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THE  
**Blue and Gold**

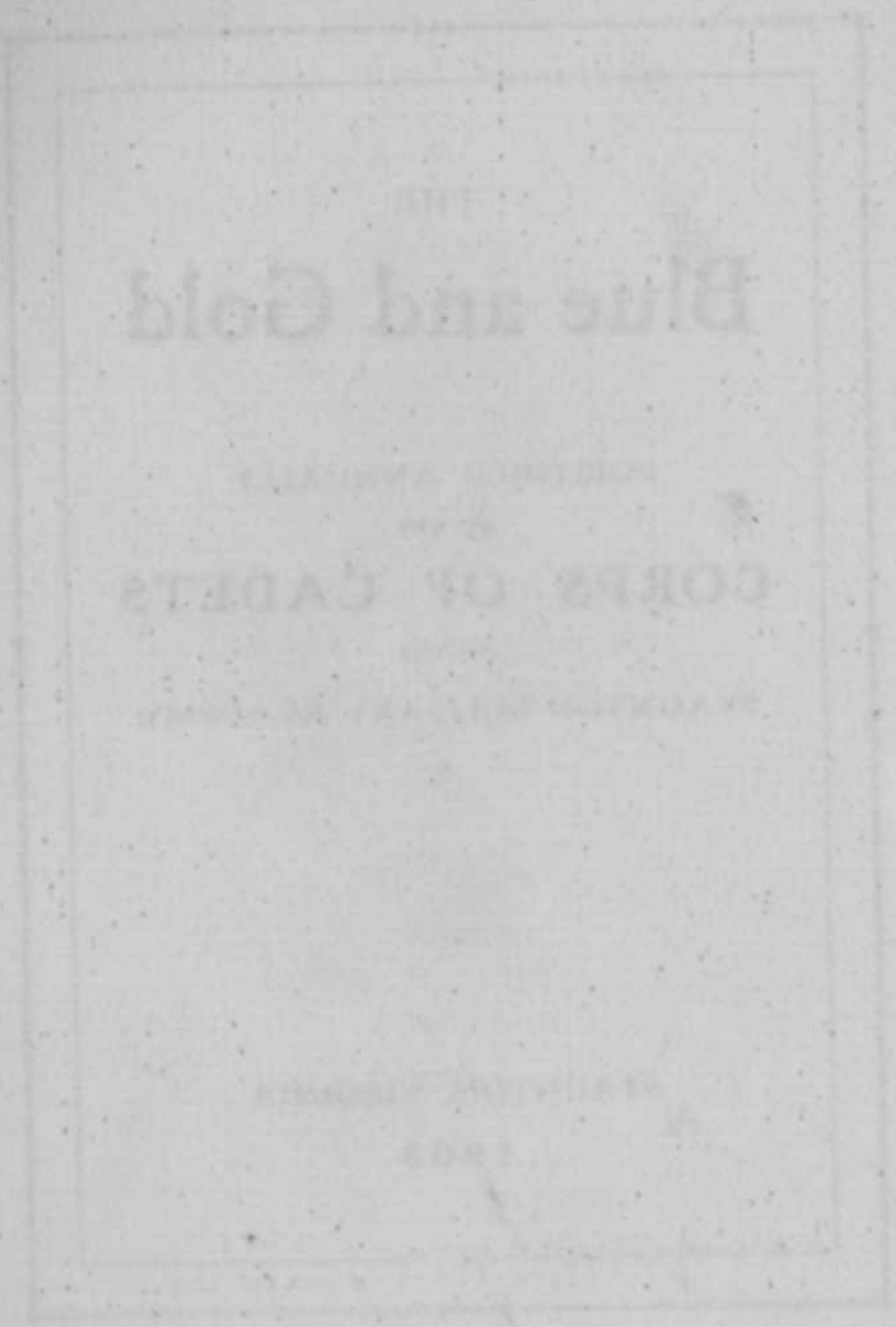
PUBLISHED ANNUALLY  
 BY THE  
**CORPS OF CADETS**  
 OF THE  
 STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

1908

*Donated by E. A. Miller - 1941*  
*676 No. 57 Ave. Omaha Neb.*



# Well

Rah — Rah — Rah — Rah — Rah — Rah  
Kable's — Kable's — K-a-b-l-e'-s  
Rah — Rah — Rah  
S.—M.—A.





JAMES R. TAYLOR

## Dedication



To James R. Taylor, a loyal friend of  
S. M. H., we respectfully dedicate  
the third volume of the Blue and  
Gold . . .





Small

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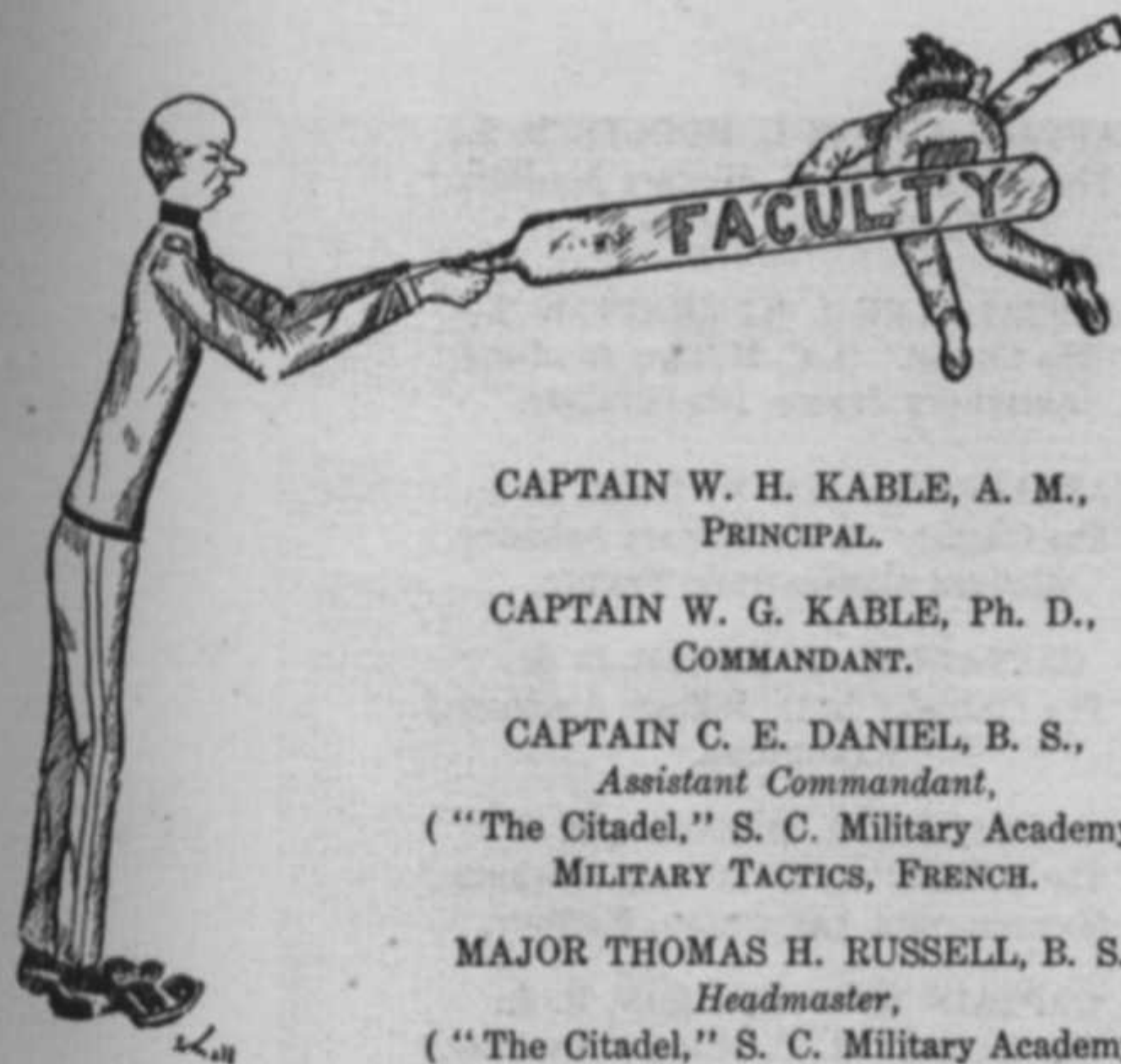
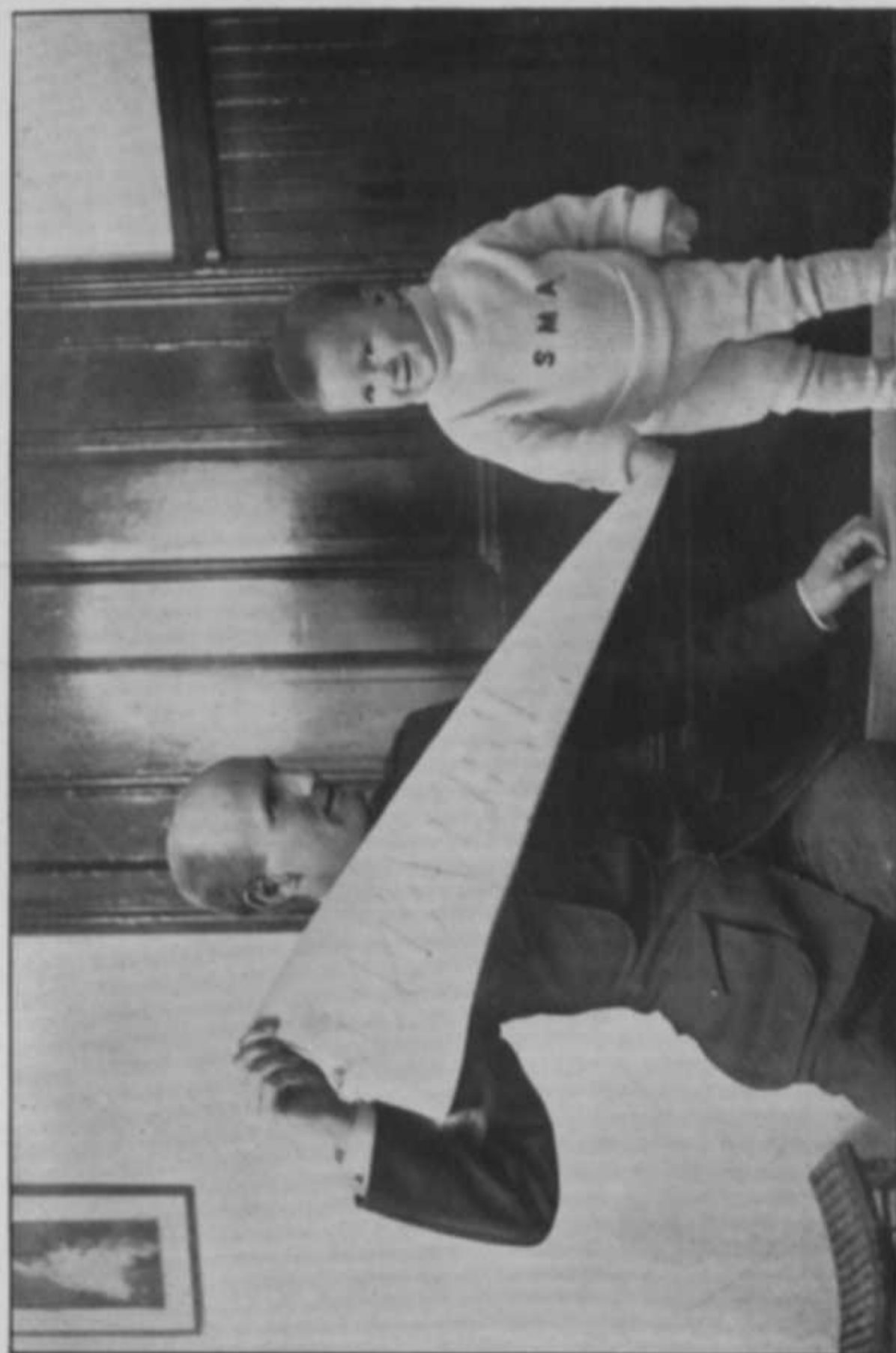


## FOREWORD

To avoid the humiliation of "fresh paint," we have changed the cover of the 1908 Blue and Gold in the belief that it will be equally attractive in its present binding. We have dared to hope that many pleasant associations of our school days at S. M. S. will live in its pages ; and that it will be a treasured volume in future years. With the kindest greetings and good wishes we send it forth.

OUR echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow! Set the wild echoes flying.  
Blow, bugle! Answer echoes! dying, dying, dying.  
— TENNYSON.





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( Mary Baldwin Seminary, Peabody Institute, )  
MUSIC.





## A Loyal Friend



IN dedicating this issue of the "BLUE AND GOLD" to Mr. JAMES R. TAYLOR, Jr., the Board of Editors are grateful for the privilege of thus recognizing in an humble way the faithful services of a faithful friend of the STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY. The following short biography is taken from the "Staunton Industrial Magazine," and we take genuine pleasure in reproducing it here:

"Mr. Taylor was born in Staunton and received his early education here. Later, he went to Richmond College where he took a course in Civil Engineering, but was forced to desist before its completion owing to a weakness of the eyes. After his eyes improved he accepted a position with the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, which he held for a year. In 1880 he returned to Staunton and secured the position of draft clerk in the Augusta National Bank. By strict attention to business he earned rapid promotion, and when he resigned sixteen years later he held the responsible position of Assistant Teller."

After severing his connections with the Bank, Mr. Taylor bought half-interest in the insurance agency established by Colonel Wm. J. Perry, in which business he is at present engaged. This firm represents insurance companies whose combined assets aggregate \$100,000,000.00, and the business done by "Taylor & Perry" equals any in the state, or in this section of the country, it having placed some of the largest policies in this vicinity.

"Mr. Taylor has also taken an active interest in educational enterprises, being Vice-President of the Board of Directors of the STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY, and also a member of the Board of Directors of Stuart Hall. For a number of years he was in the School Board, but resigned sev-

eral years ago. He has been a member of the City Council for ten years, taking active part in the deliberations of that body, and is a member of the Police, Auditing, Printing, and other important committees. He has been a life-long member of the Episcopal denomination and is a Vestryman and Treasurer of Trinity Church. Although he never followed Civil Engineering, his knowledge in this line has been called into use, as several of the fine drives and roads in this vicinity show. Mr. Taylor is a Director of the Young Men's Christian Association, and is Chairman of the Committee on Relief of the Poor, a committee that did extensive work among the poor of the vicinity last winter. All in all, it will be seen that Mr. Taylor is one of our live and most public-spirited citizens. He is ever ready to lend a helping hand to any cause that is for the welfare of Staunton."

But it is in his connection with the STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY that we know him best. In 1904, when this school suffered destruction by fire, Mr. Taylor came to us, when we were in our "ashes," and stood by us until we rose again as the *largest and best equipped Secondary School in the South*. Mr. Taylor gave us his time, his help, his advice, his sympathy, and spared no effort to enable us to overcome our great calamity. His fidelity to the school, his personal interest in every phase of its development, and his affection for everyone connected with it,—all these stand as a monument in our memory; and our gratification is but feebly expressed when we issue in his honor this volume of the "BLUE AND GOLD," which is the index and the exponent of all that the Cadets do, all that they think, and all that they feel. We ascribe it to Mr. Taylor in genuine affection and esteem, and in grateful appreciation of all the interest and enthusiasm that he so often manifested in us.



## School Calendar.

- Sept. 19 Talmage and Ligon arrive.  
 Sept. 24 "Bread Pudding" for dessert.  
 Oct. 1 Johnson R is overpowered by the barber.  
 Oct. 5 Ryan smokes and leaves.  
 Oct. 10 "Bread Pudding"—"ergin".  
 Oct. 15 "Rube" Small loses his trunk.  
 Nov. 1 "Commish" bet on "Appointments".  
 Nov. 7 "Appointments."  
 Nov. 10 "Commish" collect their bets.  
 Nov. 15 "Eastern College comes and goes.  
 Nov. 25 More "Bread Pudding".  
 Dec. 1 "Gents" Jarvis recommends the new "Commish."  
 Dec. 10 "Ink Bottles" and "Fire-crackers."  
 Dec. 17 "Beautiful Grub."  
 Dec. 18 Home for the Holidays.  
 Dec. 25 Captain Dick receives a Christmas present.  
 Jan. 29 Captain Daniel opens a "junk" shop.  
 Feb. 1 The Cadets' trousers are crease-less.

## Senior Class Officers

### PRESIDENT

J. J. FRETWELL

### VICE-PRESIDENT

H. M. POTTER

### SECRETARY

W. M. STRAWN

### PROPHET

W. X. BRAST

### POET

P. C. RAGAN

### HISTORIAN

J. G. CLARKE

### TREASURER

E. D. FERRELL





BARRACKS

## The Seniors.

"Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages."—Milton.

*"Oh! What have we here?"*



JACKSON VANBUREN BLAIR, Jr.  
(Upsilon Gamma Sigma)

West Union, W. Va., celebrated the birth of this heart-smasher on September 30, 1889. "Jack" came to us and little did we know of this peaceful lad, or what he had in store for us. We are sorry to lose him this year. He will win his B. A. at the University of W. Va.

*"Now, by two-headed Janus, Nature  
hath framed strange fellows  
in her time!"*

WILLIAM XAVIER BRAST  
(Upsilon Gamma Sigma)

New Martinsville, W. Va., gave birth to this famous Class Prophet on August 12, 1887. "Bill" is an "Awful Ladies' Man." He intends to enter Cornell. He is manager of the base ball team, '08; and captain of foot ball team, '06, '07.





*"In sooth I know not why I am so sad."*

CHARLES WING BROWN.

Columbus, Ohio, is extremely lucky in that it is the birth-place of this lad. We grieve over the loss of him as we would over a precious jewel; but Charles leaves us to attend the University of Chicago, where he will strive for his M. D.

*"I am Sir Oracle."*

ROBERT HYSLOP BRUSH,  
(Sigma Kappa).

Born at Staten Island, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1889. This lad finishes the course prescribed for graduation this year and next year will find him in Yale. We wish him all the success in the world.



*"Where dwell you, pretty youth?"*

ROBERT BURRELL.

Wyandotte, Mich., is responsible for Burrell, who came to the light of day within its precincts, on March 3, 1890. "Bob" will enter Princeton next year to fool the Faculty into giving him a sheepskin, entitling him to put the "D. D. S." after his name.



*"More matter with less art."*

ARTHUR MARSHALL CLARKE,  
(Delta Sigma Nu)

Born in New York City on June 4, 1889. We hate to lose this citizen of the Empire State, but we realize that "the best of friends must part" and that our loss will be his gain; and we hope he will succeed in his desire to carry off the honors at Yale. He is one of the Literary Editors of "Blue and Gold."

*"Well, Brutus, thou art noble."*

JOHN GRAHAM CLARKE,  
(Upsilon Gamma Sigma).

This lad first saw the light of day in Portland, Ore., from whence he migrated to Bogota, N. J., among the mosquitoes. John was a 'Varsity foot ball man in '07. R. P. I. will get him next year in the C. E. Department. He is Class Historian.



*"But strive still to be a man before your mother."*

LAWRENCE SPRAGUE CHURCHILL.

Born June 10, 1890, in Ogdensburg, N. Y., and then removed to Oswego, N. Y. Churchill has won his "Dip." and will leave us to enter Union College and obtain his degree of M. A., and we know that he will earn it. He has the esteem of his classmates and his fellow cadets.







*"Such a one is a natural philosopher."*

#### CARL MILLARD COATES

This philosopher was born at Somerset, N. Y., on September 19, 1889. He came to us this year, and will make his debut at Syracuse University next fall, where he will begin his college life. We all know, from his records here, that he will succeed.

*"They say I am a melancholy fellow."*

#### JOHN WOFFORD CONE

White Springs, Fla., added one more law-abiding citizen to her list on September 23, 1889. Cone has finished his course of study here, and leaves us to enter "Penn." to accomplish great things in his college studies. One of the Literary Editors of the "Blue and Gold."



*"Thou art the Mars of Malcontents."*

#### HENRY GRABER DANNELLY (Sigma Kappa)

Dallas, Texas, is the favored city in this instance, for that was the birth place of Corporal Dannelly. On July 27, 1888, he came to light of day, amid the cow-punchers of the wild and woolly west (?) He leaves us this year to attend the University of Texas. He is one of the business managers of the Annual.



*"Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."*

#### ARTHUR LEWIS DE FABRY, (Sigma Kappa).

The stillness of the wintry morning was broken by the few inhabitants of the small village of New York celebrating the birth of Arthur on St. Valentine's Day, 1891. There is no doubt but what the de Fabry household were well pleased with their Valentine. He goes to Cornell.

*"Cupid, have mercy!"*

#### HAROLD GORDON DIXON, (Tau Phi Alpha).

On July 26, 1890, the little town of New Haven, Conn., was awakened by the firing of heavy artillery, for on this day there came into (the) world a lad of most promising ability. We are well aware that we are lucky in having him with us; but alas! we will lose him next year, for he will leave us to make his B. A. at Yale.



*"I am, Sir, a brother to an angel."*

#### WILLIAM REESE DODD.

Here we have a worthy candidate for Pennsylvania State College, who was born in Graham, Va., on Nov. 5, 1888. We have enjoyed Corporal Dodd's stay of two years immensely, and wish him all the success in the world at "Penn State" where he is to try for his B. A.







*"'Tis not vain or fabulous."*

HERBERT LEOPOLD EISENBERG

Was born at Birmingham, Ala., July 5, 1892. He has been a good student at S. M. A. Will enter Columbia University to take a course in mining engineering.

*"Mislike me not for my complexion."*

EDWARD DAWSON FERRELL, Jr.,  
(Upsilon Gamma Sigma).

Corsoda, Ala., on February 28, was blessed with being the birth place of this young and handsome Alexander. Edward does not sigh for more worlds to conquer, as did his worthy predecessor of ancient fame; but he sighs for more hearts to win; and having won them all here, he will leave for Georgia Tech. to try his luck there in winning a D. D. degree. He is Treasurer of the class.



*"Three thousand ducats!"*

ABRAHAM FINKLEPEARL.

This young man came to us from the wilds of the smoky city of Pittsburg, where he was born on November 11, 1892. He leaves us to take up a mercantile course in some great college.



*"He was ever precise in promise keeping."*

JOHN JACOB FISHER,  
(Tau Phi Alpha).

Punxsutawney, Pa., is the birthplace of John, and greatly blessed it was on the 6th day of July, 1890. We anticipate great things from this lad of the Keystone State and we are assured that our expectations are not unfounded. For when John gets his degree from Yale, we will surely hear from him.

*"A very gentle beast and of good conscience."*

JOSEPH JOHN FRETWELL, Jr.,  
(Upsilon Gamma Sigma).

Born at Anderson, S. C., April 16, 1887. This young soldier of the Palmetto State came to us to complete his higher education four years ago, and will be graduated as President of the Senior Class. "Joe" will enter the Washington and Lee University to procure his degree. He was a member of the foot ball team, '05, '07, and of the base ball team of '05, '06, '07, '08.



*"Hail to Caesar!"*

EDWIN SAMUEL GARD, Jr.,  
(Upsilon Gamma Sigma).

This lad first saw the light of day in Fort Worth, Tex., in 1891. Then he migrated to Pittsburg, where it is said that the smoke affected his heart. Edwin will go to Yale next year to study for his A. B.





*"A proper man as one shall see on  
a summer's day."*

JACK GOODWIN,  
(Delta Sigma Nu).

Born at Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 5, 1891.  
Jack has been a quiet, faithful and in-  
dustrious student, and we regret to see  
him go.

*"So are you sweet."*

CHARLES NILES GROSVENOR, Jr.,  
(Upsilon Gamma Sigma).

This modern Shakespeare, who hails  
from Memphis, Tenn., came to us three  
years ago to be fitted for life's great  
battle under the tutorage of the S. M. A.  
Faculty. Cornell will get "Dagie" next  
year, and we know that it will be an  
easy "stunt" for him to fool them suffi-  
ciently to get his A. B.



*"Men of few words are the best men."*

REX GEORGE HARDY.

Born in Texas, in the town of Mexia,  
on January 31, 1890, this modern Na-  
poleon of the Military World has won  
his spurs and "Dip." at our honored  
institution. Next year will see him  
"doing" the University of Chicago for  
a degree in the Arts. We wish him all  
sorts of success. One of the Miscellane-  
ous Editors of "Blue and Gold."



*"Deeds, not words."*

LLOYD HITCHCOCK HARRISON.  
(Sigma Kappa).

He was born in New York City on  
Dec. 6, 1887. He came to us three  
years ago in order to be better prepared  
for the contracting business, as he in-  
tends to buy out one of New York's  
largest contractors and "go in" for  
himself next year. One of the Business  
Managers of the "Blue and Gold."

*"Forbear, and eat no more!"*

JAMES LYNN HOEFLICH.

Maysville, Ky., gave birth to this il-  
lustrious youth on August 9, 1899. His  
stay at S. M. A. has been a pleasant one  
for all of his associates, and we regret  
very much that we lose him this year.  
Yale's A. B. course will get him next  
year.



*"A poor, weak, palsy-stricken,  
churchyard thing."*

FREDERICK JOHN KNOX.

Alameda, Cal., claims the honor of this  
lad's birthplace, and in his honor a large  
monument may be seen bearing the in-  
scription: "Frederick Knox, born here,  
October 15, 1888."







*"Something's rotten in the state  
of Denmark."*

HENDERSON BELL LIGGETT.  
(Sigma Kappa).

Born in Staunton, Va., August 22, 1888. This young Adonis of modern history leaves us, to our sorrow, to attend Cornell, where he will cut a wide swath with the ladies. Henderson is a member of the '07-'08 foot ball team, and also of the '07-'08 basket ball team. One of the social editors of "Blue and Gold."

*"My heart is true as steel."*

GEORGE BUSHNELL MERRILL.

Born at Mine La Matte, Mo., Nov. 9, 1880. Merrill came to us to prepare for his great fight at Harvard, where he intends to win great honors.



*"Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit."*

GEORGE McMURTRIE MOORE.

Jackson, Minn., had the honor of this lad's appearance in polite society on January 10, 1890, and a great honor it was, too. Moore has earned his "Dip." and will leave us next year to attend the Georgia Tech., where he will try for his degree.



*"I do not set my life at a pin's fee."*

CARL CARLSON MOORE.

Born at Brownsburg, Va., July 2, 1890. Carl will go to the University of Virginia from here. He intends to take up the A. B. course, and will undoubtedly succeed. Carl is a resident of "Ye Towne of Staunton."

*"I am slow of study."*

HERBERT MCPHEELEY POTTER.  
(Delta Sigma Nu).

Seward, Neb., awoke on the morning of September 15th, 1889, to greet our friend Herbert into this world. He has been with just two years, and will leave us this year to attend the Chicago Medical University. We imagine we see him now in the dissecting room; and the only reason we figure out for his wanting to become a Doctor is, that he will probably run a ranch. Herbert was a member of the foot ball team of '06, '07. He is Vice-President of the Senior class.



*"Tetchy and wayward."*

PERRY COLE RAGAN.  
(Sigma Kappa).

Born at Greencastle, Ind., June 12, 1888. This "Julius Caesar" finishes his education at S. M. A. this year, and will go into the business of teaching others. It is rumored that he has accepted a position as Instructor at Yale. He is Class Poet. Editor Literary Department of the "Blue and Gold."







*"The social smile, the sympathetic tear."*

FREDERIC DONALD SCHREIBER.

Born in Manchester, England, July 12, 1890, this hardy son of the British Isles came to us to prepare himself for the Boston Tech. where he will wrestle with the fates for his B. S.

*"As cold as any stone."*

EARL FRANK SERENA.

(Delta Sigma Nu).

"Tuck" was born in McKeesport, Pa., on June 21, 1889, and has been with us for four long, dreary years, helping to keep up the good name of the school by his encouraging letters and good conduct. He will leave us next year to attend Michigan, and try for his B. S.



*"Thou lovest thy old smell."*

HAROLD WESLEY SMALL.

(Sigma Kappa.)

The other Portland, (Me.), was blessed with exceedingly good fortune when the "Stork" decided to drop "Rube" within its precincts on May 16, 1889. "Rube" came to us and immediately began to break all records as a heart-smasher. He will leave us next year to attend the University of Maine and to shine there as the "Beau Brummell" and carry off his B. S. with the hearts that he has won. Editor of the Art Department of the "Blue and Gold"



*"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."*

EUGENE LLEWELLYN STOREY.

Born in Cambridge, Mass., and true to his state enters Harvard next year to be Valedictorian of his class. He will merit this honor, we know, from the thrilling record he has made during his brief stay at S. M. A.

*"Then, come kiss me, sweet and twenty."*

WILLIAM MACCOMB STRAWN.

(Upsilon Gamma Sigma).

On October 21, 1888, at Star Junction, Pa., William put in an appearance. We "Speck" that Strawn is going to attend Eastman Business College in order to fit himself for the Wagon and Buggy business. "Billy" is captain of this year's base ball team, and manager of the foot ball and basket ball teams; and is also a member of the foot ball team. One of the Social Editors of the "Blue and Gold." Secretary of the Class.



*"Prepare you, Generals!"*

CURTIS DOUGLAS THOMSON.

This modern George Washington was born at Glenn Falls, N. Y., on March 18, 1890. He put in an appearance on Sept. 20, 1907; and from his bearing and the atmosphere about him we knew that we had a future general amongst us. He will enter West Point.







## The History of the Class of '08



THE class of '08 being so large, I will not undertake to describe it in full.

Some of us drifted here in Sept. '04, a happy, jubilant "bunch"; but it was not long before we had the idea firmly fixed in our heads, that, whatever we might have been in New York, Chicago, etc., we were not that here; but simply rats to live a life of terror for that year. Soon, however, as we made acquaintances, our life began to get easier and we gradually began to live the life we had dreamed of before we came.

It was with great pride we watched the battalion grow more efficient each day.

One night we were awakened by the cry of fire and it was not long before our dear old barracks had burned to the ground.

We then went on our Xmas vacation which was a month or so longer on account of the fire. This passed rapidly and when we came back things were quite ready for us again and a new barracks had been begun.

This year passed rapidly and soon the final drills were over and we were home once more.

We returned in Sept. with great expectations of what we were going to do with the rats; but things were different, discipline had become stricter and in this we were disappointed.

We found a fine new barracks awaiting us, one of the finest in the South. There were several new additions to our class also. Then came appointments and some of us received offices and began our new duties as "non-coms."



Xmas passed quickly and so did the spring with its drills, base ball games, etc. We saw the senior class graduated and thought of the time when we would be in their places.

The summer passed quickly and we were soon back at S. M. A. again. This year there were several new additions to our class, to the faculty; and many improvements in the barracks and grounds. We were soon in the midst of our studies and military duties, and soon we were preparing for our trip to Jamestown. We went to Jamestown on May the 27th., '07, and the trip turned out a great deal better than we ever expected that it would. The battalion put up one of the best drills of any corps of cadets there except West Point. We returned on June the 1st., and were soon busy with our commencement exercises. These over, we were back home for another happy summer.

We returned to S. M. A. the following September and found a few new additions to our class, making in all thirty-seven seniors, which is the largest number of cadets in any senior class heretofore. We are now working hard for that much coveted "Sheepskin" which we have striven so hard for during these four long years and we hope and fully expect that every member will be graduated and that we will turn out the best as well as the largest senior class S. M. A. has ever had.

## The Senior Class Prophecy

By ARTHUR M. CLARKE



WHILE lying on my bed one evening, playing the guitar, my thoughts wandered into the regions of Unknown Worlds. Fancy led me on: I was brought face to face with a new race of people, unknown to our race, and to a new world, unknown to our world. It was a beautiful place; the flowers, the birds, the trees, the animals,—all seemed to be free, happy, and full of life. "Oh, what a world!" I said to myself, as I sat in a villa and gazed at the glorious surroundings. If only my friends were here!—and now my thoughts were upon them. Where were they? where were those good old S. M. A. fellows, those Cadets that were graduated with me? Just then I heard a light footstep behind me, and turning quickly around I saw a short, quaint old man, with long flowing whiskers. He reminded me of "Rip Van Winkle" after he had stayed in the mountains for twenty years. I spoke to him and he seemed to understand me. We talked for some time, and then I chanced to ask him about my friends and what they would be doing in future years. He looked puzzled at first, but finally understood and said that he was an "old time prophet, and with the help of the gods" would foretell everything about my friends. I thought it impossible at first, but to my great delight, after having touched a magic wand, he related the following prophecy:

First, comes the name of Robert Hyslop Brush. This man will leave S. M. A. for Yale. The saying is: "That new brooms always sweep clean," and this one will sweep clean, for in his first year he will capture high honors. He will keep up this good work, and in 1912 he will be graduated, receiving his A. B. On receiving his diploma, he will set to work writing books, but will not become noted until the year 1917. The book which will bring him this fame will be entitled: "Utilitarianism; or, A System of Logic." From this work he will



gradually rise in the estimation of the people, until he will be classed as one of the greatest Philosophers of his time.

Robert Burrell, delegate to Princeton, will do great work for this University. He will turn out to be the lawyer of your class. His whole appearance shows a tendency towards politics, so that in 1921 we will hear of his great ability as a political speaker. When this man rises to speak in the House of Representatives, everybody will tremble from their little fingers to their big toes.

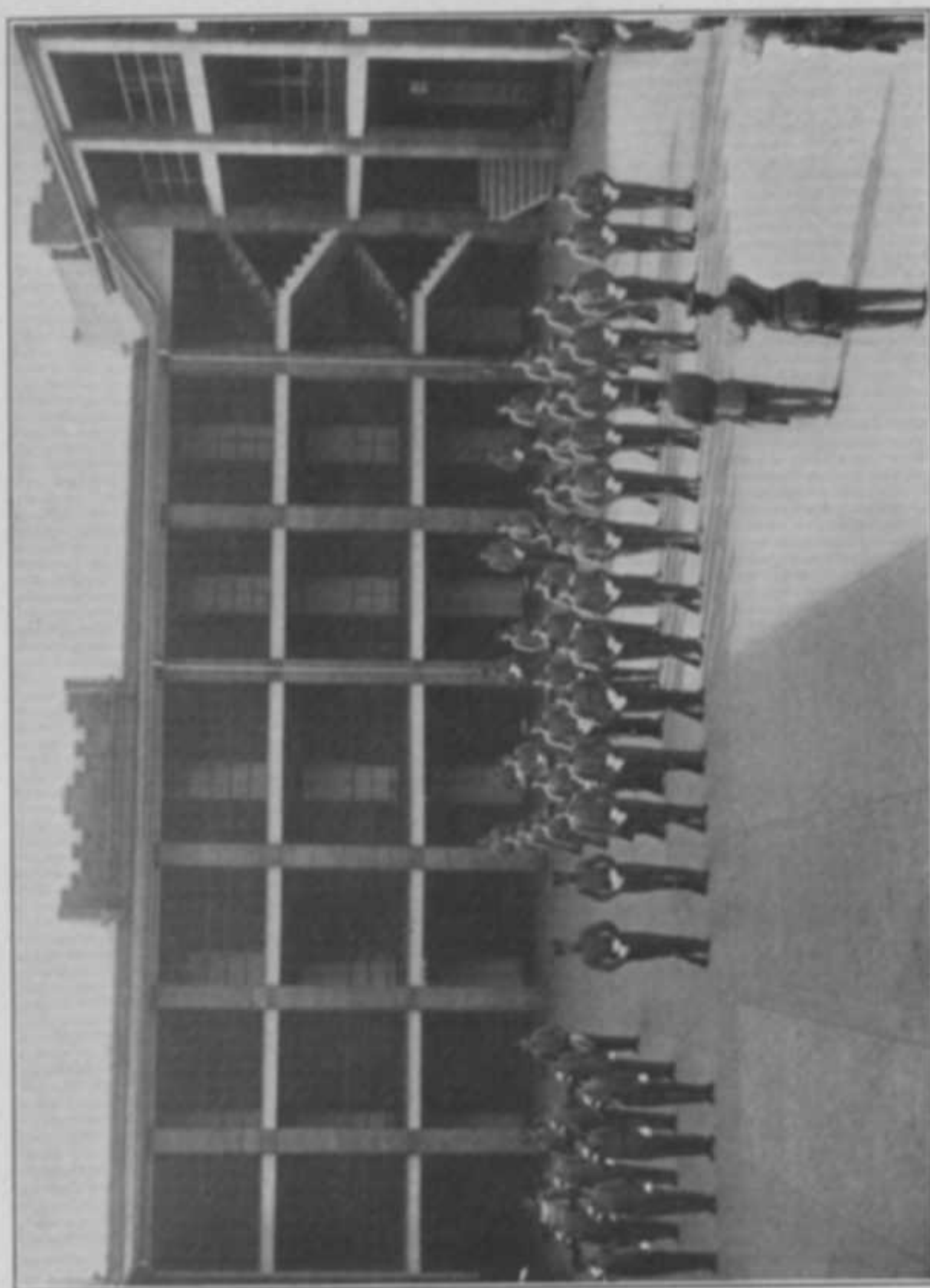
Jackson VANBUREN Blair, Jr., is the next man to leave you. He will try the University of Virginia. This middle name is far too large for Jackson, but before his college life is ended he will elope with a girl from Marietta, Ohio, with whom he will share this name. In 1935 he will go to New York, where he will try his luck on the Stock Exchange. But it will not agree with him, and as he will be left a great deal of money he will retire, spending most of his time in traveling.

Charles W. Brown, a very charming fellow, will leave this year for the Chicago University. Brown's only desire, after he is graduated from this college, will be to see how fast he can run an auto through the streets of Chicago, without having to kill over 25 or 30 people. In police courts he will employ Burrell to defend him.

William Brast will go to Cornell. "Bill" will become famous in the coal fields of West Virginia, where he will be an extensive coal-mine operator. He will master every detail of the business, and amass a considerable fortune. In 1931, he will become U. S. senator from West Virginia. While in the senate, he will suddenly turn populist and begin to grow whiskers. "Bill" will make a speech in the senate in March 1932 in favor of re-instating the discharged soldiers of Brownsville.

Carl Coates, from his whole appearance, was never made for hard work. Judging from the shape of his head, one might suppose he would make a great philosopher; but a closer view shows us that he is a lover of animals. If everything goes well he will receive a position as chief keeper of the animals at some zoo. In the year 1920 he will have become so attached





GUARD MOUNTING

to animals, that he will go to the African jungles to learn more about them.

Next is John W. Cone, the "young lady" of your class, whose light hair and blue eyes signify that he will become a great man. Sure enough, in 1935, Cone will make one of the greatest discoveries in the world. He will discover the Panama Canal. It will bring him more fame than that which attended Columbus, because America already existed before Columbus discovered it, while the Panama Canal will not exist when he discovers it!

John Graham Clark will leave the great family of Clarks at S. M. A. for Union College,—there to secure his C. E. When he is graduated he will set out for the west, where he hopes to secure a larger field for work. In the Indian Territory he will get the job of boring tunnels through a lump of sugar. His fame will extend from the Eskimos to the Fiji Islands. The remainder of his life will be spent trying to find out whether he loves "the girl" or "the girl" loves him.

Lawrence Churchill is another one of this great family of graduates, who will leave for Union College. He will, without doubt, get his M. A. there; and not so many years after, he will become President of a Chemical Factory. His sole object will be to find a substance that will turn "hot air" into  $H_2SO_4$ . In 1950 he will be rewarded for his great labor in finding this substance, and will be promoted to Chief of a Lunatic Asylum.

The ninth name is that of Arthur M. Clarke. New York City has the honor of being the birthplace of this young man, who was one of the ablest of his class fellows, both in the school and social life at S. M. A. Clarke, or "Outdoor" as he was better known, acquired, while young, a knack for drawing "Happy Hooligan" pictures; and after a course suited to this inclination at Yale, we will find him in Paris, selling shoe-strings and lead-pencils on the street corners. He will finally marry a very noted prima donna with whom he will live to a ripe old age.

Henry Dannelly, the boy from Texas, stood well with the girls at Staunton. He will leave you this year for the University of Texas, where he will be graduated in 1912. His love,



during this time, will be centered upon a girl whom he will afterwards marry. They will live a happy and prosperous life for three months, ONLY, and during that time Henry will be heard saying: "See me block that blow?" (with tin pan accompaniment.)

Harold Dixon has been with you this year, heart and spirit. This man has a great eye for measuring people's feet, and as you must have a shoe-maker in your class, why,—the pleasure is all Dixon's. He will figure, someday, in a great "Cinderella" episode. This will naturally lead up to his marriage. Perfect bliss will be his, for he will have reached his highest ambition.

Here is another of your Virginia friends, William Dodd. He will be graduated from College with his B. A., but he will find it hard to decide what he shall take up. He will finally conclude that the sublimest pursuit in the world today is engineering; for in this profession, as in no other, he will do most for the speedy advancement of mankind. He will drive Engine No. 23, on the "Mosketo Railroad." This, with the addition of a wife, will be speedy enough for him.

Herbert Eisenberg will be the mining engineer of your class. He will discover great gold mines in Mexico, where he will become a millionaire. While mining this ore, he will find a new substance, which when dissolved in water, will form crystals of rare beauty. His name will go down in history as one of the great discoverers of the Twentieth Century.

Arthur de Fabry, with his eyes of blue, will never try a rational pursuit. His "pointed chin" points to the occupation of "barker" for a side-show. He will be of great amusement to the children, as he cries aloud: "The only one in captivity; eats 'em alive; fresh from the Wilds of Africa, etc." After his voice gives out they will give him a position in the arena, as clown, his only companion being a donkey. In 1950, however, Arthur will have come into possession of a title and chateau from his great-grandfather's uncle, and the Marquis Arthur du Limberger, of Marseilles, will be the same old lad which the Class of '08 knew as the "Spanish Student."

Abraham Finklepearl, the Shylock of this year's class, will be a merchant. He will require his debtors to pay within

30 days, or forfeit a pound of flesh. In other words, it will be nothing more nor less than man-slaughter in all the degrees, (including the 33rd), that is,—if the debtors forget about the agreement.

John Jacob Fisher, after leaving S. M. A., will start out as most millionaires do,—"shining shoes." He will gradually rise to the position of keeper of a peanut-stand, from which he will reap great profits. The year 1936 will see him president of one of Chicago's largest banks. His wealth then will be far too large for one person, so he will decide to get a wife. After they are married, he will retire and lead a very quiet life.

Edward Dawson Ferrell is to be the DIVINE of your class. He certainly has the making of an Episcopal minister. His face glows with peace and resignation, while his large, serene eyes and tranquil brow are most appropriate to the pulpit. His sermons will be the ten-minute kind, for three reasons: Firstly,—to prevent the congregation from taking too long a nap; secondly,—to have a large attendance at his church; lastly,—because it will not be as much trouble to prepare a short sermon as a long one.

Joseph J. Fretwell, Jr., or "Joe" as he is better known will go to Washington & Lee University. After graduation, he will retire to South Carolina where he will become a great cotton planter. He will be successful in growing a kind of cotton superior to the Sea Island lint. I see him in 1928 running a cotton-picking machine by gasoline power. "Joe" will represent his county in the state legislature and will have a law passed making it legal for young men who go calling to stay out as late as four o'clock in the morning. "Joe" will be blessed with a large family, and will be happy in his home life.

Charles Niles Grosvenor, Jr., after a year in Cornell, will find out that he doesn't like it, probably because none of the girls up there suit him. From there he will go to Harvard where he will secure his A. B. For many years, he will follow his father's business, keeping an eye on the girls at the same time. At last he will pick his choice, and take her to live with him in a cottage by the roadside. ("Pretty good for Charles," I thought.)



Edwin Samuel Gard, Jr., coming from the wilds of Pittsburgh, will go to Yale this year. Edward had a moderately mean expression when he came on "O. D." If he is not going to be BOSS, you may kick the prophet. His curly hair shows clearly that he will take to "railroadism," and in 1919 we will find him head boss over the brakemen on the P. R. R. His men will think so much of him that they will make him president of their labor union. He will hold this position until he is "bounced." Then he will follow the true bent of his talents.

Andrew Jackson Goodwin comes next. Faithful Jack will leave you this year for something, but he does not know WHAT, as yet. He is one of those fellows whom we all look up to, and we know that if the proverb, "still water runs deep", holds true, that he will accomplish great things. In later years his blushing will attract one of England's greatest beauties, and to the great delight of his friends, he will become a Duke, residing in one of England's great castles.

James Hoeflich. Was there ever a more distracting puzzle than this? For him, I see a great future as a tailor. Before settling down to steady tailoring, however, he will have enjoyed matrimonial life for a number of years, and will have tried many jobs. But, sure as Fate, within twenty years from date he will have put every Mayville tailor "to the bad".

Lloyd Harrison, from all appearances, is fitted for many things. The one most likely is that of head contractor for some large firm. In 1918 he will get the job of digging a tunnel in Mother Earth from Hongkong, China, to dear old Staunton. The work will be a little (?) hot and unpleasant, but he will be rewarded by having great honors bestowed upon him by the Empress Dowager. Soon, however, you will hear of "Harry's" wedding in New York Town, and then we shall all know who SHE was.

Rex Hardy, after receiving his diploma from S. M. A., will consider well before doing anything. He is just full of energy, from the hair of his head to the soles of his feet. He will marry a Northern girl, and NOT one from Texas. Looking at it from several viewpoints, it is very evident that Rex will easily marry a fortune. As for a profession, he will have none, that





COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

is,—after marriage. Perfect bliss will be his, for he will have realized his greatest hopes.

Frederick J. Knox has all the qualities of a military man, but he is lacking in something, since he cannot get an "office." When he leaves you he will stand an examination for the Army, but will "flunk." Then, he will try another and another, but with the same result—"flunked again." At last, in 1927, his desire will be accomplished; and if we should go to California, we would see on the corner of one of their principal streets, a placard with this inscription: "Corporal Frederick Knox, Salvation Army, will conduct on this corner a series of sermons every evening this week."

Henderson B. Liggett has the word, "ladies," written all over him. He was a born "masher." Hair parted in the middle, shoes always shined, trousers creased and always turned up; everything points to him being popular with the ladies. Cornell will get him next year, and if he doesn't get married, he will be graduated. His profession, "LOVING," will be one of great benefit to him all through his life.

Carl C. Moore, your friend with the golden hair, will go to the University of Virginia, and will be graduated in 1912. He will try many things, but will seem never to strike the right one. Carl was made for a grocer. He will take the position of Head Salesman of Chicago's largest wholesale house, rising to many higher positions, such as Janitor, Assistant Stove-stoker, Head Coal Shoveler, etc., before his career ends.

George Moore will leave you this year, and it will be in the year 1913 that you will first hear of him again. He will become noted at that time for a great discovery, namely, that of making dollars grow on peach trees! As you all know, Moore was more or less of a "close-to-nature" fellow, and his Botanical researches were at last rewarded. In the meantime he had married the only daughter of a very noted Brazilian coffee planter, and consequently lived in ease and luxury the remainder of his life, surrounded by his wife and 23 children.

George Merrill will spend most of his College days in trying to invent a flying machine, with which he can skim the cream from the "Milky Way." His success will be like all these inventors who think they have it, but haven't. He will try



many times to ascend, but will never get above the tree tops. At last, in 1924, he will make his last try. This time it will go up, but will never come down; that is, the machine won't, but HE WILL. He will then spend a few years in the hospital nursing the broken parts of his body.

Herbert McPheely Potter, your Vice-President, is next. This strong man will leave you for the Chicago Medical School, where in 1913 he will receive his diploma as a Doctor of Medicine. His career as a Doctor will be very successful for many years, but Doctor Potter will find that he can't get along without a wife, so in 1920 he will marry a little girl from Nebraska. The next time we hear of him will be in 1939, when he will be father of thirteen children, with whom he will live happily for the rest of his long life.

Here is your friend, Perry Cole Ragan. After receiving his diploma, "P. Cole," will take up the profession of teaching. He will be a great student, and after a year of teaching at his "Alma Mater," they will accept him at West Point, as Head Professor of the History Department. In 1914, after displaying wonderful knowledge, he will be appointed Commandant of that Academy. In 1920, he will be mixed up in a little love affair, but it will not last long; for "P. Cole" will decide to become a bachelor, ladies not being in his line. In 1930, he will resign his position, and go to the State of Indiana, where he will spend the rest of his days in figuring out the "Woman Question" in all its peculiar intricacies.

"Tuck" Serena, your giant, will leave you for Michigan University, there to study law. He will eventually be a lawyer, but before he does, he will have many trifling positions. His build, including his large feet, outlines the physique of a policeman; so in 1915 he will be stationed on one of the principal streets of Pittsburg, to hold down the lamp-post, and look out for servant girls. His watch will be so vigilant, and his arrests so few, that he will be promoted to Judge of the Police Court, which he will hold until he is "bounced" in 1923.

Eugene Storey will enter Harvard, after leaving S. M. A. There he will distinguish himself, as his name shows you, as a "storey" writer. We shall, no doubt, be surprised in 1915 to hear that this young novelist was graduated after having writ-

ten a series of dime novels, entitled, "The Pirates' Revenge; or Seven Buckets of Blood." In later years he will quit amusing the children, and get down to business. His writings will then consist of short love stories.

Your friend, Donald Schreiber, *thinks* he will go to "Boston Tech." after he leaves you. "Thought" does many things, and if the Prophet says rightly, he will never see "Boston Tech." Donald is cut out to be a farmer, and farmer he will be. His fame will rest on his discovery of a fertilizer that will make plants grow on any soil. We, therefore, prophesy him all the success possible.

Harold Small, the honorable Lieutenant of Company "C," will go to the University of Maine, after leaving S. M. A. Here he will take up one of those new courses, called, "The Gentlemen's Course,"—consisting of Botany, bird-stuffing, free-hand drawing, and simplified spelling. During the four years at the University, his life will be made happy by the love of a beautiful young girl, whom he will marry at the end of his College course. The rest of his life will be bright and prosperous, mingled with the pleasures of running a Transfer Agency and an Orphans' Home. "Rube" will be blessed with 56 children, and will receive a medal, accordingly, from the President.

Your baseball friend, "Billy" Strawn, is going into the Wagon and Buggy business. If it was the Automobile business, I would say he would have great success; but as for the wagon business he stands but little show. His aim will be to make a wagon that will go on one wheel, and of course I "Speck" that he will never accomplish his desire.

Curtis Thomson, the great general of S. M. A., will try his luck in the Army. The one thing that will hold him back for a few years is the simple reason that he seems to be unable to learn his "General Orders." The year 1932, however, will see him General of a great Army of Savages, on one of the Pacific Islands. He will hold this position until he loses his head. Then the Savage Army will have a "Human Feast" in honor of his greatness.



## "Past and Future"

(Class Poem)

WHEN we have left these walls of grey,  
Walls that sheltered us at S. M. A.,  
And entered at last the Battle of Life,  
And are "in to win,"—not without strife,"—  
Let us not forget, though our ambition be  
To climb to the top and there to see  
Our hopes fulfilled, before us—success,—  
Let us not forget the GREY, and the "S."

Although we have attained our fame,  
(And, let us hope, a worthy name),  
Let us hope that in doing so we have not  
Stained our life with a single blot,  
Or the life of him who fights by our side,—  
Let's think of his name, his life, his pride;  
Of his ambitions, great or small,  
Let's help him up, lest he should fall.

When we look back upon the time  
We spent in old Virginia's clime,  
And see, again, our troubles there,—  
When "Math." was hard,—no "no golden stair,"—  
Remember him who lent a hand;  
And, if in life he seems to strand  
Upon the Rock of Failure, fast,  
Then help him off,—think of the past!

Oh, let us all be men,—be true  
To our dear old colors, "Gold and Blue!"  
When sounds "Tattoo," preceding "Taps,"  
In our own life, too soon perhaps  
For our own hopes to be achieved,  
And all uncertainty be relieved,  
Let us answer the roll-call, loud and clear,  
With an open, honest, hearty "Here!"

—PERRY C. RAGAN.



AUDITORIUM

?

(APOLOGIES TO M. B. S.)

Where, oh where, is the Kable boy gone?  
 Where, oh where can he be?  
 With his awkward squad drills by Memorial Hall,  
 His shouts and his manner so free.

No longer we hear his tramp, tramp on the hill,  
 No head o'er the terrace we see;  
 There are goblins abroad that eat up little boys,—  
 Oh, we wonder if they have "et" HE.

—From M. B. S. School Magazine.



### Farewell to Staunton

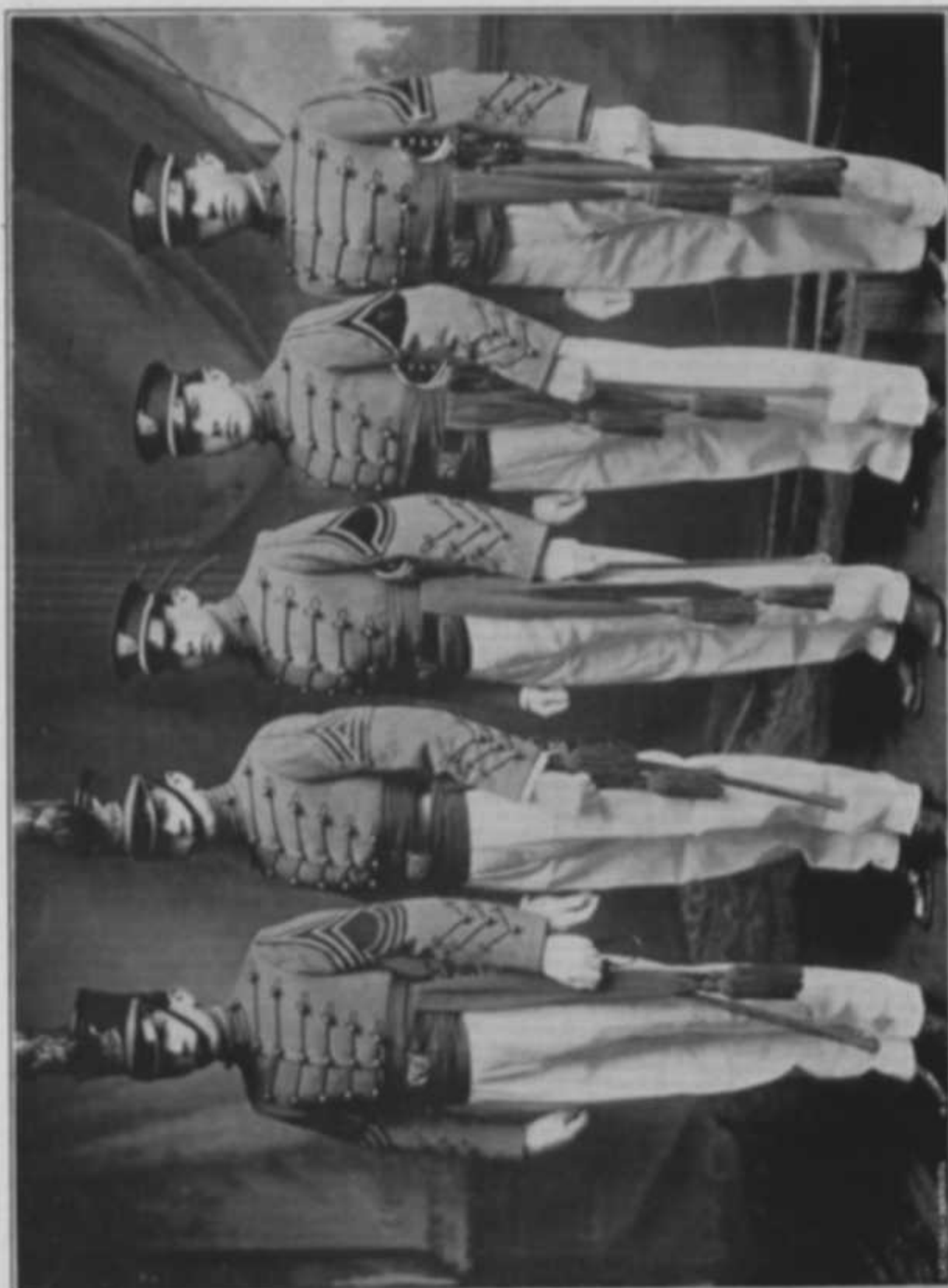
And now as we stand on the threshold,  
And cast a last lingering glance,  
Our levity seems to desert us—  
We pause in our heedless advance.

We've jested and joked at our building,  
And spared neither teacher nor friend,  
But now that the end is approaching  
Faint sadness with merriment blends.

For years thou hast sheltered our bodies;  
For years thou hast strengthened our minds;  
Unaware thou hast silently welded  
The chain that our faithfulness binds.

Dear School, as we pass, we salute thee,  
As hundreds have done in the past.  
Dear hundreds that follow, we'll greet thee,  
For the spirit of Staunton will last!

—A. M. CLARK, '08.



STAFF

# MILITARY

## Staff

SPONSOR

MISS HELEN E. DENNEY

COLORS

BLACK AND GOLD

FLOWER

VIOLET

FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT

R. D. CAMPBELL

FIRST LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER

P. C. RAGAN

SERGEANT MAJOR

R. G. HARDY

HOSPITAL SERGEANT

W. F. ALVES

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT

C. P. LIVINGSTON



## Battalion Organization



COMMANDANT

CAPTAIN Wm. G. KABLE

ASSISTANT COMMANDANT

CAPTAIN C. E. DANIEL

1ST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT

R. D. CAMPBELL

1ST LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER

P. C. RAGAN

SERGEANT MAJOR

R. G. HARDY

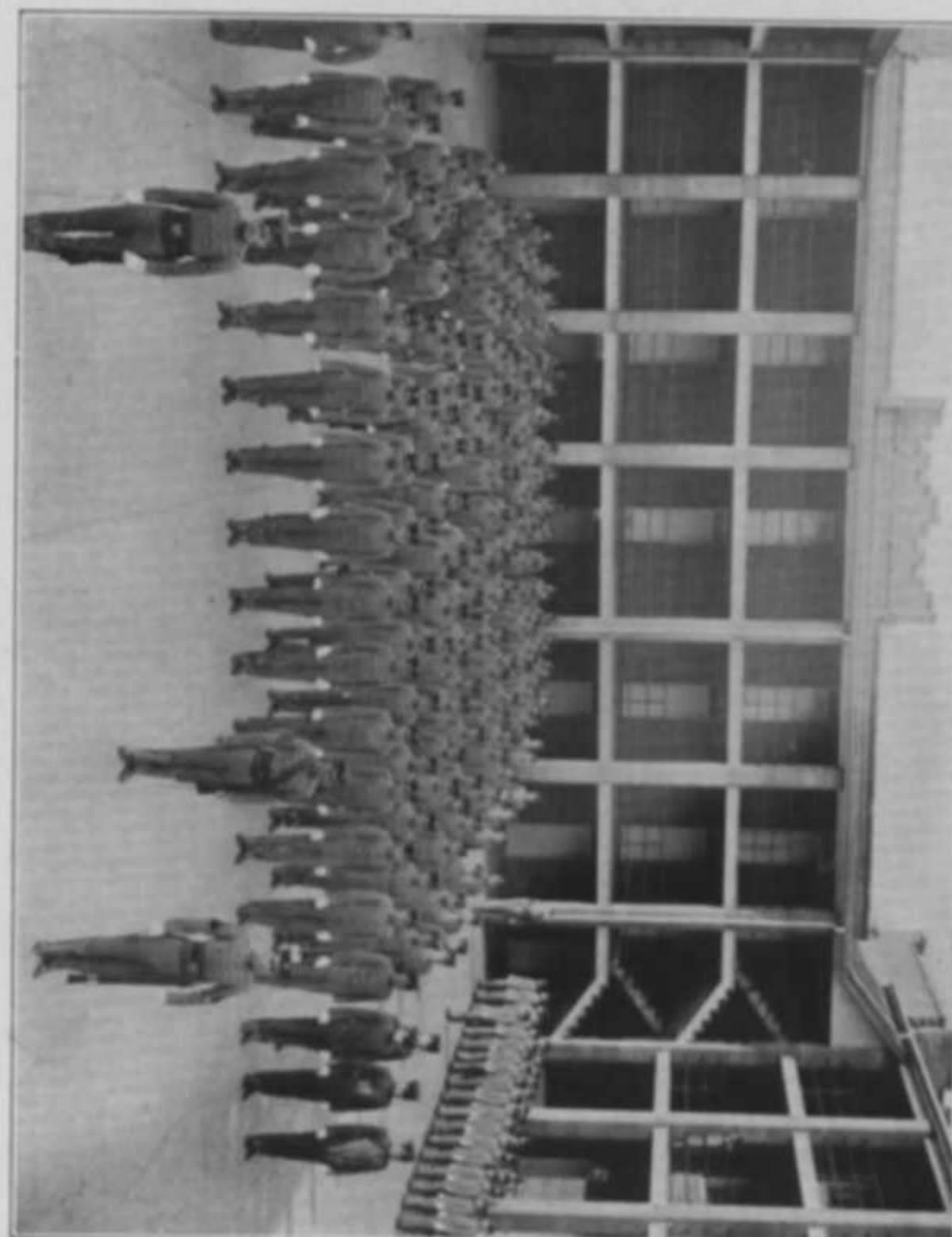
HOSPITAL SERGEANT

W. F. ALVES

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT

C. P. LIVINGSTON

BATTALION



## Line Officers

### CAPTAINS

| COMPANY A | COMPANY B   | COMPANY C | COMPANY D   | COMPANY E    |
|-----------|-------------|-----------|-------------|--------------|
| Crawford  | Fretwell, J | Brast     | Thompson, C | Grosvenor, N |

### FIRST LIEUTENANTS

| COMPANY A | COMPANY B | COMPANY C | COMPANY D | COMPANY E |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Serena    | Maxwell   | Ferrell   | Gard      | Strawn    |

### SECOND LIEUTENANTS

| COMPANY A | COMPANY B | COMPANY C | COMPANY D | COMPANY E |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Davidson  | Mann      | Small     | Harrison  | Hubbard   |

### FIRST SERGEANTS

| COMPANY A | COMPANY B | COMPANY C | COMPANY D | COMPANY E |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Armstrong | Hoskins   | Brua      | Kelley, R | Potter    |

### SERGEANTS

| COMPANY A  | COMPANY B  | COMPANY C | COMPANY D | COMPANY E    |
|------------|------------|-----------|-----------|--------------|
| Farrington | deFabry    | Hankins   | Bloom     | Reynolds     |
| Bryson     | Crooks     | Austin E  | McKeever  | Sunderland   |
| Harper, F  | Maxwell, B | Brown, C  | Neal, N   | Grosvenor, C |

### CORPORALS

| COMPANY A | COMPANY B   | COMPANY C | COMPANY D | COMPANY E   |
|-----------|-------------|-----------|-----------|-------------|
| Apgar     | Argue       | Cone      | Dannelly  | Churchill   |
| Ballou    | Barton      | Miller, B | Fisher    | Thompson, W |
| Burrell   | Hoefflich   | Moore, G  | Harris, W | Trufant     |
| Dodd      | Kious       | McKee     | Snively   | Lee, L      |
| Jarvis    | Thompson, R |           |           |             |
| Youngson  |             |           |           |             |



## Company "A"

### SPONSOR

MISS MARY L. HUTCHINSON

### COLORS

LIGHT BLUE AND WHITE

### FLOWER

AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

### CAPTAIN

CRAWFORD

### FIRST LIEUTENANT

SERENA

### SECOND LIEUTENANT

DAVIDSON

### FIRST SERGEANT

ARMSTRONG, K.

### SERGEANTS

FARRINGTON

BRYSON

HARPER, F.

### CORPORALS

APGAR

BALLOU

BURRELL

DODD

JARVIS

YOUNGSON

### PRIVATES

Bird

Conn

Hopper

Owsley

Brown, L.

Dufton

Howell

Richardson

Calhoun

Goodwin

Hukill

Reynolds, B.

Coldwell

Guillette

Knox

Tullgren

Chidester

Hardesty

Lee, J.

Watson, C.

Clark, J. G.

Heflin

Lytle

Whitehead

Clark, C. G.

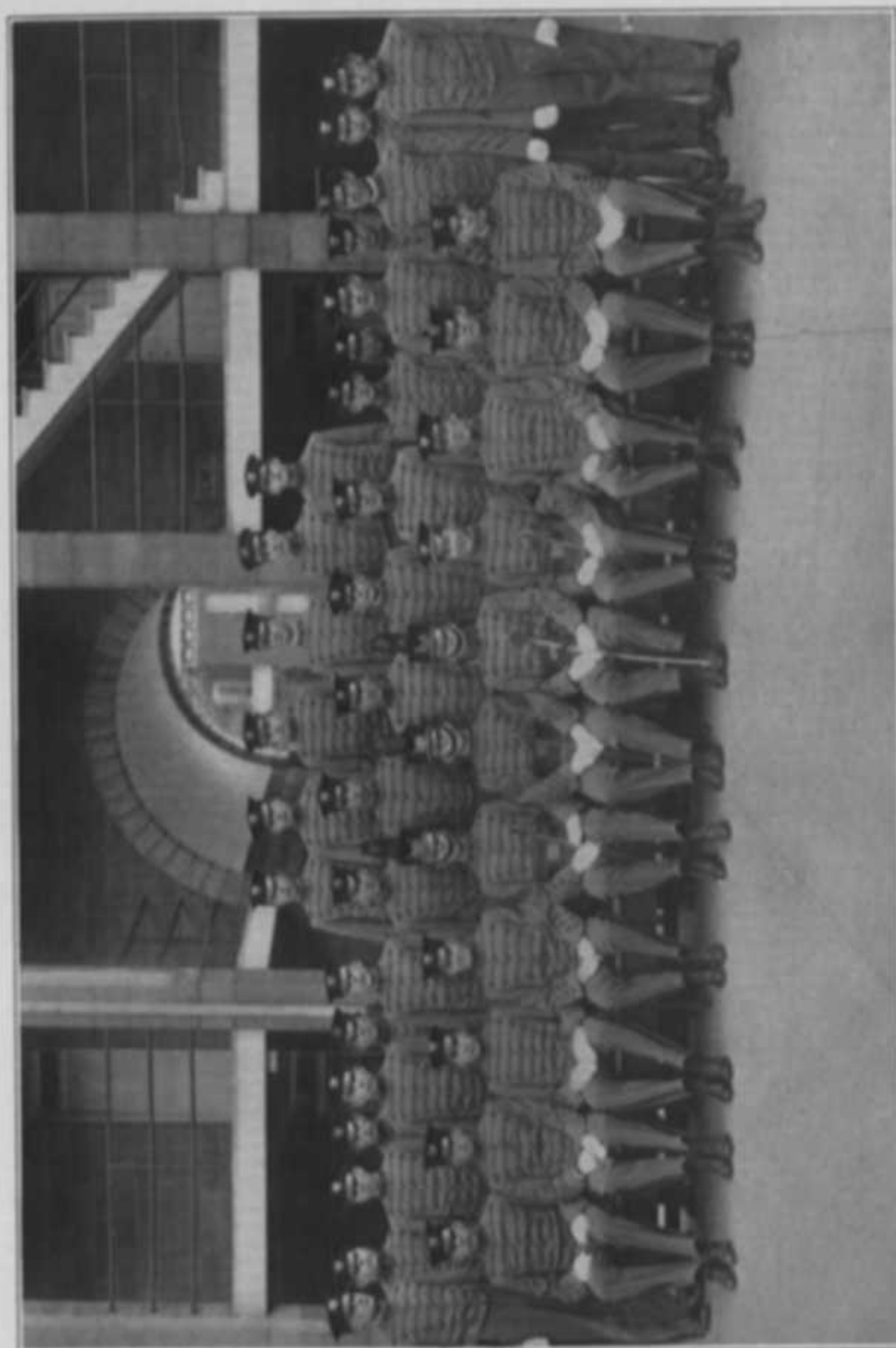
Hartley

Millard

Wolfe

COMPANY A





COMPANY B

## Company "B"

SPONSOR

MISS LETA WATTS

COLORS

PURPLE AND WHITE

FLOWER

SUNFLOWER

CAPTAIN

FRETWELL, J.

FIRST LIEUTENANT

MAXWELL, E. L.

SECOND LIEUTENANT

MANN

FIRST SERGEANT

HOSKINS

SERGEANTS

DE FABRY

CROOKS

MAXWELL, B.

CORPORALS

ARGUE

BARTON

HOEFLICH

KIOUS

THOMPSON, R.

SANGER

PRIVATES

Botsford, A

Johns

Schreiber

Broughton

Johnson

Selden

Brown, R.

Kendall

Storey

Blunt

Kirkpatrick

Streeter

Devlin

Lutgerding

Simpson

Ettla

Malbon

Thomson, D.

Gibbs

Meek

Wilson

Hugill

McKnight

Watson, J.

Brooks, L.

Whitman



## Company "C"

SPONSOR

MISS MARY D. WATTS

COLORS

MAROON AND GREY

FLOWER

LILAC

CAPTAIN

BRAS

FIRST LIEUTENANT

FERRELL, E.

SECOND LIEUTENANT

SMALL

FIRST SERGEANT

BRUA

SERGEANTS

HANKINS

AUSTIN, E.

BROWN, C.

CORPORALS

CONE

MILLER, B.

MOORE, G.

McKEE

PRIVATES

Armstrong, O.

Dantz

Malone

Berthey

Eoff

Merrill

Bitting

Floeter

Morse

Botsford, N.

Gambrill

McCormack, W.

Cayce

Hall

Scott, W.

Clarke, A. M.

Heroy

Schell

Clarke, J. D.

Harding

Spence

Campbell, W.

Ituarte

Sturgeon

Winters

Yoder

COMPANY C





COMPANY D

## Company "D"

SPONSOR

MISS HELEN THOMPSON

COLORS

GREEN AND GOLD

FLOWER

CARNATION

CAPTAIN

THOMPSON, C.

FIRST LIEUTENANT

GARD

SECOND LIEUTENANT

HARRISON

FIRST SERGEANT

KELLEY, R.

SERGEANTS

BLOOM

NEAL, N.

McKEEVER

CORPORALS

DANNELLY

FISHER

HARRIS, W.

SNIVELY

PRIVATES

Acres

Frankel

Neill, H.

Andrews, R.

Groves

Ott

Barbee

Greenabaum

Parramore

Briggs

Kinsey

Randolph

Brush

Ledbetter

Strong, R.

Corthell

Lloyd

Smith

Dixon

Maxwell, C.

Whitney

Donnelly

Maxwell, E. W.

Wray

Fretwell, S.

Miller, E.

White, J.

Walker, C.

Zurhurst



## Company "E"

### SPONSOR

MISS MARY E. SHRECKHISE

### COLORS

PEARL GRAY AND PINK

### FLOWER

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY

### CAPTAIN

GROSVENOR, N.

### FIRST LIEUTENANT

STRAWN

### SECOND LIEUTENANT

HUBBARD

### FIRST SERGEANT

POTTER

### SERGEANTS

REYNOLDS, R.

SUNDERLAND

GROSVENOR, C.

### CORPORALS

CHURCHILL

THOMPSON, W.

TRUFANT

LEE, L.

### PRIVATES

Bradford

Dold

Kennedy

Park, K.

Brown, P.

Davies

Kelley, G.

Parks, M.

Bradfield

Edwards

Lee, G.

Rosenbacher

Blair, J.

Eisenberg

Littman

Royal

Brown, W.

Hood

Moore, F.

Thompson, P.

Block,

Hutchinson

Preston

Tate

Clark, W.

Hayden

Polk

Talley

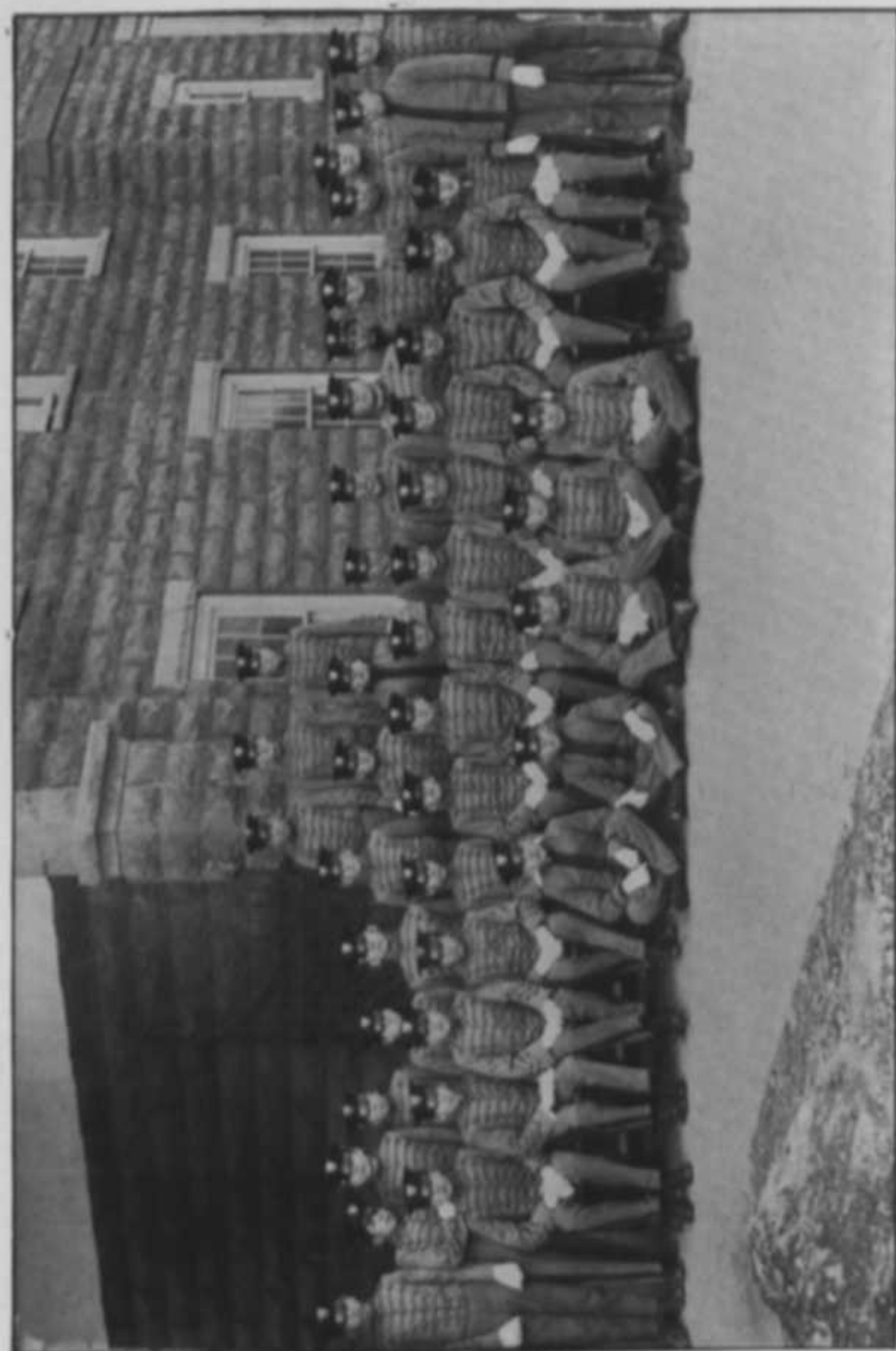
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| Brooks, R.  | Fleming     | McCormick, C. | Trost      |
| Criglar     | Guild       | McLenathen    | Tennant    |
| Cox         | Hornik      | Overington    | Urrea      |
| DePugh      | Jones       | Peters        | Villepigue |
| DeKruyff    | James       | Ross          | Wortendyke |
| Duke        | Kirtland    | Ringer        | Wainwright |
|             |             | Weingarten    |            |



## Bugle Corps

CHIEF MUSICIAN

SHELLEY

MUSICIANS

WITHINGTON

BECK

ARTHUR

EICHHORN

ELLIOTT, H.

LANYON

SNELL

WING

BUGLE CORPS





## Mirabile Dictu



AWTON OSBOURNE was for the second time on trial for his life, charged with the murder of his fellow man. At the previous term of court his case had resulted in a mis-trial. It had been, and still was, the all-important topic in Berke County. The circumstances surrounding the affair were not more peculiar than they were simple. The chief claim to notoriety, however, was the testimony of the two witnesses in the case. As there were but two, and as their testimony was short, I will give it here. One, James Holland, a close friend of the deceased and a prominent man in business circles, deposed and said: That he was walking with the deceased, Norman Bloodgood, along a country road near the town of Braxton; that, as they reached Early's X-roads, they came upon Osbourne and the second witness in the case, one Charles Pratt; that Osbourne drew a revolver, leveled it at Bloodgood and pulled the trigger, saying as he did so, "That's the ——— now."

The testimony of Pratt was very different. He claimed Bloodgood had pulled his pistol first and had said the words, whereupon Osbourne shot him in self-defense. Thus the testimony of the only two witnesses in the case were diametrically opposite — both were credible witnesses, to all appearances, as both had lived in the town for several years and were known quite well and favorably.

The case was now attracting attention from all over the State — the court-room was filled with reporters and telegraph instruments. The rumor had been going around that the prosecution was going to spring a surprise. The young attorney that was assisting the solicitor was energetic and ambitious and widely awake. He believed in reaching out into unknown and risky realms to achieve a reputation, if it could be done in no other way. He had overturned heaven and earth for more evidence — as to previous intent, unguarded remarks, etc., but there was nothing, absolutely nothing, to base the smallest hope on. He had racked his brain and despaired — when from the ashes of his despair there had risen an idea, bold even in its conception and surpassingly bold in its execution. He



consulted with the solicitor. That gentleman refused to share any responsibility. So Marsdale, the attorney, decided go to it alone.

The case was called, and after all the old evidence had been taken, Marsdale proved two things: First, that a drove of cows had passed the X-roads exactly ten minutes before the tragedy had taken place. Second, that the deceased had worn a white linen suit at the time of his death, while the other men had worn black. This piqued the curiosity of the crowd. They could see no connection, and it is a general human trait that when a man can see no connection and thinks that someone else does, he wonders and wants to learn — hence the curiosity. So, after whispering awhile with the judge, Marsdale turned and addressed the jury, "Gentlemen, as this is an extraordinary case, I am going to take an extraordinary measure. To make plain to you my object, I shall have to preface my experiment with a few explanatory remarks.

"As is well known in scientific circles, radiant light and reflected light travel in straight lines at the incredible rate of 186,000 miles per second. When we see anything it is not instantaneous, but we have to wait until the light that falls on the different things in action is reflected to us. Now take the application of this in Astronomy, — some stars are so far away that it takes their light from one to fifty or so years to get to us. Until the light gets to us we can see no star. On the other hand, if one of the stars should suddenly go out, we would see it for several years after it had no real existence. Arguing from this, and this is absolutely true and has been proven by scientists, if an observer were stationed, say, on the North Star, — which is about forty light-years away from us — and had a telescope powerful enough — instead of seeing the battle of Gettysburg in 1863, he would see it in 1903. A light-year, you understand, is the distance in space that light travels in a year — such an enormous figure that the distance is always expressed as a light-year. Now I've searched Astronomy over, and I find that there is a small planet exactly one and one-half light-years from us. The affair that is being tried here happened exactly one and one-half years ago. If we could have an observer there with a powerful telescope looking at the earth, in a very few minutes he would see the tragedy in which Norman Bloodgood lost his life — would see

it exactly as it happened and as it will keep on happening forever through space — for God's light never lies."

Marsdale sat down amid great silence. Then there was whispering, and finally tittering. Scintillations of a certain kind of wit embellished the atmosphere. Was this juggler of the stars going to take the jury up and let them look at the tragedy? Or maybe provide a mirror on the planet and let them sit for eighteen months longer, till it was reflected to their own eyes? All noise was stopped, however, as Prof. Kappa was called. He was a little man with long black hair, who had been in town for a few days — always seen in close communion with Marsdale. Then ensued the following:

"Are you a hypnotist?"

"I am."

"Can you pick out some one here, put him to sleep, and make him *with his eyes closed* believe that he sees, and thus point out correctly different individuals?" The Prof. said that he could and would. He selected a man from among the spectators who was willing, and put him through several stunts — among which were those that the attorney had requested. After this, interest began to pick up, and many were the conjectures of the people. The next thing, Marsdale called for any man in the jury that was a professional man, (wanting to get the most intelligent without hurting anyone's feelings). A young doctor arose and the attorney asked him would he consent to be hypnotised. The doctor was perfectly willing; so he was placed in a chair facing the jury, the Prof. made a few passes and got him to sleep. After testing his power, the Prof. told him that in exactly one minute he was going to find himself on a planet one a half light-years away from the earth. At the end of a minute Prof. Kappa snapped to his watch, and said:

"You are there?"

"Yes."

"Do you see that long tube stretching out into space about a mile?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a telescope. It is the largest ever imagined. It is pointed directly at the earth. Through it you can see men walking about on earth. The telescope is directed on Early's X-roads and is kept there by a mechanism of clock



work, so as to accommodate the telescope to the rotation of the earth. Now look through it and tell me what you see." The doctor looked through the telescope and had every appearance of anticipation and wonder.

"What do you see?" asked the Prof.

"I see now a drove of cows driven by three men, negroes. One of the negroes is beating a stray cow with a stick, and—" "All right, keep on looking until I tell you to speak again."

Turning to the jury, Marsdale said, "That's the herd of cows I had sworn to here this morning; exactly ten minutes after they passed, this tragedy took place. Wait for ten minutes."

The silence in the court room was profound. Not a man stirred. At the end of thirty seconds people commenced to look at their watches. Centuries seem to have passed when one minute was gone. The minutes at last dragged themselves out, however, and the Prof. told the witness to tell what he saw.

"I see a man with a light suit on, approaching with a companion. They are talking together very calmly, and walking leisurely. On the road that crosses this one, I see, approaching the cross, two other men both dressed in black. They are about to meet. The black suits see the others. One man in black draws a pistol and fires into the face—" At this instant, when everyone is on the tiptoe, our friend the prisoner gives vent to an unearthly yell, and falls over on the floor, as dead as traditional Hector.

Consternation prevailed. The second witness in the case attempted to go out quietly, but a deputy had him by the arm in a twinkling. He was made to mount the witness stand, and asked by the prosecuting attorney to tell them the truth. The judge promised him immunity from the charge of perjury (as he had no real legal evidence, anyhow.) So Pratt spoke:

"A long time ago, Bloodgood did Osbourne an unforgivable injury in the form of an insult to his mother. No one knew except his mother and myself. I knew that she loved Bloodgood, and consequently refrained from telling Osbourne until the old lady died. I considered it then my duty. The result you know. I decided to stand by my friend, as I had practically caused the meeting, and as I knew that Osbourne was guiltless before God. Therefore, gentlemen, I lied."

—H.

## The Goo Goo Man

Did you ever see the sandman  
With his muffled, ruffled troop?  
Then beware!

With his goo-goos all about him?  
Take your care!

Come a prowling 'round at night  
With their heads all out of sight,  
And, supposedly a sleeping,  
You were peeping out of fright?  
Swish! they ask if you're bad,  
You are bad.

And they lurch and tumble forward  
If you're bad!  
Oh, they come a roaring by  
Mocking, peering through one eye,  
And you know 'twere best to die  
Than be bad!

Did you ever hear the sandman  
With his gurgling, hurdling troop?  
Then beware!  
Grinning, giggling, snivelling bodies?  
Take you care!

Oh, they all are lean and fat,  
Going this way, going that;  
And when you are almost sleeping  
They are creeping o'er your mat.  
Swish! they ask if you're good,  
You are good.

And they bow and scrape away  
If you're good!

Oh, they are the best of boys,  
Goo-goo sandmen bring your toys,  
And they add to all your joys  
When you're good!

—B.



### The Past

The whirl of centuries blanked beneath the sun,  
To mourn of kingdoms whisp'ring thro the trees,  
The chant of nations once that ruled the seas,  
The wail of chieftains blending into one  
With those they served, the scent of lillies strewn  
By fairy hands that loved to live—all these,  
Endeared by Time, and sighed for by each breeze,  
And cherished by sweet memories o'er them blown,  
Adorn the Past ; and when the winter's snow  
That nursed the earth has lifted in the mists,  
And Nature comes, and on the hills June-kissed  
Rears up gay flowers, the same that used to grow,  
E'en they, in fragrance shed, help keep enshrined  
Within the heart the ravages of Time.

—B.



BARRACKS LOOKING SOUTH

## A Shattered Principality



THE daily train wound around the bend in the mountains and pulled into the city of Bordeaux, the capital of Gironde. Two men alighted and set off down the street. The first, a tall broad-shouldered man of about 24, indicated the city and the surrounding mountains with a wide sweep of his arm, remarking: "Just the same, Monsieur, just the same." "I suppose so," answered the other, a heavy built man, evidently of a lower class in society than his companion, yet possessed of an air of dignity and manliness not unprepossessing. "It was really foolish of you to arrive a day earlier than you told your people you would. Instead of walking calmly along with plain Monsieur LeCure for a companion you would be bowling up the boulevard in a royal carriage."

"This suits me," said the other carelessly. "Paris has made a good democrat of me, I hope."

"But not a socialist?" said Monsieur LeCure suggestively.

"No, Monsieur, I am afraid that I shall never be a socialist; it would hardly seem fit for Monsieur Charles Villiers, the son of the Prime Minister and the betrothed of the Duchess Catherine de Bordeaux, to join the ranks of socialism."

"Why not? greater men than you have done so."

"Now, that is unkind, Monsieur, I was just beginning to think myself a very great man. At any rate, I know I am a very happy one; in five minutes I shall see the Duchess. Some day we are to be married, you know. Were you ever in love, Monsieur?"

"I had a little touch last summer, when we were here," said the other, smiling.

"O, a Bordeaux maiden?"

"Yes, your Duchess' maid, Geanne Laporte."

"So? Well, I congratu—. By jove! there is the old place now."

They had turned a corner at this moment and the lofty castle of Chartres stood out in full view.



"And if that isn't de—, the Duchess walking in the garden," went on the young man, stopping short and peering through the bars, which separated the Palace gardens from the Boulevard. "I used to be able to climb that fence;" and, suiting the action to the word, he then drew his bag over, and started to climb up.

"*Au revoir, Monsieur,*" he called from the top of the fence. "I'll see you soon."

A lovely young girl who had been strolling in the gardens with an attendant, saw him coming, and hurried to meet him.

"Charles!" she cried joyfully, as he caught her in his arms.

"How is the Duke, Catherine?" he asked, after a long embrace.

"Oh, Father is very well," she answered, and at the mention of her father's name some of her buoyancy disappeared. The Duke Henry de Bordeaux as a father, was much like Duke Henry de Bordeaux as a sovereign, and the bitter hostility to him arising on all sides was sufficient proof of his harsh rule.

Four men were sitting around a massive table, set in the center of a large room. The short man, at the head, with a brilliant uniform of an Imperial Officer was Duke Henry IV, of Bordeaux. Next to him sat Count de Villiers, his Prime Minister. Opposite were M. Duhalliers, in command of the Palace Guard, and N. Clement, the King's agent.

"Gentlemen," the Duke was saying in his ponderous voice, "It has been rumored that my life is in danger. I have long been aware of the growth of the socialist and radical parties in Bordeaux, but nevertheless I believe this report unfounded; these men are not anarchists. I am not afraid, gentlemen, I have seen my share of fighting and have yet to find the man who calls Duke Henry a coward. Count de Villiers, however, advises precaution and it is to consider this that I have asked you to meet me here."

"The Palace Guard can defend your Highness," said M. Duhalliers briefly.

"I am not so sure of that," put in M. Clement. "Even in Prussia these people are gaining tremendous headway, and in this isolated principality there may be danger."

"I have a scheme which might interest you," announced the Prime Minister abruptly. "Since there may be danger, let us engage some trusted emissary, who can enter the ranks of our enemies, and report how far they have gone and are going."

"But whom dare we send?" cried the Duke, grasping eagerly at the suggestion.

"God knows!" remarked M. Clement.

"Surely there are some men you can trust," said M. Duhalliers. A deep silence fell upon the group, broken finally by Count de Villiers.

"I know of only one," he said.

"And he?" cried the Duke.

"My son."

"That boy? Impossible!"

"He is no longer a boy, your Highness; he has come into a man's estate, and he must be able to do a man's work."

"Can we depend upon him?" asked M. Clement.

"Dare you doubt it!" cried the Count, springing to his feet. "He is a Villiers."

The Duke rose ponderously. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he pleaded. "Let us have no dissension. God knows I have few friends enough as it is. Let us stick together. You, Count de Villiers, arrange with your son, and you, gentlemen, come with me."

\* \* \* \* \*

On the top floor of a little house on Rue des Fossogeurs, in the poorer quarter of Bordeaux, a dozen or more men sat reading, smoking, and talking. A few cheap pictures were hung upon the wall; a square table littered with books and periodicals stood in the center of the room, which on the whole seemed like nothing more than a working men's club.

As a matter of fact, this was a socialist organization which was recognized as the most powerful and most radical in Bordeaux. These men, poorly clad and unkempt, were the men



who were gradually gaining the control of the policies and destinies of the little principality in which they dwelt. They differed in theories to some extent, but all were united in a fierce and furious opposition to the reigning Duke.

Seated next to a tall thin Gascon, and eagerly discussing the political situation, was Charles de Villiers. It was seven months after the conference in the Palace and in that time the young man had wound his way into the midst of the organization. Though M. le Cure, his friend of Paris days, he had recently been admitted to the club and accorded the privileges of an actual member.

"Something must be done," the tall man was saying, in his queer South French accent. "You, Charles who have forsaken your title, your family, your Duke, your betrothed for the cause, you surely realize that we must cope in some way with the situation. The condition of the people is terrible and we — who alone can accomplish anything — we do nothing."

In his excitement he had raised his voice and most of the others had stopped to listen to him.

"Well, Beiruth, what do you advise?" spoke up a man at the farther end of the room.

"To be quite frank," declared the Gascon, "I advise assassination." There was a stir at his words, for, although the same thought had come to many who were present, he was the first to give utterance to it. Down in his heart Charles shuddered; this then, was the crisis. From this time on, it was his duty to protect his Sovereign's life. The long-awaited moment had come. It took these slow moving French Socialist-Anarchists a week to make up their minds; but then they had decided absolutely and unwaveringly.

One evening Beiruth arose and asked who was willing to carry through the undertaking. "You understand, gentlemen," he said, "that whoever goes will be taking his life in his hands. Once the Duke is killed, however, the Palace can easily be taken and there is little fear of the young Duchess making claims. Who among us will do this thing? We desire a man without family ties, and one who does not fear death. Consider well before you offer."





NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Charles saw clearly that, if he were chosen to assassinate Duke Henry IV he could fail in his attempt and indefinitely postpone the matter; possibly until the agitation blew over; while if anyone else were selected it might be impossible to guard the Duke against the danger that threatened him. These things flashed through his mind and forced him to his feet almost before Beiruth had finished speaking. "I offer myself," he said simply.

After much discussion and hesitation he was accepted, and indeed, many of the members seemed quite well satisfied that they had not been selected. The date was fixed for March 9, when the Duke would lead the parade in honor of the five-hundredth anniversary of that city.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the first time in several months, Charles slipped into the Palace from his cheap lodging from Rue des Cassette. It was vitally necessary for him to acquaint his father and the Duke with the news, and it was for this purpose that he had risked coming to the Palace.

When he had told this story, the Count outlined a plan of action.

"You load your pistol with blank cartridges, Charles, and stand at the corner of the Boulevard and Quai de Ferraille. As soon as you have fired, run down the street and slip into number twenty-eight. The house is vacant, as I have happened to know, and the soldiers will be instructed not to search it. In this way you will be enabled to rejoin the club, and they will not dare to try again for many months. Meanwhile we can gradually remove them."

As Charles left the room where his father and the Duke had met him he felt an overpowering desire to see Catherine. Instead of slipping down the side alley which he always used, he went down the main corridor and stopped before the apartment of the Duchess. She, by chance, was coming out.

"Charles!" she cried when she saw him, piercing the folds of cloak which obscured his face.

"Hush dear," he whispered; covering her mouth with his hand. "I am not supposed to be here. I should have



gone away secretly as I came, but I could not resist the temptation to come here first." He drew her into a curtain alcove and here they talked for a few moments, as lovers will, and then Charles retreated down the corridor, confident that he had been seen by no unfriendly eyes. But a woman, the Duchess' maid Jeanne, peered around the corner as he disappeared and muttered to herself, "This will be news for M. le Cure," and she smiled as she pictured M. le Cure kissing her again as he had done on his return from Paris when he met her in the forest. Yes, this would be interesting news to him, the report of young Charles' treachery. For his connection with the Socialist Society was no secret and although he had deserted his Duke and his father for the principles with which he had been imbued at Paris.

Charles slipped out through a side entrance and was back to his lodgings on the Rue des Cassette. That night he could not sleep, first one thing and then another would come into his mind. Finally he got up, lit the light and read a book which lay on the table. He did not know how long he read, but it seemed to him but a short time, till reading became hard, the print faded and his eyes closed. When he awoke the day was well upon its way, the clock had just struck half past nine. He hurried and dressed himself, thinking all the time of the exciting day which was before him. After eating a little breakfast he lighted a cigar and walked slowly down the street toward the club rooms.

It was nearing twelve o'clock, the time he was to meet the members who were to give him his final instructions and the brand of the order. The ceremony necessitated his stripping and being marked on the right hip with the serpent, symbol of the society. He left at half past twelve with the good wishes of the members, and took his appointed stand at the corner of Boulevard Quai de Ferraille. For two hours he waited, while the crowd increased, until the streets were lined with the people. Quai de Ferraille however, thanks to the efforts of the soldiers were surprisingly clear.

At a little before three, the head of the procession appeared. After the Palace Guards, in their brilliant uniform, came the Royal carriage containing the Duke and his Prime Minister.

With a tightening of his heart strings, Charles wrenched out his pistol and fired. Once—twice—thrice, the pistol spoke, and the Duke, with a cry of pain, half arose and fell back into his seat. What caused all this? Why was there blood on the Duke's forehead? What did it all mean? Charles, terrified and astounded, stood with one arm extended, oblivious to his surroundings and forgetful of all pre-arranged plans, until he was seized by soldiers and dragged away to the Palace.

All that happened then seemed to the bewildered youth like a horrible dream. He was thrown into a cell and there he lay for hours, listening to the cry of the mob without the Palace, and moaning over and over, "My God, I did not mean it! They were all blank when I loaded the pistol. "Oh! My God, I didn't mean it!" Finally his father came to him wild-eyed and furious. "You dog," he cried, shaking the bars in his frenzy. "You are no son of mine, no de Villiers was ever a traitor and a murderer. I denounce you, you shall be executed tomorrow. The Duke is dead; do you hear me? The Duke is dead, and by my son's hand. Oh! my God, the disgrace of it!" And the great frame of the old nobleman was shaken with sobs as he went down the corridor.

Meanwhile the mob outside, urged on by the Socialist leaders, were howling around the Palace, and about ten o'clock in the evening they began the attack. The assault grew fierce, the crowd kept increasing every moment. Finally, as the crowd kept pressing nearer and nearer M. Duhalliers rashly ordered the troops to fire. It was as the spark to powder, for the most of the bullets passed over their heads, the people became enraged beyond measure. Advancing with all kinds of weapons they swept across the Court-yard, drove the soldiers into the Palace and set fire to portions of the building. For two hours the battle raged and it was evident to all, the Palace could not withstand the attack much longer. M. Duhalliers had been killed by a chance bullet and the soldiers were fighting from the windows without order or commander.

In the meantime the fire in the south wing had progressed until it had almost reached Charles' cell. His body servant, a faithful soul, got to him in some way and let him out.



Half stifled with the smoke, Charles reeled down the corridor to the front of the Palace. As he came up a man standing at a window fell, and Charles seized his musket. Catherine crouching in a corner, saw him in the flash of a rifle and came to him. With a crashing of musketry all around her and the howling of the mob rising from the court below, she crawled to his side and clasped his knees. All her grief vanished before this new and terrible danger, and to his utter astonishment she pleaded, "Save me, Charles!"

For a moment he held her in his arms, as he half carried her to a couch in a near room. Back he rushed, a new man. Catching up de Villiers sword, he ran from man to man, ordering him to leave his post and descend to the main floor, where the horses were gathered. Awed by his determined manner and glad of any commander, they obeyed, scarcely knowing what they did.

His voice was heard through the smoky air, as he came down the stairs with Catherine hanging on his arm.

"Mount!" he cried, wrenching open the gate door, and the troopers tumbled into their saddles.

Straight through the threatening crowd the little company charged. Almost before the people realized it, they were gone, leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind them, galloping madly down the road with a large black horse in the center who bore a double burden.

Now that they were out of danger and off on the road to Munich, the astonishment which had been uppermost in his mind forced him to speak. He bent down to her, as he held her before him on the plunging horse, and shouted through the pounding of hoofs and clinking of sabers, "Catherine!"

She turned in his grasp and looked at him with a faint smile trembling on her lips.

"Catherine," he repeated brokenly. "What does this mean? How can you — how could you? After that —"

"I know everything, Charles. In the moment of my deepest despair, after they had brought me word that you had killed father, that wretched girl, Jeanne, my maid, thinking that the Socialists had triumphed, came to taunt me, and in her anger revealed the whole secret. It was a great trick you

thought to play the society, but they played you one better. When you left your clothes in the outer room to go in and be branded, they took the blank cartridges from your revolver and replaced them with bullets."

"But who discovered the plan?" gasped Charles.

"Jeanne, the maid, saw you when you came to me that night in the Palace and she is the sweetheart of your Socialist friend, M. le Cure."

"And you, you forgive me, Catherine?"

"Poor boy," she answered, "There is nothing to forgive." And there in the shadow of the French forests with madly galloping horses on every side, they plighted their troth, and prepared to face the world together, leaving behind them the ruins of a shattered principality.

—ARTHUR M. CLARKE. '08. S. M. A

### Poem

We've been together, fellows,  
For several years, or so,  
But soon's the parting, fellows,  
And now we hate to go.

We'll face the world to fight it,  
For name, wealth or renown,  
But we'll not play low, or sneaky,  
Nor strike when the other's down.

For life's not much of roses,  
There no royal road to fame,  
But we are paid many times ov'r,  
If we leave it just a name.

But a name that's clean and spotless,  
Not sullied, soiled or disgrac'd;  
For the gaze of the world is ruthless,  
And the guilty can't look in its face.

### The Barges of Life

Oh, the joy to dream  
Of life's wide stream  
When the barges put forth to sea,  
What the years will bring,  
What fond hearts will sing,  
What the nights and days will be.  
And to watch the lands as they sink from view  
Past the western hills 'cross the vast dim blue,  
And to watch and to pray all the long years thro,  
'Till age, old age comes on ;  
'Till the great white sails pierce the heaviest gales,  
Or death—or death comes on.  
And the ships that ride  
On life's broad time  
Are built, some staunch and strong ;  
And those that are weak  
Have no harbors to seek  
When the nights and the days are long.  
But the strong ships cleave every boisterous wave,  
And they toss off the billows that gather and rave—  
They are there at the harbor the Master gave  
When age, old age comes on  
While the weak ships toss in the yawning troughs  
When death—when death comes on.

—B.





MUSICAL CLUB

### When Love's Away

Though far away, somehow methinks you're near  
 Me all the while, from dawn to set of sun.  
 There's something in the night winds when they come  
 From 'cross the miles that whisper greetings dear,  
 And something in the night birds croonings drear  
 That stills my soul of thoughts of only one.  
 Only of you, sweetheart, my love dreams run ;  
 Of you alone I'm thinking when there's cheer.  
 And when the cares of life would seek to sting—  
 When lightsome hearts would burden and oppress—  
 Sweet peace have I—the world is cold at best—  
 Sweet peace I have, and yet have everything.

Though far away, dream queen, across the ways  
 Sweet peace have I, and you, and endless praise.

—B.



## The Fair to the Brave

### CHAPTER I



JUST why Madge Anderson asked Capt. Raymond for a line up of the game I can not venture to say. It was at the first dance of the season and the last waltz had just been encored. Raymond drew a slip of paper from his pocket and put it in the hand that rested on his shoulder. Madge scanned the list of names from top to bottom, not pausing in the dance. Then she opened her large brown eyes wider and stared at them again.

"Is this complete?" she asked looking up at him.

He nodded carelessly in assent.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "I thought that Phil was decidedly our best quarter-back and drop kicker."

He offered no explanation.

The music ceased and the dancers passed slowly up the hall and down the big stair case. At the landing by the old-fashioned clock, she turned to him.

"Do you know," she said, "that you have put Tom Tredwell down for quarter-back?"

"Yes, I know it," he replied looking down the stairs, and the blood mounted to his face.

"Who made out this list?" she asked with an angry flash in her eyes.

"I did," he gruffly replied, "And no changes will be made under any consideration."

"Come, Madge," cried Phil, now catching sight of her below, "wont you please lead us in the cheer? It will be the last one before the game."

She took her place on the landing and they gathered in the room before her. "One, two, three," and they cheered with a vim.

When they had all said goodbye and the door closed after the last one, Madge flew into her cousin's arms.

"May! May!" she gasped, "listen to me, dear. Oh! it's awful! Phil is not going to play to-morrow! They will

lose the game, I know they will. Fred Raymond is—is jealous of Phil and has taken his name from the line up. It's horrible! He is a—a—a coward. May, what will we do?"

May started for the door. "I will run and overtake him—we must let him know what to expect and—."

"No! No! May, dear, you mustn't—I will run and tell him. I must!"

"No, you must not—if your mother knew—."

"May! Oh May! I have it, I will let him know. Wait here a little while."

She ran upstairs and shortly re-appeared. She had an armful of dark garments and laughed a roguish, defiant, little laugh as she tripped across the hall.

"Madge what are you—"

"Never mind honey, just come into the library and help me into these. They're only Bob's business suit and rain coat."

She fled into the library, followed by May, and the doors closed after them.

Soon the doors parted gently and a timid head peeped out.

"I guess it is all right, Madge. Wait, I'll turn down the light."

"Bob's tailor is a wonder," said Madge, regarding herself in the mirror. "Advantages of having a brother your own size."

May opened the door a trifle and a ray of light from the street shone in and lingered on Madge. Below the shadow of her hat her sweet lips tried hard to smile, but the delicate features were colorless. There was a shout in the street and May quickly closed the door.

"Hark! What was that?" she asked.

"It's—it's the team, thank goodness!" said Madge. "They've been taking Blyn Rua home and are attending to Bub Hicks now."

Madge opened the door and slipped out. She singled out Phil Rand almost instantly, and, coming close up to him said, in a harsh voice, "Ran! Beg pardon, sir—a word with you." He turned quickly and looked at the newcomer.



"Certainly," he said, and fell back from the group. Then she turned towards him and said, "It is only I, Phil, and I want —"

"Madge! For Heaven sake —"

"Never mind me, now, it's you. Do you know you can't play to-morrow? Raymond intends to keep you out of the game to-morrow, for reasons of his own — perhaps you can guess."

"What? I don't think he would dare!"

"He has dared," she replied, "and he has put Tom Tredwell's name on the list, instead, and intends to stick by it. Here it is but please don't let him do it, Phil. You must play, or Staunton will lose the game."

He took the bit of paper and the hand that held it, while she looked up with a rare smile.

"Madge," he said, "I thank you and I will always remember you for this, and — you know we won't lose the game if I can help it."

"I must go," she said. "There is a little talisman for you. Good night!" She slid a gold bracelet into his hand and ran away.

## CHAPTER II

It was a gray November afternoon. The North wind swept dismally over the gridiron and blustered through the grandstand, fluttering veils and draperies and tingling cheeks and brightening eyes in a truly winter fashion. It vigorously flapped hundreds of gay pennants. There seemed to be a decidedly heat-producing method in exercising the lungs, and there was a distinguishable warmth to the mighty roaring cheers that rolled out to the ears of the contesting teams. Owing to the importance of the game, there was naturally a thrill in the hearts of the spectators, and this stimulated by the cold was inflamed to intense excitement.

All through the first half the blue and gold line of Staunton had persistently hurled itself at the garnet walls of Woodberry Forest.

Staunton's rushes were skillful, fast and heavy, and Woodberry's resistance was equally sure and stubborn. The end of

the first half drew near, and neither side had scored. Again Woodberry kicked from her twenty-yard line. On the next rush Staunton's half-back was knocked out, and Staunton lost the ball, Woodberry held it on Staunton's thirty-yard line. Woodberry's men now played like fiends. They rushed the exhausted men in gold and blue, who could not stay them. They carried the ball over for a touch-down. They kicked the goal and time was called. The score now stood Woodberry 6, Staunton 0.

The military boys jogged out on the field again and took their places much refreshed. Towards the end of the last half they pushed the ball over Woodberry's goal for a touch down, but the cheers died in a howl of dismay as Fred Raymond kicked and the ball rebounded from the goal-post. There was a deafening uproar. The score was now Woodberry 6; Staunton 5.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alone in the team's quarters stood a player in a blue sweater. He watched the game through the window. As the game progressed he forgot his surroundings; everything faded from his mind but the struggling teams. His whole figure was tense and his eyes never left the play. At Woodberry's desperate touchdown he shook from head to foot and big tears rolled down his face. His throat seemed to close and almost suffocate him. When Staunton scored he rushed forward and fell headlong over a bench. He leaped up and looked again. At Raymond's failure he threw up his arms and half sobbed: "God help me, now!" and then dashed out of the door.

"Rand! Rand! Where the devil are you!" shouted the blue and gold coach. He met Rand running toward him from the training quarters, and grasping him by the shoulders, shouted, "Rand, I want you! Can you do it? One of your old kicks, you know, that you've made in practice so many times. It's your only hope, boy! Now go! Save the game!"

The tired men in blue and gold cheered him as he took his place, and the cheer was echoed by the grandstand. Gordon kicked and Woodberry fell on the ball within her thirty yard line. It looked as if there would be time for only a few more



rushes before the game would end and Staunton would lose. Woodberry fumbled and a Staunton man was on the ball. A cheer rolled out and the line formed again.

No one dreamed that a kick could be made at such a distance. Yet that was the formation and they held their breath and watched. Rand dropped back and the tottering line held the wall of garnet. Deliberate and coolly Rand got off his kick. Like a shot the ball left his toe, soared upward, tottered a moment as a squall of wind tried to overhaul it, gained its balance and flew on its course between the posts of the goal.

A terrific, deafening uproar, like the breaking loose of a cataract burst from the grandstand.

The time-keeper waved his arms for the end of the half, and the whole frenzied crowd surged forth on the field.

The utterly exhausted men were disentangled from the mass and when the first of the shouting crowd had arrived on the scene, all had arisen but one who lay with his white face turned upward and his eyes closed. They saw the pallor on his features.

"He is hurt! He is hurt!" The cry passed from mouth to mouth and the rush ceased.

The doctor bent over him; and on the other side knelt a neatly gowned young woman. Her sweet face was pale and calm as she tenderly stroked his hair and brushed the dust from his forehead. When the doctor had cut the sweater away from his throat a gold bracelet suspended by a blue ribbon lay on his breast. The eyes of the girl rested upon it for a moment, and the doctor saw and understood.

"Doctor" she pleaded, "May I have him put in my auto, it is right here, and may I take him home?"

"Yes, dear, you may," said the doctor. "He is unconscious, but it is not serious. Have the auto started and I will go with you."

They raised him into the spacious tonneau and his disheveled head with the strong pallid face was pillowed in Madge's lap.

The days dragged slowly by. The accident had really proved to be serious and an operation was deemed necessary. Madge made an excellent relief nurse. The little white cap and apron brought out a new phase in her unsurpassed beauty.

After a long night of watching she awoke one morning to find the sun streaming in at her window, and glancing at the clock exclaimed, "Why it's eleven o'clock."

As she hastened down the hall, one of the nurses met her.

"It is all over, Madge," she said, "and he is now conscious."

"A — May I?" questioned Madge plaintively.

"He is alone now," said the nurse smiling into Madge's inquiring eyes.

Madge glided out and up to the door of his room. The figure on the bed moved slightly and she paused in the half open door. He saw the cap and apron and the tender serious face; she saw his strong, pale features, the bandage and the hands on the cover, and each saw tears in the other's eyes.

"Phil," she said with a smile, "You have been very ill, and should be quiet."

"I know, Madge, but please tell me. I think everyone knows but me, and I have waited long enough. Did we win the game? — did my kick go over? I want to know from your own lips."

She moved swiftly toward the bed-side — "You may," she said, and gently kissed him.

MARK A. CORTHELL.





## The S. M. A.

There's that bugle, that awful noise,  
Get up you lazy, sleepy boys!  
Fall in on time, or walk the beat,  
And when dismissed, yourself dressed neat.  
At breakfast call your shoes shined bright,  
Your standing collar high and white,  
Toes turned out, coat buttoned tight,  
Answering your name at breakfast roll call,  
Then "squads right" and "column left"  
To the Mess Hall.

At eight o'clock we clean our rooms,  
Making our beds, and using our brooms,  
Then "Cop" inspection comes around,  
The officer in charge, looks up and down.  
He finds some dust, and says you're stuck,  
You swear and cuss, it's just your luck.  
School takes in, and you look wise,  
Just as do the other guys.  
Ah, at last, the dinner call!  
All fall in—to the Mess Hall.

We wait and listen, for the mail has come,  
Staying till the last, for we may get some.  
If so, on this letter our thoughts only roam,  
For it might be from "her," or maybe from home.  
We then get our guns and prepare for drill,  
And must at command of, "Attention" stand still.  
Drill lasts an hour, though it seems like two.  
We go on the run when at last we are through.  
Free from all duties, we have no beat,  
'Till at last our time's up by the notes of "Retreat"  
Fall in! To the Mess Hall.

After supper, or retreat, to our rooms we can go,  
And stay 'till the Study Hall's bugle may blow,  
We from seven fifteen 'till that much past nine,  
When at last the bell sounds and we leave in a line.  
We go to our rooms, and have light until "taps"  
Then around comes the corporal, on our door he raps—  
"All in" he calls, to the next door he goes,  
Not trying to walk silent nor tipping on his toes.  
No more inspections till the one at mid-night,  
When the officer in charge comes around with a light.  
We are at reveille again, that awful noise,  
Get up, you lazy, sleepy boys!

—ROBERT JAMES MALONE.

## Melancholy, a Saxon Trait of English Literature

I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and  
nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own.



S Poe pointed out in his "Poetic Principle," there is a touch of sadness associated with every sentiment of the beautiful whether expressed in sculpture, painting, music or poetry. We shall endeavor to show that this is especially true of English Poetry.

The home and training of the old Saxon are in some degree responsible for this vein of melancholy in our literature. Our ancestors lived in a bleak and inhospitable country of northern Europe where fogs prevailed, and where the sun even in summer shone fitfully.

There in their rude homes they would sit during the long winter evenings around their huge log fires, while the rain fell in torrents on the roughly thatched roof, thinking how life had promised them much and had given them little. Often, no doubt, they thought of a brighter and happier land:

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly.

For the Frost-Giants were ever their enemy, and they often wished for the Valkyrias, Odin's maidens, on their cloud-like steeds to carry them to the Island-Valley of Avillon, there at the feast of the heroes, in Valhalla, to eat of the magic boar and to drink of the magic ale. Our ancestors were happiest on the sea. They were a race of hardy sailors

That ever with a welcome frolic took  
The thunder and the sunshine.

They were valiant warriors, and consummate fighters, always loyal to their chief. Huge feeders even to gluttony and deep drinkers even to drunkenness, these savages that they



were, cherished a high regard for woman and had a deep love for home. In such a rude society, in such a rigorous climate, only the strongest could survive in the absence of the comforts of civilization. At the beginning of authentic history, we find heredity and environment working in the Saxon race to produce those physical and mental qualities that were destined to dominate the political and literary history of the world.

To them life was short and death certain. It was the duty of every man to behave like a hero, and to do some noble deed worthy of note. Fatalists they were, but a fatalism embedded deep in a religious nature that in later centuries was to make them the greatest of Christian nations.

The circumstances of climate and environment gave a somber cast to the Teutonic mind that a thousand years of civilization have not been able to cast off. This fact must be borne in mind to understand and appreciate our literature. The theme of ancient English Poetry was the love of the sea and of war, with a deep fatalism breathing through the whole of it. Beowulf, the national hero of the Saxons, was a warrior and a sailor who, in knightly valor (though not in fame) takes rank with Achilles and Ulysses.

Fate, that power against which the gods are helpless, is first seen historically, in Greek tragedy; Aeschylus showed its force. But Shakespeare, in "Macbeth," could not have used fate so effectively had he not been a Saxon. "In drunken revelry and minstrel song" the early English with unflinching fortitude looked death steadily in the face. From an ancient poem we read:

One shall sharp hunger slay;  
One shall the storms beat down;  
One be destroyed by darts,  
One die in war.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Musing and mourning,  
With death in his mind.

The same "haunting sense" of the power of fate recurs again and again; but, as Pancoast says, "with no outburst of complaint, but with a stoical and unflinching acceptance." This gloom of the Saxon mind, however, did not make them Epicu-

reans, but rather made them behave like heroes who, in the rush of battle and the excitement of the tempest, braved every danger. "This splendid seriousness" has been deeply implanted in the race and has inspired our greatest songs. "This haunting sense of the shortness of life," this spirit of the old England, with its northern melancholy, lives again in Shakespeare, Milton and Tennyson, and all other poets in the Pantheon of English Poesy.

Grace, elegance and ease were added to the language when the refined and quick-witted Norman intermarried with the slow-moving and somewhat sluggish Saxon, producing a literature superior to that of the old English. The Norman blood in Shakespeare speaks in a romantic and imaginative way in "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" the Saxon blood in Shakespeare speaks in a gloomy and thoughtful manner in "Hamlet." Which of the two is more widely read and admired by the race? In the answer to this question, it will be found that we are still essentially Saxon.

In examining our representative English poets, we shall see that their noblest poems have much of sadness in them. We find Shakespeare likening life to a fitful fever:

Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

The most famous soliloquy in any literature is that in which Hamlet debates the question of suicide, beginning with those words known to every school boy:

To be, or not to be: that is the question.

Milton, in the greatest epic of the modern world, chose the fall of man for his theme, involving death as the penalty of disobedience:

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.



Burns, our supreme singer of love songs, pauses even in humorous "Tam o'Shanter" to write:

But pleasures are like poppies spread  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts forever;  
Or like the Borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the Rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm.

Wordsworth, with a Teutonic love for the elemental passions that lie close to the heart of humanity, writes of the Solitary Reaper:

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago;  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of today?  
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,  
That has been and may be again?

There is a mysterious beauty in the music that Coleridge describes in the "Ancient Mariner":

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

What is more beautiful than these lines from Tom Moore's Irish Melodies:

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon the light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consign'd us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

Byron, in his energy and impatience of restraint, possessed the gloomy and combative nature of the old Saxon:

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,  
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;  
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,  
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind  
Bears the cloud onwards: in that tale I find  
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears  
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,  
O'er which all heavily the journeying years  
Plod the last sands of life—where not a flower appears.

In the "Ode to the Skylark" Shelly, the noblest voice of the Revolution, writes these lines, possessing a haunting beauty:

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
When some pain is fraught.

These lines from Keats are as immortal as the language:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown;  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-time hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

In a characteristic title, "The Bridge of Sighs," Hood writes his most famous poem. We quote one stanza:

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world.



A feeling of sadness pervades the light, dainty lyrics of the Cavalier Poets. A certain gloom is mingled with sprightliness; and the old Saxon thought of the shortness of life speaks again with a disdainful and courageous voice. We give one stanza from Herrick as representative of the whole:

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying;  
And this same flower that smiles to-day  
Tomorrow may be dying.

In the wholesome and artistic verses of Tennyson, a gloomy seriousness tinged and colored the thought of this great poet of a scientific age. The call to action, the restlessness of the race is heard in lines like these from *Ulysses*, one of the noblest fragments of blank verse in the language:

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:  
There gloom the dark broad sears. My mariners,  
Souls that have toil'd and wrought, and thought with me—  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;  
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;  
Death closes all: but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep  
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.

The fighting spirit of the old Saxon, proud and defiant, speaks again in Browning:

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go;  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,  
The heroes of old.

Matthew Arnold, the greatest literary critic of the nineteenth century, was in some respects true to his English blood when he gives us the bent of his mind in these dark and sceptical verses:

For what avail'd it, all the noise  
And outcry of the former men?—  
Say, have their sons achieved more joys,  
Say, is life lighter now than then?  
The sufferers died, they left their pain—  
The pangs which tortured them remain.

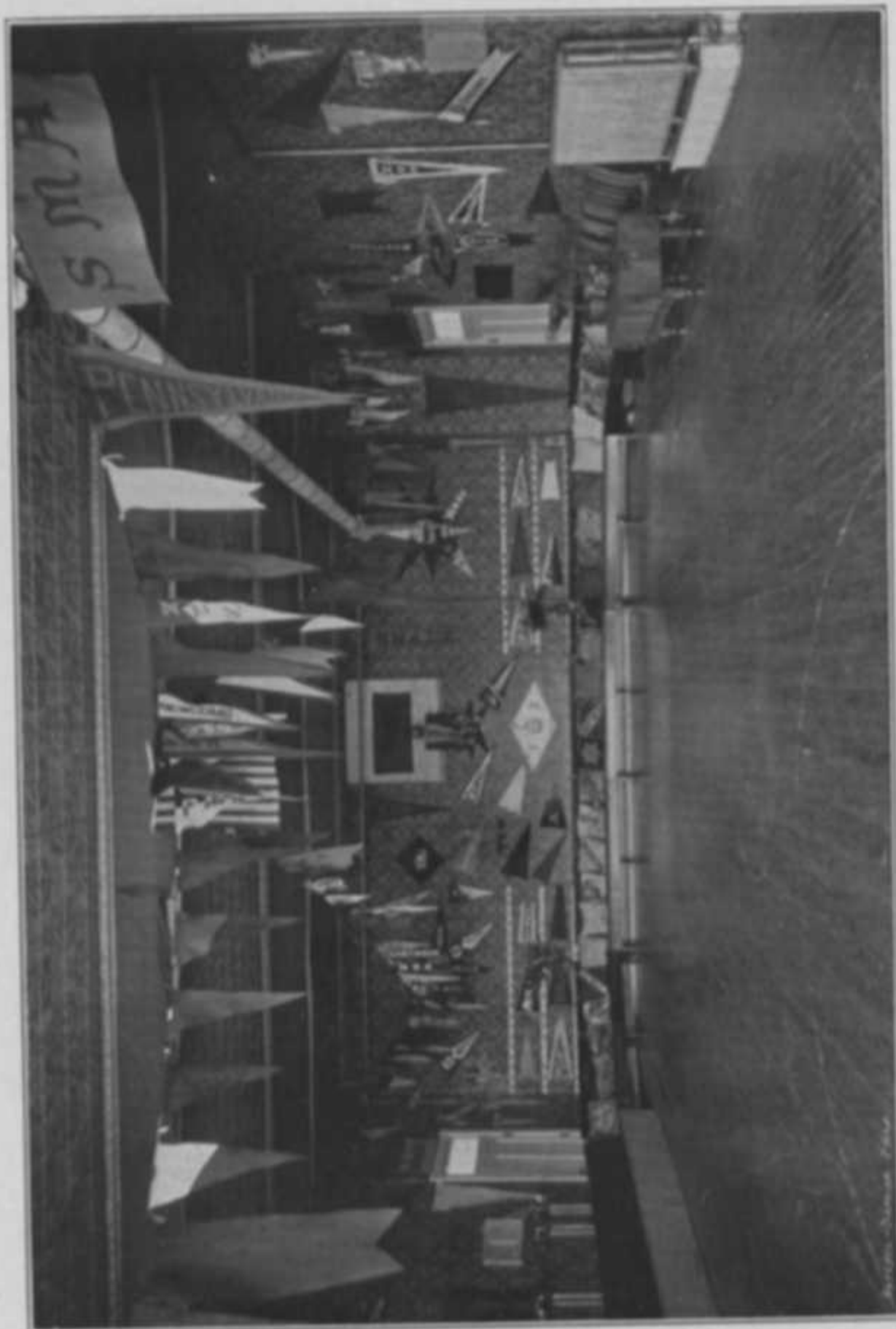
The religious and serious tone of the Teutonic mind is mirrored in Kipling's "Recessional":

God of our Fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!



**H**ERE'S to the M. B. S. girl,  
She's far sweeter than some,  
For while she talks she speaks no slang  
And chews no chewing gum.

—BROOKS, '09.



DANCING HALL



## German Club

### OFFICERS

#### PRESIDENT

CADET LIEUTENANT WM. M. STRAWN

#### VICE-PRESIDENT

CADET CAPTAIN N. H. GROSVENOR

#### SECRETARY AND TREASURER

CADET LIEUTENANT E. D. FERRELL

#### FLOOR COMMITTEE

CADET CAPTAIN J. C. THOMPSON

CADET CAPTAIN DEWEES N. CRAWFORD



## Social Life at S. M. A.



THE Social life at S. M. A. this year has been a most enjoyable one, the Faculty as well as the Cadets taking an active interest. By Captain Kable's permission, the Cadets have every two weeks an informal dance in the gymnasium. On these occasions some fifteen or twenty couples dance to the music furnished by the school orchestra. Many a young Cadet, and Faculty Officer, too, has passed away many pleasant hours, — not to speak of the "love affairs" that have grown out of these dances.

The three great events which are looked forward to and enjoyed the most are the Thanksgiving, George Washington, and Final Hops. Upon these occasions the "Gym." is decorated with hundreds of flags, college and school pennants. These, together with the gay uniforms of both Cadets and Faculty and the lovely gowns of their fair partners, make a most delightful scene.

Though they were all enjoyable, the George Washington was decidedly the best Hop of the year. The patronesses at this dance were: Mrs. Kable, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Bryson, Mrs. Tiller, Mrs. Neal, and Miss Emma Hoge. Those dancing, not among the "stags," were: Miss Mary Shreckhise with Cadet Captain Thompson, Miss Margaret Geddes with Cadet Captain Fretwell, Miss Massie Kable with Capt. T. G. Russell, Miss Massie Kirby with Cadet Corporal Burrell, Miss Frances Opie with Cadet Coldwell, Miss Janet Bear with Cadet Thomson, Miss Argene Andrews with Cadet Lieutenant Small, Miss Reba Andrews with Cadet Sergeant Reynolds, Miss Loretta Walters with Cadet Howell, Miss Virginia May with Capt. C. M. Drummond, Miss Laura Wise with Cadet Zurhurst, Miss Mary Hutchinson with Cadet Lieutenant Mann, Miss Alice Hibbert with Cadet Lieutenant Davidson, Miss Mabel Hibbert with Cadet Dufton, Miss Elise Haile with Cadet Sergeant Major Hardy, Miss Ellen Kirk with Cadet Hopper, Miss Rachel Speck with Cadet Lieutenant Strawn, Miss Janet Miller with Cadet Lieutenant Ferrell, Miss Helen Denney with Cadet First Sergeant Brua, Miss Louise Donovan with Cadet Corporal Hoeflich, and Miss Olive Timberlake with Mr. W. G. Woodward.

— H. B. L.

— W. M. S.





## Social Notes

Among the brilliant Social Stars who have developed during this term, the name of Richard ("Dick") Reynolds stands foremost.

Capt. Crawford, better known as "Brilliant-Cheeked Buzz" is contemplating a trip to Asbury Park in the near future.

The many concerts (?) given by the Mandolin Club have greatly brightened the dull, monotonous Cadet life. Besides being quite accomplished musically, they are very nice to look at.

Capt. and Mrs. Dick received a very valuable Christmas present. Mr. Stork was the donor.

Through the influence exerted by Capt. Daniel, the Cadets have had to discontinue their little midnight lunches. This is to be greatly deplored, as much pleasure was derived from these simple little "peanut-butter and cracker" affairs.

"Griz" Maxwell's trip to Lexington can hardly be termed a success, socially. He says, "It is hard luck, when Mamma answers the bell, with a revolver in her hand!"

There is one class that the boys are never late to, and which they never try to "skip", of course we mean the Dancing Class. We take this opportunity to thank the Misses Andrews for the creditable way in which they conduct the Class, and the pleasant hours we spent in their company.

George Ade and his "College Widow" were not successful the first year. Wonder if it will be the same with Cadet Sergeant Harper?

"Two little boys loved one little girl,  
And the result was lots of trouble;  
If this one little girl loves the two little boys,  
Well, she'll have to marry them double!"

—ANONYMOUS.

Henderson Liggett looked rather lonesome at the George Washington Hop. Was it Hardy's fault?

On the evening of Dec. 17th, the Delta Chapter of the Upsilon Gamma Sigma held its semi-annual banquet at Cohen's Lunch Parlors.

Captain Drummond likes "Virginia," and "May" stay here some time. The blue (sk) eyes and soft, golden hair, (beg pardon,—we mean: soft, golden sunlight), seem to please him very much.

Miss Ellen Kirk, of Hamilton Institute, and Miss Louise Doniphan, of Chevy Chase, attended our George Wahington Hop.

We, the Cadets of S. M. A., wish to humbly thank Miss Weimar and Miss Duval for the pleasure of gazing at and admiring, (at a distance), their bewitchingly beautiful girls, as they gracefully wend their way from street to street in their afternoon walks. Our appreciation is clearly shown by our constant and respectful attendance.

Capt. Daniel's visit to Washington during the holidays was a howling success. Even his time on the train was pleasantly spent in the perusal of "Mad Madge; or, The Strength of a Woman's Love" (Expo. Edition).

"May this umbrella dutifully guard you, both from rain and sun."  
—THOMPSON, C.

"May this necklace ever be suspended from thy beautiful neck."  
—GROSVENOR, N.

"Seven Hungry Souls," or in other words, seven of Staunton's most beautiful daughters, through the generosity of several S. M. A. Cadets, dined sumptuously at Cohen's on Tuesday, March 2nd.

If "George," of Cherry Tree Fame, could have been a participant at our George Washington Hop, he would gladly have said, "I have not lived in vain."



"Love is a mysterious thing," quoth Harry Karnes. "Once upon a time, not many moons ago, when I gazed upon a 'Nickle', a curious feeling played tag up and down my spinal column. Now, gee! there is nothing to it. I can think about or look at anything—even a bunch of 'Lilies', which cost many 'Nickles', without the slightest thought of sentiment; but just let me see that big, red auto of Walters', and I feel—well, heavenly is the best word to express my feelings."

Remarked a wise Cadet: "If S. M. A. was a finishing school for M. B. S. graduates, or if M. B. S. would admit S. M. A. graduates, the INSTRUCTORS of both institutions would never have any trouble about neglected lessons,"

The Initial Banquet of the Phi Chapter of Delta Sigma Nu was held November 28th, at the Beverley Hotel.

Captain Daniel entertains quite frequently the Staff and Non-Commissioned Staff-Officers in his Royal Apartments, Suites 300. Although these social gatherings have been strictly "SOCIAL" to outsiders, yet if the truth were known, several young ladies of ye towne of Staunton, and two in particular, would be quite "fussed" at the great legal procedures, points of law, allegations, etc., which entered into the discussion of a WEIGHTY QUESTION: Who shall be Sponsor for the Staff? Anyone wishing further information may be granted same by application to Thompson, C., Clerk of Court, or to Capt. Linn, Prosecuting Attorney.



## Upsilon Gamma Sigma Toast

(TO OUR BROTHER AND HIS SWEETHEART)

"Here's to the Girl who is loyal,  
She is one of those who are Blessed  
By wearing the Sacred Devil's Head  
Of the boys of U. G. S.

"Here's to our Fraternal Brother,  
May he strive to worthy be  
Of the Fair Maid he loves so well  
And his Fraternity.

"And here's to the day he weds her;  
May their life be of Golden Hue,—  
Because we know they are wearing  
Our Colors,—'White and Blue.'

"Then here's after they're married,  
And through Loves Path they're led;  
May they be blessed with a Chubby Boy,  
To wear the Devil's Head."

—W. M. S., '08.

## Sigma Kappa Toast

Here's to dear, old "Harri"  
 The man behind the gun;  
 And here's to good old "Rube,"  
 Who likes to go on the "run" (?)  
 And Henry G., here's one to him  
 "Oh, see me block that blow?"  
 And here's to "Gents," old "Irish"  
 Who likes: "Play ball," you know.  
 But "Appy" from Asbury,  
 Of course we can't forget,—  
 (He's always going to "drill" us,  
 But he hasn't done it) yet.  
 Here's to "Pussy Gorilla,"  
 Who's awfully fond of ladies;  
 And here's to "Jimmy Rat,"  
 Who says, "Oh, go to Hades!"  
 Here's to "Pie" from Kentucky,  
 The "strong man" of the hill;  
 And here's to dear, old Arthur,  
 Who loves, just loves, to drill (!)  
 Here's to Lynn A. Brua,  
 The "Fiend on Cigarettes" (?)  
 And here's to "Mississippi Neal"  
 Who always wants some "beta."  
 Here's to "Madame Marcus,"  
 Who wants the "Form Divine";  
 And also to old "Henderson"  
 Who wears a "Number Nine."  
 Here's to Harry Snively,  
 Who loves to do his best,  
 And also good, old "Glover"  
 Who argues for the "West."  
 Here's to old "Monk" Winters,  
 Who sings a lovely (?) bass;  
 And here's to "Bobbie Hyslop,"  
 He of the feminine face.  
 And here's to "Little P. Cole,"  
 Who's always quite contrary,  
 And proves his many statements  
 By Webster's Dictionary.

\* \* \* \*

So here's to SIGMA KAPPA,  
 And Gamma Chapter, dear,  
 May we always be true  
 To the "Purple and Gold,"  
 And love the days spent here.

KODAK CLUB





# ATHLETICS



## Athletics



THE past year in Athletics has been very gratifying, not only to a few, but to the whole corps in general. The success which we had is largely due to the number of men coming out for teams; but it is still more due to the loyalty and support of the entire school, to that enthusiasm without which athletics cannot thrive, which we proudly name the *S. M. A. Spirit*.

Considering the year as a whole, if we remember the disadvantages under which our teams labored, we think that we have made a most invaluable record.

In foot ball, it is true, our record is slightly inferior to last year; but it must be remembered that our material was green and our schedule far harder.

At the beginning of the season, with but five players of 'Varsity experience in the line, Captain Maxwell and the coaches had no easy task before them. Maxwell, E. L., Potter, Fretwell, Brast and Crawford were the only men from last year's team; and with these men as a foundation, they put all their energy into the work and soon whipped the raw material into winning shape.

The foot ball season, although not as successful as last year, ended with a record of three games lost, one tie, and five victories. The teams we met were unusually strong, with the exception of Randolph-Macon, whom we defeated with a score of 32 to 0. Two out of the three games which we lost were played with the Washington and Lee University. These men were much stronger than we were, and it was in the second game which we played them that we contended against eight out of eleven of their first-team men. Our team was rather light, but every man filled his position with the pluck and vim that characterized the general play of the year.

Maxwell, E. L., was an ever-ready full-back, and always sure of his gain. Jarvis, at left-half, played a steady game; and Strawn, on the other side, will always be remembered for his plucky runs. Brast, playing his old position at quarter, proved a cool-headed general; and Bloom, our center, together with Fretwell and Vaill as guards, formed an excellent trio.

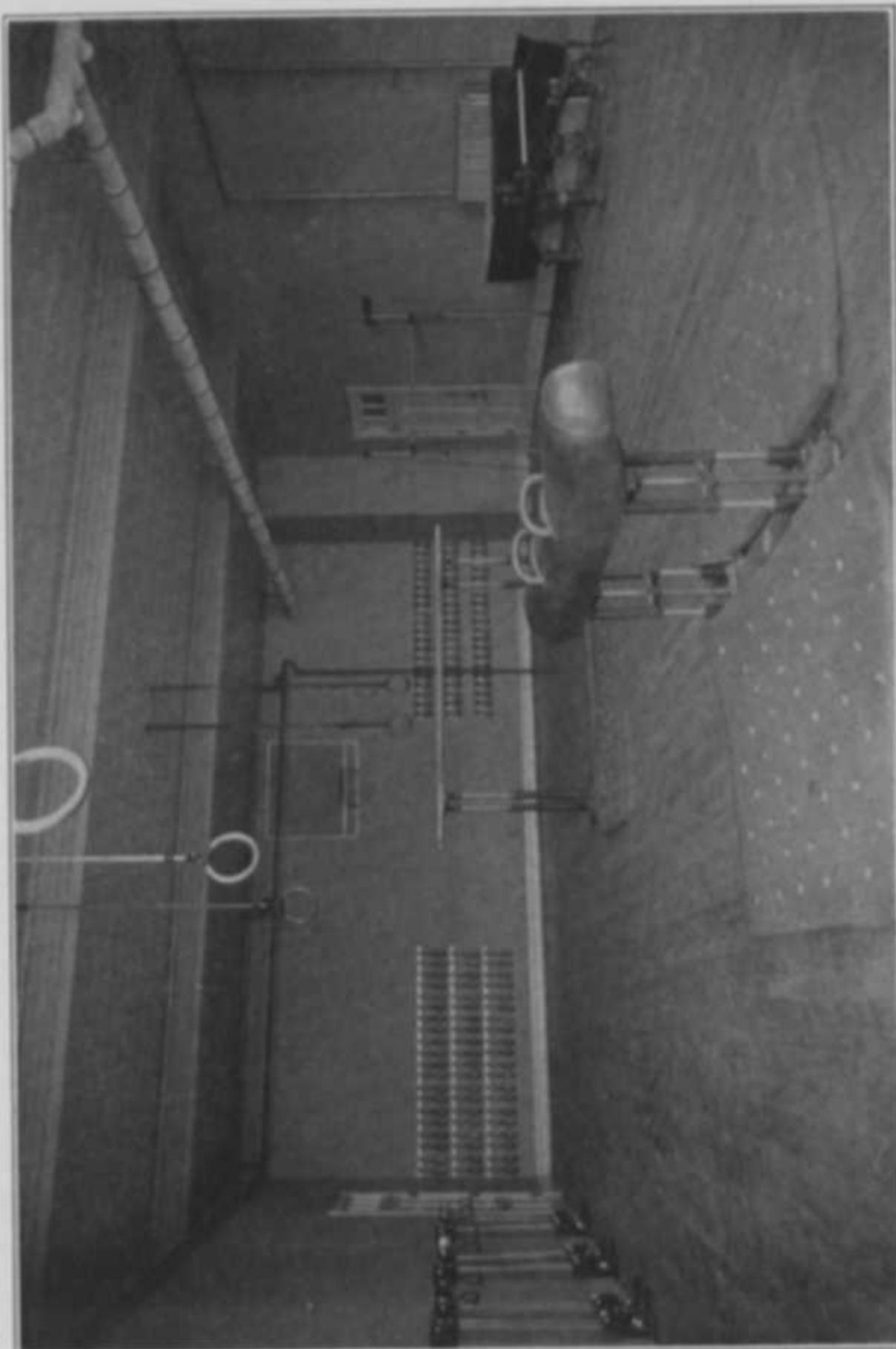
Liggett and Crawford gave a great deal of strength to the team as tackles; while Thompson, C. and Potter proved excellent ends,—the latter was especially quick and sure. Brua, as sub-quarter, was ever-ready to play his position, and when doing so he handled the team in good style. In fact, all the substitutes were always ready when an emergency demanded.

The basket-ball season opened with practically all of last year's men in their old positions. There were Maxwell, E. L., Apgar and Thompson, C.; and with the addition of Liggett and Strawn, the prospect of a championship-five was very encouraging. Undoubtedly the season was the most successful one in the history of basket-ball at S. M. A. We not only defeated our opponents in almost every game, but we ended by holding the championship of the "Prep." Schools of Virginia. One of the games was played with the University of Virginia, whom we defeated. The enthusiastic support and encouragement of the Corps has made this record largely possible. On the whole, the members of the team were regular at practice throughout the season, and each member shares equal honors in the games the team has won. Team work counts far more in basket-ball than in any other game; and for this reason it is impossible to give individual credit for our victories.

Perhaps it is a little early to predict the outcome of the base ball season. But it may be said without fear of contradiction, that the prospects for a fast nine to represent S. M. A. on the "diamond" is very reassuring. The matter of securing a playing field for the team will be more troublesome than in former years. Only three, including a substitute, of last year's nine remain to build upon; but the number of men that are going out for the team is very gratifying. One thing that will aid us in base ball this year, is the new athletic field where we hope to play a good many of our games. With all these things in our favor let us hope that the team, with true S. M. A. Spirit, will overcome the usual difficulties and bring the season to a successful close.

Now that athletics are on a sound foundation, we hope that all boys who take part in sports elsewhere will not be satisfied with *suggesting* how they shall be run here, but *will come out* and help *put* S. M. A. in her rightful position as Leader of the "Prep." Schools.





GYMNASIUM

## Athletic Association

JAMES R. TAYLOR . . . . . President  
D. N. CRAWFORD . . . . . Vice-President  
J. C. THOMPSON . . . . . Secretary  
CAPT. T. G. RUSSELL . . . . . Treasurer

### FOOT BALL

MAXWELL, E. L.—Capt. '07 . . . STRAWN, Manager '07

### BASKET BALL

THOMPSON, C.—Capt. '07 . . . STRAWN, Manager '07

### BASE BALL

STRAWN — Capt. '07 . . . . . BRAST, Manager '07

### WEARERS OF THE "S"

#### FOOT BALL

|            |              |        |
|------------|--------------|--------|
| Potter, H. | Vaill        | Brast  |
| Liggett    | Crawford     | Strawn |
| Fretwell   | Thompson, C. | Jarvis |
| Bloom      | Maxwell      | Brua   |

#### BASKET BALL

|              |        |         |       |         |
|--------------|--------|---------|-------|---------|
| Thompson, C. | Strawn | Liggett | Apgar | Maxwell |
|--------------|--------|---------|-------|---------|



## Foot Ball=1907

|                    |                |
|--------------------|----------------|
| POTTER—L. H.—L. E. | LIGGETT—L. T.  |
| FRETWELL—L. G.     | BLOOM—Center   |
| VAILL—R. G.        | CRAWFORD—R. T. |
| THOMPSON—R. E.     | BRAST—Q.       |
| MAXWELL—F. B.      | STRAWN—R. H.   |
| JARVIS—L. H.       | BRUA—Q—R. H.   |

### FOOT BALL SCORES, 1907

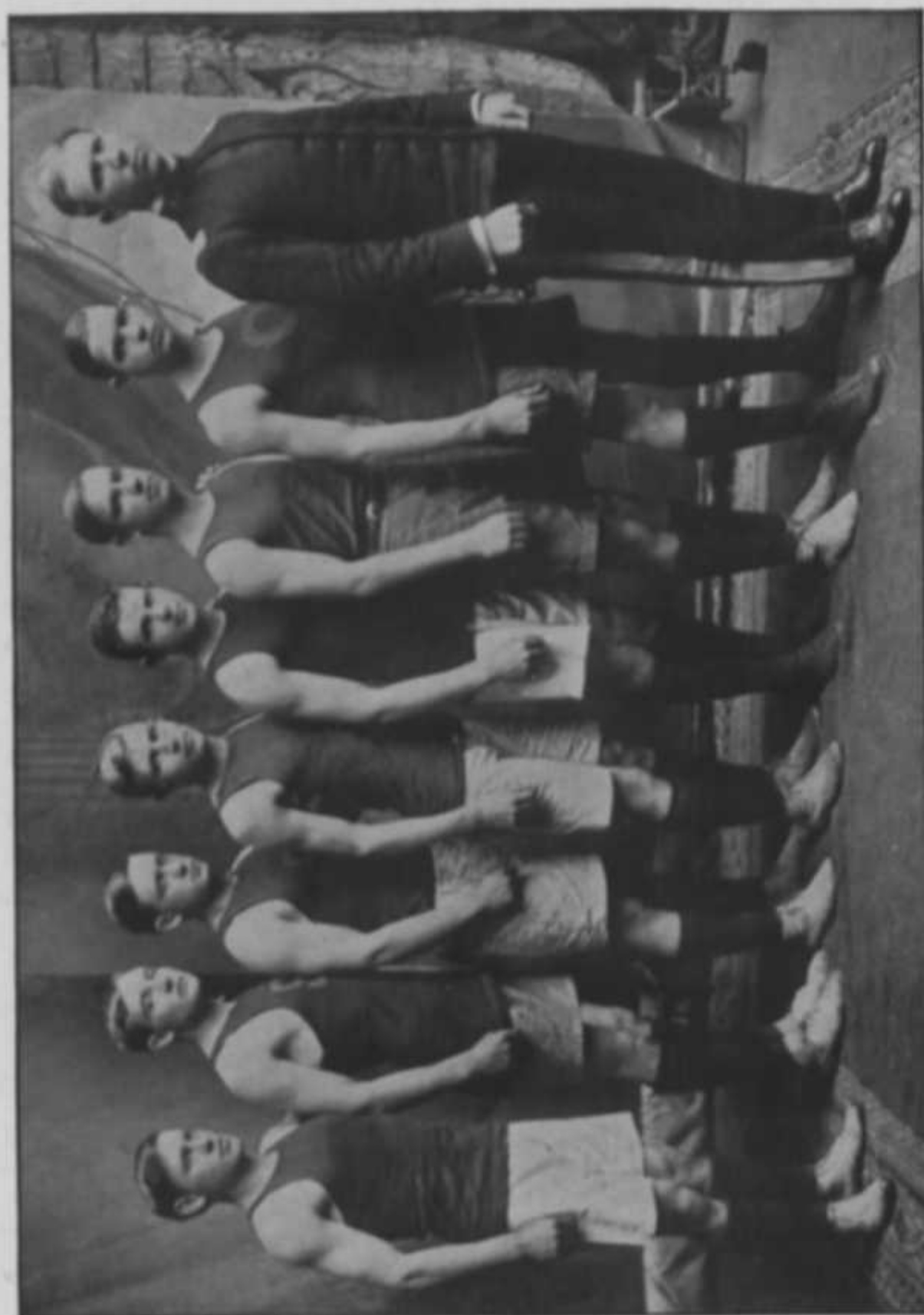
WON 5 — LOST 2 — TIED 1.

|             |                   |
|-------------|-------------------|
| S. M. A.—32 | R. M. A.—0        |
| S. M. A.— 0 | F. M. S.—0        |
| S. M. A.—10 | Eastern College—0 |
| S. M. A.— 0 | W. & L. U.—11     |
| S. M. A.— 0 | W. & L. U.—2      |
| S. M. A.— 4 | R. M. A.—0        |
| S. M. A.— 6 | Eastern College—5 |
| S. M. A.— 6 | F. M. S.—5        |



FOOTBALL TEAM, '07





BASKET BALL



## Basket Ball Team==1907

THOMPSON, C. (Capt.)—R. F.

APGAR—Center.

MAXWELL—L. F.

STRAWN—R. G. (Manager).

LIGGETT—L. G.

BRUA—G.

### BASKET BALL SCORES, 1907

|             |                          |
|-------------|--------------------------|
| S. M. A.—22 | U. Va.—18                |
| S. M. A.— 8 | W. & L. U.—22            |
| S. M. A.—71 | A. M. A.—17              |
| S. M. A.—22 | A. M. A.—26              |
| S. M. A.—46 | William & Mary College—7 |
| S. M. A.—11 | W. & L. U.—37            |
| S. M. A.—20 | A. M. A.—8               |



## Base Ball Team==1908

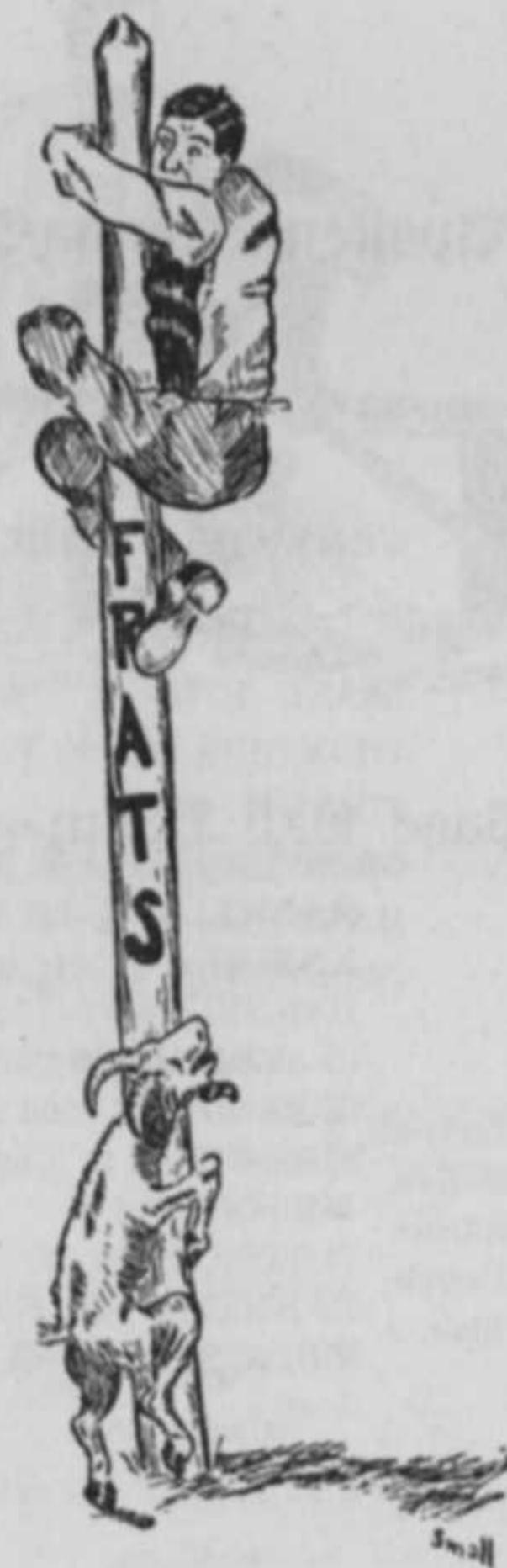
MAXWELL, E. L.—C.  
 KNIGHT—  
 DANNELLY— } P.  
 CLARKE, J. G.—1st B.  
 GREENOUGH—2nd B.  
 STRAWN—S. S. (Captain)  
 WILSON—3rd B.  
 POTTER, H.—L. F.  
 DANNELLY—M. F.  
 THOMPSON, W.—R. F.

### SUBSTITUTES

TRUFANT, BLAIR, J., KINSEY

MANAGER

BRAST





## Upsilon Gamma Sigma

### COLORS

NAVY BLUE AND WHITE

### FLOWER

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM

### OFFICERS

BRAST—E. M.

THOMPSON, C.—E. V. M.

STRAWN—E. C.

GROSVENOR, N.—E. T.

MAXWELL, E. L.—E. H.

GROSVENOR, C.—E. W.

### MEMBERS

Fretwell, J.

McKee

Karnes

Ferrell

Blair, J.

Crawford

Calhoun

Thompson, W.

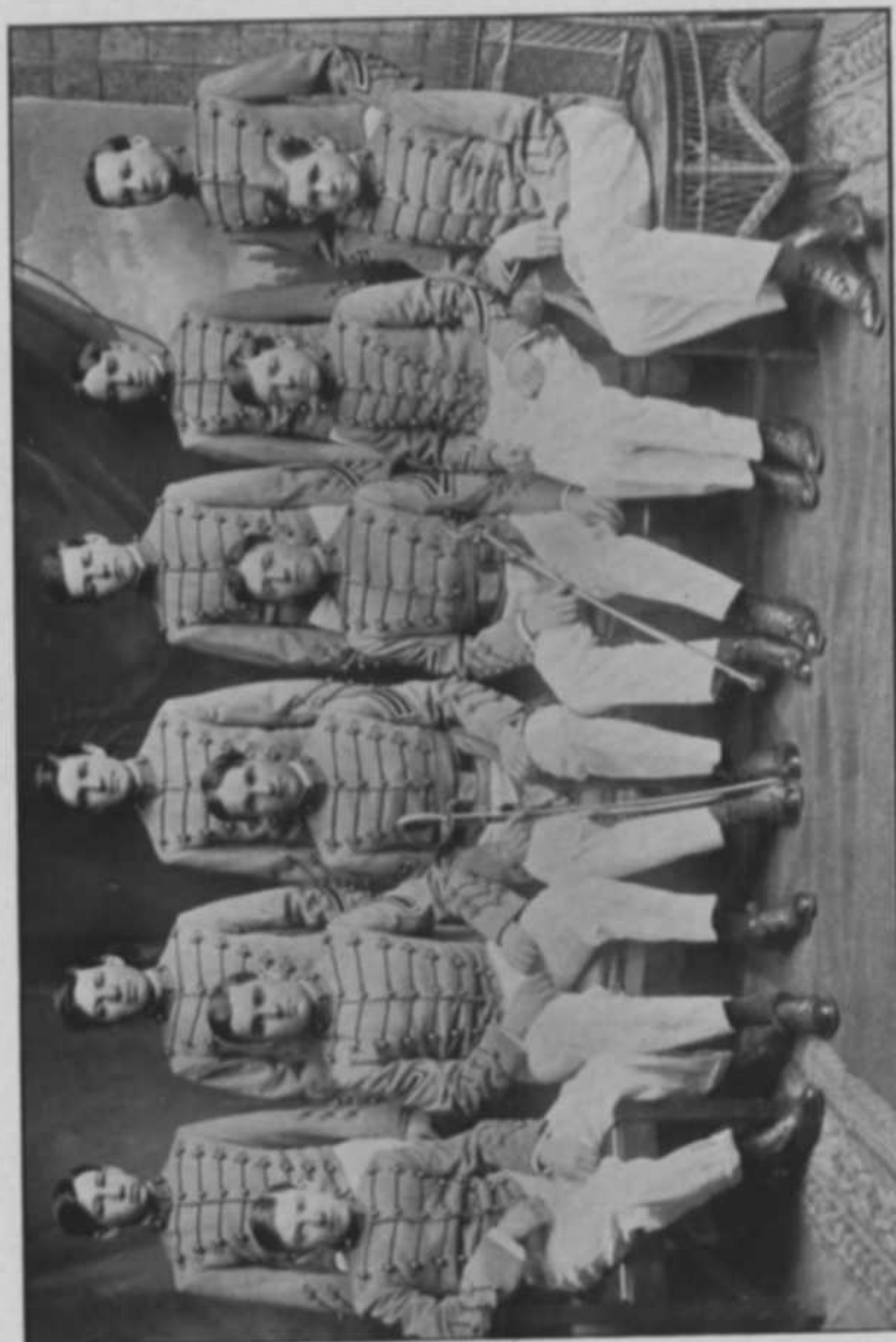
Gard

Männ

Clarke, J. G.

UPSILON GAMMA SIGMA





TAU ALPHA PHI

## Tau Phi Alpha

COLORS

PURPLE AND WHITE

FLOWER

PINK CARNATION

DAVIDSON . . . . . President

BALLOU . . . . . Vice-President

BLOOM . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

### MEMBERS

Bitting

Fisher

Livingston

Miller, B.

Ballou

Davidson

Simpson

Dixon

Lee, L.

Meek

Malone

Bloom



## Gamma Chapter of Sigma Kappa

### COLORS

PURPLE AND GOLD

### FLOWER

AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

### MOTTO

"UNITAS HONOSQUE"

### MEMBERS

#### ACTIVE

|                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| L. H. Harrison | W. W. McCormack |
| H. W. Small    | J. Roy Strong   |
| P. C. Ragan    | M. A. Corthell  |
| H. G. Dannelly | C. G. Clark     |
| L. A. Apgar    | R. N. Neal      |
| M. S. Jarvis   | H. B. Liggett   |
| L. A. Brua     | H. J. Snively   |
| A. L. De Fabry | R. N. Winters   |
| Wm. F. Alves   | R. H. Brush     |

#### ALUMNI

|                  |                |
|------------------|----------------|
| J. R. Horton     | Wm. T. Stewart |
| M. Frost         | R. H. Walker   |
| A. F. King       | F. P. Wichman  |
| R. J. Riles, Jr. | M. C. Summers  |
| F. H. Davis      |                |



SIGMA KAPPA



DELTA SIGMA NU

## Delta Sigma Nu

|                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| E. L. Hoskins  | J. K. Armstrong  |
| E. A. Austin   | H. M. Potter     |
| W. S. Bryson   | D. T. Sunderland |
| E. F. Serena   | R. C. Thompson   |
| P. H. Gibbs    | F. W. Chidester  |
| L. S. Sanger   | A. J. Goodwin    |
| H. W. Tullgren | B. Hubbard       |
| D. H. Streeter | R. D. Campbell   |
| O. N. Crooks   |                  |



## Delta Sigma Nu Fraternity

### CHAPTER ROLL

|                |   |      |
|----------------|---|------|
| <i>Alpha</i>   | — Ann Arbor High School, Ann Arbor Mich . . . . .           | 1893 |
| <i>Beta</i>    | — Fort Wayne High School, Fort Wayne, Ind . . . . .         | 1895 |
| <i>Gamma</i>   | — St. Johns Military Academy, Delafield, Wis . . . . .      | 1896 |
| <i>Delta</i>   | — Pontiac High School, Pontiac, Mich . . . . .              | 1898 |
| <i>Epsilon</i> | — Central High School, Duluth, Minn . . . . .               | 1899 |
| <i>Zeta</i>    | — Central and East High School, Minneapolis, Minn . . . . . | 1902 |
| <i>Eta</i>     | — Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, Cal . . . . .     | 1903 |
| <i>Theta</i>   | — Flint High School, Flint, Mich . . . . .                  | 1903 |
| <i>Iota</i>    | — Morris High School, New York City . . . . .               | 1904 |
| <i>Kappa</i>   | — Harvard School (Military), Los Angeles, Cal . . . . .     | 1904 |
| <i>Lambda</i>  | — Port Huron High School, Port Huron, Mich . . . . .        | 1905 |
| <i>Mu</i>      | — Eureka High School, Eureka, Cal . . . . .                 | 1905 |
| <i>Nu</i>      | — Hackensack High School, Hackensack, New Jersey . . . . .  | 1905 |
| <i>Omicron</i> | — Preparatory Schools, Pasadena, Cal . . . . .              | 1905 |
| <i>Pi</i>      | — Preparatory Schools, Buffalo, New York . . . . .          | 1905 |
| <i>Rho</i>     | — Horace Mann High School, New York City . . . . .          | 1906 |
| <i>Sigma</i>   | — Preparatory Schools, St. Paul, Minn . . . . .             | 1906 |
| <i>Tau</i>     | — Miami Military Institute, Germantown Ohio . . . . .       | 1907 |
| <i>Upsilon</i> | — North High School, Denver Col . . . . .                   | 1907 |
| <i>Phi</i>     | — Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va . . . . .         | 1907 |



## The Passing of Claudius

[With apologies to: Geoffrey of Monmouth, Wace, Layamon, Sir Thomas Malory, and Lord Alfred Tennyson.]

"The story which the bold Sir Bedivere—  
First made and latest left of all the knights—  
Told, when the man was no more than a voice—  
In the white winter of his age, to those  
With whom he dwelt, new faces—other minds—"

For on their march to westward, Bedivere,  
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host—  
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King—



It was Sir Theodore, who sat in his chair, that dark and stormy night in —, telling the children about the passing out of Stantingdom of the great and only King Claudius.

"Then in that last great battle, with Campbell dead—in Crawford's great revolt; when the ghost of dead "Rouse"—borne on the wind had whispered, "Hollow, Hollow, etc.,—to-morrow thou shall pass away"—Of course the ghost of poor Campbell had spoken figuratively when he said, "to-morrow," still that was what he said.

"Cherchez la femme,"—that was it—that was the cause of it all; or Crawford—mighty and handsome "Buzz"—to revolt against his lord and master. Campbell—whom we know from previous chapters, had been easily led into this bold uprising, for as I said before, "Rouse" was a vindictive soul.

Claudius fought long and sturdily, but Fate was against him, and had decreed that no more should Stantingdom feel the stern hand and rule of mighty Claudius.

So called he into consultation his trusty lieutenant, Sir Theodore, who was a brave and valiant soldier, yet withal a man who liked ostentatious display in all ceremonies.

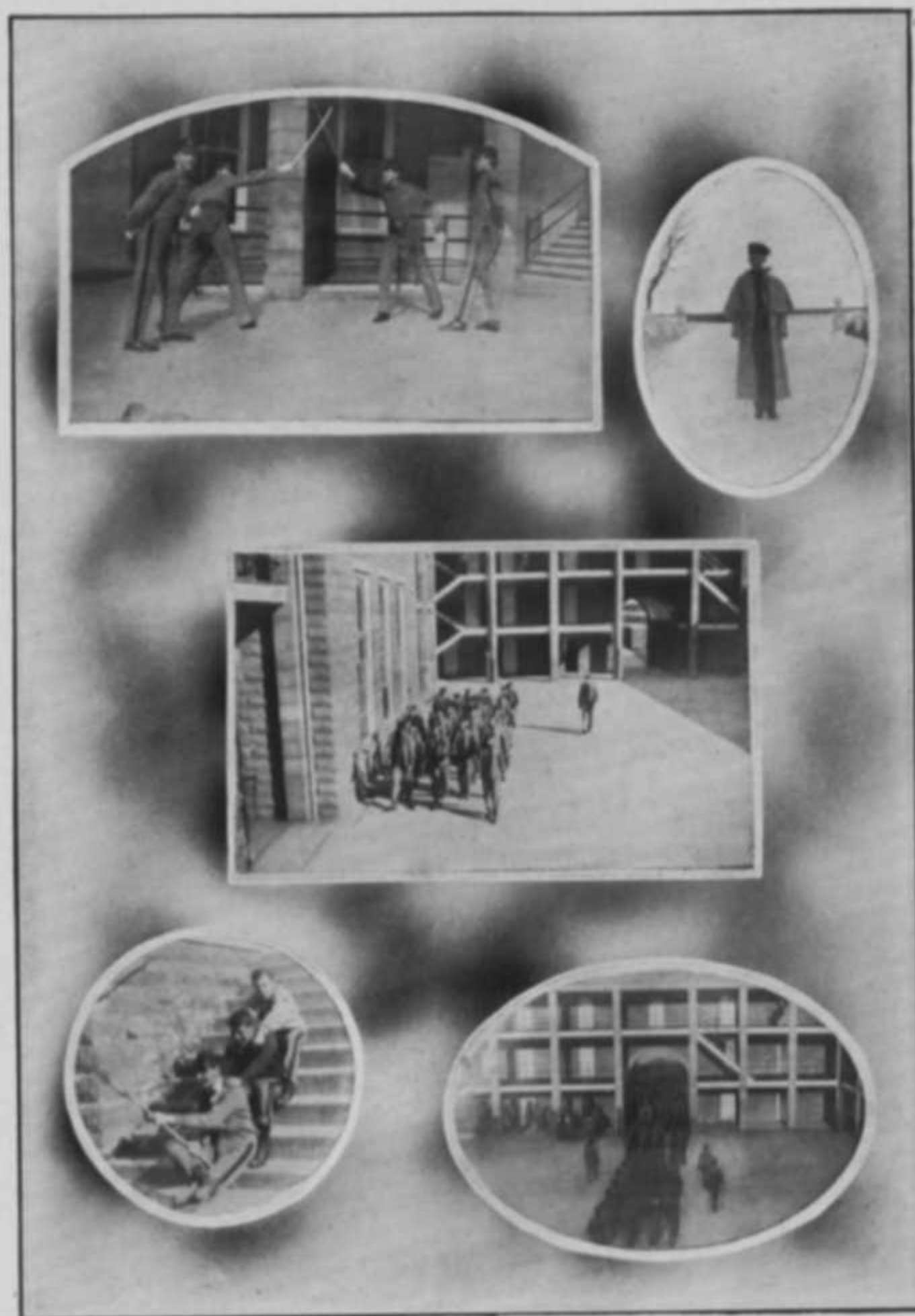
As Sir Theodore enters, he says, "Oh, my dear lord and master, Crawford's army comes and his spears shade the sun like falling rain. Methinks that "Buzz" is a caitiff knight to thus surprise thee and endeavor to ruin thy kingdom, taking with him many of your own knights, sworn to eternal allegiance. Yet they know thee for the King thou art, and are sore afraid—'Arise, go forth, and conquer as of old'."

The mighty Claudius tells him of his state of mind—that he is sick of fighting his own people in this manner, and that he knows that in doing so—he fights himself.

"Nay, nay, my King," spake Sir Theodore, yet, knowing that Claudius had spoken the truth, and as he answered him—a foul resolve formed in his mind, and of this same resolve we shall hear more anon.

A series of frightful battles followed in which Claudius seemed imbued with the courage of a legion. Great "Buzz" retreated farther and farther westward until both pursuer and pursued stood in the faint rays of the setting sun; on the shores of that great unknown sea which separated the kingdom of Stantingdom from that of Dunsmoria. It was there that the last great fight in which a million of men fell and died. Great Claudius had fallen upon "Sir Buzz" with his full force, and each side had fought desperately. The air was thick with flying spears, and heavy with the hoarse shoutings of the combatants, and the arrows came so swiftly from their bows that those last few rays of the departing sun were completely obscured, and the poor souls, who fought and fell, lay staring up into the ever darkening mist above, for the light which they hoped to see before they died.





BARRACKS VIEWS

Toward the close of day, Sir Buzz seeing that the tide of battle was going against his forces, gripped his sword and sought out King Claudius for single combat, saying:

"Claudius, thou wert and mayhap still remain so, the King of Stantingdom, yet, I, Sir Buzz Crawford, Lord of Asbury and of McKeesport, holder of the high justice, the middle, and the low, at Baldwinia, do hereby proclaim myself the King of Stantingdom, and to thy face will I defend my words."

They fight, and Sir Buzz falls mortally wounded but not before he has put the quietus to the King. Then comes Sir Theodore to the King's rescue and carries him, stricken nigh to death, to a small chapel nearby, where he sets him down and goes for water to soothe the King's fever. The King gives him a small cup, cut from a single emerald, in which to carry the water. (Soft music.)

On the way to the stream he completes his foul resolve, (afore mentioned) and sprinkles a small fine powder into the cup, and filling it with water from the stream he carries it to the King.

As soon as the cup is in the hand of Claudius, it turns from an emerald to a ruby, and on seeing this sign, Sir Theodore hides his face.

Claudius flung the cup from him with as much strength as a man so near to death may have, and thunders in a fearful voice: "Thou hast betrayed me! Art thou, too, false to thy vows?"

"Nay, nay, my lord," said Sir Theodore.

"Go, then and do as I bid you," said the King.

And again did Sir Theodore go for water, carrying this time the King's helmet. And again did he endeavor to poison the water of the King.

The King took the water and laid hold of his sword and waving it slowly above the helmet, a white frost formed on the blade above the water.

Sir Theodore was sore afraid at the sight of these wonders and after being again rebuked by the King, goes forth again and this time performed his errand faithfully.

After the King had quenched his thirst, he turned to Sir Theodore and spake as follows:

"Thou hast seen my powers with this sword Excalibur which is the source of all my power, and thou hast had wit-



ness of those wonders. Also thou hast been faithful and true to a degree, and there is no one whom I would rather leave my Kingdom to, than thou. Yet, Fate has it that the man which comes after me must be stout of heart and arm. I must leave my work unfinished for I go to join the host of—"

At this point they hear a violent chugging near and soon a great automobile rides slowly into view. Sir Theodore recognizes the man at the wheel as Sir Kabellio, a man who had guided great Claudius through the strife of state affairs and who was the King's "Heart's Ease" in the grave matters in which the King had been torn by conflicting emotions.

The great car stopped easily before the two warriors, and the King murmured, "Place me in the car."

So Sir Theodore placed him in the tonneau just as the man at the wheel gave the horn a final toot, and the car making a slow half circle, melted slowly into the atmosphere and Sir Theodore was alone.

Sir Theodore was mightily disappointed and also very sick at heart, for he had cherished since long ago the thought that he, the Southern Knight, might some day have his dreams come true. (Ah, me, such is the way of the world).

He turned and wended his way to the stream from which he had brought the water to the King, and stooping down to drink, he saw his own face, and strange to say, that whatever he saw there, it caused his heart to bound and leap from under the burden which it carried, and he rose to his feet a happier and better man.

"The King is dead and I am a wanderer on the face of the Earth. Dust I was and to dust I shall return."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Then from the dawn it seemed there came, but faint—

As beyond the limit of the world,  
Like the last echo born of a great cry,  
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice  
Around a king returning from his wars."

FINIS

The publishers in charge of this work, are profuse in their apologies to the memory of William Caxton, who first printed the story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table.







## The Beat

The Bugle blows and a hurry of feet—  
Fall in—count off—the Battalion Beat—  
Each day—each month—the same old way—  
As 'round and 'round the "Quad" they stray—  
I could tell you more of this and that—  
Of the same old bunch that is always flat—  
Of the things they say and the things they do—  
And the ways they have of making "Skiddoo"—  
Each man they say has a different way—  
Of telling the corporal the same old "lay"—  
Sore toe—tight shoe—or "bunged up" knee—  
And it always seems to work to a "T"—  
Until at last, the "Guard" gets wise—  
To the same old tales and the same old lies—  
They tell them each and every one—  
"Walk up, or no credit for what you've done"—  
Ah me! The way of the world is hard—  
For the poor cadet who plays his card—  
To win—and when the list is read—  
"Ten Hours"—And his heart is lead—  
I think that I can truly say—  
That I have been there in the same old way—  
And hence this tale—if tale it be—  
Beware the Beat—take it straight from me.

FINIS.

## Broke

When I consider how my cash is spent,  
Ere of this week a scant two days are fled,  
When I reflect that I must still be fed,  
For full five days, and in my discontent,  
I seek the friends to whom I blithely lent  
A wilderness of nickles,—they who said  
That ere the swift rolling week was sped  
They would repay, ay! render cent for cent.  
Ah, then I do resolve to ease my heart  
With triple brass, and keep my purse-strings tied,  
Or leave at least therein sufficient store,  
That I no longer need endure the smart  
Of appetite that is unsatisfied.

—A. M. CLARKE.



### I

He was a gay deceiver  
She was a simple believer,  
His time to beguile, he'd fool her awhile,  
And then he would suddenly leave her.

### II

He wrote her a nice little letter,  
As a matter of fact he knew better,  
Not stopping to think, he confided to ink  
The expressions which forged him a fetter.

### III

When at last he was ready to shake her,  
Elsewhere to play as a fakir;  
But the letter in court, cut the matter quite short,  
It was ten thousand dollars or take her.

—A. M. CLARKE, '08.

## Stuart Hall Lamentation

The tread of feet on Frederick Street,  
Alas! We hear no more,  
No more the brassy buttons shine  
Outside "Emmanuel's" door—  
The reason? Fair one, ask me not,  
Alas! Alas! We weep,  
That S. M. A.—Dear S. M. A.,  
Is banished from our street.



## Stuart Hall Petition

Return! Return! We do implore!  
And we will promise:—Nevermore  
To talk with you, the finger lore,  
Nor wink—nor flirt—nor smile,  
We'll sit demurely, walk demurely—  
Yet—See you all the while,  
So hasten back, ye boys, in gray  
For we are fading fast away,  
We fain would hear again those feet,  
Those martial feet pace Frederick Street.





## Gags

Captain Manuel was serenaded a few nights ago—Serena can tell you all about it—

Tbompson C. is sleeping on a new pillow, now—Pleasant dreams—

Captain Stevens—What is Wordsworth's best poem, Reynolds?

Reynolds R. (Looking across the street) "He died in London"

It is rumored that Campbell R. is going to form a Home for Old Ladies. — He takes such an interest in them, dear boy.

Young lady at her first Basket Ball Game, "Why no wonder that ball won't stay in that bag, it has a hole in it,"

Mann — Fellows I think I am going to have brain fever —  
Chorus :— Don't worry — Kid, it's impossible.

The Editors are sad to note that one warm Sunday night, Captains Betty and Linn were seen down behind the Seminary—

Ituarte — It ain't as cold as it is Yesterday, was it?

Cadet Quartermaster—Lieutenant Ragan is calling step for the Battalion now-a-days.

To whom it may concern — "Name the baby after me" —

Neal N. and Campbell R. are wondering — just what, is a Yankee —

Is this Coney Island — or is it not — Yes — It is not, but you would never know the difference, if you once saw our "Quadrangle" lit up in all its glory —

### ONE COLD MORNING

Fretwell — "Crawford — You are full of hot air."

Crawford — "Gee! I wish that it was that blooming radiator, instead of me."

Capt. Betty, (In Chemistry —) Fretwell, tell about the occurrence of Boron.

Fretwell — Captain, I can't tell you.

Capt. Betty, — Why not?

Fretwell, — It's a secret, Captain Betty.

Captain Dick, (In French class —) Hardy, what does Au Revoir mean?

Hardy, — Not yet, but soon.

Hornik was talking to the old lady who sells us cakes and pies and he asked her how much were the cookies; she told him, "Six for a nickel."

Hornik, six for five cents, that's five for four and four for three, isn't it?

Old Lady, — Yes, sir.

Hornik, and three for two, isn't it, and two for one, and better still one for nothing.

Old Lady, — Yes, sir.

Hornick — Then give me one.



The Mandolin Club had their picture taken the other day. The Editors *will admit* that they did not know *one particular thing*, and that was that Brua played the violin.

Capt. Hodges, — Austin, what is the value of Pi?

Austin, — A nickel here.

Strawn says talk is cheap but twenty sheets of writing paper is cheaper.

Member of guard — Williamson, what is this gas doing burning?

Williamson — I lit it to get a match.

Jarvis' favorite pastime is going on duty during study-hall.

This climate agrees with Captain Drummond — He admits that he likes Virginia! !

Malbon — "So long Mary — how we hate to see you go"

Clem — "Aw shut up — you mutt" —

The art of handling big feet — See Howell and Sammy Kent.

Here comes Devlin — Nail the pantry door —

Small and Company — Transfer Agency — "Give us a call."

Trigonometry — If it takes a "Rat" a full school year to become a civilized human being — How long will it take Crawford and a few others to get to Reveille on a cold morning?

Greenabaum, (Down Town) How much are these apples?

Store keeper, Ten for five cents.

Greenabaum, — Do you take stamps?

Store keeper, — Yes.

Greenabaum, — Then give me one cents worth.

Reynolds R. received a very sentimental valentine from a certain young lady in town, with some very good advice.

Cadet Leo S. Sanger, after many years of incessant reading of Tip Top Weekly, has at last succeeded in having his name placed on the Honor list.

Reynolds, I lost a penny.

Small, It seems to me you could find it by the (s)cent.

The Editors wish to state that they wrote all of these jokes on tissue paper — so that they may be seen through.

## Witticisms

Smart Cadet — They are not sending any more mail to Washington, now.

Grosvenor N. — Why?

Smart Cadet — Because, he is dead.

Baron Munchausen is alive in the personalities of about twenty S. M. A. Cadets.

Witty one, — They are not making comic post cards any longer.

Dull one, — Why?

Witty one, — Because they are long enough.

Since Captain Russel and Ledbetter mixed, the cadets have "led better" lives.

Captain Daniel is so square that the corners hurt.

## At Mess

"Slide the 'Sand' " — "Shoot the 'Sinkers' "

"Wipe the 'Grease', Kid" — "Pass the 'Cow' " —

## The Wonder

Why Captain B — rented a P. O. box after Xmas?

Why the "Commish" come to Reveille now-a-days?

Why the "Chef" (?) insists on serving stewed tomatoes?

If Captain H — is eligible for the "Blue Owls"?

Why the residents in the "Wing" are kicking?

If "Bill" Strawn really sees through "Specks"?

If Corthell knows how long Main Street is?

Why we have Reveille?

If "Tuck" Serena really is a Stuart Hall idol?





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