

*The*  
KABLEGRAM



*Staunton, Virginia*

APRIL  
Nineteen Eighteen

# THE KABLEGRAM



*Published by*

THE CORPS OF CADETS

*of the*

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

APRIL

Nineteen Hundred Eighteen

THE MOLLER CO. INC., PRINTERS, STAUNTON, VA.

# THE KABLEGRAM

Devoted to the interests at S. M. A.

The KABLEGRAM is published monthly by the Corps of Cadets of The Stauntan Military Academy from September to May inclusive. The object of the publication is threefold: To furnish a means by which the students of the Academy may secure training in the field of Journalism; to bring the old boys and alumni in to closer touch with the "old school;" and to create and maintain a school spirit in keeping with the reputation of the Academy with a student body of four hundred and fifty cadets, representing forty-six states and seven foreign countries.

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## MISCELLANEOUS

A MEDAL, offered by the publishers of THE KABLEGRAM, is offered under the following rules:

1. Each contestant shall publish at least two articles in THE KABLEGRAM during the year.
2. Each contestant's rank in the contest is to be determined by general excellency of all his publications.
3. The award shall be made by a committee consisting of the Head of the English Department and two assistants.

The following medals are awarded by the Academy at Commencement and are open to all Cadets:

1. Department Medal, awarded for best department record in the Corps.
2. First Honor Medal, awarded to the first honor cadet in the Academic Department.
3. First Honor Medal, awarded to the first honor cadet in the Junior Department.
4. Excellency Medal. This medal is *not* awarded unless the highest average in the department is 90 or above.
5. Best in Latin.
6. Best in French.
7. Best in Spanish.
8. Best in History.
9. Best in Mathematics.
10. Best in Physics.
11. Best in Chemistry.
12. Best in Military Science.
13. Best in English.
14. Best in German.
15. Best Marksman.

## Contents

Editorial .....	4
Literary .....	6
Social .....	11
Baseball .....	13
Back up the Team .....	16
School Spirit .....	17
Y. M. C. A. ....	19
Alumni Notes .....	21
Jokes .....	23



# ♦♦ Editorial ♦♦



WAS quite a bit surprised the other day when I picked up a local bulletin and noticed that the editor objected to the term "Roll of Honor" as applied to the list of men from that institution in the service. This set me to thinking. I wish to state my reasons for calling such a list our "Roll of Honor," as has been done in a previous issue of this magazine.

The men that have gone into the service have shown that they were willing to make the "Supreme Sacrifice" if necessary. Those who do not go are not necessarily failing to do their duty, because an army must have supplies, and where are these to come from if all should go? Many are staying behind, and their dominant reason for doing so is that they believe they are of more service to their country here. Various occupations of life are indispensable to our army and to our country. I might name a few—teaching—our future citizens and military leaders must be educated. Manufacturing—supplies are always necessary, both for the army and for the folks at home. The doctor must always be near. We should have amusement, although not to extreme, for what is better than to momentarily relieve our minds from the struggle. It tends to give a new lease on life, and certainly better work will follow.

A great many other callings are necessary, and to keep them going we must have men at home.

But to conclude—the man that shows he is willing to make the "Supreme Sacrifice" stands above all, and for this reason I think we are justified in calling this our "Roll of Honor" for such men.



## A Coward

**T**HE United States had declared war upon Germany! People had foreseen the inevitable, and now here it was at their very doors!

Lance Goldsmith, immaculate in his evening clothes, merely glanced at the headline of the evening paper that Westcott, his faithful butler, had placed before him. What did he care about the war? He had plenty of money, a good name, and only twenty-four years old. Let the unemployed and lower classes fight, for that is what they are here for, was his thought, as he snapped his watch case shut and rose from the table. After donning his coat, he stepped into his limousine and gave his man an uptown address. The address was no more than that of his fiancé, Miss *Elise Saunders*, a pretty young débutant of two seasons. Elise was well known as a charity worker and mission organizer, both of which Lance disliked.

Upon his arrival, Elise immediately asked him if he

were going to join the ranks. Lance laughed and told her that there were plenty of unemployed men to fight. She was very disappointed, as she had already thought of Red Cross work, and many other things as her "bit."

About a week later, young Goldsmith 'phoned Elise and asked if he might see her that night. She said that she would be at home, so promptly at eight he entered, apparently excited and under a strain.

He did not beat about the bush, but asked Elise right out if she would marry him right away. Upon asking him the cause of the hurry, he replied that the government was going to draft men of twenty to thirty years of age, and if she would marry him he could escape the service. Elise was hurt by his cowardice, but, choking back the tears that threatened to start any second, firmly told him to prove himself the man she thought him to be and then she would consider any proposal he might make.

Having no dependents whatsoever, Lance meekly accepted his fate and went to the cantonment assigned to his section. He spent several months there, learning the latest methods of war. After he finished his training he was sent to France to add to it by experience gained behind the lines.

After an assault he was sent into the front line trenches to fill a gap made by the attack of the night before. Here he spent twenty-four hours of misery, dread, and fear before he was finally ordered to the rear.

It was while making a forced march through some evacuated territory that Goldsmith saw the real work of the Hun. The little village of V—— was a mass of charred timbers, plaster, and débris of all kinds. There

were but a few of the inhabitants left, most of them being deported, slain, or still fighting. Some of the remaining few were crazed by German atrocities, others, mostly young girls, were maimed, half starved, or disgraced by the retreating Boche.

The small party stopped for a brief rest in the shade of a wrecked building. While sitting there, some calmly smoking, the detail saw an ambulance come dashing through the deserted street. When the car reached the resting place of the detail it came to a halt, its driver falling over the wheel. The lieutenant rushed to the wounded man's side, and after a few moments succeeded in bringing him to. After a few words the lieutenant cried: "Men, who will carry out this man's orders?"

Lance awoke from his meditation with a start. Within the next few seconds many thoughts came to him. He thought of Elise in her home many miles away, always planning on helping the needy, doing kind things wherever she went. What if the beasts that wrecked this village, killed or degraded its inhabitants, were to stretch their bloody hands across the Atlantic and grasp his only beloved? It would never do! A thousands times "No!!"

"I'll go," he cried, and rushed to the lieutenant, who told him to go to a certain point, get the wounded, and carry them to a base hospital. He leaped into the seat and, finding that the machine was operated like his own racer, started off with a dash. He did not hear the cheer of the men or the whine and screech of the shells that occasionally flew over his head. On he dashed, swerving from right to left, dodging shell craters, piles of débris, and such. He reached the point to which he was ordered,

to find matters in a critical condition. Men, battered, muddy, and wounded, were lying everywhere. With the help of two other men he proceeded to load as many wounded as possible. It was while he was starting for his last man that it came, and as most shells do, unexpectedly. With a deafening roar and blinding flash the "shrap" exploded a little distance from the waiting car.

Lance, struggling from under some dirt, found that his left shoulder and right lung were burning, where some parts of the shell had pierced his body. Goldsmith made his way slowly to the machine and, upon looking it over found that only the top suffered but a few holes.

He climbed in, but not without a whole lot of pain, and started the ambulance on its home trip.

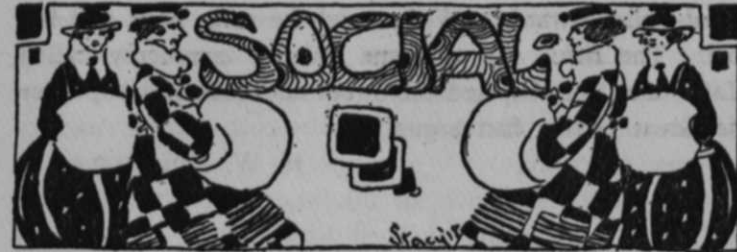
It seemed years before he pulled up in front of a rough wooden building called the base hospital. Before he stopped there were two men and a nurse waiting to unload his human cargo.

It was the doctor, standing in the door, that saw Lance fall forward over the wheel. He rushed out, calling a soldier as he went.

Everything was blurred at first, but gradually things took shape. Lance heard voices around him, at first way off in sound, but now that he had fully regained consciousness he found that they were talking about him. What were they saying? Something he had done? Yes, that was it. Just then a tired looking nurse came to his side and, seeing that he was conscious, asked him if he had any relatives or friends to whom they could send some word of his condition. With a great effort Goldsmith gave her Elise's address, and stammered: "Tell her—I—I—am

—not—all—coward.” With a sigh he sank back and lay still. The fitful and tiresome journey commonly called “Life” had finished, and the sweet and beautiful trip over the Great Divide had begun.

H. W. HULSHIZER.



During the latter part of March the cadet girls of Staunton gave a lovely dance for cadets at the Virginia Hotel. Dancing was enjoyed from 8:30 to 12. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Music was furnished by the Staunton Orchestra.

On Monday afternoon, April 1st, the local Red Cross gave a benefit dance at the Virginia Hotel. Dancing was enjoyed between the hours of 3 and 6. Tables were arranged around the hall so that those who did not care to dance could enjoy a game of cards. Knitting was also in order on this occasion. Refreshments were served during intermissions. A large number of cadets from the Staunton Military Academy, the Augusta Military Academy, and the Fishburne Military School were present on this occasion, giving a military air to the occasion. These benefit dances have been very enjoyable and successful.

On Friday evening the cadets enjoyed their annual Easter Hop in the Mess Hall. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion in purple and white. A large Japanese umbrella hung in the center of the hall with purple streamers attached, extending from the columns, which were striped with purple. A covering of purple lattice work over the doors and windows added to the at-

tractiveness of the room. Punch was served from a booth in the east corner of the room. The Colgan orchestra, of Charlottesville, furnished the music. Among the many visitors were the officers of the cadet corps of the Augusta Military Academy.

The cadets will give an informal dance in the gymnasium on the evening of April 20th. Music will be furnished by the Potts Jass orchestra.

Among the recent visitors to the Academy was Lt. Read, of the U. S. R. Reserve Medical Corps, father of Cadet Kenneth Read. Lt. Read spoke to the cadets at chapel exercises, giving a very interesting description of his experiences in the transport service.

We were pleased to have a number of students from the schools and colleges in this vicinity with us for a Y. M. C. A. student conference April 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. The following schools were represented:

University of Virginia, Washington and Lee University, Virginia Military Institute, Bridgewater College, Shenandoah Collegiate Institute, Massanutten Academy, Miller School.

A delegation of twelve cadets from our cadet association attended this conference, and report a very helpful and enjoyable time.

# Baseball

## Baseball Opens with a Victory for S. M. A.

Team stronger than last year.

Harrisonburg High were our first opponents and we sure walloped the old horse-hide all over the lot.

McMillan, pitching for S. M. A., allowed but one hit and one run in five innings.

Belaunde relieved McMillan in the sixth and finished the game.

S. M. A. played a good game, but it was too easy a victory to tell whether or not she had a good team.

Harrisonburg played a fairly good game.

The following is the score by innings:

S. M. A. ....	5	4	3	4	1	0	2	0	—Total	19
Harrisonburg .....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—Total	3

Battery: Freitag, McMillan, Blounde, Taliaferro, H. Garber.

S. M. A.'s second victory was scored over Miller School.

McMillan, again doing mound duty, was relieved in the fifth by Young.



The feature of the game was two home runs by Rushing. Melton for Miller School, struck out ten men.

Scores by innings:

S. M. A. ....4 0 0 0 0 10 0 12 0—Total 26  
M. S. ....0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0—Total 3

Freitag, McMillan, Young, Brockenborough, Buckhead.

## Indians Confident of Victory

The Indians were confident that they would repeat their performance of last year, but Young proved to be their stumbling block, Rushing getting another homer.

A very peculiar coincidence, that on April 2, 1917, the Indians beat us 14-1, and on the same date one year later we beat them 15-1.

The score by innings:

S. M. A. ....3 0 0 4 4 0 1 0 0—Total 12  
W. & M. C. ....0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—Total 1

Battery: Freitag, Young.

Substitutes: O'Connell for Monget.

### S. M. A. KALSOMINES RICHMOND COLLEGE

Young again doing mound duty, hurled his team, not only to victory, but to a shut-out.

Richmond showed generalship, but the strong S. M. A. team outplayed them at every stage of the game. Rushing, the home-run king, got another home in this game.

The outlook the of S. M. A. baseball team is very promising, and barring accidents, they should have an enviable record on May 11th.

Following is the score by innings:

R. C. ....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—Total 0  
S. M. A. ....0 4 1 2 1 0 2 0 0—Total 10

Battery: Kuyk, Steinharck, Freitag, and Young.

The work of the track team is very commendable. They are practicing every day, and with the assistance of Coach Tarr, we should have an excellent team to represent the Blue and Gold this year.

## Back Up the Team



GREAT deal depends on how the student body backs up the team as to the success or failure of the team. A defeat is not failure nor necessarily a sign of weakness. One may be a splendid man physically, and an expert fighter, but if pitted against a more powerful man with equal skill he must suffer defeat—but not failure. Just so it is with a team. We need to get away from the idea that a team must win all its games to be a successful team.

Now, fellows, no matter how good or how poorly we have backed up the teams in the past, let us get together and get back of the team and cheer it on to victory. But if defeat comes our way, take it like real men—give the winners the credit, for it is a credit to any team to defeat our boys, but let the defeat be an incentive to push us on to victory the next time. That's the kind of spirit we want to see developed here at S. M. A., and that's the kind we are going to develop.

Any kind of a fellow can cheer when the team is winning, but it takes real men to stick by the colors when the ship is sinking. To be a quitter at such a time is little short of treason. Many a lost game has been won through the cheering of the students. Ask any fellow who plays on a team about it. He will tell you that when winning, the cheering gives confidence to the team. When losing, it inspires them to put forth a greater effort—to put all that's in a fellow into the game, and does a great deal towards steadying a team so that they can do their best work.

Now, fellows, when a mass-meeting is called, although you may not care to come, it is your *duty* to go and thereby

give the weight of your influence to anything that is done. Perhaps it is to practice yells. You know the yells already—very well—but this may be the occasion of something of particular importance you can't afford to miss. Your duty is to be there.

It so happens that our games have been too one-sided to be very interesting so far. This may be true of other games—but we should not leave just because of this. Stay with the team. Many a game has been won in the ninth inning. You can never tell when you will be needed to help things along. It is our duty to the team—to the school they represent, and the student body of which we are a part, to stay with the team until the last ball is thrown. Let's do it.

## School Spirit

Some of the fellows say that there's no school spirit at S. M. A., and even go so far as to say that it's something we can't get here. I disagree with those who hold such views. We have got school spirit at S. M. A., although it may not be developed as it should be—it can be developed, and now is the time to begin.

There's no school spirit at S. M. A.—suppose a student from another institution should speak sluringly of our school in the presence of an S. M. A. cadet. Don't you think his remarks would be resented, and that he would be forced to apologize? I'm sure that he would. Well, doesn't this prove that the fellows here do care for the school, although they are not going around announcing it through a megaphone?

Now, fellows, we all know that there are some knockers—that's all right. We are told that the English Tommy reserves the right to kick about this and knock that—when it comes to small things that do not please him; but that when it comes to the things that really count, he goes to it with never a murmur. I think this is true of the boys here. Remember the trying time we had during the quarantine last fall? Did you hear any knocking? I did not. The spirit shown on this occasion was simply grand. When it comes to the things that really count we know where the fellows will stand.

However, we must admit that the fellow who is all the time knocking becomes a nuisance. It is, therefore, up to the individual to see to it that he has no part in this kind of thing. Where do you stand, you individual cadet? Are you a knocker or a booster? Others who have gone out from S. M. A. have left us a great legacy. Let's pass it on to the fellows who are to follow us—more precious—more sacred because our personalities and our endeavors have been added.



COME on, fellows, pull for the team today and cheer with all your might. We have got a hard game, and let's give the team all the support we can," said the cheer leader before the corps went down to the athletic field. And did the fellows back up the team and cheer?—well, I should say they did, and they cheered all the harder when things looked gloomy for S. M. A., in an attempt to give the boys on the field new life. This they accomplished, and another victory was hung up for old S. M. A.

Fellows, let's get back of the Y. M. C. A. like we do the teams, only back them more and cheer harder. You can do more than cheer, knuckle down and do a little work for the Y. M. C. A., give it all the support you can. Unless you have been asleep you have already seen the change in the spirit of the corps in the past year, caused

by the work of the "Y." There is no need of stating here the changes, as you must have already noticed them.

Fellows, all of you loyal sons of S. M. A. let's pull together for a bigger and better school. How can we do this? The best way is through the "Y." When a father thinks of sending his son away to school, what sort of a school does he pick. Most dads pick a school where there are good morals and excellent opportunities for the betterment of his son's religious training—coupled with the facilities for knowledge and learning. We have here at S. M. A. as good a corps of teachers, if not better, than any prep school in the country. That takes care of the facilities for knowledge and learning. Now for the morals and opportunities for religious training, we have the "Y." Through this we can raise the moral standards still higher than they have been in the past, if all of you will only get behind the "Y" and push, pull, and strive for it.

As I said before, you cheer with all your might for the teams. Athletics do help us to some extent to put the school before the eyes of the country. But fellows, very few fathers will send their sons to a school just because the school has a high athletic standing. And, too, people in general don't think much about a good athletic record, if they hear also that the school is a bunch of rough-necks. But if they hear about S. M. A. as it is today, and then about the athletic record, they are going to say: "That's a pretty good school." If they hear about S. M. A. next year, after we all get back of the "Y" and push, they won't be able to say enough good things about the school, because of the lack of words in the English language to express themselves. This last may seem a little overdrawn, but if you don't believe it, cooperate with the "Y." and then see if it doesn't prove to be a fact.



## ALUMNI NOTES

B. M. BROWINSKI, *Editor*



ON SUNDAY afternoon, March thirty-first, the cadet corps and many people from the surrounding country witnessed one of the most inspiring sights ever seen at S. M. A. The occasion was the unfurling of the Service Flag upon which was represented with a star for each man, two hundred and thirty-seven former students and graduates who had entered the service up to that time. It was with the greatest sorrow that we noticed three of the stars were gold, indicating that three loyal Americans had given their lives for their country. The men that had made the Supreme Sacrifice were Claude Mieusset, Phelps Collins, and Charles Adams.

The two American flags that were on either side of the Service Flag were unfurled to the notes of the "Star Spangled Banner." Following this the large Service Flag was unfurled to the notes of our own school song, "The Blue and Gold." Of course the corps was at attention

during the playing of the former, but when the school song was played every cadet uncovered, placing his cap over his left shoulder and remaining at attention. Mrs. G. W. Johnson, whose son, represented by one of the stars and now at the front, unfurled the large Service Flag. Following this, Mr. Stephen D. Timberlake, the principal speaker of the afternoon, a graduate of the Academy, was introduced by Col. Kable. He spoke of the appropriateness of Easter for such a ceremony, as the first Easter Day celebrated the freedom of mankind from the thralldom of sin and death, and those whom we honored on this latest Easter Day are battling for the freedom and liberty of mankind. He called attention to the nobility of such service, and said that no men deserved higher honors than those engaged in this struggle for our homes, our principles, our liberties.

Col. Kable made a short but very impressive speech on "Service," and surely no cadet left the grounds that afternoon that was not filled with a desire to render whatever service lay in his power to our country and our common cause.

Quoting the *Staunton Daily News*: "Every one who was present was given a new conception of the work that the Staunton Military Academy is doing for our country and our nation, and the stars on the Service Flag demonstrated this work in a manner that made it evident to the audience as nothing else could have done."



#### A RAT'S ATTEMPT AT RHYME

Some days I go out on the mountain high  
 And think of happy days gone by,  
 I think of my happy boyhood days  
 Compared to my present bold rough ways.

When in my younger life  
 I knew no trouble, toil or strife;  
 Of unknown future I had no thought,  
 But accepted with pleasure what old time brought.

Now it's different, I've no thoughts at all,  
 But must jump at every bugle call.  
 It's military this and military that,  
 It's got to be military wherever you're at.

If you're going to work or to play,  
 You have got to do it in a military way;  
 A military salute when you pass the banner,  
 And you have to eat in a military manner.

When on drill, no matter how airy,  
It's leave off your sweater for that military;  
You can tell we're military by our looks,  
For S. M. A. has military cooks.

After military comes r-e-g-u-l-a-t-i-o-n,  
A hell of a word in my estimation;  
A regulation shirt with turn-down collars,  
Regulation breeches—they cost eleven dollars.

Regulation leggins, I don't know the price,  
But I've never seen a pair that fit real nice;  
The regulation tie and a regulation hat,  
And a regulation step you have to drill at.

The bugle blows reveille—it's the military way.  
Then we dress in regulation clothes for the day;  
We're rough and tough, so they say,  
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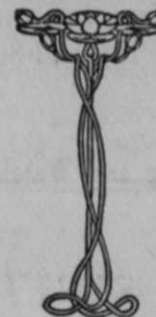
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