

Blue and Gold

1909

Blue and Gold

The S. M. A. Year Book for 1909

By THE KABLE BOYS

Scene—KABLE'S HILL

Time—RIGHT NOW



Illuminated with Illustrations

Flourish — Enter corps of cadets in boys' clothes

Alarum — Enter S. M. A. Band. [Exit Myrtle]

With Biographical Sketches, Personal Opinions, Pretty Pictures
and Funny Jokes, with an Appendix Containing Useful Ads.

Blue and Gold

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El Capitan

June is the music that the snarling bugles play.
April beats the kettle drum, and so we march away;
Right foot, left foot, keep in step, he cries
The captain of the army where the bloomy banner flies.

We rally and we sally and we form in gay platoon,
As we go marching onward to the citadels of June;
Blow again sweet bugles, with banners in the air
We are marching to commencement and glory there.

Apologies to the Bentzoven Bard



MAJOR THOS. H. RUSSELL, B. S.

Dedication

We gladly dedicate the fourth volume of the
Blue and Gold to
Major Thomas Halbert Russell
whose friendship has been tried;
and whose services to
S. M. A. are
known



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ART
SMALL

BOARD OF CADET EDITORS



Toast

To _____

By L. L. S.

Here's to brown eyes—glistening;

Ruby lips—whispering;

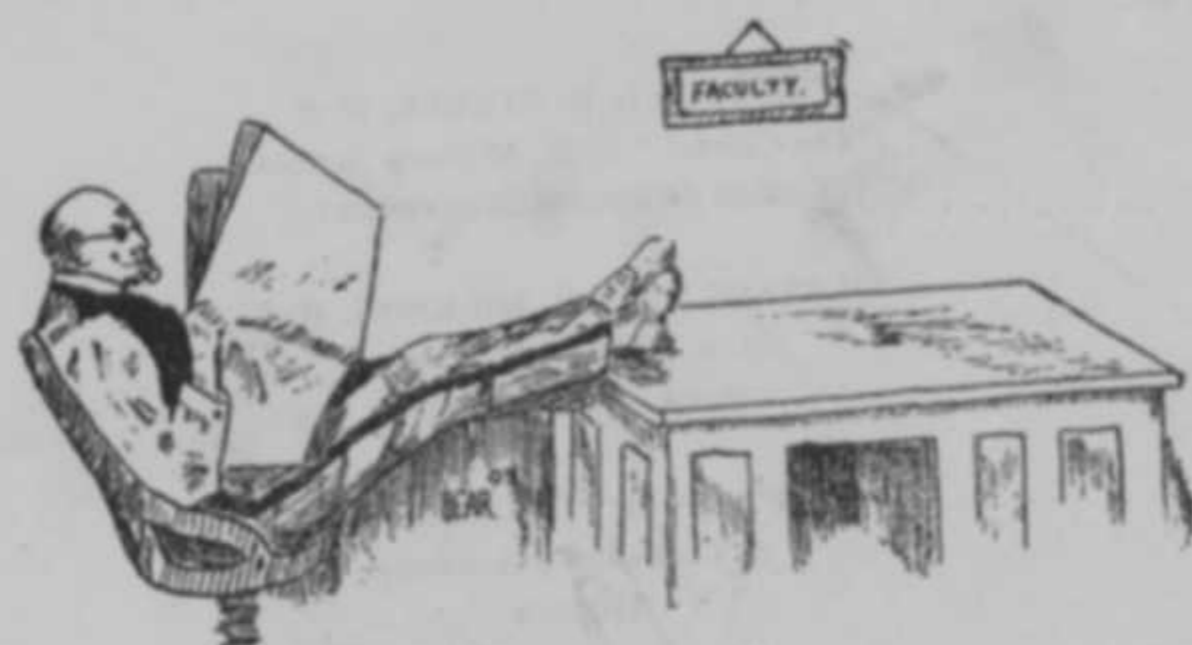
Keen ears—listening.

To words of love.

Here's to the beautiful, the good, the true;

Here's to her whom *best* I love—

Here's to you.



CAPTAIN WM. H. KABLE, A. M.
University of Virginia
PRINCIPAL

CAPTAIN WM. G. KABLE, Ph. D.
COMMANDANT OF CADETS

MAJOR THOS. H. RUSSELL, B. S.
"The Citadel," S. C. Military Academy
HEADMASTER

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Richmond College, Graduate Student at Johns Hopkins
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S. C. Military Academy
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CAPTAIN WALTER A. DOUB, B. A.
Washington and Lee University
COMPOSITION-RHETORIC AND ENGLISH GRAMMAR

CAPTAIN HENRY M. WHITE, B. S.
Washington and Lee University
HISTORY AND CIVICS

CAPTAIN P. C. RAGAN
Staunton Military Academy
LANGUAGES

MISS LORETTA WALTER
Mary Baldwin Seminary and Peabody Institute
MUSIC

To the Faculty

HERE'S to Captain Russell,
 Our dear assistant "Com";
 Here's to Major Russell,
 Better known as Major Tom;
 Here's to Captain Stevens,
 Our literary man;
 Here's to Captain Tiller,
 Who gives a fierce "exam";
 Here's to Captain Drummond,
 To Captain Sizer too,
 Here's to Captain White,
 Who puts athletics through;
 Here's to Captain Watkins,
 Who hates to be O. C.;
 Here's to Captain Ragan,
 Who knows tactics from A to Z;
 Here's to Captain Doub,
 Whom all the girls adore;
 Here's to Captain Sutherland,
 Who's military—and more;
 Here's to Captain Steele,
 To Captain Dickson too,
 Here's to Captain Roper,
 Who proves many things are true.
 We'll drink once more to "Little Bill"
 So loyal, true and able;
 And last of all I drink to one,
 Our senior Captain Kable.

W. M. LANYON.



CAPTAIN WM. H. KABLE, A. M.
University of Virginia
 PRINCIPAL



CAPTAIN WM. G. KABLE, Ph. D.
COMMANDANT OF CADETS



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"The Citadel," S. C. Military Academy
HEADMASTER



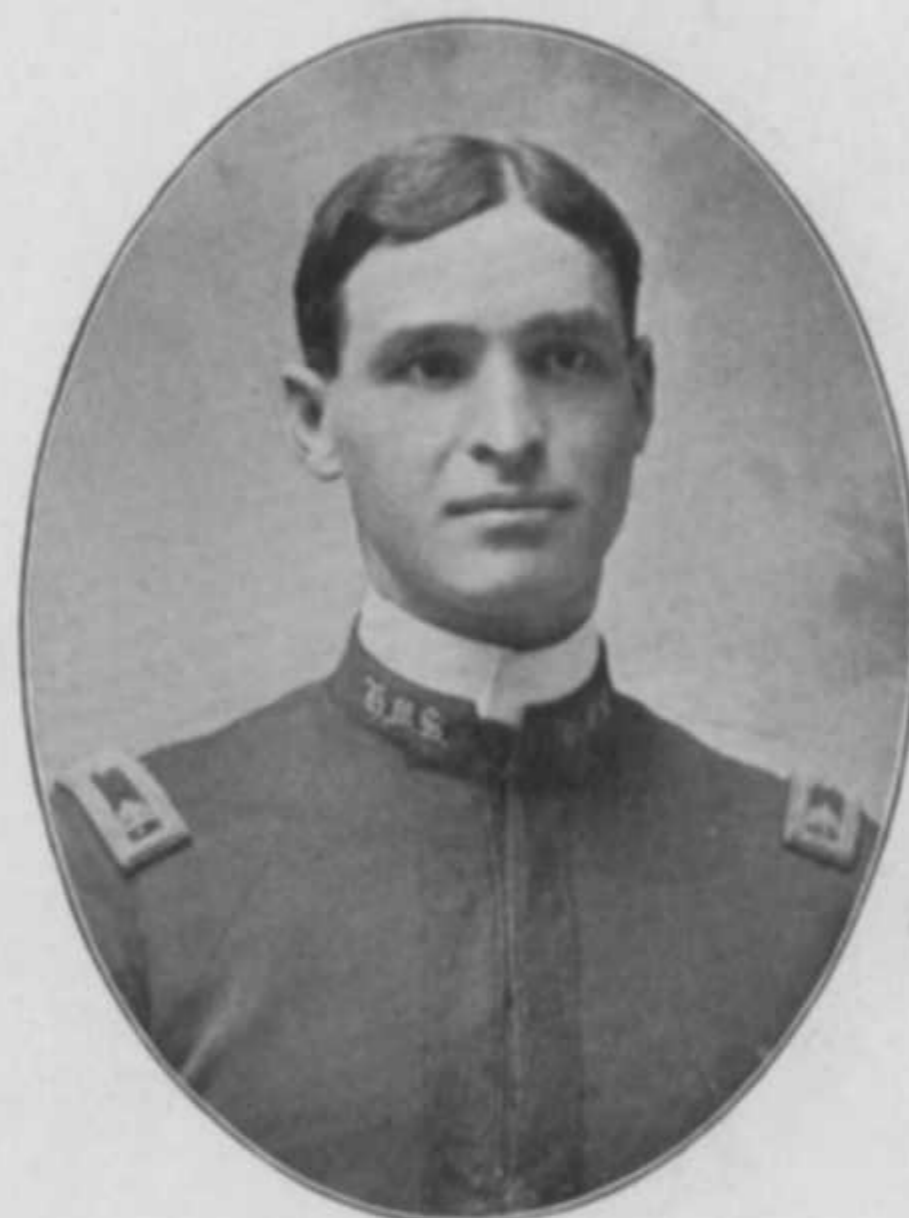
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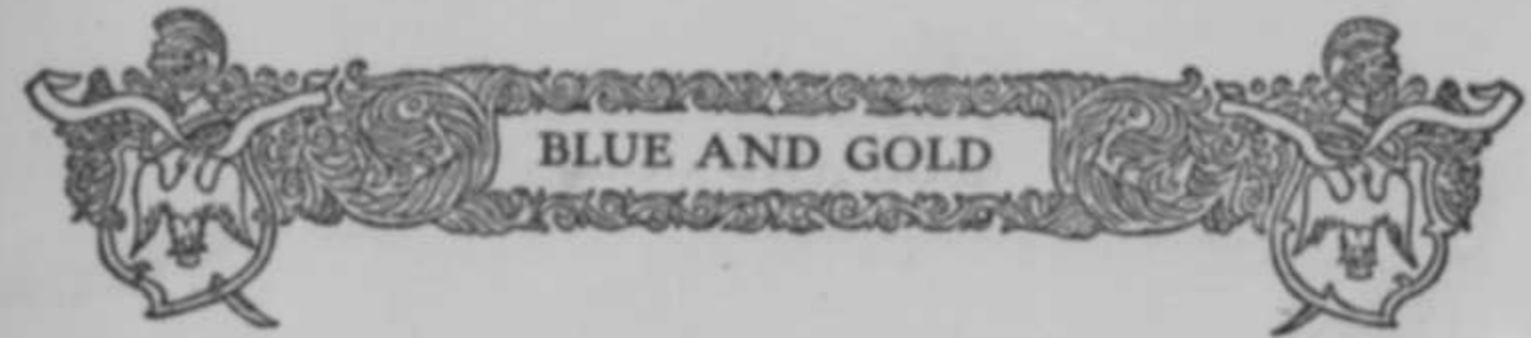


CAPTAIN P. C. RAGAN
Staunton Military Academy
LANGUAGES



MISS LORETTA WALTER
Mary Baldwin Seminary and Peabody Institute
MUSIC

adel, Major Russell accepted the position of
at Horner Military Academy, Oxford, N. C. Two years



Major Thomas H. Russell

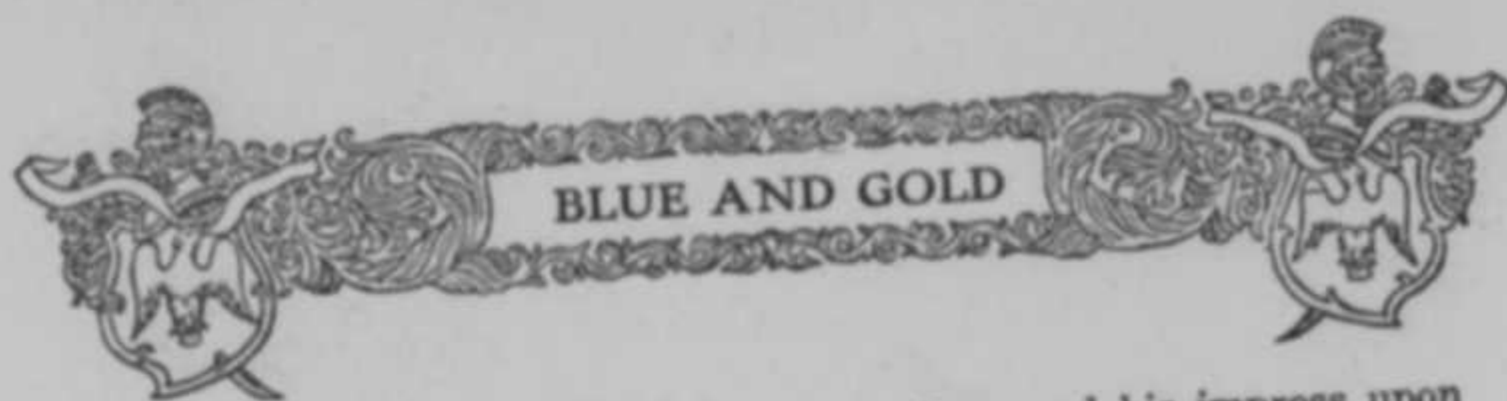


THE fact that a certain volume is dedicated to some particular individual is no guarantee that there is a vital relationship between the two. An author dedicates a book to a personal friend, to his mother, or perhaps to some benefactor of days unknown to his literary labors. And yet the person thus distinguished may have had no hand in the work that commemorates him. Such cannot be said of this dedication. Whatever it may lack in delicate appreciation and artistic expression, there can be no question of its significance.

Major Thomas Halbert Russell, Headmaster of Staunton Military Academy, is a native of South Carolina, having spent his early years in Anderson, an enterprising town of the Piedmont. He is a son of D. H. Russell, who was for some years editor of the "Anderson Daily Mail," and was considered one of the best editorial writers of his state. From the schools of his native town Major Russell went to the Citadel, at Charleston, where his scholarship soon distinguished him among his fellows. In the year 1902 he graduated from that institution at the head of one of the largest classes in the history of the Academy. He also distinguished himself in the military life of the school by winning the appointment as Senior Captain of the Corps of Cadets. It was a just recognition of his conscientious regard for the discipline and duties to which he was subject.

As is generally the case when a cadet leads in scholarship and military rank, he was expected to lead in every other sphere of cadet life. When in the course of time he became eligible to such honors, he was elected president of the Polytechnic Literary Society and president of the Young Men's Christian Association. In every relationship to comrades he merited their faith and confidence; and his career at the Academy was marked by strength of character and close application to duty—two qualities that make success a natural consequence.

Upon leaving the Citadel, Major Russell accepted the position of Commandant at Horner Military Academy, Oxford, N. C. Two years



of his hardest work were spent at that place, and his impress upon the discipline of that institution is still felt. No surer evidence can be given of his fidelity and efficiency while there than the fact that he left that Academy under protest from both faculty and students.

A distinct compliment to his proficiency in military tactics is the fact that for two successive years he was appointed Adjutant, and paid as such by the War Department, to give instruction to the State Militia. His rigid rules of personal conduct and the ease he displayed in performing his official duties won the confidence and respect of those under whom he served.

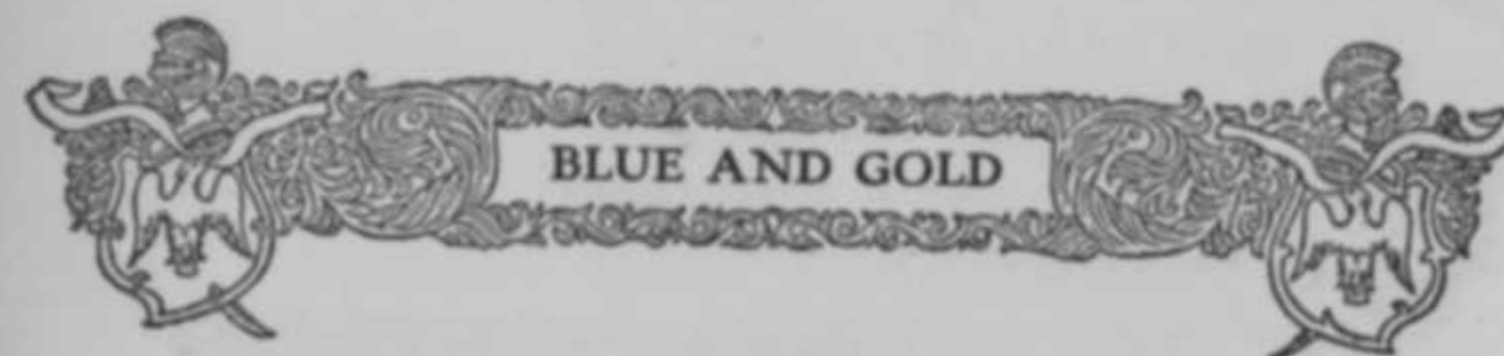
In 1904 Major Russell came to Staunton as Headmaster of Staunton Military Academy. Under his administration the standard of scholarship has been raised, and the institution has won a very enviable reputation for the thoroughness of its work. Having the gift of initiative, he has not hesitated to leave beaten paths whenever the digression promised advantage. As a consequence, his courses of instruction and methods of management have their distinctive features, all of which are proving profitable. In all of his work there appears that happy combination—enough of the ideal to inspire it, enough of the practical to make it successful.

There are two sides to every man's life—his ability to do, and his effort to be. It is not always true that the intrinsic worth of a man is reflected in the value of his work. It should be so. It is so, in the relationship now under our consideration. Knowing the man dulls the surprise at the effectiveness of what he does. The writer advances this estimate on more than any mere consensus of opinion. He had the pleasure of being intimately associated with Major Russell during three years of college life—that epitome of man's past and present, and an almost infallible prophecy of his future.

Major Russell is twenty-nine years old. His heart is just twenty. The diligence and capability of the former student are now concentrated upon the work of the man, and they are bearing the old fruit—success. The frank, generous heart of schooldays is finding broader fields for its sympathies and "he hath many friends."

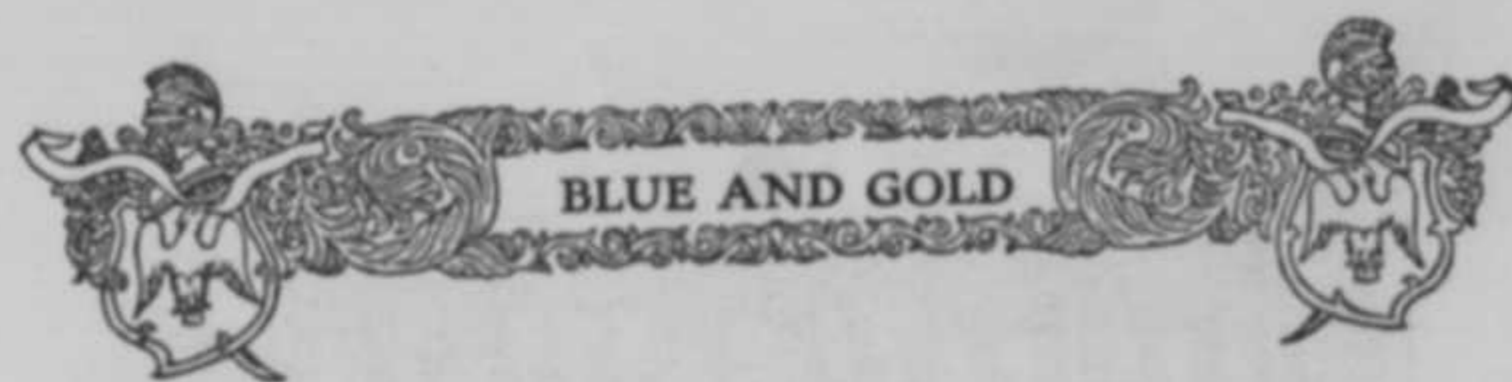


BARRACKS



School Calendar

- Sept. 17 School opens.
- Sept. 18 "Rats" form a conspiracy.
- Sept. 25 Lewis D. takes charge of the foot ball team.
- Oct. 18 Reed L. and Curran decide to stay on the hill until Christmas.
- Oct. 20 All uniforms arrive to the delight of the "rats"
- Oct. 22 First disappointments.
- Oct. 24 Lots of excitement. Bugle Corps strikes for cheverons.
Clark J. D. and Conn decide "rat" sentinels need training.
- Nov. 15 Donaghey "squeals."
- Nov. 16 Donaghey is sorry.
- Nov. 28 Thanksgiving hop. Captain White makes his debut.
- Dec. 10 "Mumps" petition. Davidson flees from the enemy.
- Dec. 11 Bryson, Neal N. and Sunderland quit the simple life.
- Dec. 16 Christmas holidays begin.
- Jan. 6 Christmas holidays end.
- Jan. 9 Captain Small decides time is precious and resigns.
- Jan. 12 Appointment of band officers. "Dutch" Henderson's hat shrinks.
- Feb. 13 Woodberry meets its Waterloo in the basket-ball team.
- Feb. 17 New guard book appears. One more burden for the poor O. D.
- Feb. 25 Second disappointments.
- Mar. 1 Campbell W. goes on duty.
- Mar. 8 Lanyon wrestles with the flag at dress parade and Captain Russell attempts suicide.



Senior Class Organization

PRESIDENT
HOSKINS

VICE PRESIDENT
AUSTIN

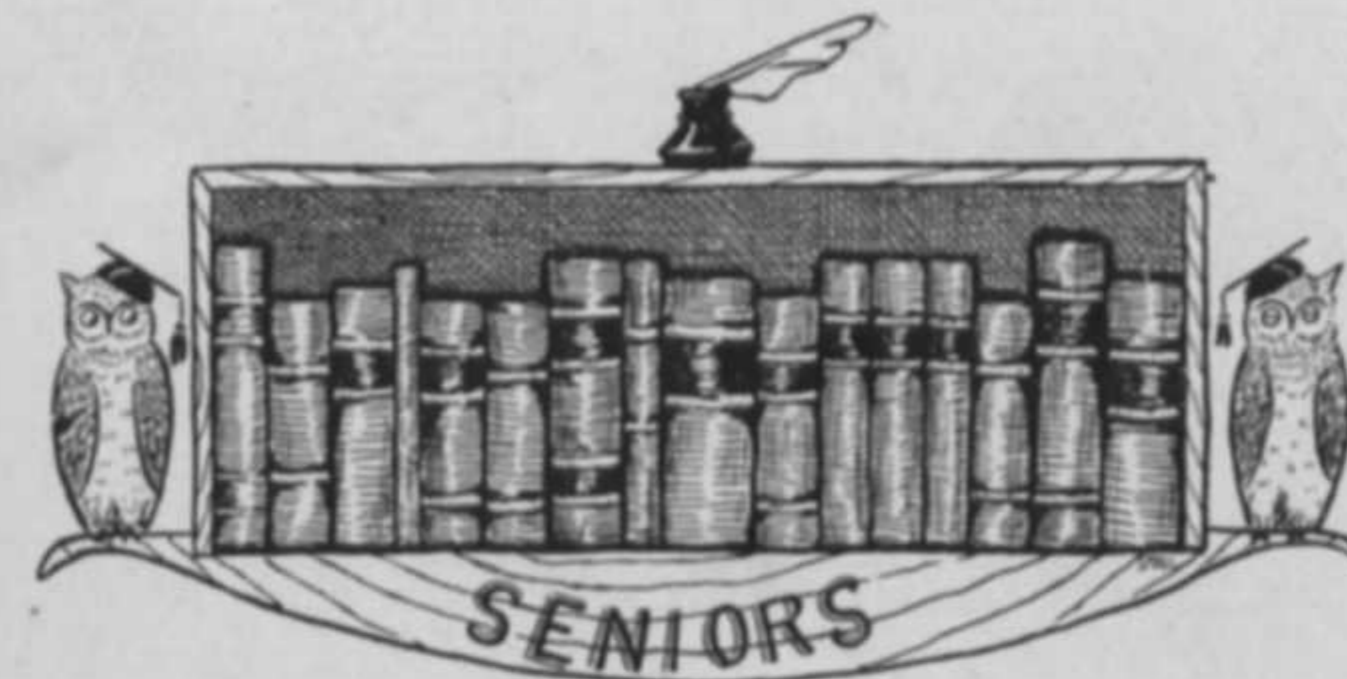
SECRETARY
DAVIDSON

TREASURER
MAXWELL, E. L.

POET
BROWN, P.

PROPHET
SHELLEY

HISTORIAN
LEE, L.



A heart to conceive, a head to contrive
and a hand to execute—*Gibbon*



The world, dear Agnes, is a strange affair—*Moliere*

DAVID EDWARD ADAMS

Was born in Newark, Ohio, in the year 1891. He will attend the Ohio State University, taking up Civil Engineering.

As merry as the day is long—*Shakespeare*

ROBERT BURTON BLOOM
(Delta Sigma Nu)

Mother made her first appearance in Shokan, New York, in the year 1891. She played "Varsity" foot ball in '08-'09. She goes to the University of Pennsylvania to study Chemical Engineering.





He's a tough, ma'am, tough is J. B.; tough
and devilish sly—*Dickens*

ROGER JONES BEAR

Was born in Staunton, Virginia, in 1892.
He will go to Washington and Lee University to study Architecture.

A mother's pride, a father's joy—*Scott*

SAMUEL T. BITTING

First saw the light of day in Aurora,
Texas. He will attend the University of
California.



Whose little body lodged a mighty mind—*Pope*

PEARSON BOLLMAN BROWN

(Nu Gamma Chi)

Was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,
in 1893. He is class poet. Next year he
he will study Mechanical Engineering at
Cornell.

This was a man—*Shakespeare*

WILLIAM EDWARD CAMPBELL

(Nu Gamma Chi)

Was born in Belton, South Carolina, in
the year 1892. He will go to the University of Georgia, taking up a Medical course; afterwards to Yale.



Martin, if dirt was trumps what hands
you would hold—*Charles Lamb*

VERNE MARTIN CLOPTON

Increased the population of Fort Worth,
Texas, in 1890. He will take up Electrical
Engineering in University of Texas.



A moral, sensible and well bred man—*Cowper*

JOHN DENNIS CLARK

(Sigma Kappa)

Was born in Newark, New Jersey, in
1892. He is one of the editors of Miscellaneous Department of BLUE AND GOLD. He will try to win the C. E. degree in New York University.





There's a good time coming boys—*Mackay*

MARK ALMY CORTHELL
(Sigma Kappa)

First saw this world in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1891. He is one of the Business Managers of the BLUE AND GOLD. Next year he will study Chemical Engineering in New York University.

I am slow of study—*Shakespeare*

THOMAS MARVEL DANTZ

This *Marvel* was born in Avondale, Pennsylvania, in 1892. He is one of the Literary Editors of the BLUE AND GOLD. He will go to New York University, afterwards to University of Pennsylvania, trying for a Mechanical Engineering degree.



He is of a very melancholy disposition—*Shakespeare*

EMERSON MORGAN DAVIDSON

Began life in Princeton, Indiana, in the year 1890. Emerson is one of the Miscellaneous Editors of the BLUE AND GOLD. He leaves us to take the Mechanical Engineering degree at Purdue University.

A very valiant trencher man—*Shakespeare*

BERTRAM MILFRED GERSON

Came to life in the metropolis of Montgomery, Alabama, in 1892. He will attend the University of Virginia.



The bookish theoretic—*Shakespeare*

EMANUEL ARNOLD GREENABAUM

The little town of Seaford, Delaware, was excited in the year of our Lord, 1892, by the arrival of this prodigy. He will undertake to become a Mechanical Engineer under the tutelage of Drexel Institute.



He was the mildest-mannered man—*Byron*

JOHN FLOCK HAUSER

This famous foot-ball star was born in Whitehaven, New Jersey, in 1891. He played 'Varsity' foot ball. Next year he will attend the University of Pennsylvania.





And thou art long and lank and brown—*Coleridge*

GEORGE RUSSELL DE WOLF HOPPER

This Cadet with the long name was born in Maryville, Kentucky, in 1890. Johns Hopkins will receive him next year.

A lion among ladies—*Shakespeare*
EVERETT LEONARD HOSKINS
(Delta Sigma Nu)

Was born in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, in 1889. He is one of the Business Managers of the BLUE AND GOLD. He will take the Chemical Engineering degree in the University of Pennsylvania.



As plain as a pike staff—*Middleton*

JAMES ROE HUNTER

Was dropped by the Stork in Williams-town, West Virginia, in 1891. James will endeavor to become a Surgeon at the University of Virginia.

The sex is ever to a soldier kind—*Pope*

JAMES LAWSON KINSEY
(Nu Gamma Chi)

Sent up his first feeble wail in New York City, in 1892. He intends to become a student in the Medical Department of Princeton.



He will give the devil his due—*Shakespeare*

WILLIAM MELVIN LANYON
(Nu Gamma Chi)

Was born in Nevada, Missouri, in 1892. He is one of the Literary Editors of the BLUE AND GOLD. Next year he will study Civil Engineering at Yale.



Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look—
Shakespeare

CARL B. LIVINGSTON

Was born in El Paso, Texas, in 1890. Next year he will attend the University of Texas, taking up Civil Engineering.





One out of suits with fortune—Shakespeare

MICHAEL GEORGE LITTMAN

The city of Quincy, Florida, in 1893, celebrated the birth of this great son. He will study Law at the University of Virginia.

I'll warrant him heart-whole—Shakespeare

GEORGE ALFRED MORSE

'Doc' was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1890. He will attend the University of Minnesota, taking up Civil Engineering.



The dice of Zeus fall ever luckily—Sophocles

ROBERT NEYLAND NEAL
(Sigma Cappa)

Was born at Jackson, Mississippi, June 15, 1890. He is one of the editors of BLUE AND GOLD. Will go into business next year.



A parlous boy—Shakespeare

JOHN WARREN OTT

Made his debut upon the stage of human life in Chicago, Illinois, in 1892. He will go to the University of Michigan, taking up Civil Engineering.



Lord, what fools these mortals be—Shakespeare

WILLIAM SHEPPARD PATTESON

Was born in Dresden, New York, in 1890. He intends going to Haverford College where he will take up the Arts Course.



Speak gently—Langford

OTTO A. ROSENBACHER

Was born in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, in 1892. He leaves us to attend Cornell where he will win his C. E. degree.





A man of sovereign parts—Shakespeare

TULLY SHELLEY

(Nu Gamma Chi)

This Prophet of the Class of '09 was born in Washington, D. C., in 1893. He will study Law at the University of Virginia.

A harmless necessary cat—Shakespeare

CHARLES COWLES TAINTOR

Was born in Chardon, Ohio, in 1891. He will study Dentistry at the Ohio State University.



Young in limbs, in judgment old—Shakespeare

JOHN McCAA VILLEPIGUE

Camden, South Carolina, gave birth to this young man in 1891. He is one of the Literary Editors of the BLUE AND GOLD. He will attend Sewanee to study Civil Engineering.

In a Pickwickian Sense—Dickens

JOHN WILLIAM VALENTINE

Was born in San Francisco, California, in 1890. He will study Mechanical Engineering at Yale.



As cold as any stone—Shakespeare

MERRIL BROOKS WHITNEY

Was born at Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1891. He will attend Worcester Polytechnic Institute.



Short is my date but deathless my renown—Pope

LELAND VANCE LEE

This second McCauley sprang into life at Hope, Kansas, in the year 1892. He is President of the Y. M. C. A. and Class Historian. He will depart from us to attend the University of Texas.



Diploma "B"



A noticeable man—Wordsworth

EDWARD AVERY AUSTIN
(Delta Sigma Nu)

Was born in Westfield, Massachusetts, in 1889. He played "Varsity" basket-ball and is Athletic Editor of BLUE AND GOLD. He will go in business next year.

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?—Shakespeare

LESLIE ROLLINSON BROWNE
(Delta Sigma Nu)

Was born in Evansville, Indiana, in 1892. He will go to Exeter to study medicine.



Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind—Pope

THEO. MAERKER

Was born in Big Vein, Pennsylvania, in 1892. He will attend Boston "Tech" to study Electro-Chemistry.

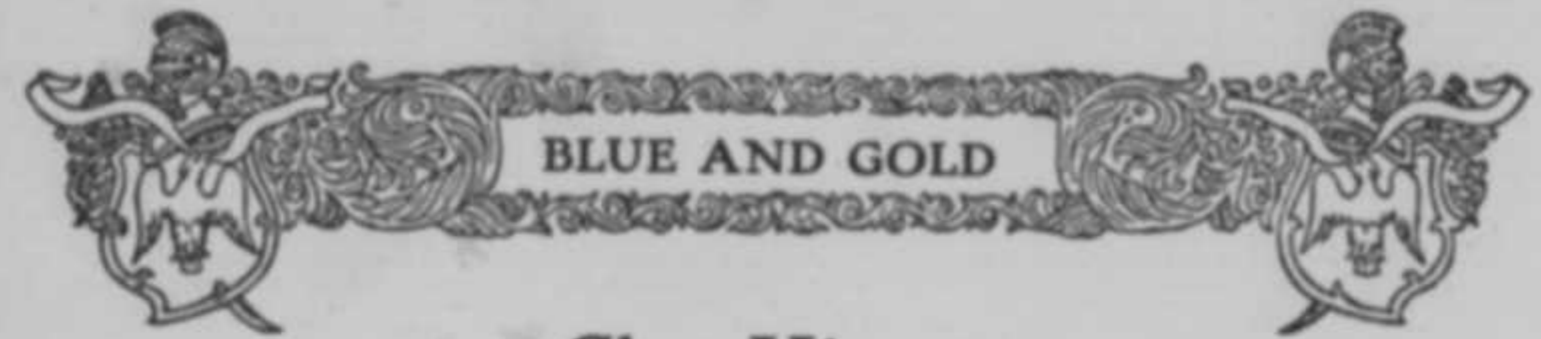
Diploma "B"

Ajax, the Great—Pope

EDWIN LEWIS MAXWELL

Was born in West Virginia in 1889. He played "Varsity" foot ball, basket-ball and baseball for a number of years. He is Military Editor of the BLUE AND GOLD. He will be a Veterinary Surgeon





Class History



HE size of the Class of '09 makes it impossible to write a detailed history.

Only two of its members arrived in the Fall of '05. Then there was no steam heat in the building, neither was there any cement pavement laid in the Quadrangle. These two, being "Rats," suffered considerably, but taking everything into consideration the year passed well.

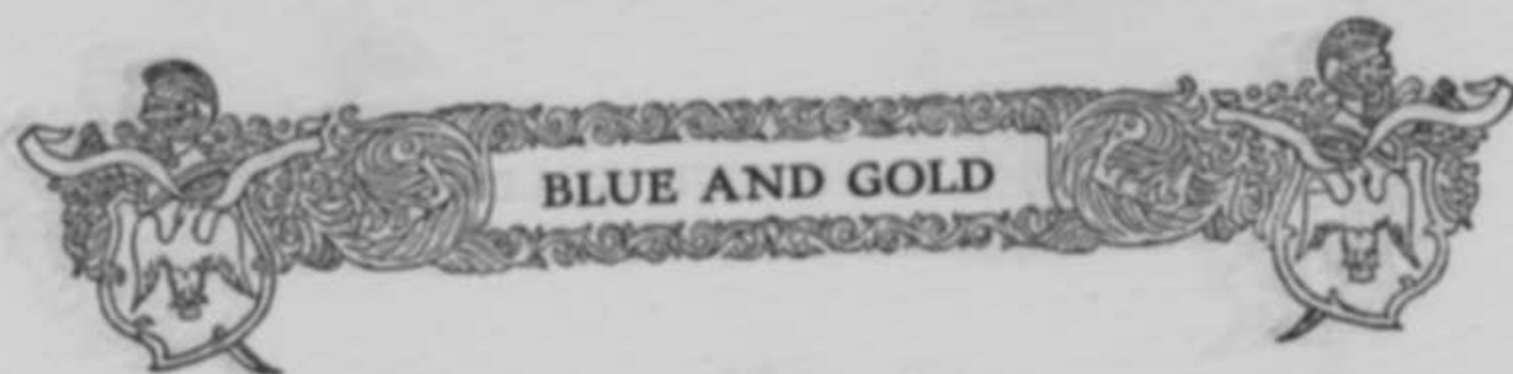
Next year there was a larger number added to the Class. Everything went well until we awoke and found ourselves without any shoes. Nearly all of them were recovered by the bare-footed Cadets before Reveille, however. Then came the trip to Jamestown. All of us had a fine time while there and put up a good drill.

The year of '08 also saw a large number of men added to our Class. Up to the time we went home for the Christmas Holidays, little of note occurred. After holidays had passed it seemed that nearly everyone had returned with the firm intention of leaving for home (by way of Special Orders) before the close of the term.

This year of '09 about one-third of the Class put in their appearance. The "Old Boys" who came back were a little worried how things would be under the New Assistant Commandant. Appointments came and went. Some of us were satisfied while others were not. Then we quieted down to about two weeks before Christmas when a small epidemic of mumps broke out. Nearly everyone recovered in time to go home and enjoy the holidays. Much refreshed by the good times we had, we returned, resolved to graduate and win our diplomas.

Now the year of '09 is drawing to a close, and we hope it will turn out one of the most successful Graduating Classes, for it has been one of the best years in the history of the Staunton Military Academy.

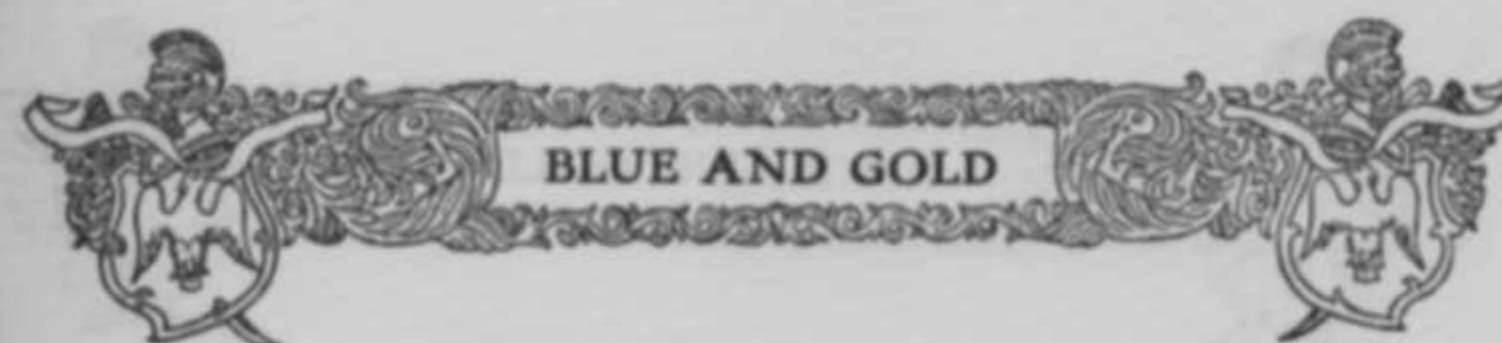
LELAND VANCE LEE.



Our School

WAY down in old Dominion,
Where the roses bloom so fair,
And the tassled corn ripens
In the soft and balmy air;
In the Shenandoah Valley,
Midst historic scenes of war,
In the great and glorious Southland,
Which our heroes battled for.
There it was our school was founded
And remains unto this day,
Firm, unshaken, "Pride of Staunton"
Loved and honored, S. M. A.
Not another *Alma Mater*
In the land can take its place.
Not another seat of learning
We'll admit is in the race.
When at last the year is over,
And we from these scenes must part,
Still, we'll cherish memories, ever
Hidden in the inmost heart.
'Tis the fate of man to labor,
We must strive against the tide.
Good old Staunton's firmest teaching
Is, "Don't falter, shrink, nor hide.
Face the battle, always fighting,
Ever harder, never less."
May we follow firm her precepts
Until we attain "Success."

JAMES G. FRASER, '10



Senior Class Prophecy



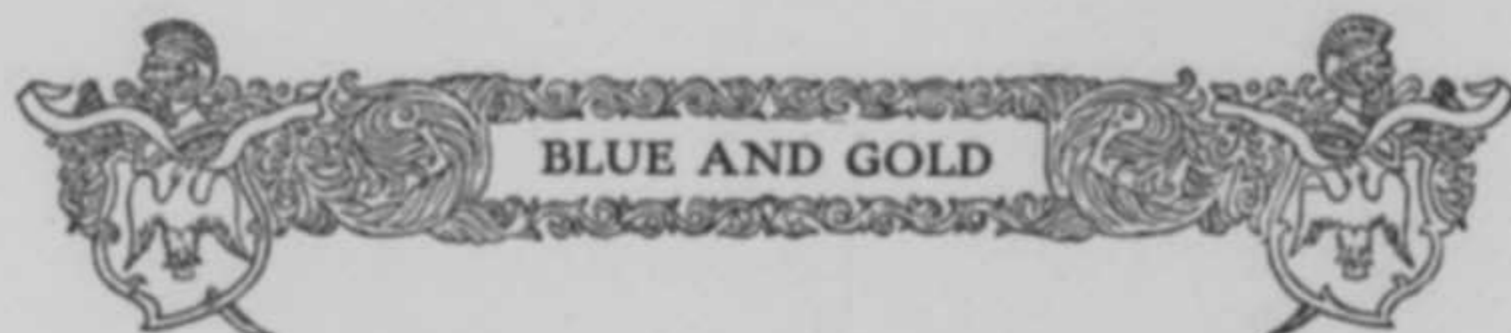
HAVING been suddenly and unexpectedly chosen prophet of the Class of '09, my brain was in a turmoil as to how to prophesy with as much accuracy as a prophet is expected to use. I have been hunting for two weeks in quest of the cave wherein was concealed the "Book of Fate," but have found nothing to reward my search. Chancing to look over an old number of a magazine, I happened to find what looked like the very thing I wanted. It was an advertisement in the scientific column, which read something like this:

THE WONDER OF THE AGE
PROF. CHRISTY'S
FAMOUS PREDICTAPHONE
\$5.00. Prepaid

I took no notice of it first, thinking it nothing more than a fake, but upon seeing the famous name of Professor Christy attached to it, I determined to risk it. So I plunked up the \$5.00 and sent for it that same day. It came in the course of a week, and I secluded myself in my room with it at my first opportunity. After reading the directions, I proceeded to operate it, and the following are the answers I received: Ch-k-k-k-k-

DAVID E. ADAMS, will, upon completion of his term at S. M. A. go to the Ohio State University, there to take up an engineering course. He will practise his profession in his home town for eleven years, but it will become monotonous, and he will then become a pedagogue somewhere in New York.

E. A. AUSTIN, a handsome fellow, will need no further education upon leaving S. M. A., and will plunge right into business. There is nothing particular destined for this "Son of Rest," but in his old age



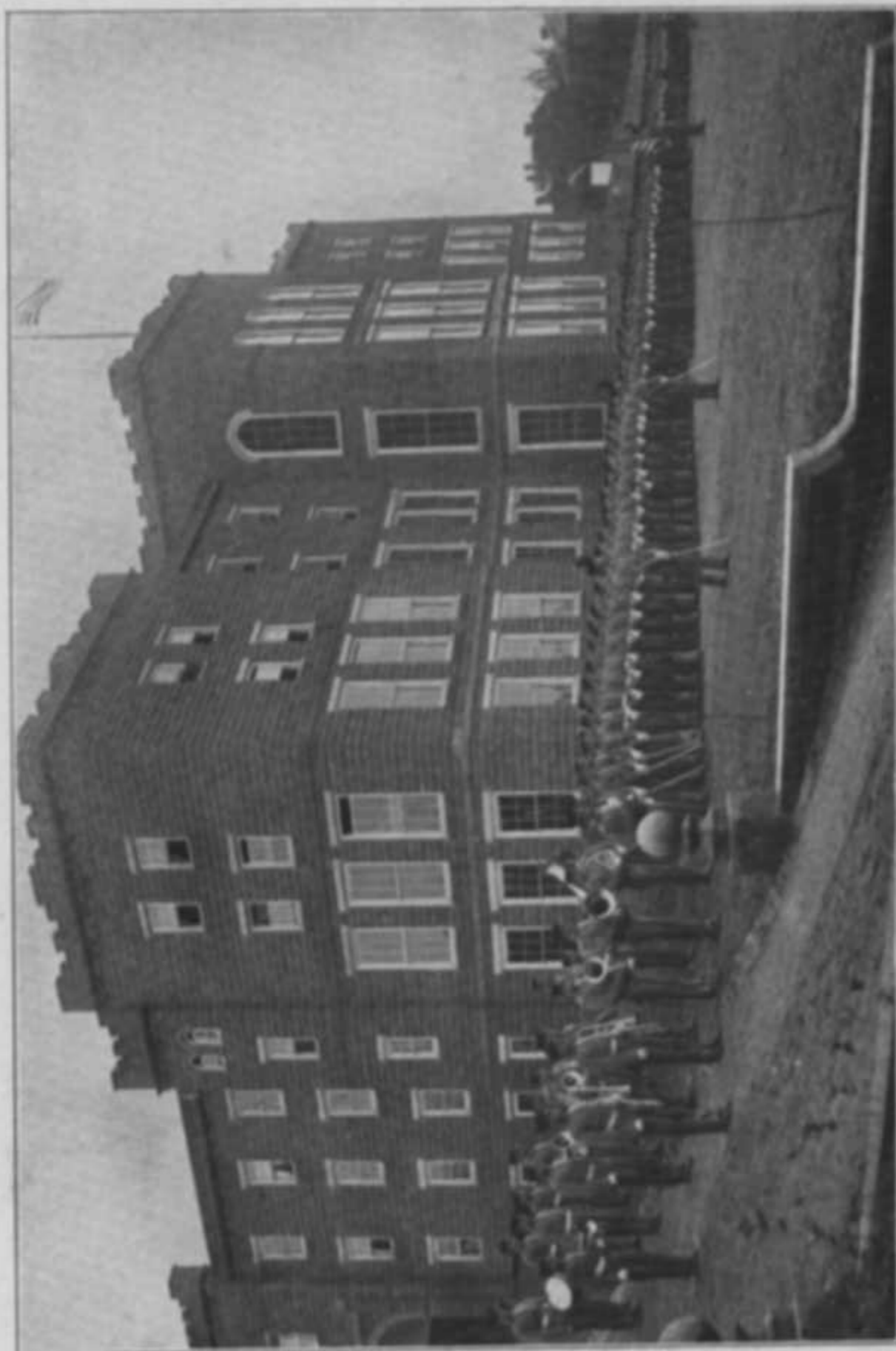
he will surprise the world by his activity in religious affairs. He will become a red-hot Baptist, and go to Africa as a missionary, returning in 1938 with a blushing bride.

ROBERT B. BLOOM, after leaving you will go to Yale to add a Ch. E. to his name. While there he will become a member of the Varsity eleven, and also the idol of many a fair damsel. He will make several great discoveries during his brilliant and prosperous career, each of which will yield him a fine royalty, in the double sense of the word. While traveling in Europe in 1929, he will become thrilled with the beauty of the famous Baroness Von Mugenhausen whose nationality need not be tabulated. Being fully acquainted with the temperament of Robert B., we leave it to the class to conjecture as to the result of this meeting.

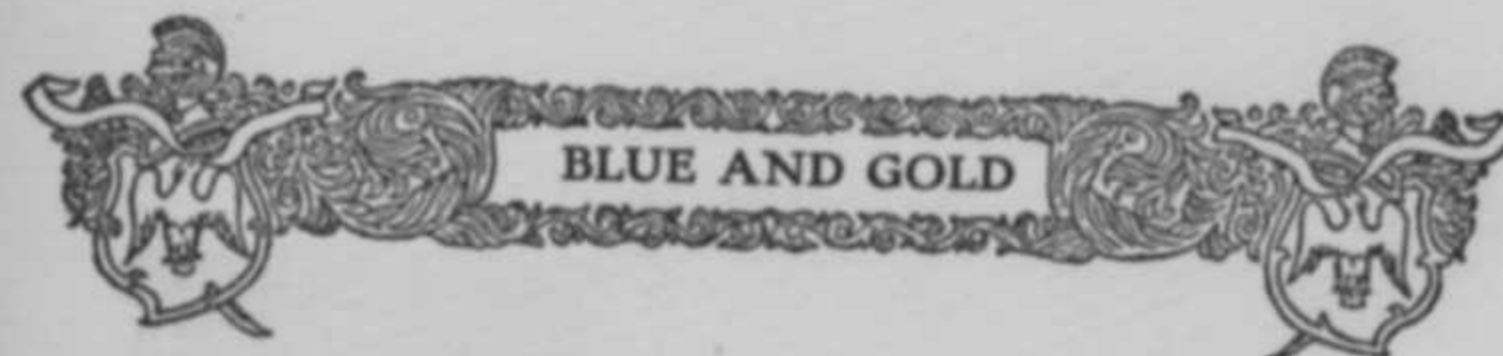
The fourth name is that of SAMUEL T. BITLING. He will depart to the University of California fully qualified. This school will not suit him and he will remove himself to the University of Texas. Here he will be refused admittance, so he will try a number of others, winding up as a last resort, with Washington and Lee. His only cause for complaint will be that all the feminine occupants of the town are taken by those who got there first. Being a fervent idealist, as well as a great masher, he will return to Staunton, and under pretense of going to Dunsmore Business College, he will carry on his suit and win the hand of Miss—ask him.

P. B. BROWN. There is a wonderful future destined for this young man. He will be—but would it be wise to tell this to the world at large? If he will consult the machine in person, he will witness one of the most surprising prophecies ever bestowed upon mortal man.

M. A. CORTHELL will go to the New York University. He will work with comparative diligence for a while, but will be unable to concentrate his thoughts. After struggling for a year in this manner, he will leave and enter the New York Dramatic School.



BATTALION



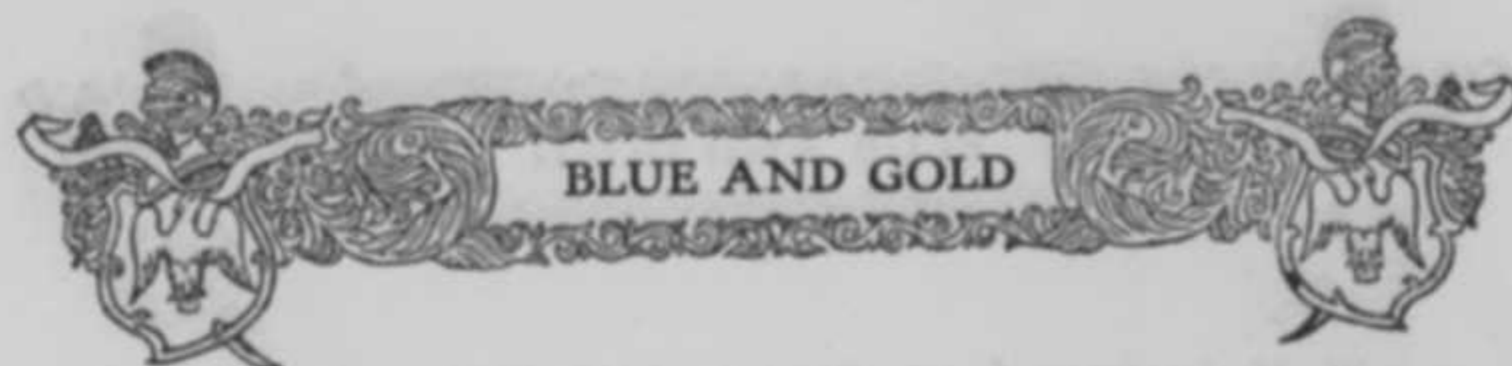
Now he will have attained that element which will set his mind at perfect rest. He will put his soul into the work and prove a howling success. He will be eulogized in the Dramatic Mirror as being the world's greatest canine impersonator.

The name of W. E. CAMPBELL will first go down on the ledger of the University of Georgia, but will be erased and placed on that of Yale in 1911. He will be no laggard in his studies, but will go right through, and graduate in 1913. He will accept a position as Eye Specialist at the Blind Asylum in Staunton, and will receive the blessing of many a poor fellow, from whose eyes will be removed cataracts or other visionary impediments.

Next is T. M. DANTZ, who will do the University of Pennsylvania the honor of his presence. He will fall behind in his classes during his sixth year, but will then realize his possibilities, and work with that indomitable spirit which he so often evinced at S. M. A., gaining great credit upon his graduation in 1916. Philadelphia will then not be big enough to hold him, and he will go to New York, there to ply the trade of a chauffeur. Such active work will soon bring him to realize that the call of Father Time may not be resisted, and he will return to Philadelphia, to lead the simple life for the rest of his days.

E. M. DAVIDSON, coming from a beautiful little farm in the wilds of Indiana, will go to Purdue this year. He will feel downhearted at first at leaving his companions at S. M. A., but this will wear off under the disconcerting effects of Cupid. While walking along the dusty pike between Purdue and his home, he will meet a comely country bumpkin with whom he will immediately become enraptured. She will inherit her father's estate of nine acres, and they will pass the rest of their lives in blissful solitude, living each for the other.

Next on the list is B. M. GERSON. Upon graduating from Packard's Business College in 1914 he will be at a loss to find a job. But he will then evince some of that luck of which he always had a bounteous supply. The Amalgamated Beef Trust, on seeing one of his pictures will pay him a fabulous sum for his fac-simile to use as an



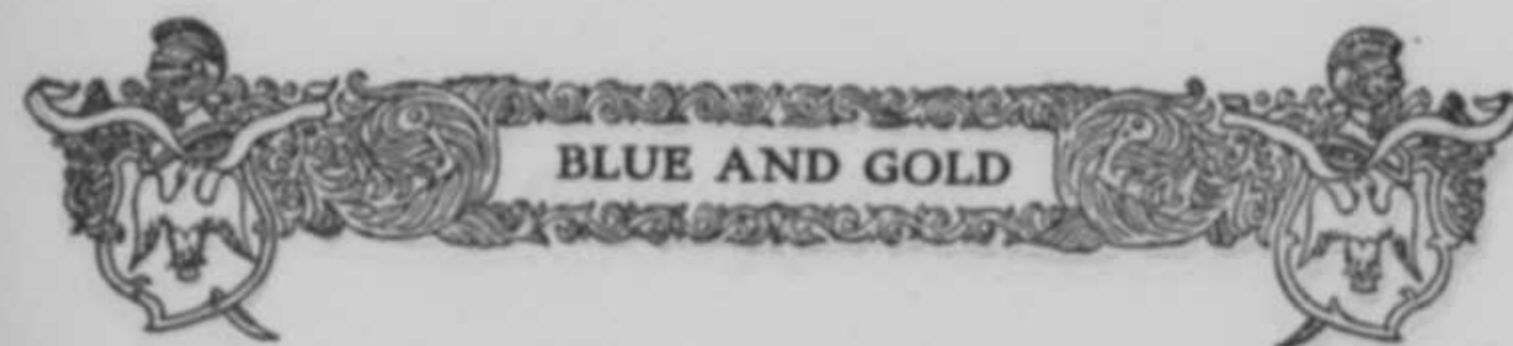
advertising medium. This will prove a great boost to the trade and in 1941 his picture will out shine in fame even that of the "Mellin's Food Baby."

Now comes the prodigy of the Class, E. A. GREENABAUM. There are great things destined for this son of Jerusalem. "Greeny," (a very appropriate nickname), will go to Drexel Institute to study for a mining engineer, but this will prove distasteful to him, and he will leave for New York without completing his course. While strolling along in the "Get-dough" (Ghetto) district, he will discover the missing link to his life and will lose no time in getting coupled to it.

JAMES L. KINSEY, delegate to Princeton, will upon his graduation, go to Italy and the adjoining provinces for the purpose of making a research into the Latin Language. Unfortunately, his trip will be a failure, and he will return home disheartened. To reimburse himself for his expenditures in going to Europe, he will be forced to dig sewer main sin Pittsburgh. While engaged in this terra-ble occupation, he will unearth a chest, put there by Virgil himself in 20 B. C., containing the very thing for which he had spent his life in searching for. Thus is shown the perversity of fate.

LELAND VANCE LEE will leave you for the University of Texas. But for some reason he will remove himself from here and enter Boston, Tech. Graduation will be but a matter of time with him, and he will return to his home in Mexico. In 1927 he will accept the position of interpreter at a correspondence school in Ohio, and live to a ripe old age.

C. B. LIVINGSTON, the man with the stentorian voice, will attend his home university, Texas. He will study for and become a civil engineer for awhile, but will find that traveling with a circus is more profitable. He will expand his chest three times a day, with 4,000 pounds resting lightly upon it, for the benefit of the immense audiences which will assemble from all parts of the world to see this superhuman stunt.



W. M. LANYON when he finishes with S. M. A. will go to Yale to take up a civil engineering course. He will get through without any trouble and will go to Chicago to practice his profession. In the year 1941, on account of the great knowledge of French he will have attained, be sent to France as Ambassador. While there he will fall victim to the charms of some vivacious little Frenchwoman, and will spend the rest of his days there.

EDWIN L. MAXWELL will be the veterinary of your class. He will go to the Ohio State University, but will discover that he knows more about "it" than the institution. Then he will depart to West Virginia and establish that society which will cause his name to go down in the annals of history as a great benefactor to the equine race—namely, the V. T. A. If the reader does not understand this didactic expressison, it stands for Veterinary Tonsorial Association.

The next name is that of W. S. PATTESON. He will go to Haverford College and he will not stay but three days, because the ceilings will be too low for his lofty bearing. Being naturally cut out for some graceful walk of life, he will give public exhibitions on the art of roller skating at Pen-Yan's georgeous rink.

Standing alone in his profession as dentist is C. C. TAINTOR. He will learn the trade at the Ohio State Uinversity, and then return home to practise on the live stock. After pulling all the teeth on the place, he will advertise himself as being "experienced." By means of this "ad," he will gain great patronage, and when he gets feeble, will turn over his business to one of his many sons.

Anyone taking a good look at JOHN FLOCK HAUSER will be sure to see that he is destined to be a soldier. His well shaped figure and manly bearing all conspire to this end. Consequently he will go to West Point in 1911, and give them a few eye-openers as to military discipline and training. He will graduate in 1915, and become a second lieutenant in the regular army, resigning shortly after.



ROGER BEAR, the only member of the class emanating from the "proverbial valleys of the Shenandoah," will attend Washington and Lee University. He will slowly tread the stony walk to fame by means of his ability with a pen. On any clear day, he will be seen on Broadway vending, at a penny each, hand-engraved postals of the Flatiron Building.

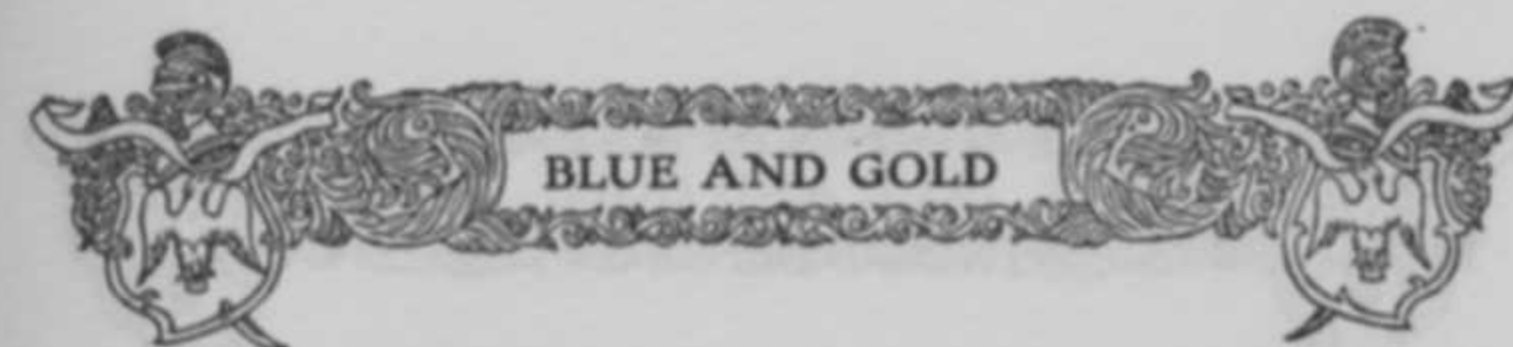
L. R. BROWN. In a musical trend, runs the mind of this man. Under the assumed name of Brondaccio Gumbigovitch he will, as a great violin virtuoso, traverse the continent. His name will be on the lips of all music fanatics, and critics will unanimously pronounce him the greatest ever.

OTTO A. ROSENBACHER, after his graduation here desires to attend Cornell, but will be unable to do so, as he will be so seriously hurt in a railway accident on the B. & O., that he will be unable to move his lower limbs. In the meanwhile, E. L. Maxwell will have risen to fame in his profession, and will cure Otto from his malady. Then he will become everyone's "Uncle" at the sign of the three balls in the City of Jerusalem.

V. M. CLOPTON will go to the University of Texas to take up an engineering course. He will graduate in due time and will go to Ohio to practise his profession. Before long he will become homesick and return to Texas, becoming one of those typical "cow-punchers" immortalized in "Old King Brady's" library.

This class as a whole has been rather cold toward the "other sex," but providentially there is one in your midst who will be the thing with the ladies. That man is JOHN DENNIS CLARK. One wife will be entirely too few for him, so in 1920 he will transport himself to Turkey, where he can own a whole harem.

TULLY SHELLEY leaves you to attend the University of Virginia. After graduating there with high honor he will practice his chosen vocation in Basic City, Va. He will soon tire, however, and accept a position as assistant instructor in arithmetic and bookkeeping at



Dunsmore's Business College. He will remain there several years and will then set himself up as a prophet. He will prophesy that S. M. A. cadets will be permitted to call upon M. B. S. every Sunday afternoon. This prophecy will not come true, and he will be torn to pieces by the enraged "Kabelites."

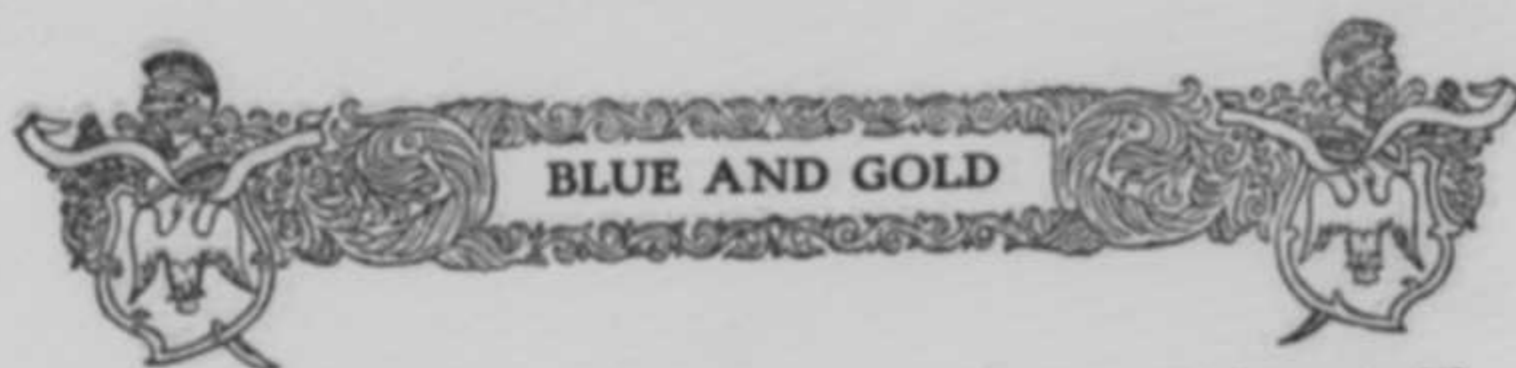
Next comes GEORGE RUSSELL DEWOLF HOPPER. We can see from the length of his name that he has something hidden behind his hard and impassive countenance. While at S. M. A. he always held in check all of his athletic abilities, and will continue to do so until 1940, when, notwithstanding, his age he will distinguish himself as a member of the "Maysville" nine.

E. L. HOSKINS, upon carrying off the honors from Cornell in 1913 will become a horticulturist. He will not be very well fitted for this work, but will nevertheless stick to it until old age forces him to retire. Throughout his long and eventful life he will shine as a brilliant satellite in the social world.

MERREL BROOKS WHITNEY. This modern "Eli" will leave you to attend Harvard University. He will graduate last in his class from that institution of learning. Then he will work many years upon an invention of a machine to convert the human voice into motive power. At last he will be successful and go about the country establishing homes for aged Dinosaurs.

The University of Virginia will receive J. R. HUNTER, who will take a course in surgery. He will have some trouble when he graduates. He will be fully "up on" the art of dissecting. In fact, this knowledge will be so comprehensible, that a great slaughter house in Chicago will hear of him, and engage him to dissect their hogs and other cattle.

JOHN MCCAA VILLEPIGUE, whose brain is larger than his body, will consider himself as being well enough educated for the battle of life. "Villipig" will become a farmer and landscape gardener some-



where in Arkansas. It will be a shame to see such promising material resort to this occupation, yet he will tenaciously stick to it in spite of the remonstrances of his friends.

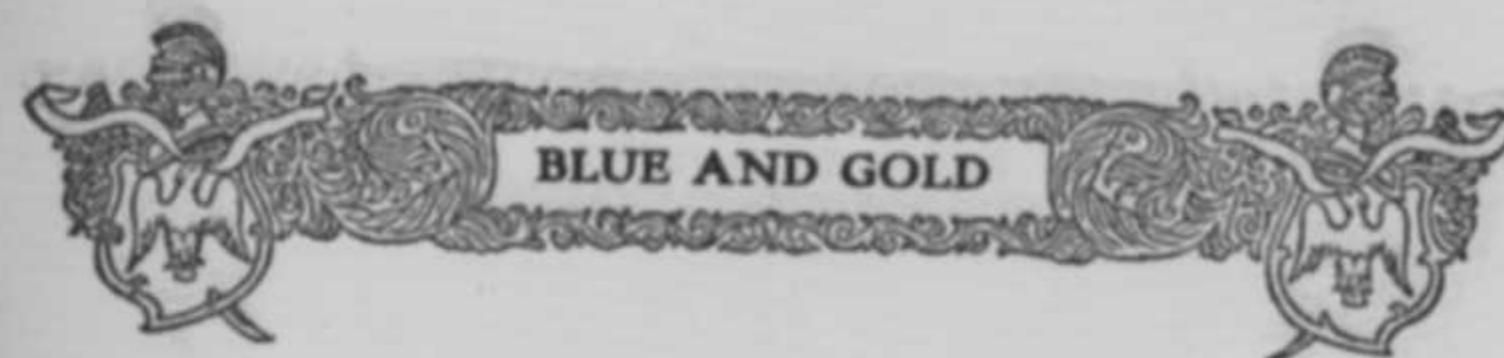
Another delegate to the University of Virginia is M. G. LITTMAN. He will be one of the few to take up a law course. On being graduated in 1915, he will be admitted to the "bar," and will begin practising in Pittsburgh. He will be sent to Washington as an associate judge of the Supreme Court in 1920, and by a combination of patience and hard work will rise to the position of Chief Justice.

J. W. VALENTINE, upon leaving you will study scientific farming at Maryland Agricultural College. Upon graduation he will perfect a system for growing vegetable baseballs by grafting sweet pea shoots upon lemon trees. For a while this will prove unsuccessful but he will cheapen the cost of growing them by causing orchids to blossom upon his lemon trees. He will live to a hearty old age, cheered by the sight of his numerous grafts.

T. S. MAERKER will go to Yale. In 1925 he will launch himself out in the world as a newspaper man. In the war with Japan in 1954, he will be sent to the field of action as a correspondent to the "Podunk Daily News." He will distinguish himself in this and when peace has again settled o'er the land, he will return to America, bringing with him a little "Japanee," to share his name.

G. A. MORSE will graduate from Johns Hopkins University with high honors. He will first turn his hands to wooing and winning a beautiful Esquimau maiden. A great epidemic of mumps will run riot throughout the United States, beginning on Friday, January 13, 1923, and it is then that "Doc" Morse will come to the front, with his great remedy for this malignant disease. As in Burke's speech on "Conciliation," it will surprise the world for its simplicity. It will be simply to remove the toenails in dilute ascetic acid.

J. W. OTT, will be your only representative at the University of Michigan. While there he will become a great athlete, especially at sprinting. He will defeat Longboat at Madison Square Garden and



then be proclaimed champion of the world. This will not satiate his avaricious greed for fame, so he will go in the "ring" and beat everything he comes up against.

CONCLUSION

Ch-k-k-k-bang! Just at this crucial moment the machine "busted," so I hope this prophecy has touched no vital point, and if it has, I wish to say that the prophet is in nowise responsible—the blame rests entirely upon the Predictaphone. How thankful we should be that we were not made with a knowledge of our future.





Class Poem

GOOD-BY old school, we must part,
Some to college take their way,
Others to the busy mart
To use the training of S. M. A.

Now we have the training
Long for which we have worked
We'll set about claiming
Duties not to be shirked.

Playing the game of life,
Let's keep within each rule;
And manly face the strife,
As taught in Kable's School.

When last assembly sounds,
We'll pay our earthly debt;
As St. Peter makes the rounds,
We'll answer, an S. M. A. Cadet.

BROWN P.

SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS

NAME	FAVORITE STUDY	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	AMBITION	PROSPECT OF MARRIAGE	DISPOSITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Maxwell, E. L.	Chemistry	Sleeping	To be a horse doctor	Fierce	Lovable	How I like dark colors
Hopper	Lovemaking	Athletic abilities	To make the teams	Small	Mean	Play ball
Shelly	All of them	Blowing ?	To beat Caruso	100 per cent.	Amiable	Ow-itch
Ott	Tactics	Visiting girls	To get married	Great	Fierce	See here kid
Davidson	Spelling	Sticking fleeclovers	To make Brown P. behave at drill	Sure	Ordinary	Attention in the fleeclovers
Hunter, J. R.	French	Snoring	To keep away from the Citadel	Punk	Cranky	General Whizz (two lips)
Kinsey	Bible study	Skipping Reveille	To be an athlete	Slight	Rare	Oh tulips
Lanyon	Chemistry	Trousers turned up	To stand by the flag	Tremendous	Pleasant	Nothing doing
Adams	Trig	Bumming Bull Durham	To find Eve	Encouraging at present	Quiet	None
Maerker	Religion	Rising early	To find styx (sticks)	Beyond imagination	Indisposed	Comes as Adams
Brown, P.	Poetry	Being naughty on drill	To skip church	Ump	Fine	Inexpressible
Campbell, W.	Latin	Dinging	To get a good meal	None	Grouchy	Ask me, you

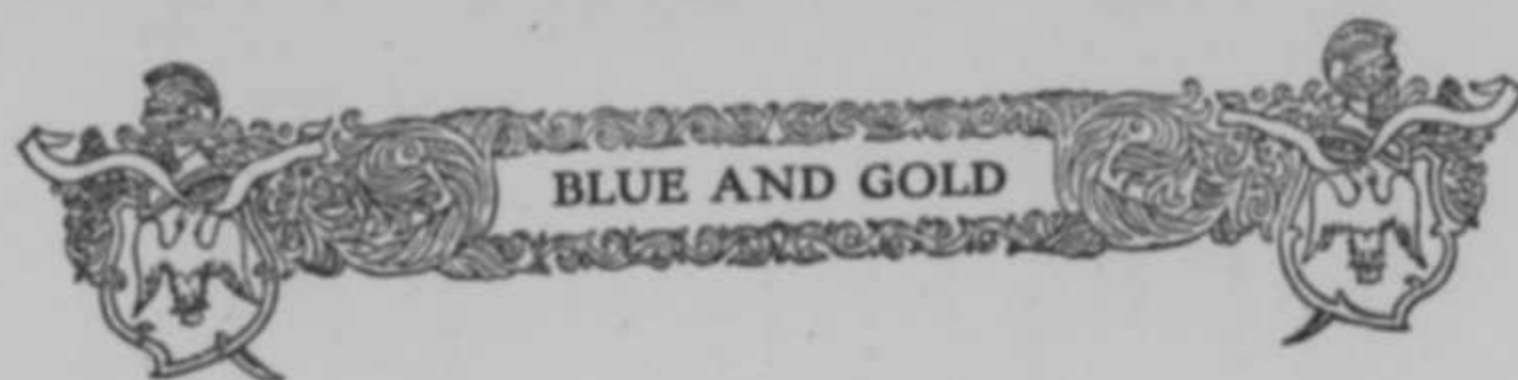
SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS—Continued

NAME	FAVORITE STUDY	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	AMBITION	PROSPECT OF MARRIAGE	DISPOSITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Lee, L.	Psychology	Beauty	To be "wise"	Very "wise" prospects	Sneaky	I'll Stick
Livingston	Trig.	Borrowing from supply room	To learn to graft	Ask any girl in Staunton	Melancholy	Ugh
Dantz	Ditto	Roughing	To reform Phila.	Hopeful	Fair	Nuts
Brown, L.	Girls	His violin	To like Shelly and Lanyon	"While there's a life there's a hope"	Angelic	Good-bye
Hauser	Tonsorialism	Foot ball abilities	To find his affinity	Gloomy	Merry	So-long
Hoskins	Etiquette	Loving his room-mate	To be President	Excellent	Very Lovable	Attention to punishment list
Littman	Trig.	Same as Patteson	To go on duty	Dark	Good	Holy cow
Villepigue	How to master Kent	Little—but loud	To make baseball team	Not hopeful	Rather pleasant	I flunked in Trig.
Valentine	Toology	Shaving	To grow a beard	None at all	Simple	I need a shave
Whitney	Botany	Winning suits	To distinguish a lemon from a peach	X	X "agin"	Wake-up
Rosenbacher	Latin	Using pony in Latin	To translate Latin without a "pony"	Magnus	Business-like	Ego

SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS—Continued

NAME	FAVORITE STUDY	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	AMBITION	PROSPECT OF MARRIAGE	DISPOSITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Taintor	Physics	That lonesome look	To pull motors	Got a pull	Sleepy	Let her come
Patteson	Latin prose	Size (one way)	To lose some of that 6 ft. 2	Threatening	Sour	Go-hang
Gerson	Obesity	Form divine	To train down	Very slim	Pleasant	Saw a peach to-day
Greenabaum	Economy	He K (nose)	To be a business man	Too expensive	Hard	Come on
Austin	None	Smiling	To dance	No outlook	Fair	It's 6 a. m. Hoskins
Bloom	Spelling	Having girl at Sem.	To see them in the line	She can't see him lawfully	Rare	Whoopee
Clopton	Baseball rules	Truth	Any old thing at all	Got to hustle	Soft	—
Clark, J. D.	Same as Hoskins	Getting reduced	To walk sentinel duty	Marvelous	Suits the ladies	Galls
Corthell	Post Office regulations	Skippering men for sentinel duty	To be a leader of men	Poor	Mean	Come get your mail
Bitting	Virgil	Asking questions	To get fat	(It aint)	Good-natured	Gosh darn it
Morse	Medicine	Hair	To be a doctor	Positively none	Sweet	Has none

The author will not be responsible for insults.



THE Cincinnati parents of a young hopeful in the Staunton Military Academy at Staunton, Va., experienced the deepest humiliation a few days ago until there was an exchange of telegrams relieving the pressure.

"I am having some trouble with my stomach," the lad wrote in his weekly letter to his parents. "I don't think it amounts to much, but the Main Squeeze sent me to the infirmary for a few days."

To the fond parents the word "infirmary" meant the "poorhouse," and in the minds of the parents that was an indignity that hadn't been included in the agreement to teach the son how to be a student and an upright man.

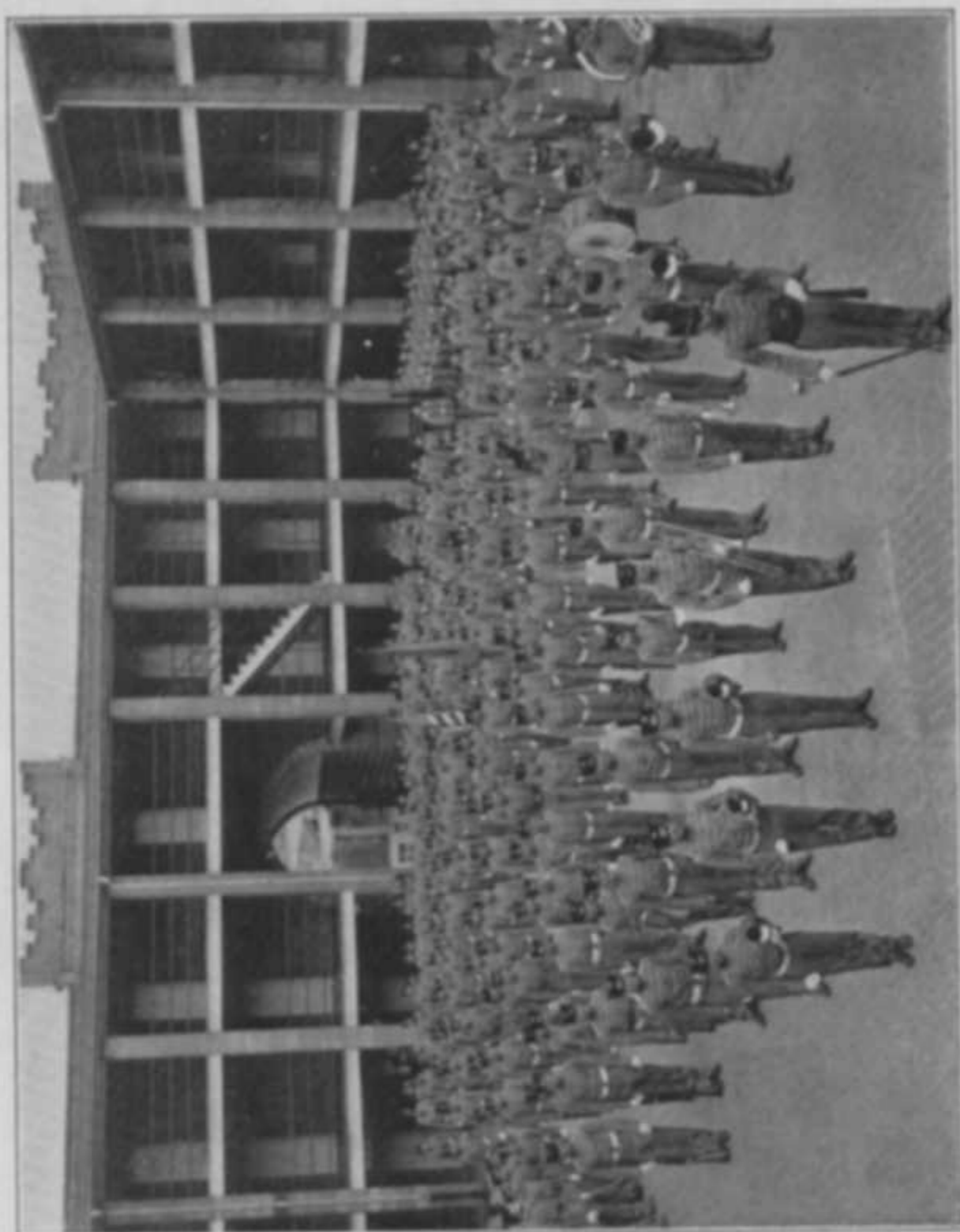
"Letter received. Why are you sent to the poorhouse? Wire full particulars at once or will send you money to come home. Answer quick," read the telegram sent by the parents as fast as electric current could carry it.

The same day the reply, by wire, was received:

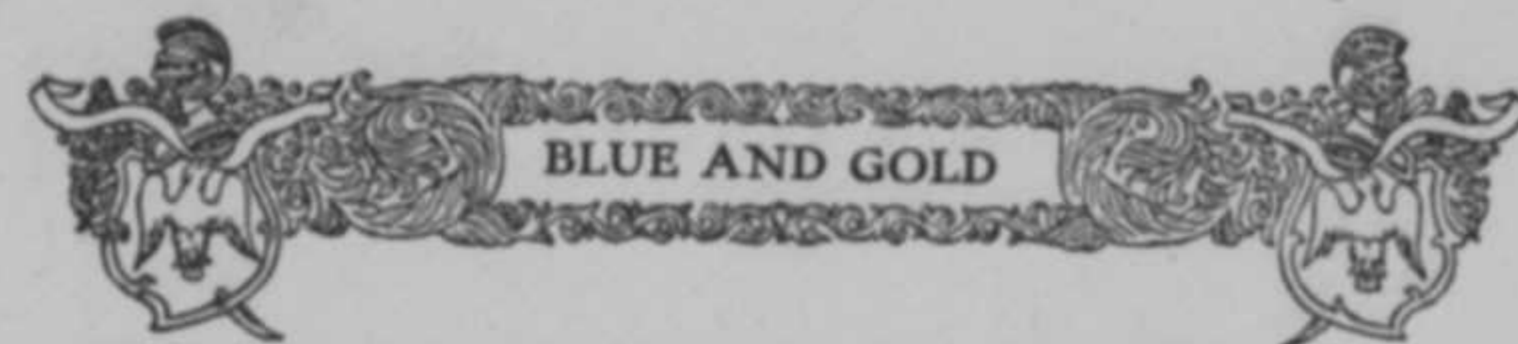
"I didn't say 'poorhouse.' I said I'm in the infirmary. That's what

they call the school hospital for homesickness and indigestion patients. I'm in both classes."

*Cin Post
Jan 6*



BATTALION



MILITARY

Battalion Organization

COMMANDANT
CAPTAIN WM. GIBBS KABLE

ASSISTANT COMMANDANT
CAPTAIN T. G. RUSSELL

CADET CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT
E. L. HOSKINS

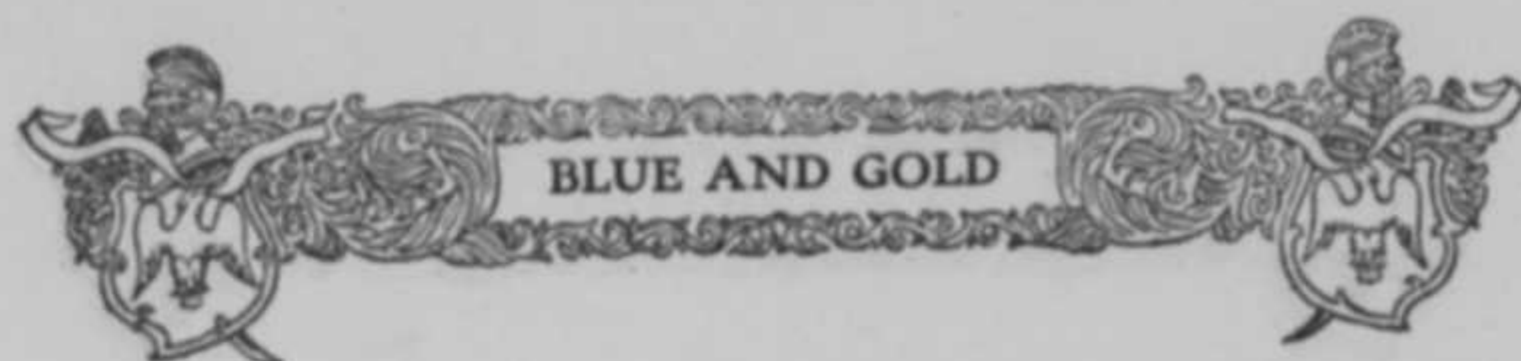
CADET 1st LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER
C. B. LIVINGSTON

SERGEANT MAJOR
J. L. KINSEY

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
L. R. LEDBETTER

HOSPITAL SERGEANT (FIRST CLASS)
G. A. MORSE

COLOR GUARD
COLOR SERGEANT, LANYON
PRIVATES BROWN, H. AND SMITH, H.



Staff

SPONSOR
MISS SPECK

COLORS
SKY BLUE AND DRAB

FLOWER
CHRYSANTHEMUM

COMMANDING BATTALION
CAPTAIN T. G. RUSSELL

CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT
E. L. HOSKINS

FIRST LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER
C. P. LIVINGSTON

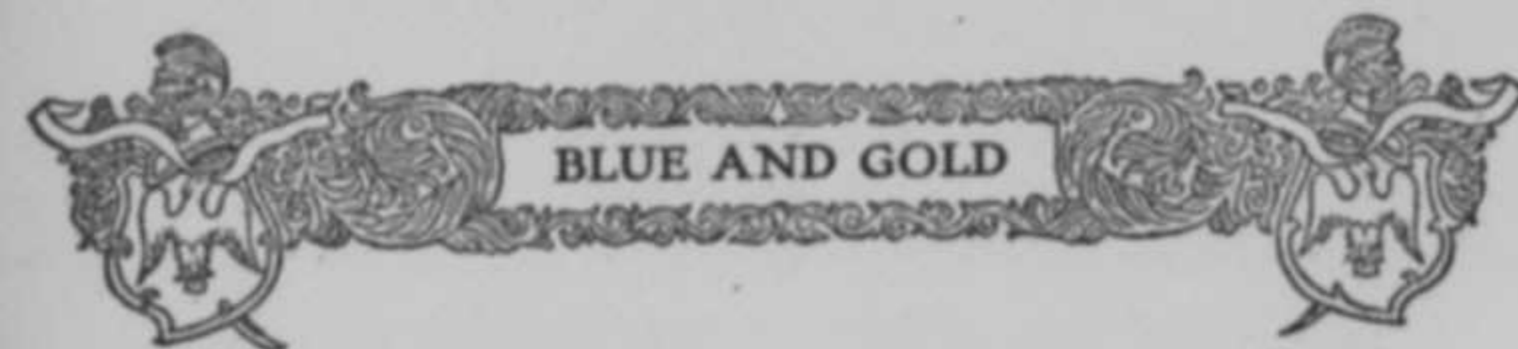
SERGEANT MAJOR
J. L. KINSEY

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
L. R. LEDBETTER

HOSPITAL SERGEANT, (FIRST CLASS)
G. A. MORSE

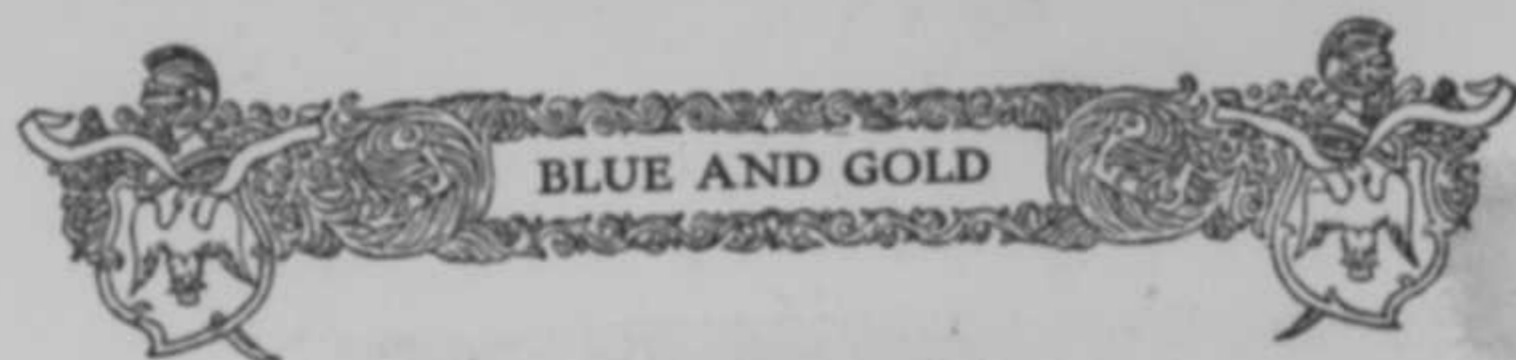


STAFF



Line Officers

Company "A"	Company "B"	Company "C"	Company "D"
<i>Captains</i>			
E. L. MAXWELL	R. B. BLOOM	E. M. DAVIDSON	E. A. AUSTIN
<i>First Lieutenants</i>			
MILLER, B.	SNIVELY	DANTZ	SUNDERLAND
<i>Second Lieutenants</i>			
HARDESTY	CAMPBELL, W.	CAMPBELL, C.	NEAL, N.
<i>First Sergeants</i>			
OTT	CORTHELL	WING	LUTGERDING
<i>Sergeants</i>			
SHELL	BITTING	LEE, K.	LANYON
STRONG, R.	HOPPER	BROWN, P.	GAMBRILL
BROOKS, L.	MAXWELL, E. W.	ROSENBACHER	HEFLIN
WATSON, J	CLARK	KELLEY	EOFF
WITHINGTON		SHELLEY	
<i>Corporals</i>			
ETTLA	PARK	BARBEE	THOMPSON, G.
BOTSFORD, A	WHITNEY	THIXTON	LITTMAN
GUILLETT	ANDREWS, R.	KENT	ZURHORST
PUTNAM	GREIF, M.	TINDAL	HALL
MAERKER	REED, L.	BRADFORD, H.	BROWN, L.



Company "A"

Sponsor

MISS MARY E. SHRECKHISE

Colors

ORANGE AND BLACK

Flower

AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

Captain

E. L. MAXWELL

First Lieutenant

MILLER, B.

Second Lieutenant

HARDESTY

First Sergeant

OTT

Sergeants

SCHELL	STRONG, R.	BROOKS, L.	WATSON	WITHINGTON
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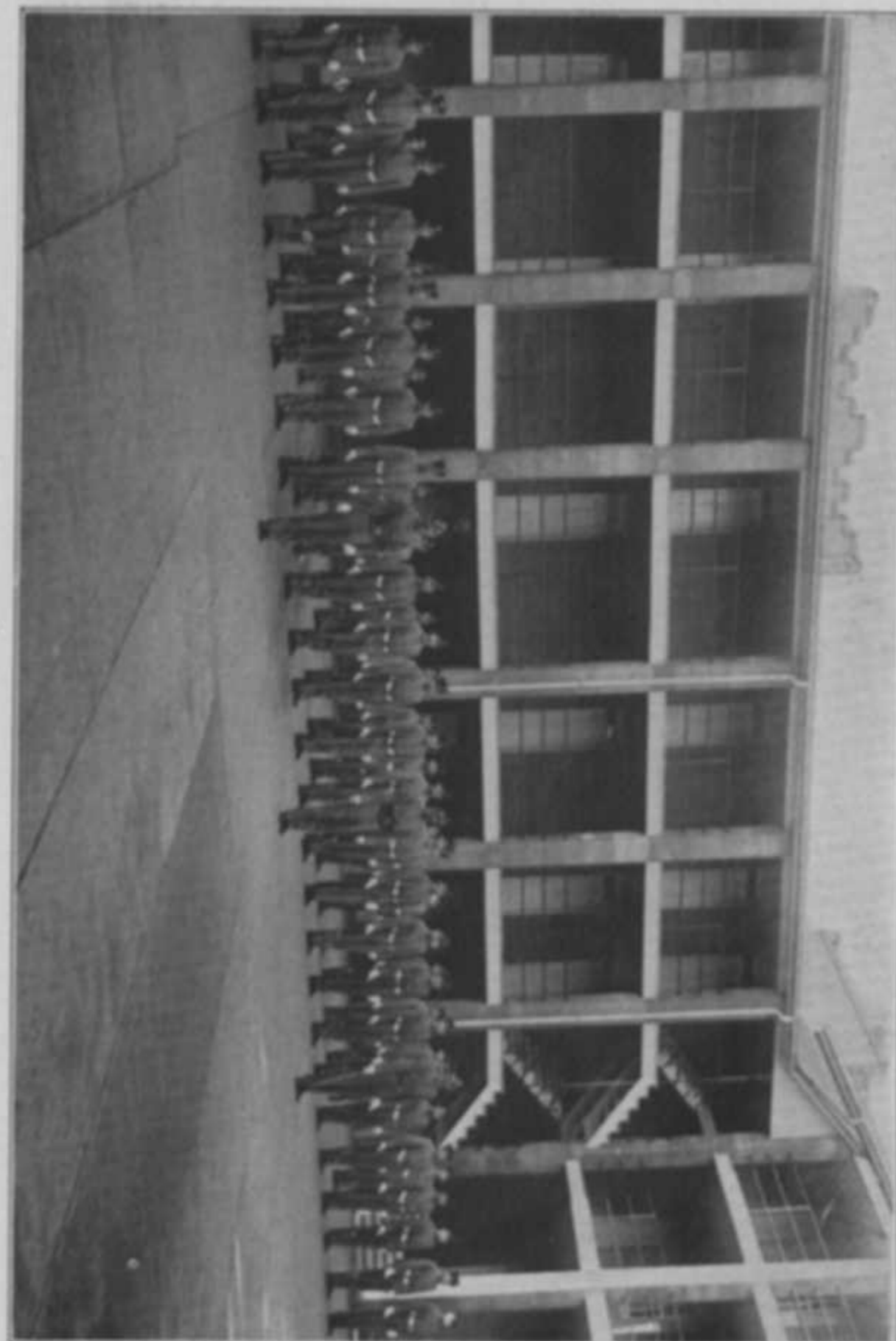
Corporals

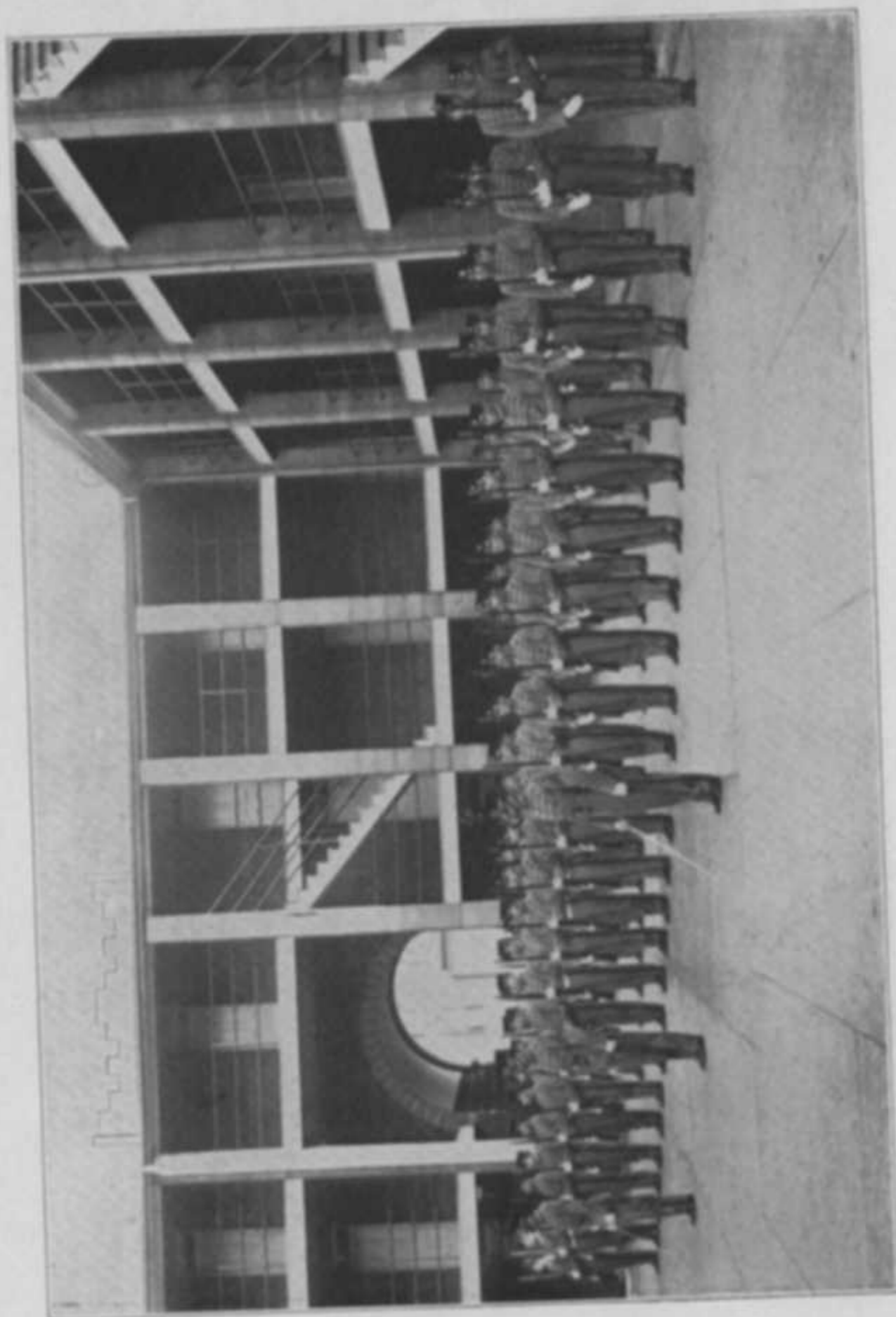
ETTLA	BOTSFORD, A.	GUILLETT	PUTNAM	MAERKER
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Privates

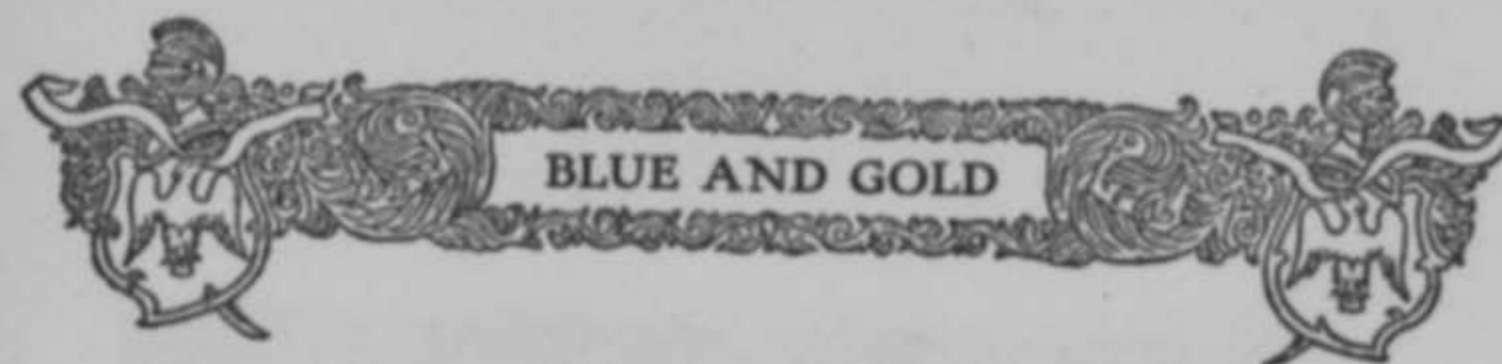
Beck	Davies	Lewis, D.	Ray, W.
Breeze	Fraser	Maxwell, H.	Richards
Bratton	Gibbes	Moore, J.	Stearn
Brown, W. M.	Gerson	Monteith	Sabel
Beiler	Hoge	Neill, H.	Saldana
Barrows, C.	Holden	Overlock	Van Orsdale
Chance	Hauser	Owsley	Warren, B.
Conn	Kreiger	Peck	Winecoff
Currier	Leonhardt	Patteson	Wood, A.
		Wray, G.	

COMPANY A





COMPANY B



Company "B"

Sponsor

MISS MARTHA MCGUIRE

Colors

PURPLE AND WHITE

Flower

LILLY OF THE VALLEY

Captain

R. B. BLOOM

First Lieutenant

SNIVELY

Second Lieutenant

CAMPBELL, W.

First Sergeant

CORTHELL

Sergeants

BITTING

HOPPER

MAXWELL, E. W. CLARK

Corporals

PARK

WHITNEY

ANDREWS, R.

GREIF, M. REED, L.

Privates

Barrows, W.

Donovan

Hunter

Payne

Begrow

Farrell, K.

Holcombe, W.

Rollins

Brooks, J.

Frankel

Hilderley

Stanley

Brown, H.

Garretson

Henderson

Stinson

Brown, W. A.

Gilbert

Meguire

Stone, E.

Crane

Goe, N.

Minor

Schulze

Cameron

Greenabaum

Massengale

Seipp

Cobb

Gwynne

McKusick

Scott, H.

Curran

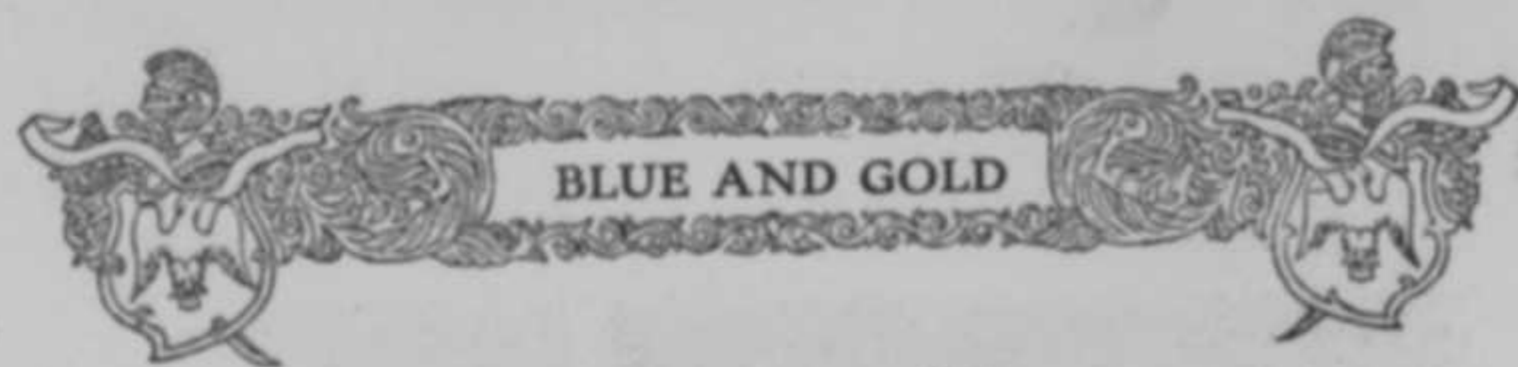
Heath

Nelson

Vallentine

Walton

Whitman



Company "C"

Sponsor

MISS ALICE HIBBERT

Colors

GREEN AND WHITE

Flower

RED AND WHITE CARNATIONS

Captain

E. M. DAVIDSON

First Lieutenant

DANTZ

Second Lieutenant

CAMPBELL C.

First Sergeant

WING

Sergeants

LEE, L. BROWN, P. ROSENBACHER KELLEY SHELLEY

Corporals

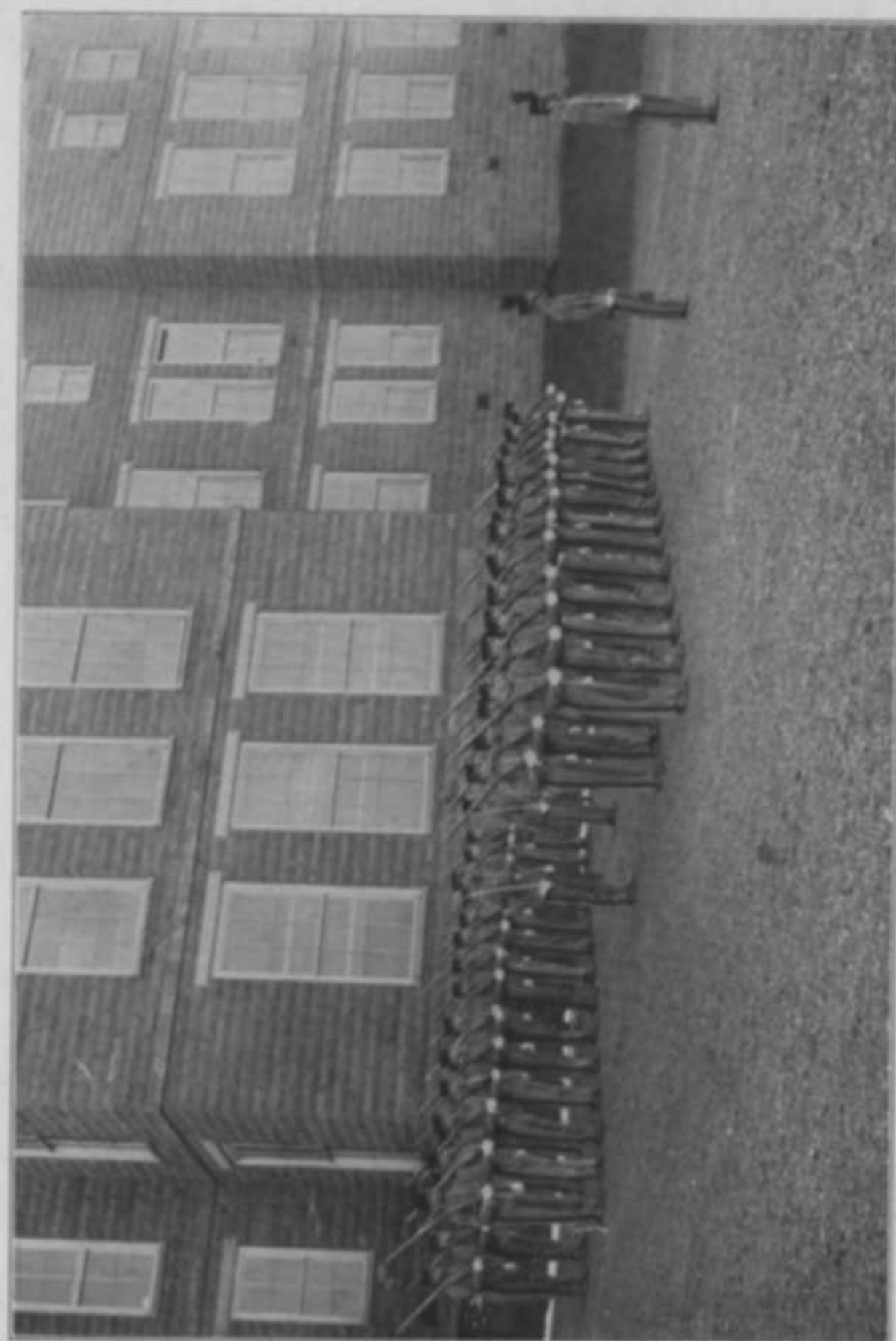
BARBEE THIXTON KENT TINDAL BRADFORD, H.

Privates

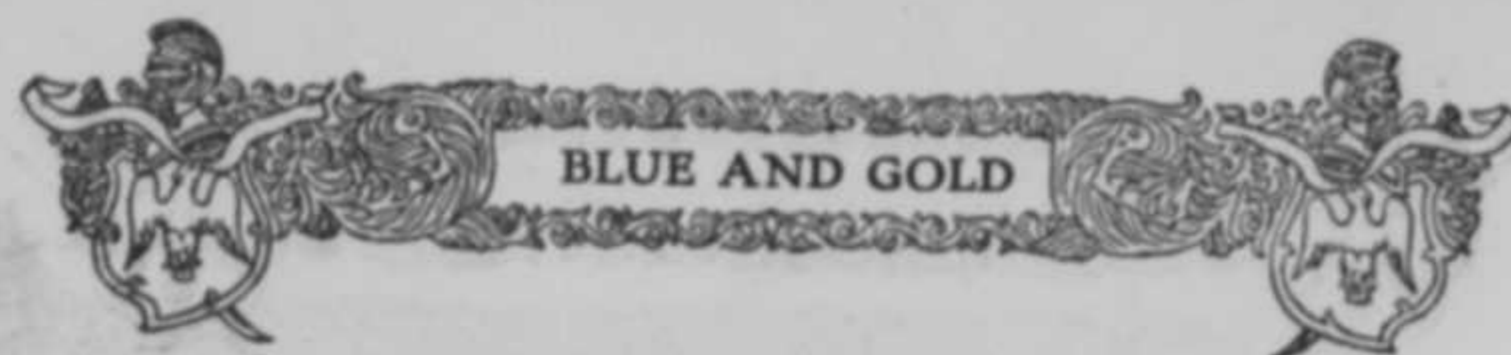
Allen	Dockery	Merritt	Smith, J.
Bowen	Dillon, L.	Maupin	Shope
Black	Darrow	Morris, R.	Stacy
Bradfield	Frost, W.	Peraza, M.	Silliman
Cohn	Faber	Polk	Sheridan
Cushing	Holliday	Pentland	Trost
Chellis	Harrison	Pate	Thompson, P.
Conley	Holloway	Rodgers, F.	Villepigue
Crosas	Holcombe, B.	Robson	Woodruff
Cleary	Lane	Reichert	Ward
Curtis	Moore, C.	Smith, H.	Whitmore

COMPANY C





COMPANY D



Company "D"

Sponsor

MISS NAN TIMBERLAKE

Colors

MAROON AND GREY

Flower

VIOLET

Captain

E. A. AUSTIN

First Lieutenant

SUNDERLAND

Second Lieutenant

NEAL, N.

First Sergeant

LUTGERDING

Sergeants

LANYON

GAMBRILL

HEFLIN

EOFF

Corporals

THOMPSON, G.

LITTMAN

ZURHORST

HALL

BROWN, L.

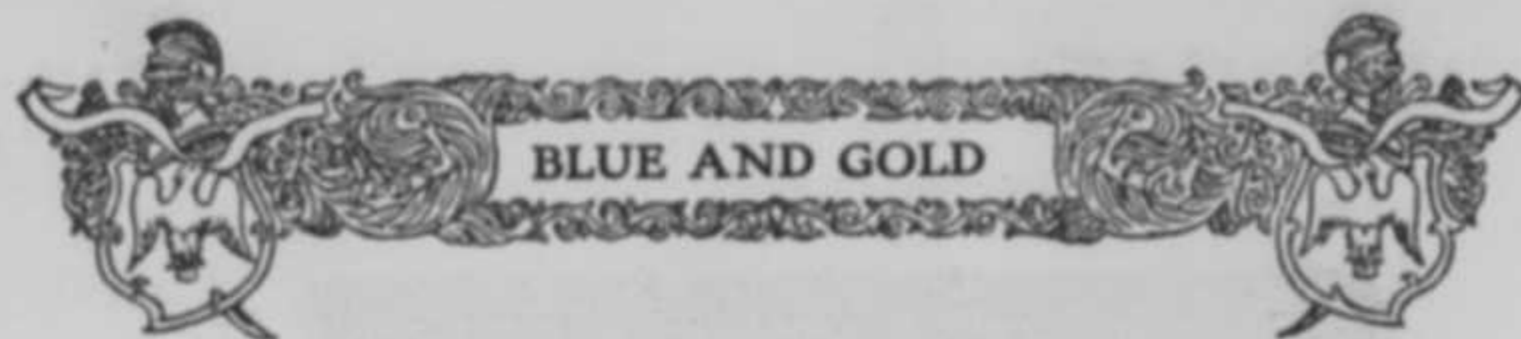
Privates

Adams
Andrews, J.
Briggs
Botsford, N.
Brainerd
Bond
Birnstock
Clopton
Dugan
de Pugh
Drew

Dale
Driggs
Dunlap
Ellis
Evans
Flemming, D.
Ferrell, J.
Greif, H.
Gidley
Goe, A.
Glessner

Hirsch
James
Korn
Lewis, L. W.
Lewis, L.
Lee, K.
Lockwood
Miller, G.
Noblit
Nix
Peraza, D.
Lewis, A.

Rodgers, W.
Reed, E.
Schmidt
Simons
Salvin
Taintor
Traylor
Wilson, R.
Wilson, Y.
Wilce
Walters



Company "E"

Sponsor

MRS. THOS. H. RUSSELL

Colors

GREEN AND WHITE

Flower

AMERICAN BEAUTY

Commanding Company

CADET CORPORAL CAMPBELL, D.

Acting Lieutenants

THOMPSON, H. GUILD

Acting First Sergeant

ROSS

Acting Sergeants

SNELL URREA ROEGNER KIRTLAND

Privates

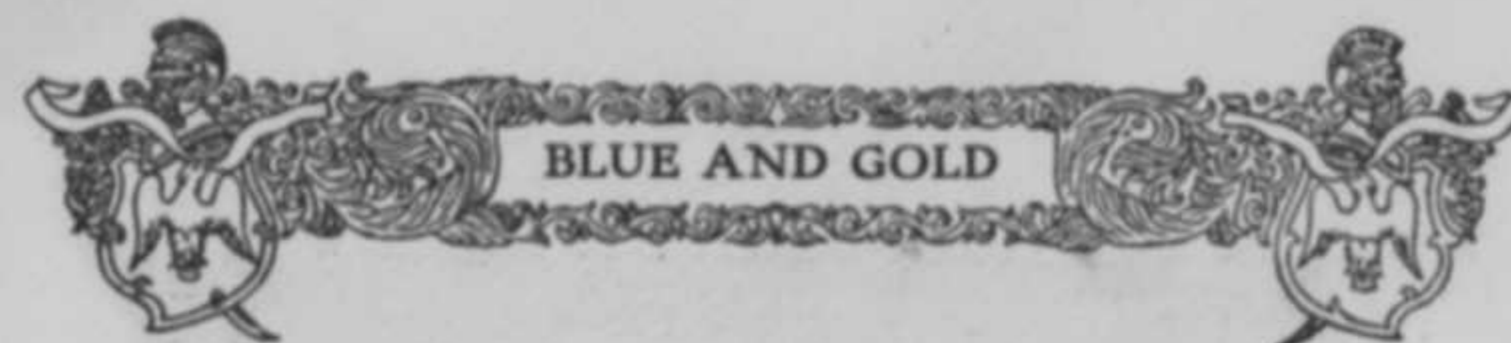
Barton	Flemming, W.	Lewis, E.	Troll
Boggs, E.	Galluser	Mason	Thompson, R.
Boggs, P.	Gilliland	Marshall	Taylor, W.
Brown, M.	Harris	Page	Webb
Cox	Jones, M.	Reno	Wood, H.
Dils	Jones, S.	Schrader	Weingarten
Dillon, M.	Kleiman	Strong, D.	Weiskopf
Frey, C.	Kraft	Tragle	Warren, A.
Frey, N.		Zadow	

COMPANY E





S. M. A. CADET BAND



First S. M. A. Cadet Band

(Organized December 5, 1908)

Sponsor

MISS HELEN E. DENNEY

Colors

RED AND BLACK

Flower

GOLDEN-ROD

Master Instructor

PROF. THOMAS BEARDSWORTH

Drum Major

CAPTAIN P. C. RAGAN

Business Managers

CADET CAPT. AND ADJT. HOSKINS CADET CAPT. E. L. MAXWELL

Chief Musician—CADET WITHINGTON

Principal Musician—CADET SHELLEY

Sergeants—CADETS CONN, POLK AND URREA

Corporals — CADETS KENT, HENDERSON, BROOKS, J., MCKUSICK,
RICHARDS, REED E. AND STANLEY

POSITIONS

Piccolo—BROOKS, J

B^b Clarinets { THOMPSON, R.
WOOD A.
PATTESON

B^b Cornets { SHELLEY
WITHINGTON
REED E.
TRAYLOR
SALVIN

E^b Altos { URREA
POLK
STANLEY

Trombones { MCKUSICK
MEGUIRE

Baritone—HENDERSON

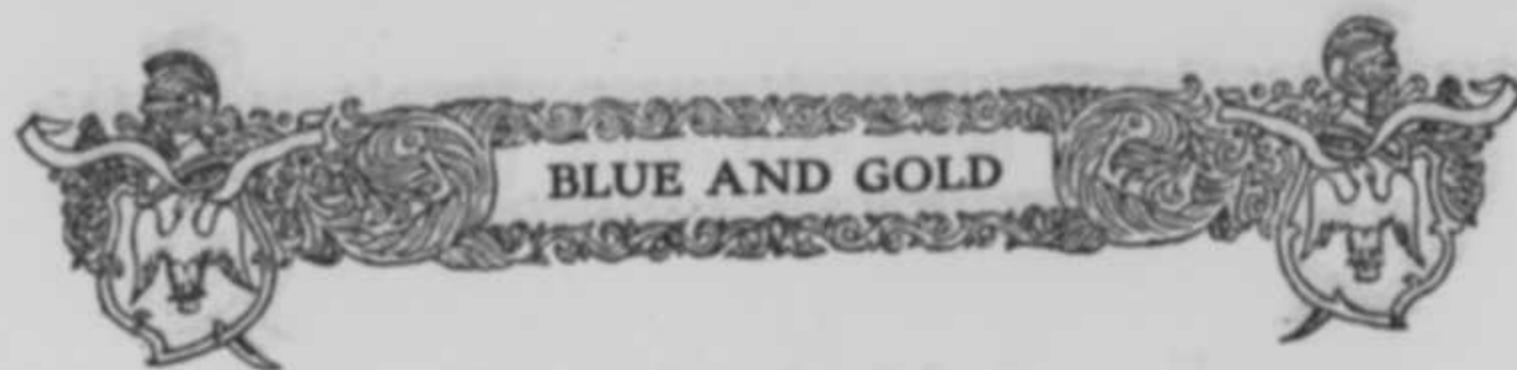
E^b Bass { CONN
RICHARDS

DRUMS

Bass—Kent

Snare { MORRIS, R.
CHANCE

Cymbals—PATE



In Virginia

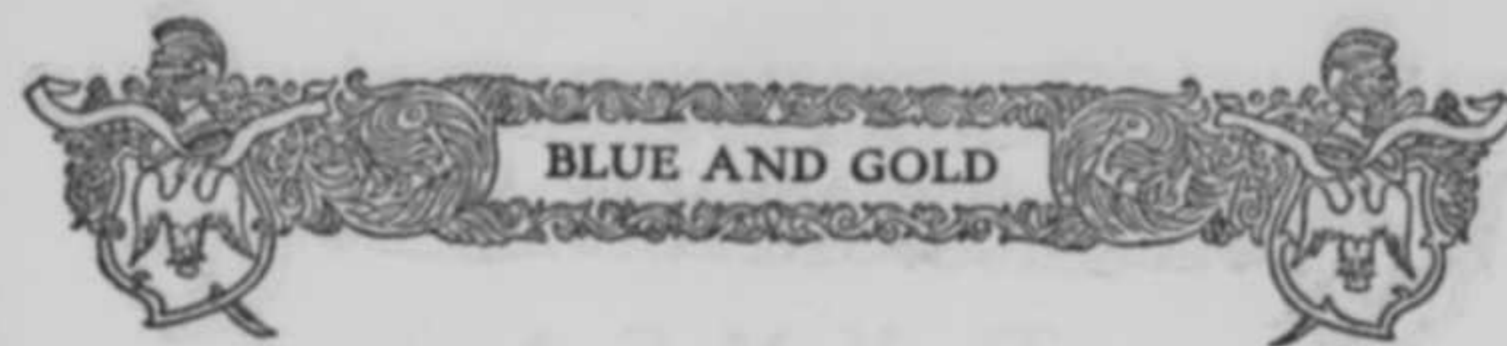
IN VIRGINIA, in Virginia
Where maids know how to woo
With laughing eyes, and pensive sighs,
And, soft sweet kisses too—

In Virginia, in Virginia
My heart I left behind
To a lassie fair, with sun-kissed hair,
And lips that are divine.

In Virginia, in Virginia
Where skies sweep soft and blue,
Where sun shines bright, and hearts beat light—
As lover's hearts should always do—

In Virginia, in Virginia
Awaits my maid so slender—
Ah! I must haste to clasp her waist,
And, press her lips so tender.

ROBSON.



Young Men's Christian Association

LEE, *President*

ELLIS, *Vice President*

NIX, *Secretary*

CRANE, *Treasurer*

Devotional Committee

CHANCE

STINSON

CONLEY

Membership Committee

CRANE

ELLIS

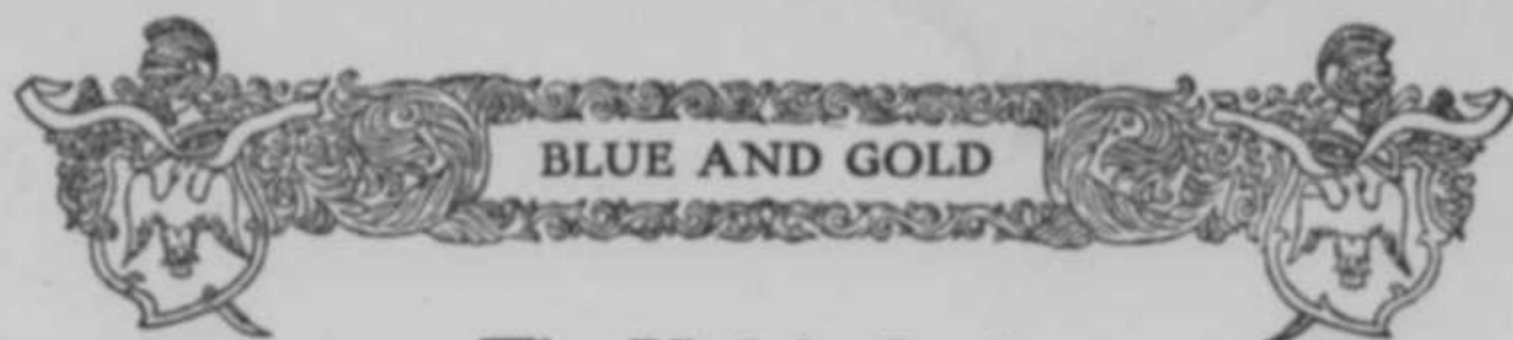
WRAY

Committee on Asheville Delegation

FROST, W.

NIX

MEGUIRE



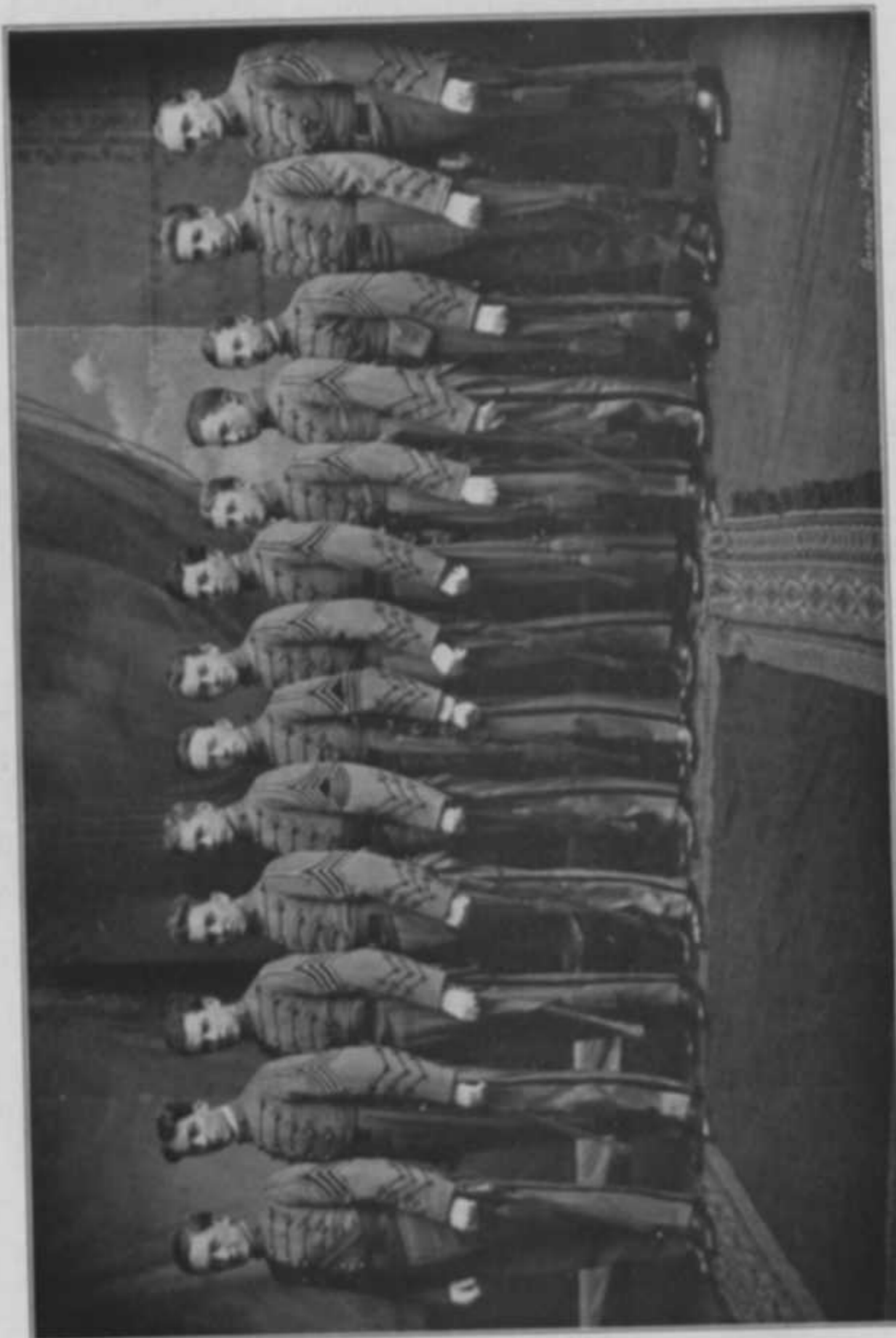
The Y. M. C. A.



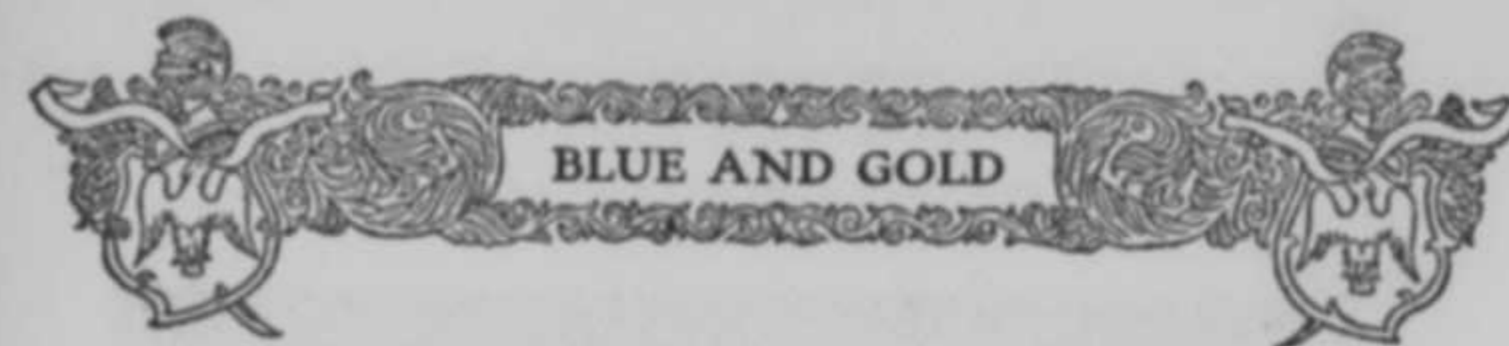
HISTORY of the events of the present session at our Academy would record many steps taken toward the betterment of conditions in almost every department of the institution. And foremost among such steps is the laying of the foundation for a splendid Young Men's Christian Association. Those who took the old organization in hand with the determination to make it permanent and effective, have met with a sympathy that evidences very strikingly the timeliness of their action. Yet this is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that such an association is an invaluable asset to the life of any student body, and in relation to an educational institution, it has become a necessity. No other organization has created such a frank fellowship among young men, nor has any given such a valuable lesson in broad-minded spiritual culture.

In this day and time the arts and sciences alone are not deemed sufficient equipment for the life of the young. The world has found out that no science can compare with that of knowing one's self, and that right living is the finest art. That parent is invariably disappointed whose son returns from school well equipped with general averages, but ignorant of those truths and principles without which he can never win the esteem of his fellows.

It is a great work to train the young mind from its groping helplessness to the time when its grasp is unerring—when it begins to grip things. It is a greater work still to give to that grip a purpose, clean and well-defined. In its attempts to influence or direct for ultimate good, the association asks the help of every parent and guardian, hoping they will urge every boy to join, and to attend the meetings. For each boy is entitled to a share of its clean, cheerful manliness. Beyond any success in any profession, beyond any achievement of genius, it desires that each representative of our student body be a dutiful one, a faithful friend, and a man who, in any exigency or emergency of life, can be trusted.



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



Some lack of the machinery of organization has prevented the association from carrying out all its aims and purposes, but the deficiencies are being supplied, and during the coming session it expects to furnish many hours of pleasure to the cadets, asking of them in return, a share in their more serious moods. It will do the utmost to preserve and emphasize the home influences that have been, more than any other feature, the pride of this institution.

The Active and Associate membership of the association is nearly two hundred—about two-thirds of the entire cadet roster. In their encouragement, the cadets have been generous beyond expectation, and the Active members appreciate the kindly sentiment. They are also indebted to several pastors and prominent laymen from the city, and members of the faculty for addresses they have made to the association.

Captain W. H. Kable is very gratefully remembered for his gift of an organ. The work would have been handicapped but for his thoughtfulness.

Altogether, the work undertaken by the association has prospered and no effort will be spared to make the present organization a source of pleasure, profit and pride.





The Desert

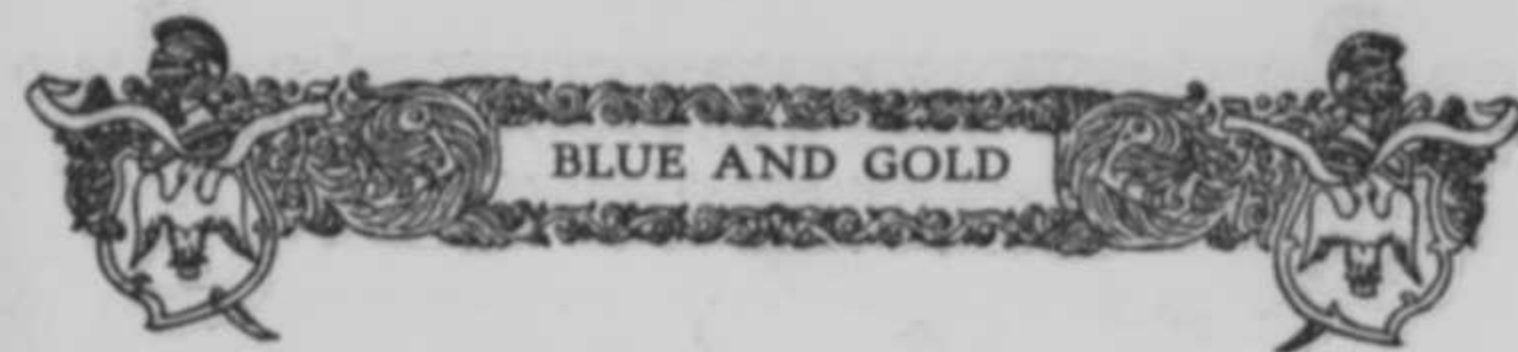
LO! OVER the desert grey,
Where the whirlwinds play,
Among the yucca and cactus thorn
Is the coyote's home forlorn.

Away to the west across the shimmering sand
Guadaloupe rears her peaks like spirals grand,
Cold and bleak
To her the desert speaks.

List! In the early morn
Ere the day is born,
The coyote's lonesome howl doth fill
The solitudes still.

Night lifts her shroud
Like a murky cloud,
Plains and mountains awaken from dreams
When the Sun's first rays do gleam.

The desert's plaintive song rings,
The largatija and tiny owl in a chorus sing;
On the breeze it swells
Like the clamor of distant cathedral bells.



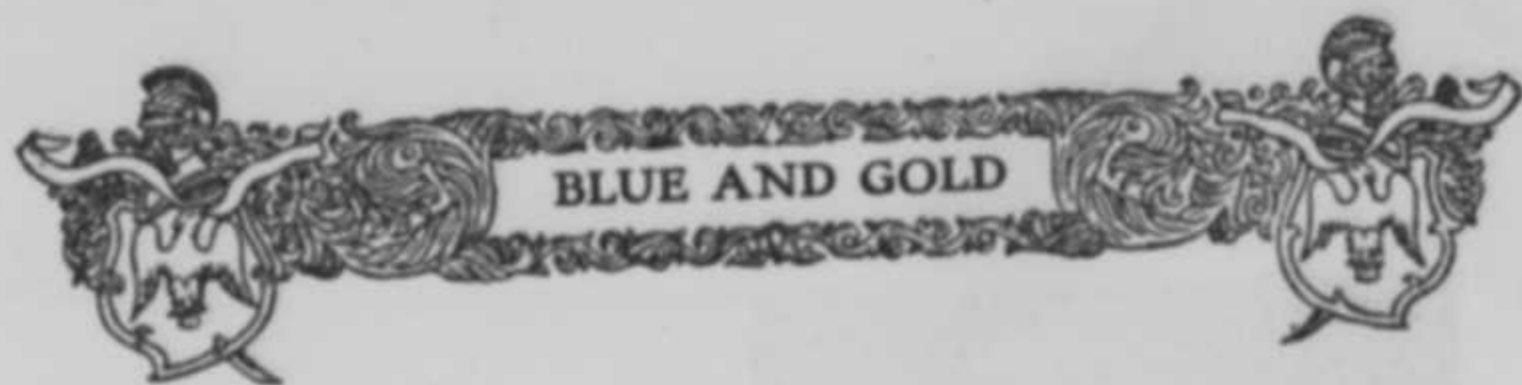
The sun rises high
Into a sky
That blends a hue
Of purplish blue.

In some maguey an eyrie
High on a sand dune dreary,
The eagle's thorny nest
In the lifeless realm rests.

When the sun is low
The shadows longer grow;
When the Sun its last has glown
Day has fled to another throne.

The heavens don a pall
Over the world it falls;
Sleep and oblivion it sends
Save to the sighing winds.

C. B. L.



S. M. A. Boys

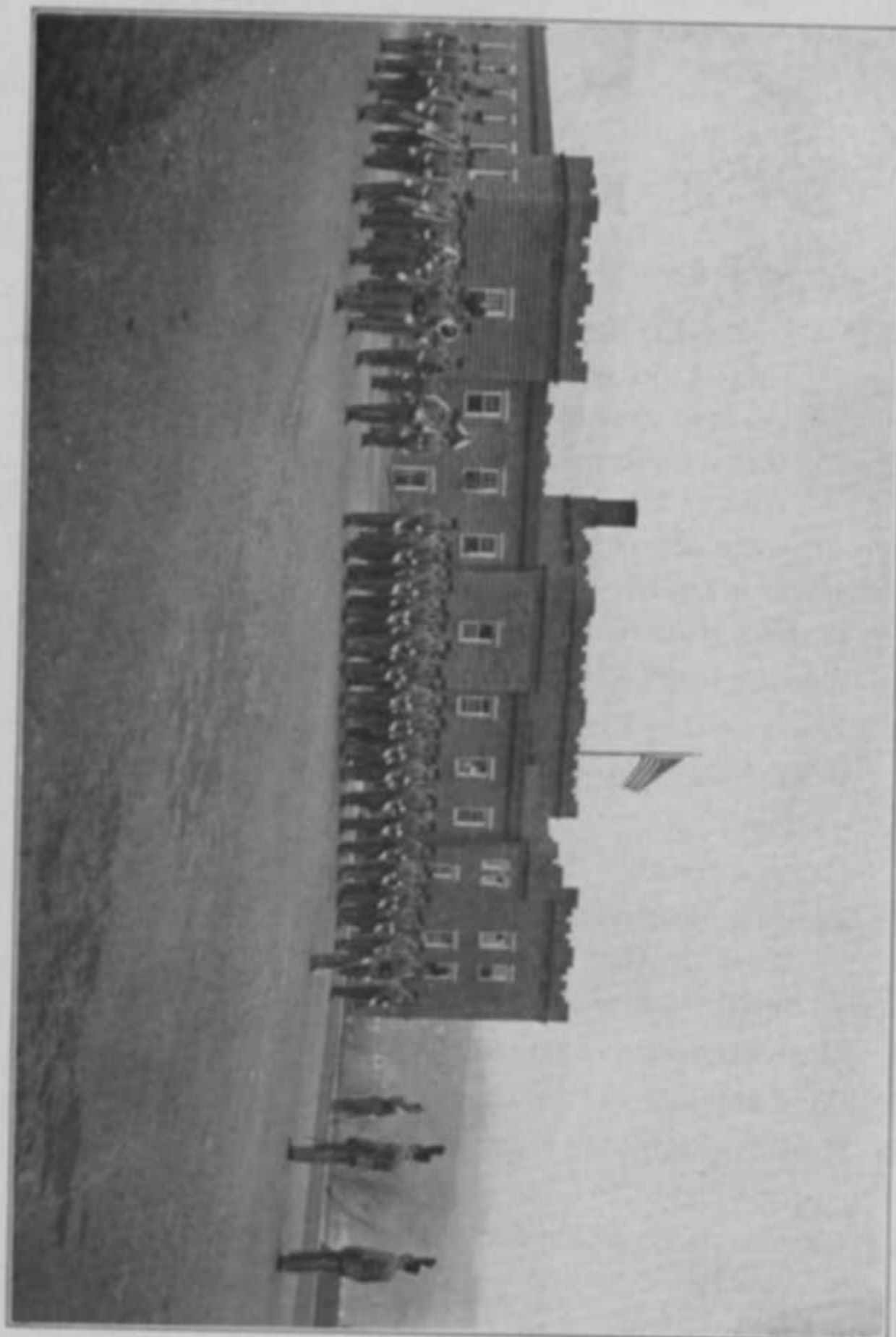
(As seen through the eyes of a Baldwin Girl.)

I T WOULD seem that after a series of lectures on the subject (given by the Principal), and after four years of close observation of the habits of the species, that a Baldwin Girl ought to be able to write a few lines on the subject of "S. M. A. Boys." It is really just as hard to write as a psychology theme, so this particular Baldwin Girl is going to put her knowledge on the subject in the form of an outline, as she is most familiar with that form of composition:

- I. Who are they? Just boys—*some* of them gentlemen.
- II. Where do they live? In a jail-like building on "the hill."
- III. Where usually found? Camping on the trail of the "Sem. Line."
- IV. Favorite resorts? Postoffice corner and skating rink.
- V. Favorite occupation? (As it appears when an occasional M. B. S. Girl passes the barracks): Hanging out of the front windows.
- VI. Most frequent occupation? Going for the mail.
- VII. Chief amusement? Staring at Sem. Girls in church.
- VIII. Most important boy in school? (Judging from looks, entirely): The last one seen.
- IX. Greatest accomplishment? Yelling after a basket ball victory.
- X. Most valued possession? A dress suit ornamented with ninety-nine brass buttons and a white belt.

—?, '09.

GUARD MOUNTING



Literary Department



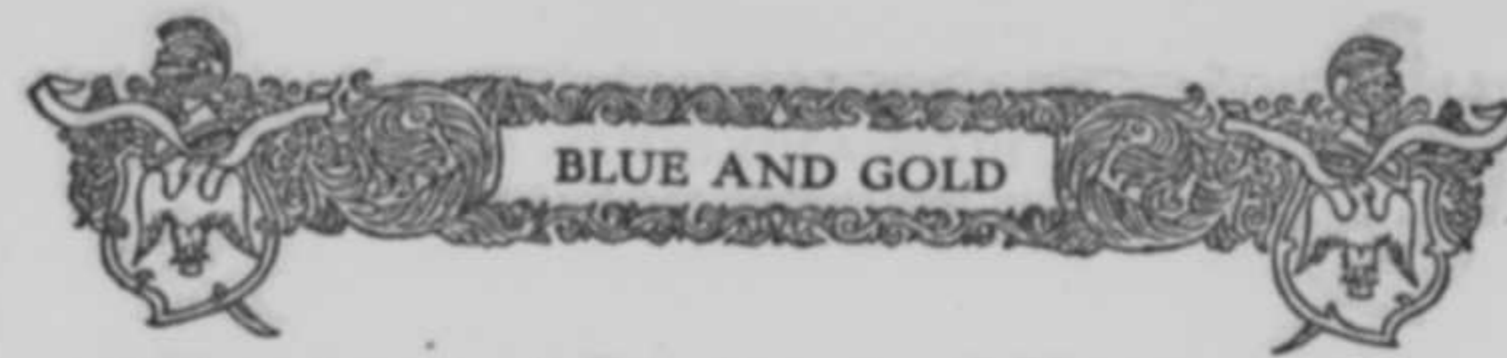


Winning the Cup

BY JAMES G. FRASER



WHEN Ted Webb came to Staunton, he brought with him a number of medals and a brilliant athletic reputation, gained during his last two years in Centerville High School, where as he himself expressed it, "he was a big toad in a little puddle." As he figures prominently in the story, a short description of him will not be out of place. Imagine if you can, readers, a tall, ruddy, strongly built lad of seventeen years, with a bright, attractive personality, and a supreme confidence in his ability to take care of himself under any and all circumstances. This, with mention of a pair of long, well-developed legs and sharp blue eyes, and a wealth of auburn hair—a sixteenth of a shade from red—gives a fairly good characterization of our hero. His success in athletics had been truly astonishing, especially in the running line, since a college friend of his brothers, who had visited in Centerville one summer, and who was a noted athlete himself, had noticed Ted, and had given him some pointers about the running game. Ted had improved rapidly under coaching, and was soon in a class by himself among the Centerville would-be Longboats and Dorandos. When his parents had decided to send him to Staunton, Ted had been overjoyed, and had read all the literature which he could find upon the subject, especially concerning athletics. His friends had been bored to death by his continual talk of Staunton. But at last it ended, and he landed safely at his home—for almost a year. After reporting to the commandant he was given a room on the third floor of the barracks with a couple of fellows who were introduced to him as Billy Earle and Thomas Jones Hartwick, or commonly known as "Speck" by reason of his diminutive size. It did not take long to get acquainted, and he was shown the "sights" by his new-found friends, the parade ground, the "gym," M. B. S. and V. F. I. He was sufficiently impressed by these last two and



secretly made up his mind to get more familiar with these "sisters of S. M. A.," or rather with their inmates. Speck laughing declared himself a favorite at both institutions, and in proof of this assertion, displayed various notes and dainty missives addressed in a feminine handwriting to Mr. Thomas Jones Hartwick, S. M. A. Speck was inordinately proud of these communications, and at every opportunity alluded to them in a joking manner, as proofs of the way his manly beauty and "Apollo-like grace" affected the feminine heart. Ted felt strongly attracted by this jolly, good-natured youth, especially after he found out that he was the crack sprinter of Virginia Prep. Schools, and had swept everything before him in the intercollegiate championships the year before. He lost no time in getting into conversation with him concerning this event, and found that Speck was even better informed than himself as to the finer points of running. "Oh yes," said Speck, "I won the hundred last year, but there was not much honor in it, for such a bunch of dubs you never saw in your life. But they made up for this weakness, in the dashes though, by cleaning us up in the longer events. A. M. A. easily took everything over a quarter-mile, and Woodberry Forest took about everything else but the shot put and hammer throw, in which Billy here displayed his might to such advantage that he threw the thing about forty miles ahead of his nearest rival."

"Oh come, come, Speck" broke in Billy, "you talk too much for such a child. Let's get back or we'll all get an 'absent' from supper formation."

"That's so," answered Speck, "and we want to keep Ted off that beat for one Monday, at least."

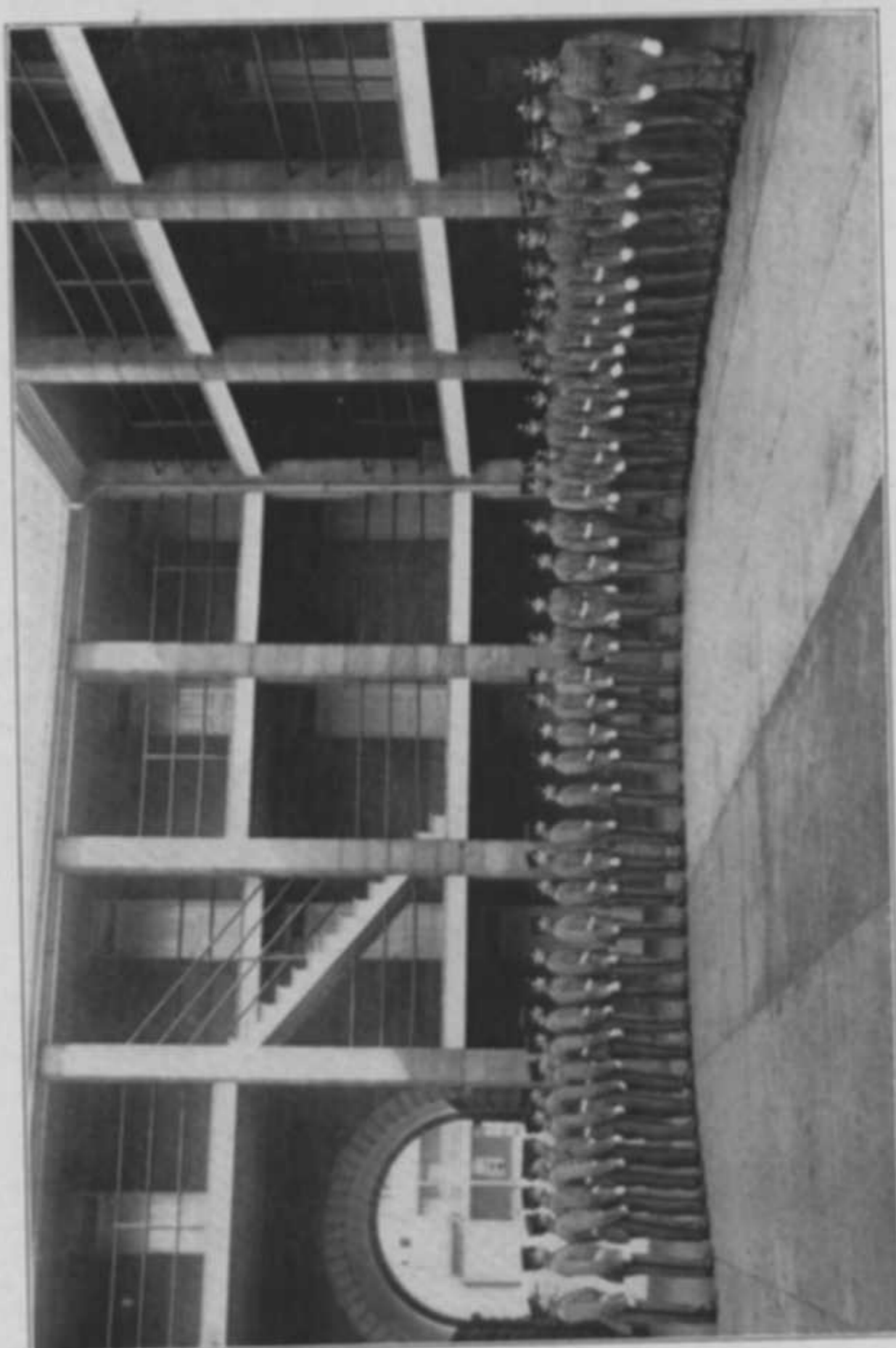
And so the time went on, Ted becoming acquainted with his duties and surroundings, and getting more and more pleased with the life every day; until one Monday morning the candidates for the track team were asked to report. This was what Ted and Speck had been waiting for, and they eagerly donned their togs and made fast time down to the athletic field, where they found a score of others busily engaged in various occupations, under the direction of a very "flust-



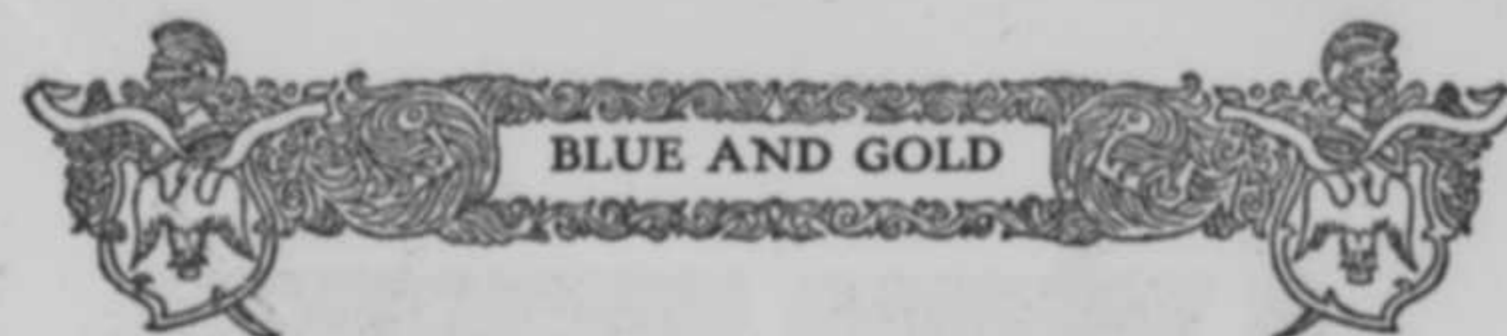
ered" coach. But order was brought out of chaos, and the candidates for each department found themselves grouped together, Ted and Speck, with about twenty others in the group of runners, while Billy and a big husky looking "rat," called Tarbell, were alone with the weights. The coach first gave all his men a talk, enjoining them to absolute obedience and patient perseverance, telling them that a good athlete was never made in a day, but must be developed little by little. This was listened to with impatience, but at last it was over, and the field soon began to take on an appearance of work and action. The runners were sent on a jog around the field, while the coach started the other men. Ted and Speck found themselves together as they jogged along, and both found their work very easy, but not so with Billy. In Tarbell he found an opponent worthy of his steel, for the new man seemed to handle the heaviest weights with the utmost ease, although he displayed a certain nervousness and rawness which was entirely absent from Billy's style. When the jumpers and weight men were fairly started, the coach turned his attention to the runners, and gradually quickened the pace until only about a dozen were able to keep up, with Speck and Ted in the van. They were kept steadily at work, the coach criticising and praising, until nearly noon, when they were allowed to quit and return to the barracks. When the roommates again found themselves in their room, their talk was all of the events of the morning, with prophecies of success or failure: With Ted and Speck, all was confidence and hope, but Billy was more pessimistic, averring that he wasn't half as good as he ought to be. But Speck would not hear of this, and cheered him up with his jokes and chaff, when the dinner call was blown.

Practise went on, and the men who remained on the squad steadily improved, but a number dropped out by the way, this fate, however, not being the fortune of any of our friends.

At last the great day came, and never was a finer day in old Virginia. Cool and bright, with the track in fine condition, and no prospects of a rain. Early in the afternoon the stands were filled, and the spectators overflowed on the side lines. The first event was set



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



for two o'clock and a few minutes before that time the referee, time-keepers, and clerks came on the field. The referee announced the conditions in a loud voice to the spectators. Three schools were competing, Woodberry Forest, Augusta Military Academy, and S. M. A. Each first was to count five, seconds three, and thirds one. The school having the largest number of counts to its credit would be declared the winner, and carry home the prize, a beautiful silver cup, engraved with the date and data concerning the meet.

When the referee had finished, the course was cleared and the first contestants, the jumpers, came running to their places, S. M. A., was represented in this event by a tall, awkward looking lad, who had shown up surprisingly well in the trials. He proved to be no disappointment, for he easily scored first with a wide margin, scoring the first counts for S. M. A. This surely was a good beginning and so his fellow cadets thought for a—

Brekkity coax, coax, coax,
Brekkity coax, coax, coax,
Co-ah! Co-ah!
Crane, Crane, Crane,

came booming across the field, and the section reserved for the home contingent seemed one mass of blue and gold.

But the day was not to be won so easily. Fortune seemed to be more fickle than ever, and changed her smiles to frowns. As the day went on, the case seemed more and more hopeless, but the Staunton spirit still persevered and cheers still came from the all but disheartened cadets.

With only four more events to be run off the score stood thus:

Woodberry Forest,	44
A. M. A.	36
S. M. A.,	30

In the hurdles, however, Staunton secured a first and a second which gave them thirty-eight, and Augusta took third, which raised them to thirty-seven. The hundred was won in a heartbreak



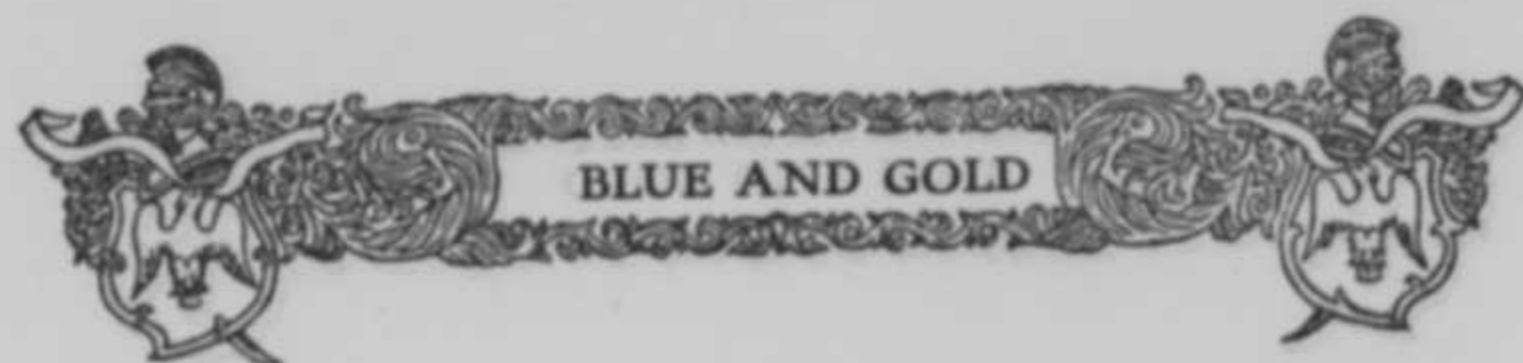
ing dash by Speck with a A. M. A. man pressing him hard, and another Woodberry runner third. This left A. M. A. thirty-nine, and Woodberry forty-five, with S. M. A. up to forty-three. Now the case seemed more hopeful, and the home athletes began to realize that they might have a chance after all. The half-mile was next, in which Ted and Speck were both entered, while Ted was also counted on for the final event, the mile. These last two determined the meet, for if S. M. A., could entirely obliterate Woodberry Forest and win a first and possibly a second and third, the day was theirs. At least they determined to try, and at the crack of the pistol they were off. A Woodberry Forest runner setting the pace, with Speck close behind him, and Ted well up toward the front. The first half was run in this order. Then Speck determined to "do it or bust," and hit a gait which threatened to force upon him the latter alternative. The last quarter was speedily reached; the last eighth, and still Speck led the procession. He began to feel secure, when all at once he became conscious of a steady thud! thud! behind him, ever drawing nearer. He desperately increased his pace, but to no purpose. The pursuer drew nearer, until Speck could hear his panting breaths, and still he felt that he could do no more. But he determined to try his best for Staunton's sake, and made an almost superhuman effort to increase his speed. But it was no use. Only a few more yards to go, and all would be well, but no—he knew he was beaten, but he had made a game effort and would keep up to the last. He felt, rather than saw, a flying figure pass him, and fell fainting into the arms of someone behind the tape. He knew no more until he heard as in the distance, Billy calling him, half laughing, half crying, and awoke to find himself surrounded by a crowd of wildly cheering cadets, and heard his own name repeated again and again, together with that of Webb. He wondered why they cheered him when he had been beaten—but could it be that Ted had been the winner? Why else were they cheering them both? Yes that must be it, and so it was.

First and second both had been captured by S. M. A., leaving her far in the lead, beyond reach of her rivals. However, Ted, after a



short rest, made sure by going in and winning the mile with ease, giving Staunton the glorious total of fifty-seven, Woodberry Forest fifty and Augusta forty-four. The cup was won, and Staunton had once more proved herself to be first in athletics, Ted and Speck are older now, and have given up school for business, but both no doubt still remember the day when they won the cup for Staunton.





The Coming of Love

A MAID I saw sometime ago, upon an Autumn day,
And I was introduced to her in quite the usual way.
"Charmed" and "Pleased" were said anon, as thousands 'fore have
met;

And then we separated—each the other to forget.

2

What was her name? Why I scarce know! With other thoughts
engaged

I felt no sudden throb of heart as bird in prison caged.

And was she quite attractive? Fair or dark'd you say?

Oh bother all your questions! I had other thoughts *that* day.

3

Now somewhat later in the Fall—Oh! two months after this—

I learned to know and like a maid—yes, quite a winsome Miss.

Her hair was dark; *her* eyes were brown; *her* lips by roses kissed.

Her name? Oh yes! I know *this* time. Just guess now. No! You
missed.

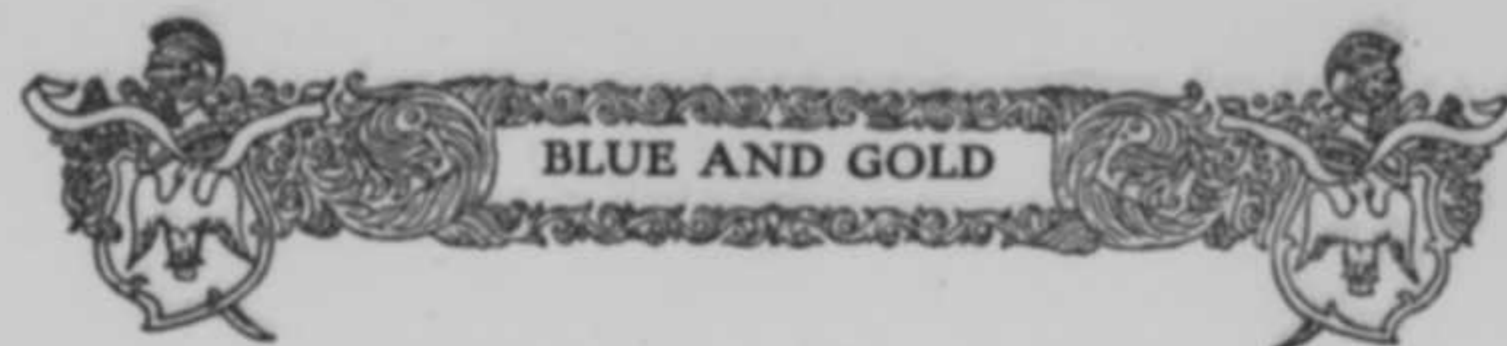
4

At Christmas there's *another* maid, and she has tresses browned;

Ah! She's as fair to look upon as any princess crowned.

And in what does her beauty lie? Though fair of form and face,

'Tis not these transient qualities that lend her charm and grace.



5

For form may shrink, and face may fade as Time's remorseless hand
Doth slowly lift the curtain that reveals the shadow land;
But no chill blast can kill the warmth that her loved presence sheds,
A certain mystic tenderness that he must love who weds.

6

Now need I say that maiden one, and maiden two and three
Are each and all the one and same—and each unites in thee?
Nor need you ask what unknown power hath wrought this wondrous
feat.

It is, Dear Heart, the miracle that Love doth oft repeat.

7

When heart of maid and heart of man, that were asunder cast,

Are caught as in a whirlwind, as in a furnace blast;

Are welded in the mold of love until they twain are one,

And then there's happiness divine till life's short course is run.

8

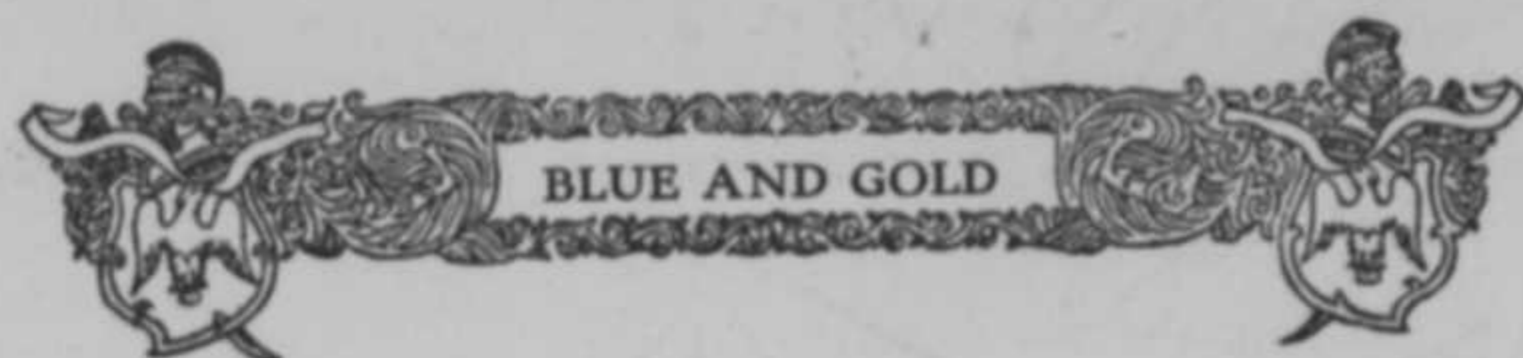
And so, Dear Heart, come tread with me the path that all must go,

For it is rough and rugged, Love and oft our feet are slow.

Come turn aside into Love's bower, the brightest in the land,

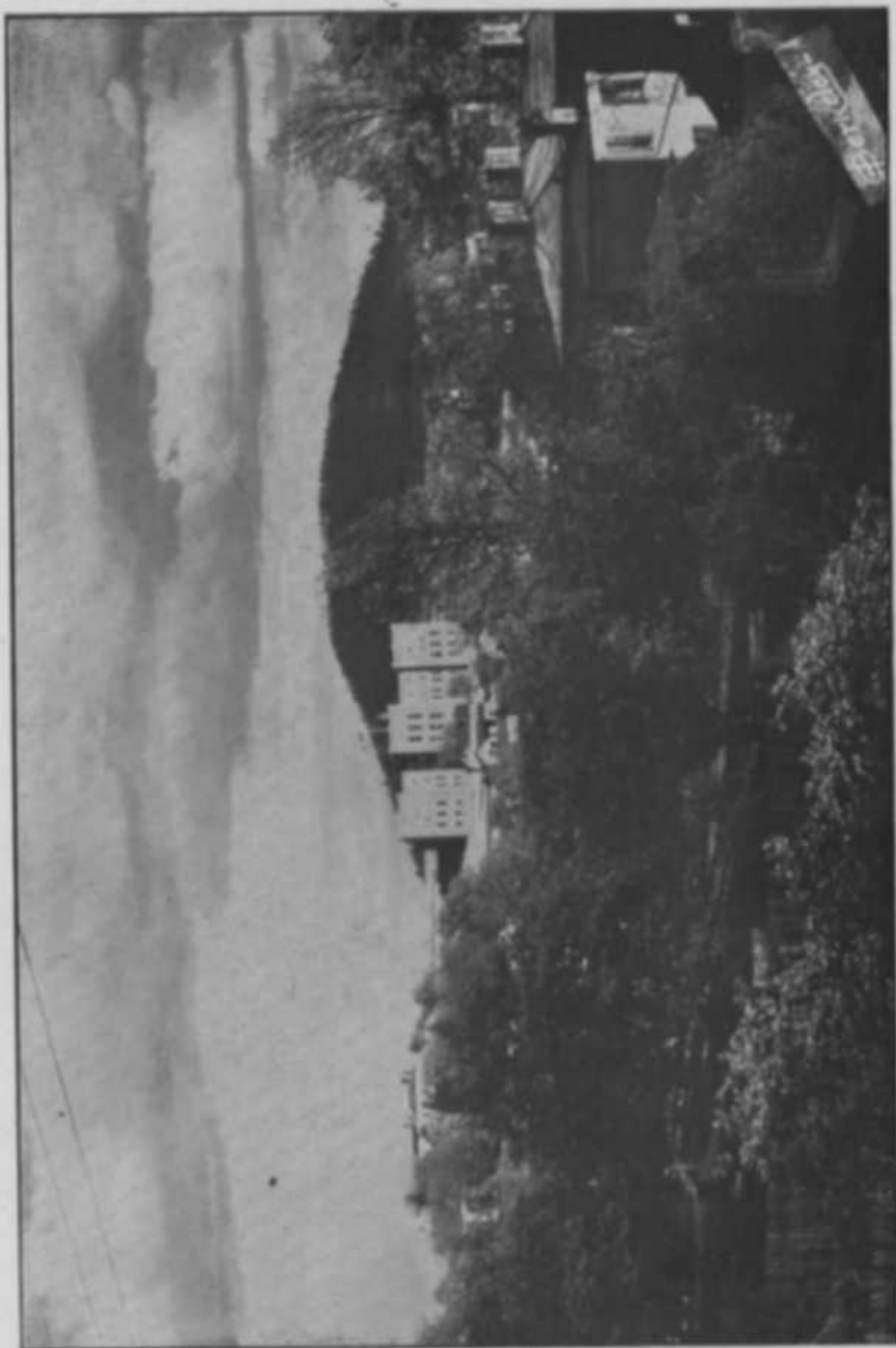
Oh woman, thou art loves own self—God's last, best gift to man.

LEROY L. SUTHERLAND.

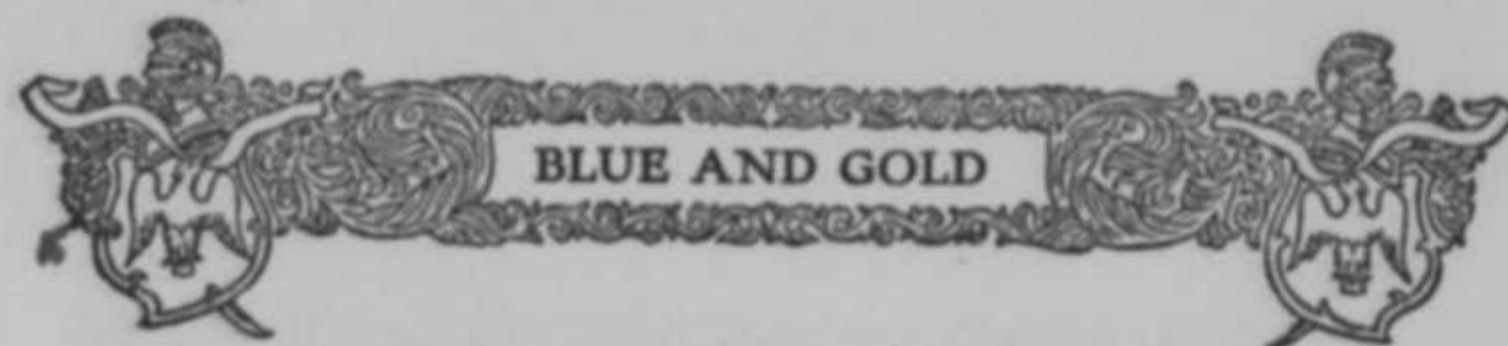


Puzzle

WHO is the man who
Makes you hustle?
Who is the man with
So much muscle?
And when "O. C." creates
Much bustle?
In other words—
Who Major (made 'yer') Russell?

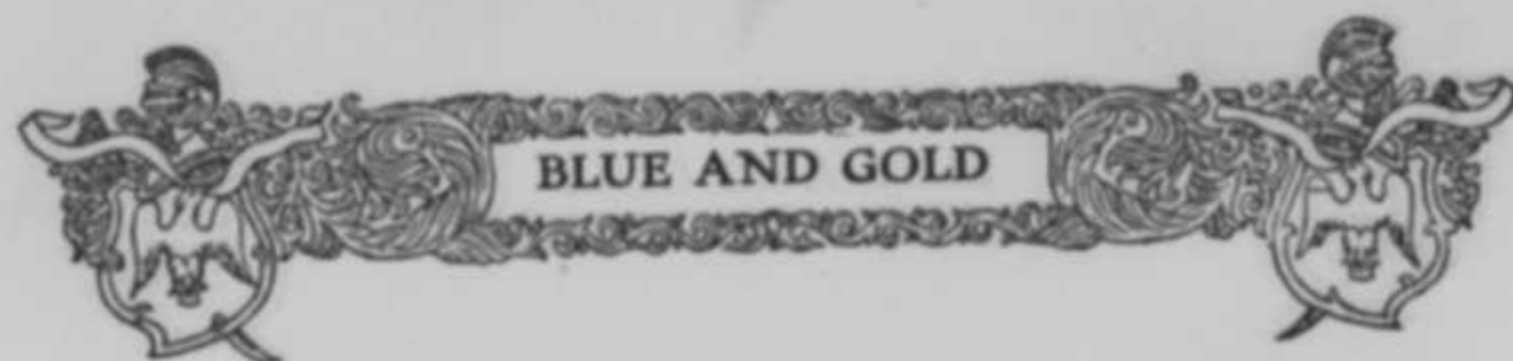


BARRACKS LOOKING SOUTH



The S. M. A. Zoo

- A** Stands for Allen,
The bright little Cadet.
- B** Stands for Briggs,
He'll get a Corporalcy yet.
- C** Stands for Chance,
With the little pug nose.
- D** Stands for Donavan,
Who, to S. M. A. Goes.
- E** Stands for Ettla, —
Or "Slippery Slim."
- F** Stands for Floeter,
Who's as neat as a pin.
- G** Stands for Greenabaum,
The boy who likes to eat.
- H** Stands for Hopper,
This "Old Woman" is hard to beat.
- I** Stands for Iky,
The crabby old jew.
- J** Stands for James,
I'll bet he's larger than you.
- K** Stands for Kinsey,
Who talks most the time.
- L** Stands for Lewis (D.),
With the above He's right in line.
- M** Stands for Maxwell (H.),
Who likes to Command.



N Stands for Noblit,
Who can make beds to beat the band.

O Stands for Ott,
Who carries the Flag.

P Stands the beat-walker, Pate,
Who at M. B. S. met his fate.

Q Stands for Questions
Of curious Cadets.

R Stands for Richards
The lover of "bets."

S Stands for Stanley,
That sweet little thing.

T Stands for Tindal,
You should hear him sing.

U Stands for Urrea,
The boy from Mexico.

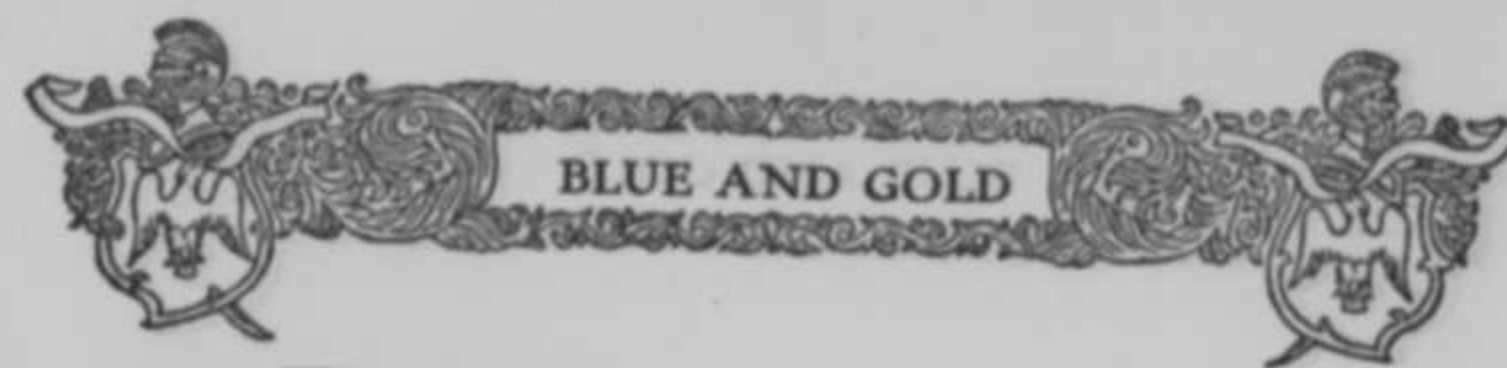
V Stands for Villepigue,
He studies hard, we know.

W Stands for Whitman,
Who is lanky, slim and tall.

X We hardly count,
Y They stand for no one at all.

Z Stands for Zurhorst,
The lad from Washington.

J. P. W.



The New Military Academy



ONE hot afternoon in Julember, 1940, while plowing my way through the snow in my 7,000 horse-power "Zephyr" and casually perusing a copy of the *Police Gazette*, I chanced upon the following brief advertisement:

"ROPECOELPA MILITARY ACADEMY.

"An awful place for manly boys. 36,000 boys from 122 States last session. Largest private Academy in the Universe. Boys from 2 to 50 years old prepared for colleges and laundries, 5,000 feet below the sea-level—hot, damp, volcanic air—situated in the Death Valley of Wyoming—pure water of the Hunyadi species—Charges \$3.60.

"Address

"MAJOR-GEN. ROBERTBLOOM, M. B. S.,
"President Universe of Ropecoelpa, Wyo."

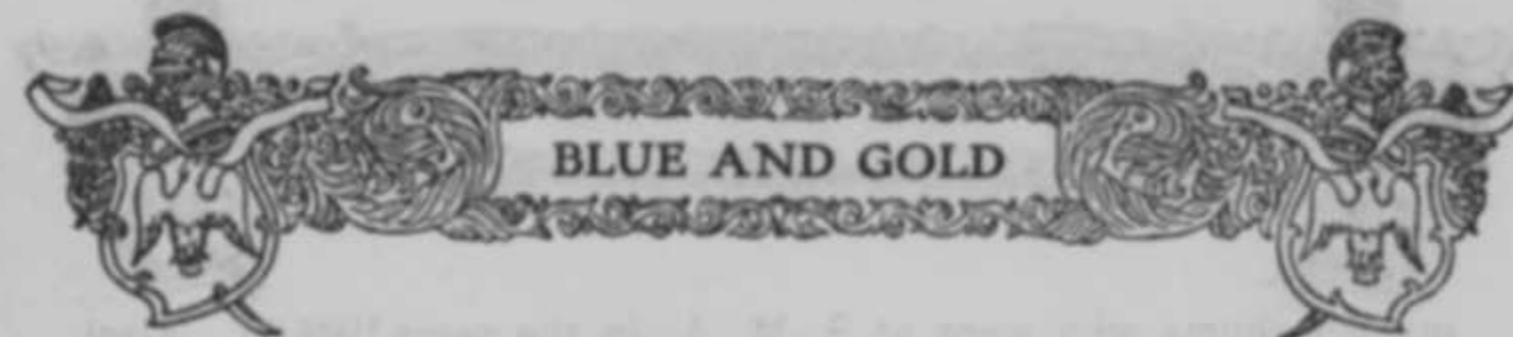
I had hardly finished this interesting article, when a fragment of a comet became mixed up with the wing of my aeroplane, and when I recovered consciousness, I was in a strange land. Upon looking around I saw what appeared to be a swamp enclosed by tiers of seats. I, of course, wept profusely. After glancing around for a place of exit, I became aware of a strange individual approaching me. He was dressed in a very peculiar manner, having a heliotrope coat, trimmed with pink braid, yellow buttons shaped like doughnuts, and gorgeous corporal chevrons. His trousers were of red pongee with a green stripe down the front. A pair of fierce mustaches and a heavy Russian beard obscured his features. Upon my asking where I had the honor to be, he pointed to a huge sign on the opposite side of the swampus. I was unable to make out the hieroglyphics, however, and mine host gently murmured, "Get a sthpy-glaths, kiddo!" As I live, it was Muskratrust—no other! After frequent questioning, I gleaned the information that I was in that vast universe covered by the Ropecoelpa Military Academy, which was owned and operated by



my old chums who were at S. M. A. in the years 1908-09. Alas! What strange things do happen in a lifetime! A sudden gasp from my lips brought mine host to a standstill. Heavens! "The Ropecoelpa Military Academy! That vile place I had read of that same day in the 'Zephyr!'" But I was mercilessly dragged on by our friend the corporal, and soon found myself in a most palatial apartment, on the door of which was a majestic gold plate: "The President." What? Could that gorgeous uniform enclose my fat friend, Robertbloom? My fears were soon realized, for that individual grabbed me frantically by my hand and murmured, with dignity, "Whooppeeeee!" I was dazzled beyond belief by his gorgeous uniform. A Major-General? Help!

But I had no time for reflections. Three loud knocks resounded throughout the apartment, and I noted that the President's knees shook and he turned a deathly yellow tint! An assassin? No, surely not. Ah there entered another dignitary in a pompous Brigadier-General's uniform! What? El'oskins, I'll swear! But what was that the President was saying? "Would your grace, the Chief Steward, be so kind as to loan your humble servant one of your machines?" Mercy! The *Steward* with autos? And as we passed that dignitary in going out, he calmly stretched out his right hand, which was loaded with diamonds, and murmured, casually, "Whooppeeeee!"

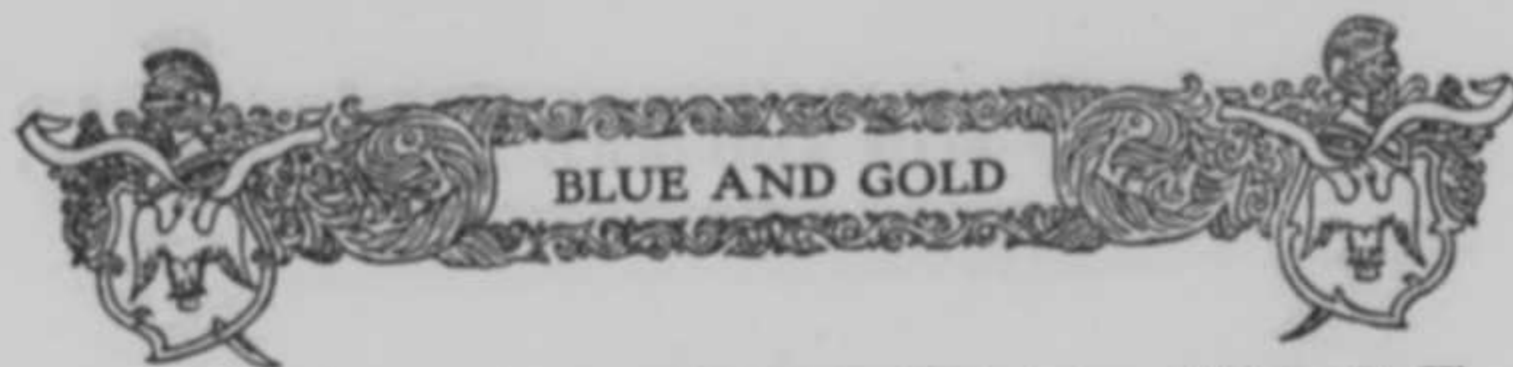
Climbing in a most beautiful 8,000 h. p. "Amazer," we were whirled away at the rate of 100 miles per minute. As we thus proceeded at so low a rate of speed, we were continually passing long columns of boys, old and young, in the same uniform of our friend, Muskratrust. We must have passed fully fifteen regiments when I suddenly perceived a fat individual enclosed in a majestic array of "scrambled eggs" and gold laced uniform of a Major-General. He was carelessly puffing at a bugle and talking loudly all the while. As we passed, he rose from his seat in the elegant Pikeroadster and gravely saluted. My gracious! Colerag? Yep, that was him! And



hark! On the cool, hot air of the vast desert there reached my ears a faint "Whooppeeee". It was indeed Major-General Colerag, Commandant. Help!

I had hardly recovered my composure when the machine stopped with a beautiful, graceful jerk, and I was hustled into a pompous building, styled the "Academicbuilding" by my fat friend. What? Ah, no, surely not! But there was that inevitable "pomp"—yes, it was Major-General Peckaustin, Headmaster! Impossible! But once again the familiar "Whooppeeeee" greeted my ears in a soft voice.

We then passed to a beautiful edifice, called the Administration-building. On our way thither, I noticed fully twenty hearses passing us, in solemn procession, each driven by a Hospitalsergeant in gorgeous uniform of sky-blue and pink. Upon my inquiring the cause of such mournfulness, Major-General Robertbloom merely waved his pudgy hand in an effervescent way and whispered wrathfully, "'Tis nothing; only a few more dead ones from the 'beat!'" Having entered the Administrationbuilding, we seated ourselves in sumptuous armchairs at the head of a massive mahogany-and-iron table. Soon the room became rapidly filled with magnificent and gold-bespattered uniforms, and I was happy to find many of my old chums enclosed therein. Who was this corpulent one with a colonel's eagle on his shoulder? Pasnively, or I'm a liar! What? Head of the Chemistry Department? Impossible. Then in a long procession there passed me Colonel Hotairflin, with Ancient Languages written all over himself; Lieutenant-Colonel Woodoceanhurst, of the Modern Languages; Lieutenant-Colonel Brownell, besmeared with Sulphuric acid; Colonel Benisund'land, Professor of Physics (or, Physiques, I should say); Colonel Marco'thell, with maps interlineated among his whiskers; and—what? Impossible! But, no—that was him—Colonel Grizmax, with the greasy phiz., which proclaimed him Head, Junior Department; and then, oh, horrors! Colonel Reubsm'll, who by his drawn and yellow look signified that he was certainly Professor of Drawing and Laundry; and—Heavens! Colonel Harleychardesty, the dignified, jovial, severe Q. M. and Professor of Graft. Impossible! (Gracious!

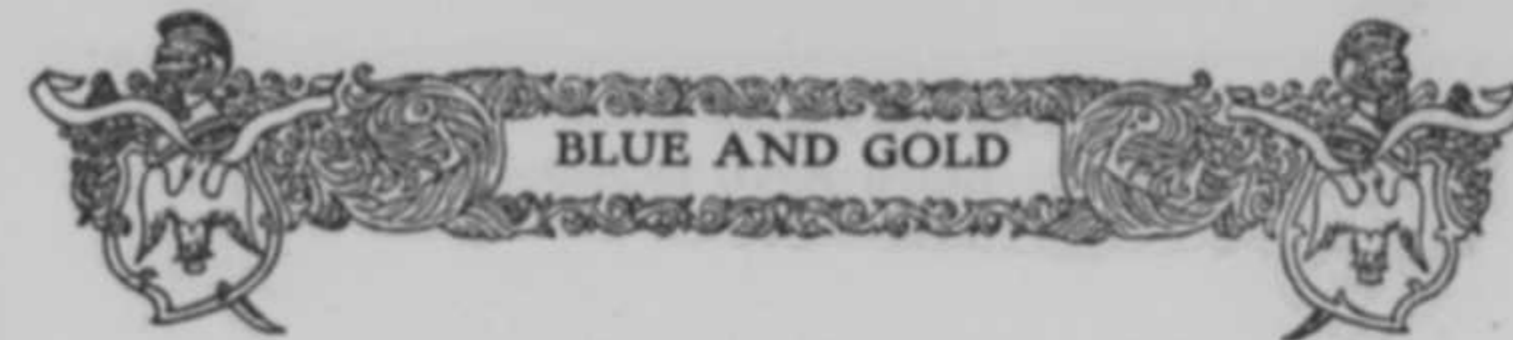


That word gets on my nerves!); and "look who's here," Major St. Vi Tusdance, Professor of the Square and Circular Dance—(help!) And this broad-shouldered, athletic, weazened-up looking man with the heavy beard and clean-shaven chin—surely that was not Major Waulpingo! But yes—'tis so! Alas! I recognized him too late. He has "Hazing" written all over his features; and Major Dromedary, "ze pairfect, ze heart-breakair, ze elegante" Chief of Nursery; and, "Oh, girls, look!" There was Captain Sadness, the thin, lean-mouthed, raw-boned, heavy-built Athletic Wagon; Captain Germancastleholders'on, the Royal Mixer of Accounts, with his bari tone and manners; and here enters one with an oil-can and a looking-glass (the vain thing!) Captain Jasroy—'tis he! The Chief Engineer!

What a motley crowd; bewhiskered, gold-laced, green-sashed, fiery-eyed individuals, who grasped me by the hand and uttered, groaned, or casually observed "Whoopeeeee!" in the old S. M. A. gusto of dignity, laughing uproariously and chewing olives all the while. At last, after all olive seeds had been deposited in each neighbor's pocket and the laughter stored away among the whiskers for future use or reference, the assembled and "falled-in" Faculty came to order (or, mayhap it was a right-shoulder!) Upon the suggestion of our thin friend the Chief Steward, they offered me the position of Brigadier-General and Physician, (with the job of undertaker as a side line), as this noble institution lacked, as yet, a skilled operator for "a-pain-in-the-side-us."

While in the midst of my speech of acceptance, I was rudely interrupted by a terrific whack on my back, and turning around I gazed into the calm eyes of the "O. D.," who calmly asked: "Where were you at Reveille?"

H. A. R. '08-'09



The Officers

FIRST comes Capt. Maxwell,
He's the ranking man of the corps.

We started to tell a tale about him

But he begun to get sore.

And here comes Capt. Davidson

The boy of Company C.

He wears a collar to all calls.

Yes, even reveille.

Who's this coming along here?

Why it's Hoskins, one of the staff.

We'd like to show you the rest of them.

We will, when you want to laugh.

Why see who's here. Capt. Austin.

And walking on his toes.

You see him walk that way often

As up West Main he goes.

And there's Capt. Mother Bloom.

There's a tale to tell on him too,

But if it can't be told on Maxwell,

For Mother it "won't" do.

And now Lieut. Livingston

Who's acting on the line.

If dope can give you a chest like that

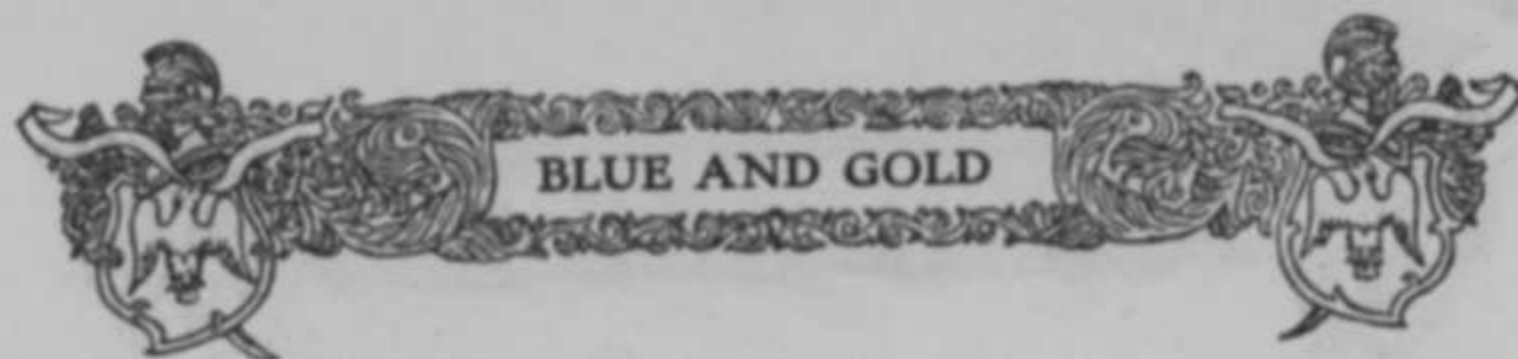
We recommend Iodine.

Have you seen Lieut. Miller

The man from company A?

You'll have to look, not listen,

For he doesn't have much to say.



Next Lieut. Sunderland
The friend of every rat.
Can you imagine Benny
Getting old, and big, and fat?

Next comes Lieut. Snively
The man from way out West.
There are lots of ladies' men in school,
But Harry is the best.

And now Lieut. Hardesty comes on.
Called Napoleon for short.
Charley doesn't raise much fuss,
But he's a great old sport.

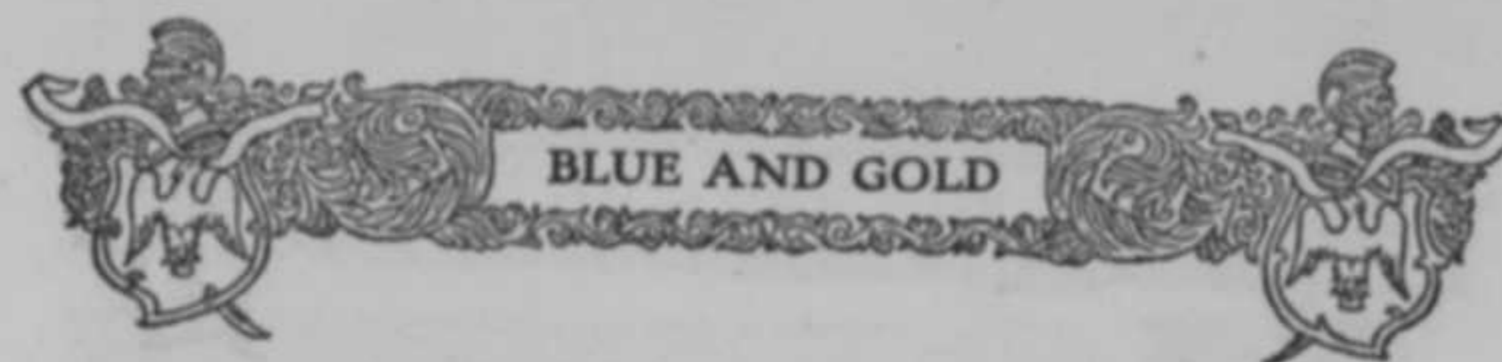
And also Campbell W.
Who's very tall and slim.
He's a sweet little lad
And always looks so trim.

Last comes Grandma, Campbell C.
He's new but never mind.
For he has a reputation,
But we'd hate to say what kind.





MECHANICAL DRAWING CLASS



A Summer Romance

I



IT WAS at a small picnic near the little town of Glenn Douglass that I first met her. She had ridden over from the village of Grant, but four miles distant, to participate in the numerous pleasures of a picnic.

Her wavy, golden hair, her delicately moulded features and her neat fitting riding habit, all contributed to make her a beautiful girl, and to favorably impress every one who saw her.

I myself, was not at all bad looking, and soon found that I was unconsciously brushing the mud from my trousers and puttees. No opportunity, however, for forming an acquaintance presented itself, and when some of the people began leaving, I left very discouraged.

I had just seated myself, to brood over my misfortune, when I heard some one near me mention the fact that a young lady's saddle horse had broken loose from the hitching post and started for home. Seizing this opportunity, I mounted Hal, my swift thoroughbred, and taking a short cut through the woods, I cut off the little black, and returned with him in triumph to the picnic grounds.

As the "runaway" was very nervous after his attempted flight, I exchanged cards with his rider, and hastily accepted an invitation to escort Miss Laura Lee to her home. As I left her at the gate, I was cordially invited to call, and, needless to say, I paid frequent visits to the village of Grant.

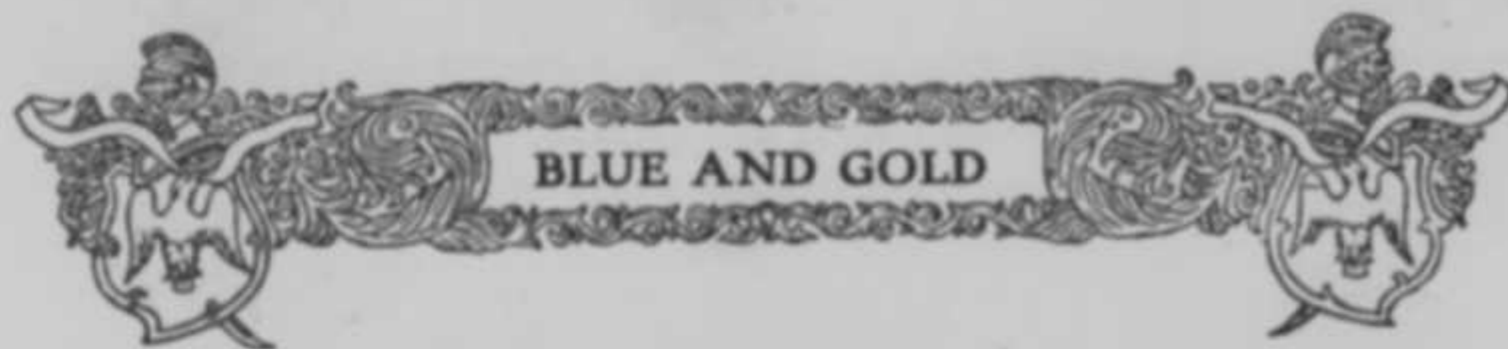
II

One night, a few weeks after our happy meeting, she said to me:

"Donald, won't you stop smoking, to please me?" Now, anyone as enraptured as I was, and in their right mind, could not refuse such a request. Especially after she added, "to please me."

It was hard to do, but the next day I contributed my silver cigarette case to a rummage sale for the benefit of Grant's leading church.

I went to the sale and heard the auctioneer cry out:



"What am I offered for this beautiful hand carved, Egyptian pattern cigarette case?" A gentleman on the right offered three dollars. "Who'll make it four?" Continued the auctioneer. I left in a very surly temper, utterly unaware that a little minx in a blue shawl was watching me and noticing especially my expression of disgust.

When the sale was over and the crowd began pouring out, I was very much surprised to see Miss Lee among them.

Of course I accompanied her home, and before leaving was presented with a small package. On opening it, I found my much prized cigarette case.

III

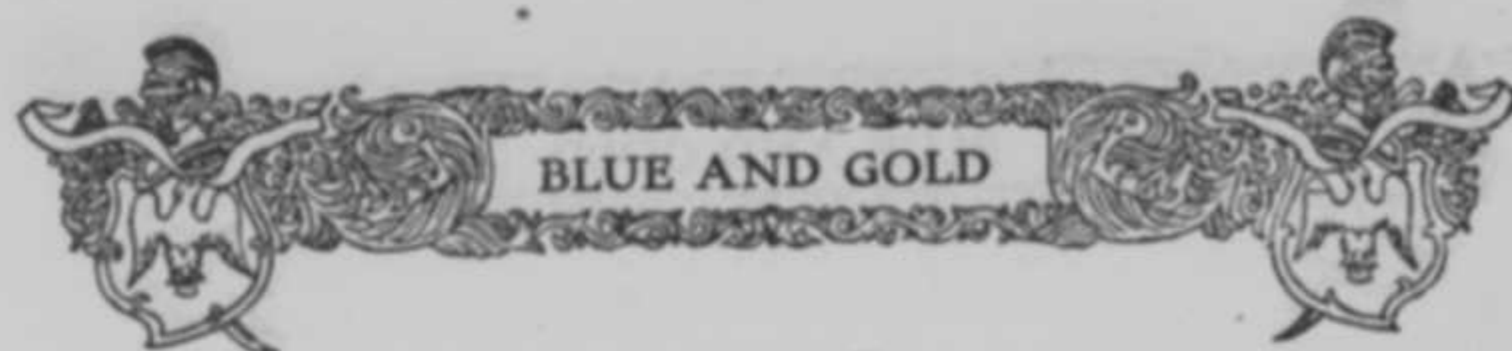
From our first meeting I had loved this gentle lady's romantic actions, and decided to tell her so before I left for school the next day.

It was that night, while were sitting under a large oak with the moon peeping through the leaves at us, that my courage came to me.

"Do you know Laura," I began. "That I—er—dearly—er—." That was all that was necessary, for she nestled closely in my arms and whispered something very softly in my ear.

SAM SOFT.





The Social Club Officers

President

CAPTAIN H. W. SMALL

Vice President

CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT E. L. HOSKINS

Secretary-Treasurer

CAPTAIN R. B. BLOOM



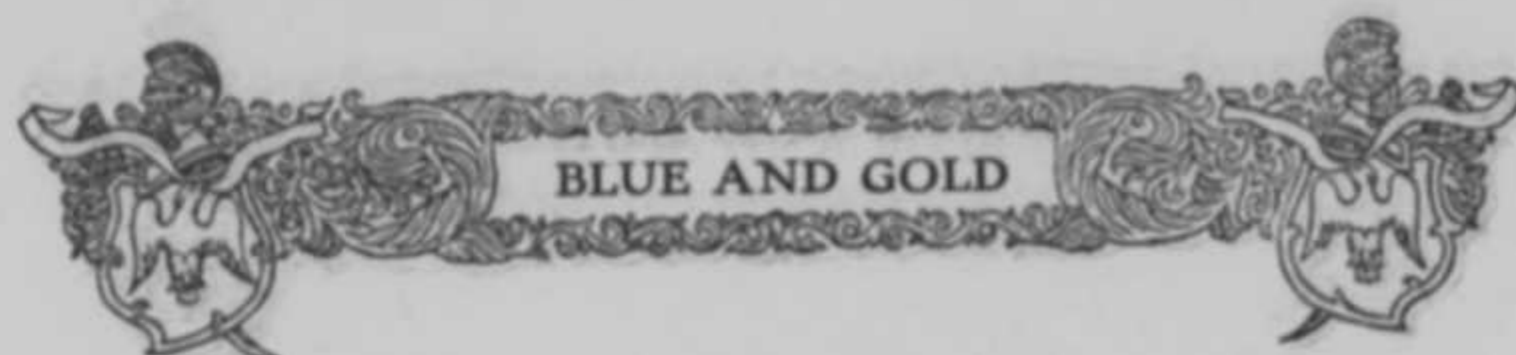
Social



ALTHOUGH S. M. A. has busied herself with Athletics this past session, yet the social side has not been neglected; indeed, the hops have become a regular institution of gaiety in our old school. The different dances are under the charge of, and are given by, the Social Club, composed of cadets who have assumed the responsibility of managing the dances. The officers of the Club for the past session were: Cadet Captain Small, President; Cadet Captain and Adjutant Hoskins, Vice-President; and Cadet Captain Bloom, Secretary and Treasurer.

Informal hops were held at intervals throughout the session, but the biggest "hit" of the formals was the Thanksgiving Hop, on November 26th. The "gym." was decorated with blue and gold bunting, pennants, flags, banners, etc. Jack-o'-lanterns mounted on stacked rifles decorated two corners of the "gym." while the screened orchestra and the Club Cozy Corner occupied the other corners. Everyone declared that the "gym." had never been so attractively decorated, and great credit is due the Decoration Committee for their untiring efforts to make the "gym." as attractive as possible.

Among those dancing at the Thanksgiving Hop were: Major and Mrs. Thos. H. Russell, Miss Massie Kable with Capt. T. G. Russell, Miss Hutchinson with Capt. P. C. Ragan, Miss Argene Andrews with Cadet Capt. Small, Miss Mary Shreckhise with Cadet Capt. and Adj. Hoskins, Miss Hook with Cadet Capt. Maxwell, Miss Alice Hibbert with Cadet Capt. Davidson, Miss Olive Timberlake with Cadet Lieut. Snively, Miss Wise with Sergeant Major Kinsey, Miss Helen Denney with Lieut. Campbell, C., Miss Reba Andrews with First Sergeant Corthell, Miss Elizabeth Timberlake with First Sergeant Ott, Miss Jane Gilkeson with Mr. Harry Karnes, Miss Agatha Allen with Sergeant Clark, Miss Mary Holladay with Corporal Putnam, Miss Massie Kirby with Corporal Bradford, Miss Frances Opie with Corporal Tindal, Mrs. Holcombe with Sergeant Urrea,



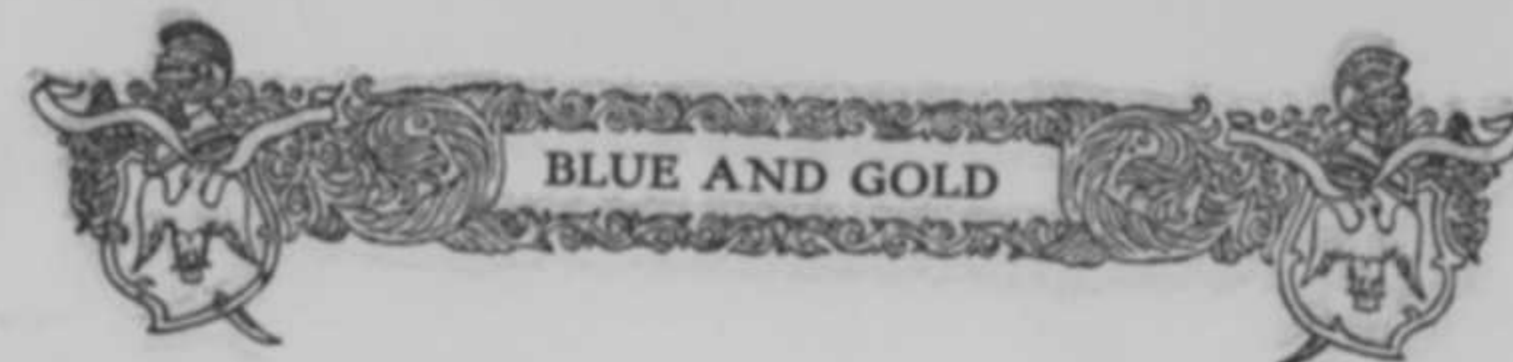
BLUE AND GOLD

Miss Josephine Timberlake with Corporal Henderson, Miss Mattie Taylor with Corporal Stanley, Miss Speck with Cadet Gibson, W., Miss Hibbert with Cadet Nix, Prof. and Mrs. Thos. Beardsworth. Among the "stags" were Captain White and Ex-Cadet Captain Crawford, ('08).

Though these hops are a source of greatest enjoyment to all concerned, yet we must state that, as a forerunner to these dances, the Dancing Classes conducted by the Misses Andrews have been most successful during the past session, not only as regards the thorough instruction given by the very able instructresses, but also by the large number of Cadets enrolled—nearly one hundred, and the very enjoyable times which are had at these classes, so that they in themselves seem more like an informal dance than a class. Our Commandant very kindly donated a new piano to the equipment this past session, which was greatly appreciated.

No one really appreciates what a help the social side is to school life until he "gets in the crowd" and "loosens up" with a good laugh, a dreamy waltz, a "snappy" two-step, and the laughter and gaiety of pretty girls and smiling youths, who, for a time, at least, have forgotten Math. and Vergil and are all intent on one purpose, namely—that of "having a good time."

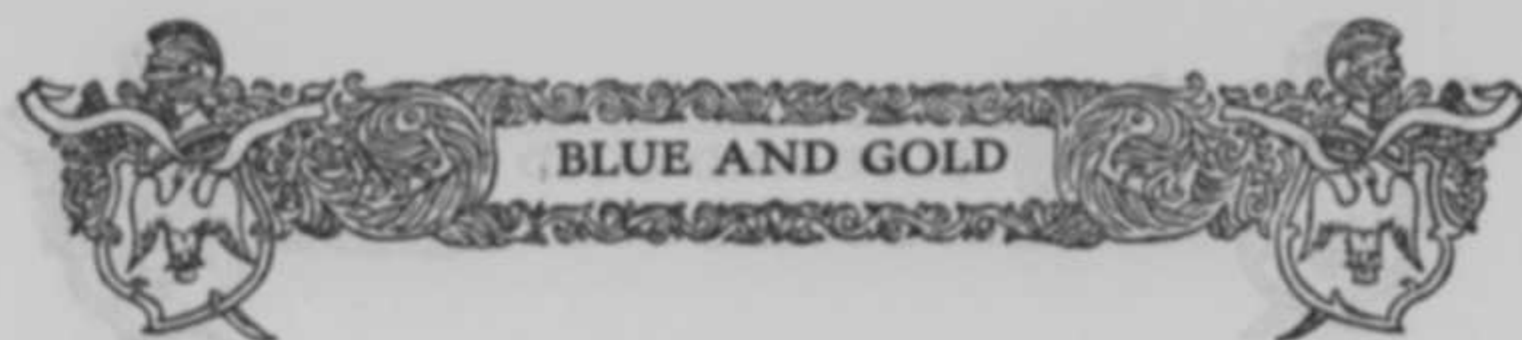
—P. C. R.



BLUE AND GOLD

The S. M. A. Circus and Bazaar

But let us remember that all social gatherings are not necessarily dances. On the twentieth of March, the Y. M. C. A. held a "Highland Circus and Bazaar" in the gymnasium, for the benefit of sending delegates to the Conference in Asheville, N. C. The main attraction of the evening was a minstrel show, which practically opened and closed the "circus." There were several "side shows" in attendance, which proved no end of enjoyment to all.



BLUE AND GOLD

Matches

AN M. B. S. and an S. M. A.
Made love to each other from across the way
An evidence of this the pyrotechnic display
Which occurs every night at nine-thirty
(I'm certain)
And is always acknowledged by a wave of the
curtain.
Zurhorst, complains of the glare in his eyes
And cannot imagine from whence the fire flies,
Then turning around with Withering (ton) glances,
Finds it's the bugler giving vent to one of his
fancies.
Were all "matches" on earth as bright as these
Old Lucifer would not find so much to please
And others would not be giving hard raps
To the good looking cadet who blows the taps:

— ANONYMOUS.



BLUE AND GOLD

D. S. N. Toast

1

COME join around me fellows,
Leaving time is mighty nigh,
Here's to all the fellows.
To the GANG, and DEAR OLD PHI.

2

Here's to Evie Hoskins
The lad with the angel face.
What would we have done for looks
Without Evie on the place.

3

Here's to Peck Austin.
Old Peck is always asleep,
Except when he's roaming up Main St.
Trying to find some little Bo-Peep.

4

And here's to little Benny.
His military face with love is pale.
He's always dreaming of the Princess,
Of his little fairy tale.

5

We mustn't forget Mother Bloom.
Old Mother the V. F. I. sport.
We'd like to toast you another
But our time is too SHORT.

6

Here's to Waterloo Hardesty
Who hails from the Delaware shore.
Old Napoleon used to be Rough on Rats.
He was—but he "aint" any more.



BLUE AND GOLD

7

And here's to Old Grandma Campbell,
She's the sweetest dear old Maid
She loves neither lassies nor glasses
Still she's a Merry Widow, I'm afraid.

8

Duck, here comes Eddie Heflin,
If you can't stand a lie just run,
Hefer has lots of long stories
That he loves to bat out by the ton.

9

Here's to little Brooksie
The lad with the rosy cheeks,
You'd better turn your eyes,
He spits out teeth when he speaks.

10

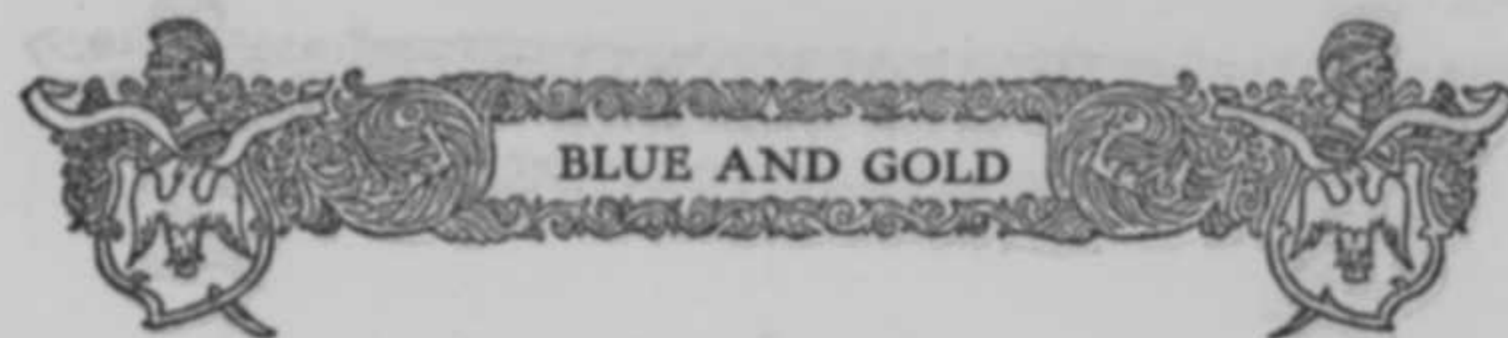
Here's to Boney Zurhorst,
He's our nice ladies' man.
He's always deep in love
And especially with little Nan.

11

Old "J. P's" nephew comes next.
"Come on Guy," don't frown.
Reform Dutch, for they won't have such
In that dear old Chicago town.

12

Here's to J. C. Brooks the Gibson Boy.
Come on boys get in line,
And give a yell for Johnny's Dad,
He's the Man that makes the Wine.



BLUE AND GOLD

13

And let's not forget old Tullgren,
And don't let absence restrain us,
We'll toast him again,
Old Herb. who made Milwaukee famous.

14

Nor must we forget Doc Wilson.
Old Doc and his sporty clothes;
If we ever meet Doc in the future
You'll know him by a ruddy nose.

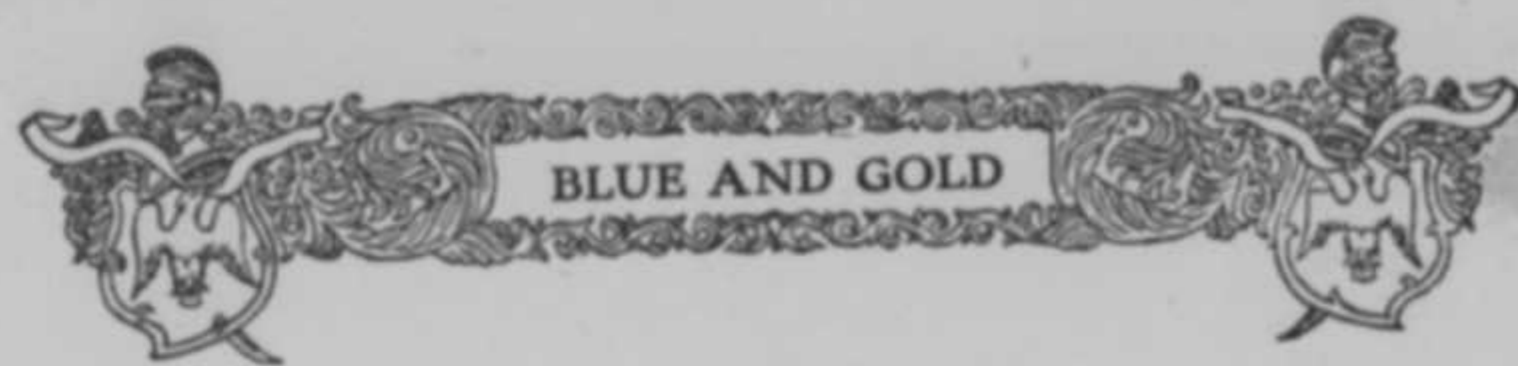
15

Here's to Old Indiana Brown,
The lad with the appetite;
Just watch him eat, then get to sleep
Forsooth 'tis a ghastly sight.

16

Don't forget Bill Bryson:
Stop a moment and think
Of things he did and didn't
That bind in Friendship's link.





What Are You Going to Do?

WHAT are you going to do?
Supposin' you can't hit at first,
What are you going to do?
Throw down your bat, chuck your mit?

You bet you ain't: you're going to play
An' play, an' play, an' hit,
Until the score-board is plum full
Of scores an' big uns, too.

Supposin' success don't come at first,
What are you going to do?
Throw down the bat and kick yourself
An' growl an' fret an' stew?

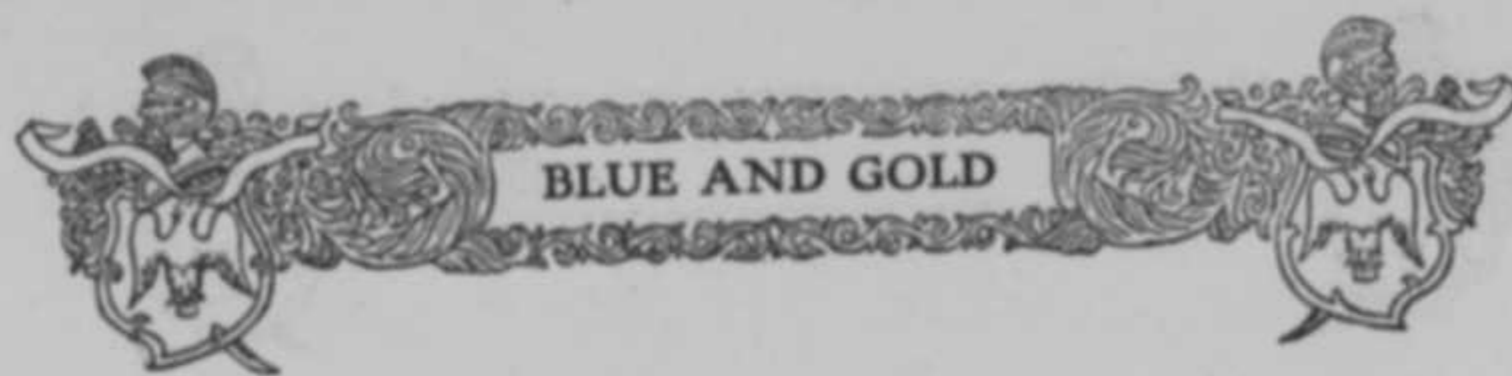
You bet you ain't, you're goin' to play
An' bat an' bat again,
Then success will come your way,
For grit is sure to win.

EXCHANGE



KODAK CLUB





S. M. A. Athletic Association

President
JAMES R. TAYLOR

Vice President
AUSTIN

Secretary and Treasurer
CAPTAIN ROPER

Football Team, '08

BLOOM, *Captain*

WILSON, J., *Manager*

Basket-Ball Team, '08 and '09

AUSTIN, E., *Captain*

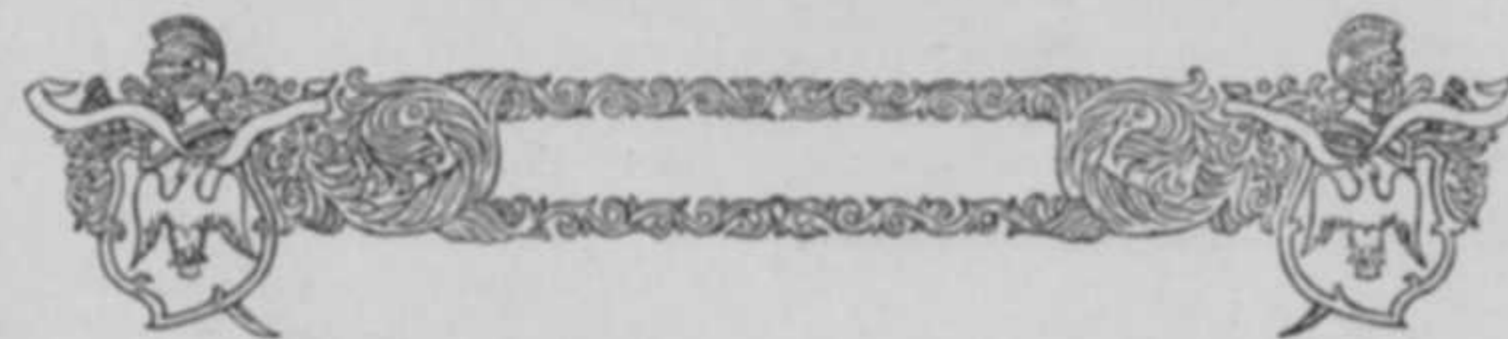
MAXWELL, E., *Manager*

Baseball Team, '09

MAXWELL, E. L., *Captain*

CORTHELL, *Manager*

Football Coach CAPTAIN WHITE
Basket-Ball Coach MAXWELL, E. L.,
Baseball Coach MR. T. E. GEORGE



Athletics



TAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY as an Academy stands for properly conducted athletics. Each year a man fully equipped by experience and ability is secured to act as instructor in football, basket-ball and baseball. During the present session we have been fortunate to have with us Captain Henry M. White, who played tackle so successfully at Washington and Lee University during the last four years. Captain White had absolutely green material out of which to build up the football team but in spite of the many set-backs encountered he succeeded in developing the team into a good organization of football players before Thanksgiving. We expect to reap many of the rewards of his coaching in our next year's team.

In basket-ball we were more than successful, winning ten out of a total of twelve games played. We were defeated by V. M. I. in the first game of the season by the score of 17 to 7 and in the last game of the season by V. P. I. by the score of 22 to 10. Among other teams defeated were Woodberry Forest, Augusta Military Academy, Jefferson School, so that we have no rival in our claim of the championship of Virginia amongst the preparatory schools. Much of the success of the season is due to Cadet Capt. E. L. Maxwell, who, as manager of the team kept things going at all times. Our splendid band (not to omit our chief rooter, "Myrtle") also aided the team greatly with their inspiring airs.

It is too early as yet to predict the future of our baseball team, but amongst the forty-seven candidates we have noted much promise of a splendid team. The squad is in charge of Mr. T. E. (Lefty) George, the star south paw of last year's Washington and Lee team, who has the men hard at work and who certainly bids fair to develop each man to his fullest extent. Here's to the success of our baseball team for the spring of 1909.



Football Team

	C.	
	BLOOM	
	R. G.	
	DONAGHEY	
	R. T.	
	HAUSER	
	R. E.	
BROWN, L.		LEWIS, D.
	L. G.	
	PUTNAM	
	L. T.	
	RICHARDSON	
	L. E.	
	KIVLIGHAN	
	Q. B.	
BARROWS		CURRAN
	R. H.	
REED		SNIVELY
	F. B.	
	TINDAL	
	L. H.	
TULLGREN		GRIEF



FOOTBALL TEAM

Basket-Ball Scores, 1909

S. M. A.	10	Jefferson School	8
S. M. A.	7	V. M. I.	17
S. M. A.	49	Roanoke L. I.	10
S. M. A.	48	Augusta Military Academy	20
S. M. A.	17	Virginia 2d	10
S. M. A.	11	Augusta Military Academy	10
S. M. A.	38	Randolph Macon	13
S. M. A.	23	A. C. I.	13
S. M. A.	19	Woodberry Forest	13
S. M. A.	22	Bridgewater College	12
S. M. A.	41	Hinton High School	9
S. M. A.	10	Virginia P. I.	22

Team

Right Forward
MAXWELL, E. L.

Left Forward
BROOKS, J. C.

Center
AUSTIN, E. A.

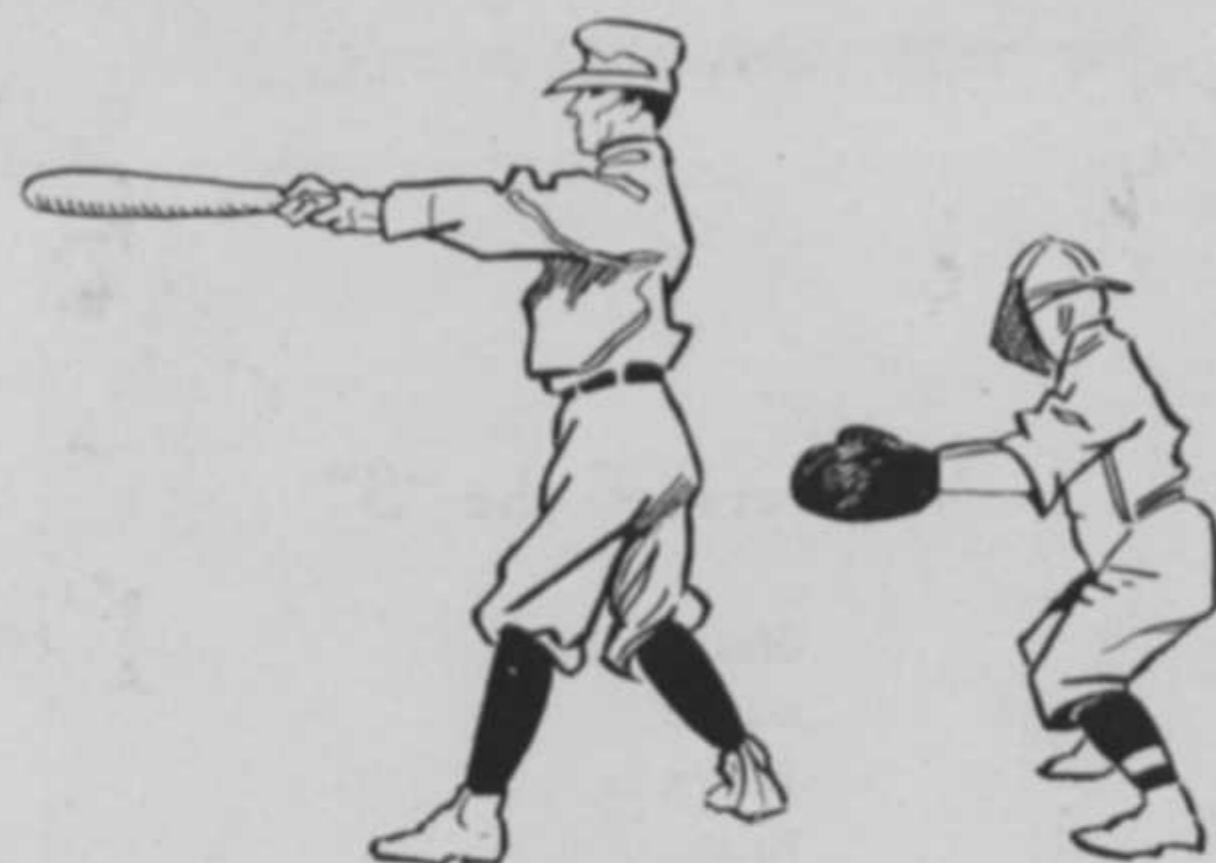
Right Guard
KYLE

Left Guard
BARROWS, C.

Substitutes
BROWN, L. CURRAN LEONHARDT



BASKET-BALL TEAM



Baseball

MAXWELL, E. L., *Captain*

CORTHELL, *Manager*

GEORGE, T. E., *Coach*

Catcher, KINSEY

Pitchers

BROOKS, F. C.

GRIEF, M.

Short Stop, BARROWS, C.

First Base, HARDESTY

Second Base, REED, E.

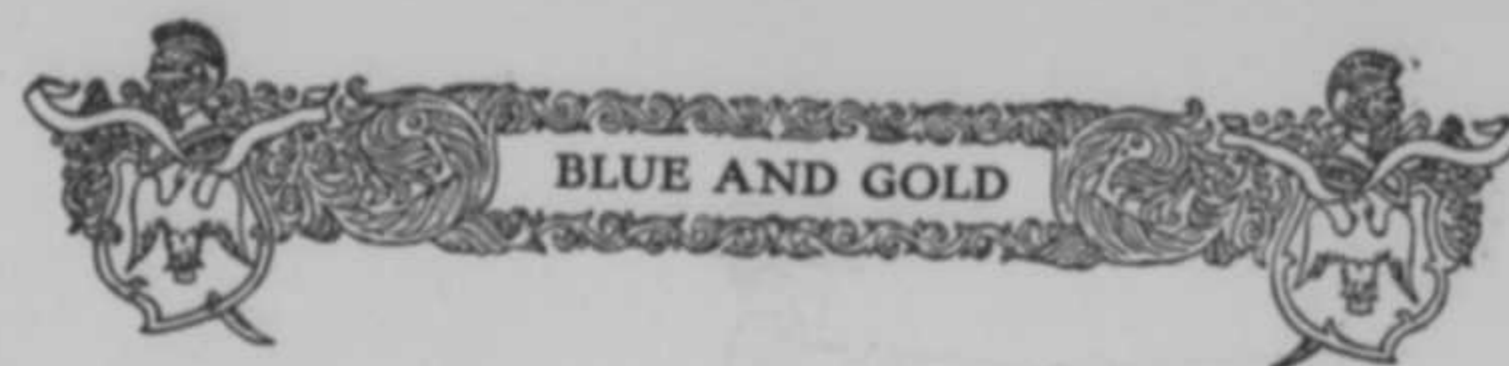
Third Base, MAXWELL, E. L.

Left Field, LUTGERDING

Center Field, LEONHARDT

Right Field, VILLEPIGUE

Substitute, BRIGGS



Wearers of the "S"

Maxwell, E. L.

Curran

Brown, L.

Brooks, J. C.

Kyle

Barrows, C.

Bloom

Reed, L.

Tindal

Lewis, D.

Austin, E.

Grief, M.

Snively

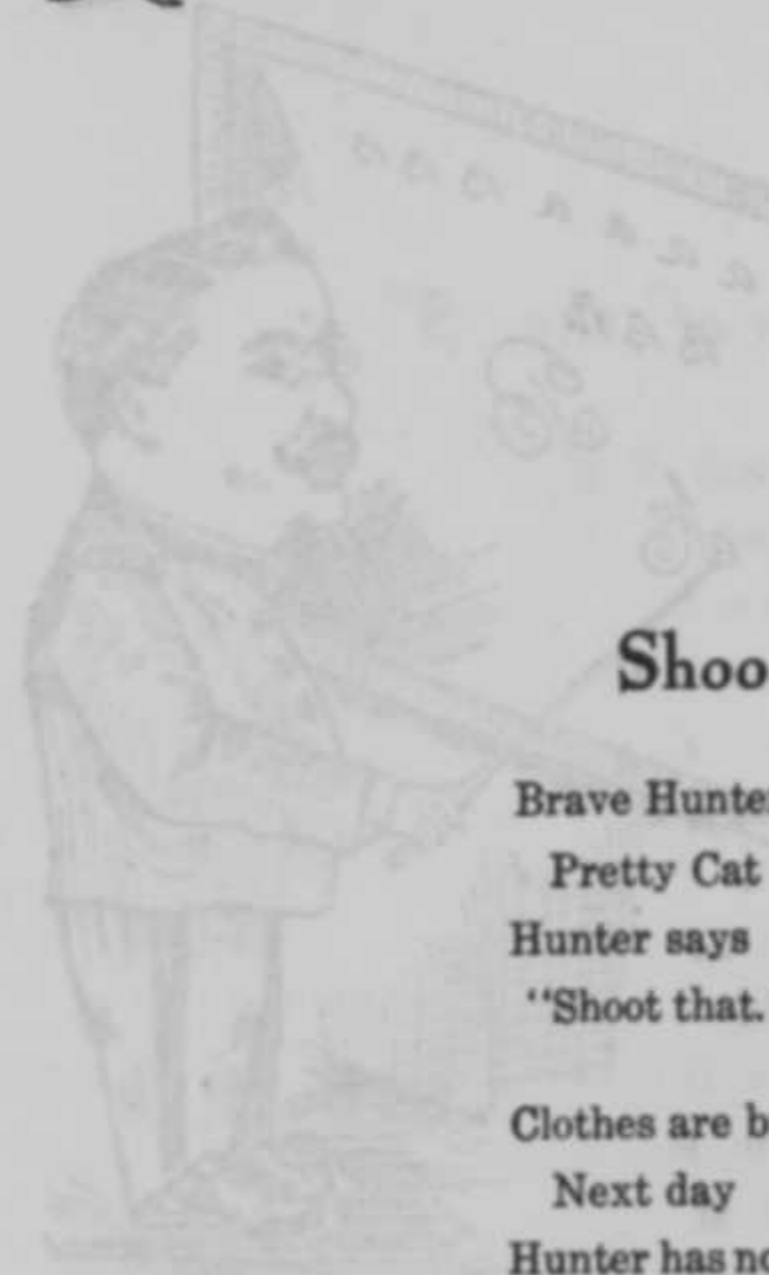
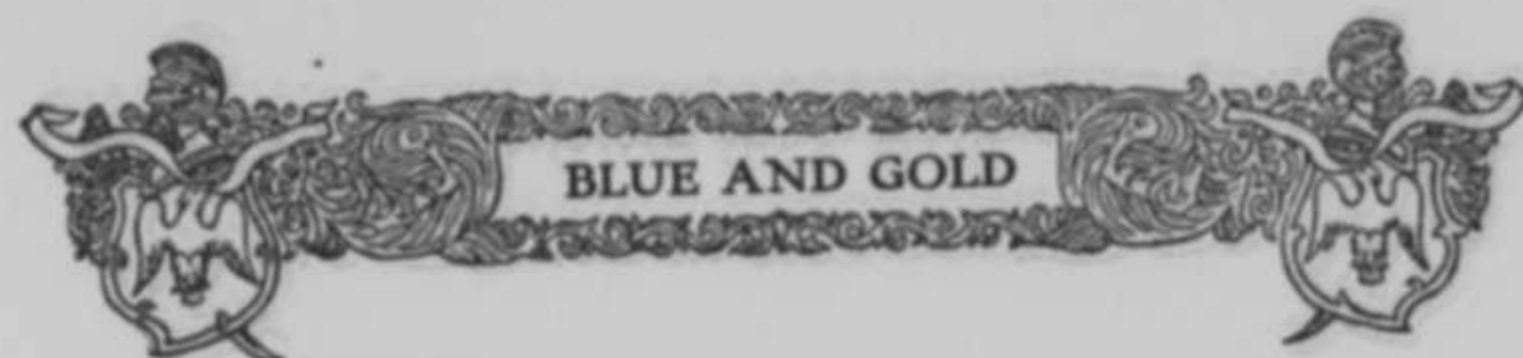
Kivlighan

Richardson

Putnam

Hauser

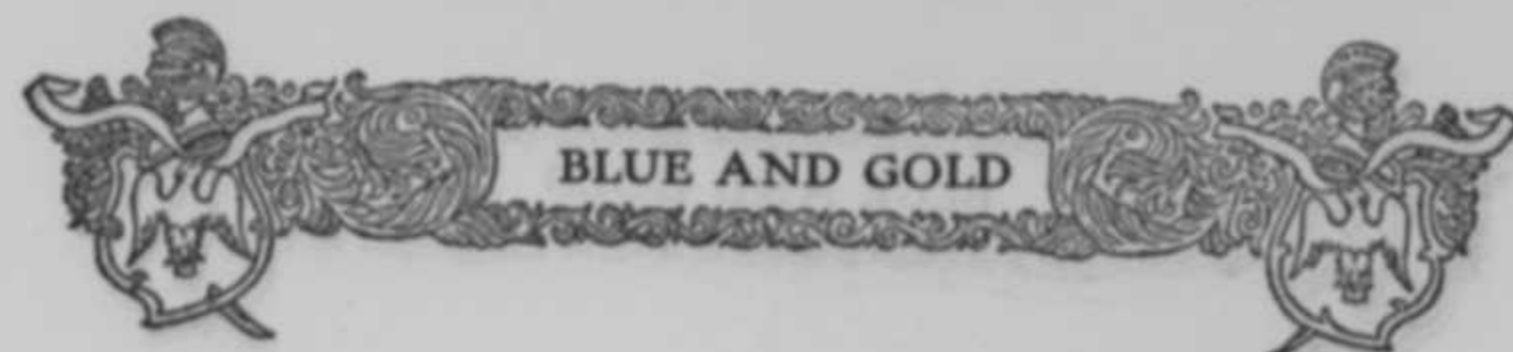
Wilson, J. S.



Shoo

Brave Hunter
Pretty Cat
Hunter says
"Shoot that."

Clothes are buried
Next day
Hunter has not
Much to say.



This is Captain Willie—
Teaching the writing class,
Also Captain "Billy"
Who takes no "sass."

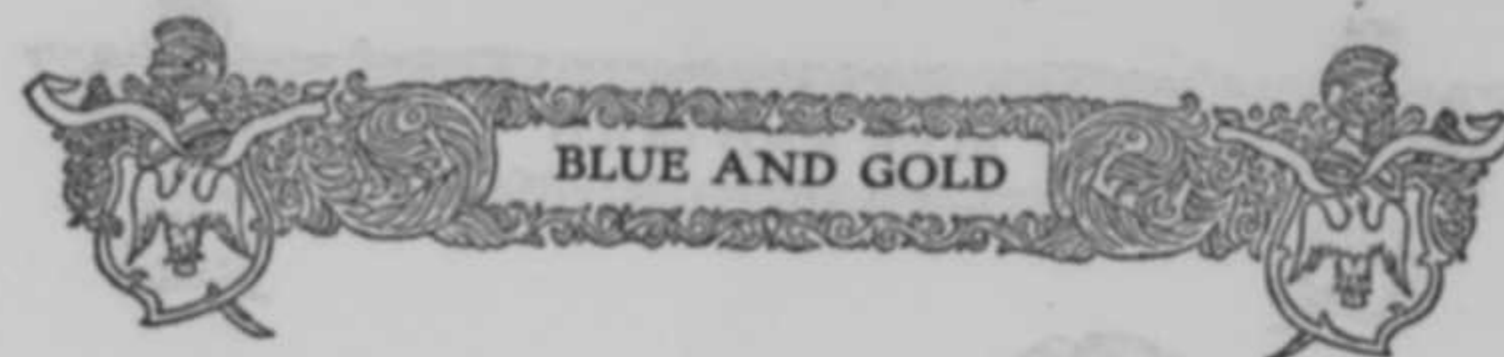


Watkins goes to the Wonderland show
He sits in the front row
And looks with delight
At the moving picture sight.



This man with a stick
Has a short name—"Dick,"
He is thinking of his girl
And longs for the social whirl.

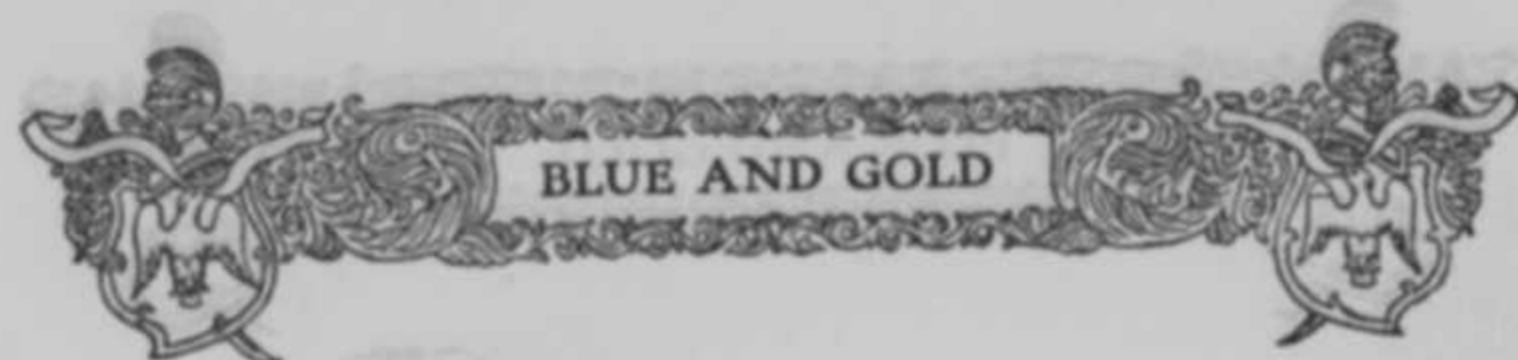
Captain Tiller climbs to school
each day.
Up the hill climbs he.
At the close of school each day,
Down the hill goes he.



This is the tall man—"long Tom"
Who on his shoulders wears the
palm;
He is king of the supply room
store,
But be careful how you knock on
the door.

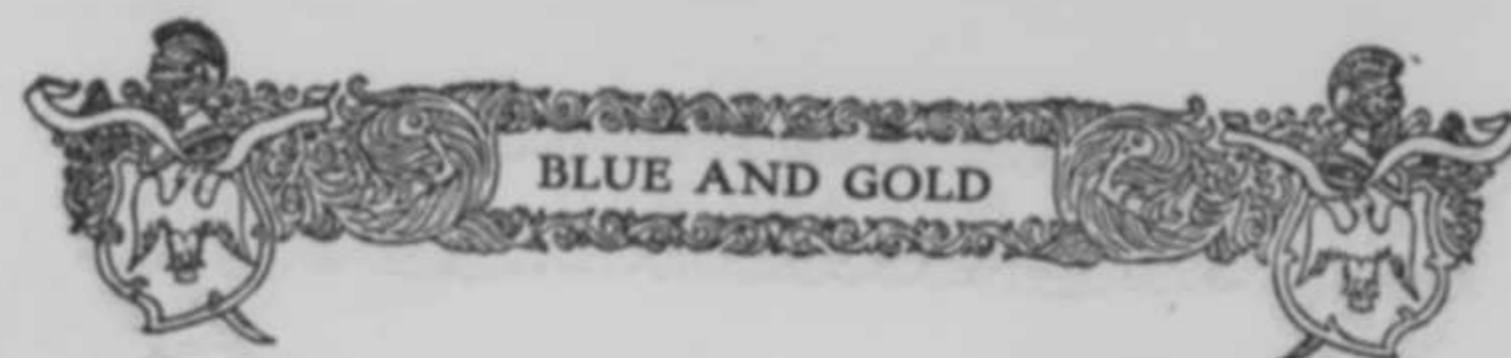


This is Sizer fond
Of skating on the pond,
And returning smoked a cigar long
That smelt awfully strong.



It's Ragan who raises
"sand"
As the leader of the Band.
Ready-go-Andante—
Algorra-Zoft-Zando—Got
there.

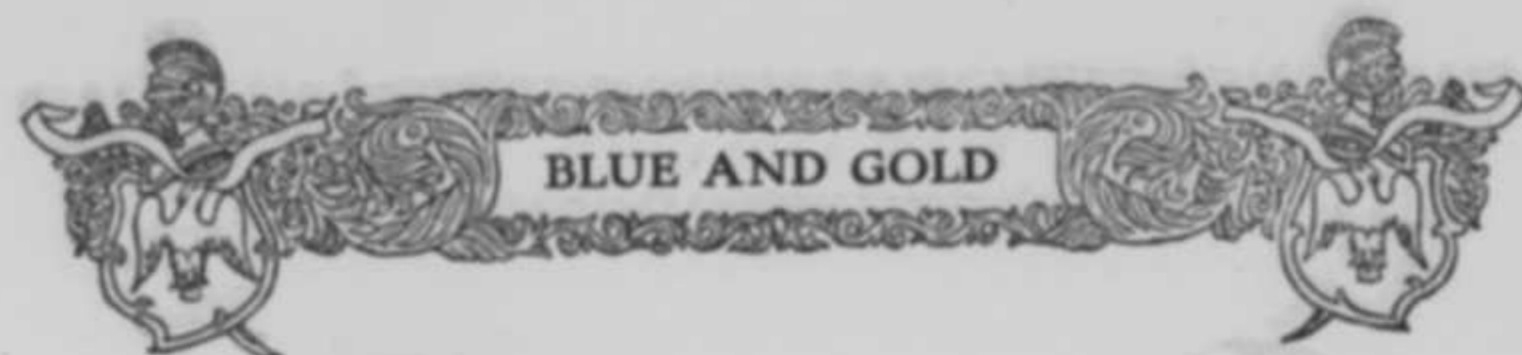
This is the happy Captain Steele
Who won his wife on a long spiel,
Of the wonderful things he had done,
And the great battles he had won.



This is little "Teddy"
Who is "allus" ready
To demonstrate his power
At any old hour.



This is the big man "White,"
Who is fond of good eating all right.
In athletics he has plenty of grit.
In love affairs not a bit.



It's Drummond—study the face,
Eyes, ears, nose—all in their place;
You'll find there a vague desire
To be leader of some choir.

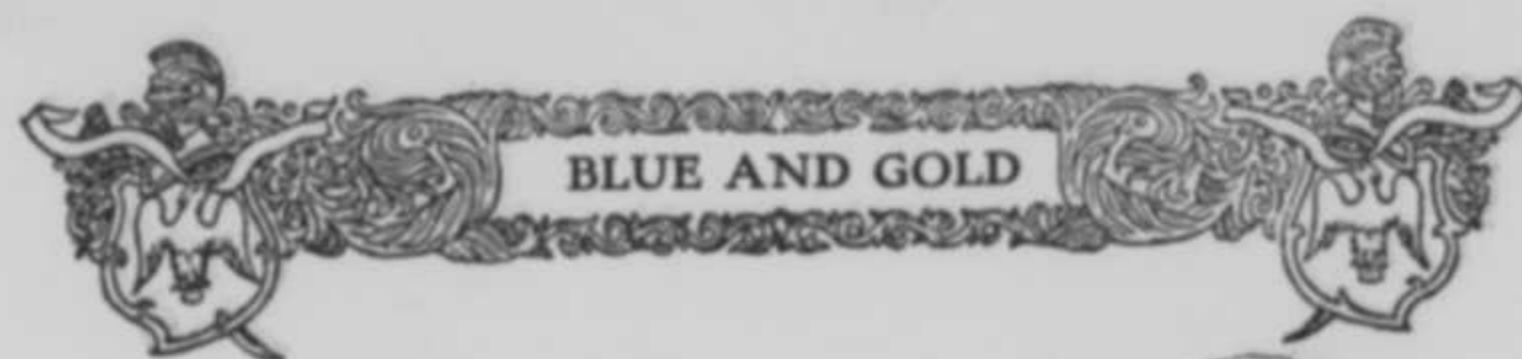
This is little Steve,
Its easy to conceive,
The object of his run
Is to "stick" some one.



This is Sutherland, the calm and sedate,
Thinking of his fate,
What the future has in store
And just a little bit more.

Captain Doub is the ladies' man, they
say,
He goes a courting every day.
When he brings his wife to town,
How sad! How sad! It will be around.





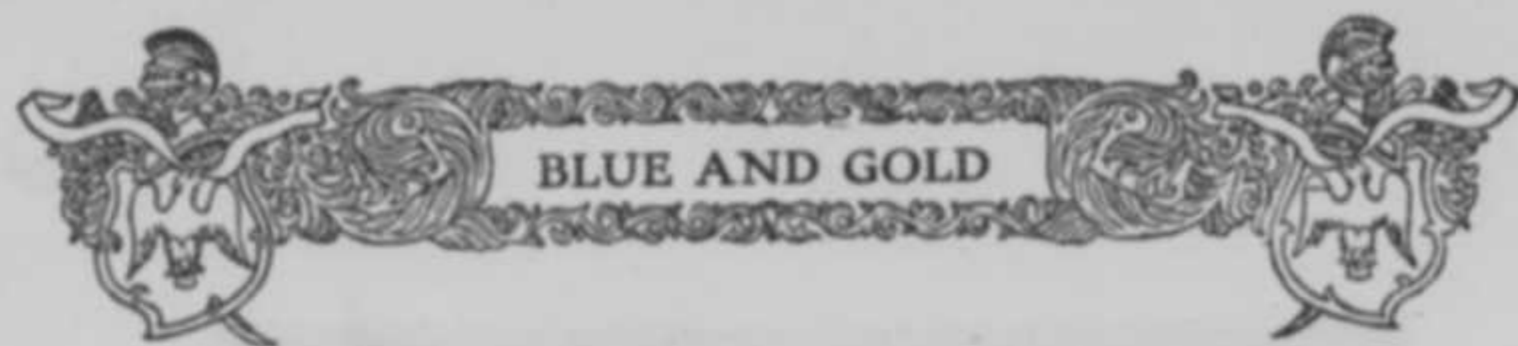
Suppose you know this is Captain Roper
A mighty physical philosopher is he.
He runs his hot-air engine all day
And at night uses an X-ray.



"Myrtle" is last in line,
A faithful dog and kind,
She attended every game
And helped to win the same.



FRATS



Sigma Kappa

Gamma Chapter

(Founded January 5, 1907)

Colors

PURPLE AND GOLD

Motto

"UNITAS HONOSQUE."

Flower

AMERICAN BEAUTY

Fratres in Schola

1909

M. A. Corthell

T. M. Dantz.

J. D. Clark

E. F. Putnam

H. J. Snively

1910

H. M. Brown

R. N. Neal

M. G. Greif

P. R. Wing

1911

Chas. Barrows

J. Roy Strong

Fratres in Facultate

CAPT. P. C. RAGAN

CAPT. H. W. SMALL

Frater Honorarius in Facultate

CAPT. TED G. RUSSELL

SIGMA KAPPA



Delta Sigma Nu

President, Austin

Vice President, Bloom

Treasurer, Hardesty

Secretary, Campbell, C.

MEMBERS

Brooks, J. C.

Brooks, L.

Brown, L.

Austin

Hoskins

Campbell, C.

Hardesty

Zurhorst

Heflin

Henderson

Sunderland

Bloom

DELTA SIGMA NU



Nu Gamma Chi

Motto

NUMERUS FIDEM DAT

Flower

YELLOW CHRYSANTHEMUM

Color

NILE GREEN AND OLD GOLD

OFFICERS

President, W. M. Lanyon

Vice President, R. L. Lutgerding

Secretary, T. Shelley

Treasurer, W. E. Campbell

MEMBERS

P. B. Brown

W. T. Kennedy

G. H. Kelley

S. M. Allen

L. R. Ettla

J. P. Watson

W. G. Thompson

H. V. Greif

J. L. Kinsey

R. L. Bowen

E. W. Maxwell

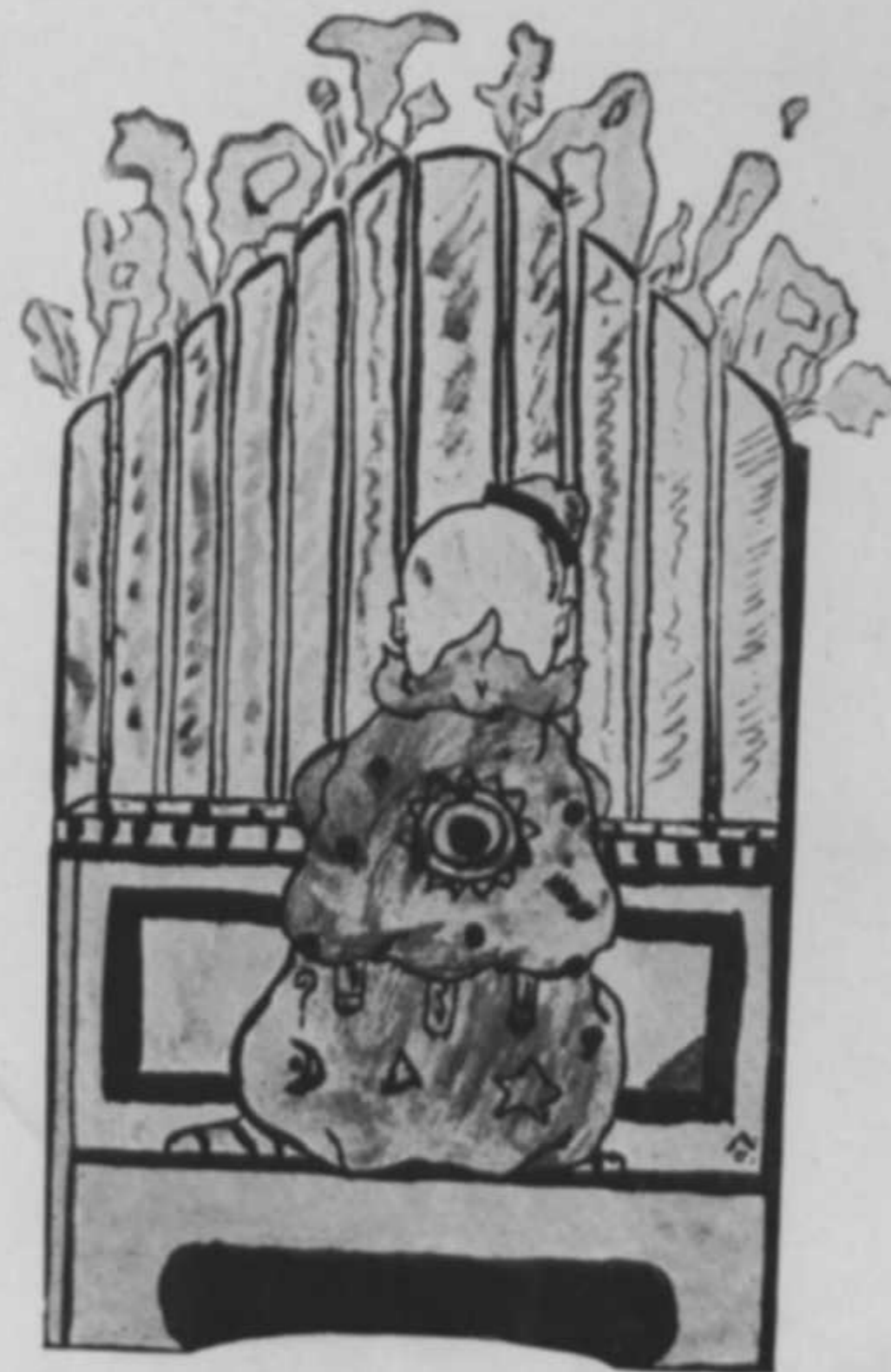
NU GAMMA CHI

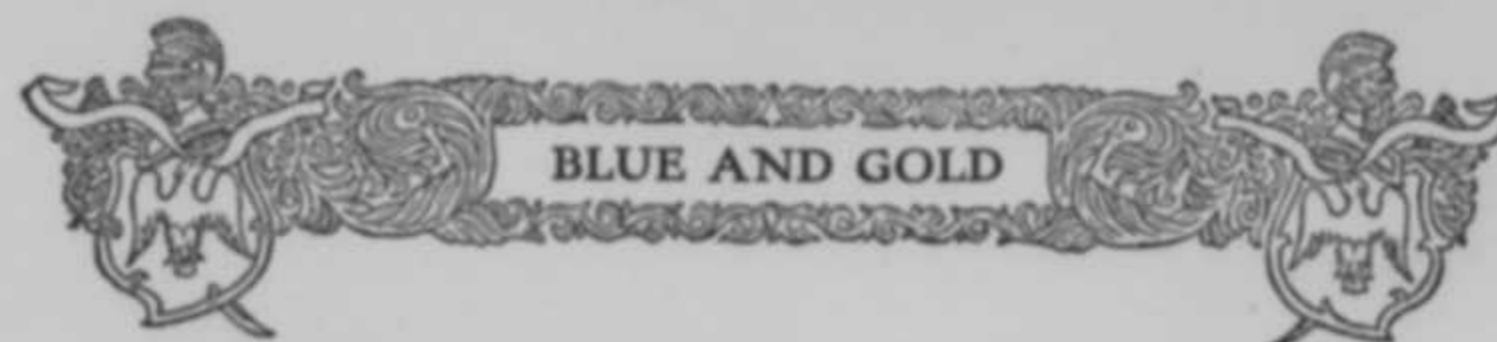


Sigma Kappa

Chapter Roll

Alpha, Adrian, Michigan	1900
Delta, High School, Eaton Rapids, Michigan	1902
Gamma, Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va.	1907
Epsilon, Central High School, Detroit, Michigan	1908





Selection from a Cadet's Reading



HE sun was sinking over the distant hills, and the leaves stirred listlessly as Dead-Shot Dick picked his way along through a black forest on his famous horse "Beauty."

There had been an uprising among the Apaches and he was carrying dispatches to the officer in command of a western fort. The dispatches were of the most vital importance and had been given to him personally by the President. Indeed no better person could have been selected for this perilous journey than Dead-Shot Dick, the terror of the Indians. This the President knew and he had not the slightest worry.

As Dick rode through this enormous maze, his eyes were open and on the lookout for a dusky savage who might be lurking behind some tree or bush, waiting for a chance to take the life of that dreadful foe by means fair or foul.

Of a sudden the woods seemed filled with cries and howls, enough to strike terror to the heart of any man, but to the heart of Dead-Shot Dick such a thing as fear was not known. With a hurried glance at his surroundings he spoke to his faithful animal, "Down, Beauty, down, we are sure in for it," he said; and with a short neigh to show that he was understood, the beautiful animal rolled over on its side. Quickly slipping his foot out of the stirrup he lay over on the side of his horse and pulled out his Colt's, and slipped his Winchester from over his shoulder. This trusty weapon had seen him through many "scraps" and he loved it like a child.

By this time the cries had subsided and the woods were filled with a stillness like death. "My Lord," he exclaimed, "they are preparing to rush us 'Old Beauty'; but we will pull through yet." With his Winchester at his shoulder, his Colt at his side and eyes open and alert, he awaited the terrible attack with the calmness of a man reading a book. The noble beast below him stirred uneasily, knowing that they were in for it.



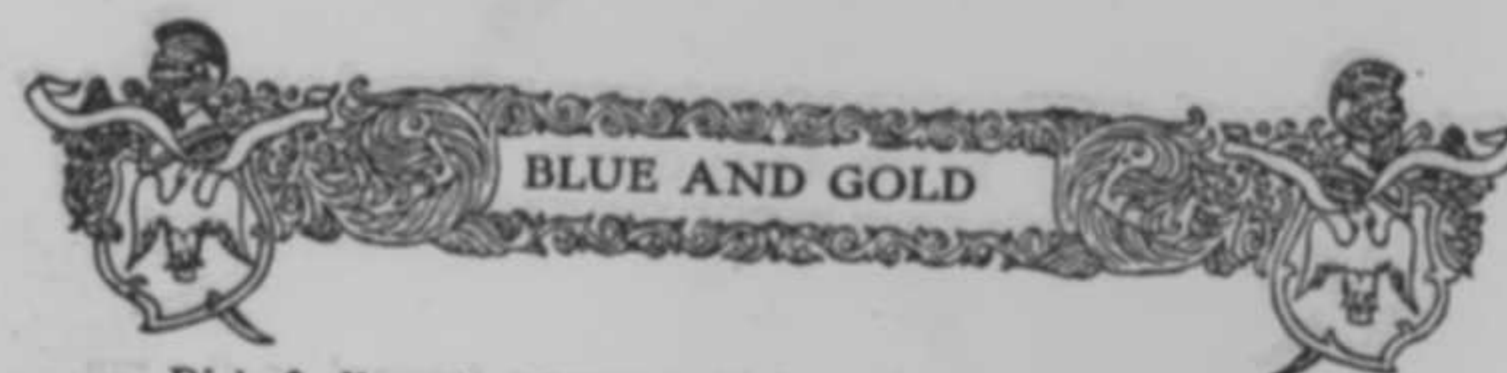
With a terrible yell the redskins sprang forward on the run. "Bang" spoke Dick's rifle and six savages bit the dust. "Bang" again that trusty weapon spoke and ten more redskins were sent to the "happy hunting ground."

The Indians dismayed at seeing their numbers so diminished, retreated to a safer position to hold a council of war. "Let them come again," Dick muttered, "I will give them a warm reception as long as I can pull the trigger."

Again the redskins rushed and again Dick's rifle spoke and five savages could fight no more. "Bang" again, he fired and with an equal slaughter. The Indians once more became frightened and retreated. For a long time all was still and Dick knew that they were up to some treacherous work. Picking up a "Colt" he prepared himself for the worst.

A slight rustle in the leaves behind him caused him to look around and he beheld an Indian with upraised tomahawk in his hand, ready to strike. Quickly shoving his revolver into his mouth he sprang forward to grapple with his dusky foe. It was a struggle for life or death and each contestant was aware of the fact. The Indian was slippery as an eel and it was with no little difficulty that Dick held him off. With a quick movement Dick slipped his hand up to his opponent's throat. As our young readers know, Dead-Shot Dick's muscles were like steel and he held the savage's throat with a grip like a vice. The Indian became black in the face, his eyes almost popped out of their sockets and his whole frame shook like a leaf. Holding the Indian off with both hands Dick did that wonderful trick which no other person has been able to imitate. Shoving his tongue in the trigger-guard of his revolver, he pressed it against the trigger. There was a deafening sound and the redskin fell to the ground with a bullet in his head.

The Indians finding that their last scheme had failed withdrew; and went their way greatly humiliated at being defeated by a single white man, for whose scalp the chief had offered his beautiful daughter.



Dick finding that his foes had gone for good, picked up his weapons and started on his journey again, as calm and as if nothing had ever happened.

Suddenly the midnight inspector entered, and you can guess what followed? Twenty hours on the "beat."

HOLCOMBE, B., '11

To the Boys of Company D

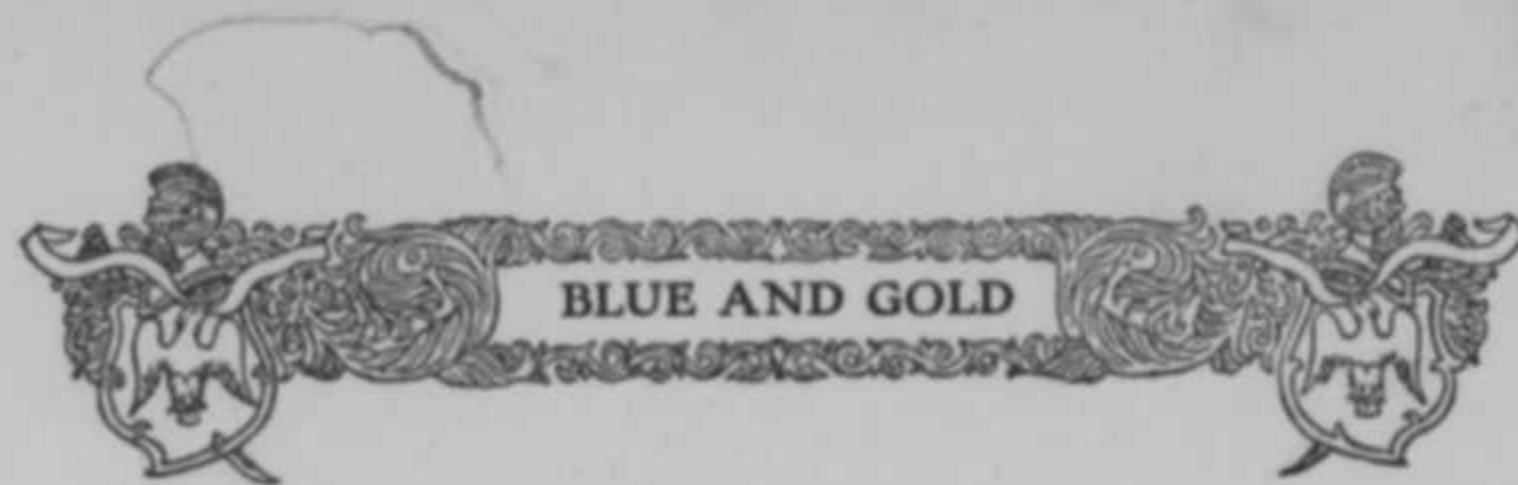
Here's to the boy of Company D
Here's to them all collectively—
Here's to the captain, of basket-ball fame,
To the lieutenants who root at the game.

Here's to the sergeants, they're nice we think,
Here's to the corporal's ready wink.
Here's to the privates, ordered about
They don't like it without a doubt.

We hope you'll win the medal
At the final dress parade
We'll watch you with all interest
And do our best to aid.

But if you fail to win it
When you finish up your drill,
We'll make the very best of it
And cheer you "fit to kill."

N. F. T.



Lee's Nightmare

The cave by the roadside had given us shelter for but a few moments, when two familiar figures came in sight.

The elder of the two men was a "Tiller" of the soil; a person widely known through this region for his general good fortune, and usually styled by his acquaintances as "Lucky Dick."

The other person was Dick's son (Dickson) considered the best "Roper" of cattle in the Souther-land," and in regard to judging a cow he could size 'er (Sizer) up better than anyone else in the section.

But "Dick's son" (Dickson) had acquired very little learning from books. This pair had for some time lived alone in the "White" house on the hill.

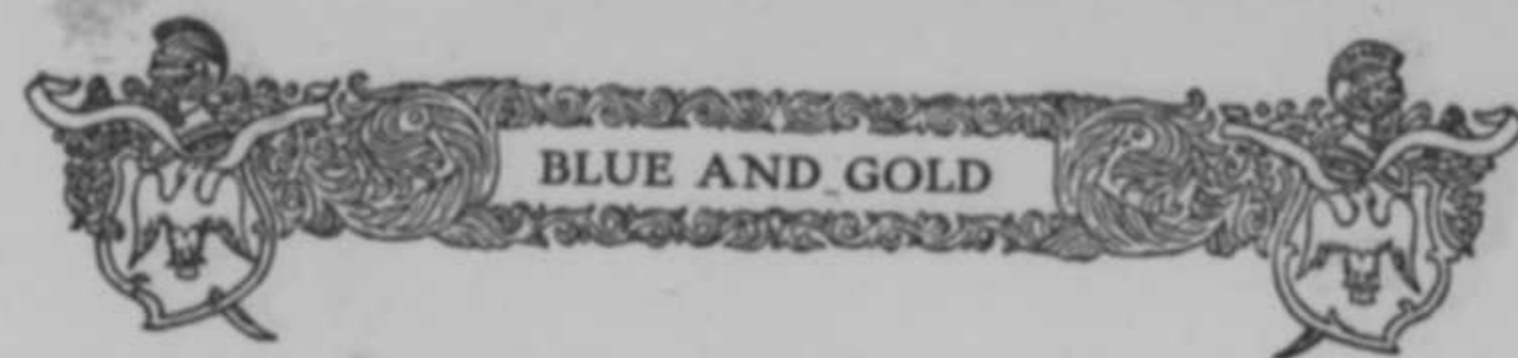
As they approached, Dick seemed to be carrying some curious object which proved upon closer scrutiny, to be a Rag'an (Ragan) a Small, Steele Kable.

Even though the leaves (Russell)-ed in the stiff breeze without, we could catch part of their conversation.

"Well," Dick's son (Dickson) was saying, "I don't (Doub)-t he will make good, for he is used to drummin (Drummond) a bass drum in the band. I wonder what-kin (Watkins) he is to us. Step-in (Stephens) and see me for a while to-night.

JAY W. LEE.





Special Order No. 48

Any Cadet found laughing at these jokes will be shot.

By order of

THE BOARD OF EDITORS

Ott (to Capt. Drummond after Xmas holidays)—Captain, do the faculty draw straws to see who can get married each Xmas?

Is Bloom a good dancing instructor?

Ask his pupil.

They say Bloom will Mar(r)y Short(ly).

Cadet—The course of true love never runs smoothly.

Sunderland—Yes, but its a long "Lane" that has no turning.

"Tommy" Dantz (speaking of a certain young lady)—I don't think much of your friend, she is too stuck up.

Clark—Well, you can not cut any circles (Zircles) around her.

Why is the Sigma Kappa like an old hairbrush?

Because it has only one bristle in it.

Harry Karnes—Are you too slow to take a trip to Charlottesville?

Why is *black*, Maxwell, E. L., 's favorite color? Ask Bloom.

Saldana (playing guard mount)—Report Maxwell, E. L., for a sloppy face.

Why does "Grandma" tremble and grow pale when some one says, "get the hook?"

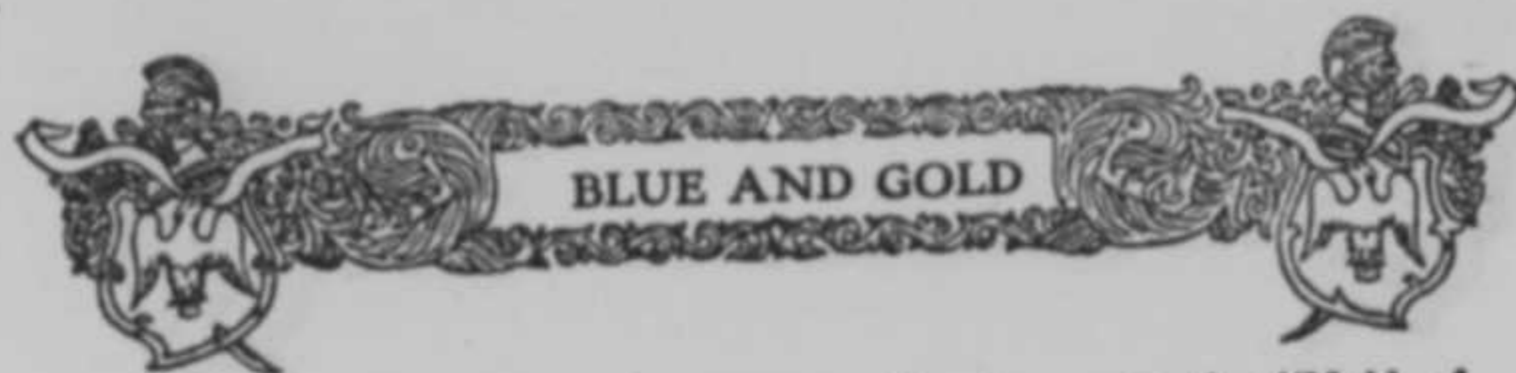
1st Cadet—What are the colors of Company B?

2d Cadet—Green I suppose.

1st Cadet—What is the Company flower?

2d Cadet—Well if it is left to Bloom it will be the shamrock.

Familiarity (with terrapin) breeds contempt (for codfish.)



Snively—My friend is going to the dance as the "Maid of the morning."

I guess I will have to go as the "evening star."

One night as James was coming off sentinel duty, on account of his large diameter he became fastened between the hall and a truck in the hallway, and was unable to extricate himself. A kind cadet came to the rescue.

"Yes, Little Things"

Little things, yes little things,
Make up the sum of life
A little piece of wood or chalk,
Can raise a storm or strife.

Capt. Stevens (to Driggs in English Grammar Class)
Read this sentence—"The *sentinel* stood firmly at his post."
Driggs—Can't pronounce the second word, Captain.

Miss Maude McGuire, and Cadet Harry Snively of the S. M. A.
went to Washington yesterday.

—*Staunton Dispatch*, March 4, 1909.

"Stubby" is a sprightly boy
Whose punctuations give unholy joy;
He's sometimes just a little "half and half"
So you'd better sniff when you hear him laugh.

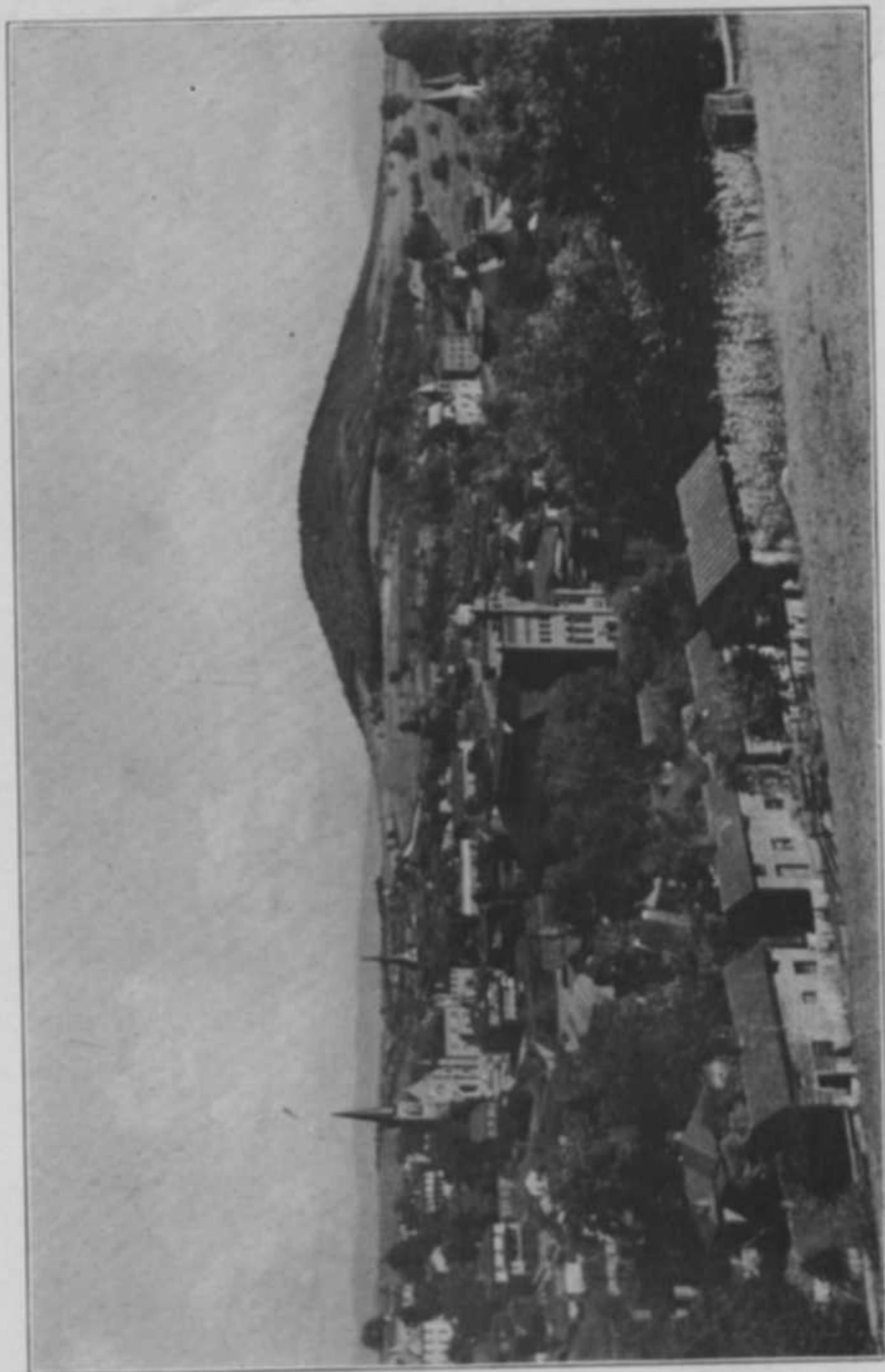
Why is it that Ott did not bring a certain young lady to the mid-winter hop? Ask Brown, P., for information.

When they lost the trombone why didn't they look in Kent's shoe.

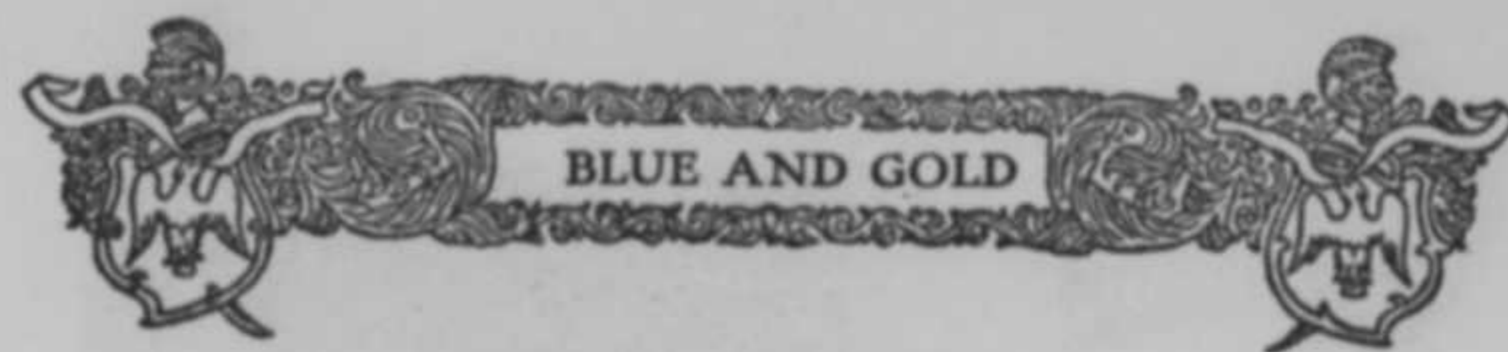
Does it hurt to be hit with a dough ball? Ask Capt. Doub.

Livingston has to wear a strap under his chin every windy day to keep his hat on.

The cadet captains like to make trunk inspections when plenty of "grub" is to be found.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF STAUNTON



Friends at S. M. A.

Tol (le)d by a Staunton bell(e).

"Benny is a winning man
Who is ever asking for a hand.
Does he get one? We can't say
But he goes there every day."

"'Mother' says his time is 'Short'
(But 'Short' does not mean slow)
And 'Short' he will be to the end
Tho' in inches he may grow.

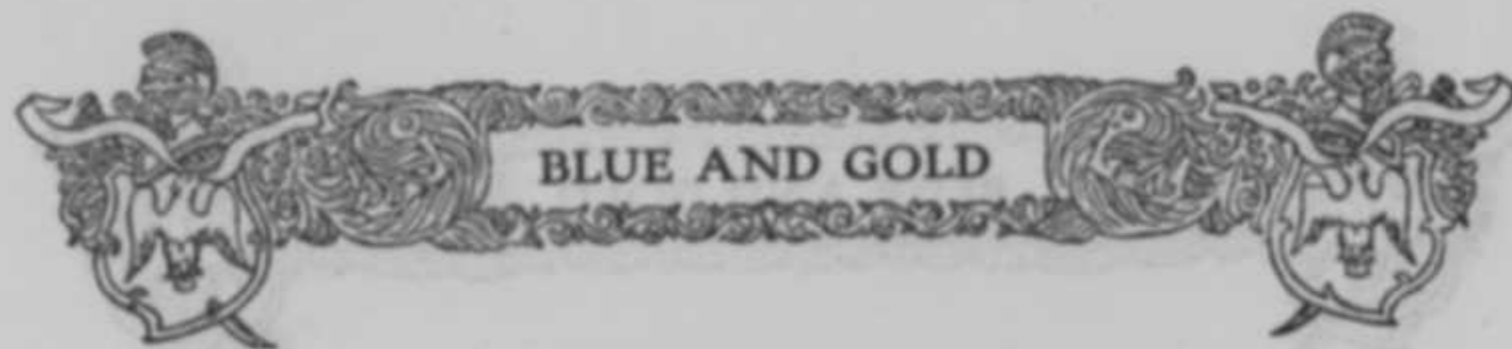
"Hoskins came as martyr to the cause
And *once* sucked soda through the straws
But never again have we gotten that near
Tho' eagerly we pry and peer.

"Brown is a long slim handsome man
Who sports an overcoat of stripped tan
However on us he looks askance
And we only see the end of his pants

"This is the fate of false Bill
Who made eyes at Judy to kill
Then to get out of her way
He went to Phila.
And now she calls him a pill."

There was a young fellow named Campbell
Who was rather good looking, I confess
And thought a great deal of a girl
Who studied at M. B. S.

She did not board at the school, I know,
Nor at the hotel I'm sure;
But at a residence in town
Where she met her constant wooer.



She was tall, fair and graceful
Her good qualities; too numerous to name
If you know her please answer
And oblige, yours truly, I remain.

"Little Georgie has a dimple
To find his malady is really simple
She lives upon a lengthy hill
And her "Pa" foots many a bill."

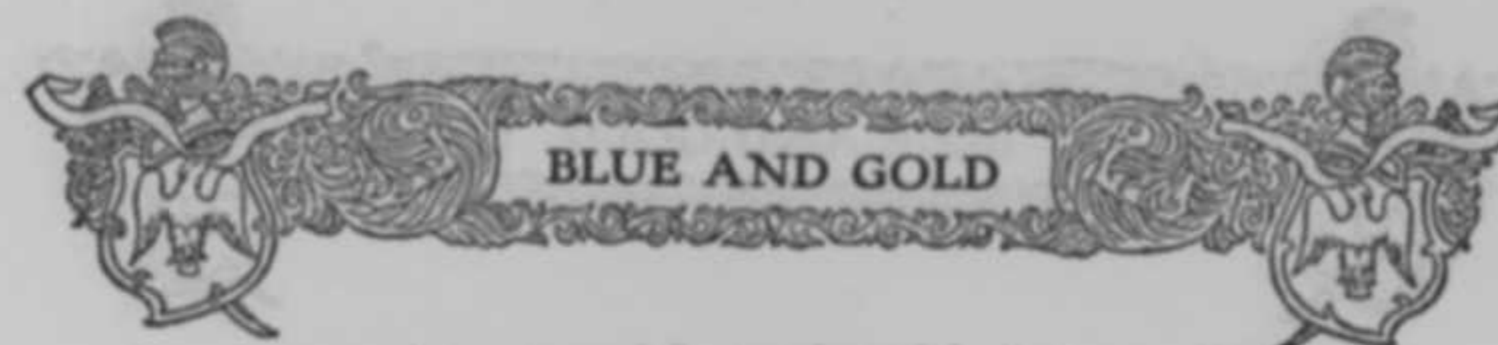
Reveille

At seven o'clock the bugle blows
The notes of Reveille.
Get up cadets and pull on your clothes
Or late you'll surely be.
When, five minutes later, assembly sounds
Though cold and nearly bare
Clear the steps in just two bounds
And answer with a "here."

Of all the sad words
Of tongue or pen
The saddest are these
"I'm stung again."

Questions for the Faculty

Why did Captain Steele? (Steal)
Why did Captain Roper? (Rope her)
Why did Captain Sizer? (Seize her)
Why is Captain White?
Who did Captain Doub?
What did Captain Rus(sell)?
What did Captain Kable? (Cable her)
Why is Captain Small?



Why didn't Captain Drummond go home for Christmas? Ask Virginia, and she May tell you.

Any one who wishes to indulge in a game of checkers, will call on Captain Stevens.

How many round (to and from) trips does Small make in a month?

Lee, L. — Say Kent, how are you going to disguise yourself for the masquerade?

Kent — Oh, just wash my face and go as a gentleman.

What is the difference between a soldier and a woman?

One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

Stinson, is a firm believer that water is wet.

Smart Cadet — What is Dr. Gibson?

Other Cadet — I don't know.

Smart Cadet — A pill peddler.

Captain Russell to corporal of guard — Where is Briggs?

Corporal of guard — Driggs is in next door.

Hunter J. R. occasionally runs a prize fight on the side, Roegner and Faber are the chief combatants.

After Ledbetter had been stuck for dropping an egg on the table; we wonder why he requested Stinson to stay out of his room.

The height of Stinson's ambition is to get orderly, but he usually gets sentinel duty.

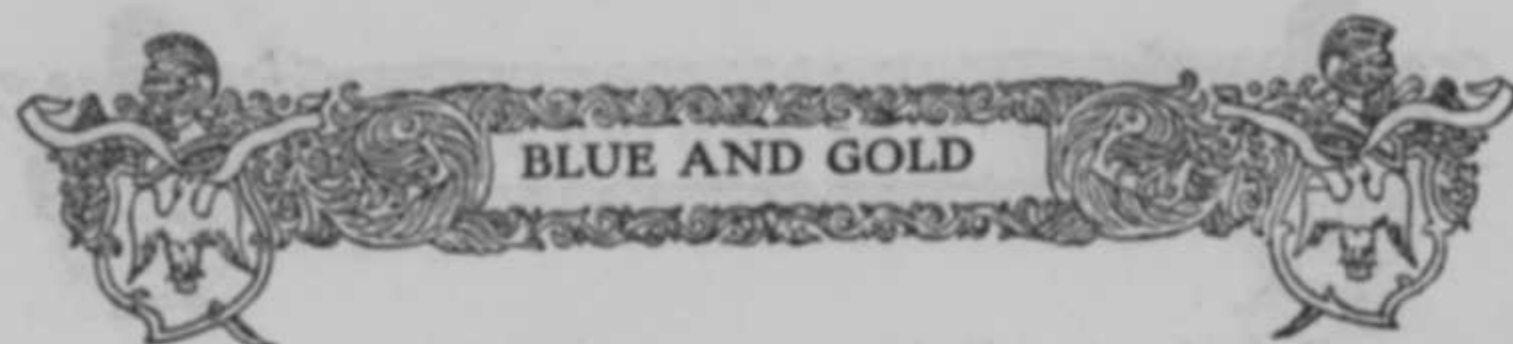
Roegner sees no harm in lying in bed during reveille, but Captain Russell has a different opinion on the subject.

Mike Donovan — I came up to have my beat taken off, sir!

Capt. Russell (Rolling up sleeves and getting out whip) — All right take off your coat and I'll give you ten licks for every hour.

Mike — No, sir; I'd rather be back on the beat than beat on the back.

Gerson (to Sabel) — Hey, Abbie, bring an iron-bar quickly, there's a cent it the crack.



Things We Wonder

What size hat Putnam wears?
Why Small came back after Xmas?
If Campbell, W., will get a new uniform?
Why does Capt. Tiller run a cattle ranch? Because he steers.
If a certain Faculty officer was Drummon(d) up trade would it be a Small offense to tell a White lie?

Who is the man with "a heart of iron?"
Captain Steele.

One Cadet—Gee, that's a pretty girl.
The Other—Yes, I saw Captain Siz(h)er up this morning.

S. M. A.'s greatest painter. Captain Daub.

As the S. M. A. students have in view starting up a curiosity shop, a high price will be paid for the following:

A cushion from the seat of war.
A pump from the well of knowledge.
Fresh salt from the sea.
A blanket from the cradle of the deep.

Professor (shaking pupil by the collar)—Sir, I believe Satan has got hold of you.

Pupil (panting)—I believe he has.

Why is M. B. S. like a counterfeit dollar?
Because you can't pass it.

—LEWIS, D. C.

Capt. Drummond (at R.-M. A. basket-ball game)—I don't like this game as well as I did the Virginia game.

Capt. Steele—We know you don't.

M. B. S. girl watching ice during skating on Fair Ground Lake.
—Look; it's wiggly.

Capt. Russell receives each week a complimentary copy of *Work and Win* published by the Nick Carter press.



Probably when Hoskins gets settled down he will grow pine-apples with *Specks* on them.

Austin is quite sure he will win the medal, because his sponsor thinks he can't lose.

Miss Duval has recently requested Capt. Bloom to keep his company away from Stuart Hall.

Capt. White likes to coach a ball team.

We wish Withington would let his cornet alone after taps.

Winecoff and Hauser had quite an argument over which way a rabbit was running, when his front and rear toes were pointing at right angles.

Do you want to get there in a dash,
Don't tarry when things are slow,
Just hitch your cart to the lightning flash
When the thunder "hollers" go.

Nearly every morning, Roy Strong and Mark Corthell, are heard trying to awaken Rube Small.

Captain Doub says that salt on pie makes it very good.

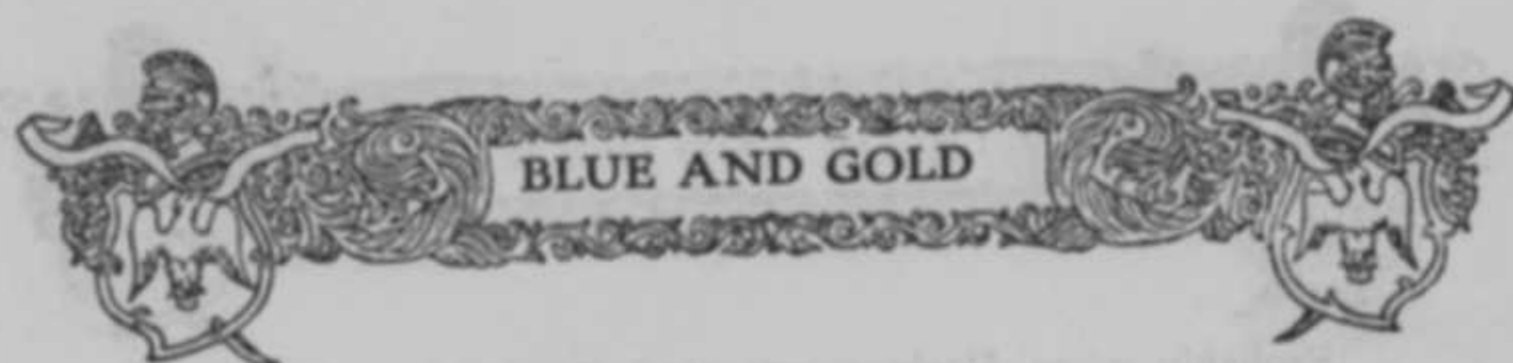
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Captain Stevens—(May)-belles.

Captain Russell and Miss Kable are very fond of sitting on fences, when they go for a walk on Sunday afternoons.

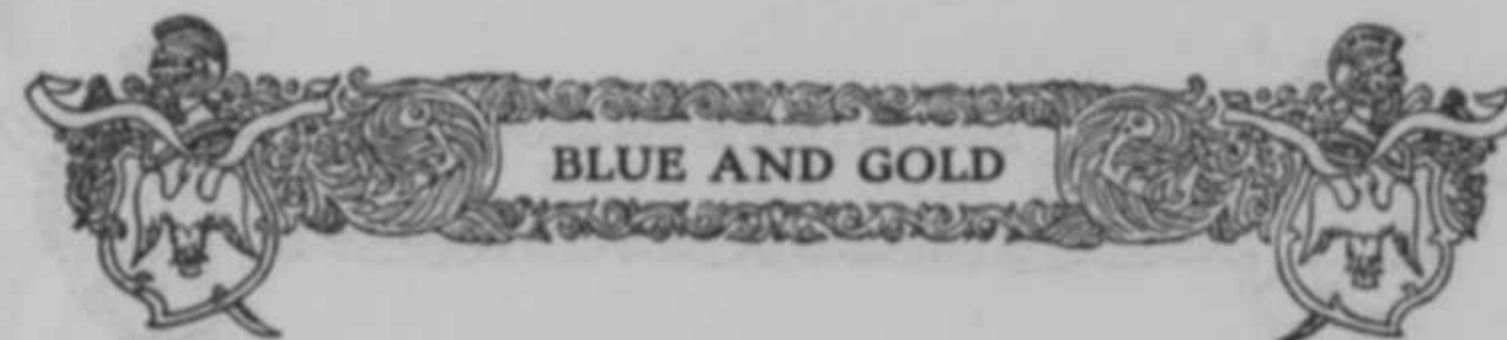
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BLUE AND GOLD

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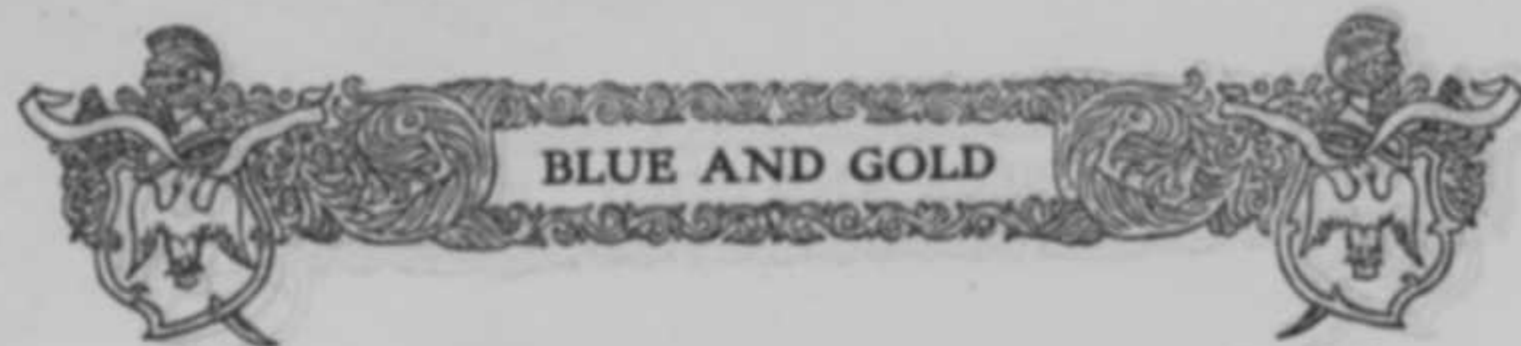
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BLUE AND GOLD

To the Power Behind the Throne

Knowledge is power,
So they say in the schools,
But in this day and hour,
'Tis the girl who rules.

Afterward

Here's to the halo that crowned her head
When, at her feet, I tarried.
And here's to the hats she wears instead,
Since she and I were married.

"A Plea"

Captain, Oh! Captain, do not put me on the beat,
Respect me Oh! Captain, think of my poor feet
Captain, Oh! Captain, be easy on me please,
For no more will I worry you and try so hard to tease,

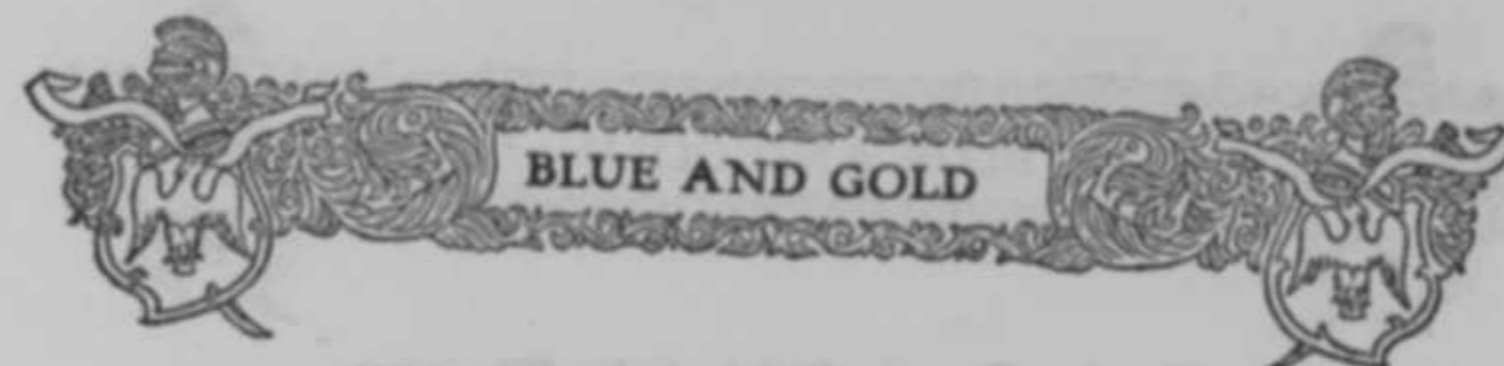
Captain, Oh! Captain, listen to the echo of my feet,
As they tread heavily and unceasingly on the beat,
Oh! Captain, *My* Captain! please have mercy on me,
And listen for one moment to my heartrending plea.

T. D. B.

His Proposal

He did not fall upon his knees
Nor act like one bewitched—
When he proposed, his words were these:
"Say Mamie, let's get hitched"

Nor did she say: "O can it be;
All other maids you scorn,
And from all you've chosen me?"
She simply said, "I'm yourn."



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Things We Would Like to Know

Why Captain Small goes across the street so often.
When Harrison will run down.
Why the band plays the same tune at dress parade.
Why Capt. Sizer goes travelling so often.
Who hid the study-hall roll.
Why Putnam runs from a messenger boy.
Why Hauser likes to go to Washington.
What Schrader knows about musk-rats and water.
Why Woodruff is always looking for M. B. S. Line.

Cadet Reed E. (writing home)—Dear Father—I like the school fine but Major made my collar too small, it squeezes my Adam's apple so tight that I can taste cider.

Capt. R. (to musician of the guard)—What was that call you just blew?

Musician—Fall in, sir.

Capt. R.—That's wrong.

Musician—Well, that's the way they hummed it to me.

Capt. Russell (at mess) — Anyone wishing to go home to see mother just let me catch them on M. B. S. hill.

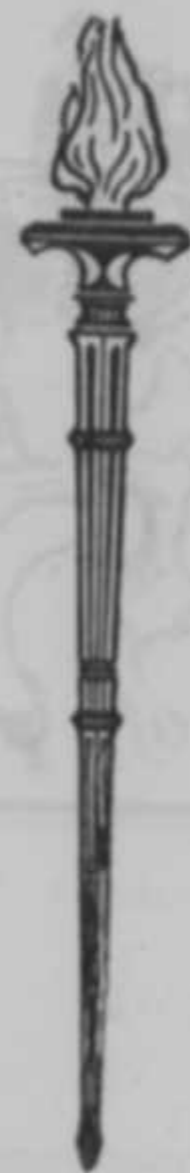
Notus

Anyone tresspassin' on this property will be prosecuted to the full extent uv 2 mungrel dorgs what aint got no sympathy fur nobody, an' also 1 dubbel barl shotgun what aint loaded with no sofy-pillers. Darn if I aint gittin' tired uv these guys walking on my farm.

This sign was supposed to have been used by Squire Payne on his farm.



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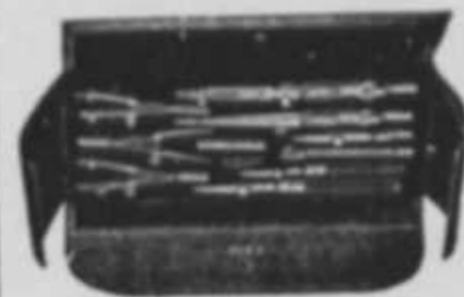
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