

*The*  
KABLEGRAM



*Staunton, Virginia*

FEBRUARY  
Nineteen Eighteen

# THE KABLEGRAM



*Published by*

THE CORPS OF CADETS

*of the*

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

FEBRUARY

Nineteen Hundred Eighteen

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THE KABLEGRAM

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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.

Subscription \$1.50 for school year.

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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.
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  4. Excellency Medal. This medal is *not* awarded unless the highest average in the department is 90 or above.
    5. Best in Latin.
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    10. Best in Physics.
    11. Best in Chemistry.
    12. Best in Military Science.
    13. Best in English.
    14. Best in German.
    15. Best Marksman.

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# ♦♦ Editorial ♦♦

## Morality

**E**VERY man's character is based upon his morals. If his morals are good, his character is good. And likewise if his morals are bad, so is his character. No matter how great your learning, or how rich you are, no matter who you are. Your character is bad if your morals are low.

The moral standing of the government is rated from that of its citizens. Likewise the moral standing of a school is rated from its students.

If we give the impression to those with whom we come into contact, that our characters are impeachable, we also make them believe the moral standing is good.

As most everyone knows, it is very difficult for a man who has been released from prison to make a fresh start in life merely because he leaves the impression that his character and morals are of the lowest kind. Similarly, if the student of a school gives the impression that their collective character is rated bad, it lowers any descent morality representation that the school may possess. Therefore a diploma from such a school would be more of a hinderance than a help.

It is therefore up to us as students of S. M. A. to keep up a high moral standing of the school and also our own individual characters.

J. F. W.



## Bill's Story

It was a night in the latter part of May. A number of us were gathered in one of the rooms in the old barracks. We had all returned to the old school, from which several years before we had graduated, to be present during alumni week. As we sat there talking of old times, more than one of us wished we were still striving to get through school, instead of being out in the world.

A lull came in the talk and Ray Hubbard spoke, asking if any one knew where Bill Webster was, and why he wasn't back. "Pinky" Mills, so nicknamed Pinky on account of his light hair, said, "Why yes, I can tell you why he isn't back. If you will listen I will tell you why." Bill had been very popular among us when we were all in school together, so quite naturally we all wished to know about Bill, so Pinky told us the following story:

"I doubt if you fellows know about my doings of the

past year and a half. Every time I think of that year and a half just ended it gives me the creeps, it all ended so sadly. You see after I left here I went to college and there Bill and I roomed together, as you probably know. But after college Bill went into business and I went off to Paris to enjoy life a little before settling down. In that way I lost track of Bill for a short time, neither Bill nor I being much for writing letters. Dad didn't want to have me go to Paris, said I had better go to work, but I had my own money and was twenty-one, and, like most fellows at that age, thought I knew best. I hadn't any more than landed on the other side of the 'drink' when the nations over there decided to turn the world upside down. Paris, on that account, wasn't as gay as I had expected to find it, for the war had turned all thoughts to the serious side of life.

"For a couple of months I spent my time in doing the things that should be done in Paris; that is, seeing the famous places of historical interest, the art galleries, palaces and such. Not that I care a 'tinker's whoop' about them, but because every one does those things when in Paris. I was tired of that soon enough. Hence for lack of anything better in the line of excitement I decided to offer my services in the ambulance corps. At the time I offered my services I firmly believed that the war would all be over in a few months and that I would see very little real fighting. By the time my offer had been accepted it began to look as if the war would be of long duration than I had at first believed. And when wounded men back from the front were seen in Paris, believe me, fellows, I wanted to run. I thought of that motto hung in every room of the old school, 'I Will Make Good,' and stuck.

"First, I was sent to a training camp and finally landed at a base hospital, a full fledged ambulance driver. I had been there only two days when who should drive up to the hospital but Bill Webster. It certainly did seem good to see Bill. He was the same big-hearted old fellow as ever, only a trifle more serious. It seems Bill had heard the call of humanity and had come across the pond to give his services to the ambulance corps.

"Bill and I both had new ambulances, and, fellows, those 'boats' could travel. They had loads of power and were right there when it came to speed. Speed is an essential thing for an ambulance, you know.

"After sticking around the base hospital for a time both Bill and I were transferred to a sub-hospital about fifteen miles from the front. Here the excitement began, for we had to make numerous trips to the front. Talk about excitement! You fellows who have ridden on the 'Dips' at 'Coney,' and such, call it excitement. You don't know what excitement is until you drive an ambulance, dodging shell holes, getting missed by shrapnel and the like. The six months I spent there near the front were six months I shall never forget. The worst days of the whole six months were those when there was no fighting and we had nothing at all to do. On those days the suspense of wondering how soon we would have to start for the front and into the danger zone was terrific. We tried to occupy our time in overhauling our cars, but for some reason the cars were never seriously out of order and this left a lot of our time unoccupied.

"Many were the nights Bill and I sat in front of the 'Sub,' waiting for a call and watching the shells burst over the

lines, the rockets glaring in the sky, lighting up the surrounding country like day, and now and then a battle plane swooping across the heavens.

"It was such a night in February, except that there was a cold drizzling rain falling and the fire much heavier than usual, that a call came in from the front. We were soon off, Bill ahead with Jean, his stretcher bearer, and I following. It was slippery going and the only light we had to guide us was the occasional light from a bursting shell or that of a rocket, for, as you know, the ambulances do not carry lights, as they would be too good a target for the enemy. Twice I narrowly missed shell holes and once barely stopped in time to prevent running into a truck which was mired in the mud. It was some trip. When I arrived at the front Bill was nearly ready to start back and soon I was trailing him. It is a weird thing to be driving in the night and hear groans, curses and prayers, intermingled from wounded and dying men. One can't imagine how those poor fellows suffer. After going about seven miles I came upon Bill stuck in the mud. I drove around in front of him and we hooked on the emergency rope I always carried in my car. As I started to pull him out a terrific explosion was heard, followed by a brilliant flash of light. It was caused by the bursting of a stray shell nearby, one of the pieces striking Bill and cutting an ugly wound in his side. 'Bill,' said I, 'you had better let me fix that the best I can and then take you with me.' 'What!' said he, 'and leave my ambulance full of wounded to suffer and perhaps die? Nothing doing!' 'But Bill,' listen to reason, I can take you in with me and then return and get them. I'll be back here in thirty minutes.' But

Bill simply said, 'You fix my side and then I'll take them in if it kills me. I'm not going to let any Boche take another stray shot and perhaps get those fellows in my car.' I soon saw there was no use of more argument, so I fixed Bill's side the best I knew how and he set off in his car with grim determination written on his face. When I reached the 'Sub' Bill was lying on a cot and the doctor was working over him. 'Pinky,' said the doctor, 'Bill sure has some nerve. He didn't say a word about his wound until all his men had been cared for, and now he has fainted. He will have to be operated upon to-night.'

"Bill pulled through the operation, but he was very weak, so they sent me home with him, giving us both a three-months' furlough. We arrived in New York about the first of April. Bill began to pick up, on reaching home, but gangrene set in and he went West only about two weeks ago. And fellows, Bill received the Legion of Honor before he left France. He did the old school honor, didn't he? Before he passed away, he said, 'Pinky, you and I have been planning on going back to old S. M. A. for alumni week, but I'm not going to be able to go. I'm going Home, I guess, but you go and tell the fellows that I'm sorry that I couldn't be with them and that I wish them the best of luck throughout life.'

"There is Bill's story, fellows, and I, for one, think he sure has done the school proud and firmly believe, before long, Bill's name won't be the only one on the honor roll of S. M. A., for there are going to be lots of other fellows from our ranks who will fall, as Bill did, in the name of humanity."

As Pinky finished taps sounded. That sweet old call that so many times had put us to sleep, seemed a fitting in to Pinky's tale, for one of our old schoolmates had gone to rest forever.

"TAPS"

Bugle blow  
Sweet and low!  
Through the hall  
Hear the call—  
"Good-night, all."  
Echo seems  
To recall  
"Peaceful dreams."

J. A. W.

## Another Old Boy Heard From

Co. "B," 106th Machine Gun Battalion,  
Camp Wadsworth, Spartansburg, S. C.,  
February 1, 1918.

Editor KABLEGRAM,  
Dear Mr. Editor:

I understand that a list of former S. M. A. boys who are in the service has been published in your columns and that my name was missing. I am writing to have my cognomer added to the roll, because, having many friends in Staunton, I'd dislike very much being mistaken for a slacker or a pacifist.

I spent three wonderful years, the happiest of my life, at S. M. A., and I often dream of being back there "plugging away at my studies." I can still see good old "Tacks" Matson, squatting beneath the light of the midnight oil, studying extracts from Spalding's Baseball Guide, while I, in my silken pajamas would revel in the latest dope from the Polo grounds.

Take a little tip from me. It isn't always the guy who hands out the beat who's the meanest man in the world. I used to think that way about "Ted" and a few others on the faculty, but now, with a better prospective, I can see where I was wrong ten times out of nine.

Don't throw inkwells through the study hall window nor engage in heaving ash-cans from the balconies. I tried all those playful pranks and found out afterward that it didn't help me any in after life.

I suppose (and hope) that you boys are anxious to get out and put on the U. S. A. Khaki. Once the military germ gets into a fellow, he'll always have it in the blood and when the silvery bugle blows you can bet your life he'll click his heels and shake hands with the nearest recruiting officer. I didn't—because I was already in the service, having signed up with the 1st New

York Cavalry in 1915. We saw service on the border last year. That Mexican border affair was *some* battle. I am still corresponding with a few of the enemy. They were poor soldiers, but very sociable. We used to shout endearing epithets to one another across the Rio Grande. I learned many new cuss words in that way.

Another Staunton boy is with me. We work a machine gun together. He is LeMoyer F. Cox, S. M. A., 1906-'7-'8. Just wait 'till that S. M. A. "battery starts working on the Kaiser! Oh Boy!

Cordially yours,  
Corporal "Scotty" York.

Co. B., 106 M. G. Bu. U. S. A.



### Letter From Sgt. G. W. Johnson

The following letter from Sgt. G. W. Johnson, 1st U. S. Engineers, will be of interest to his many friends who remember him as the popular Captain of Company "B" 1916-17:

\_\_\_\_\_, France,  
November 21.

Dear Dad and Mother:

Talk about the greatest piece of unprecedented luck! There's something in it. I met a couple of American boys who have been in the French service and both now have been released. One has enlisted in the American army and the other offered to take any mail I wanted to send back to the States. Believe me, I am



lucky. In this way I can tell you where we are located, what we are doing, where we landed, and, in short, everything I have not been able to tell you in my other letters.

The trip across was unexciting except for the last two days when we were attacked, unsuccessfully, by the German submarines and some porpoises. We docked and spent the night on board at \_\_\_\_\_ which is on the \_\_\_\_\_.

We stayed in this place nearly a month just killing time and drilling nearly all the time as a means of killing time. Our barracks were of wood and consisted of four buildings which were just an infinitesimal part of the immense camp that was there. We slept on hay which in turn rested on the bare ground.

The "grub" was good and on the numerous hikes we took we filled up with berries by the roadside. I never have seen such a country for berries; every hedge is a blackberry hedge, and you know how strong these folks are for hedges.

Another method we had of killing time was unloading the ships at the dock and then coaling them for their return. This latter was not a pleasant job at all.

What do you think of going to war in an eight cylinder Cadillac? Well, that is what I did. When we left \_\_\_\_\_ (the port) we were in convoy with our trucks, fifteen of them, two Dodge cars, and five Cadillacs. It took us all of three days and two nights to cover the distance. Of course we camped out by the roadside at night. The camping was easy as the roads had grass on each side and the grass was just as springy as a mattress.

When we reached \_\_\_\_\_, we were met by Lieut. Lewis who had been sent a week before with a detachment of twenty men.

Some of the men are now at the front with the trucks and a few with some anti-aircraft guns. The rest have all been up at the fort and we have been doing a hefty amount of work learning to operate the French lights, which are by far more practical than ours.

We have infantry drills, search-light drill, sketching search-light observers' maps, going to electrical lectures, learning telephone installation and operation, and working the lights until late at night. Believe me, it is *some* work with a capital W.

We have made a new addition to our quarters in the shape of a mess hall. The barracks we are now occupying were built in 1842-46 and are on the top floor of one of the buildings which enclose a large square parade ground. The fort is on a big hill just outside of \_\_\_\_\_ and has never been captured since its erection.

It is the big repair and training station for the French search-lights. Also there are \_\_\_\_\_, and there is a munition factory run by women.

There is one French woman here that knows more about the technical part of the search-light than any two men put together. She is a master electrician when it comes to lights.

Lately we have taken to maknig long hikes like we did at \_\_\_\_\_ (the port) and it certainly makes us sweat like horses, though we are becoming used to it.

Please send me a dozen cans of "Prince Albert," as it does not last long. Great Scott! You can't begin to imagine how fast it goes until you stop and look at your empty can. Then you say: "I'll have to go slow on the next," and that goes just as fast.

No mail from you folks lately. Have you all gotten "Wil-frideado?"

Give my love to everybody and you know what goes to you. Adios till the next,

Lovingly,  
"THE KID."



J. F. WHITTAKER, *Editor*

General Order No. 18:

1. The following appointments and assignments are made to take effect tonight at Tattoo. These appointments are to rank below all existing appointments in their respective grades in the order in which they are named:

To be Cadet Captan, Hughan, Co. B.

To be Cadet Lieutenant, Sutton, Co. C.; Morris, F., Co. E.; Enslow, Co. E.

To be Lieutenant, G. M. Ledbetter.

To be Sergeant, Q. M. Tannenbaum.

To be First Sergeants, Robinson, E., Co. C; Robinson, W., Co. D; Shore, Co. A; Herring, Co. B; Carter, W. Band.

To be Sergeants: Coles, H., Co. A; Wilkenson, Co. C; Holman, E., Co. D; Stevens, W., Co. D; Drake, Co. D; Young, A, Co. B; Darlington, Co. C; McDougal, Band.

To be Corporals: Arango, Co. C; Gardner, C., Co. C; Gardner, J., Co. D; Dillon, H., Co. D; Dortch, Co. B; Benson, Co. C; Ogden, Co. C; Brantley, A., Co. A; Field, Co.

## Crawford B. Graham

He strove and he failed, acting bravely a silent  
and desperate part.  
His youth bore flowers on its branches, his hopes  
burned high in his heart,  
From his hands slipped the prize he had grasped  
at, as we pity, heed and pray.  
With his life and the world before him, he stood  
at the dawn of day.  
But death swooping down o'er his efforts claimed  
their all, O son of S. M. A.!

CADET HOUSER.

C; King, N., Band; Bushman, Co. B; East, Co. A; Brewer, Co. A; Turman, Band; Hugenin, Band.

To be Junior Sergeant: Fickenger, Co. E.

To be Junior Corporals: Jones, R., Swanberg, Co. E.

2. The following transfers are announced:

Sergeant Granger from Staff to Co. B.; Tannenbaum, Co. C, to Staff, as Q. M. Sergeant. Lieut. Watters, Co. E. to Co. D.



S. M. A. opened the 1918 basketball season by defeating Central High School, of Washington, D. C., (on our home floor) by the score of 29-17. Previous to this game Central High School had not been defeated. The S. M. A. "basket-shooters" more than upheld the honor of S. M. A. by their initial victory over such a formidable foe.

The line-up and score was as follows:

S. M. A.

CENTRAL H. S.

Eagles	.....(4).....	R. F.	.....(9).....	Daly
Brophy	.....(12).....	L. F.	.....	Solomon
Curry	.....(11).....	C.	.....(4).....	Wilson
Lummus	.....	R. G.	.....(4).....	Long
Monget	.....	L. G.	.....	Potter

Substitutions:—Central—Foster for Daly, Newby for Potter—S. M. A.—Young for Eagles, Freitag for Lummus. Referee—Lieut. Tomassi.

S. M. A. 29; VIRGINIA FRESH 9.

The Freshmen from the State "U" were no match for the Blue and Gold, many substitutions being made by the

home team during the game. The line-up and score was as follows:

## S. M. A.

Brophy .....(6)....R. F.....(5).....: Hatcher  
Eagles .....(6)....L. F.....(2)..... Crawford  
Curry .....(15)....C. J.....(2)..... Baker  
Monget .....R. G..... Dunn  
Lummus .....L. G..... Hankins

Substitutions:—Virginia Fresh—MaHood for Dunn, Scallin for Crawford—S. M. A.—Young (2) for Lummus, Frietag for Monget, Ogden for Eakles, Bagg for Brophy, Stacy for Frietag.

## S. M. A. 16; WOODBERRY FOREST 8.

The Blue and Gold won their first game away from home by but four field goals. Although the score indicates a close game, the outcome was never in doubt. Toward the latter part the two teams used more or less football tactics in caging the ball. Monget was forced to retire from the fray by an injured knee and to date the injured member will not permit him to re-enter the game.

The score:

## S. M. A.                      WOODBERRY FOREST

Brophy .....(4)....R. F.....(6)..... Fitzhugh  
Eagles .....(2)....L. F.....(2)..... Brown  
Curry .....(8)....C. .... Smith  
Monget .....R. G..... Lee  
Young .....(2)....L. G..... Misworth

Substitutions:—S. M. A.—Lummus for Monget.

## S. M. A. 12; CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL 40.

Central High School secured revenge on S. M. A. when they induced the Blue and Gold to come to the Capitol city and play on their floor, which is very much bigger than the one used at home. Owing to bad traveling conditions the S. M. A. team was suffering from lack of sleep, bad colds and bruises sustained in the Woodberry game. The locals seemed lost on the big floor, which, along with the absence of Monget, greatly lessened the life of the team.

The score was as follows:

## S. M. A.                      CENTRAL H. S.

Brophy .....R. F.....(14)..... Daly  
Eagles .....(2)....L. F.....(18)..... Solomon  
Curry .....(8)....C. ....(4)..... Wilson  
Young .....(2)....R. G.....(4)..... Long  
Lummus .....L. G..... Foster

Substitutions:—S. M. A.—Ogden for Brophy, Frietag for Young, Bagg for Eagles—Central H. S.—none.

## S. M. A. 20; SHENANDOAH VALLEY A. 18.

After a good nights rest the S. M. A. team came back and defeated the fast Shenandoah team on their home floor. The game was fast and exciting throughout. The Blue and Gold out-classed their opponents in team work, but were a trifle off in basket-shooting.

The score was as follows:

## S. M. A.                      S. V. A.

Brophy .....(1)....R. F.....(3)..... Harrison  
Eagles .....(2)....L. F.....(13)..... Shannon  
Curry .....(13)....C. ....(2)..... Yates  
Frietag .....R. G..... Griffin  
Young .....(4)....L. G..... Arthur

Substitutions:—S. V. A.—Wood for Arthur—S. M. A.—none.

S. M. A. 52; EASTERN COLLEGE 14.

S. M. A. easily defeated the Eastern College quintet. The Blue and Gold showed flashes of team work seldom surpassed by any school or college team. Close guarding and fast team work kept the ball in our possession. The Collegians could not break this up and hence they were seldom in range of the basket.

The score:

S. M. A.	EASTERN COLLEGE
Brophy .....(20)....R. F.....(12).....	Payne
Ogden .....(2)....L. F.....	Reyes
Curry .....(18)....C.....(2).....	Pickup
Young .....(10)....R. G.....	Hefter
Frietag .....L. G.....	Rottman

Substitutions:—S. M. A.—Bagg (2) for Ogden, Lummus for Frietag—Eastern—none.

S. M. A. 33; BRIDGEWATER COLLEGE 24

In the fastest game played on the local floor this year, S. M. A. triumphed over Bridgewater College in a hard-fought and spirited game. The Bridgewater boys showed good team work and sure passing, but were off in the basket-shooting department.

At times the S. M. A. team work and basket-shooting was miserable. Taken all through, the Blue and Gold did not play their usual good game.

The score:

S. M. A.

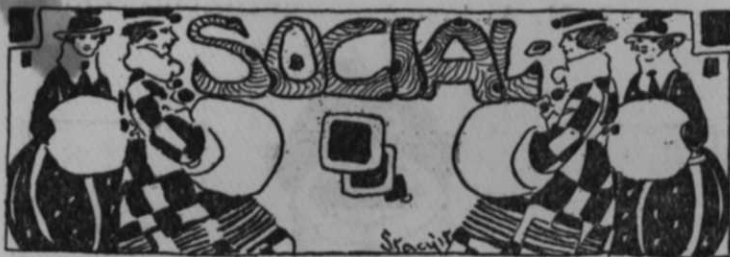
BRIDGEWATER

Brophy .....(8)....R. F.....(8).....	Garber
Ogden .....(6)....L. F.....(12).....	Roller
Curry .....(9)....C.....(4).....	Zigler
Frietag .....R. G.....	Nolley
Young .....(10)....L. G.....	Hounshell

Substitutions:—S. M. A.—Lummus for Frietag.

SECOND TEAM GAMES.

To date the S. M. A. Seconds have won two games, played as preliminaries to the major contest. Their first victim was the Harrisonburg High School, whom the Seconds defeated in an exciting contest, 17-16. As a preliminary to the S. M. A.-Eastern College game, the Seconds took the Staunton High School into camp and gave them a beating to the tune of 25 to 12. The S. M. A. players taking part in these games were: Passmore, Dortch, Roger, O'Connell, Granger, Stevens, Johnston, Dill, Tulledge.



A. DEAN EAGLE, *Editor*

On Monday, January 28th, many of the cadets enjoyed the delightful dance and tea given by the Red Cross Chapter.

The members of the football team were given a banquet at the Beverly Hotel.

A well attended informal dance was given Saturday evening, February 2d in the gymnasium.

A number of cadets have registered in the last few days for the spring term.

M. W. Harrison, of the American Bankers' Association, visited the school this month and addressed the corps. His talk was to encourage the boys to buy War Savings Stamps.

The corps is now looking forward to the next formal dance, which will be given February 21st.

The next big "hop" will be a formal, given Thursday evening, February 21st. Music will be furnished by Colgan's orchestra, of Charlottesville.

Mrs. Timberlake gave a little social at her residence on Monday afternoon, which was attended by a number of cadets. Dancing was enjoyed throughout the afternoon and refreshments were served during the affair.



There are germs in kisses,  
So I've heard stated,  
But kiss me, kid,  
I've been vaccinated.

She: "How do you like my new dress?"

He: "It's ripping."

She: "Heavens, call a taxi."

Granger: "There are five reasons why I can't get married?"

Sherman: "What are they?"

Granger: "A wife and four children."

Lummus: "What does Jack Johnson, Charlie Chaplin, and Billy Sunday make?"

Curry, J.: "A chocolate, nut, sundae."

Houser: "What's your idea of hard luck?"

Sherman: "To take a girl out automobiling and not have any engine trouble."

## The Heroes

Listen, my children, and you shall know  
Of the wonderful travels of Dom Pedro.  
'Twas the thirtieth of January, year eighteen,  
(And the coldest night that ever was seen).

In the still of the evening he left the Hill.  
Climbing softly and gently out over the sill,  
Ne'er thinking but what with the proper attack,  
He'ed the process reverse and as softly climb back.

In the meantime the guard, all our custom ignoring,  
Remained at its post and was peacefully snoring,  
While dreaming of Lucys or Kates, and Marias,  
Not knowing they'd soon know the cause of our fires.

The "O. C.," quite watchful, as "O. C.'s" should be,  
Decides to walk round and see what he can see.  
Oh Horrors, two heads rising higher and higher  
Peer over the window. They will set us on fire.

The guard is aroused and armed up to the teeth,  
Assemble to watch from above and beneath.  
They advance with their hearts beating fast, and enraptured  
That their work will enable the "bugs" to be captured.

But Alas! the best plans never go as they oughter  
And the schemes and devices of man fail and falter;  
For the capture that was to save all on the Hill,  
Proved nothing more harmful than Pedro and Phil.

Wedum: "If I were to kiss you would you call for help?"

?? : "Would you need it?"

---

## LIBERTY

L—Stands for the Love of our country  
I—For Independence too,  
B—For Brave who fights for us  
E—The Emblem dear red, white and blue,  
R—For the Rights we fight for.  
T—True Americans we'll be.  
Y—Is for You and for your duty too.

---

## SONGS THEY WOULD LIKE TO SING:

"It Takes a Long, Tall, Brown Skin Gal"—J. Whitney Bolton.

"I don't Want To Get Well."—Havre (during football season).

"They Go Wild Simply Wild Over Me"—Jacques, Charleston, (W. Va.) Blues"—Granger.

"St. Louis Blues"—Rushing, Nobles, Malone, H., and Butler (ask 'em, they know).

"I Ain't Got Nobody"—Wright, L.

"Oh! You Beautiful Doll"—Hulshizer.

"Lilly of the Valley" (A Nut Song)—Faulkner.

"A Little Bit of Heaven"—Bishop, (ask 'em about Roanoke.)

"Come Josephine in my Flying Machine"—Lieutenant Kramer.

A tudor who tooted a flute  
 Tried to tudor two tooters to toote,  
 Said the two to the Tudor,  
 Is it harder to toote, or,  
 To tudor two tooters to toote?

Bill had a bill-board; he also had a board-bill. The board-bill bored Bill so Bill sold the bill-board to pay for the board-bill. Now the board-bill bores Bill no more.

Lummus: "Speaking of surgical operations, did you ever hear about the man that got his nose cut off?"

Carter, W.: "No—What about it?"

Lumus: "Well, they claimed they could grow it back on, and so, after three weeks time, they took the bandages off, and found that they had put it on upside-down."

Carter, W.: "Well, what of that?"

Lummus: "The only trouble was—every time the fellow sneezed, he blew his hat off, and every time it rained he nearly strangled to death."

Carter, W.: "That ain't nothin' 'tall. You know my uncle has a farm and chicken feed got so high he had to mix saw-dust with it—and would you believe it—the chickens liked it and ate it just like regular feed."

Lummus: "Well?"

Carter, W.: "The only funny part is—all the little chickens were hatched with wooden-legs."

Major Stevens: "Rucker, I'm sorry I have to disturb you, but I'll have to meet my 2nd section now, so run along."

H. S.

It was one of those beautiful summer nights; the night-ingales were singing softly to each other and the moon cast it's pale silvery reflection on a canoe, which slowly drifted along 'neath the over-hanging trees which sheltered the banks of the ever-winding river. \* \* \* An occasional dip of the paddle is faintly heard then —————Dearest—  
 —tell me that you do love me, that you do care—Oh! if you only knew how much you meant to me—————X!?

Col. T. H.: "Carter, haven't you any ambition in life—haven't you ever had any desire to achieve something in this world?"

Carter: "Uh-huh."

Col. T. H.: "What is your desire then?"

Carter: To throw a rotten egg into an electric fan."

H. S.

Hal Malone: "Say, Whittaker, lend me something to read in confinement this afternoon, will you?"

Whittaker: "You can read that joke-book if you'll be sure and return it."

Malone, (after looking through it): "Say, this is the S. M. A. catalogue."

Whittaker: —————"Well?"

H. S.



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