

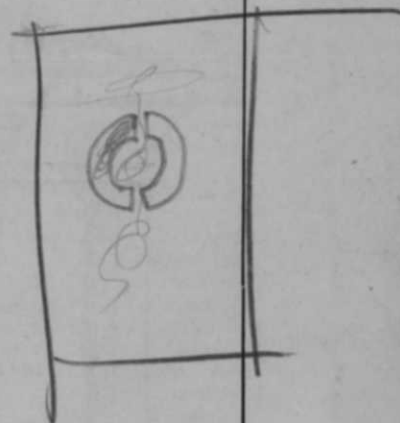
The
KABLEGRAM



Staunton, Virginia

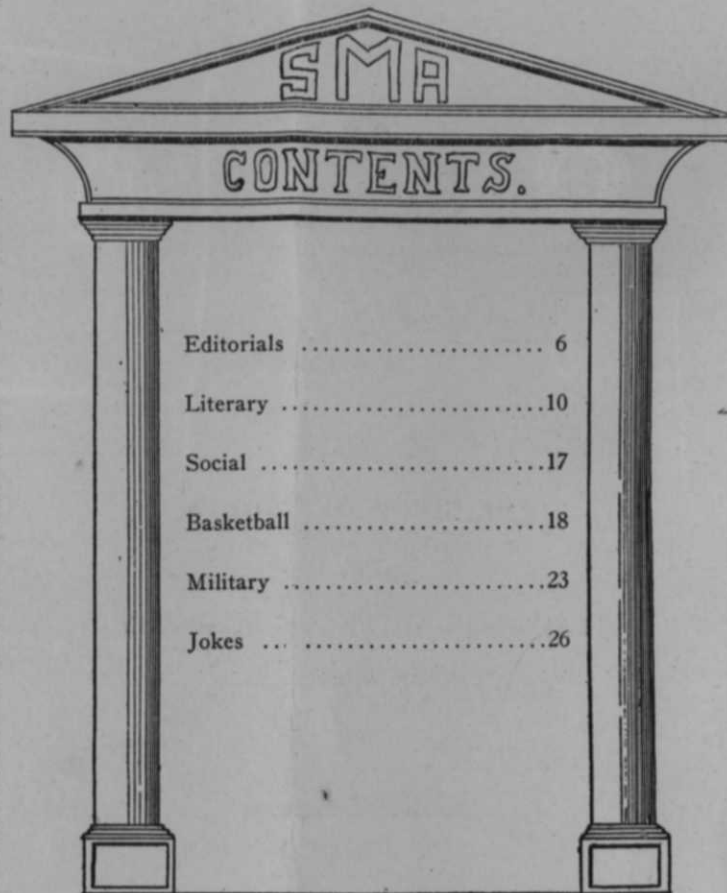
MARCH
Nineteen Nineteen

THE KABLEGRAM



Published by
THE CORPS OF CADETS
of the
STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

MARCH
Nineteen Hundred Nineteen



KEARNS '28

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THE KABLEGRAM

Devoted to the interests at S. M. A.

The KABLEGRAM is published monthly by the Corps of Cadets of The Staunton 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 into 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 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.
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.



“Spring Cleaning”

SPRING is not here quite yet, but “spring cleaning” at S. M. A. has begun in earnest. To those who may read this little monthly magazine of the corps, it may be interesting to know just what “spring cleaning” at S. M. A. means.

Spring Cleaning at S. M. A. may be divided into two big divisions; first, the elimination of certain undesirables from the corps, and second, the shaking off of the winter’s customs and getting ready for the active outdoor parades and drills of the spring and summer.

In the first of these cases it may seem impossible to you who read this magazine that there would be anything but honorable, respectable boys at S. M. A. Nevertheless, out of six hundred boys there are bound to be a certain few who persist on running the school their way and considering everything in the school as belonging to them. This kind of boys are not the kind we want at S. M. A., so the faculty is eliminating this class from the corps.

Then, again, as the winter’s cold, biting winds naturally

keep the boys indoors and make them somewhat lazy, so with the coming of spring these lazy customs must be shaken off. Setting-up exercises have begun, formal retreats are taking place every pleasant evening upon the upper asphalt, and at the latter of these two ceremonies the interested towns-people may be seen expressing their admiration for the corps. Soon these evening parades will be formed with the corps in full dress uniform, and then the towns-people will more than appreciate being Stauntonians. By April there will not be a snappier, better equipped, better dressed corps among all the military schools of the United States government or otherwise.

Spring cleaning has begun in earnest.

—F. S. OBEY, '19.

The Dissolution of Clubs

When the club officers and members took upon themselves to dissolve their clubs, they took the only method by which such a thing could be accomplished. It is only fitting that these men be classed among the heroes of the school.

It takes more courage to stand up and face a question like these men did than it does to meet your mightiest opponent on the gridiron. In dealing with such a question the men concerned band themselves not only to the ungrateful remarks of their club brothers, but to the entire corps, who are more apt to reason that the officers’ stripes meant more to them than their best friends.

Quite unconsciously the corps reasoned along the right plane, but did not go far enough. The stripes on an officer’s arm stand for the school. *Its honor and reputation should always come first, and you and yours, second.*

The predecessors in the clubs had scrupulously, if not intentionally misinterpreted and abused this well known but unwritten law, in that their respect for their club members was greater than their loyalty to the school.

This inherited club spirit existed not only in the Military Department, but was dragged every place where a club member was concerned. On the Athletic field, it played havoc, throwing to the winds, in the last game of the year, a championship, and one of the finest scoring records ever made by any team.

After that fatal day on the gridiron, club activities became quiet, just as the calm precedes the storm. Club proceedings became less noticeable, although their effects drew attention from the ever watchful eyes.

When orders were given this year regarding clubs, and these orders openly violated, that is, the orders were overcome through technicalities and these technicalities were not recognized by those in command, the death knell sounded for clubs.

It was not a question of their own safety and personal benefit that the officers and members of these clubs combined in a meeting and decided to dissolve. It was for the good of the entire school.

Very few cadets who attend S. M. A. realize that the school is just what they make it. Evidently, when clubs were organized, the cadets so concerned intended to make their school a better place or better their own place.

Taking into consideration the benefits derived from a club, the average cadet does not realize that in entering a club he is confining himself to a small circle of friends who will see him "through" in a rather underhand method. He does not know that the most valuable part of his education, while he is here, comes from his associations rather than from his

books. In one way a club man is narrow, in that he sees and thinks as his associates do, whether he knows they are right or wrong.

He forgets that the majority of the cadets do not belong to clubs. He never stops to ask the question? Why? He merely takes it for granted that they are not "good guys."

After all, it is only human nature to band together, either for protection or for the betterment of one's position.

Our ancestors did just such things in the Middle Ages; but in our day and age such a "Relic of Barbarism" is no longer needed.

It took our ancestors centuries to advance themselves to a position where bands or tribes were no longer needed. So it has taken the cadet club members a long time to realize that such an organization is not essential, especially in a military school.

In the end, all cadets concerned began to realize where they stood and what they should do to better their position, in their own eyes and from other points of view.

There was but one thing to do, and one way to do it.

They did the right thing in the right manner.

It might be hard for the ones concerned to see and understand what they have accomplished, however, time alone can tell.

—J. M. H.



“Midnight at Sea on Atlantic Coast Patrol”

THE following is an account of the perils which often faced the boys of the U. S. Navy, who, in spite of the fact that they were miles away from the scene of battle, constantly kept watch over the whole Atlantic Coast of the United States. Although this little incident which I am about to relate seems only an every day occurrence to the boys in blue, nevertheless it gives one a clear conception of the danger the men in the navy faced when the submarines of the German navy harassed the merchant marine in the waters of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, and New Jersey. The following incident took place on board a U. S. destroyer patrolling the Atlantic Coast in the vicinity of the big naval base at Newport, R. I., and taking into consideration all the fine points of character in

my old friend, Lieut. George Rex, U. S. Navy. It is as follows:

“Rap-tap-tap.” No answer.

“Rap-tap-tap.” Still no answer.

“Rap-tap-tap.” “Lieut. Rex, sir.”

There was a groan from inside the cabin.

“Quarter to twelve, sir, and the officer of the deck says as how it’s cold and dirty, sir.”

There was another groan from the cabin as the messenger closed the door.

The ship creaked, rattled, vibrated, lurched jumpily—recovered and rolled from side to side with a sea-sicky motion in accordance with the gigantic waves caused by the stiff sou’west breeze blowing, with the force of an ocean’s sweep behind it.

“Brr-grr-whuff,” said Rex, combining very expressively in this one diction a moan, a grunt, and a shiver. “Ugh-grr,” he remarked again, as he slipped off his bunk onto his cabin deck.

On the chair lay a sweater, a cardigan, a waistcoat, a coat, a life-saving jacket, and a thick muffler. Smith put them on slowly, allowing intervals for self balance.

His upper half clothed, he picked up a pair of socks and pulled them over the drawers he already had on; covered these in turn with a pair of fisherman’s thick, woolly sea-boot stockings, and balancing on one leg with a supreme effort, pulled on a pair of large, heavy sea-boots.

The ship landed with a heavy thud and a thump which shook her through her length, seeming to bring her up almost all standing, and causing the stern to vibrate fiercely as the propeller forced the ship on and through again. Rex was thrown heavily against the bunk.

"Ugh-gr-brr," he exclaimed, and on the third appearance the remark lost none of its expressiveness.

A pair of oilskin trousers were drawn on next, another muffler, a sou-wester, and a Bachelor helmet followed; a pair of binoculars, a pipe, "baccy," matches, a slab of chocolate, gun, fire, ear protectors, and electric flash light were collected; a pair of woollen gloves, a pair of mittens, and over all, a large pair of water-proof, fur-lined gauntlets were put on, and Lieut. Rex, U. S. N., left his cabin. As he switched off the light his "good-bye for four hours" expression would have melted the heart of a Kaiser.

Outside in the passageway it was draughty, rather smelly, and slippery under foot from the sea water that had leaked down, and which was swishing from side to side as the ship rolled.

Rex groped his way "foward," bending double as far as his clothes allowed, to pass under the hammocks of sleeping bluejackets, and steadying himself against the motion of the boat by pipes, by cabin doors, fan valves, or any other handy fittings until he reached the hatchway. His footfall as he mounted the ladder sounded melancholy, but determined. As he reached the upper deck a cold blast of air met him, together with a sprinkle of rain and soft spray, and the swish of a wave coming inboard forward with a succeeding splash against casing and guns sounded in his ear.

Lieut. Rex, U. S. N., officer of the middle watch, thought a lot, but said nothing.

The night was pitch dark, and the contrast after the electric glare below was blinding.

Rex groped his way forward, choosing the right course, and avoiding snares to the feet and shins by instinct and the accumulated experience of two years in the ship.

The spray rising from the bow wave and a beam sea swept

inboard the weather side and sprayed its residue over the lee side.

The residue met Rex. He thought a lot but said nothing.

Close in to the lee of casing and by gunshield and torpedo he passed or collided with oilskinned figures, some treading gingerly aft to talk over their water, some rolling cheerily forward to enjoy their watch below, while some were stationary, muttering fiercely at the slackness of their reliefs.

From forward came the faintly gruff tones of the boat-swain's mate:

"All the starboard watch—starboard watch to the night defense stations." From outward came the noise of wave rolling on wave, threatening and constant—the song of the sea which poets, poor fools, have lauded. The sound made Rex feel seasick.

He reached the end of the battery, passing through a shower of spray at its foremost end, and stumbled up the ladder to the fore-castle deck. Here the spray and seas which were coming in continuously swished against him, and the remnants of a "green sea" taken in right for'ard played round his ankles.

He mounted another ladder to the fore bridge, passing the captain, signalmen, and lookouts, and sought the shelter of the chart house. An inch of water lay on the deck here, swishing from side to side with the roll of the ship.

Occupying half the place was the navigator; Rex stepped into the other half. A chart of the Atlantic Coast from Fire Island to Barnegat lay spread out on the table. The navigator ran his finger along the words "Atlantic Ocean" and then "Point Judith," looked at Rex, looked round the chart house, clenched his fists, raised them heavenwards, and breathed heavily.

Lieut. Rex, U. S. N., looked and thought a lot but said nothing. The clock showed 11:55 p. m.

With a final glance at the chart to note the ship's position Rex opened the charthouse door and stepped out. He mounted a short ladder to the upper bridge where the wind nearly removed his sou'wester.

Half a dozen gun and searchlight control men were taking over the watch; by the compass stood the officer of the 8 to 12 watch.

"Tophole night, ain't it?" this officer said as he noticed his relief. Rex said nothing. They both ducked together as the ship flumped into a wave standing upright again as the spray passed over to leeward. "Second ship of the line," said the O. O. W. "That's the flagship's stern light there, steering sou' sou'west, speed fifteen knots, scout cruisers sculling on either beam, guns and so forth as usual, 'appy days, so long."

Rex was roused to speech. "Half a mo'—let's have some of that again," he said. The late officer of the watch amplified his information; then after allowing a few minutes for his relief to pick up the run of things he gathered up an empty thermos bottle and a couple of other belongings and left the bridge. The sound of his footsteps as he went down the ladder reminded Rex of a funeral. To the south southwestward from midnight to four a. m. the squadron steamed, ship stationed on ship in an ordered formation, guarding the numerous merchant ships braving that sea in order to keep things running inland from the lurking submarines. For one unit Lieut. Rex of the United States Navy was responsible. Rex said nothing.

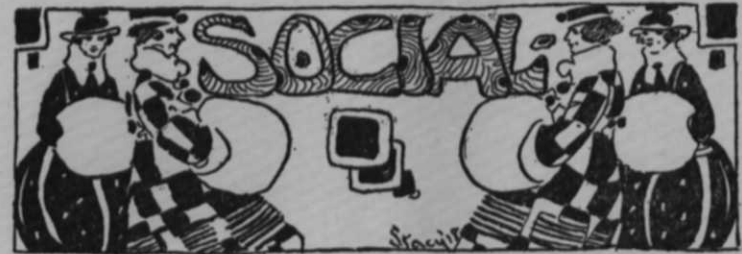
—FRANK S. ALMY

Dolls

When I was just a little chap,
 'Bout five years old or more,
 My mother took me shopping
 In a big department store.
 And while she did her buying
 She filled my heart with joys
 By leaving me to gape and gaze
 At all the tricks and toys.
 I saw the big electric trains
 The "subs" and battleships,
 The Chinese puzzles, fishing ponds,
 Poppuns and riding whips.
 I saw the gyroscopic tops,
 And baseball bats and mitts,
 As well as lots of cartoon books
 That gave me laughing fits.
 But last of all upon a shelf
 My wondering eyes beheld
 A creature that most struck me dumb,
 My very heartbeat quelled:—
 A great big rosy, blue-eyed doll,
 With golden curly hair,
 And lips of purest ruby red,
 And wonderous baby stare.
 My heart just swelled within me,
 So deep was its emotion,
 That even slower grew its beat
 Beneath suppressed devotion.
 I never moved once from that spot,
 But stood and gazed and gazed;

To me it was like an angel
 It had me fairly crazed.
 And every day I used to come
 And stand below the shrine
 To watch the baby blue eyes stare,
 To watch those gold curls shine.
 And though I had a lot of fun
 With other books and tops
 I'd have gladly given them for that doll;
 But—"Doll's weren't made for me."
 A lot of years have passed since then,
 My days of toys dispersed,
 But I have seen another doll
 More wonderous than the first.
 She has the same sweet ruby lips,
 The selfsame golden curls,
 And grace that makes all other dolls
 Just seem like harmless churls.
 And as of old before her shrine,
 I stand with eyes adoring,
 And when her blue eyes shine on me
 It sends my spirit soaring;
 But still there comes that memory,
 That ever kills my joys;
 I can't forget the harsh cold fact,
 That—"Dolls weren't made for me."

—JOE GREEN.



F. D. CURRY, *Editor*



HE Washington Birthday dance, which was held in the Mess Hall on Thursday night, February 27, 1919, was the most successful dance that has been given so far this year.

The hall was beautifully decorated in patriotic colors, with American flags artistically drooped from the ceiling and over the doors. The orchestra was screened by a bank of palms, while in the corner was a very attractive booth finished in red, white, and blue, from which the refreshments were served.

Music was furnished by the Richmond Jazz Band as Smith's famous Saxophone Sextette could not make the proper connections to reach here in time.

Much credit is due the social club for the way in which they met and overcame the obstacles which confronted them thereby making possible the very enjoyable evening which was greatly appreciated by all who attended.

Easter Hop

The next formal dance to be given will be the Easter Hop. As yet the date has not been officially announced, but in all probability, the "Hop" will be given sometime in the latter part of April.

It is hoped that the Cadets concerned will sign up early and help make this formal the best dance of the year.



S. M. A. DEFEATS F. M. S.

On the night of February fourth, S. M. A. defeated Fishburne by a score of 63 to 20. In spite of the one-sidedness of the game it proved to be most interesting, and even tho the outcome of the game was never once in doubt, both sides put up a most severe fight.

Captain Brophy, of S. M. A., was the star of the evening, he alone making sixteen field goals, while Briggs, of Fishburne, also showed up in good style, scoring all the points for his team.

The line up:

<i>S. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>F. M. S.</i>
Brophy	R. F.	Linney
Jenkins	L. F.	McDonald
Houser	C.	Briggs
Freitag	R. G.	Clevenger
Ingly	L. G.	Lineberger

Field goals: Brophy 16; Jenkins 6; Houser 1; Ingly 7; Briggs 6.

STAUNTON 68—SHENANDOAH 17

S. M. A. SECOND TEAM 29—STAUNTON HIGH 24

The S. M. A. first and second teams both "cleaned up" their opponents when a double contest was staged on the night

of February 6th. The first team defeated Shenandoah Valley by a score of 68 to 17, while the scrubs and the Staunton High School played a close and exciting game which resulted in a victory for the hill-top boys.

Brophy, Jenkins, and Houser were the stars of the Shenandoah game, each scoring about the same number of goals.

The line up:

<i>S. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Shenandoah</i>
Brophy.....	R. F.	Arthur
Jenkins.....	L. F.	Criswell
Houser.....	C.	LaRue
Freitag.....	R. G.	Hilliord
Ingly.....	L. G.	Jones

Field goals: Brophy 12; Jenkins 9; Houser 6; Ingly 4; LaRue 3; Arthur 2.

S. M. A. DOWNS A. M. A.

The long waited for day came at last and it was not waited for in vain, for the Kable Boys easily "put it over" their old rivals, A. M. A., by a score of 40 to 8. The whole Blue and Gold team played its hardest and its best; Brophy and Jenkins showing up exceptionally well, and Houser, at center, playing his best game of the season. Ingly and Freitag played a very good game at defense, allowing their opponents only one field goal apiece. Oppleman and Otey played best for the Augusta boys.

The line up:

<i>S. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>A. M. A.</i>
Brophy.....	R. F.	Otey
Jenkins.....	L. F.	Oppleman
Houser.....	C.	Nolte
Freitag.....	R. G.	Hogshead
Ingly.....	L. G.	Davis, E.

Field goals: Brophy 6; Jenkins 5; Ingly 3; Freitag 2; Otey 1; Oppleman 1.

VIRGINIA FRESHMEN 25—S. M. A. 12

The first game of the trip was a jolt to the Kable team for it was the first defeat of the season. This was mainly due to the fact that the game was played on a strange floor.

The line up:

<i>S. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Virginia Freshmen</i>
Brophy.....	R. F.	Scott
Jenkins.....	L. F.	Lewis
Houser.....	C.	Rinehart
Freitag.....	R. G.	Balthias
Ingley.....	L. G.	Davis

S. M. A. 46—F. M. S. 15

The second game with the Fishburne team turned out to be almost a repetition of the first, for the Kable boys had everything their own way through out the whole game. Captain Brophy and Jenkins played best for the Staunton team, while McDonald played well for Fishburne. Kivligan, Granger and Dillon, first string subs had a chance to show their ability, and showed that they could play almost as good as the regulars.

The line up:

<i>S. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>F. M. S.</i>
Brophy.....	R. F.	Clevenger
Jenkins.....	L. F.	McDonald
Houser.....	C.	Magrill
Freitag.....	R. G.	Linney
Ingley.....	L. G.	Lineberger

Field goals: Brophy 10; Jenkins 6; Houser 4; Ingley 3; Clevenger 1; Magrill 1; McDonald 2.

S. M. A. 24—VIRGINIA FRESHMEN 20

In the return game played at home, the S. M. A. team came

back hard and defeated the Va. Fresh. by a score of 24 to 20. The game was hard fought all the way through and was one of the most exciting of the season. Captain Brophy, Jenkins, and Ingley starred for S. M. A., and Rinehart and Davis played well for the visitors.

The line up:

<i>S. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Virginia Freshmen</i>
Brophy.....	R. F.	Lewis
Jenkins.....	L. F.	Scott
Houser.....	C.	Rinehart
Freitag.....	R. G.	Balthias
Ingley.....	L. G.	Davis

Field goals: Brophy 3; Jenkins 4; Ingley 4; Rinehart 3; Scott 3; Balthias 2.

S. M. A. 33—W. & L. 20

The second trip of the season was to Lexington and there the team played and defeated the Washington and Lee scrubs by a score of 33 to 20. Brophy and Jenkins played best for S. M. A.

The line up:

<i>S. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>W. & L.</i>
Brophy.....	R. F.	Buskirk
Jenkins.....	L. F.	Johnson
Houser.....	C.	Bryan
Freitag.....	R. G.	Harris
Ingley.....	L. G.	Ball

Field Goals: Brophy 6; Jenkins 8; Houser 1; Buskirk 1; Harris 5; Ball 3.

S. M. A. DEFEATED BY A. M. A.

S. M. A. was defeated in the last game of the season by Augusta Military Academy by a score of 30 to 20. The game was hard fought throughout, and at the final tap of the gong, the score stood 20 to 20. It was then agreed upon by both

teams to play an extra five minutes period to decide the game. In this period, the Augusta team scored five baskets, and at the end the score stood 30 to 20 in favor of Rollers.

The line up:

<i>S. M. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>A. M. A.</i>
Brophy.....	R. F.	Otey
Jenkins.....	L. F.	Opplerman
Houser.....	C.	Nolte
Freitag.....	R. G.	Hogshead
Ingley.....	L. G.	Davis, E.

Field goals: Brophy 1; Jenkins 4; Freitag 2; Opplerman 4; Otey 2; Hogshead 5.



Our New Equipment

That our institution has received unusual recognition, and has been unusually honored, is shown by our magnificent new equipment. Sometime ago, Col. Conklin made a trip to Washington, and upon his return told of the new issue soon to be made, aggregating, approximately forty-seven thousands of dollars. (\$47,000.)

There are five hundred modified Enfield rifles, model of 1917, the rifle little resembles the Springfield, being longer, heavier, and of a noticeably different design. The caliber is the same but the Enfield is an inferior rifle when compared with the Springfield, used by our Army prior to the War. The Springfield is admittedly the best shooting rifle, at all ranges. The Enfield is merely a wartime necessity, as it could be made in larger quantities in less time than the Springfield.

With these rifles were issued one-hundred thousand rounds of ammunition and also one-hundred thousand rounds of .22 caliber cartridges for indoor practice and five hundred bayonets. Then there are the light field packs with full equipment as, condiment can, bacon can, mess kit, and canteen. This pack is very compact, weighing when fully packed with blankets, etc., about sixty pounds.

There are five hundred web belts of the type, designed to

hold a clip of five cartridges, each belt holding a total of one hundred and twenty-five (125) rounds of ammunition.

We also received ten automatic pistols, with belts, holsters, clips, and a sufficient amount of ammunition to be used for target practice.

The Corps wishes to express to Col. Conklin their appreciation and thanks for his unceasing efforts to obtain for us the high rating and the honors accorded our great school.

The honor is equally divided among every Cadet, so it is up to you, Mr. Cadet, to do your bit in upholding the reputation which this school has, not only in a military way, but moral as well. So, let's every one get into it and keep ourselves and our uniforms clean and neat, and do our work, and in this way show Col. Conklin our appreciation.

Washington, D. C.
February 21, 1919,

President,
Staunton Military Academy,
Staunton, Virginia.

My dear sir:—

Receipt is acknowledged of your Inspection Report under date of February 17th. The Committee notes with satisfaction, under paragraph 7 of the report, that the attitude of the faculty and student body is of a favorable nature and that the drills show the result of careful instruction and interest in the work.

The Committee would like to interest you in out-door galleries and rifle ranges for they are convinced that this

instruction is absolutely necessary in the training of the students.

We will make every effort to select a suitable assistant to Colonel Conklin at the earliest practicable date. If you have any nominations, please submit them promptly.

Very sincerely,
A. F. DANNEMILLER,
Lt. Col. General Staff Corps.



A SENIOR'S NIGHTMARE

I turned out my light
 And tumbled into bed
 I dreamed of "Trig,"
 And wished I were dead.
 I saw visions of "Chem"
 I made 50 in French
 I wished I were in Europe
 And dead in a trench.
 I misinterpreted my poetry
 I flunked on my prose
 Our buildings were on fire
 I couldn't find the hose.
 Oh! horrors of Latin
 Shucks! Physics wouldn't do
 Darn it, I missed Reveille
 And I couldn't find my shoe.
 Ah! there sounded Reveille
 And they've turned on the steam
 I lingeringly awoke and
 Found it all a dream!

WANTED—The address of an institute that will guarantee me a diploma in ten years. Experience some difficulty in acquiring the names of books, but can learn the names of ladies. Campus course preferred. Anyone knowing of such a "paradise" please notify

HENRY JACQUES,
 S. M. A.
 Hades.

Col. Russell: "Herring, you were reported 'Absent Reveille.'"

"Fish": "Yes, sir, Col., I didn't hear the whistle ring."

McClintock: "Willie, what is the breath of suspicion?"

Willie: "The one that has cloves on it, son."

CLOSE RELATIONS

The fellow who plays poker
 Should take this fact to heart:
 His "Ante" and his "Uncle"
 Will not be far apart.

"Jock" Neidlinghaus (earnestly): "No, she isn't exactly pretty, but she has that indefinable something that—"

Bolton: "Yes, I know what you mean. My girl's old man has a lot of it too, he spends it rather freely also."

???: "I shuddered when Ge—ge proposed to me."

??: "Was he so awkward?"

???: "Oh! no; but he did it so well."

Lt. Louthran: "Ledbetter, D., what is a demagogue—?"

"Dan": "A demagogue is a jug, Lt."

Miss —— (talking to Curry): "Darling, did you say anything?"

Curry: "No, dear, I just grunted."

"Frank, man is a tyrant," declared Miss ——. "Isn't he?"

"Really, precious, I hardly—"

"Is he or is he not?"

"He is."

Kingsley: "Some day I am going to take my face apart, and put it back *right*."

Boshert: "Well, all I can say is, you have an *awful* job ahead of you."

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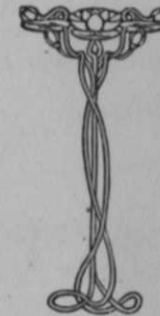
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