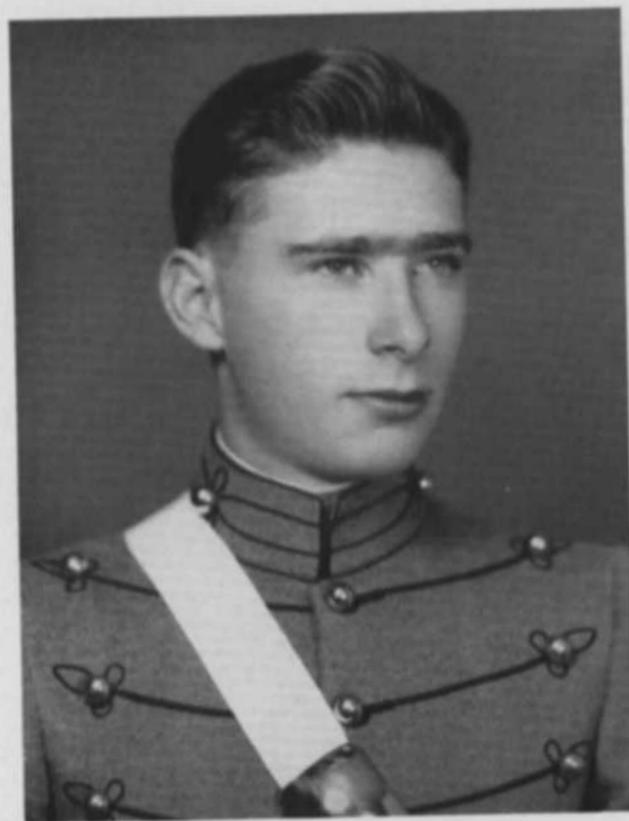
Rooming on the third gallery of South Barracks, the school's den of iniquity, he has managed as far as we know to keep definitely out of harm's way and to remain on the straight and narrow. Rather an unusual thing, considering the environment and sundry other temptations which one encounters in the duration of his career here.

There have been very few meals, indeed, of which we have partaken at our indigestionary without hearing a few choice comments by Plattman. Slats, however, has yet to place his approval upon "our boy's" statements.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



RICHARD BONNER PRESBREY

Boston, Massachusetts

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company C; Varsity Swimming Squad (I).

Once in the dim dark days beyond recall—September, to be exact—this lad made the momentous decision to cast his lot with the S. M. A. army for several months. And so as a result we introduce you to Mr. Presbrey, the Chemistry Kid.

He was bitterly grieved at the thought of leaving his beloved Boston and all the fishy smells of that "center of culture," but through a wee bit of effort he has managed to stick the long tough grind out and stay with us. English IV-B, no less.

Too bad you aren't coming back next year, Dick. Coach Onesty would give the little finger from his left hand to have you. You showed—I quote—"real promise in that backstroke." If it isn't the coach who gets you, it'll be the draft. Think it over and renig.



JACKSON B. PRESSLEY

Marion, Indiana

Entered September, 1937

Private (I) Company C; Lance-Corporal (II) Company A; Sergeant, Platoon Sergeant, Communications Sergeant (III) Company C; Captain (IV) Company C; Silent Drill Squad (II); Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (I, II, III, IV), Secretary and Treasurer (III); President (IV); *Kablegram* Staff (II, III, IV), Co-Editor (III, IV); Cotillion Club (IV), Treasurer Officers' Club (IV); President Senior Class (IV); Co-Assistant Editor SHRAPNEL (IV); Co-Manager Company basket-ball (I); Swimming Team (II, III, IV).

Having successfully attacked and occupied "Tut" Hill for the Government Inspectors, despite a mortar shell's temporarily knocking him out of action, Jazbo has now settled down to the writing of his great military text, "Soft-Spot Tactics." This book, according to advance dope, will act as a guide in both military and civilian life. At intervals, he pauses during the process of this gigantic undertaking to write a special delivery to his better half in Indiana, slugging a penny into the guard-house phone for a hurry-up call to M. B. C. as soon as the letter is posted.

Working with the diligence of an inebriated sloth, Jackson has accomplished miracles. Look at that history above. He's done everything, gone everywhere—including the so-called Press Conferences at Lexington and the brief sorties with Jack Howard to Fairfax Hall dances.

Yes, he's also been to the Snack Shack.



The Forty-One Edition



ALBERT HARVEY PYLES

Washington, D. C.

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Band; Sergeant (II), Band; Varsity football team (I, II); Varsity basket-ball team (I, II); Varsity baseball team (I, II).

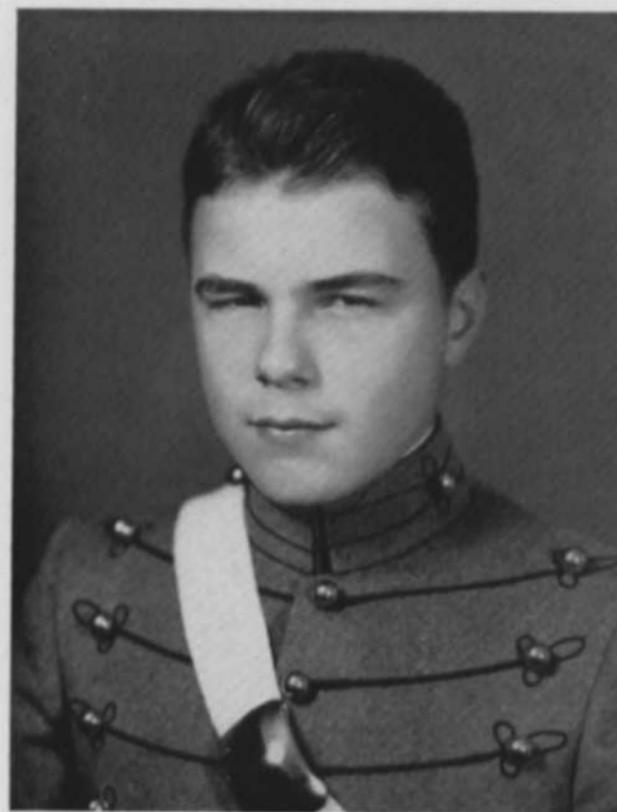
Al dropped in two years ago and has been around, physically, ever since. The bane of John, he has left his mark in the Varsity dressing room in indelible characters. Although handicapped by a bad knee, Ailing Al has stuck by three sports for two straight seasons apiece.

Seen with both local and transient (M. B. C.) so-called beauties, he has made a questionable reputation as a lover. Perhaps it's that soulful drawl of his that drips oomph in the language of a rebel. One gal put it down properly with: "His face is so nice and long, just like a mule."

Blowing a horn that would do Gabriel credit, Al has also made himself known in musical circles around the hill. His sax was reputed to have dragged down 150 out of the 200 bucks that Lieutenant Tharp's vassals roped in at Winchester last month.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



DONALD RATTAN

Washington, District of Columbia

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company A; J. V. Basket-ball Squad (I).

An Army brat of the first chevron, this is the lad who toted machine guns and other impedimenta over the fields in order to please the G. I. inspectors. Could be that these awesome gents did not follow Colonel Tuttle's advice to keep an eye on him; surely something must have fixed up the grades.

Honor school marks are not the only things that changed with Rattan. For he himself has changed; in fact, he is the guy who turned out a lover. Despite Stillwell's encroachments, he hasn't been letting the grass grow underfoot. And not without reason. He claims Dotty the Glamorous is the sp-ice of his life.

As he is one of the "A" company lads who are on the ball, he has applied this faculty to the diamond on Echol's Field. Laboring valiantly, he might be called a toughie of the softballs.



The Forty-One Edition



HAROLD ADDISON READ, JR.

Binghamton, New York

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Sergeant (II) Company A; Manager Varsity Football (I-II); Rifle Squad (I); Track Squad (I); Varsity Boxing Team (II).

Who is the man whom one always sees unreeling spool after spool of adhesive tape around the skinned-up joints of the football players? Who also is the fellow who has the stamina and the will power to keep punching with the boxing team throughout the whole season? (We don't mean he's "punchy"—although we suspect it.) His name is Harold Read, known as Moose to his sundry friends. Ask Jack Howard about the origin of the name.

The Moose has been a lover at one time or another, yet he seems to have little faith in women, and quite justly so. One might even say he has both loved and suffered.

"Fergy" announced confidentially to the SHRAPNEL Staff that it was this second-year sergeant who shoved "A" company into line and kept it there. But don't get us wrong. Moose is not a "Joe Military"; he merely sees his duty and does it. Ask Wilson or Schambs—or even Sutherland.

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



THEODORE ALLEN READ

Binghamton, New York

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company C; Sergeant (II) Company D; Varsity Football Squad (I, II); Varsity Track (II); Company Softball (I, II).

Read it and weep, folks. It's none other than the strong and handsome Ted Read. We have not time enough to go in detail into the many and varied achievements of this spectacular personality. We will mention, however, that he has been an outstanding member of the varsity football team for the past two years, has earned a letter in this sport twice, and wets a mean bat in company softball.

But we must not forget two other phases of life here. Ted has attained a good rank in the military line, and is a fair student. As for his love life, little is known and less is said. Probably so much the better.

Read and "Dutch" Schultz—what a pair! Not "hell-raisers," exactly, but not innocent, either. Ghastly sounds come from their notorious "den" at odd hours, telling that some poor rat is getting a "haircut deluxe" or there is a "game" of some sort in progress. Well, well . . . life has its ups and downs.



The Forty-One Edition



J. THOMAS READER
Grosse Pointe, Michigan
Entered September, 1938
(Absent Session of 1939-40)

Private (I) Company C; Sergeant (II) Company B; Golf Squad (I, II); Company Baseball (I).

Reader entered S. M. A. three years ago, but after a year in the "Dark Hole of Calcutta" he staged away for a year in order to have a badly needed period of recuperation. This year, however, he has reappeared in the corps a sergeant, and a senior, too, as a page like this implies in the majority of cases.

The boy also has to his questionable credit two or three other things. There's that sack of golf clubs which are reputed to do wonders when properly applied. And also Reader lays claim to the record of having the most diversified collection of duffle on any desk in school. Trouble is that he keeps it so neat the Sunday inspectors go nuts hunting for dust.

We are told that an individual named Pat Chadwick is entangled in this thing somewhere, but the details have been carefully camouflaged.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



LOUIS B. REICH
Buffalo, New York
Entered September, 1937

Private (I) Company C; Corporal (II) Company C; Platoon Sergeant, Communications Sergeant, Supply Sergeant (III) Company B; Lieutenant (IV) Company B; Assistant Manager Varsity Football Squad (I); Manager Varsity Football Squad (II); Manager Varsity Boxing Squad (III); Varsity Golf Squad (III-IV).

Louie Reich, the Buffalo Bronc, has been the cause of all the efficiency in the leading platoon of Company B. Some may say discord, but we who know say that all that hubbub in the vicinity of the rear of the first squad is caused by Wachs and Hawkins making some comments on the general situation.

Louie, though, has accomplishments in fields other than the military. Golfing with Captain Boone in rare form he has wowed 'em out at the Stonewall. Once he even considered taking on the Superintendent, but later thought better of it.

He has also had his moments with the women—remember that trip out to Greenbrier last year? And seems as if there was something going on over at Fairfax, the details of which have yet to be unearthed.



The Forty-One Edition



PHILIP J. REILLY
Sea Girt, New Jersey
Entered September, 1938

Private (I) Company C; Corporal, Sergeant (II) Company B; Platoon Sergeant (III) Company C; Manager J. V. Swimming Team (I); Manager Varsity Swimming Team (II).

If when strolling along the second gallery of Kable Stable you happen to hear a "Rat-tat-tat-tat," don't retreat from envisioned machine guns. In all probabilities it's "Rube" Reilly pursuing his favorite hobby of "clam-clapping." Sounds moronic, doesn't it? But Phil claims it's great sport.

Usually a reserved fellow, Phil becomes extremely loquacious in defence of his home state, New Jersey. Unless one wants to argue with an expert, he must always speak of this mosquito-infested bog in the superlative.

"Rube" is also interested in aeronautics. And so in a few years if you hear of some super plane called Miss New Jersey staggering through to a world's record, you will be privileged to say "I knew the designer of that plane when he staggered through S. M. A."

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



PAUL LAWRENCE ROTHMAN
New York City
Entered September, 1937

Private (I) Company B; Corporal (II) Company B; Platoon Sergeant (III) Company A; Lieutenant (IV) Company A; Camera Club (II); Swimming Squad (I); Tennis Squad (I, II, III, IV); Boxing Squad (III).

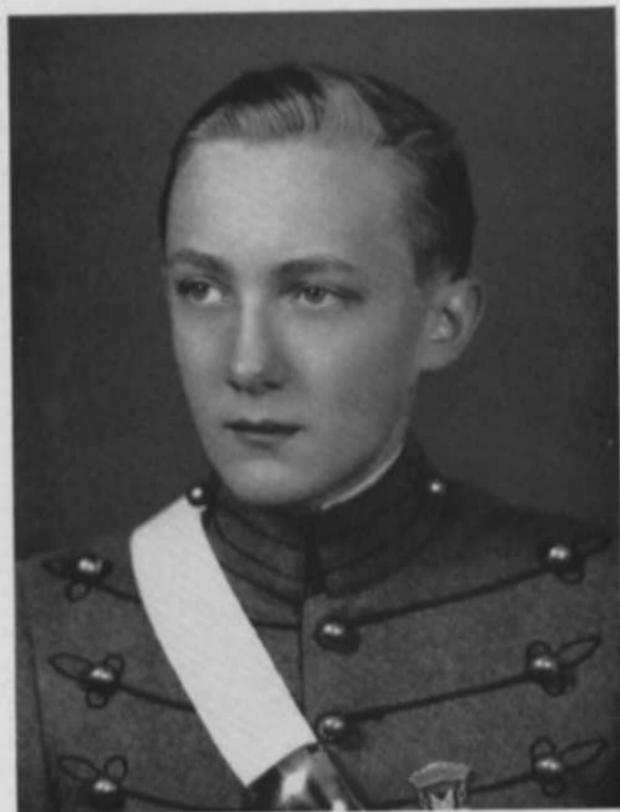
Get a load of this, people—The Great Profile is here, presented in ink for your commendation or condemnation, as it may be. Proud of his sideburns, "Pedro" looks almost good enough to impersonate the Cisco Kid.

Aside from his various military and academic activities, The Profile is never seriously engaged. Not even when he walks Cuddy home from the Arc does he ponder the plans of mice and men, and similar deep subjects.

A member of the old Stillwell-Middour-Schroder clique, The Profile has in his time had some mighty interesting adventures. At least he slings an interesting line. Ask him about the singular tale of the Hoboken Bridge, the red-haired girl, and the winking canary. Quite interesting. Yes. Quite.



The Forty-One Edition



LAWRENCE M. RUSH

Newell, West Virginia

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company B; Corporal, Sergeant (II) Company B; Rifle Team (I, II, Captain II).

Larry has been in this fair institution for nigh on to two years and will be among the happy members of the graduating class of '41, he hopes. Besides being a star member of Sergeant Slattery's sharpshooters, he is also a true, phenomenal physics student—he happens to be passing the course.

He has changed a great deal since his arrival at this establishment. Much of this can be charged to Pawley's Island. What tales he and Jack Howard tell! They are something to hear. If you have a week-end to spend listening it would be worth the time spent; they really "Rushed" those women.

This is one West Virginian Captain Potter will be sorry to see leave. For he never could locate that legendary "still" of his. Ah, well, Captain, at least you saved the lining of your stomach. Larry's used to those tough cokes he concocts. We'll bet he ruins a lot of good college freshmen next year.

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



JACK A. RUSSELL, JR.

Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company B; Sergeant Ordnance Detachment, Headquarters Company (II).

Here's a two-year man with a one-year record at Pawley's Island. Jack, like all other boys at this summer camp, had quite a time in a social way; he even met a girl who attends M. B. C. This femme has been the object of his affections for a whole year now. We honestly think he likes her. Such a pity, too.

Two years of hard work (Alfast's method) have landed him a very responsible job as a sergeant in the Ordnance Department. It is said the rifles shine with all the radiance of fungus growth. But, shucks, at least he tries. Even those new M. G.'s show his handiwork.

All to Russell is not, however, hard work and women, for it was he and his roommate who last year slept out on the decks of Kable Hall because "it was cooler out there."



The Forty-One Edition



R. PAUL SALCHLI

Erie, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Bugle Corps; Corporal, Sergeant (II) Bugle Corps; Junior Varsity Football Team (I, II).

Salchli is one of those distinctive members of the third deck mob of Kable Hall. He can often be seen on his way to the showers informing all in vicinity of the merits of Mother Machree. Or probably, just as often, he can be heard begging for mercy at the hands of his roommate, Shields, who is taking him in hand.

But we must admit that "Socks" has a lot of good points. He has worked his laborious way up the ranks of the bugle corps during his two years here and is now wearing a white cap cover. Another good point is his tendency to be swamped by the fairer sex. Why, for a while he had as many pictures as that roommate of his.

We must not forget his achievements as an athlete. His work on 42 on 2 will be remembered for its unique qualities, despite his tendency to confuse football reverse-field plays with the Harlem Hop of the dance floor.

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ROBERT HAROLD SANFORD

Washington, D. C.

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company B; Sergeant (II) Headquarters Company; Honor Society (I, II); SHRAPNEL Staff (II); Company Softball Team (I, II); School Softball Team (II).

It is hard to write about this boy in so few words. Entering last year, his first steps were to M. B. C. There he was known as a "steady"; but after months of work, he was almost undone by a ouigi board. This year he has learned his lesson, we are happy to state, and has joined "The Off Women For Life Club" as a semi-pro member.

A resident of Kable Stables, he is also a charter member of that envied band, "The Night Riders." His activities include being a caretaker of a second hand species of guinea pig and a first hand species of Hinkson. As such, he has been forced to wade out of his room at frequent intervals. Now finishing the year midst SHRAPNEL meetings and stick lists, his hand can be felt in all special orders dispensed from the mill. He also is notorious with a Mr. Hardy of Chesapeake and Ohio fame.



The Forty-One Edition



JOHN ROBERT SAVAGE

Manchester, New Hampshire

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Squad Sergeant, Private, and Squad Sergeant (II) Company A; Varsity Basketball Team (I, II); Varsity Baseball Team (I, II).

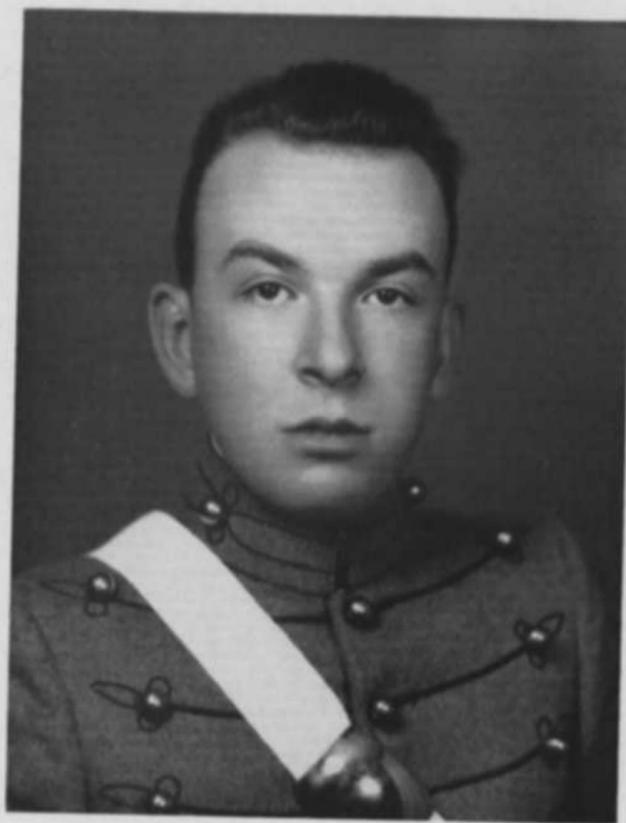
A long, lanky New Englander stands on the mound, squints carefully at the batter from beneath his cap's visor, fingers the old horsehide, winds up lazily, and wham! "Strike three! Yer out!" Once again Doc Savage, S. M. A.'s star twirler, has shown his mettle. He apologizes—in all sincerity—for an off-day when he fails to strike out less than twenty men in a game.

And he has other good points. Ask him about those rugged French Progress Tests. Or about that sixty-five dollar car that took him seven hundred miles in seventy-seven hours.

Major Wonson reports that Bob's history-class demeanor and posture in the infamous last row are reminiscent of a ring-tailed hyena sitting in silent spiritual solace, staring steadily at the stealthily stealing, stupefying shadow of the silver searchlight of the sky. (We mean the moon.) Ah, well, he can always claim Captain Potter as his true friend.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



THEODORE FRANCIS SCHALICK

Centreton, New Jersey

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company C; Sergeant and Private (II) Company D.

We all know Francis. There isn't much to be said about him that isn't already known. He's the lad who claims Arcadia steaks taste best at three a. m. He's also the lad who rooms with Pandolfi.

Francis never was a really cut and dried hell raiser. It might be said that he was more of a disregarder—you know, one of those who disregard reveille one day, a class the next, drill the next, and so on ad infinitum.

But don't get the wrong idea—please don't. He is actually a student. He never made an athletic team. Know why? Never had time—he had to study for a French Progress Test. Yes, sir; here's one lad whose aesthetic personality will linger long after he departs.



The Forty-One Edition



EDWARD ANDREW SCHAMBS

Columbus, Ohio
Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Sergeant (II) Company A; Camera Club (II);
Varsity Track Team (I, II).

Among the names of those who first blazed the trail from S. M. A. to Fairfax Hall, through the treacherous wilderness of present-day Augusta County, there comes to the floor the name of Ed Schambs. He led expeditions and safaris over the terrain first, mapping the route for all followers; never let it be said that it does not take the memory of a fairhaired woman's kisses to urge a man on to the greatest deeds.

And, brother, that must be some woman—Ed's deeds are as great as they are varied. Achilles, should he deign to visit mortal man again, would find Ed's flying feet sending shower after shower of cinders into his godlike visage. In short, Ed is a track man deluxe.

And Spanish? Here Ed really becomes illuminating. Only the fire doesn't last. Ah, well, he must have fought and conquered, else for what does his picture grace this leaf?

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



LEROY CHARLES SCHRODER

Sao Paulo, Brazil
Entered September, 1936

Private (I) Company D; Corporal and Private (II) Company B; Sergeant, Platoon Sergeant, Private, and Corporal (III) Company B; First Sergeant, Private, and Sergeant-Major 2nd Battalion Staff (IV); Captain Company D, Private Company C, Captain D. O. L., Private Company C, and Second Lieutenant Company D (V).

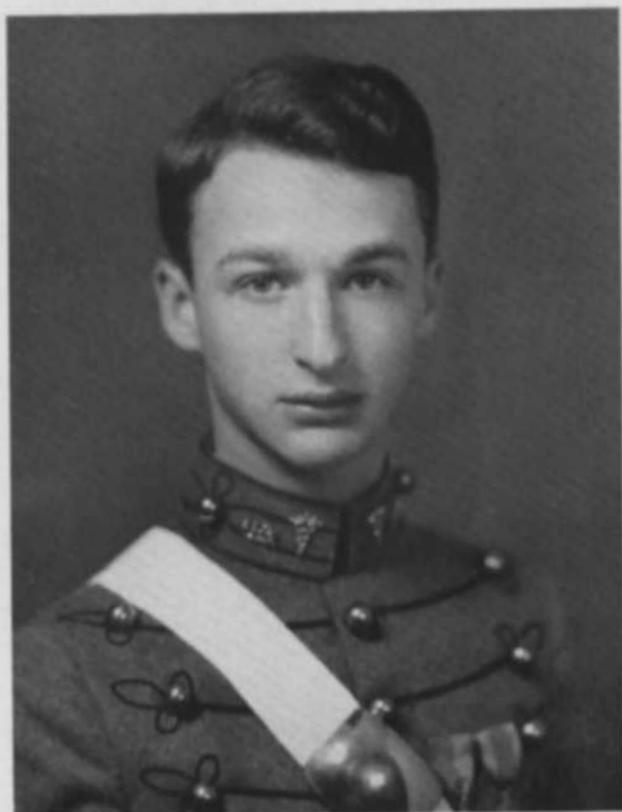
Meet Leroy Schroder, the boy who spends as much time in the Commandant's Office as he spends in his room. It's always been hard to tell when to treat him with respect; one week the title is "captain," and the next it's "private," and vice versa. The boy's activities are many and varied—perhaps "profuse" is a better word. We would almost say he dealt in subversive activities, but at a time like this that expression would bring the F. B. I. on the run.

Leroy is, of course, one of the great lovers. Witness his use of Colonel Tuttle's telephone to call one of his little friends in far-away Canada. He might have gotten away with it, too, if he hadn't sat in the Colonel's pet chair.

Ever see an attack problem for Government Inspection with a boy like Leroy as platoon sergeant of a support platoon? If not, we say in all seriousness and gravity that you must not roll up and die, for you have not as yet seen everything there is to see.



The Forty-One Edition



DAVID J. SHULTZ

Oil City, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1936

Private (I, II, III) Company D; Corporal (IV) Company C; Technical Sergeant (V) Medical Detachment; First Lieutenant (VI) Medical Detachment; Honor Society; Blackfriars, Glee Club (IV); Blackfriars, Blue Knights, Honor Society (V); Blue Knights (VI); Business Agent, Blue Knights (VI).

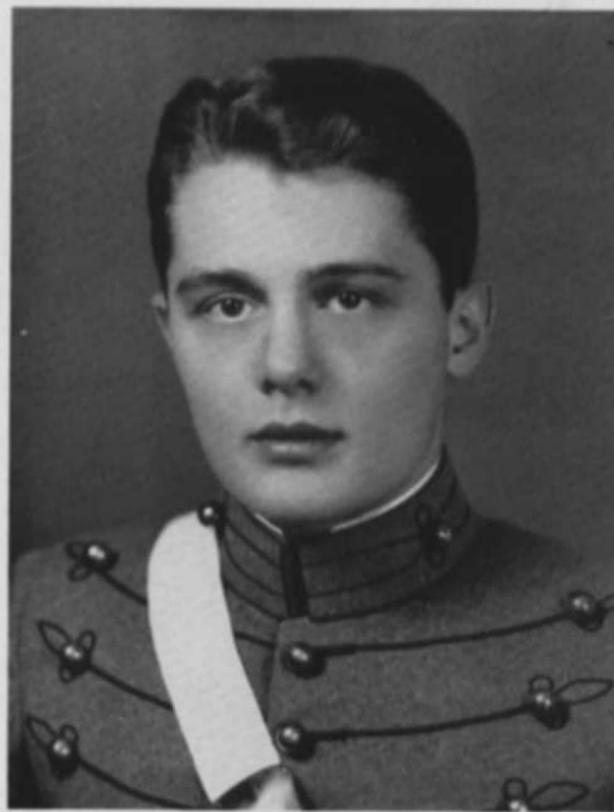
A fitting compliment to begin this lad's write-up is to state that he is Herz's successor. As general-in-chief of the Medical Department's goldbricks his soothing voice has quieted the fears of many an agonized cadet. We hear him, "Oh, don't go up there. They'll only give you a pill and you will really be sick!" Too bad!

However, this lad has other than medical matters on what passes for his mind. Rooming with Gifune, he has perfected many new "ballet" steps, to the accompaniment of the sound of falling plaster and the agonizing yelps from below. Yet his company is not to be despised, as he is a part-time owner of the best shaving mirror in town. However, we find that he is learning the technique used by experienced moochers and is applying same daily.

An experienced "glider of the night" of the Stables, he has had much work this year in the ferreting out of "nests" and "hives" that others fear to face. Also a bottle-scarred veteran he is a, quote, good, unquote, man.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ROBERT CARL SCHULTZ

Erie, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Sergeant (II) Company D; Company Softball (I, II); Varsity Football Squad (II).

Here he is, girls, the flower of the Senior Class—"Squarehead" Schultz, voted best dancer of all of S. M. A.'s torrid trippers. To avoid dissension in the ranks, however, let a word to the wise be sufficient: "Dutch" has had the same woman's photograph on his desk for seven months' time now. Some record, eh? Come to think of it, the man is gook-looking.

Mr. Hardy (of C. and O. fame) has asked us to comment on Dutch's activities on the 9:41 (westbound, daily except Sundays), but the details are so lurid that this is as far as we can go.

He and Ted Read came to S. M. A. to learn, and they are leaving its sacred portals with a mess of knowledge crammed into their craniums. Funny thing, too—at least thirty per cent of it was gained in stuffy class rooms. Therefore, not only is "Bob" a blitzkrieg version of Don Juan—he is also a student.



The Forty-One Edition



FRANK G. SEGAL
Great Neck, New York
Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company A; Varsity Swimming Team.

One phase of cadet life will have gone with the wind that whisks seniors whither and away by next year; no longer will Frank go from room to room, canvassing barracks after barracks, in search of nickels or pennies with which to telephone Natilie. What? you don't know Natilie? Don't know that New York girl and haven't read you that classic inscription on his framed picture of her? Son, you have missed half of S. M. A.'s attributes.

The other half is viewing Frank swinging into "La Conga" accompanied by his own clarinet. Or anybody's clarinet, for that matter. And can he "Conga." Pardon the smirk, Frank, but it was funny.

Someday, he'll be in lights over Madison Square: "Frankie Segal, His Clarinet, and His Band." Yes, those lights are faint now, Frank, but we can see them gleaming from far away—very far away.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



JAMES M. SHAW
Fort Belvoir, Virginia
Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company B; Sergeant (II) Company B; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society (II), SHRAPNEL Staff (II); Vulture Club (II).

Artie Shaw was scared very badly by the tall man of a local circus while yet a child, hence the vigorous stunting of his growth. He is reported to be able to sleep in a pillow case when out of sheets, and is the first cadet known to have employed a large doll as a dummy (not a blonde) when he "crashed out."

As caretaker of Koblenzer he has been forced to restrict his social activities to the writing of frequent and furious letters to Gussie and the mailing of *Kablegrams* to her. He is really to be commended for his diligence in keeping her posted on all important matters.

Now a Vulture of the first flight, he was forced to accept, upon entering the elite, the descriptive name of Jiminy Cricket, although Captain Potter insists Shawser (not Geoffry) is more appropriate. Brief, but to the point; that summarizes Artie.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



HARRY HOBART SHIELDS, JR.

Warren, Ohio

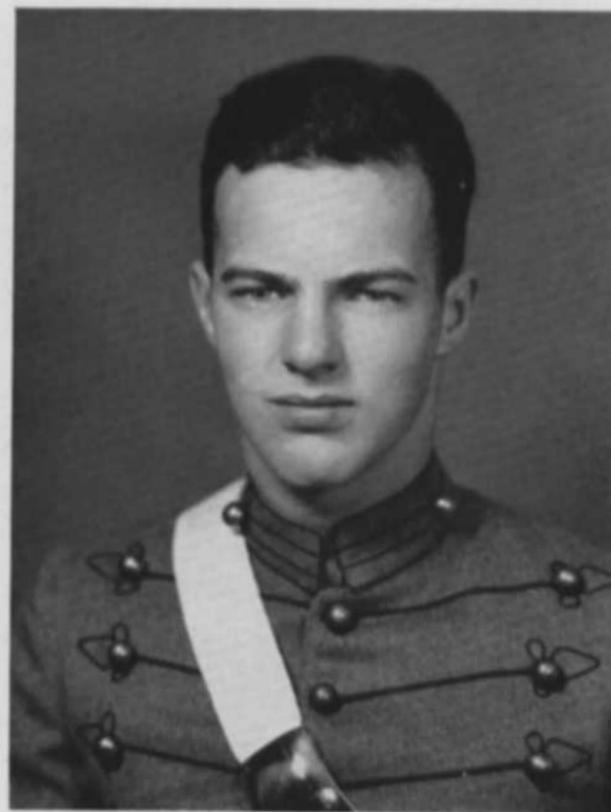
Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company B; Sergeant (II) Company B; Honor Company (I); Captain Junior Varsity Basket-ball Team (I); Captain Junior Varsity Football Team (II); Company Softball (I, Captain II); Varsity Basket-ball Squad (II).

In Shields the members of the "Off Women for Life" club thought that they had a devout member, and this was true. After a year, however, "Hobie" went completely to pieces, took dancing lessons, and, it has even been rumored, had a date or two. We mustn't say too much about this subject, though, because there is that girl back home.

One of those B Company non-coms, Hobie has contributed much to the shine of the outfit this spring by the close inspections to which he has subjugated his squad. Also a great company athletic supporter, he has swung his bat for B in an inspiring manner.

The lad has also been active in barracks life. The mixture of Shields, Koblenzer, and some peanuts made quite a potent brew last year.



JAMES STOCKER SIMMONS III

Staunton, Virginia

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Co. D; Varsity Boxing (I).

Jimmy came to us this year unsung, unheard of, and unheralded. Until boxing season started, he remained just another day student. Then, with a surprising suddenness, he broke into the news.

Records have it that his bouts caused more "Quiet, please's" to go over the P. A. system than any other man's on the squad. One fight, and people were asking "Who is this fellow?"

Now many know of him, but few know him. This, however, is our loss, as the lad's town "contacts" seem to be very attractive. Some might say curvacious; we wouldn't. Nevertheless, he has been seen in the Arc from time to time with some very rugged characters. As he is one of Captain Joe's boys, we will drag in no scandal; we like our eyes the color they are now, and the position of our noses is very satisfactory.



The Forty-One Edition



WILLIAM BYRON SKINNER

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company A; Varsity Football, Track, and Boxing Squads (I).

Bill is one of those fortunate boys who found a young lady in town who would date him. Had a car, too. Ask any of the fellows about hiding in the back of the car every afternoon until it was off the asphalt.

Although a believer in Mexican athletics, he forced himself to go out for several other sports. (Anyway it was three.) We admit that he did little but go out for them, but that is more than can be said for many of the "boys," bless their little hearts.

Who can forget the delightful sounds issuing forth from the center of "A" company and the back of the staff as Bill and "Yo" reminisced on the afternoon's dirty deeds? Well, this boy should go far; in fact, he may start at any time, so you'd better watch him.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



JOHN H. SORRELLS, JR.

Pelham Manor, New York

Entered September, 1937

Private (I) Company C; Corporal, Sergeant (II) Company C; Communications Sergeant, Technical Sergeant, Sergeant-Major (III); Lieutenant Colonel, Commanding the Regiment (IV); Silent Drill Team (I, II); Cotillion Club (I, II); President Cotillion Club (IV); Sergeant-at-Arms Officers Club (IV); Secretary Senior Class (IV); Rifle Team (I); J. V. Football Team (II); Varsity Football Squad (III); Boxing Team (III, IV).

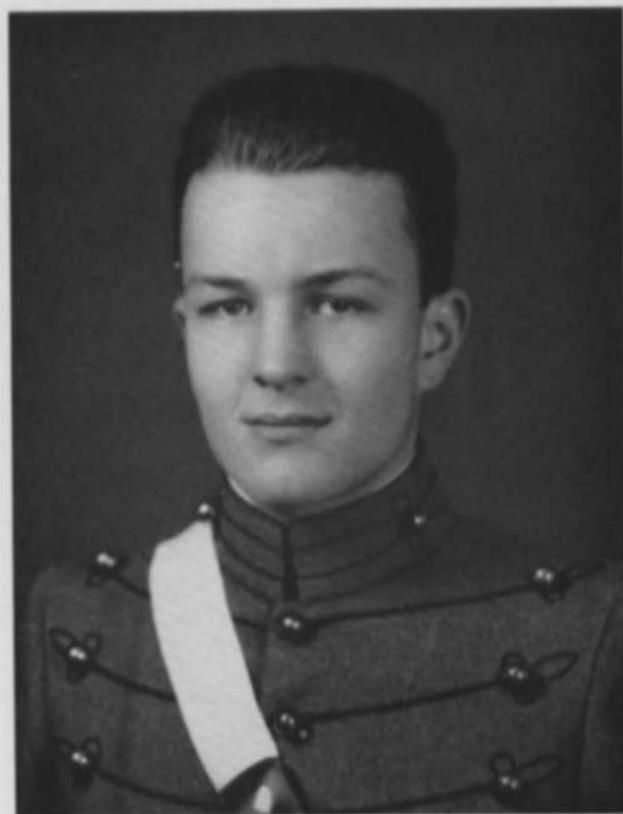
After slinging machine guns all over Potter's Field last May at G. I., John has now completed a somewhat tumultuous four years of S. M. A. life—a life in which he has taken in just about everything the average kaydet wants to take in.

Outstandingly meritorious—extraordinarily outstandingly meritorious—is his four-year affair with the parson's daughter. Never has a boy set a more perfect record, if you'll excuse the redundancy. Even the unapproachable bronze dogs of M. B. C. have come to know and love Johnny; they greet him almost once a day with sly winks and wagging tails. Pillar of Mary Baldwin, he has been termed. His visit to Penn Hall with McGhee he easily explained away as merely a social obligation.

There now remain but two facts to be set forth. First, John is the receiver of S. M. A.'s West Point appointment. Second, he has never been ordered to "report to the chicken coop." The former explains itself; the latter need not be developed.



The Forty-One Edition



JOHN H. SPANGLER
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania
Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Corporal (II) Company A; Junior Varsity Football Team (I); Rifle Team (I, II).

This lad's principal claim to fame is the fact that he is the pride and joy of Major Brice's infamous fourth period class. What section had the lowest median on the diagnostics? Why, the fourth! Where were most theme failures found? Again, the fourth. Boasting such cuties as Mulford and Unangst, the group beat Macbeth to a bloody pulp last fall. Out of all the clamor rose the figure of John Spangler, student de luxe.

Don't get the boy wrong; he doesn't confine all his energy to academics. Maintaining constant diversified amusement for the North Barracks inmates of last year, he unfortunately was just another kaydet who met his master in B. V. Bryant.

Another outlet John uses to burn up energy (and we do mean burn up!) is his pursuit of women. He doesn't actually go up to the flagpole and chase them, mind you, but he works it by remote control. Records show he writes *her* every night.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



HARRY H. STAPLES
Charleston, West Virginia
Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company B; Corporal (II) Company B; Varsity Basketball (I and II).

Brother Staples, not content with the type of vitamins dispensed in the local indigestary, has been dragging makin's into the barracks for going on two years now. Many is the time we have seen him furtively avoiding the better traveled byways in favor of dark alleys, while he vainly tries to conceal a huge bundle that gurgles. We've followed him to his room and seen him enter with a small group of the favored few. A moment later and an empty bottle flies out of the window in the general vicinity of the Art Studio. We glimpse the label—wrong again: Canada Dry!

Please don't misunderstand, folks; this joker—pardon, young man—is not the type referred to by some as a rumdum. Among ideal surroundings he and roommate Sharkey keep what is undoubtedly the neatest room in Kable Hall, despite contrary opinions on the part of Lt. Cheek.



The Forty-One Edition



ROBERT L. STEELE

Langley Field, Virginia

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Corporal (II) Company C; *Kablegram* Staff (II); Varsity Swimming Squad (I); Varsity Swimming Team (II).

All of you who say the trials and tribulations of army life constitute the wrong career for a man to embark upon should have a little talk in a nice quiet corner with Bob. To hear this army officer's son speak, one must assume that the army offers not only life-time security, but a happy, well-balanced career as well. And if you are socially minded, there is always an officers' club handy at each post. Naturally, Bob intends to spend some time at the North's insubstantial and pageant-like replica of S. M. A.—the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Even the Romans and the Spartans would approve of him; two years on the varsity swimming team go into his physical development, and a year on the *Kablegram* staff go into his mental build-up.

Guidon bearer of Company "C," Bob is both the bane and pride of the battalion. When first he met the "guide-on" personally, he was so fond of it he kept it in barracks over a week-end. Lt. Slattery handled that affair with much gusto, didn't he, Bob?

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ROBERT STEWART

Newark, Delaware

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company B; Sergeant (II) Company B; Varsity football (I); Varsity golf (I); Company softball (I).

Here we have that lucky, lucky boy who graduated after only half a session this year. Gad, what luck! But it must be remembered that he was here all of last year, as well; so, like the Shadow said, it just goes to show you that none of us can get off easily.

Stew has been quite a militarist, working hard all of last year and emerging from the ranks this past fall with a couple of top chevrons nailed on his coat. Best "B" Company had to offer, claims Ham Wells. There always was a great deal of furor at the head of the first platoon, but experts and tacticians say it was caused by Carneghi and a fellow member of the Vulture Club.

In closing, let us remember that Stew forever insisted on doing things in a big way; witness his having a general down to present him with a champion's golf cup.



The Forty-One Edition



THOMAS MONROE SUTHERLAND

Erie, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1938

Private (I) Company A; Corporal, Private, Corporal, and Sergeant (II) Company A; First Sergeant (III) Company A; Varsity Track Team (I, II, III); Captain Track Team (III).

It is our firm conviction that when Gabriel has quit blowing his last blast and the train has pulled out with the inhabitants of Cadaver Gulch, Texas, swinging on the back step, the folks in Erie, all the little dearies, will roll over and ask what's going on. Even Suds will rise to the situation.

His magnetic personality is reputed to have drawn women from near and far. Some folks say he does it with mirrors; we're not sure. He has, nevertheless, found several choice tid-bits in his wanderings upon the 9:41.

A veteran jack of all trades—runner, scout, and back to runner—Suds has combed the locks of Sorrells Hill with inspiring diligence. There's a rumor that he is returning next year just to take the defense problems. Staunton will need a defense then.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



THEODORE JOHN TANNER

New Martinsville, West Virginia

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company; Varsity Football, Basket-ball, and Baseball Teams (I).

Another boy with a callous on his arm from resting the "little brown jug" on it. Tanner says that West (by God) Virginia is the backbone of the Union, and he really believes it. Tanner is one of the boys around New Martinsville that has all the girls dizzy from the Mountain style wooing. He has been quoted on saying, "It even works on these Virginia gals." Tanner also claims that he was one of Adam Lazonga's foremost students in the Mountain style wooing.

Tanner's record in sports since he has been at Staunton is a record that anyone would be proud of. He was a member of the Varsity squad in football and a dead eye on the "Hardwood." His academic record is not to be sneezed at or snivilled at either. He was a shark in Trig, and one of Capt. Godshalk's prize students.

If you ever pass through New Martinsville, West Virginia, just stop and follow the line of girls with "that kind of a look in their eye," and sure enough you will find Tanner.



The Forty-One Edition



WILLIAM WARCHIME THOMPSON

Waynesboro, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company B; Y.M.C.A. (I); Junior Varsity Football (I).

Here we have the boy with the disgusted look on his face. When somebody annoys him with "orderlies out" or some other tedious job, you can bet your last shoe-lace that Thompson will be there, maybe late, but arriving in time to "pick up."

Many's the time, dark upon a midnight dreary, Major Pitcher can be heard knocking to quiet down Thompson and Johnson while they discuss their love affairs or try to satisfy what Colonel Russell failed to supply at evening mess.

Not satisfied with the environment of "B" Company (Yount, Tanner, etc.), the lad took up the trombone this spring to enable him to transfer into the Band. We have yet to decide which outfit was the loser. Maybe the trombone.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



GEORGE BOWLER TULLIDGE III

Staunton, Virginia

Entered September, 1936

Private (I) Company D; Private (II) Staunton Detachment; Corporal, Sergeant (III) Staunton Detachment; J. V. Swimming Team (I); Varsity Swimming Team (II); Captain Varsity Swimming Team; Golf Team; Assistant Business Manager, *Kablegram* (III).

Here is another Staunton boy who, like the rest of the day dodgers, came to S. M. A. and taught the Yankees some Southern manners and hospitality. The members of the swimming squad will forever be grateful to him for those special leave parties he gave them.

Cutting seconds off the records of previous Staunton backstrokers, George is headed for big things in his college swimming. And don't think that we're kidding ourselves, either; by this time we know ability when we see it.

We don't mean, however, that George is super-human—Oh, no; he's far from it. He caught the measles and got M. B. C. fever along with the rest of us this past year. As a matter of fact, he beat our time there as well as in the pool. And we're pretty certain that it was his good looks and not his car that did it. Oh, well; "live and forgive" is our motto. No hard feelings.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



JAMES M. VAN HISE

Shrewsbury, New Jersey

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company C; Sergeant (II) Company C; Varsity Football (I, II); Varsity Baseball (I).

Van was a sorry looking ex-kaydet when he departed from this institution of higher learning one day last January—who wouldn't be? After all, there's nothing to do at home but loaf and have a good time.

Van was one of those strong, silent guys while at S. M. A. Since he didn't often invade the hen house, there must have been an ulterior motive behind his evasion of those fair-hearted femmes. Maybe the picture on his dresser might have something to do with his seclusion, or the fact that varsity football and baseball really kept him busy. A second year sergeant, he still has us trying to figure out how he could keep away from T. G.'s luscious breakfast without being clapped in the "chicken coop."

Never will we forget his clean-shaven face or his neatly pressed straights. Never. No, never. (Ed. NOTE:—O. K., so I ain't neat.)



KENNETH W. VAN SLICK

Queens, New York

Entered January, 1940

Private (I) Company C; Sergeant (II) Company D; Company softball (I); Company Basket-ball (I); Cross Country track team (I); Swimming Squad (I); Varsity Track team (I, II); Varsity Boxing Team (II).

The history of mankind and its development, from Eden's beginning, has been based upon the outcome of warfare. And all great military leaders have always been short—Alexander and Napoleon are two great examples. A third example is "Slick." Short and stocky, he has stood up successfully to veritable Goliaths in the noble art of self protection; Captain Joe has seldom slapped a mouth-piece between the molars of a better 135-pounder.

Although he has become well acquainted with the whims of Disciplinary Sergeant Bogue, and although he does know how to have a good time in Charlottesville, he has his periods of work and concentration and study—very brief periods, naturally, but, nevertheless, periods. Period.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



FELIPE F. VIDAL, JR.

San Juan, Puerto Rico

Entered September, 1939

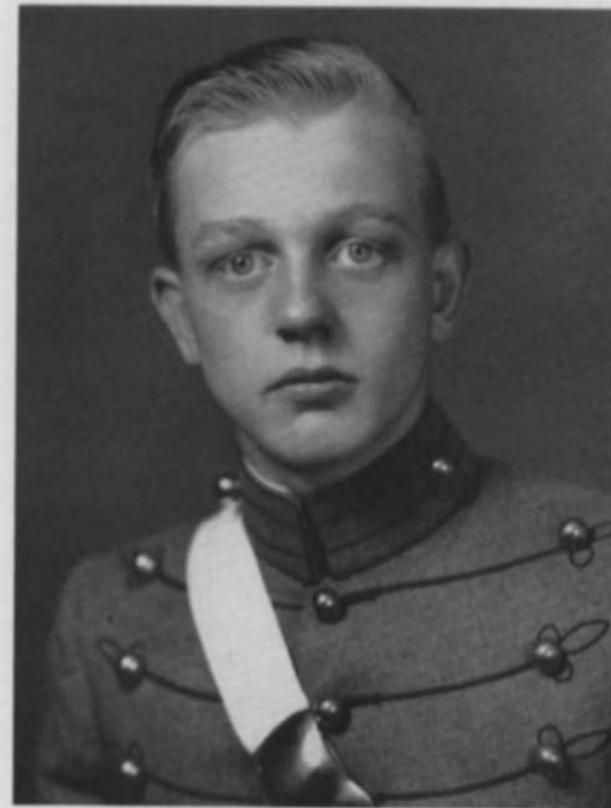
Private (I) Company B; Corporal (II) Company D.

"Fleep" (that's the way he pronounces it) came to S. M. A. as Puerto Rico's gift to the women. With his curly golden ringlets and charming "Sous SamERICAN Way," he soon learned what there was to learn of Staunton belles. His oft-quoted remark, first pronounced following his initial date in the United States, was, "Poof! Zey are ze same in San Haun. It's terreefic!" Yes, Fleep, we are inclined to agree with you in that conclusion.

Although often apprehended in the act of running the gauntlet of sin against "rules and regs," Fleep has always managed to maintain his hold on the coveted position of "D" Company's guidon bearer.

Scholastic standing? Well, ah, er—well, we can't all be brilliant and have a good time, too. No, sir, Fleep, we'll never forget those delightful evenings we spent with you in the rear room of the Snack Shack.

"It's terreefic!"



JAMES CUMMING WATKINS

Port Washington, New York

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Corporal, Private (II) Company D; J. V. Basket-ball Squad (I); Company Softball (I); Swimming Squad (II); Track Squad (II).

During his short stay at S. M. A. (one and one-half years, to be exact) this young lad from Long Island has earned for himself the rather dubious distinction of being the most talkative cadet in school. One minute you scarcely know him, the next you are well informed as to his birthplace, his home, and his family history in general. Yes, he does say a lot, but we must admit that he does at times sling something worth listening to, especially about the fairer sex.

Though no Casanova, Whitey gets around a great deal more than one might suspect. Never let it be said that he has no worldly wisdom. According to one of his instructors, he has one of the finest minds in the school, but is so interested in non-academic topics that he will not contemplate using it. But it's there nevertheless—it's there.



The Forty-One Edition

of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



WILLIAM F. WEIN
Syracuse, New York
Entered September, 1940
Private (I) Company A.

And here we have the last of the "Chemistry Kids." A good guy on the campus, a wicked gleam in his eye and a sly smirk on his lips in the laboratory—sounds like a Jekyll-Hyde type, doesn't he? Who ever taught you to make explosives, anyway, Bill?

Claiming to be a true cosmopolitan personage, Bill nevertheless thinks little old Syracuse, N'Yawk, is the best little old place in this little old world. However, our motto is: Live, let live, and forgive. So don't bother the boy.

An "A" Company man, he has been known to remark that "Fergy" could get better lines at parade if the dress coat buttons were all aligned and dressed to the right.

No, the boy is not a peroxide.



HAMILTON W. WELLS
New York, New York
Entered September, 1936

Private (I) Company B; Private, Corporal (II) Company B and Company C; Sergeant, Platoon Sergeant (III) Company B; Sergeant, Supply Sergeant, First Sergeant (IV) Company B; Technical Color Sergeant (IV) Headquarters Company; Captain (V) Company B; Silent Drill Team, Honor Company, Y. M. C. A. (I and II), SHRAPNEL Staff (II); Honor Company, SHRAPNEL, *Kablegram*, W. W. L. S., Camera Club (III); Honor Company, SHRAPNEL, Co-Editor-in-Chief *Kablegram*, Secretary and Treasurer W. W. L. S., President Camera Club (IV); Co-Editor-in-Chief SHRAPNEL and *Kablegram*, President W. W. L. S., Vulture Club (V); Lightweight Football Squad (I); Lightweight Football Team (II); Junior Varsity Football Team (III); Varsity Football Squad (IV).

Gaze but briefly upon the benign countenance of this great one, and then bow your head in eternal homage. For we have here, in all its grinning glory, the picture of old-timer "Ham" Wells. A charter member of Kable Hall's "Vulture Club," "Ham" has ruled the barracks with a stern face and a head full of wandering thoughts. All know of the stern face. But how many are with full knowledge of the vagrant thoughts? We can't tell all of "Ham's" secret life; a good portion of it is, however, involved with New York race tracks and that pair of sisters down at our own little old M. B. C.

Long and loud may echo the raucous cries of the "Vultures" in the catacombs that are Kable Hall, but never will there be a scream to equal that of "Vultch" Wells, marauder extraordinary. Neither the Senior Class nor the "Vultures" will ever find another "Ham." Ah, well, it is Fate. So be it.



The Forty-One Edition



BEVERLY MEAD WHITE

Staunton, Virginia

Entered September, 1937

Private (I, II, III) Company A; Corporal (IV) Company A.

It never fails to happen. Once each term the Confederate stronghold of Staunton sends a rebel spy to S. M. A., that dissension might be caused in the ranks. A fifth columnist and saboteur of the old regime, he was doing a pretty good job on those "Day Dodger" lockers. The expression is "was," for with the advent of Colonel Tuttle and staff upon the scene of the crime, "Bev" estimated his situation and decided to withdraw. Too bad you didn't leave soon enough to escape envelopment, Rebel. Should have had security on those flanks.

When he isn't razzing the Yaynkees, Bev plays softball—intermittent softball.

His plans for the future are as empty as a theatre after bank night is over. At least, he can always get a job with his brother at the brick yard.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



EUGENE WHITE

Tarrytown, New York

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Drum Corps.

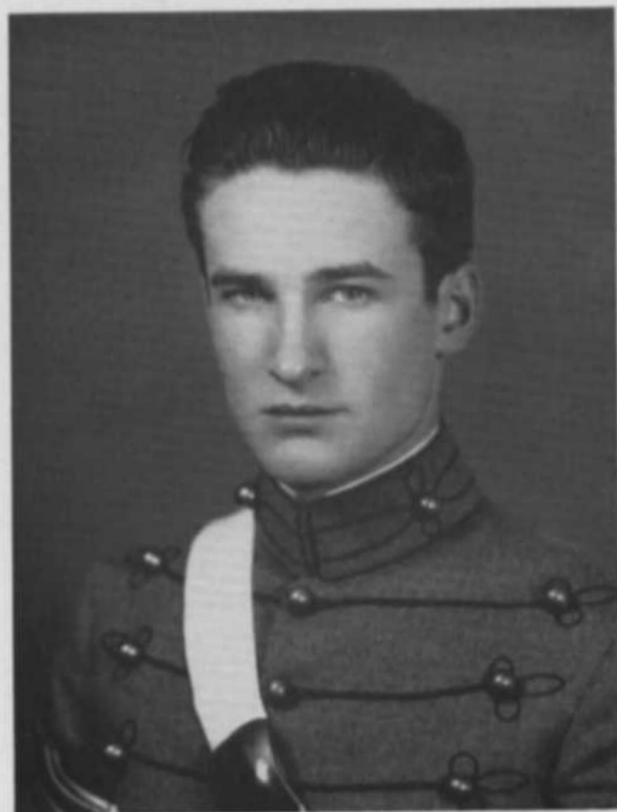
Here is the lad who may be found (or may not be found) out on the asphalt every morning at six-forty walking along with a drum on his hip and on his face all the jovial humor and sparkling intelligence of a boiled mackerel. He has been with us only one year, yet in that short time he has left with us a memory which time can never erase. What a sweet thing it is to find a check from home, walk to your room, sit down, and have Billy walk in with a disgusted (and disgusting) expression on his noble puss and say, "Better be sure the bloody thing won't bounce, y'know. Ha, Haw!"

But Billy the Wonder has some redeeming characteristics, as well. For one thing, he has a sense of humor. Well, that can't be helped—he says it is. Also, he has the reputation of being the one kaydet in the school who was able to steal the woman of a certain well-known lady killer without getting into trouble.

The British belittler has found plenty of room for his amazing talents in the local rookeries, and has lost no opportunity in using them. And so, in affectionate farewell, we take one last long look, shudder with thrilling horror, and go gropingly on our weary way.



The Forty-One Edition



JOHN FITZHUGH WHITE

Staunton, Virginia

Entered September, 1936

Private (I) Co. C; Private (II) Co. B; Corporal, Sergeant (III) Co. A; Lieutenant (IV) Staunton Detachment; Captain, Major (V) Staff; *Kablegram* Staff (III).

Back in the days of the first "Wild Bill," little "Fitz" set foot upon the fertile campus of S. M. A. For many years regarded as a useless "Day Dodger," Fitz has finally come into his own as major of the 2nd Battalion.

Of his extra-curricular activities little is known—except that no one will ride in a car with him twice. It is hinted that he frequents "The Jungle," but so far nothing has been proved. As for the "way of all flesh," White has not been lacking; so we are told.

When he inherits the brick yard on graduation, we feel that a great change will come not only upon him, but also upon the bricks. There was a time this spring when overhead had to be cut out and he was fired, but it was only temporary—he hopes. Don't get us wrong; the guy is really efficient. Look at the times he been on duty.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



RICHARD K. WILSON

Piqua, Ohio

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Sergeant (II) Company A.

It's a funny thing to think about, but before Dick came to Staunton, the cadet corps was in sublime ignorance concerning the geography of the United States, especially Ohio. Yep, we all found out about Piqua. It's in Ohio, if you haven't already guessed it. Now, then, don't you learn something every day? We did when we first met this lad.

When Dick came to this school, he was not much of a prospective patronizer of the Hen House, but just look at him now. Almost every Saturday he can be seen tramping down the well-worn path. I'll bet his girl back home is burning up, or at least sizzling. Say, Dick, what's the name of that girl at M. B. C.?

Despite physics and numerous battles with Moose Read, Dick is hoping to round out a successful year. Seeing his struggle with the former, we'd say he has a chance; but we reserve further comment.



The Forty-One Edition



WILLIAM STEWART WINDLE

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1936

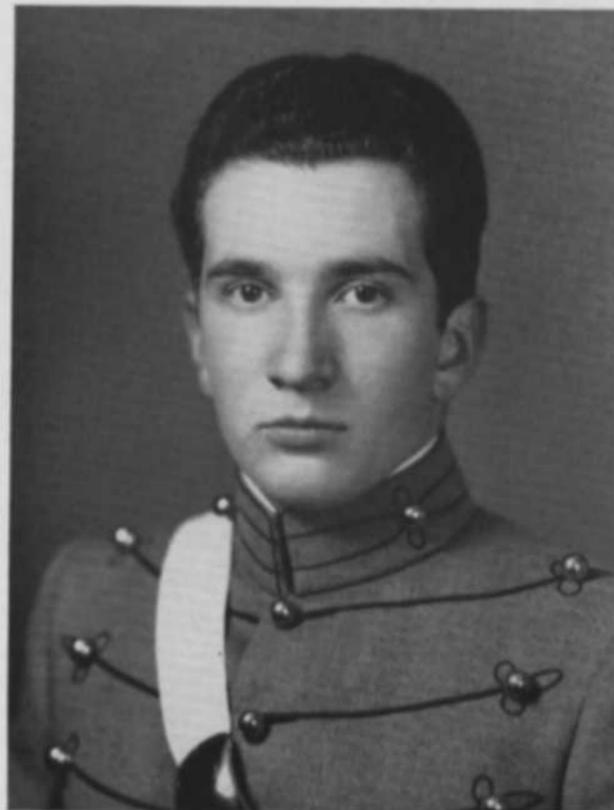
Private (I) Band; Corporal (II) Band; Sergeant (III) Band; Lieutenant (IV) Band; Captain (V) Drum and Bugle Corps; Friday Night Riders (III, IV, V); Officers' Club (IV); Associate Editor SHRAPNEL (IV); Assistant Editor SHRAPNEL (V).

No, this is not the menagerie—you are merely looking at a reproduction in half-tone of wifty Windie, who, you may be sure, is a case for the books. Gusty slinger of the proverbial bull, the Senior Class did not elect him Mexican Athlete for nothing.

It may be said in his behalf, however, that he does occasionally come out from behind his tall stories and his clouds of pipe smoke. During these rare periods, he has been known to waddle uncertainly toward either a drum and bugle corps formation or a meeting of the SHRAPNEL staff. The former he gazes upon disdainfully, the latter reprovingly. For Wind-1 is aloof. And rightly so! His is indeed a momentous personage. Salaam-ie, all. Now turn the page.



of The Shrapnel of S.M.A.



ROBERT WESLEY WORRALL

Downingtown, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1940

Private (I) Company A; Varsity Football Squad (I).

Tall, dark, and studious, Brother Worrall has left a questionable mark on S. M. A. kaydets this year. Hanging around for just one hitch, he claims enough is enough, and on June third dear old Downingtown had better watch out. And watch out they must, for in the past year Bob has packed away many experiences, good, bad, and indifferent. One thing is sure, however; he's profited. Now he will appreciate the women back home, women who don't drawl "yo-all's" and such.

Among other experiences, Bob has attended some of Lieutenant Parker's classes. His theories in solid geometry are equalled only by his opinions of trig, which are in part paralleled by his ideas of physics. Of course, comments from McIlravy aid him in his activities in Room 25, but Major James makes a hobby of nipping the two in the bud.



The Forty-One Edition



DONALD WINTERS ZARFOS

Red Lion, Pennsylvania

Entered September, 1939

Private (I) Company A; Sergeant (II) Company E; J. V. Football Team (I, II); J. V. Basket-ball Team (I, II); Life Saving (I); Company Softball Team (I, II).

It is only just and proper that the puss of Donald Winters Zarfos be inked onto the last page of the Senior Section. For, as our dear Colonel Tuttle has pointedly explained, the rear guard must be dependable, self-reliant, and possessed of initiative. (No, we're not selling anything.)

"Red Light" and Harry Cox have had a pretty good time in North for two years now. To be the first men to shake the building so that it tottered on its foundations and knocked all the library books from the shelves is their rather dubious distinction.

Bob Marloff found a worthy compatriot in Don on the J. V. football field last fall. What a combination these two were. Just refer to Don from now on as Czar Fos of the Gridiron region.



POST GRADUATES



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Douglass, Pa.

JACK F. MOODY
Staunton, Va.

CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION



JOHNNY GARCIA
Mayaguez, Puerto Rico

NEAL E. HEFFERNAN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

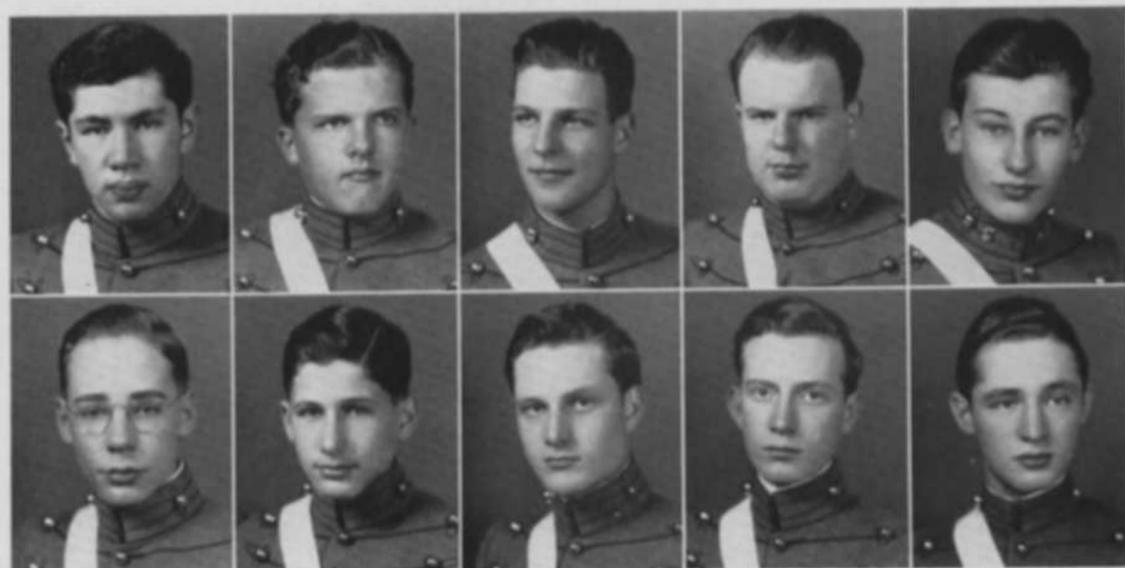
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CARL MARTIN
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GLENDON ALFAST
Ho-Ho-Kus, N. J.

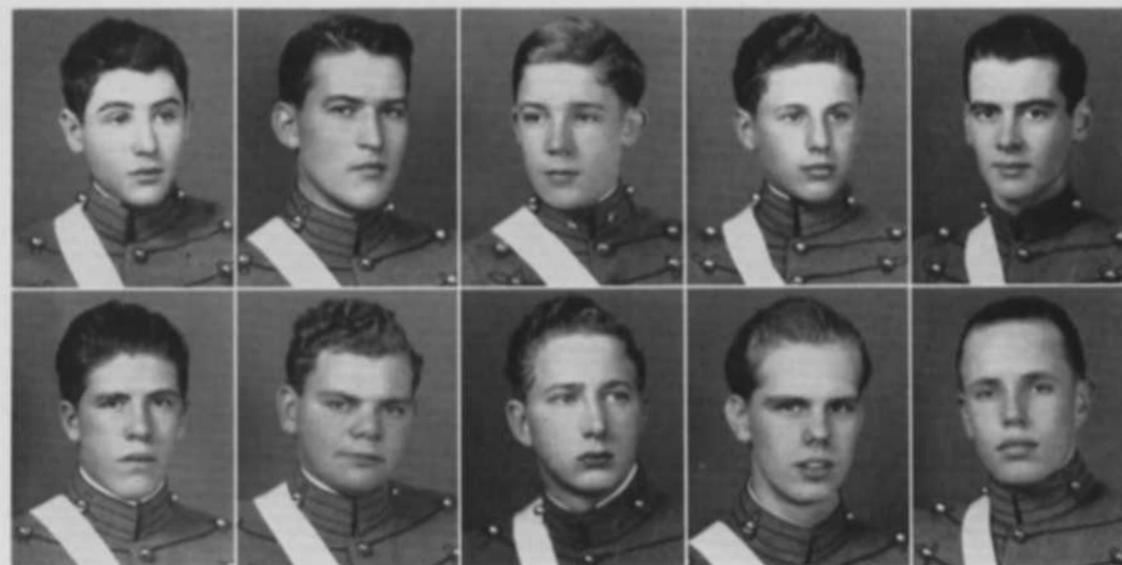
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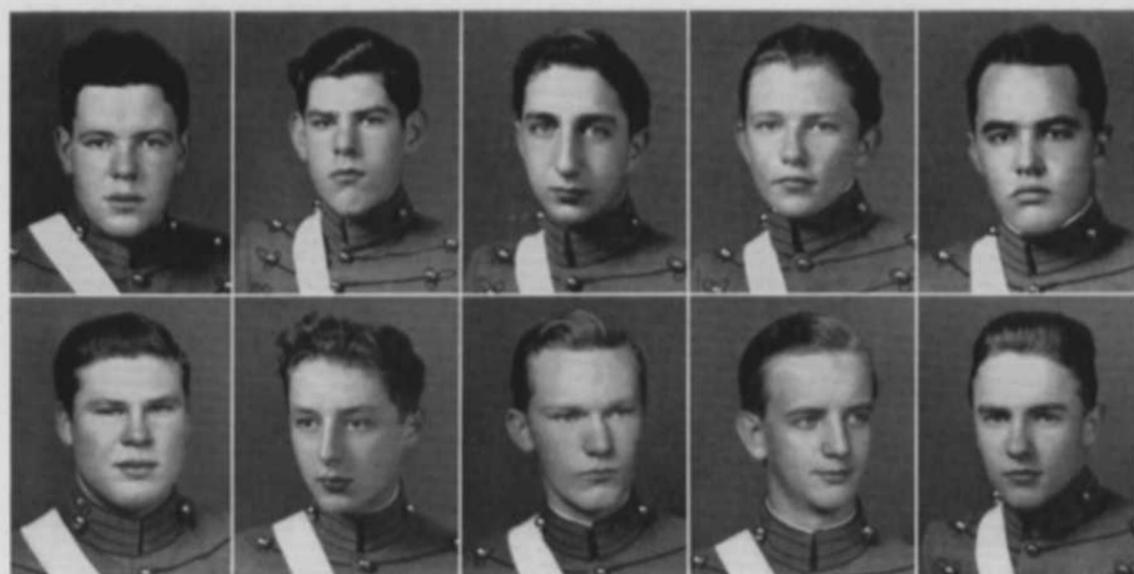
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GENE E. KENNELLEY
Shipperville, Penna.

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Saginaw, Mich.

THOMAS E. KAVANAUGH
Columbus, Ohio

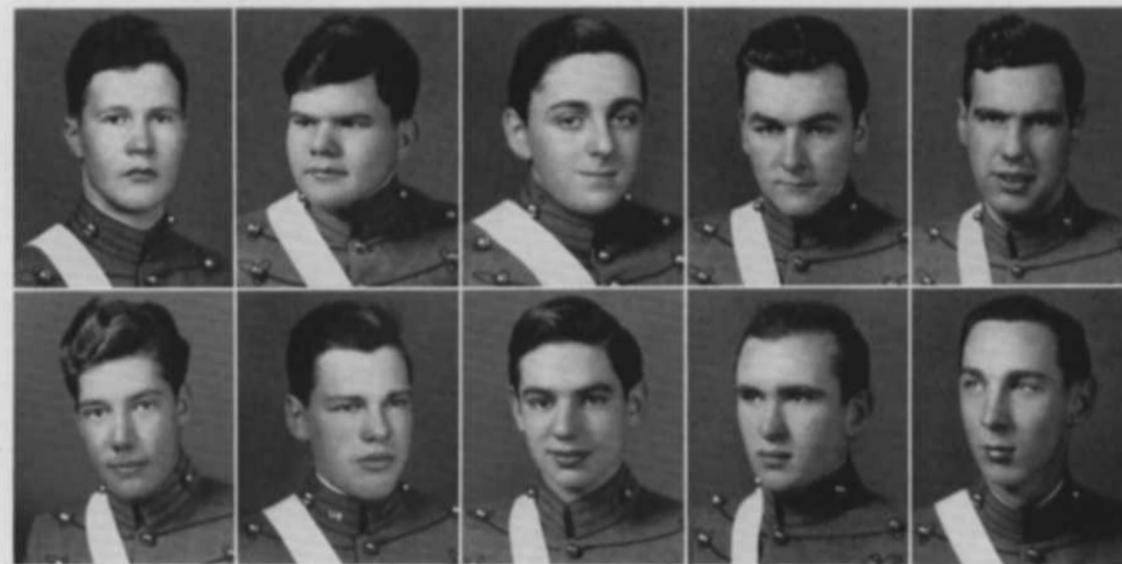
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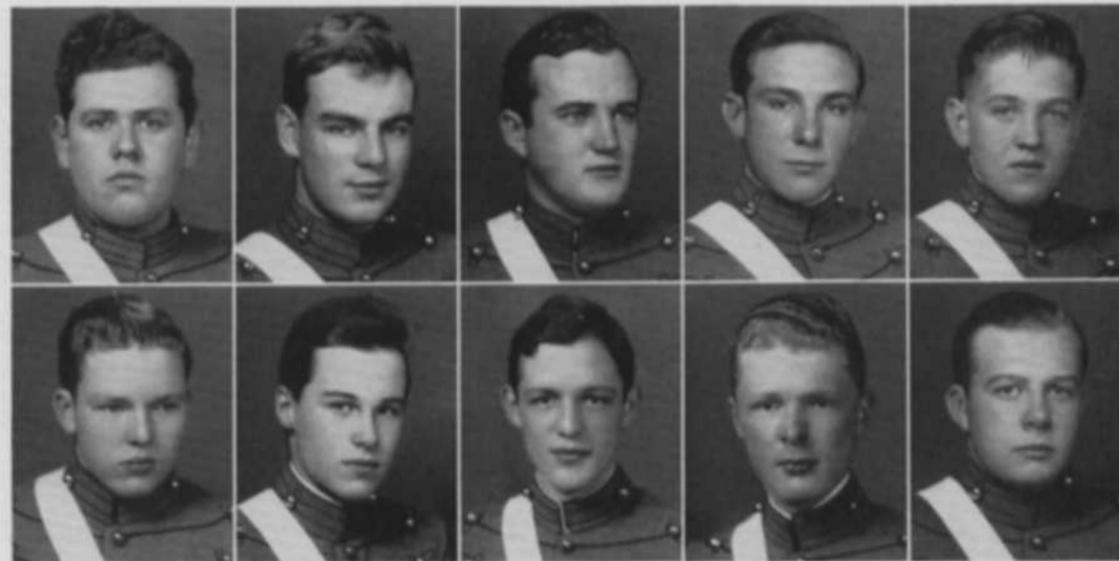
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Millsboro, Del.

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Baltimore, Md.

RALPH E. YOHO, JR.
Yeadon, Penna.



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THEODORE BAUMEISTER III
New York City

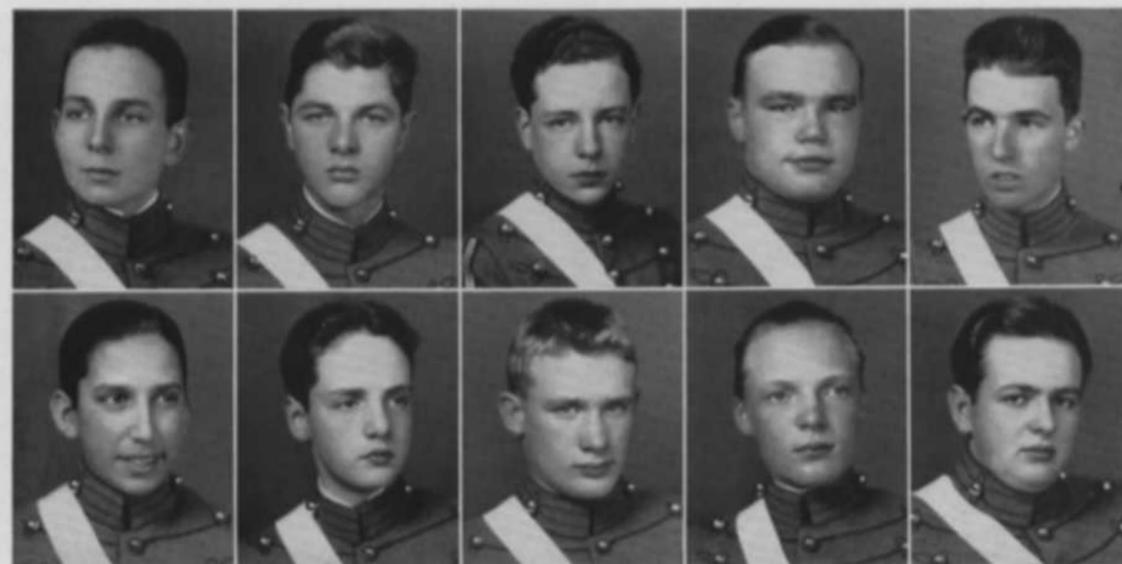
C. PETER BLOUIN, JR.
Augusta, Maine

BOBBY F. BURTON
Staunton, Va.

LEOD D. BECKER, JR.
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

DIEGO BUSTILLOS
Caracas, Venezuela

THE UNDERCLASSMEN



CARL R. CHANDLER
Bridgeport, West Va.

WILLIAM F. CLARK
Baltimore, Md.

GUIDO COLLI, JR.
Havana, Cuba

JOHN B. COMSTOCK
New York City

HARRY Q. M. CLAWSON
New York City

WILLIAM C. COREY
Wilmington, Del.

ROBERT J. CLOHECY
Smithfield, Penna.

THOMAS H. COLE
Cambridge, Md.

ULMONT O. CUMMING, JR.
New York City

MILTON P. DeMARCO
Trenton, N. J.



THE UNDERCLASSMEN



LAWRENCE S. DeVOS, JR.
West Chester, Penna.

ROBERT DiGIACOMO
Pelham, N. Y.

FRANK FERNANDEZ
Washington, D. C.

JACK F. A. FLYNN
Pelham Manor, N. Y.

GENE DRIESBACH
Wilkesbarre, Penna.

LEON FORMAN
Washington, D. C.

RICHARD S. FRIEDMAN
Washington, D. C.

TIMOTHY A. FALLON, JR.
Fairfield, Conn.

DAVID G. EVANS
Washington, D. C.

HERBERT M. FRUMKES
Lawrence, New York

THE UNDERCLASSMEN



HARRY E. FUSSELMAN, JR.
Youngstown, Ohio

THOMAS M. GREGORY, JR.
Pittsburgh, Penna.

JOHN B. GARY, JR.
Boling, Texas

JOHN C. GUTH
Baltimore, Md.

EDWARD C. GANZ, JR.
Newport, R. I.

SANFORD GRISHMAN
New York City

CESAR J. GOMEZ
Barranquilla, Colombia

RUSSELL C. GRAEF
New York City

ROY M. HALEY, JR.
Roslyn Estates, N. Y.

MUNEER HASSEN
Sulphur, Okla.



THE UNDERCLASSMEN



ROBERT C. HAZLETT
Tenafly, N. J.

PETER J. HECK III
Hammonton, N. J.

ROLAND M. HOWARD
Mountain Lakes, N. J.

ALEXANDER C. INGLIS, JR.
Youngstown, Ohio

CHARLES F. HELMLY
Coral Gables, Fla.

DAVID C. HENDERSHAW
Pittsburgh, Penna.

MALCOLM B. JAMES
Fairfield, Conn.

ELLIOTT H. JOHNSON
Bronxville, N. Y.

LESLIE P. HOLCOMB, JR.
Washington, D. C.

WESLEY H. JOHNSON
Washington, D. C.

THE UNDERCLASSMEN



W. BLAINE JONES
Baltimore, Md.

EUGENE A. JONES
Chicago, Ill.

C. MILLS KINNEY
Washington, D. C.

GERALD E. KLEIN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THOMAS S. JONES
Chicago, Ill.

JACK K. KUEMMERLING
Canton, Ohio

CHARLES R. KELLY
Maracaibo, Venezuela

MORTON D. KINBERG
Woodmere, N. Y.

RICHARD W. KUPPER
Lawrence, N. Y.

FRANK A. J. LAWLER
Roseland, N. J.



THE UNDERCLASSMEN



CHARLES S. LAZERWITZ
Gary, Ind.

FRITZ LESLIE
New York City

ANDREW G. McLANAHAN
Greencastle, Penna.

WILLIAM K. METTLER
East Orange, N. J.

WILLIAM P. LOWRY
Fortress Monroe, Va.

HERBERT A. LUBIN, JR.
Dallas, Texas

JEFFREY C. METZEL, JR.
Coronado, Calif.

GORDON K. MILESTONE
Washington, D. C.

LOUIS I. MAAS
New York City

FREDERICK J. MILLER, JR.
Mexico City, Mexico

THE UNDERCLASSMEN



GEORGE A. MILLS, JR.
Fairfield, Conn.

JOHN C. PENNIE
Scarsdale, N. Y.

MERWIN H. MITCHEL
Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN M. PERKINS
New Haven, Conn.

ROBERT F. NEWTON
Babylon, N. Y.

NORMAN N. PISNER
Washington, D. C.

ROBERT H. OLSEN
Elyria, Ohio

ROBERT E. PYLE
Millburn Post Office, N. J.

SEYMOUR PAGE, JR.
Madison, Conn.

JAMES R. READER
Grosse Pointe, Mich.



THE UNDERCLASSMEN



ALVIN F. RHODES
New York City

TIMBES RILEY
Washington, D. C.

JACK L. SCHMIDT
Allison Park, Pennsylvania

ASHER L. SCHWARTZ
Brooklyn, N. Y.

GREGORY ROBINSON
Fontana, California

DAVID M. ROTHWELL
University, Va.

AUGUST J. SCOLIO, JR.
Erie, Penna.

ARTHUR C. SCOTT
Youngstown, Ohio

H. LOUIS SAMBLANET
Canton, Ohio

DAVID H. SCOTT
Cleveland, Ohio

THE UNDERCLASSMEN



ROBERT E. SCOTT
Philadelphia, Penna.

CHESTER SENNET
Brooklyn, N. Y.

OLIVER C. STANLEY
Chicago, Ill.

JOHN W. SYKES, JR.
Philadelphia, Penna.

HENRY R. SHIPPLETT
Mount Sidney, Va.

CARL TEITELBAUM
Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOWARD A. SIMON
Willoughby, Ohio

ALBERT R. H. C. SNYDER, JR.
Conway, Penna.

PATSY TOTARO
Hoboken, N. J.

WILLIAM L. VARNER
Berkeley, Calif.



THE UNDERCLASSMEN



WILBERT VIVIANO
Detroit, Mich.

WILLIAM WATSON
Nutley, N. J.

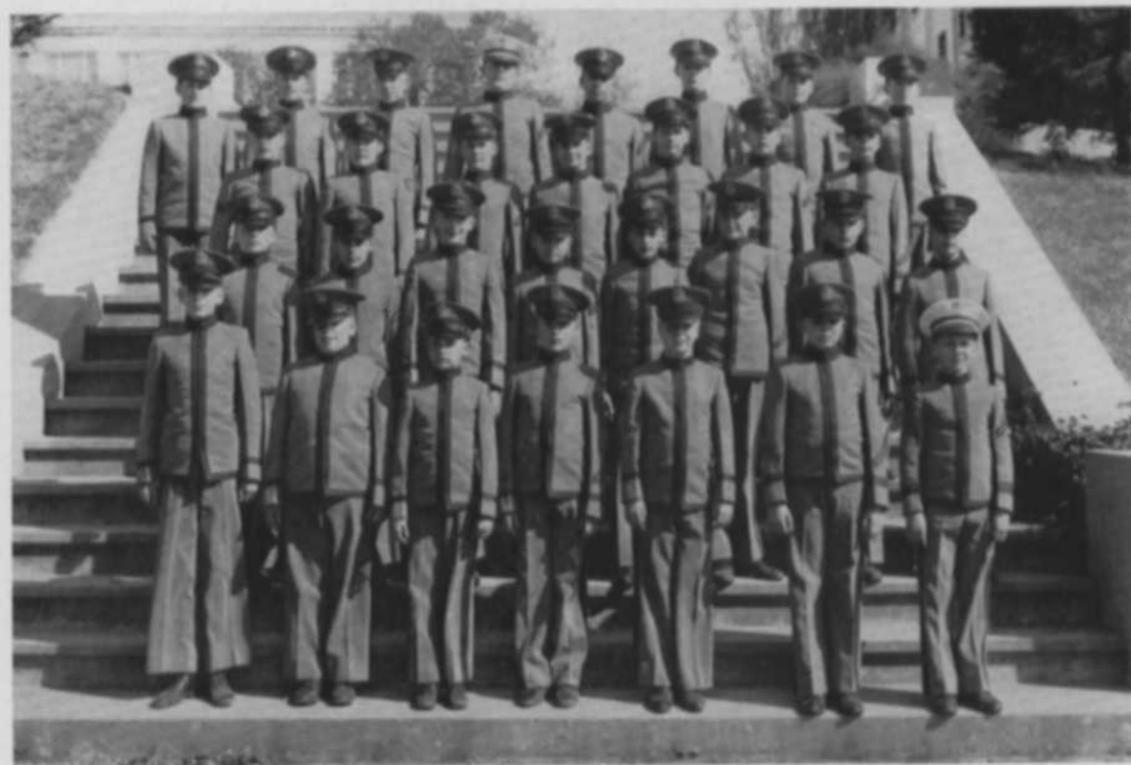
JOHN H. WAREHAM
Wilkesburg, Penna.

J. ELLINGTON WHITE
Staunton, Va.

JOHN M. YOUNT
Erie, Penna.

PAUL S. YOCUM
Gary, Ind.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL



Back row: Tullidge, Ruble, Dennis, Duffy, Fiedler, Baker, H., Kelly, Nelson

Third row: deVault, Anderson, Kormos, Albury, Weir, Vandersluis, H., Pritzlaff

Second row: Yocum, Klutinoty, A. G., Reagan, Farr, Barton, Epstein, Klutinoty, A. J.

Front row: Foran, Christie, Griffith, Vandersluis, J., Mars, Robinson, C., Padgett



THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION

(EIGHTH GRADE)

Baker, H.	Farr	Reagan
Barton	Fiedler	Lubin, E.
Dennis	Kormos	Tullidge, T.
deVault	Pritzlaff	Vandersluis, H.
Epstein		Weir

SEVENTH GRADE

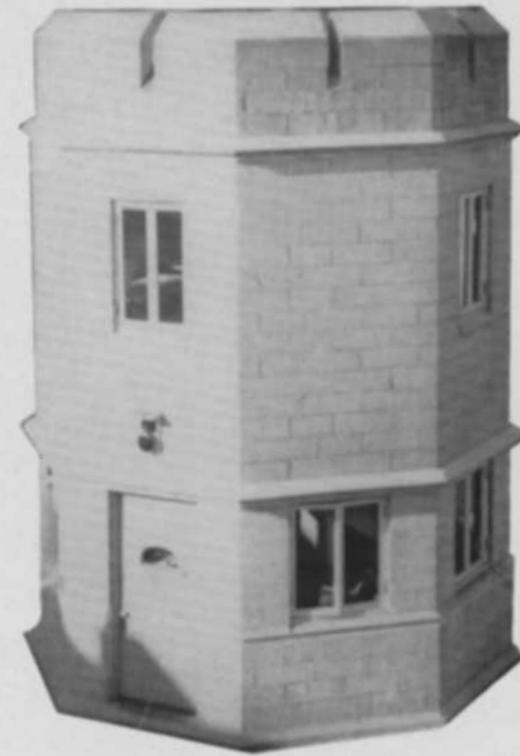
Albury	Gomez, G.	Padgett
Duffy	Klutinoty, A. G.	Robinson, C.
	Nelson, R.	

SIXTH GRADE

Bell	Foran	Klutinoty, J.
Christie		Peskin

FIFTH GRADE

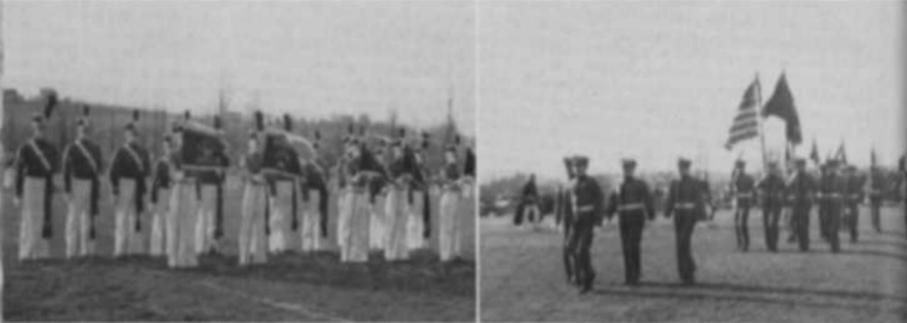
Griffith, C.	Mars, F.	Vandersluis, J.
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Book Three



The
MILITARY



STAFF



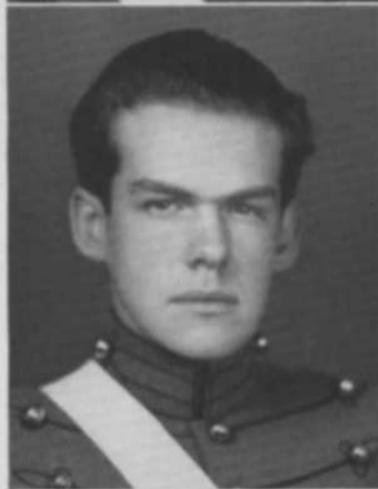
Cadet Lieutenant-Colonel
SORRELS



Cadet Major
FROST



Cadet Major
WHITE



Cadet Second Lieutenant
EARLY



Cadet Sergeant-Major
YOHO



- JOHN SORRELS.....*Lieutenant-Colonel, Regimental Commander*
- WALTER MCGHEE.....*Captain and Adjutant*
- RALPH YOHO.....*Regimental Sergeant-Major*
- HINKSON.....*Staff Sergeant*
- EUGENE FROST.....*Major First Battalion*
- WILLIAM BENDURE.....*Lieutenant Adjutant*
- STEVE EARLY.....*Lieutenant Ordnance*
- SHARKEY.....*Battalion Sergeant-Major*
- FITZHUGH WHITE.....*Major Second Battalion*
- ALBERT L. HUTSON.....*Lieutenant Adjutant*
- WALTER WARD.....*Lieutenant*
- DAVID SCHULTZ.....*Captain Adjutant Medical Detachment*





EVERETT FERGUSON
Captain

WILLIAM CLYBURN
First Lieutenant

PAUL ROTHMAN
Second Lieutenant

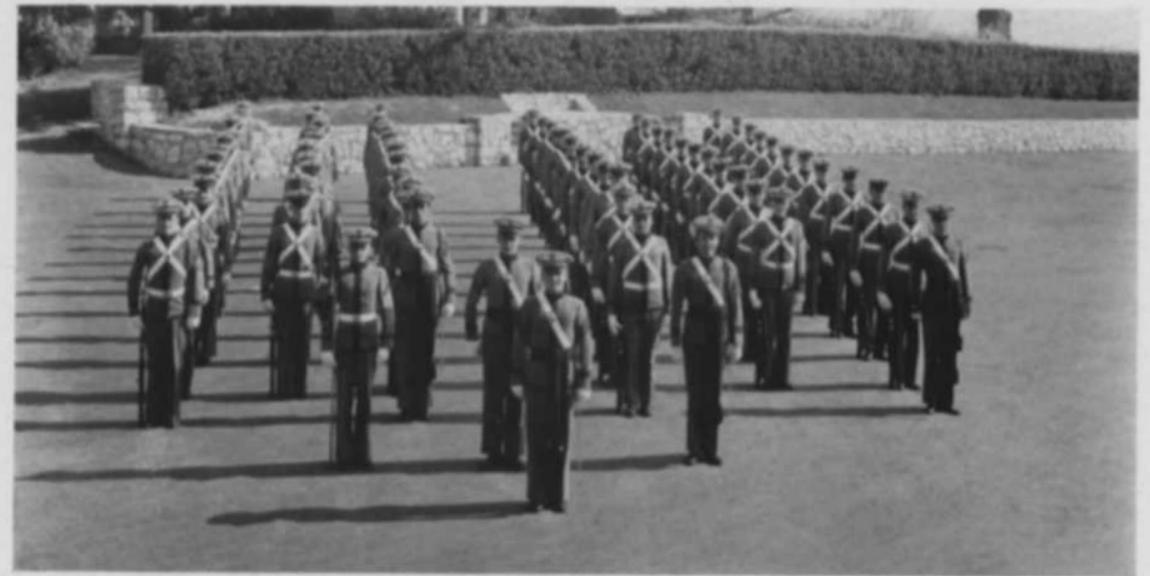
RUSSELL MULFORD
Second Lieutenant

ALAN BELOFF
Second Lieutenant

THOMAS SUTHERLAND
First Sergeant

MARK MELHADO
Supply Sergeant

COMPANY A



SERGEANTS

Brandmark
Cox
Cumming
Eager
Fusselman
Greene, J.
Hume

Laney
McCulloch
Meyer
Milestone
Offermann
Patterson

Read, H.
Satriale
Savage
Schamps
Shapiro
Wilson, R.
Zarfos

CORPORALS

Baker
Frost, W.
Hewitt

Barron
Spangler

Ettinger
Burkheimer
McCutcheon

PRIVATEES

Adair
Ash
Bermont
Borden
Bowser
Bussell
Carnes
Carroll
Childs
Comstock
Crowder
Dunbar
Ellis
Fleming
Forman

Fusselman, H.
Frey
Gallagher
Hauseman
Helmly
Ingram
James
Johnson
Jones, T.
Ludt
Lubin, H.
Lucas
Miller
Mills
Page
Pape

Patsch
Post
Randall
Rattan
Roderick
Scott, A.
Simon
Schaffer
Skinner
Snyder
Sykes
Tilley
Thomas
Wein
Worrall





HAMILTON W. WELLS
Captain

COMPANY

ROBERT MARLOFF
First Lieutenant



Louis Reich
Second Lieutenant

HENRY SHIPPLETT
Second Lieutenant



JOHN LOBELL
First Sergeant

CHARLES MARINO
Supply Sergeant



SERGEANTS

Andrews
Blake
Henneberger
Howard, J.

Jones, E. B.
Kenelley
Koblenzer
Kuhlow
McEldowney

Reader, J. T.
Rush
Shields
Shaw

CORPORALS

Berman
Greene, H.

Mettler
Pyle, R. E.

Scott, D. H.
Staples

PRIVATEES

Abelson
Ayers
Baker, R. B.
Bear
Brown, C.
Carneghi
Clarkson
Cloud
Colli
Corbett
Delgado
DiGiacomo
Flynn

Harvell
Hawkins
Inglis
Klein
Kuemmerling
Lawler
Liby
Lyons
Martin
McGowan
McMullen
Mitchel
Moore
Newton

Olsen
Quinn
Reader, J. R.
Schmidt
Schwartz
Scott, R. E.
Segal, F.
Tanner
Thompson
Viviano
Wachs
Watson
Yount





JACKSON PRESSLEY
Captain

C COMPANY

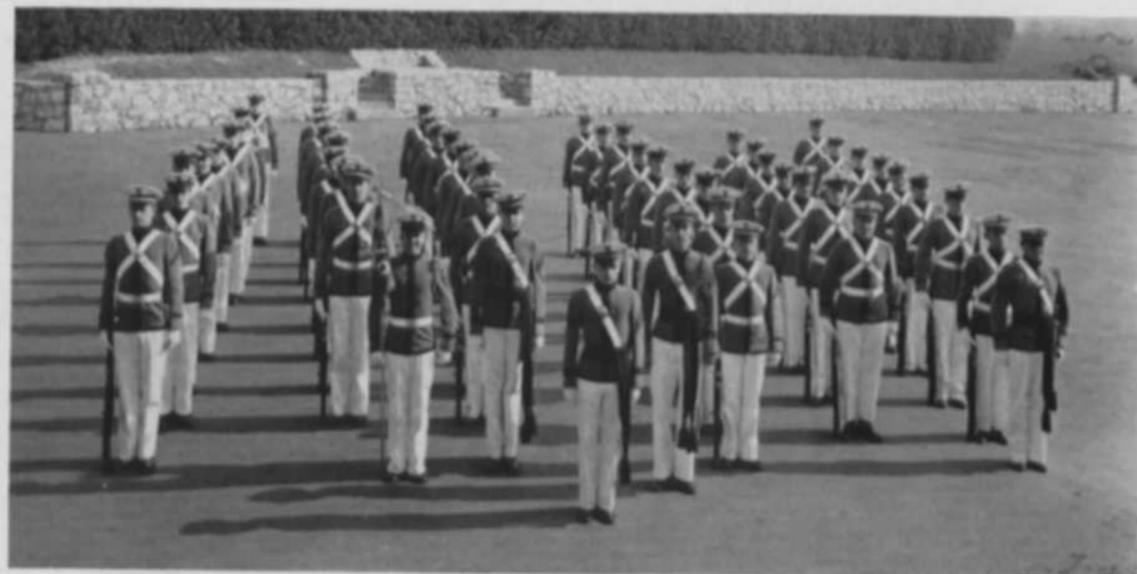
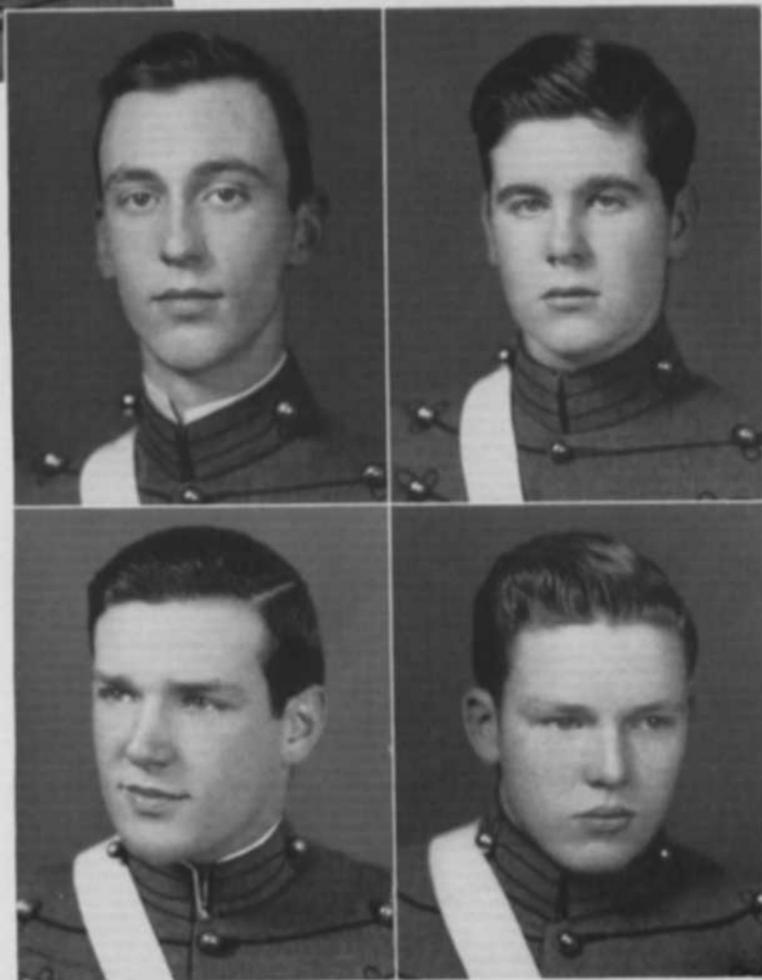
ALBERT HOWELL
First Lieutenant

THOMAS KAVANAUGH
Second Lieutenant

ALLEN SEIGLE
Second Lieutenant

JAMES WILKINS
First Sergeant

JAMES JEWETT
Supply Sergeant



SERGEANTS

Evans, R.
Guth
Keister

McIlravy
Plattman
Pinand
Corey

Pisner
Stanley, T.
Steele

CORPORALS

Bartholomew
Bruni

Butner
Dewing
Rohlesler

Sennet
Watkins

PRIVATES

Becker
Beaman, N.
Beaman, R.
Birch
Blouin
Carey
Cowie
Dodge
Dorsett
Driesback
Emerson

Enck
Fingerhut
Ganz
Hacker
Haley
Hazzlet
Hick
Hefferman
Holcomb
Keator
Kinburg
Kupper

McKee
Moses
Norris
Pennie
Phelps
Presbrey
Rifkin
Sink
Turnbull
Walker
Williams





D COMPANY

EDWARD PACKARD
Captain

THOMAS STILWELL
First Lieutenant

LEROY SCHRODER
Second Lieutenant

JOHN LARSEN
Second Lieutenant

CLAUDE BALLENTINE
First Sergeant

JOHN CASEY
Supply Sergeant



SERGEANTS

Benevides
Bluestone
Evans, D.

Field
Gary
Locke
Pariel

Read, T. A.
Schultz, R.
Van Slyk

CORPORALS

Baumeister
Howard, R.
Kinney

Loewit
Mass
Rothwell

Stanley, O.
Totaro
Vidal

PRIVATES

Barcelo
Benjamin
Chandler
Coll
Crampton
Etters
Gregory
Gomez
Hassen

Johnson, E.
Jones, E. A.
Korbey
Lazerwitz
McLanahan
Metzel
Neilon
Nordquist
Pandolfi

Perkins
Ryan
Schalick
Slaughter
Smith
Sullivan
Suprenant
Unangst
White, R.





COMPANY

EMORY J. MIDDOUR
Captain

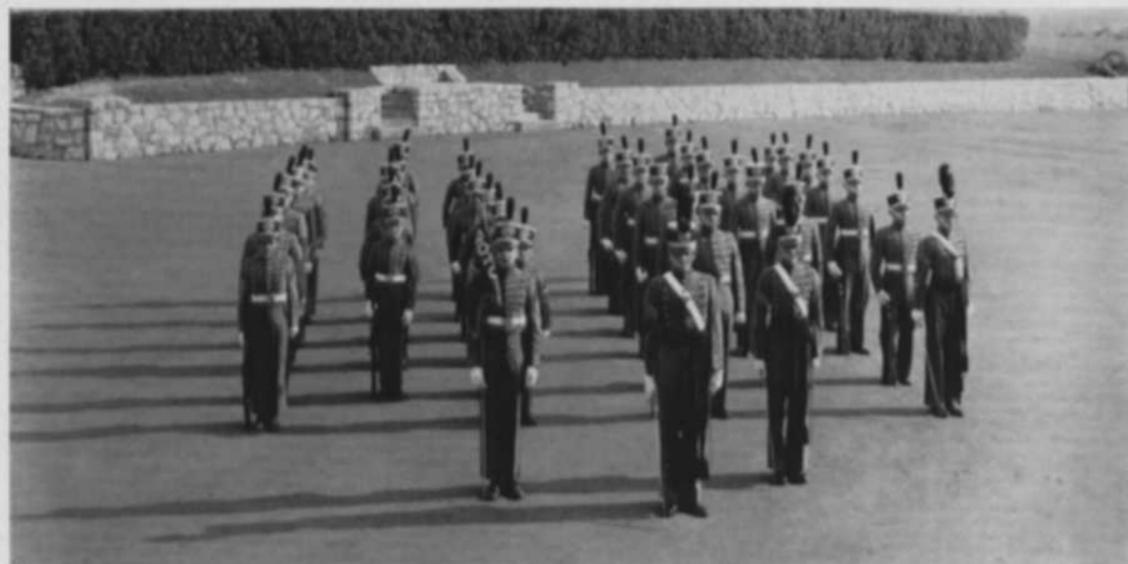
JOHN BOWMAN
First Lieutenant

WARREN JUNGERHELD
Second Lieutenant

JOHN BALDRIDGE
Second Lieutenant

ROBBINS SEIGLE
First Sergeant

FRANK FERNANDEZ
Supply Sergeant



SERGEANTS

DeVault
Duffly
Epstein

Farr
Fiedler
Frumkes
Klutinoty, G.

Kormos
Padgett
Weir, R.

CORPORALS

Klutinoty, J.
Pritzlaff

Robinson, C.

Vandersluis, J.
Vandersluis, H.

PRIVATEES

Albury, M.
Anderson, R.
Baker, H.
Barton, N.
Bell, J.
Christie, W.
Dennis, B.

Foran, W.
Gomez, G.
Griffith, C.
Kelly, C.
Lowry, W.
Lubin, E.
Mars, F.
Nelson, R.

Pagnotti
Peskins, M.
Reagan, P.
Ruble, F.
Teitlebaum
Tullidge, T. H.
Yocum, P.



THE BAND



TURNER
Second Lieutenant



WINDLE
Captain, Drum and Bugle Corps



HILL, J.
Staff Sergeant



BARKER
First Sergeant



THRELKELD
Supply Sergeant



SERGEANTS

Bogue
Clawson

Pyles, A.

Salchli
Welch

CORPORALS

De Vos, D.

Miller, H.

Wareham

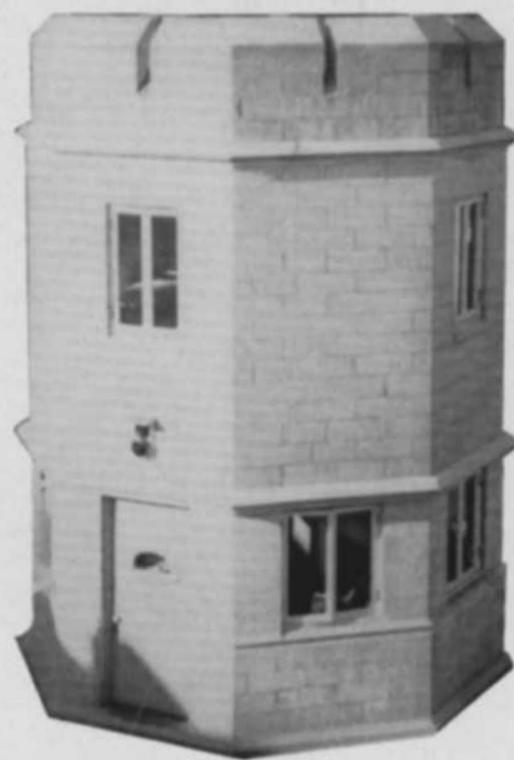
PRIVATEES

Aichelle
Ashbaugh
Bruce
Colgate
Favret
Flum
Friedman, R. S.

Fulmer
Fallon
Graef
Hazlett
Holcomb
Houston
Kelly, W.

Manier
McCrery
Morris
Johnson, R.
Riley, T.
Thompson
White, E.



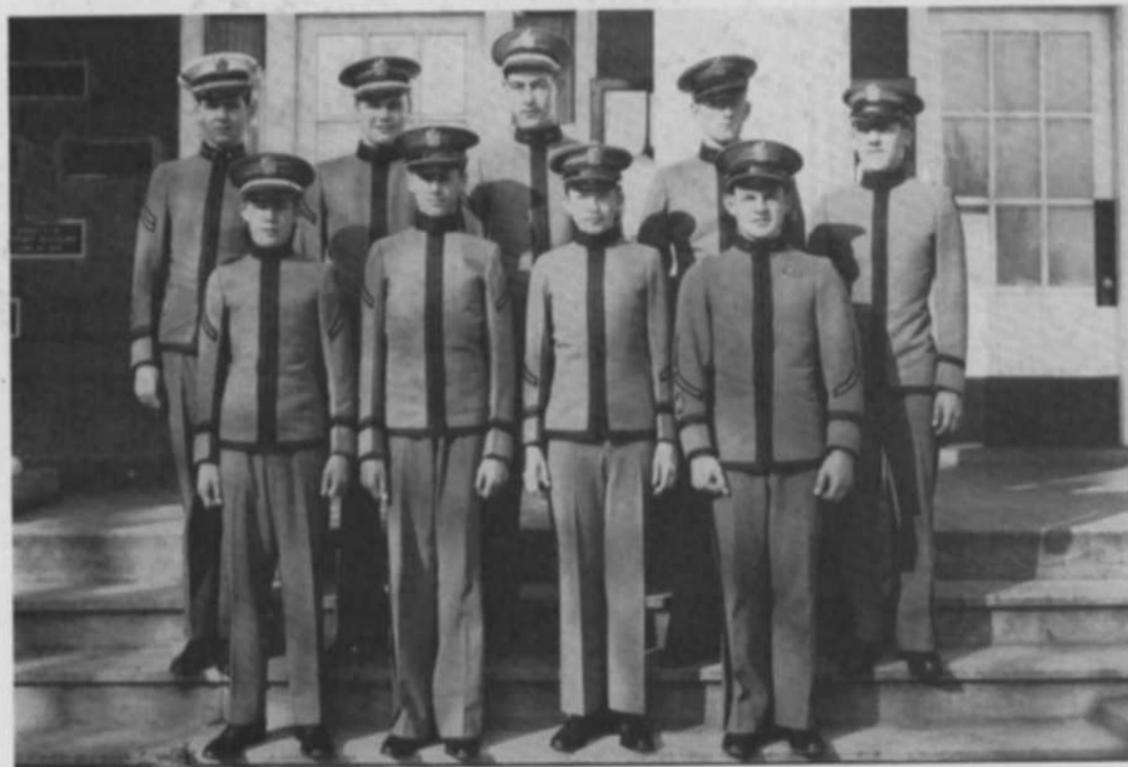


Book Four



The
ACTIVITIES





Rear: Kavanaugh, Clohcy, Sanford, Keator, Favret
 Front: Blake, Bluestone, Green, H., Howard, R.

THE HONOR SOCIETY

The Honor Society is an association of long standing at S. M. A. It has stood for the promotion of our school principles—Truth, Duty, Honor.

With the Honor Committee—Lobell, Brown, and Howard—the society has flourished this year and has set an example for the rest of the corps which many will long remember.



Lieutenant Clark, McGhee, Pressley, Sorrells, Packard, J. A. Brown
 Not in picture—Ferguson

THE COTILLION CLUB

Losing the excellent leadership of Major Hill when he left the academy this year, the Cotillion Club was faced with the problem of selecting a new adviser. Their choice of Lieutenant Clark proved to be a wise one, for the club soon found itself producing a series of dances that were to be above the high standards attained during previous years.

Taking part in every phase of its work, acting in the capacities of ticket sellers, subscriber recruiters, gymnasium decorators, press writers, and orchestra selectors, the Cotillion Club's success of the season is directly due to its efforts.





Back row—Major Brice, Mettler, Friedman, Donaldson, McCulloch, Dewing, Scolio
Middle row—Clarkson, Shaw, Andrews, Offermann, Howell, R. Howard, Packard, Casey
Front row—Jewett, Lobell, Wells, Pressley, Hume

THE WOODROW WILSON LITERARY SOCIETY

OFFICERS

First Semester

WELLS
 HUME
 CASEY
 HUTSON

President

Secretary

Treasurer

Sergeant-at-Arms

Second Semester

PRESSLEY
 JEWETT
 HUME
 LOBELL



Back row: Dewing, Thompson, Offermann, Moses
Second row: Packard, Pyle, R., Riley, T., McGhee
Front row: Lt. Young, DiGiacomo, Howard, R., Blake, Lt. Tolley

THE Y. M. C. A.

Although most members of last year's Y. M. C. A. graduated, the group found many new members last fall. Lieutenant Tolley and Lieutenant Young joined Major Pence, and through excellent work both by them and by President Blake, the Y. M. C. A. reports a very successful year.

The purpose of the organization is to instil in its members—and all whom they may associate with—the firm foundation of Christian ideals, which will help them greatly to cope with all their problems, both present and future.





Left to right: Learoyd, Thompson, Bruce, Miller, H., Flum, Kelley, W., Schultz, D. J., Dodge

THE BLUE KNIGHTS

In their second consecutive year of activity after a several years' lay-off period, the Blue Knights stepped to the fore with a "sweet and hot" dance orchestra. The members gained a taste of actual band work in playing on Sunday evenings in the Academy's mess hall and in "one night stand" engagements at local dances.

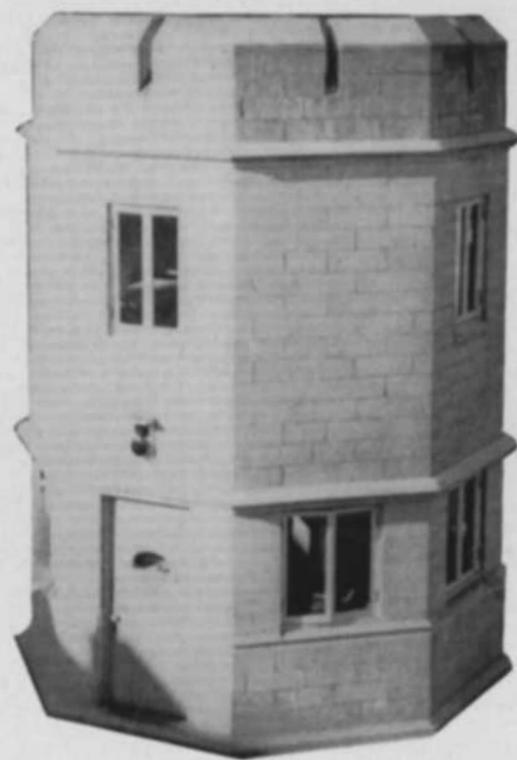


Left to right: Lt. Tharpe, Adviser; Spangler, Manier, Enck, Ballentine, Bruce, Aichele, Scott, R. E., Unangst, Korbey

THE GLEE CLUB

The 1940-1941 Glee Club, under the supervision of Lieutenant Harold Tharpe, was an organization formed for the purpose of vocal instruction as well as for the presentation of songs to the corps and near-by schools. Highlight of this year's Club presentations was the singing program of Christmas carols as a prelude to last winter's furlough.





Book Five



The
ATHLETICS



FOOTBALL RESUMÉ

Last September the head football coach, Captain Tom Howie, and his assistants, Lieutenants Bair and Onesty, were faced by a dismal outlook for their 1940 football campaign. With only six letter-men returning from last year's squad—five of them backfield men—the coaching staff had a tough assignment on their hands.

With Harry Harner and "Ed" Jones as co-captains, the Blue and Gold eleven met the Washington and Lee Freshmen on Kable Field for their first encounter. The Kableites, outweighed and outplayed, lost a disappointing season opener, 13 to 0. The game was highlighted by "Ed" Jones's long kicks.



Staunton's hopes for redeeming itself in its next game were thrown for a loss when Co-captain Harry Harner broke his collarbone in scrimmage. Coach Howie was depending on Harner, all-state back in 1939, to spark-plug the offensive with his brilliant running.

With Harner absent from the line-up, the Staunton eleven tied its next game with Mercersburg, 6 to 6. S. M. A.'s score came in the first quarter on a 20-yard pass from "Ed" Jones to "Dusty" Rhodes. The game was played at Mercersburg before a large and spirited crowd.

The cadets, still trying to get in the win column, lost their next game to Massanutten, 7 to 0. Playing in rain and snow, the Kableites held their adversaries in the first half, but were unable to check them in the final period. Also missing along with Harner was "Al" Pyles, dependable end.





Staunton continued its losing streak by dropping a one-sided tilt to Greenbriar, 35 to 0. The veteran Greenbriar squad proved too powerful for Staunton and scored in every quarter.

The Blue and Gold suffered another disastrous defeat at the hands of Fork Union. The plunging Fork Unioners scored a touchdown in each quarter to defeat the cadets, 26 to 0.

Staunton's annual grid encounter with Augusta Military Academy ended in a near-riot with an indecisive score. Though A. M. A. was leading 26 to 21, with two minutes to play, the game was called "no contest" by officials, because of darkness and other major difficulties.

Jones, E.
Johnson, E. R.
Read, T.
Hawkins

Pyles, A.
Gallagher
Heffernan
Keister

Tanner
Pinand
Jones, A.
Butner



Hamilton
Moore
Rhodes
Harvell

Enck
Wilkins
Cloud
Bermont

Frey
Skinner
Schultz
Worrall

The Kableites continued their streak with a 20 to 7 loss to Bordentown. Playing in Trenton under the floodlights, the S.M.A. eleven scored only once. This score came in the third quarter on a blocked punt by Jones with Hawkins recovering and running 32 yards for the score.

The cadets climaxed one of the poorest seasons in years with a 52 to 0 defeat by Bullis. From the moment the first whistle blew until the end of the game, it was Bullis all the way.

Staunton's left end, Thomas Enck, was the only man from the Blue and Gold to place on the All-State Football Team.





Standing—Captain Dey, Bussell, Turnbull, Shields, Staples, Johnson, Burkheimer, J. R. White, Larsen

Sitting—Enck, Tanner, E. B. Jones, Harner, Hawkins, Ash, Savage

BASKETBALL

The Staunton Military Academy basketball team wound up a very successful season with a record of ten wins and five losses. The Kableites missed the state championship by one game. A double win over either Augusta, Fork Union, or Massanutten would have done the trick.

The Staunton five, coached by Captain "Harry" Dey and captained by Harry Harner, won its first encounter of the season by defeating the University of Virginia Freshmen, 35 to 29.

The Dey-Men lost their next game to the Fork Union cagers by a close score of 48 to 45. The Blue and Gold held a lead till the closing minutes, when the Fork Unioners took the lead and the game.



In their next six games the Staunton five lost only one to a stronger and older Navy "Plebes" team, 30 to 25.

After losing to a strong Massanutten outfit, 59 to 51, the Blue and Gold went on to beat Hargrave to bring their record to seven wins and three losses.

S. M. A.'s hopes for a state championship basketball team were quickly smashed when Augusta in a return game defeated the Kableites by a score of 28 to 26.

With the tension off, the Staunton basketeers went ahead to beat Fork Union, Fishburne, and Massanutten, respectively.

The season was ended with a 61 to 41 defeat at the hands of a sharpshooting Greenbriar team.

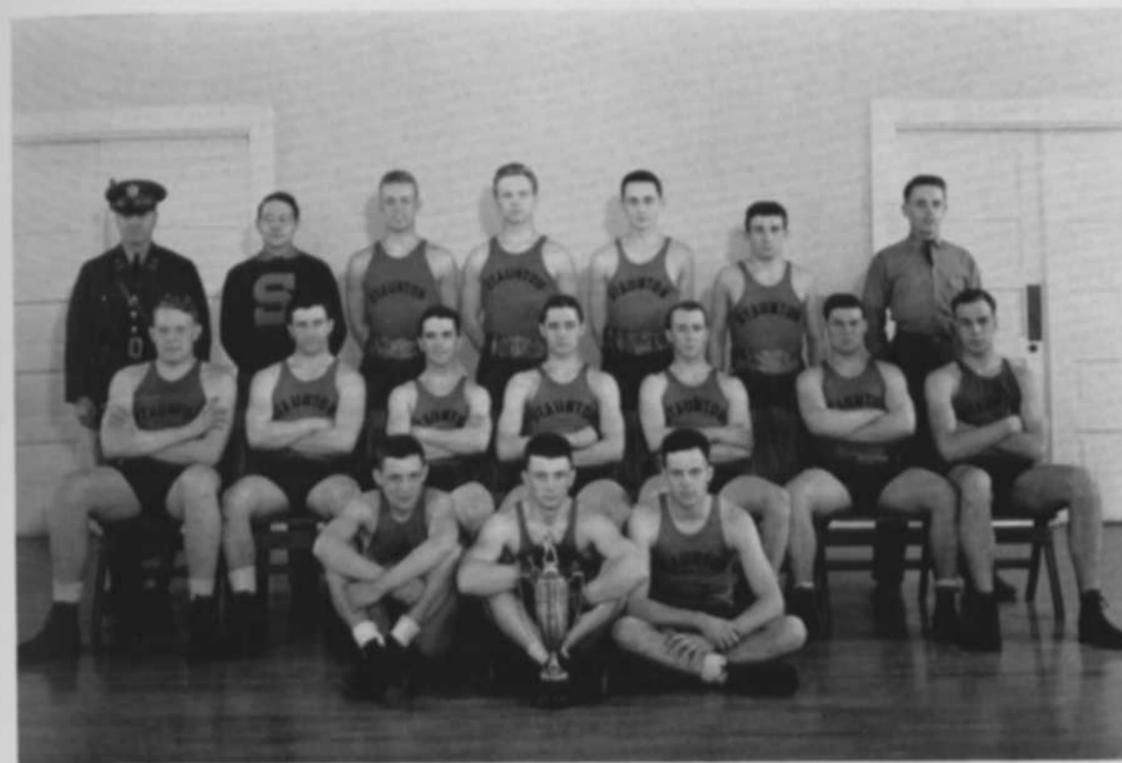
Harry Harner, captain and high scorer with 202 points, was nominated as captain and guard of the Virginia All-State Team.





SCHEDULE

	<i>S.M.A. Opp.</i>	
University of Virginia Freshmen...	35	29
Fork Union Military Academy.....	45	48
Woodberry Forest School.....	37	36
Augusta Military Academy.....	42	34
The Tome School.....	30	26
Naval Academy "Plebes".....	25	30
Fishburne Military School.....	38	19
Blackstone Military Academy.....	65	57
Massanutten Military Academy....	51	59
Hargrave Military School.....	52	34
Augusta Military Academy.....	26	28
Fork Union Military Academy.....	61	46
Fishburne Military School.....	53	33
Massanutten Military Academy....	59	46
Greenbriar Military School.....	41	61



Back row: Captain Taylor, Kennelley, McKee, Howard, J., Schmidt, Carnes

Middle row: Frey, Jones, A., Van Slyck, Bendure, Hewitt, Harvell, Read, H.

Front row: Wilson, Shipplett, Simmons

BOXING

The boxing team of the Staunton Military Academy, coached by Captain Joe Taylor, lost but one match in another successful fisticuff campaign. Their one defeat was inflicted on them by a strong and experienced Central High outfit by a score of 5½ to 3½.

Tommy Wilson and Captain Henry Shipplett were the only two returning letter-men from last year's team. But with the skill and patience which has made him one of the finest boxing coaches in the country, Captain Taylor built another Blue and Gold championship team.

In the first contest of the season Captain Joe sent seven boys into the ring who were wearing the Blue and Gold for the first time. Although the Kableites



dropped this match, the team showing great promise for a successful season. Captain Shiplett scored a T.K.O. in the 135 pound class, and Simmons (127) and Hewitt (145) scored impressive victories over their opponents.

Captain Taylor's boxers avenged their initial defeat at the hands of Central High by whipping the V. P. I. Junior Varsity 5½ to 2½. The highlights of this bout were first round T.K.O.'s by Staunton's Bill Bendure and Charlie Hewitt in the 145 and 155 pound classes respectively.



Wilson, Simmons, and Harvell won impressive victories over their opponents. Captain Henry Shiplett fought to a draw with V. P. I.'s Wingfield.

The Stauntonian boxers punched and boxed their way to an easy five to three victory over the University of Virginia Freshmen. Hewitt scored his second successive T.K.O. of the season by drubbing Virginia's Crum. Ken Van Slyck and Harold Read fought their first fights of the season and lost hard fought battles.

The Blue and Gold boxers wound up the season with a six to two triumph over the Augusta

Military Academy boxers. After Simmons and Van Slyck had lost close matches to Geurrant and Workman, S. M. A. made a clean sweep of the remaining bouts. With this victory, Captain Joe's boxers annexed another state championship.

Although big Rudy Frey won only one fight, he must be given credit for his gameness and persistency. All his bouts were closely fought and decisions were invariably hard to render.

RESUMÉ

	<i>Opponent</i>	<i>S.M.A.</i>
Central High School (Charlotte, N. C.).....	5½	3½
Virginia Polytechnic Institute J. V.	2½	5½
University of Virginia Freshmen.....	3	5
Augusta Military Academy.....	2	6





STATE CHAMPIONS

Standing—Lt. Bair, Jungerheld, J. R. White, Kuhlow, Riker, Tanner, Dodge, Ingram, Lucas, Andy Jones, Captain Dey
Kneeling—Enck, Schmidt, Pyles, Savage, Rhodes, Ed Jones, Harner, Johnson

BASEBALL

The Staunton Military Academy baseball team enjoyed one of its finest seasons in years. With Captain Dey as mentor and Jimmy Rhodes as captain, the team, up to date of this publication, has not lost a game.

The chief factor in the Blue and Gold success is J. Robert Savage, pitcher extraordinary, more frequently referred to as "Fireball Bob" Savage. Averaging about fifteen to sixteen strike-outs a game, Savage has been the spark-plug of the Blue and Gold's hopes for a state championship.

The Kableite line-up is packed with dynamite. "Big Ed" Jones, "Dusty" Rhodes, and Rivers Johnson are the big guns of the Staunton attack, but Schmidt, Harner, Pyles, Enck, and Harvell have wrecked many an opposing pitcher's hopes for victory.

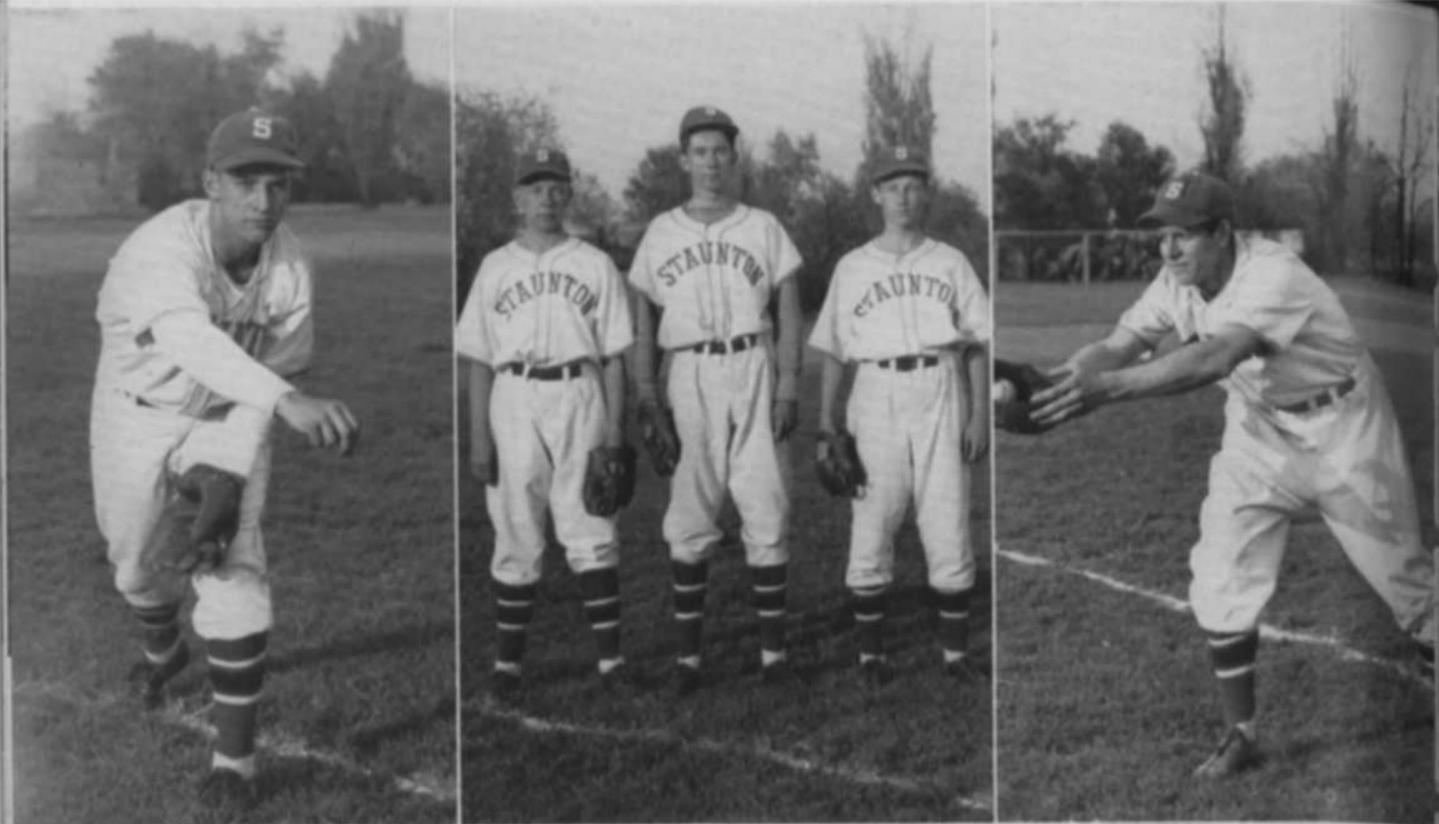


Rhodes, J., Jones, E. B., Savage, R.

SCHEDULE

	<i>Staunton</i>	<i>Opponent</i>
Harvard Freshmen.....	10	2
Virginia Freshmen (called).....	15	15
Adelphi Academy.....	14	2
U. S. Navy "Plebes" (called).....	2	2
Fork Union Military Academy.....	5	2
Augusta Military Academy.....	7	2
Fishburne Military School.....	18	2
Greenbriar Military School.....	3	0





BASEBALL

The Staunton defense is built upon the fine play of Jack Schmidt, Al Pyles, Harry Harner, and Charlie Harvell. This infield is practically errorless and airtight. The outfield consists of Tom Enck, right fielder, Rivers Johnson, center fielder, and "Dusty" Rhodes in left field.

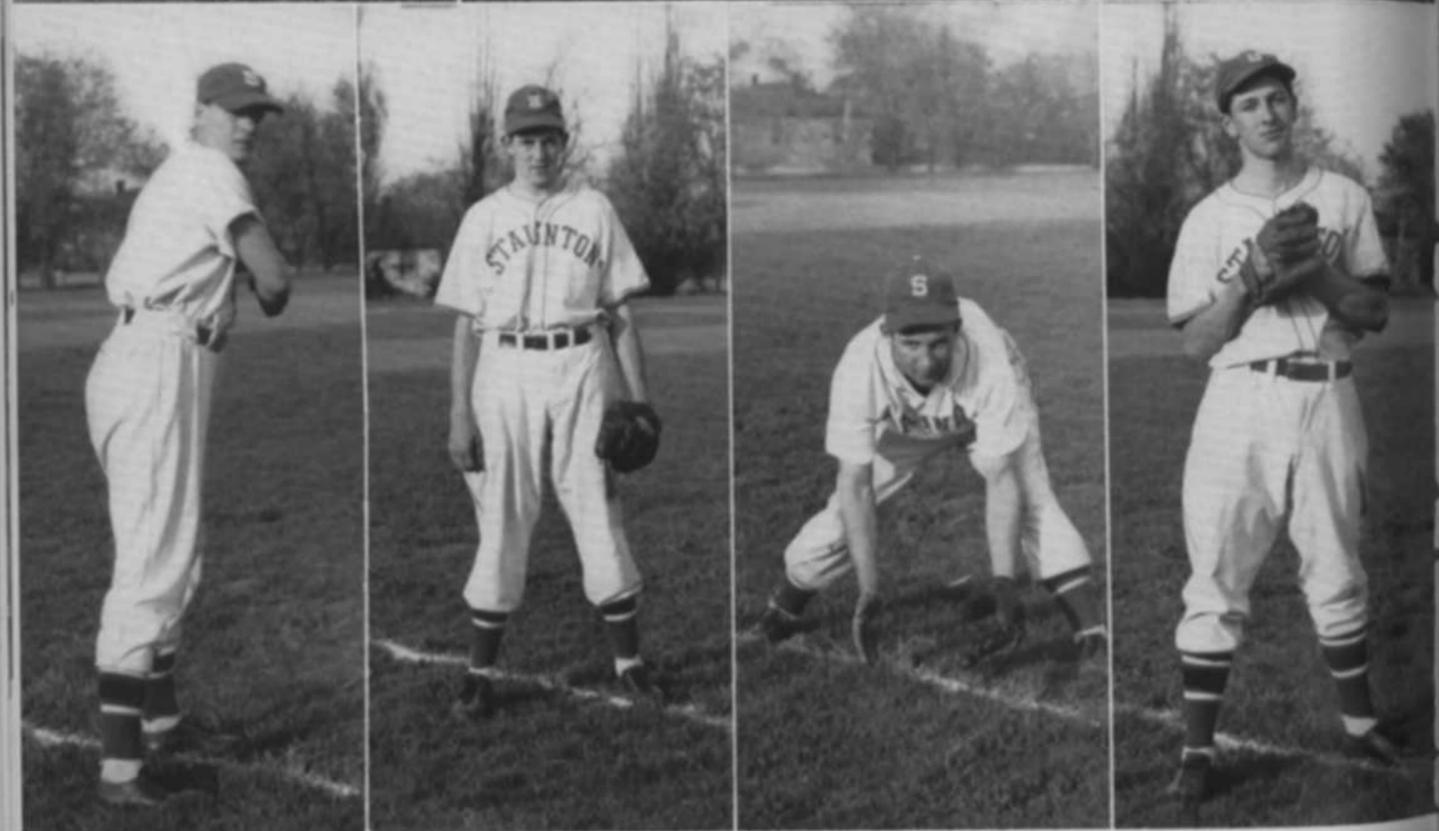
The Dey-men knocked the lid off the 1941 campaign with a 10 to 2 victory over the Harvard Freshmen. Savage struck out seventeen men in this game.

The Blue and Gold nine next tied a strong University of Virginia Freshman team, 15 to 15, game "called" because of darkness. In their next game they ran roughshod over Adelphi Academy, defeating them 14 to 2.

In a pitchers' duel, the S. M. A. nine tied the Navy "Plebes," 2 to 2. Pitcher Bob Savage fanned twenty opposing batters in this encounter.

The Stauntonians then went on to win decisive victories over Fork Union, Augusta, Fishburne, and Greenbriar. Ted Tanner, pitching the Augusta game, turned in a very creditable performance. He won the game, 7 to 2, and fanned ten men in his first starting rôle as pitcher.

The Dey-men have six more games remaining as we go to press. They should, with breaks, go through the schedule undefeated.





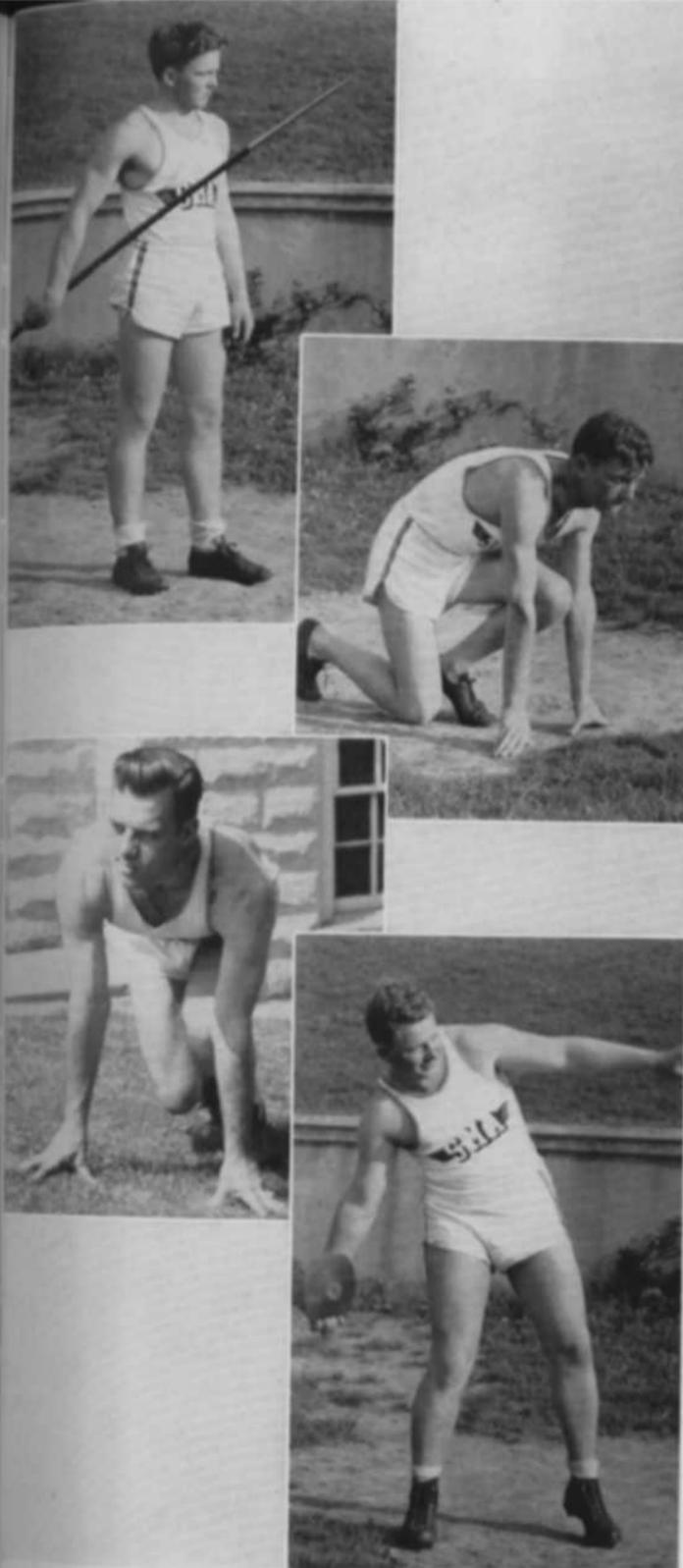
TRACK

The Staunton Military Academy track team, coached by Lts. Onesty and Bast, has faced a rather unsuccessful season. The chief cause for this lack of success was the lack of experienced members, with only three letter-men—Captain Alan Seigle, Tom Sutherland, and Kenneth Van Slyck—returning from last year's squad.

Coaches Onesty and Bast built their whole team around these three men. When Captain Alan Seigle broke his ankle in the Massanutten meet, the team lost one of its most valuable runners. Seigle had, prior to his accident, starred in the relay, low hurdles, 100-yard dash, the 220, and the 440.

With the exception of Bill Hawkins, who ran in the relay and the 100- and 220-yard dashes, the team was virtually as green as the grass in Echols Field.

With constant practice, diligent training, and the superior supervision of the coaches, Keister, Read, T., Garcia, Wilkins, and Birch, turned in several commendable performances on the cinder path.



Although the Blue and Gold tracksters won only one meet out of their first four, improvement in all departments was noted as the season progressed.

Should such men as Garcia, Birch, Blouin, Milestone, Loewit, Etters, Kinney, Fallon, Williams, and Cowie return next year, they would form the nucleus for a championship track team.

RESUME

	OPP.	S.M.A.
University of Richmond		
Frosh	50	67
Virginia Episcopal School	74	43
University of Virginia		
Frosh	101	16
State Prep School Meet—		
Massanutten Military		
Academy	56	61
Triangular Meet—		
S.M.A., A.M.A.,		
R.-M.A.	—	—





ETTERS
GARCIA
SEGAL, F.

CUMMING
BLOUIN
SATRIALE

HAWKINS
SEIGLE, A.

KEISTER
BIRCH
TILLEY





Back row: Lt. Parker, White, B. Dodge, Offermann, Fulmer, Lt. Bast, Lt. Onesty
 Middle row: Clohecy, Haley, Eager, Segal, F. Guth, Berman, Cox
 Sitting: Butner, Pressley, Beloff, Tullidge, Steele, Seifart, Seigle, A.

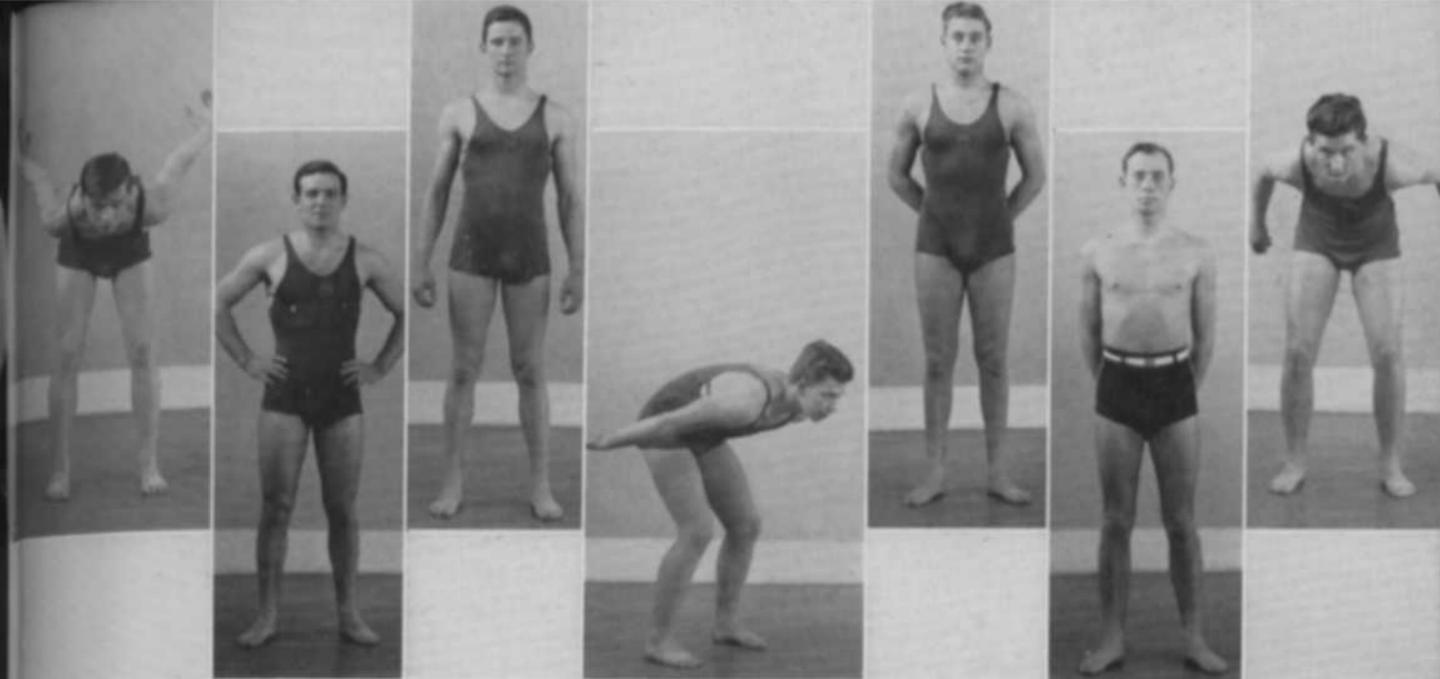
VARSITY SWIMMING

Coach Onesty had a real problem on his hands this winter in building a team capable of competing with such swimming teams as those of the University of North Carolina Freshmen, the Navy "Plebes," and the Tome School. Pressley and Tullidge were the only lettermen returning from last year's team, but reserve material was in evidence with Guth, Steele, Offerman, Seifart, Corey, and Seigle, A., returning from last year's squad.



With the aid of Lts. Bast and Parker, Coach Onesty set to work with the material at hand. He developed Berman, Fulmer, Eager, Offerman, Seifart, and Seigle, A., into dependable varsity members. Cox and Haley constituted the backbone of the diving department.

The S. M. A. tank-men lost their first three meets to strong opponents. Their initial win of the season came over the Augusta swimmers with a 37-29 victory. This victory was followed by a decisive 56-10 win over The Tome School. The Kableite swimmers took second in the quadrangular meet between Randolph-Macon, Augusta, Fishburne, and Staunton.



Captain George Tullidge proved the outstanding member of the Blue and Gold swimming team. He shattered the school record for the backstroke.

SWIMMING TEAM RESUMÉ

	S. M. A.	OPPONENTS
University of North Carolina Freshmen.....	28	38
University of Virginia Freshmen.....	27	39
United States Naval Academy "Plebes".....	19	47
Augusta Military Academy.....	37	29
The Tome School.....	56	10
Quadrangular Meet (R.-M.A., A.M.A., F.M.S., S.M.A.)....	2nd	



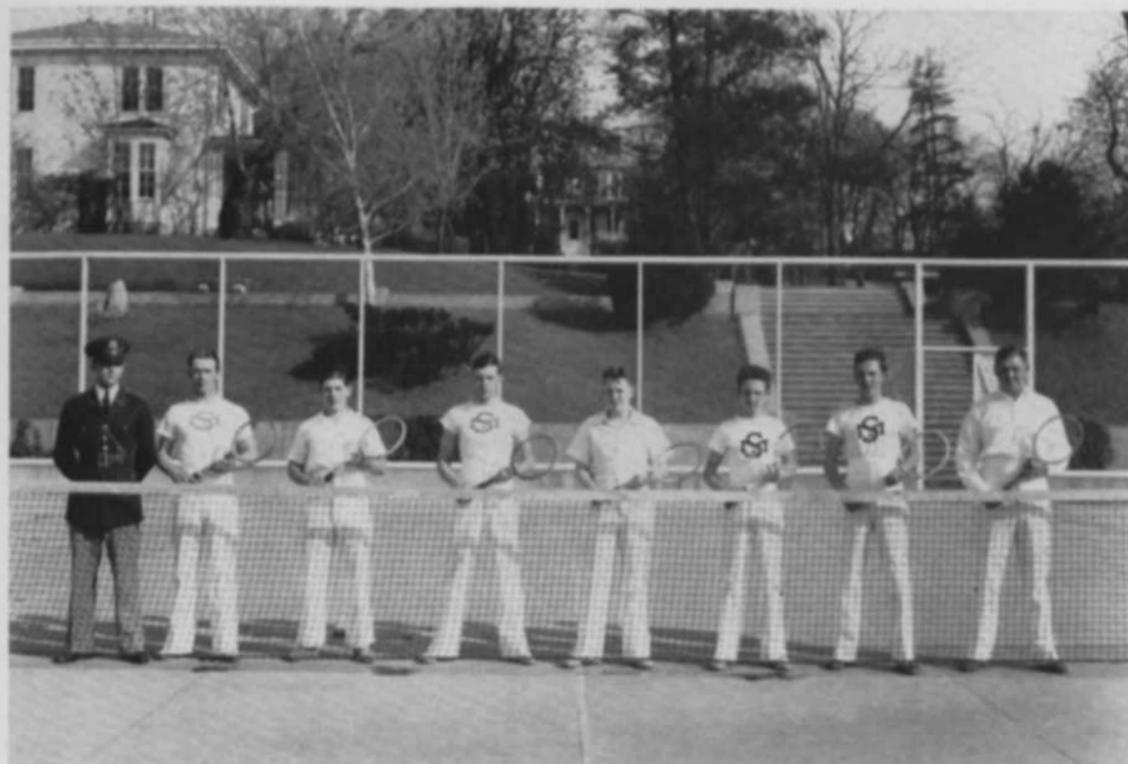


Standing: Early, Minihan, Ganz, Rush, Lt. Slattery, Moore, Fallon, Spangler
Kneeling: Cowie, Corbett, Clarkson, DiGiacomo, Meyer, Pyle, R., Blake, McMullen

RIFLE TEAM

Under the capable supervision of Lt. Raymond Slattery the S. M. A. rifle team completed one of its most successful seasons in years. The team won the Third Corps Area Championship and the National Hearst Trophy.

Larry Rush captained this year's Blue and Gold sharp-shooters. High scorers on the team were: Rush, Early, Ganz, Spangler, Meyer, McMullen, Pyle, R., Corbett, Blake, Randall, and DiGiacomo.



Lt. Clark, Hewitt, Andrews, Ash, Greene, Forman, Williams, Cloud

TENNIS TEAM

The tennis team, coached by Lieutenant Clark, has experienced a fairly successful season. With Greene and Andrews the only returning members from last year's team, the S. M. A. netmen lost their first engagement to the Woodberry Forest racketeers, 6-1.

Charlie Hewitt, Captain Taylor's flashy 145-pound boxer, played the number one spot on this year's team. The remainder of the team was composed of Dick Ash, winner of the annual fall tennis tournament, Captain Jack Greene, John Andrews, and Leon Forman.

With only a few days practice to their credit, the Blue and Gold net-men lost their season opener to Woodberry Forest by a score of 6-1. The play was not as one-sided as the score might indicate, because most of the individual matches were close.

The Kableites scored a decisive come-back in their next encounter by white-washing the Massanutten court-men, 9-0.

SCHEDULE

Woodberry Forest School
 Massanutten Academy
 Virginia Freshmen

State Prep Meet
 Fork Union Military Academy
 Mercersbury Academy





Standing: Capt. Boone, Zarfos, Roderick, Phelps, Frost, W., Manier, Hoge, Aichelle, Meyer, Abelson, Lane
 Seated: Perkins, Corbett, Reader, J. T., Presbrey, Reich, Tullidge, Rothwell, and Shaw

GOLF

Under the capable supervision of Captain Boone, the golf team has swung into another successful season. Louis Reich was the only member returning from last year's squad. Reader, however, played on the Blue and Gold golf team two years ago.

The first team consisted of Presbrey, who consistently shoots in the seventies, Reader, Reich, and Corbett.

The Kableite links-men won a practice match before the opening of the season by defeating the Augusta Military Academy golfers 16 to 2. In their first match, however, they were vanquished by Woodberry Forest, 12 to 6.

SCHEDULE

- Woodberry Forest
- News-Leader Tournament
- Woodberry Forest State Tournament
- Greenbrier Military School



JUNIOR VARSITY FOOTBALL

The efforts of the S. M. A. Junior Varsity Football Team seemed to overshadow those of the varsity. The J. V.'s lost their initial game to a strong Waynesboro High School but then went on to defeat Fishburne, Massanutten, Fork Union, and finally Augusta for the State Military School J. V. Football championship.

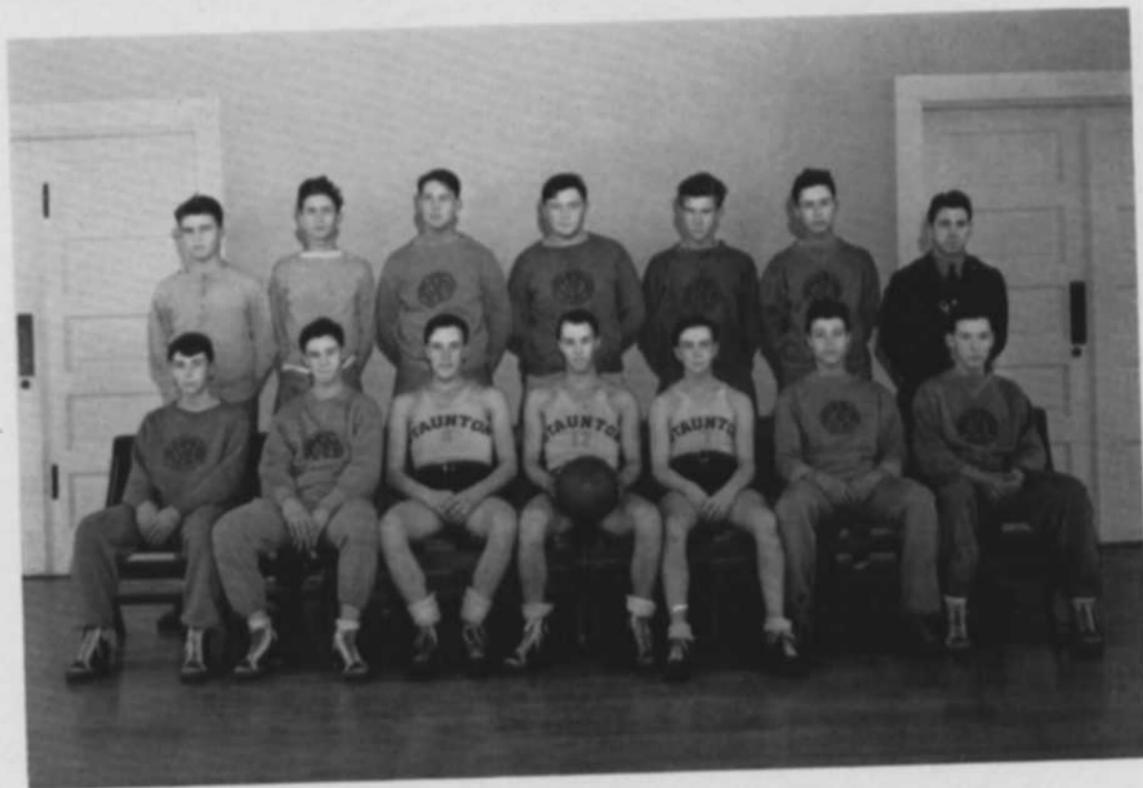
The Blue and Gold J. V. Team, the best to hit the hill in many a season, was coached by Lieutenants Bair and Bast. The fine offensive and defensive play of Shields, Marloff, Salchli, McKee, and other members of the squad highlighted the achievements of the J. V. charges.

After losing their first game to the Waynesboro "Little Generals," the prospects for a successful season seemed poor. Inspired, however, by their 18-0 victory over Fishburne, the Hilltoppers went on to win the remainder of their schedule, copping the State title with a 19-0 win over the A. M. A. Jayvees.

RESUME

	<i>Us</i>	<i>Opponents</i>
Waynesboro High School.....	0	21
Fishburne M. S. Junior Varsity.....	19	0
Massanutten M. A. Junior Varsity.....	6	0
Fork Union Junior Varsity.....	19	13
Augusta M. A. Junior Varsity.....	19	0
Virginia School for Deaf and Blind.....	0	32





Back row: Rattan, Carroll, Belmont, Cloud, Dunbar, Page, Lt. Bair
Front row: Metzel, Post, Field, Marloff, Zarfos, Frost, W., Helmly

JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL

The Blue and Gold Jayvee Basket-ball team, coached by Lieutenant Jimmy Bair, wound up another successful season. The J. V.'s, captained by Bob Marloff, downed all opposition afforded to them.

The team consisted of Post, Field, Marloff, Zarfos, and Cloud; other members of the squad who participated in games were Belmont, Metzel, Frost, W., and Koblenzer.



Standing: Chandler, Clohecy, *Manager*; Lt. Parker, Lt. Onesty, Lt. Bast, and Emerson
Sitting: Kuhlow, Corey, Presbrey, Maas, Rothwell, Borden, Jones, W. B.

JUNIOR VARSITY SWIMMING

The Junior Varsity Swimmers emerged victorious over their arch rivals, Massanutten Military Academy, in their two scheduled meets of the season. The J. V.'s have been a constant feeder to the Varsity swimming team for the past three years. Several cadets in the J. V. have had a taste of varsity competition against college freshman teams. Outstanding members of this year's undefeated team who are destined for berths next season are Maas, breast stroke and free style, Bill Corey, free styler, Chandler and Jones, backstrokers, and Rothwell sprinter.





Book Six



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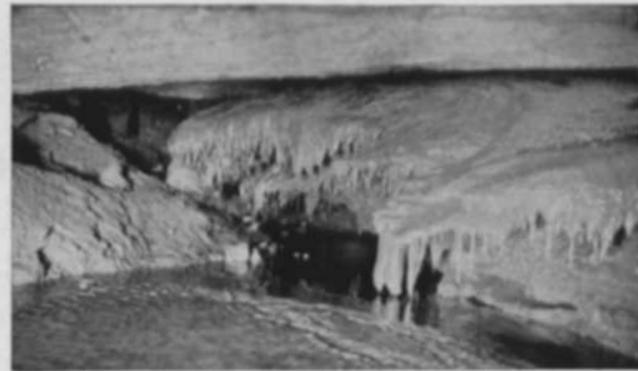
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Bonds, Securities, Etc.	481,680.32	Deposits	2,141,709.85
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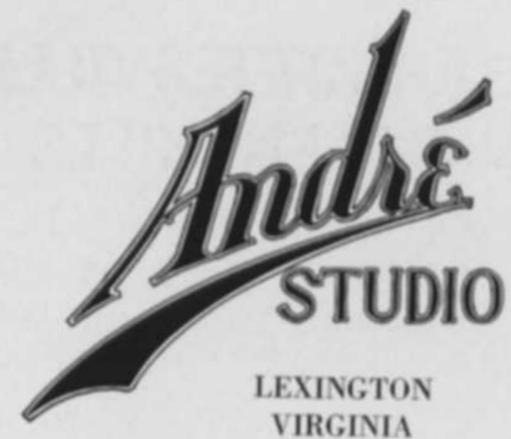
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