

The
KABLEGRAM



Staunton, Virginia

MARCH

Nineteen Eighteen

THE KABLEGRAM



Published by

THE CORPS OF CADETS

of the

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

MARCH

Nineteen Hundred Eighteen

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.

Subscription \$1.50 for school year.

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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.


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Editorial

What's the Matter with the School Spirit at S. M. A.?

ND well might one ask that question. How many of you saw the football game at Fishburne in 1916? And how many of you went down to "Rollers" last December? How many of you played in either or both of these games? Answer me if you can—why did S. M. A., with a team acknowledged to be better than Fishburne in 1916, and A. M. A. in 1917, lose those games? Why? After the shameful defeat at the hands of Fishburne came this alibi: "Oh, our best back-field man was out of the game. Our team was weakened too much." And after the Blue and Gold had been trampled beneath the feet of the Roller cadets at Ft. Deafince: "The quarantine held us back, we lost our drive." These and other reasons were given as the cause of our defeat. Possibly they did have something to do with it. But deep down in your hearts, each and every cadet knows the big, ugly, outstanding reason of our defeats—we haven't the School Spirit! Try as you may to dodge the issue—it is inevitable. We haven't the proper School Spirit at S.

M. A.! And why haven't we? To my mind there are two important reasons that stand out naked and unashamed before the corps. In discussing them I shall strive to be fair, but at the same time tell the truth as I see it.

First: The lack of interest among the corps. You who read this may say: "How can you do that? Don't we attend all the games that are compulsory? Don't we hold a cheering rally before each game, and don't we all cheer at the games? Don't we stand up when the band plays the Blue and Gold?" Sure, maybe you do. But I have known of times when a game wasn't compulsory, and almost half the corps stayed away. Is that "Spirit?" And how many of you attend the above mentioned cheering rallies? The cheer-leader, the Rats, most of 'em, anyway (because they are afraid not to attend), and about half the "Old Boys." In fact, about eight-tenths of the corps. The other two-tenths, about ninety men, haven't love enough for S. M. A. and respect for the men who are striving to uphold her standards to give fifteen minutes of their time in practicing yells. Do you call that "Spirit?" Do we all cheer at the games? Yes indeed—when our team is winning. But how about it when the score is against us, when the odds are by far in favor of our opponents, the very time the team needs encouragement? Do we yell then? Not much, we don't. The best we can get then is a weak, half-hearted cheer, that tends more to send the spirit of our team down than to encourage them—that makes them think we haven't any confidence in them—how about it? Am I not right? Then, finally, how many of you know the words to our school song—"The Blue and Gold"? Probably half the corps. Fellows, is that the proper spirit? No! It is not

—we don't take enough interest. This is *our* school, and it's just what *we* make it. Don't you agree with me? Are we forever to be hearing outsiders say: "The Kable cadets are *yellow!* They have no school spirit!"? Let me appeal to you, fellow cadets—let's get together and clear the name of the corps of that vile word—"yellow"! Will you help? And now, to pass on to the second reason:

The rivalry of the clubs, amounting almost to enmity, for the supremacy in all walks of school life. This is no secret of state—we all know it. And this seems to me to be the strongest, and most uncalled for reason of our lack of spirit. I am appealing to you club members, now. Can you imagine a football team or any other team, for that matter, entering a hard game that is to determine the State championship, and expecting to win when the various "club members" on the team are ready to fly at each other's throats at any minute in order to "help the club"? Do you think they have team-work and unity? Not much you don't. Neither do I. Yet that is just the difficulty under which S. M. A.'s athletic teams have been laboring for the past three years. "Why did we lose to Fishburne and A. M. A.?" Here's your answer: Too much "club spirit, and not enough "school spirit"! It's the truth—and you club members know it. I have no intention of knocking the clubs themselves—I'm a member of one. But are we so narrow-minded, prejudiced, and unloyal as to let our clubs, however dear they are to us, stand in the way of S. M. A.'s glory on the athletic field? Is it to be the clubs first, and then the Blue and Gold of old S. M. A.? Do you put your State first, and then your country? No! And you never will! Then, let us forget these past three

years, and help each other in putting down this *unfriendly* rivalry between the clubs. Let us better S. M. A.'s athletic record, not for the club, but for the glory and honor of the Blue and Gold. Do this; and in the future you'll witness no more such defeats as you saw at Rollers and Fishburne. Instead, a long string of unbroken victories will go down on the athletic sheet, and the fair name of our Alma Mater will be forever cleared of the epitaph of—"yellow!" Am I right?



WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY,
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

To the American School-Boy:

Never have lessons seemed so uninteresting, and daily school-routine so tiresome as now. Our country is aflame with the war-spirit; your older brothers and many boy friends are wearing khaki, and their letters home make school-life seem duller than ever; every business is short of workers and every week you hear of splendid positions, paying unheard-of wages, open to boys of your age. You never had before and may never have again such a chance to make money. Shall you keep on grinding over dry text-books, shut up in school every day like a convict in a penitentiary, when Jim and Tom and Aleck, no older than you, have left Latin and Math. and school-room tyranny behind them, and are out in the world leading a man's life, getting a man's pay, and urging you to follow their example?

If the other fellows keep on leaving, and the chances

to make money keep on calling, and you quit studying and keep on begging, your parents will probably give way and let you leave school. So the decision is really up to you. It is probably the most important decision you have ever been called upon to make. You stand at the fork of your life's highway. Which road will you take? The first mile or two of the non-trained, non-educated road is, I freely admit, very attractive just now, offering liberty, novelty, and ready money; the first stages of the education-road are the same old grind—tedious, rocky, uphill, and unattractive.

Yet remember, it is the *whole long road*, through forty, fifty, or sixty years you are now choosing, not the first few miles alone. Your boyhood's choice decides your manhood's destiny. It is your business, therefore, to decide *this* question like a man, not like a boy. The child looks only at the present, the man studies the future also. With the child, present gratification is always the controlling motive; he cannot resist attractive bait, however sharp and deadly the steel hook which he takes with it; the *now* and the *here*, however shallow and short-lived, always prevail with him over the long future. Before you exchange trained brains and educated manhood for a brief boyhood period of money-making, ponder these facts:

1. If you leave school and enter business now, it is almost certain that your high school work will never be resumed or completed.

2. With this decision you, therefore, lose your chance of college training and of entering any of the great professions. Without a high-school training you cannot enter any college or university; the doors of our great schools of Law, Medicine, Electrical, Civil, and Mechanical Engineer-

ing, Architecture, Industrial, Chemistry, Commerce, and Business Administration—all these and other great openings like them, are swung shut in your face.

3. You thus practically throw away your chance of gaining influence, prominence and leadership in the fierce competition of twentieth-century American life, which is too complex for the untrained to understand, far less to lead.

4. For the sake of present high wages, you seriously diminish your income for all the long years of your manhood. In the mere matter of income alone, a man's earning power through life is so increased by every year of high-school and college training, that a high-school year for the average boy represents nearly \$3,000 of invested capital; a year at college for the average student over \$5,000; while for the student who stands anywhere near the top in his classes these figures should be doubled.

5. You will also serve your country best by training yourself for the great work of the next generation. In that era of ferment and reconstruction it will need trained men far more than it now needs the services of untrained boys. Which should you offer your native land? Our leading statesmen, our President, the Secretaries of the Army and Navy, great educators and business leaders—all urge the boys to carry on their school and college work *for the sake of their country's future*.

These are a few of the many reasons why you should resolutely say *NO* to the call of temporary money-making, make a man's choice for a man's future, and as the soldier endures the monotonous drudgery of trench-training for the sake of future victory, be enough of a soldier to un-

dergo the drudgery of school studies for the sake of your own future success and leadership, fired by the certainty that never in the world's history has education been so sure to pay rich dividends as during your lifetime.

Commending these considerations to your thoughtful attention, and hoping in the near future to send you another message, I am

Cordially your older Brother,

HENRY LOUIS SMITH,

President.

January 1, 1918.

The Test

The test of steel is battle,

The test of the ship is storm,

The test of joy is sorrow,

The test of good is harm.

The test of the soul is temptation,

But the test of the heart I contend—

Is the test you give when you're down and out,

To the man you call your friend.

CADET HOUSER.

Always

DURING Alumni week in the latter part of May a number of the Alumni gathered nearly every night in a room in the barracks of the old school where the swapped stories and "purified" the air with tobacco smoke. Thursday night Pinky Mills had told us of our old brother, Bill Webster, and how he had given his life for the sake of humanity. Tonight the main topic of the talk was the slow awakening of the people in the United States to the fact that there was a real war over across the "lake." After listening for some time Pinky interrupted the conversation and said: "I think perhaps you fellows are right to some extent, the people are not very much awake to the fact, but the government is very much aware of the state of things over there. Uncle Sam is also on to the fact that there are numerous German spies in this country and that we stand a good chance of being drawn into the conflict later on, and therefore are weeding out the so-called spies. Remember that I said I saw Shorty McCarthy on my way down here, don't you? Well, at the time I didn't have the chance to tell you what I found out about him." Shorty was another old pal of all of us, so we started on a fresh smoke and settled down in our chairs to listen to that which Pinky had to tell us.

"As I got on the train in the Pennsy station the other day in New York, who should I run into but Shorty," Pinky said. "Shorty is growing stout, and he is raising some camouflage on his upper lip, but I knew him the minute I saw him by that limp of his, you remember he got smashed

up playing football here, and he never did get entirely over the effects of the accident. Shorty and I exchanged happy greetings. Soon after we rolled out of the terminal we adjourned to the club car for a smoke. There were a great number of men gathered there, and the car was just a mass of smoke. But being used to such conditions, Shorty and I settled down for a long talk of days gone by. But we weren't to be left alone for long in peace, a number of men had started in talking war, and as they talked raised their voices higher and higher until finally we couldn't help overhearing, and at last joining in with them. Two fellows I remember very well, one a small, undersized fellow, clean shaven and bright looking, but to whom I took an immediate disliking. The other fellow was a keen looking Yankee. I noticed them more particularly than the rest, for before we reached Trenton they had started in on an argument. It was somewhat in the nature of that which you fellows have been carrying on tonight, as to whether or not the American people were awake to real conditions of the war. But the undersized fellow carried it further than that; he claimed that the government itself was asleep, that is, the powers in Washington. The Yankee claimed that the government was not asleep, but very much awake. Finally things became quite heated, and the little runt said: "Listen here, you say the government is not asleep. Well, I'll tell you something that perhaps you don't know. Just shortly after the war started, that is nearly a year ago, some very valuable papers were stolen from the war department. Not a clue was found until last January, and that was a small penknife under the edge of the baseboard in the office from which the papers were stolen. Evidently the thief had used the penknife to pick

the lock on the drawers in which the papers were kept, after opening the safe. Upon being surprised perhaps by someone approaching he dropped the knife, and it by chance slid under the baseboard. But even with that as a clue for it is a very good clue, the knife had initials and an address on it, I am told, the thief cannot be found.' This set us all thinking a great deal, and Shorty and I returned to our former seats and resumed our talk of old times.

"At Baltimore Shorty got off the train in order to get a paper, so he said, and soon came back with full evidence of his statement, loaded down with several papers. Turning to the baseball news, he let out a yell. 'Look, Pinky,' he said, 'see this, S. M. A. Baseball Champions of Virginia.' Immediately we were both occupied in reading the article, and much too soon we reached Washington.

"Before the train came to a full stop three men came into the car, and upon perceiving Shorty, advanced toward him. 'There he is, men,' said Shorty quietly, and at the same time pointing to the runt, and before the runt could move the three men had him handcuffed. They threw back their coats and showed him badges pinned there and he said not a word.

" 'Say, Shorty,' said I, 'what's this you ar pulling off, anyway?'

" 'Well, Pinky, you see I'm in the secret service now; have been in it for about a year. You remember that fellow telling of the stealing of those papers? Well, that was my first case and I have just now found the thief.

" 'Well, how the duece did you know he took them, Shorty,' I exclaimed.

" 'It was this way, Pinky. In the first place, there were only three people who knew those papers were taken at

all as far as I know, the fellow in whose care they were, the chief, and myself. Now, I know that I never told anyone about the loss, and I was pretty sure the other two hadn't said anything about the matter. But when the fellow told about the pen knife being found, I began to see that he had some dope that I didn't. At Baltimore you remember I got off. Well, besides getting the papers, I sent a telegram to the chief and told him to send somebody to the office from which the papers had been stolen, and see if they could find a pen knife under the baseboard near the safe. If so, to come to the station and board the train before it stopped, as I thought I had the thief of the papers. The pen knife was found, so Diggs told me before he and the other two men took the prisoner away, so now you see how criminal or a spy sometimes gives himself away. That fellow probably figured the knife was found anyway, and whether or not he was safe in telling the story. What he did was just about as he told us sometime ago, only he was the thief. When he heard somebody coming, the chances are he dropped the knife, and being in a hurry, pushed it under the baseboard with his foot.

" 'Pinky when I saw you as you came on the train and first talked with you I thought I would go through to Staunton, but I will have to leave you now, for I will have some work to do at present which I hadn't planned on. This has been a valuable trip for me.

"I left soon after for here, and Shorty went to his office.

"Perhaps now you see fellows, that the government officials are at least awake.

"And boys, don't forget that it was one of our own

brothers, a son of old S. M. A. who caught this spy. I tell you, fellows, the graduates from here certainly are doing their work in the world, in a way to make us proud. How about it?"

We all heartily agreed with Pikny.

J. A. W.

Kinda Out o' Place

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.

I don't understand the land I'm in,
The sun don't seem as bright,
The snow don't seem as white
And the bonds of home are not as tight.
I guess I'm out of place alright.

Out where the world is still a cryin'
And a man makes friends without half tryin'
That's where the Westerners belong.

I know now, I'm in wrong.
There's not a fresh breeze a blowin',
Not a laugh in any stream a flowin',
Yuh never reap here, yer always sowin',
My feet itch, I guess I better be goin'.

CADET HOUSER.

"Hit and Miss"

On a very small portion of this world of ours
Where the weeds and the thistles grew up with the flowers,
Stands a large concrete building on the slope of a hill,
The place where we'er labored and worked with a will.
Perhaps 'twould be best for me here to give
The names of the Faculty, who with us now live,
Col. Kable comes first with his dignified grace—
While Col. Thomas the second looks up in his face;
Col. Ted and Major Acker, our military men,
Are ably assisted by Col. Conklin and Lieut. Flynn.
Major Wonson and Capt. Pitcher come trooping along,
And always dismiss the ring of the gong.
Major Sutherland, Sizer, Stevens, and Gruver;
The latter had better listen to Hoover.
Maj. Tiller comes next with his soldierly grace,
And as a linguist, McLean sets the pace.
Now this is the last of the Colonels and Majors,
We will now include those who work for less wages.
There is a coach, and Kramer, Manning, and Davis.
When they are in charge, there is nothing can faze us.
Closely followed by James, Haynes, and Campbell,
Who know their work, so you need not gamble.
These are followed by Lieut. Buck
(Whose place in the Faculty is Jackies' good luck).
Now, perhaps I had better speak of the Rats at the "Y,"
And the Knisely House, which is also nearby.
Lieut. Morgan comes first with his soldierly grace,
While Harrison and Tomassi strive for his pace.

These are followed by Lieut. Usery and Mann,
 Who work and govern as only man can.
 Last, but not least on the Faculty Roll,
 Comes Chandler, our chaplain, with truth to unfold.

(To be continued) .

F. W. J.

Sergeant Young, A., Gets Sweater From His Sweetheart

To you, my friend, I do bequeath
 The finished product that lies beneath—
 If anywhere it hugs too tight,
 Just send it back and I'll make it right.
 If it proves to be a perfect fit,
 My next may be a sock or mit—
 I've made it long, the spot to pad
 Where weapon broom greets every lad—
 To whom commissions deign to fall
 Alike to cadets, rats and all.
 And if more coms you'll pledge to land,
 I'll keep protection close at hand—
 From gloaming until morn I'll knit
 To cushion up that spot a bit.

The "S" Club

At a recent meeting of the men who wear the "S" for service on the athletic field, a "Letter Club" was formed, to be known as the "S" Club. This club is formed with no idea of fraternizing, but with the sole object of uniting the letter men in an effort to better athletics and promote the "school spirit." Any man is eligible for membership who is entitled to wear the "S."

At the above mentioned meeting the following officers were elected:

Watters, President.

Eagles, Vice-President.

Monget, Secretary.

Any cadet with one ounce of loyal blood in his veins should covet the chance of winning his "S" and becoming a member of the club. Go out for the team, show your spirit. Get the "old pep." Get your name among the ones listed below. Let's do our "bit" for the Blue and Gold.

The following are members of S. M. A.'s first "Letter Club":

Lumms; Eagles; Watters; Curry, F. J.; Sutton; Stevens, W.; Benson; Monget; Hill; Stacy; McKnight; Kuykendall; Davis; Maytiner; Young; Brophy; Houser; McMillan.

Clubs

ACADEMY CLUB

A. D. Eagles, President.
 R. E. Robinson, Vice-President.
 R. E. McDougal, Secretary.
 H. J. Ogden, Treasurer.

TRIANGLE CLUB

J. N. Lummus, President.
 N. A. Wedum, Vice-President.
 F. J. Curry, Secretary.
 J. E. Darlington, Treasurer.

EXETER CLUB

E. V. Heughan, President.
 J. W. Bolton, Vice-President.
 S. J. Nicholson, Secretary.
 B. W. Wagoner, Treasurer.

ARBOR VITAE CLUB

H. F. Ballou, President.
 F. D. Curry, Vice-President.
 L. N. Turman, Secretary.
 H. A. Warren, Treasurer.

T. K. CLUB

W. A. Rowan, President.
 S. S. Coldren, First Vice-President.
 R. M. Ferris, Second Vice-President.
 R. B. Wehrly, Secretary.
 D. L. Zacharias, Treasurer.

HOME CLUB

T. H. Bromley, President.
 V. V. Burger, Vice-President.
 L. T. Han, Secretary.

"S" CLUB

W. P. Watters, President.
 A. D. Eagles, Vice-President.
 J. W. Monget, Secretary-Treasurer.

Y. M. C. A.

J. M. Lummus, President.
 B. M. Browinski, Vice-President.
 J. A. Williams, Secretary-Treasurer.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

J. N. Lummus, President.
 N. A. Wedum, Vice-President.
 F. J. Curry, Secretary.
 H. H. Sherman, Treasurer.

STAUNTON CLUB

G. Perelstrous, President.
 J. McLaughlin, Vice-President.
 A. Field, Secretary-Treasurer.

MAZDA CLUB

Robt. Schenk, President.
 C. H. Armstrong, Vice-President.



Retreat has been held lately on the upper asphalt, with the band playing. This is quite an attraction, and usually draws numerous spectators.

The spring weather has nearly arrived, the time when preparations are made for the "War Department" inspection, which is held in April each year. The company commanders will soon instruct their respective companies in the extended order drill. This school has hitherto made a good showing on this inspection, and this year S. M. A. must not fall short of expectations. So put all your attention on that monotonous drill, and later you will find that your time has not been misspent.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 46

The following appointments and assignments are made to take effect at once:

- To be Cadet Major—Lumms, assigned to Staff.
- To be Cadet Captain—Whittaker, assigned to Co. A.
- To be Cadet Lieutenant—Striet, assigned to Co. E.
- To be Cadet Lieutenant—Shore, assigned to Co. A.
- To be Cadet First Sergeant—Wilkenson, assigned to Co. A.
- To be Cadet First Sergeant—Leshure, assigned to Co. E.
- To be Cadet Sergeant—Williams, A., assigned to Co. C.

- To be Cadet Sergeant—Walsh, assigned to Co. D.
- To be Cadet Sergeant—Arango, assigned to Co. A.
- To be Cadet Corporal—Clark, J., assigned to Co. D.
- To be Cadet Corporal—Keister, assigned to Co. B.
- To be Cadet Corporal—Newman, assigned to Co. C.
- To be Cadet Corporal—Dorsey, assigned to Co. D.
- To be Cadet Corporal—Mashke, assigned to Co. A.
- To be Junior Lieutenant—Ball, assigned to Co. E.

2. The following transfers are made:

Lieut. Bishop from Co. A to Staff, as Adjutant.

Lieut. Enslow from Co. E. to Co. B.

3. Cadet Corporal East is permitted to resign, and is assigned as a private to Co. A.

By order of

LIEUT.-COL. RUSSELL.

Cadet Officers

STAFF

- J. Newton Lumms, Major.
- E. H. Bishop, Lieut. and Adjt.
- D. A. Ledbetter, Lieut. G. M.
- R. O. Ingalls, Sgt. Major.
- W. A. Rowan, Ord. Sgt.
- M. K. Tannebaum, G. M. Sgt.
- C. H. Armstrong, Hospital Sgt.
- B. F. Walker, Col. Sgt.

SIGNAL DETACHMENT

- C. G. Brooks, Lieut.
- F. C. Clarke, Sgt.

COMPANY "D"

A. L. Wright, Jr., Captain.
 W. P. Watters, First Lieut.
 B. W. Wagoner, Second Lieut.
 W. M. Robinson, First Sgt.

COMPANY "E"

B. M. Browinski, Captain.
 F. P. Morris, First Lieut.
 G. H. Striet, Second Lieut.
 W. D. Leshure, First Sgt.

COMPANY "C"

N. A. Wedum, Captain.
 J. W. Bolton, First Lieut.
 J. R. Sutton, Second Lieut.
 C. M. Herring, First Sgt.

COMPANY "B"

E. V. Heughan, Captain.
 H. H. Gates, First Lieut.
 P. E. Enslow, Second Lieut.
 R. E. Robinson, First Sgt.

COMPANY "A"

J. F. Whittaker, Captain.
 F. J. Curry, First Lieut.
 T. C. Shore, Second Lieut.
 I. N. Wilkenson, First Sgt.

BAND

A. D. Eagles, Captain.
 H. F. Ballou, First Lieut.
 F. D. Curry, Second Lieut.
 B. W. Carter, First Sgt.

Honor Roll

Since our last issue the following names have come to us to be added to our "Honor Roll":

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Ames, A. F. | Hazelwood, N. |
| Alves | Harwell, W. D. |
| Battle N. P. | Hinz, L. M. |
| Bryant, R. | Hulen, J. A. |
| Burrell, R. V. | Harrison, F. W. |
| Berrie, A. M. C. | Jackson, S. |
| Blakemore, C. P. | Kivlighan, J. |
| Block, H. M. | Kibbe, D. |
| Buchanan, B. | Koontz, R. J. |
| Bridges, J. R. | Knap, T. S. |
| Berry, N. | Lott, J. H. |
| Cantrill, J. J. | Lomo, J. V. |
| Cramton, E. | Lipps, B. |
| Crockett, I. | Long, J. |
| Catlin, L. I. | Mason, H. R. |
| Condit, H. | Morrell, W. W. |
| Cox, L. F. | Morange, I. J. |
| Dock, L. | Morey, I. M. |
| Dennis, D. D. | McCutcheson, W. F. |
| Ewing, E. | McCracken, D. F. |
| Frazier, R. W. | McKusick, A. M. |
| Fuhrer, H. | McManus |
| Guild, S. M. | Neale, E. E. |
| Gortner, D. R. | Opie, E. W. |
| Gallagher, G. E. | Ogilvie, J. C. |
| Gwynne, A. V. | Powell, G. H. |
| George, H. F. | Pollock, J. F. |
| Greene, F. L., Jr. | Pine, E. A. |
| Harsh, D. N. | Peters, E. R. |
| Hoyt, L. F. | Reed, E. W. |

| | |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| Randolph, G. D. | Unkefer, M. |
| Smith, Mc. | Whitehead, N. P. |
| Shearer, B. C. | Warner, F. W., Jr. |
| Schnoberger, W. | Walton, L. |
| Scott, R. | Winebrake, N. A. C. J. |
| Smith, J. W. | Wear, G. S. |
| Taylor, W. J. | Worthington, M. |
| Twichell, R. H. | York, S. |

Please be kind enough to report the names of any former cadets you may know of now in the service.

George Rudisill, '15, is second Captain in the University of Pennsylvania Cadet Regiment.

John G. Bryson, '17 is acting Lieutenant in the same organization.

Mr. Tom Salvin a student here previous to the fire, is now one of the owners of Rector's Restaurant in New York City.



S. M. A. 28—TRINITY COLLEGE 27

The fastest and most exciting game so far for this season was played with Trinity College.

The team, as a unit, played to form, and resulted in a victory of 28-27 for S. M. A.

Brophy's playing showed to advantage in this game against more experienced players.

Also the guarding of Freitag was a feature.

Curry caged eleven baskets out of seventeen free tosses, Young getting ten out of the twenty-eight scores.

Eagles played an exceptionally good game, his clever passing making it possible for his team-mates to score.

Score tabulated:

| | | |
|-------------------------|------------|-------------|
| Brophy (4) | R. F. | (2) Cole |
| Eagles | L. F. | Stailings |
| Curry (Capt.) (12) | C. | (8) Douglas |
| Young (10) | L. G. | Hathway |
| Frietag | R. G. | (17) Long |

S. M. A. 80—R. M. A. 26

This was a runaway for S. M. A.

Randolph-Macon were outclassed in every department of the game.

* This was no game to pick any one individual man.
Most of the second string men showed to advantage.

Score:

| | | | |
|------------------------|-------|------|------------|
| Brophy (10) | R. F. | (17) | Cochran |
| Eagles (4) | L. F. | (2) | Catlett |
| Curry (Capt) (22) | C. | | Owens |
| Young (12) | L. G. | (2) | Vanderlift |
| Freitag (2) | R. G. | | Knott |
| Odgen (sub for Brophy) | R. F. | | Millican |
| Lummus (for Young) 6 | L. E. | | |
| Baggs (for Freitag) 6 | L. F. | | |
| Rodgers (12) | L. F. | | |

S. M. A. 31—BRIDGEWATER 15

Another victory for S. M. A., although not so pronounced as in some other contests, it was a very interesting game from start to finish.

| | | | |
|------------|-------|-----|-----------|
| Brophy (8) | R. F. | (2) | Poller |
| Eagles (8) | L. F. | (9) | Garber |
| Curry (13) | C. | (4) | Bigler |
| Young (4) | L. G. | | Hounshell |
| Freitag | R. G. | | Nolley |

S. M. A. 28—A. M. A. 20

Our old rivals beaten again. Hurrah!

A. M. A. never had a chance even from the whistle in the first half.

S. M. A.'s team-work was showing to advantage over their old rivals.

| | | | |
|------------------|-------|------|-----------|
| Brophy (10) | R. F. | (4) | Oppleman |
| Eagles (12) | L. F. | | Lewis |
| Curry, Capt. (1) | C. | (10) | Scott |
| Young (5) | L. G. | (6) | Balthis |
| Freitag | R. G. | | Christian |

S. M. A. won from Fishburne on their own floor, and although the score indicates an easy victory, this was not the case, for Fishburne fought a losing fight from the beginning, but as warriors of old, they fought gamely.

S. M. A. 44—FISHBURNE 14

| | | | |
|-------------|-------|------|-----------|
| Brophy (16) | R. F. | (4) | Ware |
| Eagles (8) | L. F. | | Mattox |
| Curry (14) | C. | (10) | Briggs |
| Young (6) | R. G. | | Clevenger |
| Freitag | L. G. | | Johnson |

S. M. A. 12—A. M. A. 33

A. M. A. beat us on their own floor by the overwhelming score of 33-12.

The local boys were off color that night, but nevertheless they played a fairly good game.

A. M. A. played an exceptionally good game.

| S. M. A. | A. M. A. |
|----------|-------------------|
| Brophy | (2) (13) Oppleman |
| Eagles | (2) (8) Lewis |
| Curry | (4) (6) Scott |
| Young | (4) (4) Christian |
| Freitag | (2) Balthis |
| Ogden | |

S. M. A. 32—FISHBURNE 22

For the second time this season S. M. A. beat Fishburne.

This was a very exciting game from start to finish. In the second half the Fishburne boys scored several baskets, and it looked as if they might overcome the lead and win after all. However, the substitution of Eagles, for

Ogden, seemed to put new spirit in our boys, and they cavorted around the floor as if they were just starting.

S. M. A.'s generalship brought them out on top once again, however.

| S. M. A. | POSITION | F. M. S. |
|-------------------|-----------------|------------|
| Brophy (8) | R. F. | (8) Ware |
| Eagles (4) | Ogden (2) L. F. | Arbogast |
| Curry, Capt. (14) | C. | (8) Briggs |
| Monget | L. G. | (6) Mattox |
| Young (4) | R. G. | Johnston |

Substitute: Eagles for Ogden.

S. M. A. played fourteen games, scoring 427 points to their opponents' 297.

Brophy scored fifty-four baskets.

Curry scored forty-five field goals. Also out of a possible ninety-one free tosses, he made seventy-three.

Eagles next with twenty-seven baskets; Young with twenty-five; Ogden with thirteen; Rogers with six; Baggs and Lummus, three apiece, and Freitag with one.

Points scored by each individual player:

Brophy, 108; Curry, 164; Eagles, 54; Young, 50; Ogden, 26; Rodgers, 12; Lummus, 6; Baggs, 6; Freitag, 2.

Total points, 427.

With the closing of basketball season on March the fifth, due to the fact that A. M. M. could not find an open date to schedule a game, S. M. A. had won from and lost to A. M. A.

The game with Fishburne ended the season.

The coaches are now busy trying to pick a baseball team that will be worthy to represent the *Blue and Gold* on the diamond.

There is a lot of material to pick from, and from the form shown already, S. M. A. should have the best team of its history.

It has a record that should not be broken by baseball.

S. M. A. turned out its best football and basketball team this school year. Why not its best baseball team?

From all indications it will be the best.

Lieut. Manning's boxing class has now twenty-five pupils, and knowing what an important part boxing is taking in all the camps of this great U. S. during this time of strife, every blue-blooded American boy should be interested in this manly art.

It stands foremost in the army, and if Uncle Sam considers it so important as to have a special trainer in every army camp, so why should not every boy wish to train his mind and body equally for the future?

Y. M. C. A.

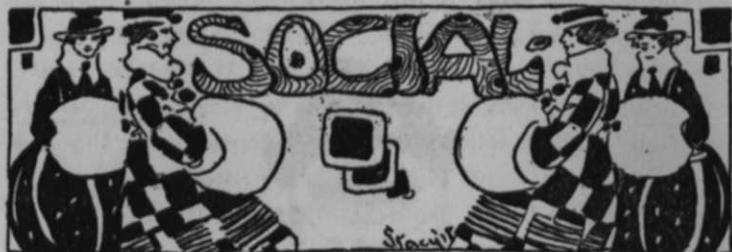


AY Bill, when did you get all the religion, huh? You poor simp, getting down on your knees and praying." Isn't that what a lot of you fellows say when one of your room-mates really sees the light of religion. And if Bill, Jim, or Pete, or whatever your room-mate's name is, gets embarrassed and fussed he loses sight of the light he has started to follow and loses faith. But if he is a strong-willed fellow he will probably keep up his praying as he should, and finally you cut out your sneering and laughing, and perhaps get some of the same feeling Bill has for God. But it is the fellow who is not strong like that, that should be helped. Fellows, if a room-mate of yours accepts Christ don't sneer at him; get down and do a little praying yourself. You need it. Don't ever be ashamed of Christ. If you can't see getting down and praying, don't try to laugh your room-mate out of his beliefs.

You all remember Dr. Wright, who addressed the corps some time ago. At that time a number of you fellows accepted Christ. How many of you have kept up your good intentions or resolutions made at that time? Some of you have, yes, but not all of you. Now, fellows, don't let a feeling like you professed get away from you. Perhaps your room-mates laughed you out of it. Get to it, let your room-mates laugh at you if they are that kind—sneering will never hurt you. They are the only ones who are being hurt by it. You who have let slide your resolutions—start again and keep them up. It isn't too late, but sometime it will be.

The last few days of this week a few fellows from the University of Virginia will be with us. Now, for you fellows who haven't yet accepted Christ. At least be square. You believe in being square in sports, why not be square with God? These fellows from the University are bringing a message to us about God. Let's go listen to them with open minds and try to profit by what they have to say. I know it won't touch you all, but it should. At least try to accept God, and if you try I'm sure you will.

A CADET.



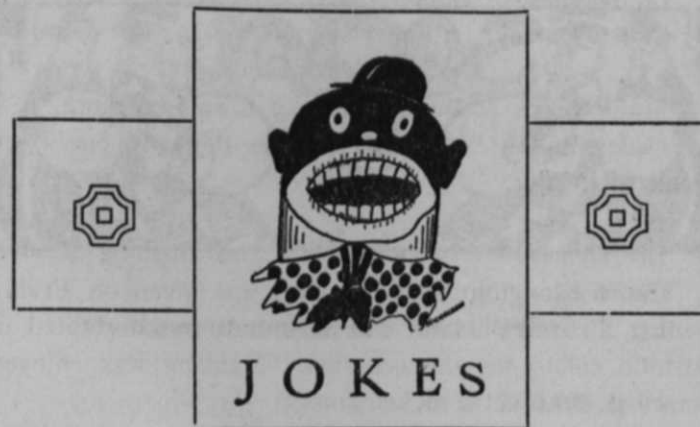
The Washington Birthday Hop was given on Friday evening, February 21st. The mess-hall was decorated in patriotic colors for the occasion. Dancing was enjoyed from 9 p. m. to 2 a. m.

The music for the dance was furnished by the Colgens orchestra of Charlottesville. A large number of out-of-town guests added to the joy of the occasion.

A great many of the faculty and cadets attended the dance given by Mrs. Timberlake at the Virginia Hotel on Saturday evening, March 2nd. This was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season.

The lecture by Corporal Holmes, of the British Army, given under the auspices of the King's Daughters, was attended by a great many cadets.

There will be an informal dance held in the gymnasium on Saturday evening of this week. Dancing from 9 to 12.



BY "CHICKABOO"

Cadets get Major at last,
Something not heard of in the past;
Lummus is best and I am worst,
But remember I was Major first.

"Commish" give cadets a talk,
Rats around the run must walk;
No more hazing, no more fun,
Weep, "old boys," your day is done.

Formal pulled with lots of pep,
Ball and Amos lose their "rep."
No more news that I can tell,
What I've told is worse than—anything.

Lt. Haynes: "Dorsey, what did you come late for?"
 Cadet Dorsey: "For class, sir."

Major Sizer: "Bolton, name a town in France."
 Cadet Bolton: "'Somewhere' is the only one I can think of, Major."

Lt. Tomassi: "Nicholson, are you laughing at me?"
 Cadet N.: "No, sir."
 Lt. T.: "Well, what else is there to laugh at?"

How some get a ticket home:
 Breaking barracks.
 Moon bright.
 Faculty—
 Good-night!

Maj. Lummus: "So you won't make up with me?"
 C.: "No. Shall I return your letters?"
 Maj. L.: "Please. There's some good material in them that I can use again."

Ledbetter: "Can you think of anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"
 Cadmus: "Yes. A centipede with corns."

Henghan: "I know of a man who lived five weeks on an apple a day."
 Bolton: "That's nothing: I've lived on earth for eighteen years."

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