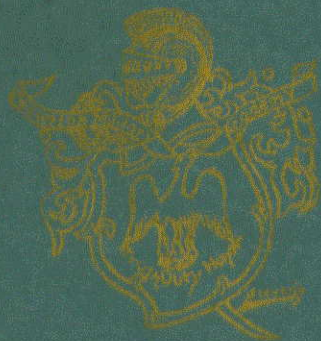


The
KABLEGRAM



Staunton, Virginia

CHRISTMAS
Nineteen Seventeen

THE KABLEGRAM



Published by

THE CORPS OF CADETS

of the

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

DECEMBER

Nineteen Hundred Seventeen

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

Staunton Military Academy

Contents

Directory	3
Editorial	7
Literary	9
Capt. Peter Kelly	18
Y. M. C. A.	19
Seniors	22
Social	23
Football	25
Alumni	29
Exchanges	34
Jokes	35

Staunton Military Academy Directory

Faculty

Col. Wm. G. Kable, Ph. D.	President
Col. Thos. H. Russell, B. S.	Head-Master
Lt. Col. Ted. G. Russell, B. S.	Commandant
Col. John Conklin, U. S. A.	Head Military Department
Maj. L. L. Stevens, Ph. B.	Head Department English
Maj. E. M. Tiller, B. S.	Head Junior Department
Maj. L. L. Sutherland, A. B., A. M.	Head Department Chemistry
Maj. F. M. Sizer, A. B.	Head Department Modern Languages
Maj. R. W. Wonson, B. S.	Asst. to Head-Master
Maj. H. G. Acker, B. S.	Asst. Commandant
Capt. S. S. Pitcher, B. S.	Post Adjutant
Lieut. G. H. McLean, B. S.	Department Modern Lg.
Lieut. D. C. Gruver, A. B., A. M.	Head Dept. Latin
Lieut. S. C. Chandler, B. S.	General Secretary Y. M. C. A.
Lieut. E. E. Tarr, A. B.	Athletic Director
Lieut. L. T. Davis, B. A.	Department Mathematics
Lieut. L. A. Tomassi, B. S.	Dept. Modern Languages
Lieut. O. M. Harrison, L. C.	Junior Department
Lieut. H. G. Haynes, A. B.	Head Dept. Physics
Lieut. M. C. Campbell, A. B.	Dept. English
Lieut. C. P. Kremer, A. B.	Dept. English
Lieut. F. J. Morgan, A. B., A. M.,	Dept. History
Lieut. A. H. Macaulay, B. S.	Dept. History
Lieut. H. E. Manning, A. B.	Dept. Mathematics
Lieut. J. W. Mann, A. B.	Dept. Mathematics
Lieut. H. C. James, B. S.	English Dept.
Lieut. Wallace Wilson	Dept. Stenog. and Typewriting
Lieut. A. L. Tynes, M. D.	Medical Officer
Prof. Thos. Beardsworth	Instructor Cadet Band
Capt. Thos. Kivlighan	Post Commissary
Lieut. Edward Flynn, U. S. A.	Tactical Officer
Lieut. Joseph Lees, U. S. A.	Tactical Officer
Miss Ada Allen	Head Nurse
Miss Mamie Newcombe	Asst. Nurse

Cadet Officers

STAFF

J. F. Whittaker	Lieut. and Adjt.
W. J. Taylor	Lieut. Q. M.
R. O. Ingalls	Sgt. Major
William A. Rowan	Ord. Sgt.
Dan A. Ledbetter	Q. M. Sgt.
Gorden A. Granger	C. F. Sgt.
C. H. Armstrong	Hospital Sgt.
Benj. Walker	Col. Sgt.

SIGNAL DETACHMENT

C. G. Brooks *Lieut.*
 F. C. Clarke *Sgt.*

COMPANY "A"

J. Newton Lummus *Captain*
 Bishop *1st. Lieut.*
 Francis J. Curry *2nd. Lieut.*
 Jack Sutton *1st Sgt.*

COMPANY "B"

Frederick W. Skinner *Captain*
 Allen E. Starr *1st Lieut.*
 Harold H. Gates *2nd Lieut.*
 Harold Ogden *1st. Sgt.*

COMPANY "C"

Norman Wedum *Captain*
 Chas. W. Hutchings *1st. Lieut.*
 J. Whitney Bolton *2d Lieut.*
 Frank Morris *1st Sgt.*

COMPANY "D"

Lawrence Wright *Captain*
 Vernon Haughan *1st. Lieut.*
 Bennett Wagoner *2d Lieut.*
 Philip Enslow *1st. Sgt.*

COMPANY "E"

B. M. Browinski *Captain*
 Walter Waters *1st Lieut.*
 Jowell S. Wright *2d Lieut.*
 George H. Striet *1st. Sgt.*

BAND

A. Dean Eagles *Captain*
 Harold Ballou *1st Lieut.*
 F. Douglas Curry *2d Lieut.*
 Howard Sherman *1st Sgt.*

Clubs

ACADEMY CLUB

Frank N. Westgate *President*
 Albert D. Eagles *Vice-Pres.*
 Ray McDougall *Secretary*
 Eugent Robinson *Treasurer*

TRIANGLE CLUB

J. Newton Lummus *President*
 Frederick W. Skinner *Vice-Pres.*
 Norman A. Wedum *Secretary*
 Francis J. Curry *Treasurer*

EXETER CLUB

Vernon Heughan *President*
 Jowell S. Wright *Vice-Pres.*
 Sterling J. Nicholson *Secretary*
 Bennett Wagoner *Treasurer*

ARBOR VITAE CLUB

Frank Beaston *President*
 Harold Ballou *Vice-Pres.*
 Louis Turman *Secretary*
 Hugh Warren *Treasurer*

LEE CLUB

John A. Williams *President*
 W. T. Dortch *Vice-Pres.*
 Paul Emmert *Secy.-Treas.*

T. K. C CLUB

William A. Rowan *President*
 S. S. Coldren *1st Vice-Pres.*
 Ross. M. Ferris *2nd Vice-Pres.*
 Ronald B. Wehrly *Secretary*
 David Zacharias *Treasurer*

THE HOME CLUB

Thos. Bromley *President*
 Walter Bromley *Vice-Pres.*
 Van Burger *Secretary*

Y. M. C. A.

J. Newton Lummus *President*
 B. M. Browinski *Vice-Pres.*
 John A. Williams *Secy.-Treas.*

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

J. Newton Lummus *President*
 Fred W. Skinner *Vice-Pres.*
 Norman A. Wedum *Secretary*
 Francis J. Curry *Treasurer*

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.

BOARD OF EDITORS

J. NEWTON LUMMUS	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
J. MAX HOUSER	<i>Literary Editor</i>
FRANK WESTGATE	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
J. F. WHITTAKER	<i>Military Editor</i>
A. DEAN EAGLES	<i>Social Editor</i>
B. M. BROWNSKI	<i>Alumni Editor</i>
NORMAN A. WEDUM	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
W. L. STEVENS, FRANK STACY	<i>Art Editors</i>
FREDERICK W. SKINNER	<i>Business Editor</i>

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.

♦♦ Editorial ♦♦

Christmas

It is a time of peace and joy and gladness, of love, laughter and song.

"When the nights shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And silently steal away."

But while there is joy and gladness in many hearts and homes, there are other hearts and homes where the light of joy has gone out, and the spectral shadow of deep sorrow sits by the fireside, and with its gaunt fingers tugs at the heart strings of the inmates and in lieu of music there comes a wail. There are homes where a year ago all was mirth and laughter, but today the strong staff and support has been broken and the widow sits in her weeds.

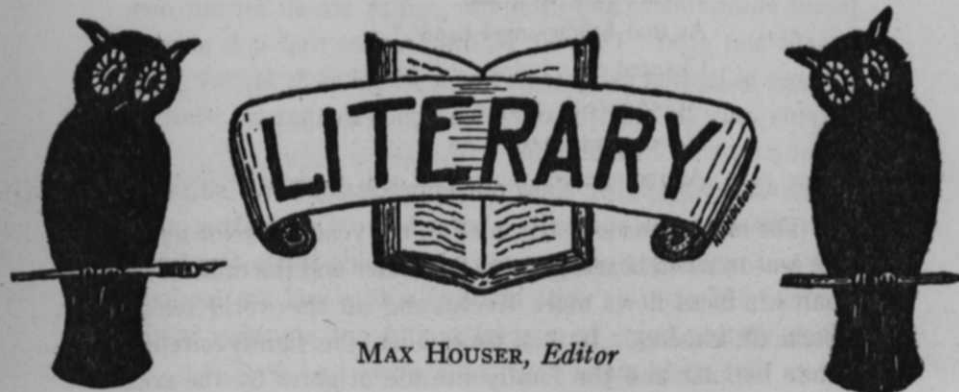
There are homes where a little cherub that came like a bloom from Heaven has gone back to the angels, and the young mother wanders over the house sighing: "Empty is the cradle baby's gone." But the Christ-child whose natal day we celebrate, came to bring earth some of the symphonies of Heaven, and to put "peace in all our homes," and realizing what he is to us we all may sing.

"Never music so grand
 As that bright angel band
 Chanted over Judea's still plain;
 Never love so complete
 Never message so sweet
 As the one breathing good will to men."

The most gladsome season of all the year has come again, the season when hearts grow more tender and the milk of human kindness flows more freely, and all the world feels a touch of kinship. It is a time when the family circle is made happier and the family fireside brighter by the coming of absent loved ones, and the yule log is laid on and the blazing hickory crackles in defiance of the frosty air on the outside, and the patter of little feet is heard in the hall and on stairway as they run to well filled stockings, and the hearts of parents beat faster as they listen to their innocent curious wanderings over the mystery of Santa Claus, and they live over again their own sweet childhood. The world pauses in its whirl of business and pleasure at this time of "on earth peace, good will to man," and listens to catch a refrain of that song that awoke the echoes of the Judean hills on that night in the long ago when underneath the glory lit sky the shepherds heard the angelic song:

"There's a song in the air there's a star in the sky,
 There's mother's deep prayer, and baby's low cry,
 And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing
 The manger at Bethlehem cradles a king.
 There's a tumult of joy o'er the wonderful birth,
 For the Virgin's sweet joy is the Love of the earth.
 And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king."

D. H. R.



What Do We Owe Our Parents?



OFTEN wonder if the cadets at S. M. A. ever stop and think of the hardships our parents endure in sending us away to school. Do we ever think of the worries and anxiety they go through while we are enjoying ourselves and never thinking of them? How many of us have ever stopped to think of the love our parents have for us? Stop and consider this great question and then think how much we really owe our beloved parents.

Do we really love our parents? They love us and should be loved in return. Have they not reared us from infancy; taken great pains to see that we receive the best that money can buy, and look after us when sick and watch over us when we are well? Now they make a great sacrifice and send us to school. Our best interests are in their hearts. We don't benefit our parents by going away to school. We are sent so as to be educated and get a better training which can not be had at home. We are sent away to meet different people, be in different surroundings and under dif-

ferent environment and discipline, which are all for our own benefit and good. Do you, fellows, realize that it is a great expense to be sent away to as fine a school as S. M. A.? Our parents only do this for our own good, so that we shall be better prepared in later life.

In what way do we show our appreciation? We sit down a few times a week and write a letter home. Do we show much love and regard for our parents when doing this a few times a week? Most of us write home as a duty and not for love. When writing home be careful not to put anything in the letters that could make your folks worry and fret.

Do we appreciate the sacrifices our parents undergo? How can we return our parents' love while at S. M. A.? Some of us get homesick, but our parents get very lonesome for their son or sons as it may be. We can return this love and devotion in many ways. I shall take time to enumerate only a few of them: First, make the best of your time while at school. Receive good marks in your studies, so that your parents will be pleased when they read your standings upon arriving home. Second, be admired and liked by your fellow cadets. One of the greatest things a fellow can do is to be able to say that he has numerous friends in his school and is liked by them. Third, stop and think for a few minutes each day how we can please our parents. Reflect what you can do to make them happier. If they don't realize now that you are trying to make them see how you appreciate their devotion, later on they will surely find out. Then is the time when they will be greatly pleased with your efforts.

Now, fellows, think it over and do the right thing. Don't forget the motto, "I will make good."

A CADET.

Not So Bad



WHEN Ted Warner's dad first proposed sending Ted to S. M. A., Helen, Ted's sister, objected most strenuously.

"Why don't you send Ted to a good school, such as *Wilson's Heights* or *Carson*, where Percival Von Slip and Reginald Rosterbilt and all the nice boys went." Helen was several years older than Ted, but her idea of a military school was a great deal like that of a number of small-minded people who think it is a school of "rough-necks."

But Ted's father was a man of the world and his proposal was not to be changed. Ted left for Staunton in September much to the objection and disappointment of his sister. *

* * * * *

Ted had been at S. M. A. for three years, and during that time had probably asked Helen to visit him some "forty-eleven times." But no, she would not come to Staunton and have to meet such a crowd of boys as must be Ted's friends. Then, too, to miss a party at Rector's or a show with some nice boy who had been to *Wilson's Heights* or *Carson* in order to go to Staunton was not to be thought of.

But finally as numerous members of the fair sex do, Helen changed her mind and decided to sacrifice a few days and spend them in Staunton. It happened that it was Thanksgiving week she decided upon.

She arrived on Wednesday night. Her first words after her greetings to Ted were, "What horrid trains you have down here—so dirty and slow. Ted, the train was fifteen minutes late."

"You don't want to mind a little thing like that," laughingly replied Ted. "When I came down here last September, the train was over two hours late. And as for dirt, when I

came back from Washington last March, some one left a window open in the car going through one of the tunnels and very nearly smothered us. You should have seen our faces after that."

They went to one of the hotels where Ted procured the best accommodations he could for his sister and soon after they had supper.

"Now, Helen, what would you like to do tomorrow morning? Tomorrow afternoon we play Fishburne. It is one of the big games of the year and we will go in the afternoon. There isn't much to do in the morning."

"I think I shall sleep most of the morning, Ted. You see the trip was very tiring."

"All right. I'll come down about twelve and have dinner with you. The first part of the morning I think I shall put in fixing up things for the dance."

"Is there a dance tomorrow night, Ted? You never said they had dances down here. I thought at a military school they never had anything like dances."

"Why of course we have dances here. The dance tomorrow night is one of the big dances of the year—the Thanksgiving Hop."

That evening they spent in talking of home and school and such things as a brother and sister talk about. Thursday morning Ted was kept quite busy up to twelve o'clock finishing the preparations for the dance as he was on the entertainment committee and everything must be finished before the afternoon since no one wanted to miss the game. At last the final piece of bunting was in place and the last palm found its place in with the others so that the orchestra would be entirely concealed.

Ted, then, went to the hotel and had dinner with Helen. And such a dinner! To him it was a real Thanksgiving dinner, but Helen was not quite as well satisfied.

At three their car came. Ted had hired a car for the afternoon and they set out for the athletic park. It was a wonderful afternoon, cold and clear, except here and there a puff of white flurried across the blue heavens—just the kind of day for a football game. When they arrived at the field there was already a large crowd of spectators and soon the game was on.

As Helen stood up in the car, she presented a wonderfully pleasing picture of youth. Her stunning chapeau, with strands of golden hair peeping out beneath it—healthy glowing cheeks and eyes—what eyes! Partially concealing her face was a fur collar turned high which did in no way detract from her beauty. Fastened at her waist was a great bunch of yellow chrysanthemums which Ted had very thoughtfully given to her and these against the blue of her coat left no doubt as to whom she was cheering for. Many made the remark that day that she was sure some "nifty" looking girl—not tall nor short, just nice.

The game was full of excitement from beginning to end. The first quarter was just a fight back and forth, up and down the field, but neither goal line was crossed. The second quarter the Blue and Gold eleven succeeded in getting the ball over the goal line. And such excitement! Helen nearly went wild with joy as did every one else who was rooting for old S. M. A. Between the halves the S. M. A. cadets held a snake dance all over the field and ended it with a very spectacular cheer—the sky-rocket. Then, too, as they stood bunched together with heads uncovered as the band played their school song they presented a very impressive sight. The third quarter started off with grim determination on the faces of both teams. It was easily seen that the Fishburne team was going to fight through until the last whistle sounded. But, the Blue and Gold eleven was

too strong, for again they crossed the goal for a touchdown. The fourth quarter was a mighty fight between the two elevens. Once more S. M. A. scored, bringing the final score to twenty-one to nothing.

After the game Helen exclaimed, "Ted that was a wonderful game. Really, it was more exciting than the Yale-Harvard game a year ago. For some reason it was lots more interesting to watch. Oh, it was just perfectly splendid!"

Ted left his sister at the hotel with the promise to return for her about nine. He went back to the barracks to prepare for the dance. As soon as he reached the barracks he was besieged by a number of fellows asking for dances with his sister. They all had seen her at the game and practically all had lost their heart to her. She was such a wonderful girl. Ted, good-naturedly held them off, telling them he was going to let his sister make out her own program. He knew she would rather do that. However, he made one exception and that was with one of the young faculty. He could not very well put him off. Then, too, Lt. Hayes was a very good friend of his, besides being a good dancer and a fine young fellow.

Ted was at the hotel at nine sharp and for once Helen was ready. She looked charming in her evening gown and Ted could not help but feel mighty proud of his sister. Ted was not any "slouch" either and he looked very fine in his full dress uniform. As the two passed out of the hotel, many made the remark that they were certainly a fine looking pair.

Upon arriving at the Mess Hall, now turned into a lovely ball room, Ted was set upon from all sides for introductions to Helen. Soon Helen's card was filled to overflowing. To Helen the dance was a wonderful affair. The boys certainly were nice and not "rough neck" at all as she had expected.

In some way Lt. Hayes had gotten his name on Helen's card for three dances.

During the first dance the talk was about the game of the afternoon. Helen could talk football intelligently too—so few girls can. Her charm for him increased with every word she spoke. She had such a wonderful way of expressing herself. She was so original—not at all like any one he had ever met. The second dance he had with her the conversation grew more personal. The third, which happened to be a moonlight waltz, he proposed to her.

"Why, Lt. Hayes, you really can't love me when you have known me such a short time," exclaimed Helen.

"I'm perfectly sure I love you, Helen. Honestly I am. Why I've known you for ages even if I didn't see you until this afternoon. You are my ideal which before today I had never seen except in my imagination."

"Perhaps that's true, Lieutenant, but you know I really can't answer you now. I'll tell you what you can do though. If you still care the same about me at Christmas, you make Ted bring you home with him and I will perhaps think more seriously about you.

The next day Helen left for home, Ted went to the station with her and as they stood waiting for the train, Helen exclaimed, "Ted I want to apologize for even thinking that S. M. A. was a school composed of 'rough necks.' The boys are just dandy; and the faculty are made up of fine men. The dance was lots better than they have at Wilson Heights or Carson. The music of the Jazz band was great. Where did it come from?"

"Why that is composed of cadets, Helen."

"It is! It is fully as good as that at Rector's. I thought you all must have hired it from Richmond or Washington."

As the train was pulling into the station Helen said, "Ted, why don't you bring Lt. Hayes home with you Christmas? I think he would like to come possibly and you two could have an awfully good time together in New York."

Funny isn't it, the way girls have. But Ted wasn't totally blind and when in one day he noticed three letters on Lt. Hayes' desk addressed to Miss Helen Warner, he decided that Lt. Hayes would enjoy going to New York. So when the two-twenty-five train left for New York the morning of the eleventh, Ted and Lt. Hayes were en route together.

J. A. W.

The Spirit of S. M. A.

(With Apologies to R. W. Service).

I wanted a place and I sought it,
 I scabbled and mucked like a slave,
 As each obstacle came I fought it,
 I hurled my joy into a grave.
 I wanted a place and I got it,
 A place on the honor roll small
 But somehow its not what I thought it
 Somehow the chevrons are not all

There's a school where the honors are nameless,
 And a spirit of "Be on the Square."
 There are students both erring and aimless
 Whose promotions just hang by a hair.
 There are some that are quite rough and noisy
 While others are gentle and still
 There's a school,—oh it beckons and beckons
 And I want to succeed and I will.

There's an honor-roll place, oh it beckons
 And calls me to quicken my pace,
 Yet it is not the honor I'm wanting
 So much as just earning the place.
 Oh grim, gray S. M. A! how I love you
 Great school where learning has lease
 It's your greatness that fills me with spirit
 And your blessing that fills me with peace.

CADET HOUSER.

Capt. Peter Kelly

His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man!"

—*Shakespeare.*

Twelve of our faculty of last year have left us to do, not only their bit, but their best in the great cause. Of these there was no more beloved or honored member than Capt. Peter Kelly. Although Capt. Kelly had been at S. M. A. only a few months, he had won an enviable place in the hearts of the cadets, and we regretted very much to lose him. To him, perhaps more than to any one else, is due the honor of placing S. M. A. on the honor list of military schools. Our best wishes go with him wherever he may go.



CAPT. PETER KELLEY



Work of the Y. M. C. A.



HOW much does the average individual know about The Y. M. C. A.? Very little, I fear. I never enjoyed the privilege (I'm sorry to say) of being a member of this organization, and my knowledge of it as regards its incipency, its origin, its aims and purposes, its achievements and history has been very vague and indefinite.

As a young man, in many of the towns and cities visited I frequently observed on a building in big letters "Y. M. C. A." Somehow I got the impression that the Y. M. C. A. was a place where young men conducted their regular prayer meeting, "only this and nothing more." Only a short time ago it was my privilege to hear a splendid address before the

Presbyterian Synod at Seneca by the Rev. E. D. Carson, of the Associate Reformd Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, N. C., and who is now at Camp Sevier engaged in Y. M. C. A. work, and I must confess that I learned more from this excellent address delivered with intense earnestness, with reference to the practical workings of the organization than I ever knew before.

One thing seems clear: The originators of the Y. M. C. A. builded wiser than they knew, for while there has ever been much to do in the way of alleviating suffering humanity, even in times of peace, but especially since the advent of this awful war, which is being waged on such a gigantic scale and with such terrible results, it would seem that the demands, the duties, the opportunities, and the responsibilities of the institution has multiplied a thousandfold!

Suppose that the Y. M. C. A. had not already been organized and on broad lines in practically every part of the civilized world, would it not have been well nigh impossible for it to have so quickly adapted itself to changed conditions and developed the resources and strength necessary to meet the tremendous tasks so suddenly thrust upon it by the awful calamities arising from this horrible war?

Looking at the question in this way it seems to a layman as if the originators of this grand organization must in a sense have been inspired to anticipate this world war with all of its attendant evils, homesickness, heartaches, demoralization, pain, agony, and despair made abundant preparation to meet every emergency that might arise as far as possible. If I am correctly informed the Y. M. C. A. is committed to practical Christianity as set forth in Math. 25:34, 35, 36.

The Y. M. C. A. must be a very ancient association, for

the "Good Samaritan" was a member in good and regular standing.

What is needed by the rank and file of our people (myself included) is a more thorough and intimate acquaintance with the work that the Y. M. C. A. has done, is now doing and proposes to do, especially among the soldier boys in the American army. Listen:

"What is the value of this work? It relieves the monotony of camp life. It adds to the comfort and cheer of the soldiers. It keeps alive home influences. It sets in motion influences for good to counteract the new and fierce temptations of camp life. It thus improves the morale of the soldiers and makes them more efficient fighters."

We need to be visionalized in order to appreciate the Y. M. C. A. and the wonderful work in which it is now engaged on such a tremendous scale.

Suppose that no such organization existed! Or suppose that it would disband. How would the world, especially in view of and in connection with the present world war, do without it? Is it not our plain duty as well as our privilege to heartily indorse this noble organization not only in words, but by cheerfully responding to the calls made upon us to the extent of our ability, and in so doing we should not regard contributions as a sacrifice, but as an opportunity.

W. S. GORDON.



SENIOR

The graduating class of 1917-18 is the largest in the history of the Academy. As soon as it became known who had qualified for graduation, a meeting was called and the following officers elected:

J. Newton Lummus President
 Fred W. Skinner Vice-President
 Norman A. Wedum Secretary
 Francis J. Curry Treasurer

Albertsen, Burdick, Beaston, Bunting, Brooks, Bouillon, Browinski, Ballou, Curry, J., Carter, W., Christie, Crabb, Cadmus, Clark, W., Coles, H., Davis, Enslow, Eagles, Edwards, Frew, Gates, H., Holder, Havre, Heughan, Hutchinson, Hood, O., Hutchings, Huguenin, Houses, Hulshizer, Ingalls, Johnson, J., Johnson, A., Keister, Kennedy, Lesure, Lustig, Lummus, Lee, R., Marvin, Miller, G., Morreau, Maschke, McCutcheon, McGuffin, McDougal, McWhorter, Morris, F. Norton, Nicholson, S. Peeples, Robinson, E. Rowell, Northington, Passmore, Stevens, W., Sheridan, Shepherd, A., Skinner, Tannebaum, Taylor, W., Underhill, Wright, L., Wright, S., Wagoner, Williams, F., Wedum, Westgate, Young, A., Young, H., Asbury, Bagg, Cross, Rucker, Stacy Strong, Sparhawk, Starr, Sutton, Sherman, Wilkinson, Zacharias.

The class is greatly indebted to "Pat" Waters of the class of '17, who is back doing post graduate work, for his help and advice in the business affairs of the class.

Social

A. DEAN EAGLE, *Editor*

A most enjoyable affair of the month was the dance given at the Virginia Hotel by Mrs. Kable in honor of Miss Conklin, daughter of Col. Conklin and Miss Turner, of Philadelphia, a guest of Mrs. Thos. H. Russell. The ballroom was decorated in school colors and pennants. Punch was served during the evening. Cadet Beaston sang a few songs during the intermission, at which time a delicious luncheon was served.

The first Saturday night of the quarantine was passed in fun and good spirit by the whole corps as the cadets had their first "Stunt Night." Great excitement occurred when Cadet Hill and Lt. Manning gave a boxing match. A very unique stunt was little "Red" Smith wrestling with himself. Cadets Harr, J., and Red Bromley gave a little preliminary match which resulted in a draw. Then the real stuff was seen when Cadets Granger and McMillian boxed. Cadet Duffield gave a dialogue which was enjoyed by all. One of the most graceful stunts was the skipping of the rope by Cadet McMillan. Perhaps the most exciting event of the evening was the Badger fight which was enjoyed by all—corps and faculty, especially Lt. Tomassi.

On the following Saturday night a carnival was held for the pleasure of the cadets and at the same time to help in raising the money for the Y. M. C. A. War Fund. The

gymnasium served as the midway. Here were found booths, selling candies, ice-cream, pop, and novelties; a tent where two Egyptian ladies read the palms thus betraying the future; the second tent where the fortunes were told by cards, and the African dodgers.

In the large study hall the Dixieland Minstrel gave two performances to full audiences. Another great attraction was the Hawaiian shows. Not to be overlooked was a side show for men only.

The quarantine was lifted Monday, November 26th. Great joy to be able once more to go about!! The corps behaved unusually well and was rewarded by Col. Kable in that he let them go home a few days early for the holidays.

There was no formal dance held Thanksgiving. An informal dance was given in the gymnasium and was greatly enjoyed.

Quite a number of ex-cadets were back to see the game with Fishburne. Among them were: J. C. Blizzard, 4th U. S. Infantry, now stationed at Charlotte, N. C., B. C. Howe, of New Jersey, G. N. Dale, of Vermont, now connected with the Belgian Relief Commission; Newson Battle, of North Carolina; Paul Gundry, of Pennsylvania.

After the S. M. A. eleven had defeated Fishburne, the corps was given leave Friday and all military duties were suspended.





FOOTBALL TEAM, 1917



S. M. A. DEFEATS HER OLD RIVALS F. M. S.

Rah! Rah! Fishburne beaten at last 21-0.

The dawn of Thanksgiving, and it was dark and cloudy. Remaining this way until 11:30 A. M., it started to rain, and did not stop until half-hour before the game.

Fishburne were the first to go on the field. To their sorrow. S. M. A. received the kick. The first quarter ended with both teams fighting hard, S. M. A. not showing her usual pep, now awoke to the fact that she would have to fight to win. With defeats of the last five years, and their promises to the coach and cadets, they fought as never before.

Brophy, the star half, tore his way through the line for a 65-yard gain. His teammates being unable to land one safely over the line. Brophy again took the ball for a touch-

down. Rushing kicked the goal. The second quarter ended with the score 7-0 in S. M. A.'s favor.

S. M. A. took the field for the second half, more determined than ever, to beat her rivals. She received again, McMillan getting the ball, and carrying it to the forty-five-yard line.

By consistent line plunging and end runs, by Monget, Watters, Houser and Brophy, they succeeded in putting the pigskin over for another touchdown, Monget carrying it through the line. Rushing again kicking goal.

S. M. A. scored another touchdown in the last quarter. With only 3 minutes to play, and the ball on the 65-yard line, S. M. A. again showed her generalship and fighting spirit, by carrying the ball within the one-yard line. With only five seconds to play, Monget carried the ball over the line for the second time. Rushing again kicking the goal.

The game was well played, and Fishburne deserves credit for their fighting spirit.

S. M. A. lost at least two touchdowns due to the fact she was penalized for holding twice and also being off-sides on several plays.

The final score being 21-0 in favor of the Blue and Gold.

Line-up

Havre	L. E.....	Arbogast
McMillan	L. T.....	Rogan
Benson	L. G.....	Mallonee
Rushing	C.....	Fry
Hill	R. G.....	Bullock
McKnight	R. T.....	Mattox
Westgate	R. E.....	Ware
Watters	Q.....	Day
Monget	R. H.....	Martin
Brophy	L. H.....	Johnston
Houser	F.....	Rigeway

Touchdowns: S. M. A.: Brophy, 1; Monget, 2. Goals from the field, Rushing, 3.

Substitutes: S. M. A.: Young for Brophy; Stacy for Houser; Davis for Benson; Maytner for Hill. F. M. S.: Woodhull for Rogan.

Referee: Sparr, U. Va.

Umpire: Wilson, U. Va.

Head linesman: Carter of A. M. A. Linesmen Bruce, F. M. S., and Wright, of S. M. A.

Timekeepers: Lieut. Manning, of S. M. A., and McCarty, of F. M. S.

A. M. A.

Not playing up to its usual good form, S. M. A. lost the last game of the most successful season in her history, having scored 496 points up to the last game.

A. M. A. defeated us by a score of 9-0.

In the first quarter they scored from a placement kick, scoring for the first time on S. M. A., for two years. In the second quarter they completed a pass for a touchdown and failed to kick the goal.

Brophy starred for S. M. A. Houser and Rushing also played an excellent game. Monget and Watters failed to play their usual good game. Westgate played his usual good game and was in the game all the time.

The game was played with a stubborn resistance all the way through. S. M. A. gained consistently, but would either fumble or would be penalized.

Line-up

S. M. A.		A. M. A.
Stevens	R. E.	Diuguid
McMillan	R. T.	Lewis
Benson	L. G.	Davis
Rushing	C.	Hogshead
Hill	R. G.	Scott
McKnight	R. T.	Hugins
Westgate	R. E.	Nell
Watters	Q.	Balthis
Monget	L. H.	Opperman
Brophy	R. H.	Christian
Stacy	F.	McWhorter

Referee: Raferty. Head linesman: Spar, Mr. Wilson. Timekeeper: Abel.



ALUMNI NOTES

B. M. BROWNSKI, *Editor*

Since our last issue the following "old boys" have been heard from:

Walter H. Stromeier, Seaman, U. S. S. Sapphire, Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Charles W. Wiley, 2nd Lieut., 3d Battalion, 153d Depot Bridge, Camp Dix.

Sam Levinsohn, Battery "C," 308th Field Artillery, Camp Dix.

E. Percy Smith, Company "M," 149th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Mills.

Eltinge F. Reipnider, Company "C," 112th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp McClellan.

H. H. Lynch, Aviation Section S. O. R. C., Rockwell Field, San Diego, Cal.

I. H. Gibbs, 1st Lieut., Bat. Adjutant, 105th Regt. Infty., Spartanburg, S. C.

Capt. R. J. Thompson, Adjutant General Dept., Washington, D. C.

Jack Blizzard, 2nd Lieut., Company "D," 4th U. S. Infantry, Camp Greene.

James ("Fatty") Stevens, Company "K," 1st Maryland Infantry.

H. B. Foster, Lieut. Bat. Adj., 146 Regt. Field Artillery, Camp Wheeler.

Daniel L. Harris, Lieut., Engineers' Corps, American Expeditionary Forces.

Don Le Mardre, Lieut., Company "A" 330th Infantry, Camp Sherman.

F. Scott Breuil, 2d Lieut., Headquarters Company, 316th Infantry, Camp Meade.

Gilbert L. Kendall, 2d Lieut., 329 Regiment Machine Gun Company, Camp Sherman.

Theodore Schermerhorn, Sergeant, 18th U. S. Cavalry.

M. O. Kivlighan, Company "A," 116th Infantry, Camp McClellan.

C. H. Cox, Corporal, Headquarters Company, 322d Regiment, Camp Jackson.

James S. Simmons, Jr., Headquarters 314th Supply Train, Camp Funston.

Sidney A. Moss, Lieut., Headquarters 34th Division, Camp Cody.

Harvey H. Smith, 1st Lieut., National Army, Camp Upton.

Arthur Castillo, Company "E," 114th U. S. Infantry, Camp McClellan.

Horace Bronson, Capt., National Army.

Edgar W. Ward, "33" Company, 9th Battalion, 159th Depot Brigade, Camp Zachary Taylor.

Fred McMohan, Prov. 2d Lieut, 43d Infantry, Camp Warden McLeon.

Warren C. Giles, Lieut., 343d Infantry, Headquarters Company, Camp Grant.

Geo. V. Millikin, Lieut., Company "G" 168th Infantry, Overseas Casual Camp, Governor's Island.

J. D. Kingsbury is serving with the Canadians.

To the boys who are at the academy now—Why not keep these addresses and if you happen to go to one of these camps, look up the boys from S. M. A. They will appreciate it.

Former cadets visiting the academy this fall include:

— Stenson, H. K. Rollins, E. C. Sanderson, Frank O'Connor, Juan Lomo, Earl Ewing, R. I. Thompson, J. H. Lott, Joseph Williams, R. P. Barnes, R. W. Barnes, R. G. Hunt, P. L. Hughes, Jr., Newton Arps, J. R. Sheahon.

BEVERLY M. BROWINSKI.

Letter from Lieut. McKay

The following letter from Mr. Arnold A McKay, formally a member of our faculty, now U. S. Consul at Valparaiso, Chile, will be of interest to the corps:

Maxton, N. C.,
November 18, 1917.

Dear Chandler:

I sail the latter part of this month for Valparaiso, Chile,—leaving New York and going by the west coast route to Buenos Aires, thence to Valparaiso over the Andes by rail. It will require about three weeks to make the trip. The west coast route is shorter and more direct, but inasmuch as I shall probably not have the opportunity again of touching at Brizalion and Argentinian ports, I have selected the east coast. When I return—you see I am thinking about that already—I can come back by the west coast route through the Canal, thus practically circumnavigating—whew! what a word—South America. The distance by the east coast is about 5615 miles from New York.

Of the nature of my work I know very little. Aside from the regular routine of consular duties—visaing passports, seeking opportunities for American trade, and looking after American interests in general—I am told that the war has entailed additional work—Valparaiso just at present is most important. Hence it behooves me to be eternally on the lookout. I do not mind, so long as I have the heartening conviction that I am, like a hundred million other average Americans, trying to serve.

I should like to write you at length not about myself, but about other things much more interesting. Won't you let me hear from you whenever you can? Our friendship has been most stimulating and beneficial to me, and one of the things I know that I shall miss more than anything else will be the whole-hearted spirit of comrade-



LIEUT. A. A. MCKAY

ship that is born an' raise' at S. M. A. It exists everywhere—from Colonel Kable down to "Red" Bromley and the interesting thing is, that it is this good fellowship which helps one along so much.

I hope you will be most successful with your magazine *Kablegram*. There is no good reason why a school the size of Kable's can't support a periodical of some size. There is plenty of talent among the boys; and such a venture will be a valuable adjunct to the English Department. I think *Hill Topics* shows how heartily the boys will support anything of the kind.

Remember me to Mrs. C., to all the faculty and especially to Colonels Kable and Russell, not forgetting W. H. Steele; and any of the boys who may inquire concerning me.

With kindest regards, I remain

Cordially and sincerely yours,

ARNOLD A. MCKAY.

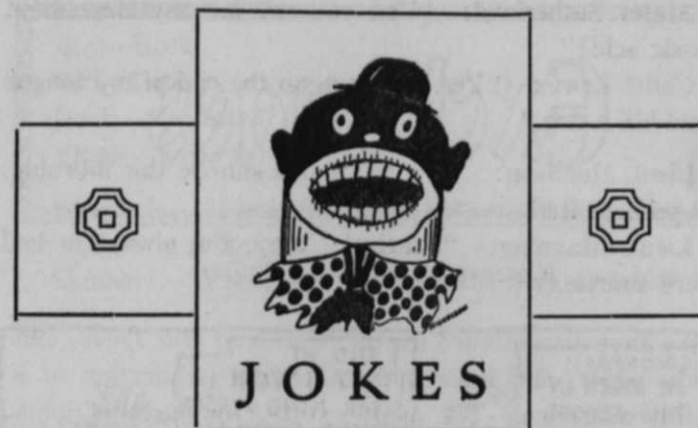
Exchanges

NORMAN A. WEDUM, *Editor*

We have discontinued the publication of *Hill Topics*, our weekly paper, and have undertaken the publication of a monthly magazine. The name selected for our new publication, THE KABLEGRAM, has an added significance when we remember that the school was founded by Capt. W. H. Kable and is still run by his son, Col. W. G. Kable.

In our infancy we feel the need of a guiding hand such as may be had from a frank criticism of our work, and therefore welcome your criticisms and suggestions.

PLEASE EXCHANGE.



Cadet Rosenberger: "Whent I go to Heaven I am going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote his own plays."

Major Stevens: "What if he isn't there?"

Cadet Rosenberger: "Then you ask him."

Wedum's Friend: "That man in the box hasn't taken his eyes off of me for an hour."

Wedum: "How do you know?"

Curry, F. J.; "I saw you with your girl last night."

Whitney Bolton: "Well, what do you think of her?"

Curry F. J.: "Figuratively speaking, she is there."

Stevens, W.: "Lient. Manning, you would not punish a man for something he didn't do, would you?"

Lieut. Manning: "Certainly not. Why?"

Stevens, W.: "Because, I did not do my written work."

Lieut. Chandler: "Lieut. Flynn, we shall never meet in Heaven."

Lieut. Flynn: "What have you been doing now?"

Major Sutherland: "Can you tell me anything about Prussic acid?"

Cadet Lewis: "Yes, one drop on the end of my tongue would kill a dog."

Lieut. Harrison: "We had a fine sunrise this morning. Did you see it?"

Lieut. Manning: "Sunrise! Why, I'm always in bed before sunrise."



His car left a gasoline trail,
So he feared his tank was too frail.
With a match for a light,
He found he was right,
And they picked him up in a pail.

How about it Havre?

Boy—Book

Girl—Look

Book—Neglected

Flunk—Expected

Wright S.: "I hear that Miss Vera Riche is worth a million dollars in property."

Skinner: "Yeah, but she is worth only two bits face value."

PERSONAL WANT ADS

WANTED:—Some more chevrons.

Apply Shore and Wilkenson.

WANTED:—Higher grades in Plane Geometry.

Apply Cadet Capt. Skinner.

WANTED:—A military aspect.

Apply Tannenbaum and Ingalls.

WANTED:—Ogden to be on time at reveille.

Apply Co. B.

WANTED:—A plain speaking Lieut. Adjutant.

Apply the Corps.

WANTED:—More I will's and less excuses.

Apply The Faculty.

WANTED:—Humidors. We pay highest prices.

Apply Wehrly & Co.

WANTED:—Old and young jokes and stories.

Apply KABLEGRAM Staff.

WANTED:—More "dip" for the "sheep."

Apply Browinski.

THE EDITOR'S DREAM

I humble editor of Athletics by the midnight lamp was sweating
 At the printers, the Kablegram copy was almost due,
 Yet I was a long, long way from being thru.
 Line ups I was untangling,
 Of touchdowns I was scribbling,
 And by these uncouth themes was driven night distracted.
 Had I the chance, I surely would've retracted,
 Oh, why to write such infernal stuff had I contracted?
 Wearied at last I went to bed,
 Tortured by an aching head,
 And fell asleep with a troubled brain—
 That continued strangely, the mental train,
 I dreamed of the queerest sight that ever was seen.
 Except on a movie screen.
 From S. M. A. issued another football team,
 And it was the funniest team,
 Beale was captain and fullback too,
 Sheridan was a center thru and thru,
 Patipan and Lomo as tackles filled the bill.
 A couple fit to kill!
 At quarter back was Whitney Bolton
 The wriggling ossification.
 Wedum, Gunning and "Hume" Whirley
 Kid Bishop and Rebecca Blatt
 Completed the whole from K to O
 For coach and manager was the able "Mister" Tannenbaum.
 Incredible as it may seem to you
 They proved a powerful crew,
 They never lost, no matter what the cost.
 Yet of broken bones,

There were no groans.
 And of shattered heads and dislocated spines,
 One saw no signs.
 From Kalamozoo to Timbuktu,
 From New Orleans to Boston Beans,
 They played every team
 And licked them clean
 They fought with Oxford and turned them pale
 They beat them so badly they landed in jail
 (It broke Rockefeller to pay their bail)
 When I last saw them they were headed for auroras lurid
 flame
 Packed on board an aeroplane,
 To play a husky bunch of skimuks, on the icy plains of Kor,
 Then I awoke and found the bedclothes on the floor.



The Staunton Military Academy

An Ideal School For Manly Boys

450 Boys from 46 States last Session. Largest Private Academy in the United States. Boys from 10 to 20 Years Old Prepared for Universities, Government Academics or Business.

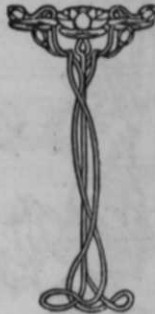
1,600 feet above sea level, pure, dry bracing mountain air of the famous proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring water. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Lieut. Col. John Conklin, of the U. S. Army, Instructor in Military Science and Tactics.

Swimming Pool and Athletic Park. All manly sports encouraged. Daily Drills and exercise in the open air. Boys from homes of refinement only desired. Personal, Individual Instruction by our Tutorial System. Standard and traditions high. Academy fifty-six years old. New \$200,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges \$400.00. Handsome Catalogue Free.

Address: COL. WILLIAM G. KABLE, Pres, Staunton, Va.

S. M. A. CADET DRUG STORE

EVERY COURTESY EXTENDED YOU



THOS. HOGSHEAD
Quality Counts

Woodward's

EAST MAIN STREET

A Store crowded with "College" men is a sure sign that it is Style Headquarters

We are showing exclusively—

Brandegge, Kincaid & Co. Clothes,
Society Brand Clothes, Knox Hats,
Hanan, Nettleton and Regal Shoes.

Everything the Market Affords

Served in UP-TO-DATE STYLE

S. M. A. Welcome



NEW STAUNTON RESTAURANT

7 South Augusta Street

Staunton, Va.

NEW YORK

BARBER SHOP

OPPOSITE THE Y. M. C. A.

No. 36 N. Augusta Street

R. FRED A, PROPRIETOR

Hair Cutting a Specialty.

BEVERLY CIGAR STORE

"FLIPS"

Cigars, Tobacco, Pennants and Magazines

MAIN STREET

GEO. J. JOHNSON *Grocer*

The Store on the RUN

Quick Service is Our Motto

Printing

OF THE BETTER KIND

THE McCLURE CO.
INCORPORATED

27-29 N. AUGUSTA ST.

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTION ORDERS NOW

NEW THEATRE

STAUNTON ONE NIGHT Wed., Dec. 12

HENRY W. SAVAGE offers the Elaborate Musical Spectacle, Enlisting the Services of One Hundred and Fifty People, an Entire Symphony Orchestra and a Train Load of Scenic and Electrical Effects

EVERYWOMAN

RESERVE YOUR SEATS BY MAIL—Mail orders will take precedence over the regular sale and will be filled in order of receipt. Enclose check or money order for exact amount with self-addressed stamped envelope, and seats will be sent you by return mail. Make all drafts and money orders payable to NEW THEATRE CORP.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL THE CHOICE SEATS ARE TAKEN

PRICES \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c

The Official S. M. A. Jeweler

Carries a complete and extensive line of
S. M. A. Rings, Pins, and Souvenir Goods

Unsurpassed Engraving and Watch Repairing Service

D. L. SWITZER

JEWELER

19 East Main Street

Staunton, Virginia

WM. C. ROWLAND

1024 Race Street, PHILADELPHIA

Uniforms *Supplies*

Equipments

UNIFORMER OF S. M. A.