

# HILL TOPICS

Vol. 1

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1915

No. 2

## S. M. A. 16 MASSANUTTEN 13

### S. M. A. Wins Game by Forward Pass in Last Ten Seconds

Fighting an uphill battle for almost the entire game, the scrappy S. M. A. football eleven snatched a victory from the Massanutten aggregation in the last ten seconds of play. The winning touchdown was a forward pass from Moran to Harsh, which went for thirty yards, and over the goal.

The Staunton fans are agreed that this game was the hottest ever seen on these grounds. Practically gone down in hopeless defeat, the gritty cadets essayed to show the rooters that they still had a punch or two—but they let the spectators almost wear away their hearts before they delivered that last rib-twister.

The game began with Massanutten kicking the ball to Hinz, who returned it 25 yards. And, for a while, it looked like an easy game for the cadets. Soon, however, the Massanutten boys hit their stride, and became impenetrable on their 10-yard line. After the failure of a forward pass, Prather dropped back for a

(Continued on Page Three)

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## FISHBURNE OVERWHELMED

### Woodberry Shows Reversal of Form and Runs Up Big Score

Orange, Va., October 23.—Showing a complete reversal of form from the last game played, Woodberry Forest overwhelmed Fishburne School in football here to-day by the score of 54 to 7.

The visitors made their only point during the first minute of play, a Fishburne man grabbed a fumble and ran thirty-five yards for a touchdown on the third play of the game. Captain Dechart, of Woodberry, gave the finest exhibition of ground-gaining ever seen on the home field.

Time and again he would twist and dodge for gains of thirty yards or more, arousing the spectators to high pitches of enthusiasm. Orcu and Snedizer were the mainstays of Fishburne team. Sullivan's defensive work for Woodberry was fine.

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*

Look at that boys. There's some dope. We beat Woodberry Forest 20-0. W. F. beat Fishburne, 54-7.

Fishburne beat S. M. A.—. Yes, but that was in 1914.

What will S. M. A. do to Fishburne on the 12th of Nov., 1915?

## BACON'S FIRST TROUSERS

When Bacon was seven years old his mother bought him a pair of short duck trousers. The first time they were washed they shrank badly. The boy was fat, but his mother wedged him into the trousers against his protest. He went out to play, but in a few minutes returned.

"Mamma," he said, "I can't wear these pants; they are too tight. Why, Mamma, they are tighter than my skin."

"Oh, no, thy're not, Bacon," replied his mother. "Nothing could be tighter than your skin."

"Well, all the same, these pants are. I can sit down in my skin, but I can't in these pants."—*Ex.*

## S. M. A. SECOND DEFEATS V. S. D. B.

### Score, 20-19; This Makes Two Vic- tories for S. M. A. Second

The day after the Massanutten fracas, the V. S. D. B., boys came to our field to grapple with the S. M. A. second team. They played a good game, but were defeated. Score 20-19.

Once before these rivals had clashed, S. M. A. coming out victorious. In the meantime, though, V. S. D. B., met and defeated Fishburne's second team, and came to us more confident of winning than were they previously.

Everything considered, the game was well worth watching. The alertness of the deaf mutes in catching the signals; their alacrity in executing plays; the physical prowess of the individual members; and the spirit shown by some enthusiasts who accompanied their team: these features served to keep the spectators interested in that team. S. M. A., broke in the limelight, by its frequent and successful attempts at forward passing.

Lewellen was easily the star for the visitors. He has wonderful speed, and out-ran the cadets for several long gains.

Simmons of S. M. A., handled the forward pass creditably, while Crandall and McMullen proved their worth as dependable backfield men. Armentrout displayed good generalship at quarter.

## Only a Peanut Roaster

Dr. Kable, in his limousine on the side-lines at the W. and L. football game, had his attention drawn to Red Laws, who was tapping a jitney on the fender.

"What do you want, Red," yelled the Doctor.

"Excuse me, Doc., apologized Red, "I mistook your machine for a peanut roaster."

## MASSANUTTEN WINS

### Surprises S. M. A. Forward Pass as Last Play Turns Trick

Woodstock, Va., October 23.—Massanutten Academy surprised the Staunton Military Academy Cadets yesterday, at Staunton, by outplaying them in football, the score being 13 to 9, in Massanutten's favor. Fourteen seconds before time was called a thirty-yard forward pass as the last play turned the tables. Captain Schutte made Massanutten's two touchdowns. Staunton's captain, Prather, kicked a goal from field in the second quarter. Staunton used eight subs and Massanutten one."

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Say, brother, you athletic editor, how's it to come to life? your results are twisted, and you haven't the score right either.

But, since this is probably from a correspondent—we'll say, "Examine his head," and let it go at that.

When the Massanutten team arrived on the 22nd, Armentrout came to Lt. Cook's class-room and said, "The visitors are here. Where shall I put them?"

"Oh, lock them in the gymnasium," said Lt. Cook.

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## McGuire's School of Richmond, Contender for Championship, Will Not Play S. M. A.

The *Times-Dispatch*, of Richmond has inserted in its columns a picture of the McGuire School of that city, and are setting forth that team as a contender for the State Preparatory School honors in football.

Not long ago, Coach Cook wrote and requested a game with that school, and received a reply from their manager, who said that McGuire's schedule for the year was complete.

It seems to the writer that if the McGuire's are worthy of any consideration at the end of the season—that is, if they win their games; then they should not be declared champions, unless they have beaten the S. M. A., or else have defeated a team which has.

Of course, in a single State even, it is impossible to play every eleven, but, it should always be possible for two contenders for the highest honors to get together and eliminate one or the other. In this way, the "chewing-the-rag," and eternal squabbling resulting from the comparison of "dope," would be obviated.

We do not say that we can beat McGuire's School. We do say, though, that we will PLAY them, and that even if our schedule is COMPLETE, we will MAKE ROOM for ANY TEAM who expects to be in the RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

## Hear This—You Buglers

Below is an extract from the N. Y. M. A. school paper, *The Ramble*. This article might just as well have been written at S. M. A. The editor hopes that our buglers will read and heed.

"What is the matter with some of the buglers these days? Why don't some of these chaps learn to play the calls so that they have some faint resemblance to what they ought to have? Bugling seems a lost art at N. Y. M. A. just now if we are to judge by some of the squeaks that offend our ears. Such harrowing notes as have rent the air about us of late have not been heard since the Hebrew buglers blew down the walls of Jericho. Get busy fellows, and practice in the afternoons so that N. Y. M. A. may be as proud of its buglers as it is of its other work. If you don't, you are not true representatives of this school and do not possess the spirit of the place."

## A Hard Earned Victory

"The confident men of the Lexington collegians was eloquent of the phrases of 'playing rings around,' 'walking away with' and 'hammering the life of of' Staunton's plucky little prep school team on the S. M. A. gridiron Monday, but they did none of these evil sounding things. On the contrary they had the hardest kind of a fight to win the game. The greater the odds against them the harder the Staunton cadets strive for victory. The best football and the best basket-ball they have ever played has been against college teams. Both coaches and men should bear this in mind and not enter the prep schol games with that over confidence which has often brought them to defeat in the past."

The above is an editorial comment which appeared in the *Staunton Daily Leader* soon after the Washington and Lee game.

Those who saw the game can well understand that the S. M. A., boys fought the heavy W. and Lee beeves for every inch of ground they gained. The visitors thought for an easy victory, and, as is usually the case, were very much surprised.

In the Massanutten game, just four days after the W. and L. aggregation departed, the same overconfidence could easily be noticed in the S. M. A., team, and the cadets, I am sure, well remember the disappointing showing made.

Now, let's realize that our team's record does not carry over from game to game, and that a man is valuable to the team and the corps for the good playing that he does in *that* game. Our men will have no reputation to live on until the last contest for the season is played and *won* for the S. M. A.

## SO GOES THE FOOTBALL (By Harsh)

A football team had S. M. A. It practiced both by night and day: Some days good—some days bad, No matter which the coach was mad.

"Call those signals—hit that man—Get that mall—throw it Moran." Forever onward thus he raved, Till the players thought they were knaves.

The day has come, the coach is glad, For the players did play like mad. The Crown of Roller's rests to-day On the head of School at S. M. A.

Dr. Kable To O. D.: "What time will REVEILLE be this evening?"

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## Some Improvements the S. M. A. Cadets Want

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6. Present method of examinations abolished.
7. When bored by recitations, leave to go to dances, grand opera, and art galleries.
8. Upholstered seats, instead of down-holstered ones.
9. All excuses for disobedience to be accepted by the Commandant.
10. Teachers to eliminate all things unpleasant to the cadets.
11. Library of novels, instead of encyclopedias.
12. Faculty forbidden to wear rubber soled shoes.
13. O. G., O. D., and O. C., must wear bells around their necks.
14. Holiday, by vote of one-tenth of pupils desiring it.

## THE RAT'S WISH

I want to be an old boy, and with the old boys stand,  
A fountain pen behind my ear, a sword in my right hand.  
I wouldn't be a President, I wouldn't be a king  
I wouldn't be an angel, for angels have to sing,  
I'd rather be an old boy, and never do a thing.

McAllister: "I feel all run down."

Ranshaw: "Follow me and you'll run up."

## VA. FRESHMEN NEXT

### S. M. A. Warriors Will Battle Heavy University Men

On Friday, Oct., 29th, S. M. A. will meet the U. of Va. Freshmen. The college men are expected to come "loaded for bear," and no doubt they will.

Coach Cook has put the cadets through a severe drill this week in preparation for this contest.

### CAPT. PITCHER IN SOLID GEOMETRY

Capt. Pitcher: "Now, Emde, if you want to talk we will get you a phonograph."

Emde: "I was only telling Smith how to do the theorem, sir."

Capt. Pitcher: "We will all be jealous of Smith if he knows too much, so if you really are able to do it correctly, please tell the rest of us."—*Ex.*

Hager to Low: "Did you know I worked all summer?"

Low: "G'wan, George, you never worked in your life."

Hager: "You bet I did, and I got five references. LISTEN to this one. TO WHO IT CONCERN: GEORGE HAGER WORKED FOR US A WEEK AND WE WERE SATISFIED."

## TOO GOOD

"Well Dinah, I hear you are married."

"Yassum," said the former cook, "I've done got me a man now."

"Is he a good provider?"

"Yassum. He's a mighty good provider, but I'se powerful skeered he's gwine ter git kitched at it."

—*Birmingham Age Herald.*

By the way, brother, ahem, have you seen Captain Groover?

**S. M. A. 16  
MASSANUTTEN 13**

(Continued From Page One)

place-kick, which was held by Moran. The attempt was successful, the ball going directly between the uprights. Not long after, the first quarter ended, with the score 3-0 in favor of S. M. A.

At the beginning of the second quarter, Prather kicked to Massanutten. Gee, but the way Shutte and Crickenberger of the visitors plowed through our pasteboard defense made the distance between the goal posts look like ten, instead of one hundred yards. Gaining five to seven yards at each clip, with nothing but off-tackle plays, they backed S. M. A. over its own goal and registered the first touchdown of the game. They failed to kick goal, and, soon after the half ended, with the score 6-3 in favor of Massanutten.

When the second half began, it was thought that S. M. A. would present a better defense. Just as soon as old man Crickenberger and his running-mate got going again, however, they made the S. M. A. linemen look like they had their shoes on backwards. Still using the off-tackle plays—effectively—well, no use talking—another touchdown was made, and the score for Massanutten increased to 13. Don't forget those three points of S. M. A., though.

In the last quarter, S. M. A. braced up a little, and after receiving the kick-off, tried a more open game of end runs and forward passes, and advanced to Massanutten's 2-yard line, whence Bridges carried the ball over for S. M. A.'s first touchdown. Prather failed to kick goal—the ball striking one of the posts. Score Mass. 13-S. M. A., 9.

Still things looked mighty blue—there remained about five minutes—and we needed another touchdown.

Bluer yet did things appear, when old "Methuselah" (pretty good at that—for an old man) began his plunging again, and rammed through enough to get the ball on S. M. A.'s five yard line.

Now, here is where the real story begins. The remaining time being

short, and S. M. A. linemen feeling that they had shown the visitors—and their grandfather—enough courtesy, began to lay rough hands on grey heads and all. Result? They offered a stonewall line which dared penetration—and the ball was given to them after four ineffective attempts by Massanutten to butt through. Glory be! Moran, behind his own goal line, instead of kicking, attempted a forward pass, which failed. Then Prather, good, old, dependable horse that he is, scrambled rough-shod over his rivals for twenty yards. A penalty of 15 yards on the visitors put the ball in the middle of the field. From here, on end runs and forward passes, the pepper boys, now fighting as never before, crowded their way to the 30-yard line.

Fifteen seconds to play! Would S. M. A. make it? Could we thus be thrown out of the championship race?

Look at that pass!

Will he catch it?

No! It failed.

Ten second to play!

Oh! Hurry boys! We can't lose!

A deathlike stillness settled over the field, and spectators began to leave. The Corps, pale with the thought of defeat, hung, from mere suspense, to the side-lines, and offered a silent wish.

"Ten seconds to play!

"Look! Moran has the ball!

"He hurls it thirty yards through the air!

"Who is that about to catch it?"

That's Harsh! Sec him!

Plunk into his waiting arms had Moran thrown the essence of victory. Harsh, the fastest man on the squad, held it, *hugged* it, and scampered across the goal for the winning touchdown.

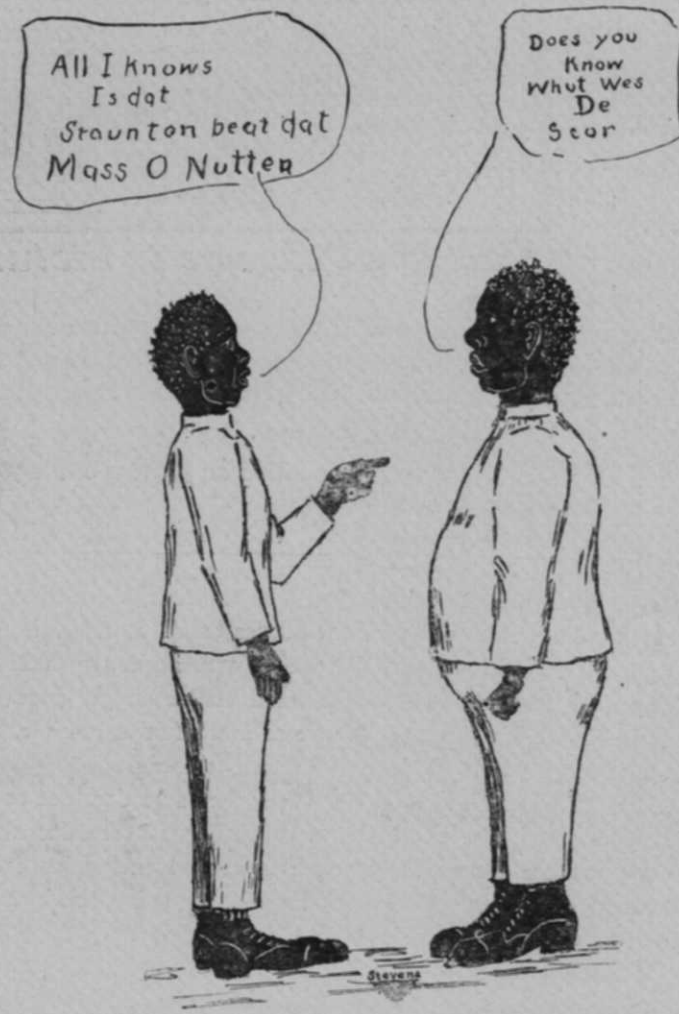
And then the referee's whistle blew. But that's a mere skinship. Prather kicked goal, and the game ended, S. M. A., 16; Massanutten, 13.

Joyful shouts rent the air; automobile horns, and cadet buglers created an awful din, while three hundred forty-five half-crazed cadets rushed on the field, grabbed Harsh and, triumphantly marched him to barracks. This being an honor not accorded a player at S. M. A. in many seasons.

As a whole, the game was a good one to witness. Especially, because of the intense enthusiasm of the cadets, who rooted constantly for their team in its uphill fight.

S. M. A. displayed weak form in the first three quarters, but showed that it had the stuff, which wins games—the *fight*.

Prather, Harsh, and Moran did good work. Prather, to the writer's mind, is to be thanked more than any one, for the victory. He, as quarterback, maneuvered to good advantage; he put up practically all the interference that was seen; gained considerable ground on plunges; received a pass or so; and as f. b., stopped every player who broke through our line. Moran gave a fine exhibition of passing the ball. Harsh gained on



end runs, and covered passes well—and, as noted, received the one which won the game.

Massanutten

S. M. A.	Position	Academy
Harsh	Left End	Sperry
Fore	Left Guard	Amicon
Kingsbury	Left Tackle	Powell
Westgate	Right End	Smith
Wright	Right Guard	Koglegard
Hynson	Right Tackle	Cummins
Emde	Center	Oscburn
Moran	Quarter	Johnosn
Hinz	L. Half	Crickenberger
Bridges	R. Half	Marshall
Prather (C.)	F. B.	Schuttee (C.)
Scott	Timekeeper	Goico
Umpire	Rosenberger. Head	
Linesman	Armentrout (S. M. A.);	
Grubb	(Massanutten). Referee—	
Smith, A.	(F. M. A.) Substitutions	
Chapman	for Smith.	

**A. M. A. 28  
W. & L. FRESHMEN 0**

The A. M. A., celebrated its second game of the season by defeating the W. and L. Freshmen: Score 28-0. (Previously the Roller boys defeated S. V. M. A. 60(?) - 0.

As to interesting features, this contest can in no way compare with the S. M. A.-W. and L. Scru! game. In the first place the Freshman team was not half so strong, the men were smaller; no team work, or offensive plays, were shown; and on the defense, with the exception of Bates, the playing was a farce.

W. and L. used three plays, and what might be called a punt; a line plunge, an end run, a forward pass, and a kick which—with the wind—would carry about ten yards. They fumbled four times, but recovered three of Roller's.

The Roller football artists played a slow game—every now and then, however, a few speedy flashes were shown. Rawlins and Leech, completed several passes and skirted the ends for substantial gains.

The scoring was made by a drop-kick, four touchdowns and one goal—28.

It is hoped that the S. M. A. will not look for an easy victory over A. M. A. next Thanksgiving. In Monday's game Rollers were playing a slow team and naturally played a slow game. By Thanksgiving they will probably have enough pep to make it interesting for us.

A cadet to the Joke Editor: "I wish you would quit telling lies in the school paper about me."

Joke Editor: "You've no kick coming. What would you do if we told the truth."

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STAUNTON, VA., OCTOBER 28, 1915

**Dual Relation of the Football Team and the Corps**

A close relation exists between the football team and the cadets of the corps: a co-ordination, which, in the business of routine and recitations, is likely to be overlooked.

In the first place, the team is dependent on the corps for the money for its uniforms, games and supplies in general. Each cadet, on his entrance, contributed ten dollars for the support of athletics. This, in itself, speaks of a close relation.

At the Mass Meetings which have been held, the duty of the cadets has been made plain. They have been urged to root for the team at the games, to stick together on the sidelines, and not leave before the end of the last quarter.

In the cheering, they have responded readily; they hang together at the games, spur the team to do its best, and do not leave early: all evidences of loyalty, the truest spirit of those with but one aim—to do their best to turn out a successful team.

This then, you say, is the duty of the corps. Yes, 'tis its duty, but something more than duty holds those boys excitedly shouting on the sidelines, until the last whistle blow: They stay because they are intensely interested in the welfare of the team: they want, at least, to countenance the game.

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Much anger would be felt against any cadet who did not have spirit enough to go and stay throughout.

"And why not? It is the least he can do. It is his DUTY."

"Yes. Quite right. It is his duty, and he DOES HIS DUTY."

Now ask yourselves, Mr. Football Men, whether you are a class, separate and distinct, little tin gods to be prayed to; or whether you are not men, blessed with stronger bodies, who owe thanks to the corps for its support—both spiritedly and financially. Furthermore, inquire of your sense of justice and judgment if you have not also an obligation to the punky corps, powerless to hurl its three hundred forty, or so, vivacious members on the field of play at once (as tried previously), but placing its confidence in just you eleven from its number, it relies on you to uphold its honor and the honor of the grand old S. M. A.

The football team has been doing good work. There is no question about that. For about two weeks, more than three teams have been under way each afternoon. The men have reported for practice regularly and punctually; in a businesslike manner, they have worked faithfully to master the different plays; and surely improvement has followed their fidelity, as has been notably proved in the success so far.

They have done these things, and made us proud of them. Now, however, comes a time when about fifteen men, only, report each afternoon, and, of this number, are to be found

just eight first team men. This crowd, as small as it is, instead of working with a vim, to make up for its smallness, seemingly endeavors to have as much fun as possible.

What is the cause?

Well, the cause does not count for much. The fact remains that the team is not advancing, or even stationary—it is going backward, at least, for that day.

During the progress of a game, when you cadets of the corps are chagrined by seeing your team fail dismally to execute a play, or to stop one of the oponents' maneuvers—then, the blame lies on a few lazy and unthinking, would-be football men (?). Do not censure the team on the field, rather glower at those who have not reported regularly for practice. Express your thoughts, in all your disappointment, against them—no matter the cause of their absence from the practices.

Some, it is true, are held back to walk beat. They think this a hardship; that there is not enough honor in being one of the eleven, representative of a large and enthusiastic corps; but that they should, in addition, be favored with liberal concessions, in the form of a certain number of hours credit in beat per week for playing football. In other words, they want to be MEN on the field: BABIES in the barracks.

Now this is no school for mollycoddles. The men all know the regulations, and realize that they will be punished for any infraction, the same as those of weaker bodies. Yet,

knowing this, and that their absence from practice will lessen the team's winning chances, they persist in their misconduct.

\* Others, who have drawn football suits, owe their absence to another cause. Probably some of you know what holds them better than the writer. Maybe it is a dancing class; perhaps a few have a little trouble in the neck. Find out boys. Give that gentleman your closest attention.

This article is set down not to criticise, or to say that things are in a hopeless mess, but only in an attempt to cause the corps and the team to realize that a mutual existence binds them; and that one cannot succeed without the support of the other.

In closing, mention is made of Captain Prather, Emde, Hinz, Bridges, Simmons, and Armentrout, as being some of the faithful ones. They are exempt from any criticism on account of this article. This does not mean to say that all others are blameworthy. Fix the blame for yourselves. You know.

And let's get the PEP. Get that bunch out to win the games to come.

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## PERSONNEL OF THE STAFF

JACK BLIZZARD, our editor, came to us three years ago from Middletown, Ill., and will leave us this year, to become one of our many alumni. We will be sorry to lose him from our number, for one possessing his many commendable qualities is not to be found everywhere, still, at the same time, we will be glad, nay proud, to enlist his name among those of our present graduates.

During his previous years, Jack has held the offices of Sergeant, First Sergeant, and Sergeant Major. The manner in which he discharged the duties of these offices reflected the highest of credit on himself, the Military Department, and the Institution as a whole. Naturally, when commissions were given out at the beginning of the current year, his worth was recognized by his superiors, and he was assigned as a Cadet Lieutenant. He is now serving in that capacity, very efficiently, and to the entire satisfaction of his appointors. He is stern in his dealings with his company, but the men all like him, because he uses nothing but a man's method.

His additional honors are: a berth in the Academy Club; the secretary of the Senior Class; a member of the Honor Committee; and Cheer Leader, to which place he was elected by the corps because of his musical tendencies and general congeniality.

GEORGE HAGER, social editor, honored Marquette, Mich., with his presence until 1912, when he decided to come here. He expects to graduate this year.

Since George has been here, he has been a Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant, and Quartermaster. Now he is the First Captain. He is a member of the Honor Committee, Vice-President and Secretary, of the Academy Club; Vice-President of the Senior Class, and is a great help as Assistant Cheer Leader.

LEONARD PRATHER, the athletic editor, and sturdy football captain, hails from Seymour, Ind., "Big Boy" has been here two years and we will lose him this year, as he graduates. Last year he was elected the best all-around athlete, and is this year's captain of the football and basketball teams. He is also a Sergeant in the band.

BOONE ARMENTROUT, the exchange editor, heard the first crow of the rooster at Buena Vista, Virginia. But Boone likes the notes of a bugle much better than those of the rooster, for he has been with us for seven years. He says he is going to desert the school this year, as he expects to

graduate, but we think he will come back if for no other reason than to visit us—at least we hope so.

He has held the offices of Junior First Sergeant, First Sergeant, Jr. Captain, and Corporal Sergeant. He is at present First Sergeant in the band, and believe us, he can "blow some."

BAYARD LOW, the business manager, was born across the water at Dundee, Scotland, but he and the "Scotch" could not agree, so he came to Ashbury Park, N. J., where he stayed until 1911, when he decided to come to the S. M. A.

He has held the offices of Corporal Sergeant, and Lieutenant, and this year is our Fourth Captain. "Rabbit" is quite an office holder; he is President of the Academy Club, President of the Social Club, Chairman of the Honor Committee. He is efficient in the discharge of his many duties, and is well liked by his schoolmates.

FAYE WALKER JOHNSON, the funny man of HILL TOPICS, has favored S. M. A., and its organizations with his live countenance for four years. He is a cadet of many, manly characteristics and qualifications which go to make the good fellow that he is. Ever ready to grant a favor; eager always to do his best for his schoolmates and the school organizations; and alert for a chance to lend his beaming face and ample stock of up-to-date jokes to liven any meeting—by doing all these things, and others, he has won himself a home in the quadrangles of the "Little School on the Hill."

He has held the offices of Bugler, Corporal, Sergeant (Band), Chief Trumpeter, First Sergeant. This year he was appointed as a Lieutenant and Adjutant. He is also a member of the Honor Committee.

JOHN HENRY LOTT, our advertising manager, is pointed to with pride by the natives of Waycross, Ga., whence he came to us five years ago. A glance at the advertising columns of HILL TOPICS speaks for his ability as a windjammer. After he filled the space allotted to ads, he worried himself sick trying to get the Staff to let just a small place remain open, in order that he might get an ad from the Seminaries. When he was refused that small favor, he went to his room and it was thought he would pine away, until happily he lit upon the plan of selling pecans.

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Accommodations for party of 15

**J. H. RANDOL, Phone 915**  
Special cars for weddings and dances  
22 N. New St. Staunton, Va.  
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Johnny is a graduate of S. M. A., but he liked the old school so well that he came to us again for a post graduate course. We are glad that he liked us, and we can say that we surely do return the compliment.

He has been a Corporal Sergeant, Color Sergeant, First Sergeant, and, this year, was appointed a Lieutenant.

## THE SCHEME OF HILL TOPICS

HILL TOPICS is to be issued eight times, weekly, probably on Tuesday, until the Christmas Holidays. For six publications, the paper will be in the present form: the other two issues will be on a grander scale.

On Thanksgiving, the paper will be cut in two, and bottom half inserted inside the upper, and extra pages added. Cuts of the football team, and individual players will be printed on fine heavy paper and inserted.

For a cover, fancy, blue paper, trimmed to size and stamped with a suitable gold inscription, will be folded about eight pages, and tied to the interior at the crease, with a dainty gold ribbon.

No definite form has been adopted for the Christmas Number, but the readers may be assured that its grandness will be proportionate to the finances, which, from all indications, predict a magnificent edition.

It is the intention of the Staff to run in ordinary issues, from time to time, individual cuts of the football men (understand? MEN) with the respective records printed below the cuts.

After the Christmas Holidays, if the cadets want the HILL TOPICS to the extent that they are willing to continue their praiseworthy support, financially; by contributing articles for publication; and by exhibiting an increase in capacity for school spirit: in other words, if the little paper fulfills its purpose, as set forth in the "Foreword," of the first issue its republication will take place. From present conditions, it is a safe conjecture that it will be issued throughout the year.

## Mess-Hall Regulations

1. All cadets must make as much noise as possible while marching into the mess-hall. It is a breach of ETIQUETTE to do otherwise.
2. Be sure to trip the man in front while marching down the steps.
3. Never fail to trifle with the carver at every meal.
4. Always overturn the WAT-R. MOLASSES, SOUP, and COFFEE.

## Another Championship Contender?

The Richmond Times-Dispatch is urging the Marshall High School as a likely candidate for highest honors in preparatory football.

Following is an extract:

"Just four days remain before the crucial game of the prep championship series between the teams of John Marshall High School and McGuire's University School. Wednesday is the day for hardest-fought local games of the season.

"Richmond Academy last Wednesday eliminated Benedictine from the race and at the same time put themselves back in the running for stellar honors. Here is how the Academy team may land the championship: If the Marshallites lose to McGuire's and the Academy wins from McGuire's, the Orange and Blue colors will wave over the top of the ladder, providing the Academy puts the skids under the Marshallites."

This makes the championship—according to the Richmond paper—lie between two Richmond Schools. We did not know that Marshall High had such football artists, but the proposition made to McGuire's holds for Marshall High. Better yet, we'll play the *winner*.

## Cadet Mulvihill Leaves; Sickness the Cause

Cadet Thomas J. Mulvihill has left the S. M. A., for his home in Pittsburgh, Pa., where he intends to help his father in business. The Corps regrets to lose a man of such character, for, notwithstanding his short stay, he impressed those who knew him very favorably as a congenial companion. Until his sickness, he was a valuable man on the football field, and convinced everyone that he would "cinch" a place with the "Regulars."

As an index to his commendable school spirit, the Staff cites his subscribing for the HILL TOPICS on the day of his departure. Even though he will be with the S. M. A. no longer he wants to keep up with the "dope," and that surely is the proper attitude. Good luck Mulvihill.

Lt. Col. Greene: (to new cadet) "Has the O. D. told you what you are to do to-night?"

New Cadet: "Yes, Sir, I'm to wake him when I see you."

Moses: "Is she the kind of a girl you can give your name to?"

Ranshaw: "Oh, certainly, but not your right name."

## Lieut. Cook Speaks to Cadets at Y. M. C. A. Meeting

In talking with a college man a few days ago he spoke of one of the instructors at the institution of which he is a recent graduate, as taking a keen interest in Y. M. C. A. work. He further stated that, although this man has been a member of the faculty for only a short time, he is one of the most popular faculty members. The students all like him. Why? Because he not only makes his classroom work interesting, but is himself interested in every phase of college life. He enters into all student activities as a big brother to the boys. He is giving unselfish service to the student body, and such men always command the respect, love, and admiration of their fellow man.

Although Lieut. Cook is one of the new men of the S. M. A. faculty, he is proving himself to be just such a friend to the cadets. To those of us who heard his address at the Sunday night meeting of the Y. M. C. A., he proved himself to be not only a good football coach, but also a man of deep moral convictions and high ideals. In a well worded talk, characterized by the vim, and vigor, and tact, that one expects of a good athlete, he stressed the three things most essential to success in life,—body, mind, and spirit. These are the three things for which the Y. M. C. A. stands. These are the three things that every boy must develop to the very highest degree, in order to do the biggest thing in life.

We are thankful to Lieut. Cook for his splendid address, and hope to have him talk to us again soon.

We were also glad to have another member of our faculty present at this meeting,—Maj. Tiller. He was kind enough to say a few things to us in a complimentary way. This interest on the part of the faculty is a great stimulus to us in our work.

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## HALLOWE'EN

The celebration of Hallowe'en originated in Scotland. The simple peasants, believing that on this night, vitches, devils and other mischief-makers were all abroad and that the fairies were holding a grand celebration, considered it, of all others, the best opportunity to commune with these imaginary beings, and from them learn what the future might hold in store,—especially in regard to love and marriage.

From all the country 'round the lad with his lassie came to the fireside gathering to try all the charms and spells that would foretell their future life; but remember, "one must be very careful to follow out the instructions *exactly*, or the charm will not work: the sweetheart's face will fail to appear."

The first ceremony to gain the attention of the witches is that of pulling a stalk of kale. Kale is a kind of cabbage, which grows in Scotland and does not head like our American variety, but I am sure the ordinary Virginia kind will do just as well. Hand in hand, a boy and a girl, with eyes closed, they must all go to the garden and pull the first stalk that comes in their way; the size, shape, length—all tell what the future husband or wife will be like. If any earth clings to the root this is the dowry or fortune to be gained by the marriage; the taste of the heart—sweet or bitter—indicates the kind of temper or disposition the future spouse will have, and, lastly, the stems or *runts* as the Scotch called them, must be placed above the door, and the first person who comes by chance into the house is sure to be the sweetheart.

The burning of nuts is another famous charm. The nuts are named as they are placed on the fire, and the manner in which they behave foretells the course of love of the two sweethearts. If they remain quietly, side by side, their courtship will be peaceful and a calm married life will ensue, but, if instead, they start violently apart, stormy will be the way.

Then comes the spell of the looking glass, take a candle, go alone to a looking glass; with the candle in the right hand eat an apple before the

mirror and soon the face of your future mate will be seen peeping over your shoulder.

This last charm is one to be observed especially by the lassies, and now come two for the lads. The first may be performed by several at the same time. Go to a stream of running water and into it dip the left sleeve of your shirt; go to bed in sight of a fire and hang the wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, or you will miss the vision, and sometime near midnight the sweetheart of your future will steal up and turn the sleeve to dry the other side. For the other, put three dishes of water in a row: one containing clear water, one cloudy water, and the third must be left empty. The person desiring to read his future is blindfolded and allowed to dip his left hand into one of the dishes. If by chance he touches the clear water, he will marry a young lady; if the cloudy, a widow; and the unfortunate man, whose hand finds the empty dish, shall with equal certainty be doomed to a lonely life without marriage at all.

Last of all comes a most important charm for the lassies, and brave indeed must be the one who succeeds in its performance. She must go *alone* to a dark cellar, open the door, (being very careful to see that it is braced, for there is danger that the witches will shut the door and bring harm to her future love), go thrice through the motion of cutting down the corn. After the third trial, a figure will pass through the cellar, which will tell the name of the future husband and what his occupation or station in life will be.

There are many, many other charms and spells, but with these, I am sure, when Hallowe'en has passed, we should all be able to tell with absolute certainty all there is to know about the one with whom our future life is to be spent, unless some of the charms conflict, but then, if they do, there must be some explanation or mistake, for the fairy-folk *know*, that is certain.

## It is Said?

- That Bacon took the smallest piece of meat once.
- That Suttcliffe was once in love.
- That CAPT. DAVIS, is always wanting a biscuit.
- That Canova is really in love.
- Low, B., went to tattoo.
- Ranshaw has been disappointed more than once.
- That Johnson, F. W., is a heart smasher.
- That Hynson is in love

## Henry Miller to West Point

Captain Davis is in receipt of a letter from Henry Miller, who was graduated from S. M. A. last year, in which our alumnus requests information relative to entrance to West Point. Captain Davis replied that all necessary to do is to get the appointment and pass the physical examinations. S. M. A. is an accredited school.

Its graduates are exempted from the mental, entrance examinations to West Point, as well as other large institutions—the University of Vermont, Michigan—in fact, all but ginia, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Dartmouth, the Big Four, which colleges do not accept certificates from any schools.

Thank yourself, Henry, for the wise selection of a school.

## Tennis Courts

Many questions are being asked about the tennis courts now under construction. It will be of interest to cadets to know that the work is progressing rapidly, but, due to a change in the original plans, the courts will not be ready for use for two weeks or more. When completed there will be three terraces with four courts to the terrace. This will give us twelve courts, or entertainment for forty-eight boys. Be patient, boys. The work is being rushed as much as possible and we hope to see you chasing over the courts at an early date.

"Latest thing in Puttees."—Maj. Sizer.

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## SOCIAL ITEMS

### Country Club Dance

Through the kindness of the Staunton girls, Mrs. S. D. Timberlake, Jr., and Mr. Thomas Hogshead, the officers of S. M. A., were entertained on Saturday night, October 23rd at the Country Club. Dancing was enjoyed from 8:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m., and during the dance delicious refreshments were served. Among those dancing were:

Mrs. S. D. Timberlake, Jr., and Mr. Thomas Hogshead. Cadet Capt. Hager with Miss Catherine Holt, Capt. Low with Miss Eleanor Curry, Lt. Blizzard with Miss Margaret Enslow, Lt. Nirdlinger with Miss Page Hughes, Sgt. Major Simmons with Miss Mary P. Hanger, Sgt. Waltz with Miss Hawkes, Capt. Davis with Miss Helen Moores, Pat. Bradish with Miss Spotts, and Pat. Mosby with Miss Diggs. Stags: Castello, Buckley, Frazier, Scott, R., and Lomo, A.

### Hallowe'en Dance

The Hallowe'en Dance, the first formal affair of the season to be given by the S. M. A. Social Club, will be held on the evening of November 1st, at the cadet mess hall.

The cadets are planning some distinct innovations in the method of decorating for this dance, and in fact, the fine proportions of the hall with the beautiful tapestries that now adorn the walls, make it almost unnecessary to decorate in order to produce a beautiful effect.

A number of out-of-town guests are expected, among them being friends of members of the corps from Washington and Richmond.

The Social Club regrets very much that it is unable to have this dance on Friday of the present week, but the fact that the first examinations of the year are being held on that date, makes it impossible. However, it is hoped that the attendance will not be affected on that account.

The football spirit is at a high pitch this year: it has invaded the ranks of the junior cadets. Every afternoon two juvenile teams engage in a hotly contested game on the hill south of the Barracks, and, while no injuries are sustained, the clothes suffers considerably. In a few years, these hearty youngsters will more than likely be playing as stars on the first team, striving to uphold its good reputation. Keep it up boys—we're for you.

## Y.M.C.A. Department

LT. S. C. CHANDLER, Secretary

### What are You Going to Do About It?

A few weeks ago you were enthusiastically packing your trunk to leave home. You were going to college. You were filled with bright hopes and high ideals. At the station you listened to father's last words of advice, kissed mother good-bye and then boarded your train. As the train pulled out from the station you promised yourself that you would do as father had advised. Your thought of mother's last warm kiss, and resolved to be the clean, manly fellow that she thinks you are. But how is it with you to-day? Have you lived true to your resolution?

In many respects the years spent in college will be the most important period of your life. All your future activities for service, or for discord, will be governed by the ideals that you have lived true to as a college man. You are now building your character, the foundation upon which your success will rest, or your failure will be based. No one else can build this for you. Father's advice, sister's love, and mother's prayer's are not sufficient to atone for wanton neglect on your part. It is up to you. What are you going to do about it?

You know that college either makes or ruins a boy. Why is this true? Simply because the boy is at that stage in life when he is forming habits that will stay with him until the end. "In the conduct of life, habits count more than resolutions, because habit is a living resolution, becomes flesh and instinct. To reform one's resolutions is nothing: it is but to change the title of the book. To learn new habits is everything, for it is to reach the substance of life. Life is but a issue of habits." What new habits have you learned this first month of college life? Have you learned to slight your work, to be careless of your dress, to treat religion lightly, to use profanity, to neglect your opportunities? Ask yourself these questions to-day.

Be sure you make a good start, and having started right, don't be a quitter. Be diligent in your work. Do not squander your time. Choose your friends with care. Be thoughtful of religious matters. Read your Bible daily. The world is calling for men of this type. Are you preparing to answer the call?

You are very fortunate to have the

privilege of attending college. There are thousands of boys to-day that would give most anything for such an opportunity. There are those among your own friends, who envy you this great privilege. Back at home your friends and your parents are expecting you to make good. They are waiting to hear of great things from you. Are you going to disappoint them? Of those to whom much is given, much will be required. You have

been greatly blessed. "Render an account of thy Stewardship."

### BACHELOR DEFINED

Charlotte: "What's an old bachelor, Pres?"

Mary P.: "It's a person who thinks he has a perfect right to kiss you because he happens to have a speaking acquaintance with some of your relatives."

## Safety First

If you wish to feel safe as to the style and fit of your clothing have them made by

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## BACON'S REBELLION

It was in the olden days, when one, Bacon by name, heeled by a crowd of enthusiastic colonists, did rise in a bloodthirsty rebellion against the tyrannical acts of a cruel and unjust despot, called Allen.

No definite record tells us when Allen came into power, but certainly we can say at what time he lost it. He ceased his despotic proceedings when the courageous Bacon did lean his mighty left on his kidney, and, with his right mitt, slam him a few about the head. With three energetic blows, our hero did punch him to the floor. Then, with calm precision, did he spread his lease from Armour over the agonizing body of his fallen enemy—even as a spreading eagle.

Pompously sat Bacon on the thrown—and loud was the cheering following his success.

All the colonists, heretofore downtrodden, broke pandemonious as Bacon exhibited the strength of his seat.

The battle won, the exulting victors did grab the successful Bacon and proclaim him the rightful ruler.

Even to this day, the name of Bacon is spoken in the lowest of whispers, and Bacon's Rebellion is a legend of a terrible and bloody conflict.

Bradford, A.: "What has four eyes and can't see?"

Bacon: His fat sides heaving with suppressed laughter, "The Mississippi."

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## Read This "As to Policy" of the Yellow Jacket Weekly of the R.-M. College

The exchange editor is in receipt of this year's first issue of a school paper, the *Yellow Jacket*, from R.-M. College.

This paper resembles ours, both in form and also because it is striving to live down a bad beginning made by the last year's paper—the *Monthly*.

We extend a hearty welcome to an exchange of the *Yellow Jacket*, and wish for it a success equal to that expected of HILL TOPICS.

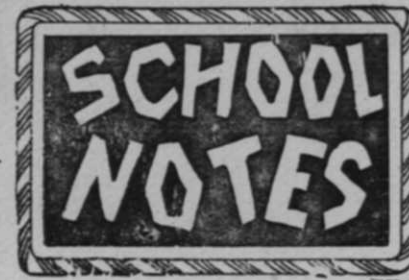
Since the causes for failure are about the same in any locality, and because of the merit of the article, the editor takes the liberty of publishing an extract therefrom.

"Its columns are open to any bona fide matriculate, member of the faculty, or alumnus who wishes to make use of them. Not only is the paper yours to do with as you like if you like, but you are requested, urged, begged, besought to avail yourself of this opportunity. The chief defect of the *Monthly* (the last year paper) was that it was published by only a few men who were attracted by that kind of work; it was not their fault that the number of contributors was small, for they would willingly have welcomed contributions from every man in college; but such assistance was not forthcoming and the *Monthly* pursued the even tenor of its way until a few weeks ago when it died a natural death, without pain and without a struggle.

A post mortem examination brought forth the fact that the death of the *Monthly* was caused by two things: poor circulation and non-support. Will this be the fate of the new publication? We trust not. That, however, lies solely with you. The *Weekly*, even more than the *Monthly*, is dependent upon strong, whole-hearted, widespread support.

Support is of two kinds—financial and literary. The *Weekly* needs both. Not every man can give the latter, but there is not a man in college who can conscientiously refuse the former. Send the manager your check for a year's subscription, and do it now. Send the editor any manuscript you happen to have or may write, and do that now!

The first issue of the *Yellow Jacket Weekly* lies before you; it is yours to condemn or condone; yours to praise or blame; yours to accept or reject; but first, last, and always it is yours. It represents your college, and thereby represents you; naturally you want that representation to be the best and it can be made the best



## The Newest Styles

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in only one way—by your own individual interest and efforts."

## THINGS WE LIKE— BUT SELDOM HEAR

1. Have another.
2. Enclosed find check.
3. Here's the five I owe you.
4. This is on me.
5. We are going to raise your allowance.
6. That's good.
7. The corps will be allowed to go to the show to-night.
8. You win.

—Nirdlinger.

When Mike Rowan was a small chap he was very religious. He had been taught that it was exceedingly sacrilegious for anyone not to drop a nickle in the contribution plate when it was passed around at church.

One Sunday as the elders began to take up the collection at the morning service, Mike looked along the pew to see if the various members of the family were provided with a contribution. Noticing a guest of his sister's empty-handed, he whispered:

"Where is your money?"

"I have none," was the reply.

Time was short and the necessity great. In a flash the little fellow met the emergency by saying:

"Here, take mine. That'll pay for you, and I'll get under the seat."

—Ex-

## Good Advice

Last week, one night when Maj. Sutherland was in charge of the Junior Study Hall, he was bothered considerably by the constant turmoil created by the little fellows. Consequently, when time came to dismiss, instead of doing so at once, he held them long enough to give a short lecture on, "The Waste of Valuable Time."

After finishing his talk, Maj. Sutherland was congratulated by little Red Bromley, who said, "If your feet are squarely on the ground, it won't hurt to have your head in the clouds occasionally."

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