

THE BULLETIN BOARD

Vol. 1. No. 4.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY, JANUARY, 15, 1914

Five Cents Per Copy

To the Quitter

"The world won't care if you quit,
And the world won't whine if you fail,
The busy world won't notice it,
No matter how loudly you wail.
Nobody will worry that you
Have relinquished the fight and gone
down,
For it's only the things that you do
That are worth while and get you renown.

You needn't make good if you don't
Think the struggle to do so worth while,
But weep over that, the world won't,
For the world will continue to smile.
You can't harm the world by your pout,
Or refusing to give it your best,
There are too many good men about
Who are eager to face any test.

The quitters are quickly forgot,
On them the world spends little time,
And few ever care that you've not
The courage and patience to climb.
So give up and quit in despair,
And take your place back on the shelf,
But don't think the world's going to care
You are injuring only yourself."

—Ex.

Basketball Outlook

The outlook for a winning basketball team is exceptionally bright this season. Only two veterans are back this year, La Marche and Smith, P. Both of these men are playing for their third year.

Laurer, one of last year's substitutes, is showing up well at guard. Griffith, another sub., is making a strong bid for a regular berth. Of this year's new men, Giles, Dean, O., Morey and Schamps are all showing up well. Barteldes would be a good man if he were not so light. The other men, Moore, W., and Scott, R., will both make able substitutes when needed.

Renew your subscription to THE BULLETIN

Review of the Football Season

The 1913 football season, taken as a whole, was a grand success. Four victories, two ties, and one defeat, is a record to be proud of. Starting the season with a rush, we defeated Washington and Lee Second, Jefferson High School, and Massanutten Academy, in the order named. Jefferson and Massanutten were completely outclassed. Then came Greenbrier Presbyterian Military School with a tie game on a muddy field. The next game was with Woodberry Forest, who was defeated for the first time in the history of the School. Fishburne beat us for the first time in many years. Rollers sprang a big surprise, by tying us in the last game of the season, on Thanksgiving day.

This year's tackle, Laurer, was chosen as guard on the All-Virginia Prep-School team. Scott, R., Matson, Aldrich, Rosenberger, and Smith, P., were picked as substitutes.

The ends for 1913 were Thomas, May, Matson, and Brenham. Thomas has developed into one of the fastest ends that S. M. A. has had. He was a hard tackler, and was able to handle Rosenberger's long passes exceptionally well. May played a fast game, and was a deadly tackler.

Matson, although it was his first year in football, was fast developing into a star, when he broke his collar bone and was forced to retire.

Brenham was an able substitute for the regulars.

The tackles were Laurer and Briggs. Laurer was the finest tackle we have had for a great while. In case of need, he was able to take a place in the back-field, and could be relied upon for a gain.

Briggs was also a good man, and did all the punting.

The guards, Schamps, McGowan, and Kendall, were all steady players. Schamps, although a new man, developed into a star player before the season ended, while McGowan was a steady player.

Kendall was not as heavy as the other two, but showed up well, nevertheless.

Bob Scott, playing center, was one of the best Prep. School drop-kickers in the State.

(Continued on Page Four)

The Game

Clear, crisp, quiet, ideal football weather. As Patty hurried along the gallery he thrilled at the unaccountable electrical feeling of expectancy and suspense that prevailed everywhere. It was good to be alive on a day like this, everything bright and cheerful; but best of all, it was good to have a chance to play in the hardest game, and the most important game of the whole season.

Way down the street the business portion of the town was thronged with hurrying figures. A band was waiting at the station for the visiting team.

Patty hurried to the gymnasium where the team was dressing. Dirty football suits were strewn over the benches and on the floor and their sweaty odor, that only a football man knows and likes, filled the air.

It was strangely silent. Each man quietly hurried into his suit, and only the tightly closed mouths, and flushed faces revealed the strain, the ordeal of waiting for the game. The team could hear the band playing as their visiting school was marching to the field. It was early yet, only two-thirty, but already a straggling procession was hurrying down toward the gate of the football field, and some industrious small boys were frantically endeavoring to climb the fence.

The coach was busily engaged in bandaging ankles, and the little quarter-back was quietly swearing about the scrub who stole his jersey.

The door opened and a "rat" burst in excitedly crying: "They're just going out; Gee! but ther're big!" and out he dashed again.

The coach straightened up, "Hurry up you fellows, we ought to be out there now." The little coach, in the white sweater, faced his men and named those who would play. "Now, fellows, I want you to think what this game means to you and your school, and so go on that field and fight! fight! fight! They are big fellows, heavier than you, they are just as fast, and I know they are in better condition. So unless you fight like eleven devils you will be beaten. If you win this town

(Continued on Page Two)

The Game

(Continued From Page One)

will not hold you tonight; if you lose, it will be like a graveyard. Now I know you have the stuff in you to win this game." His clear voice stopped and hurriedly taking out his watch he looked at it and said: "All right fellows, that's all; lead 'em out captain."

They trotted across the field toward the north side. The captain dropped the ball to the ground, the team lined up and Patty hurried into his own place in time to hear the little quarter-back rattle off the signals. The backs and the line crouched low, the ball was snapped, the play was off, and the short, snappy signals began for another play. Half way down the field and back they went. Not a sound greeted them. What was the matter with the band and the boys, where were the girls with the colors?

The bleachers had collapsed and our rooters were in trouble. But still the day must be saved! We'll soon be playing; we will beat them; we've got to beat them; and Patty crouched lower and dug his cleats deeper into the ground.

"That's enough, fellows," panted the Captain, and the puffing team straightened up and began swiftly passing the ball around. The captain hurried down the field to the other team's captain. The umpire and referee joined them, a coin was tossed in the air. The group separated. Our captain started back to his men and the visiting team pulled on their headgear. "Come on, fellows," called the captain, as he approached. "Fifteen-minute quarters. We receive. Tear 'em up fellows." We lined up at the west end of the field to receive the kick-off. It was no child's play, it wasn't even a game. It was a fight, a desperate struggle, where you met a man every bit as big as yourself, every bit as fierce, and determined. There could be no yellowness, cowardice, or hesitation here. There were things to be done and you were the man to do them. But indeed it required fight to hold the team. They were big, they were fast, and they helped one another.

Slowly and laboriously the ball went down the field for a touchdown. This did not dishearten our men; it put the fight into them. One and only one thought possessed Patty: "We must beat 'em; we must beat 'em." An opening, just an opening and Billy went through for a touch-

down. A deep roar greeted us, it wasn't a cheer, it was a roar as of some monstrous wild animal.

Three times the heavy eleven advanced the ball within the shadow of our goal line. The ball went back up the field time and again. This time their quarter-back skirted our ends for gains almost to the goal line. Their fullback carrying the ball over for a touchdown and the first half ended.

As the team, headed by the coach, wearily walked toward the benches, the music of the band and the roar of the crowd came to us from the bleachers; but Patty hardly heard it. Harvey hurried here and there sponging off the men's sweaty, dirty faces. "Time's up." "All right, fellows," called the coach. "You're doing all right, just keep on fighting, fighting, fighting."

Again on the field the second half started, it was a bitter fight. First one team had the ball, carried it a few yards, and punted. Then the other team advanced for a touchdown. Steadily our team gained. "We will beat 'em," went through Patty's mind again and again, as he fought and struggled ahead with the ball. The quarter must be nearly gone, could we carry the ball over. Patty knew it was up to him, another hard fight and the ball was carried over our goal line for a touchdown.

Our men seemed to rally, time was short, we were beat, but we must hold them; 18, 25, 36, every inch must be earned with the ball only a few yards from our goal, the two teams were bunched together. The time keeper ran on the field showing that time was up and the championship game was lost. Patty hardly saw the crowd, he walked to the gym, he remembered how as he left the field the boys had tried to cheer him, and how he had to fight down the lump in his throat and that inclination to cry like a baby.

CHESTER LAURER, '15.

Renew your subscription to THE BULLETIN

A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer. No wonder so many of us flunked on exams.—*Ex.*

Insure yourself against blues for the year—subscribe to The Bulletin Board.

Ruff Stuff

Pitcher to Laurer: Mr. Laurer, why so far behind in your studies?

Laurer: So I can pursue them, sir.

Barteldes to Anderson: That's right! Drink your coffee so it drips off your lip and you look like an icicle.

Anderson (stuttering): I see!

Maj. Stevens (in Eng. Lit.): Now, the allusion to the Troy Party is compared to a gambling hand.

Friend, R.: They must have had a full house.

"Please hand me the Review of Reviews," he said,

The landlady's eyes did flash,
For another boarder looked absently up,
And solemnly passed the hash.

Ted: Who made that noise?

Lomo: I hate to tell on anybody.

Ted: Who was it? I'll pardon him.

Lomo; Me.

Exchanges

We are very glad to receive the following papers on our exchange list:

The Flat Hat, College of William and Mary.

The Reveille, Norwick University.

The Academy Topics, Richmond Academy.

The Bayonet, Augusta Military Academy.

The College Topics, University of Virginia.

The Mercersburg Academy Literary Magazine, Mercersburg Academy.

The Wind Mill, St. Johns Maulins School.

The Mercury, Racine College.

The Monthly Chronicle, Episcopal High School.

The Blue and Brown, Yeates School.

The Débutante, Gulf Coast Military Academy.

The Academy News, The Morgan Park Academy.

Here is what *The Mercury* has to say about us:

THE BULLETIN BOARD, Staunton Military Academy: For a new paper you are very good. Keep it up, there is nothing a school can be more proud of than its paper.

The
NEW
Theatre

Always a Good Show

KEITH'S
VAUDEVILLE

Motion Pictures

Matinee Daily at 3

Two Night Performances
7:45 & 9:15

First show is over in time to reach barracks for Tattoo.

Clothing READY-TO-WEAR

Clothing Made-To-Measure

Everything in Furnishings for man or boy.

AnSCO Cameras, Films, Papers, Etc.

HATS

Suit Cases and Traveling Bags
Bath Robes, Sweaters

S. M. A. Pennants
and Laundry Bags

Macinaw { \$6.50, \$7.50,
COATS { \$8.50, \$10.00.

J. EARL HOOVER
Masonic Temple, Staunton, Va.

"Food for Fussers"

Scuffle—A frothy, sweet, light-as-nothing compound of soft words and honeyed kisses, mixed by moonlight and served for two.

Frosting—A cold, white covering, composed of kind words and farewell handshakes, spread upon a cake that has suddenly become all dough.

Roast—Take a bit of jealousy, let it simmer for two or three days, then beat it suddenly with a hot word until it browns.

Stew—Occasioned by fiance or fiancee being discovered tete-a-tete with supposedly discarded sweetheart.

Hash—Trifling hand squeezes, idle glances, vagrant smiles and misinterpreted words, with bits of between-the-lines from formal letters, all chopped together and baked dry.

Tart—Acidulated affection served on crusty words.

Ginger Snap—A red-headed girl catching her beau kissing a meek blonde.

Broil—Marrying for money.

Doughnut—A flirtation with nothing in it.—*Ex.*

Kid; How old is that lamp, ma?

Ma: Oh, about three years.

Kid: Turn it down. It's too young to smoke.—*Ex.*

Subscribe to THE BULLETIN

Beverly Cigar Store

Headquarters
for S. M. A.
Cadets :: ::

Dr. R. E. ALLEN

Dentist

Rooms 1 and 2 Witz Building

Gas Administered

Phone 795 Staunton, Va.

Subscribe to the Bulletin—Do It Now.

IF IT IS
PRINTING
OF THE HIGHER CLASS
GO TO
The McClure Co.
The Quality Printers