

HILL TOPICS

Vol. 1

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1915

No. 3

S. M. A. LOSES TO VA. FRESHMEN 23-0

The Lowest Score Made Against Freshmen by Prep. Team, The Highest Against S. M. A. by Any Team; First Time S. M. A. Held Scoreless

Last Friday the Virginia Freshmen defeated the S. M. A. football team by the score of 23-0. The game was hard fought throughout, and was a good one to look at. The college men composed one of the cleanest teams seen in operation on the local field this season: never resorting to unfair methods, but playing the game for all its worth, truly they created a favorable impression as a body of gentlemen. These clean sports were met an even half way by the S. M. A. cadets, a fact of which we are duly proud.

In the last quarter, while going down to catch a pass, Captain Prather, in a collision with Westgate and two of the opponents, also after pass, received a painful injury in the way of a fracture of the left side of his nose. We are sorry indeed that Prather, the backbone of the team, should suffer an injury, as we need him most of all to win the import-

(Continued on Page Five)

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LOCAL PRIDE

BOOSTS GIVEN S. M. A. ITS FOOTBALL TEAM AND OTHER ACTIVITIES. BY THOSE WHO COUNT

Mayor Wayt:

"S. M. A. has a football team composed of manly boys, who are in the game for the pleasure, benefit and honor accruing to them, and to uphold the glory of the School.

"One noticeable, sportsmanlike asset of the Corps and the team is the yell given at the end of each game for the visiting eleven. This shows that the cadets are not possessed with the 'win-at-any-cost' feeling, and creates a favorable impression on the spectators."

Col. Kable, President of S. M. A.

"The corps as a whole has a very commendable school spirit.

"The football team has the fight and the right attitude after a game, whether it is won or lost, which are characteristics of S. M. A. aggregations.

"I am much pleased with the showing my boys have made so far, and feel confident that such vim and magnanimity will surely be crowned

with ultimate success, both in winning games and in forming the foundation of true manhood."

Virginia Boys, after the game:

"We have had a nice visit: have been treated courteously in the barracks; and, on the gridiron, have met a 'foeman worthy of our steel.'"

Staunton Daily Leader:

Comment on the Virginia Game.

"The S. M. A. line showed much improvement.

"Staunton gave the college men, as usual, a hard game, and twice put the ball on Virginia's fifteen-yard line, only to lose it each time on close decision fumbles.

"Prather played the star game for the cadets both on offense and defense."

On Hallowe'en Number of HILL TOPICS

"Great interest is being shown in the paper among the cadets, and judging from the present edition, no

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RANDOLPH-MACON NEXT

This Team Beat The Fishburnes

Next Friday Randolph-Macon, of Front Royal, comes for a game, and from all indications will give our team a healthy tussle. This team has defeated Fishburne, 20-6, and last Saturday was conquered by the Episcopal High School, of Alexandria, Va., a team which frequently wins the championship, by the small score of 7-0, a touchdown on a fumble.

The surest dope we have is that Randolph-Macon defeated Fishburne 20-6, and we want to win from Randolph-Macon by such a large score as to make us the favorites when we line up against Fishburne on Nov. 12th.

We have from the Woodberry Forest-Fishburne game, in which Fishburne was defeated 54-7, only a vague notion of our comparative strength. For, although we goosed Woodberry Forest and made 20 points ourselves, that was Woodberry Forest's first game, but, in the time intervening between our setto and the Fishburne fracas, Dechart found his pace, and, according to the newspapers, did most of Woodberry Forest's scoring.

From now on the games we have

(Continued on Page Three)

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ROLLERS 13; FISHBURNES 6

"The star team of the Augusta Military Academy defeated Fishburne's school in a hotly contested football game in Waynesboro yesterday afternoon by the score of 13 to 6.

"The game was won by excellent working of the forward pass. Stars for A. M. A. were Leach, who made one run of fifty yards for a touchdown, and Rawlings, who ran thirty-five yards for a touchdown.

"The game was played in four 12-minute quarters. For Fishburne, the best playing was done by O'Brien and Snedeker, while Leach, Rawlings and Davis won the game for A. M. A.

"Captain Cook, of S. M. A., acted as referee, and Captain Wallace of S. M. A. was umpire."

—*Staunton Daily News.*

SCHOOL SONGS

Our good old team
You know we back you
And we'll stand by you each day,
Our good old team
We're yelling for you
And we're watching every play,
We know our line
Is like a brick wall,
And our back field can't be beat.
So fight 'em team
We're betting on you
In either victory or defeat.
(Tune of "My Little Girl.")

Cheer boy cheer——got the ball
Talk it up the team will beat 'em all
And when we hit that line
There'll be no line at all
There'll be a hot time
In the old town to-night.
(Tune "Hot Time To-night.")

Dr. Kable: "I have run a mile without an engine."

Lt. Col. Russell: "Why how's that?"

Dr. Kable: "The engine dropped out a mile back."

Lt. Col. Russell: "Then how did the car run a mile without the engine?"

Dr. Kable: "Why, on the car's reputation."

TIDDLE-DE-WINKS

McWhorter: "Oh! England, I have broken my leg."

England: "Shut up; look at Hinkle over there, his neck is broken and he isn't saying a word!"

Prather: "Are you sure his neck is broken, or whether like Kelly, Fat Stevens, Estes, and a few other football stars, something is choking him?"

WHERE WE COME IN

Military Schools as a Part of National Defense Discussed in Outlook

"American parents spend \$3,000,000 a year for the privilege of having their boys educated under military discipline," according to an editorial in last week's *Outlook* dealing with the important part military schools should play in any plan for better national defense. The equipment of distinctively military schools is estimated at \$6,000,000 and the yearly attendance is nearly 6,000.

The military school idea in education springs in part from the wonderfully successful application of military life to education at West Point. By the "Morrill Law" about one-hundred educational institutions in this country provide military training for their students, assisted and directed by the War Department. To each of these the War Department sends equipment and an army officer. About sixty of them are colleges like state universities where the military part amounts to little more than drill two or three times a week. Four are colleges like West Point. About thirty are preparatory schools, doing work of high school grade.

In the four colleges and the thirty preparatory schools the cadets live a life like that at West Point, are under military discipline all the time, and get real military training.

The merit of all these schools is not the same of course but they all aim with some success at the West Point ideal. The ten schools doing the best work are designated by the War Department as Honor Schools. The General Staff found the selection of ten schools so difficult last spring that they increased the number to eleven.

The Association of Military Schools and Colleges has been trying for several years to get Congress to recognize these schools in a way that will enable the Government to profit more directly from their work. Their graduates could render valuable service in a reserve army or reserve officers' corps.

It is a plan of the General Staff to permit Honor Schools to send a graduate to West Point each year, but this requires legislative action which Congress has not yet been prevailed on to pass.

In the opinion of the *Outlook*, "the system of American private military schools should be considered an important factor in any legislative plan looking toward the creation of a reserve army or a reserve officers'

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only

corps. It would be difficult to find men better prepared for duty as reserve officers than the students and graduates of these schools."

—*Kempner News.*

When Ferrell appeared before the Police Judge in Charlottesville recently, the Judge asked, "What is your occupation?"

"Well, Your Honor," said Ferrell, "I'm not doing much at present, just 'circulatin' around, sir."

His Honor turned to the clerk of the court and said, "enter the fact that this young gentleman has been retired from circulation for sixty days."

Lt. McKay, our new faculty member, in holding his first recitation, gave this advice to his Rhetoric Class:

"When promulgating your cogitations or articulating your superficial sentimentalities, amicable, philosophical or sociological, beware of platitudinous ponderosity, in other terms, don't use large words."

Dr. Kable, explaining the circulation of the blood to his Physiology Class, asked, "If I stand on my head, the blood will run into it. Now why, when I am standing on my feet, does the blood not run into them?"

Hess: "Please sir, it's because yer feet ain't empty."

HAD TO TELL

Rambo: "Why do you think you will have any trouble in keeping the engagement secret?"

Corbett: "I had to tell the girl, didn't I?"

They walked among the Shredded Wheat

When Grape Nuts were in season. He asked her why she seemed so sweet,

She answered, "There's a Reason."

"Any man who thinks it a cinch to get out a college paper every week had better go climb on the back fence and bay at the moon. 'Ask the man who owns one.'"

—*Fishburne Taps.*

Right, O! You have certainly spoken the truth, brother.

Herman: "Was the opera a success?"

Dudley: "Howling."

"Oh George you've broken your promise."

"Never mind, Elizabeth, I'll make you another."

Lt. Wallace: "What did your father say when you told him my love was like a broad and rushing stream?"

She: "He said, 'Dam it.'"—*Ex.*

Maj. Stevens: "What would you read to cultivate the literary appetite?"

Adams: "Oh, Lamb and Bacon."

Stranger to Johnson, F. W.: "Do you want a good joke book for the HILL TOPICS?"

Johnson, F. W.: "Sure."

Stranger: "Well, get a Southern Railroad Schedule."

Major Acker: "Fools can ask more questions in five minutes than wise men could answer in five years."

Red Laws: "No wonder so many of us flunk on exams."

Blizzard: "How long can a person live without a heart?"

Simmons: "Well let me see. How long since Low, B., met Miss Curry?"

Wilbur: "When I finish here I will be 'college bred,' Emery."

Emery: "What kind of bread is that?"

Wilbur: "A four years' loaf."

WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE

"In the first place, the Weekly is the publication of your college; in the second, it cannot be run without your support; in the third, if you don't subscribe, somebody will have to pay your subscription; in the fourth, you are not an all-round college man unless you support and are interested in all phases of college activity; in the fifth, the Weekly is like a sweetheart, every man in college should have one instead of running after some other fellow's; and in the sixth and last place, the Weekly is worth what you pay for it."

—R. M. Yellow Jacket.

Thank you Mr. Editor of the *Yellow Jacket*. These are a few "whys" we are trying to get the S. M. A. cadets to understand about HILL TOPICS.

ADVICE

Oh yes I was a careless boy,
As careless as could be:
I never tried to learn my tasks,
But work did always flee.

I lost much time at dreaming dreams
And thinking life just play.
And when each night sweet slumber came,
Had wasted one more day.

I dressed and frisked and won applause,
But studied not a word;
To think that I would pass in June
Was really quite absurd.

So all you boys at S. M. A.
Come! Whisper! Close around!
Don't ever, ever make delay,
But just sit down and pound!

Just work and push and plug along
Until at last in June,
Amidst a happy, snappy throng,
You won't be full of gloom.

And finally as the grades are read,
How happy you will be
To hear that you have passed ahead!
Take my advice and see.

R. G. L.—*One Who Knows.*

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LETTERS FROM A JAPANESE CADET

Comment on Punk Society Column

S. M. A. Hotel Ted Russell,
Nov. 4, 1915.

To Editor-in-Chief HILLY TOPICS who know how to be disrespectful without being put in cold storage lockaway.

Dear Mr. Sir:—

You will notice by the criminal appearance of this paper on which I write that I are now enjoying lock-away in guard room where I am. Hon. Sir, I relate sad news. I recline long stilly hours behind suspensic quilt, which since considerable previous have lost freshness. In center of cold night I rise under embank of room sleeping toes—which hibernate at Hon. Hotel Ted Russell.

Perhapsly you mysteize how got me in Hon. Cold Storage Plant. Thusly I snagger combines my mis-fate.

One week of yore nice HILLY TOPICS appeared. I read him persuingly and observingly ponder on punky Society Column. Which I not tell a word.

On this juncture I approachly see Hon. Gen. Lykes who hold Hon. office of Hon. Fac. Adv. of Soc. Comm., and many others, where-upon, afraid he read my disfavorly expresses, I efface HILLY TOPICS around back side.

The Hon. Gen. stampede toward me and ejaculate, "Why for execute slylishness?"

"I not have single exposure or confession to make," I report off.

"Maybe so you attempt concealingly to hide nice new package of Fatimas," he gloat as he throw away corroding Bullv Durham.

"No. Hon. Gen." I refute, "I not fumigate whatsoeverlv. I merely scandalized Hon. Soc. Colum."

"Ha!" he require bearvoicedly, "You not have Fatimas?"

"I am totally bereaved of some," I say so.

"You criminally scandalized Hon. Soc. Colum?"

"Are not him purpose?" I ask out.

"Rat have not busyness with ideas on such inflated topiques. Societi are for them hire up."

"Hon. Gen.," I complain, "Unless more Society transpire than Hon. Soc. Ed. have renounced in HILLY TOPICS: if so, I have deceived my eyesight."

"Are not wary I myself are chief contributor to colum in question?" He glower, considerably contaminat-ed for no finding coveringly Fatimas on my personality.

"Yes, Hon. Gen.," I resume, "it are pretty well article for first attempt. Perhapsly, no dout, it improve with age."

Man Howy! I have think Hon. F. B. Cap. Prather for bad man. But ugly faces and misdemeanors he commit on Hon. Griddle Iron compare meekly beside turmoil which steal besetly over Hon. Gen's face and hover remindly like thunder cloudings preceding Japanese cyclones.

"Disreparable Rat," he hissingly enforce from bull-doggishly jaw.

"You show disrespect to superior officer."

"I attempt to conceal it," is sorry reply for me.

"You are STUCK," he gurgle forth.



"Why for, Hon. Gen., I ask to know?" this from me.

"Because for make disrespect about Hon. Soc. Colum," he relate.

"Which I not make noise about with my voice. Himself so punky him out speaking," I procrastinate.

"Neverthemles," he snatch forth peevly, "transfer to Hon. Hotel Ted Russell. Now hence you shall be placed on ice."

Hoping you keep cool,
Yours truly,
Disreparable Rat.

Last Saturday's Football Results of Interest to Cadets.

Washington and Lee tied the powerful Indiana eleven 7-7. This game holds a special interest to the cadets because Bagley, who played q. b., for W. and L. scrubs against S. M. A., maneuvered the W. and L. varsity against the Middle-Western huskies.

Yale met with another defeat—Colgate, 15; Yale, 0.

Harvard won from Penn. State, 13-0.

Virginia and Vanderbilt, who are to meet next Saturday at Charlottesville, both won their games. Virginia defeated V. M. I., 44-0; Vanderbilt-Tennessee, 35-0. This indicates a stiff fight between these two rivals, who since 1895 have met six times only. In these six battles Vanderbilt's best efforts resulted in a 0-0 tie in 1897, and five losses in the other years, the worst setback being a 34-0 score in 1913. Four games out of the six, Vanderbilt has not scored.

Randolph-Macon Next

(Continued From Page One)

scheduled are with teams in our class, and we *must* win every contest, if we want to be counted in on the race for prep. honors.

A shift in the S. M. A. line-up will probably be made, Harsh going to quarter back, and Jakie Simmons to Harsh's end, while Moran, because of his irresponsible playing against Virginia, goes to the sidelines.

SOMETHING DUE

Miss Coy: "Oh, what beautiful flowers! There's still a little dew on them."

Lt. Lykes (absent-mindedly): "I know: but I'll pay it tomorrow."

Jimmy Rosenberger (looking over Sunday letters): "Who wrote this letter to a baroness? Did you, McMullen?"

McMullen: "No, sir, I write to nothing less than queens."

HILL TOPICS

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 Lt. W. C. WallaceAssistant Editor
 Lt. S. C. Chandler,
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Price 5 cents per regular issue, 15 cents for Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers.

Subscription price, 50c for eight copies: Six regular issues and Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers—Will pay for HILL TOPICS until Christmas Holidays.

STAUNTON, VA. NOV. 4, 1915

The staff expresses its gratitude to the men who have spoken so highly of S. M. A., and its activities. It is too often that a man's worth is not recognized until after his death. The indifference on the part of the Staunton citizens, in recognition of quality in the Kable boys, finds a place, on a grander scale, under this general failure to appreciate. The death, in the metaphor, corresponds to the dying out, for the lack of commendation, of the cadets even temper. We hope that after reading the able editorial in *The News*, more citizens will render their approval in a tangible form. That is, we want them to come to our games.

All we wish to add to the *News* editorial, in urging this and in asking for more appreciation in general, is that, whereas a man will labor throughout his life without praise, a boy is so peculiarly constituted that if his good deeds go for long without recognition, he is prone to change his tactics.

In the last issue of HILL TOPICS, mention was made of the little fellows playing football. Throughout the week, the attention of the older boys and the Faculty also has been centered on their antics. Their small forms wriggling on the very crest of the Hill and silhouetted against the sky, as they make forward passes and fake plays, in their emula-

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tion of the "big boys" of the first team, speak more than words for the pep at S. M. A., and for the character of the future teams. These boys are too small to play with the big fellows, but they do not want to miss their share of the fun, so they play among themselves—the little fellows.

Junior boys are not the only ones who play on the Hill. There are a few, in the neighborhood of eighteen to twenty years of age, who have banded to form a third team. This is also the right spirit—with this proviso: "Do not go out for the *third* team, when you have a chance for the *first* team."

Whether you can *make* the first team or not, if you are large enough to scrimmage against it, your duty is to go and render your services. If you do not, you have an incorrect interpretation of school spirit, if any at all, and your schoolmates should mark you for what you are.

Probably some of the third team aspirants have not thought of the matter in this light. This seems, however, to be a reasonable viewpoint, and it is hoped that the larger men, who play football at all, will come out to help the first team *first*—and the third team after the regular season.

Mayor Wayt has consented to come up some night of the week of the Fishburne game and make a talk to the corps at a mass meeting. The Mayor is one of the staunchest of supporters of S. M. A., and is es-

pecially interested in its football team. He has not missed a game this year.

We look forward to his coming, and feel sure that his talk will be a treat for the cadets.

After Thanksgiving, Coach Cook intends to hold a series of intercompany football games to determine the champions of the larger boys; and a championship game between two teams of the Junior Department. This will give everyone an opportunity to play. A more definite announcement will be made later. For the present it is enough to know that the games will be held and that no man who makes his "S" will be allowed to play.

Major Sizer comes out almost every day to see the scrimmages of the football men. While he does not in reality and "buck the line," or try to show the men a thing, his presence and interested expression, make the men know that they are representatives of the school, and that the faculty for his part is concerned with their welfare.

Major Sutherland also is frequently to be found among the "throughout-the-week" spectators, or, in other words, "the whole souled rooters."

These men's coming to the practices goes a long way toward accounting for the character of the school spirit now in vogue at S. M. A.

At a football game, did you ever notice that little man continually chasing the teams up and down the field? He keeps his head under a black cloth, which is draped about a black box, which in turn is supported by a tripod.

Do you know him?

That's Dow, the photographer.

What's he doing?

He's taking pictures of the players. Some that he takes he sells to the cadets; others he makes purposely for cuts to go in HILL TOPICS. He has expressed his willingness to take any picture wanted for the school paper—*free of charge*.

Mr. Dow does this because his heart is in the right place.

Look over his ample stock of football and camp pictures, and buy some—show him that your heart is in the right place.

Gee! But I'm glad the exams are over.

A BUNCH OF LAME HORSES

Cavalry Sergeant: "I told you never to approach a horse from the rear without speaking to him. First thing you know they'll kick you in the head, and we'll have a bunch of lame horses on our hands."—*Ex.*

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S. M. A. LOSES TO VA. FRESHMEN 23-0

(Continued From Page One)

ant games now coming on. Perhaps his accident will not keep him out for the remainder of the season. At any rate, we hope not.

In the first quarter, when S. M. A. first secured possession of the ball, they began in a way which boded no good for the visitors. From the thirty-yard line, Moran gained a yard or so on an end run, then Harsh, on an end-around play, made first down, a little beyond the forty-yard line. The teams were on the extreme left of the field, and from here, a fake end run-forward pass was tried. Emde passed the ball to Moran, who started around the right end as though for an end run. After the defensive end and half-back had been drawn in, he jumped into the air and attempted to throw to three other backs and the two ends, five eligibles, who were scattered at intervals of about three yards, with the nearest one about five yards away, and all of them outside the Virginia players. In spite of the small distance and the number of targets to shoot at, Moran missed the entire covey, and failed even to throw the ball as far as the nearest one. His weak and wasted effort counted for nothing but a down against S. M. A., and explains our defeat probably more than anything else. Had the spheroid fallen into the hands of Harsh or Hinz, it seems certain that with the right of the field before him, and only the Virginia safety man to stop him, one of these speedy men could have gone the half of the field for a touchdown. Had we scored at this stage of the game, as we should, not only would the touchdown have given us six, or possibly seven points, but the demoralizing effect on the already excited college men would have been worth more tallies.

As sad as it is, though, we must tell what really happened—we were demoralized—sent skidding. Just think, out of about twenty trials at a forward pass, Moran was able to shoot

the ball safely to one of his own side only once, Prather receiving that one. Moran did manage, however, to hurl two passes plump into a Virginian's arms, which is the only evidence we have that he was not chunking at the landscape. In Moran's behalf also, let it be said that two or three failures were the fault of the backs and ends—the men *expected* to receive.

Heretofore S. M. A., has been bucking the line too much—the Massanutten game for instance. Last week the team was coached on defensive work and several variations of the forward pass—nothing else. The line showed a marked improvement over its playing against Massanutten. The hope of winning this game lay in using the pass, but after so many erratic ones, it would have been wise to abandon that method. Prather gained consistently through the line, and Harsh and Hinz showed speed on end runs, advancing the ball from five to ten yards at each clip.

Twice the Cadets carried the leather to Virginia's fifteen-yard line only to fumble each time—once by Bridges, and once by Westgate.

As a whole, the team played its poorest game yet. The Corps, likewise gave the poorest support yet. The yelling in the first half and between the halves was good, but in the last half, scarcely any noise was made at all. The team tried, but was deserted by the Corps. In spite of the team's best efforts, however, it seemed that somehow or other it could not consistently hold possession of the ball.

Virginia made its first score on a drop-kick by White from the twenty-five-yard line. Then, throughout the contest, it was about the same story—White around one end, and Stuart around the other, for sensational runs, resulting usually in a score. Until, in the end, they piled up enough scores to total 23 counters, while we had what we started with—0—plus a little more experience—and a good deal of understanding.

Since we were defeated, we must resort to comparison with other prep. schools, who have met the collegians—as usual, a makeshift of the losers. We have the *honor* of being the prep. school against which it has made its lowest score—the next in order being 44. We did not score—nor did any of the other prep. schools—the Virginia Freshmen have not yet been scored on.

Looking at this result from our side of the fence it's the *first* time we *haven't* scored. True we were beaten once before, by the W. and L. scrubs, but we did make *one* touchdown. As for the 23 points Virginia

made—that is the *largest* made against us up to this time.

Line-ups:
Virginia S. M. A.
Rothwell R. E. . . . Westgate
Calvert R. T. . . . Covington
Bourger R. G. Moses
Reynolds C. Emde
Foster L. G. . . . Kingsbury
Leach L. T. . . . Wright
White L. E. . . . Harsh
Wagenknight Q. B. . . . Prather
Cook R. H. . . . Hinz
Stuart F. B. . . . Moran
Jackson R. H. . . . Bridges

Substitutions: Va.—Skinkey for Cook, Squire for Calvert, Yancey for Squire, Moore for Rothwell. S. M. A.—Simmons for Prather.

Officials—Mr. Smith, F. M. S., referee; Mr. Wallace, S. M. A., umpire; Mr. Darden, Va., headlinesman; Messrs. Rosenberger and Michie, timekeepers. Time of play, 12 minute quarters.

WHY?

Did Nirdlinger get a Lieutenantcy?
Was Canova absent from the football game?

Did Baumgarten get a furlough?
Does Estes talk to Col. Greene so much?

Is McCallister always sleepy?
Does Roos ask so many questions?
Doesn't Sutcliffe stop visiting?

Did Walker, H., get the Library Corporalcy?

Does McMullen talk so loud?
Did Blizzard elect himself cheer leader?

Did Driskell have his photo taken sideways?

Did Predmore have his chevrons on so quick?

Didn't Canova get a Captaincy?
Does Hager wear the ribbons on his sweater at the football games?

Does McCarthy sleep until ten o'clock every morning?

Doesn't Carr get some school spirit?

Does Peterson, A., call himself a sergeant?

Are Maj. Acker and Lt. Col. Russell so good this year?

Hasn't Low, B. red hair?

Didn't Ranshaw get a Lieutenantcy?
Don't Whittaker, H., and Sutcliffe get their hair cut at least twice a year?

Does Maj. Sizer like peanuts?

Wasn't Lomo, A., chief bugler again this year?

Did Carr bring a saber to school this year?

Does Lt. Groover think he is such a hard guy?

Maj. Stevens: "When Milton's wife ran away, he sat down and wrote 'Paradise Lost.'"

A TEXAN'S TALE OF THE TANGO

Moses Tells of First Learning the Tango in His Old Home Town.

"We was lopin' too strong for wimin folks. Nobody what wasn't naturalized had any business at that here dance. I recollect doing' one of them sassiety dances with Max—we was plumb shot on learnin' me. He said it was a 'tanger,' which, peakin' tersus I reckon means a angle.

"Anyhow, you takes your pardner's mitt and you starts to trot. Then you rein up short, jess like settin' up a hoss quick, only you be the hoss. Then yer gits mad and turns yer back to yer pardner, scornful like. But yer pardner don't git mad, but jess hangs on to your mitt and swings yer like colts millin' in a corral. But then v're broke gentle, and yer lopes a couple of jumps and rein up short again. Then yer pardner sets yer up short, and yer bend yer hocks like a hoss gittin' ready to take a roll, only yer don't.

"And when yer gits through, and go to grazin' 'round' mongst the gents, yer wonder wherein yer been and how yer got back again."

—F. W. S.

Mrs. Sizer: "I was outspoken in my sentiments this afternoon at the club."

Maj. Sizer: "I can't believe it. Who outspoke you, dear?"

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Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

LT. S. C. CHANDLER, Secretary

Hike to Buffalo Gap.

As we look back now with many pleasant memories of a day spent in the big out of doors, there are many things that cause a smile to light our countenances. The cold grey dawn was just peeping over the high eastern hills when Rumberger stalked into our rooms like some belated spirit, detained until the light of day and wealed his ghostly form to human eyes. "Get up," he yelled as we rubbed our sleepy eyes. "It is six o'clock."

We were soon dressed and on the quadrangle. This crisp morning air bit our noses and caused an unpleasant chill to creep up our backs. We were glad, therefore, when all were ready for the start.

All cadets know the luxury of a meal at the Royal Café. But our breakfast, although much enjoyed, was very hurried. Hot cakes and coffee served to warm both our stomachs and our hearts, and we were soon measuring the miles to Buffalo Gap. It was a gorgeous day. As the sun came up, it took the biting edge off the air, leaving it keen and invigorating.

We had gone about four miles, when, looking back, we saw a familiar object approaching. "Doc Kable in his Ford," some one yelled, and thirty boys made a rush for the black object now clearly outlined upon the roadway. In a twinkling of an eye this little tin box looked like a Mother Hubbard shoe. Kids on the front of her, kids on the back of her, someone had blundered: Kids on the right of her, kids on the left of her. "Get off," Lieut. Chandler thundered. One of the kids allowed a stick that he had been using as a propeller to strike against the little tin box. And then,—well it is hard to understand why some hot-headed, childish, irresponsible, would-be-men, whose brain under a peanut hull would look like

a peanut under a parachute, are sometimes cloaked with authority and permitted to wear a nickel badge, denoting them as officers of the law. But such is true in the grand old State of Virginia, and even in Augusta County. The driver of the little Ford happened to be one of these rare specimens. Flashing his badge in the face of the helpless little school boy he shouted, "I'm deputy sheriff P.—. I'm going to arrest you for beating MY CAR." With this display of authority and manly conduct, he grabbed hold of the little fellow and flung him into the now empty tin box. He soon changed his mind however, when he learned that one of the Academic Officers was present. This closed the unpleasant incident.

We reached Buffalo Gap a little after eleven o'clock. The wooded slopes of the mountains were a gorgeous mass of color, the mingling of which in order to make a beautiful picture is known only to the Great Painter. Thirty boys plunged into those woods not to be seen again until the honk, honk, of an auto horn announced that Doc. Kable had arrived with the lunch.

Thanks to Capt. Kivilighan and Doc. Kable for the sumptuous feast that we enjoyed out in the woods far from the mess hall. We also wish to congratulate Doc. Kable on his selection of company for such excursions into the country. It always lends joys to the occasion to have sweet faces around, even though boys are out "roughing-it" and look more like tramps than dignified cadets.

After lunch we spent an hour playing games in a broad stretch of pasture land. Then at two-thirty o'clock we started on the long trail back to S. M. A. Many were the jokes we heard, many the songs we sang. Many the steps we took, and long the way back home. But not a boy complained, not a man fell out. We arrived at barracks at six o'clock, dirty, and hungry, and tired; but every boy had enjoyed a pleasant outing. Many are now asking the question, "When are we going on another hike?"

The following is a list of those who made this twenty mile hike:

Ingalls, Langford LeMaister, Holt, Mertz, J., Eldridge, Allen, D., Armstrong, Bromley, T., Bromley, W., Byers, Chandler, Diaz, Feasel, Grigsby, Groover, D., Harr, J., Harr, L., Hood, O., Walsdorf, Jackson, D., Mathews, Weeks,

Rumberger, Sage, F., Seeley, Herman, L., Warner, E., Kosman, Jones, L.

Dr. W. S. Hall, of N. W. U. Speaks to Cadets.

On Wednesday, Dr. Winfield Scott, Hall, medical teacher, writer and lecturer, gave a series of talks to the faculty and student body. With the intelligence of a trained and experienced physician, with the thoroughness and frankness of an expert teacher, and with the delicacy and motives of a Christian gentleman, he presented a most difficult subject in such a way as to make him one of the most helpful counsellors of young men. He impressed all who heard him as being thoroughly honest and genuine as well as fully equipped in a scientific way.

At ten-thirty o'clock the entire student body was marched into the assembly hall to hear the first lecture on "The Psychology of Youth." This talk was a superior presentation of fundamental principles of pedagogy in the most simple way.

At two-thirty o'clock Dr. Hall spoke before the faculty meeting on "How to Handle the Boy." This talk was highly instructive, and so interesting that he was induced to continue, even though the older cadets were waiting to hear his talk on, "Sex Hygiene." This address was a simple, straightforward and sympathetic presentation of the sex life of man. It was a scholarly, though an entirely comprehensive, discussion of the serious problems that confront every young man. In handling this delicate subject, Dr. Hall spoke in a manner so dignified and yet sympathetic that he commanded the respect and held the closest attention of his audience. This address is a masterpiece of wisdom and power.

At seven o'clock Dr. Hall spoke to the younger cadets on the subject, "From Youth into Manhood." This lecture to boys is beyond criticism. It is a perfect, splendid work and absolutely free from the suggestiveness that often accompanies talks of this kind.

We were highly pleased and greatly benefitted by having heard Dr. Hall and hope to have him visit us again next year.

Col. Kable Talks to Cadet Y. M. C. A.

At the regular Sunday night service, an unusually large crowd was present to hear our president, who made the address of the evening. The officers and members of the association, and all others present, are deeply grateful to him for the splendid

talk that he gave them. Few speakers have made such a profound impression upon the cadets as did Col. Kable. Speaking for more than fifty minutes, he held the strict attention of every man in the hall.

Col. Kable took the life of the Apostle Paul as the subject of his address. In a brief but interesting way, he traced the history of the life of this great man up to his conversion. Then reading from the 26th chapter of Acts and from Timothy, he showed that Paul's life was a failure, when judged from a worldly standpoint. Knowing the cost, this man of wealth and power and social standing, willingly gave up all in obedience to the heavenly vision, which he received while on his way to Damascus, to persecute the Christians. But from the standpoint of the Christian and the Christian world, his life was a great success. Although he suffered from hunger, cold and persecution, spending much of his time in prison, and feeling the sting of contempt on the part of those who had once been his friends, he never faltered, never swerved from the great purpose to which he had dedicated his life. He was no coward. His strength was as the strength of many, because his heart was pure. The message went home to the hearts of those present, as was revealed by their upturned, silent, and attentive faces.

In closing, Col. Kable made an appeal to the cadets to come out on the side of Christ. To confess Him before men. To enlist under His banner and fight for His cause. The story is old. We have heard it many times, but it is still the story that sinsick souls are trusting to hear. The story of how Christ died that we might have everlasting life. The late Bishop Whipple tells us that one of his first lessons as a young preacher was from an old judge, who, after hearing what the Bishop thought to be a great sermon, laid his hand on his shoulder and said "Henry, no matter how long you live, never preach that sermon again. Tell man of the love of Jesus Christ, and then you will help him."

We feel proud of our institution, and justly so. We feel proud of our student body, and justly so. We are proud of our faculty, and the stand that most of them have taken for the moral life, and for the Christian life. But most of all we are proud to have at the head of all a man with the moral courage and religious convictions such as our president possesses. We are grateful to you, Col. Kable, for your interest and your help, and we hope to have you speak to us again soon.

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SOCIAL ITEMS

HALLOWE'EN HOP

On Monday night, Nov. 1st, the S. M. A., Social Club gave its first formal dance of the season. The dining tables having been cleared from the spacious Cadet Mess Hall, a smooth floor of granolithic composition was exposed for Terpsichore's adherents, who, refreshed throughout the entire function by delicious fruit punch, spent four and a half hours swaying to the catchy strains of the eight piece Beverley Orchestra.

These essentials: good floor and good music were predominantly in evidence to the dancers, but to accentuate the occasion, a hundred bright and vari-colored penants and banners, representative of numerous schools, seminaries, and universities of our great United States, were intermingled in an artistic array with the choice paintings and oriental tapestries which always adorn the white plaster walls; as many many pennant-pillows were profusely yet harmoniously scattered on the chairs alongside the walls; in the center of the Hall, the orchestra was almost hidden from view by the surrounding palms and pot plants. The smart full dress suits of the cadets, and the attractive gowns of the young ladies and chaperones enhanced the beauty of the scene.

About a dozen of the Augusta Military Academy Cadets enjoyed the hop along with our other guests. We were glad indeed to have them with us.

The chaperones were

Col. and Mrs. W. G. Kable, Col. and Mrs. T. H. Russell, Lt. Col. and Mrs. T. G. Russell, Lt. Colonel and Mrs. L. D. Greene, Major and Mrs. F. M. Sizer, Major and Mrs. R. W. Wonson, Major and Mrs. L. L. Sutherland, Major and Mrs. H. G. Acker, Lt. and Mrs. Cooke, Lt. and Mrs. McLean Prof. and Mrs. T. S. Beardsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Sumpter Sublett, Mrs. Chas. K. Hoge, Mrs. Julius Sublett, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Timberlake, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hogshead.

Among the cadets were: Miss Margaret Enslow with Capt. Laws, Miss Mary Sue Bowman with Capt. Hager, Miss Mary P. Hanger with Cadet Simmons, Miss Fair Searson with Lt. Frazier, Miss Cathryn Holt with Lt. Nirdlinger, Miss Page Hughes with Mr. Bob Scott, Miss Carrie Sublett with Cadet Niele, Miss Helen Mooers with Cadet Jackson, S., Miss Charlotte Spotts with Cadet Baumgarten, Miss Mary Stuart Robertson with Cadet Sanderson,

Misses Wall with Cadets Moran, and Battle, T., Miss Evelyn Hoge with Cadet Roos, Miss Doyle with Cadet Schambs, Miss Gertrude Carter with Cadet Doyle, Miss Laura Wise with Cadet Adams, Miss Margaret Hawkes with Cadet Costello, Miss Edith Bayliss with Cadet Abel, Stags, Lt. Lykes, Capt. Pitcher, Lt. Schope, Lt. Wallace, Lt. Groover, Capt. Kyle, Dr. Kable, Cadets, Low, B., Blizzard, Buckley, Estes, McRoberts, Westgate, Emde, Hooker, Ranshaw, Reipsneider, Crosby, Croft, Skinner, Hoge, and Dr. Sprinkle.

ALUMNI NOTES

"At a mass meeting of the students of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, of Troy, N. Y., held recently, plans were made by some of the student body for a voluntary military drill. Amongst those who volunteered were Meredith W. Reid, of Central Mercedita, of Ponce, P. R., and Elbert Frost Hawley, of Staunton Military Academy, of Staunton, Va. The military movement originated amongst the members of the Rifle Club, which now numbers some seventy-five men, and enough men volunteered to form two companies. The students were addressed by Ensign Roscoe Lee Martin, of the U. S. Navy, who has recently been assigned to the Institute. All the civil engineers in the United States Navy have been for years sent to the Institute for their degree and the graduates of the college in the Navy are enthusiastic over the plan. The plan will probably take the form of semi-weekly drill under the tutelage of an officer and study of military practices.

President Ricketts stated that the matter as purely a student activity and as such it would probably remain."

—*Rensselaer Times.*

Thank you Mr. Editor, for your article. We think your military plan is a good one, and we wish you great success. We are always glad to get news of our graduates, and we are sure that Mr. Hawley will aid materially in the drills.

Editor's Note:

The editor is having a copy of HILL TOPICS sent to all alumni, whose names are on record, in the hope that they will take an interest in the paper, both by contributing articles, and by subscription.

We feel sure that no alumnus has lost interest in the S. M. A., but boys, let this interest take a more tangible form. Send in your items for us to read, for we are certainly

interested in you. If you care to subscribe, it will cost you only fifty cents to get HILL TOPICS until Christmas—the back numbers will be sent also.

If you support the paper now, it will be continued after Christmas, otherwise it has possibilities of failing. Do us a favor—let us hear from you.

"Dot boy of mine is going to make a good business man," said Mr. Beck-

stein. "Yesterday I told him I was going to leave all my property to him when I died, and vot you s'pose he say to dot?"

"I don't know, Mr. Beckstein."

"Vell, he says he will throw off five per cent. for prompt cash."—*Ex-*

Peters: "Chief, this coffee is nothin but mud."

Chief: "Quite true, sir. It was ground this morning."

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(By Harrison Lee)

Did you tackle that trouble that came
your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of
day,
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's
an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt
that counts—
But only how did you take it?
You are beaten to earth? Well, well,
what's that?
Get up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down
flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The higher you're thrown, why, the
higher you bounce
Be proud of your blackened eye.
It isn't the fact that you're licked
that counts,
It's how did you fight and why?
And though you be done to the death
—what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world
like men,
Why, the critic would call it good.
Death comes with a crawl or comes
with a bounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that
counts,
But only how did you die?

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LOCAL PRIDE

(Continued From Page One)

trouble is being experienced in obtaining contributions of live interest to the school.

"The paper seems sure to do splendid work in fostering school spirit at S. M. A."

On Building of Twelve Tennis-Courts.

"These courts will be another addition to the splendid equipment of S. M. A., which has facilities probably surpassed by no preparatory school, it always having been the Kable policy to spare no money in providing proper equipment for work and play for the cadets."

Staunton Daily News, Editorial:

LOCAL PRIDE

"One of the best tests of what a place really is can be found in the attitude of its own people toward it, and when tried by this test it is a melancholy fact that Staunton will be found lacking. This is not a peculiarity of Staunton; it is found throughout the country, and one of the good results of the present European war will be the increased appreciation of the American people for the goods made at home and the attractions afforded by our own country. But it ill becomes us here in Staunton to cast reflections on the residents of other parts of the country, for this is a serious defect of our own, and it is one that we should remedy.

"All of the 'boom' literature issued from here or from the State, comments with well deserved pride on the Staunton schools. In the Staunton Military Academy is found the largest private school in the United States, and its advertisements, appearing in almost every magazine published in the country, have done more to make the city widely known than anything else. The hundreds of student cadets add much to the social life of the place and their expenditures form an important part of the local retail trade. No criticism can be made of the conduct of the boys on the streets, for it is rare indeed that any of them occasion any disturbance.

"For some reason the people of Staunton do not regard our great military school as they should. In other school and college towns the success of the school teams is looked on as a local triumph, but here it is regarded with absolute indifference. Already there have been three first-rate football games on the local stadium and a mere handful of spectators were in attendance. These games are

Announcement

Just to remind you that

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interesting and exciting; they are well played, and are carried out with a fine, sportsmanlike spirit, and they deserve local support. It would add to the vim and determination to win on the part of the S. M. A. boys to have an enthusiastic audience of Staunton people in attendance at their games, and they should have it. Let all of our people that can get away from business on game days go out to the grounds and 'root' for the Staunton boys. Let us show that we are proud of the great school that is located in our home."

NOTICE

(Posted on Doc Kable's Tin Lizzie).

This yere document is fer passengers or thozе wot intend to travel on me as a gravy train—and thoes onli. The start fer fus classe passengers is lether boote, and the next stop is south quadrangle. The hotel in that town is manovered by Doc Felps and I have made accomadashuns for my speshul peepul. And ef yer wants to know who is conductor, blow the wissle and fine out.

Doc Kable.

Lt. Shope, in goeography class, pointing to the wall map, said, "On my right hand is the far stretching country of Russia. Now McClure, what have I on my left hand?"

McClure, after close inspection, "warts."

Next Saturday A. M. A., plays Woodberry Forest. A fierce game will no doubt take place, for both the A. M. A., and W. F., teams are winning from all comers. Of course we have won from W. F., but, as already brought out, this was early in the season. Next Saturday the Rollers will have their huds full, but then Leach, of A. M. A., ought to be as good as ground gainer as Dechart, of W. F., for in the Fishburne-Roller game last week, he showed his ability as a dodger when he ran from the middle of the field through Fishburne's entire eleven for a touchdown.

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