

Blue and Gold  
1910





# *The* BLUE & GOLD

Published Annually by the  
CORPS of CADETS  
of the Staunton Military Academy



STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

1910



## EDITORIAL



IN THIS volume we have endeavored to chronicle those observations and incidents of our school life that have been of interest to us during the school year; and to indicate the departments of a busy school life from reveille to taps. It is easy to criticise; but sometimes difficult to construct. We hope that we have somewhat succeeded in constructing a pleasing souvenir of our school days at S. M. A. In this hope the 1910 BLUE AND GOLD goes forth with the best of good wishes to friends and Alumni.

## A Toast to the Faculty

It seems to be the fashion now,  
If poet's mind you boast,  
To cut out all the fol-de-rols  
And call verse just "A Toast."  
So here's some knocks on Faculty,  
We sometimes like to roast.  
Here's to the Senior Captain,  
A grand old soldier he.  
And here's to Capt. William  
Just as cute as he can be,  
Here's one to Major Russell,  
With his smooth bald head;  
And one to Captain Theodore,  
Who's better known as Ted  
And then to Captain Stevens,  
Who publishes "BLUE AND GOLD,"  
And one to Captain Watkins,  
A fighter, brave and bold,  
Here's to Captain Rainsford,  
Who rules the Study Hall,  
Here's to Captain McClure,  
Who's long and slim and tall,  
Here's to Captain Roper,  
A dead game sport is he,  
Here's to Major Tiller,  
Who teaches chemistry,  
Here's to Captain Jones,  
Whom Cupid loves to tease,  
Here's to Captain Sizer,  
Who asked "Her" on his knees,  
Here's to Captain Sutherland,  
Whose troubles are begun;  
Here's to Captain Livingston,  
Whose chest is overdone,  
Here's to Captain McBurney,  
With girls the "Candy Kid,"  
Here's to Captain Steele,  
I won't tell what he did,  
And now the list is finished,  
And all is said and done,  
My brains been overtaxed for once,  
Let's go down on the run.

P. C.



DR. EDWIN LACY GIBSON

### Dedication

To our highly esteemed friend  
and physician,

**Dr. Edwin Lacy Gibson**

we respectfully dedicate  
the fifth volume of  
the Blue and  
Gold





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## Night Watchman's Plea

Dear fellers:

I have rote this to you to ask you will you kindly ruspect the feelins of a poor but honest man and not throw no more supe nor water on my purson whilst I am attendin to my dewtys as gardeen of the piece and quiet of this here barricks. My helth is oful bad and I cannot stand it to change my wrayment no half-duzen times pur evenin.

Please dont do this no more and oblige

Respeckfully yours

NITE-WATCHMAN.

P. S. I luvve all you fellers.

## Edwin Lacy Gibson



HE subject of this sketch was born in Waynesboro, Va., in 1869. Received his secondary education in the Staunton Military Academy which he attended from 1884 to 1887. His academic training was obtained at the University of Virginia. Graduated in medicine from the University of Maryland '94, beginning the practice of medicine in Staunton, where he has been for some time surgeon for the B. & O. Railway.

For a number of years, Dr. Gibson has been our school physician; and in this capacity has served us with untiring zeal and ability. To say that he has been successful in all that pertains to our health would be to use the stock compliment of those who are quick to praise. Our long and admirable health record is due in no small measure to his watchful care and attention. And we take this opportunity of expressing our full appreciation of his services.

Dr. Gibson, exemplifying the teachings of the modern physician, brings cheer and hope into the sick room. Life loves the light; and the physician from whose presence sunshine radiates, has mastered one of the secrets of the art



of healing. When ill, it is a pleasure to be numbered among his patients. He possesses in an eminent degree those sterling qualities of character that true men everywhere strive to emulate.

To relieve pain and restore health, we believe to be the noblest work in the earth. This is Dr. Gibson's life work. In accord with the sentiment expressed by R. L. Stevenson, we are pleased to think when posterity sums up the class of men who have done most for the race that above the sailor, the soldier, the merchant, the lawyer, the teacher, above every class will stand the physician who through years of devotion and consecration to a trust has administered to the physical needs of the race, contributing most in the evolution of man toward health and beauty in harmony with the divine purpose of Him in whose image we are made.

It is to this class of men with their knowledge of medicine, acquired by study and investigation, added to a rich experience in successfully combating disease, that we look forward to the time when man will be the complete master of his physical well-being. To this class of courageous fighters, the race will continue to be grateful for extending the age limit, and by bringing through restored health greater happiness to mankind. To share in this work is in itself no little honor. Dr. Gibson belongs to this class.



BARRACKS



## A Day at Staunton

- 6.49 No one awake but the "Night Watchman."
- 6.50 Reveille, same as before, all quiet.
- 7.00 Assembly, grand rough-house on stairs.
- 7.02 Back in bed again.
- 7.25 Breakfast call.
- 7.26 Lazy ones begin to dress.
- 7.28 Brooks, L., brushes his hair.
- 7.30 Assembly for breakfast.
- 7.40 Prayers.
- 7.50 Kent gets up.
- 8.00 Guard mount.
- 8.20 Grief, H., falls out for orderly.
- 8.35 Capt. Livingston visits cadet rooms.
- 8.40 Release.
- 8.41 Everybody watches for the mail.
- 8.55 School call.
- 8.56 Hunt for roll book.
- 8.58 Capt. Rainsford distributes strayed books.
- 9.00 Seniors leave, everyone else tries to skip.
- 9.02 Brooks, L., brushes his hair.
- 9.20 First period.
- 9.21 Stanley goes to sleep again.
- 9.23 Brown, W. E., reports on the sick list.
- 9.25 Mail arrives, Frankel gets motor catalogue.
- 10.00 Second period, Kelly and Ettla distinguish themselves in French.
- 10.22 Doctor arrives.
- 10.23 "Pink-eye" sufferers lead the charge.
- 10.40 Third period, Moore, C., tries to skip history.
- 10.42 His attempt is foiled.

- 10.50 Woodruff and Walton discuss chances for leaving Study Hall.
- 10.52 They decide that chances are good.
- 10.55 They are mistaken.
- 11.00 McKusick gets hungry.
- 11.00 Fourth period, Trig class discovers their monumental ignorance.
- 11.50 Pie woman arrives.
- 12.00 Recess. New boys buy cake.
- 12.01 Old boys get it.
- 12.02 Guillet and Barbee attempt to start a holiday petition.
- 12.10 Little enthusiasm, they give it up.
- 12.12 Brooks, L., combs his hair.
- 12.20 Recall.
- 12.21 McKusick and Kent hold a reception.
- 1.00 Sixth period, Major Russell meets his spelling class.
- 1.20 Sixth period, chemistry class forgets lesson.
- 1.22 They get stuck.
- 1.40 Brooks, L., combs his hair.
- 1.50 Everybody gets ready for dinner.
- 1.55 First call.
- 1.58 Capt. Sizer dismisses class.
- 2.00 Assembly for dinner.
- 2.25 "Red Onions" challenge all-comers.
- 2.26 "Hockers" accept the challenge.
- 2.27 Everybody scraps.
- 2.29 Kent organizes a lynching party.
- 3.13 Brooks, L., brushes his hair.
- 3.15 Drill.
- 3.16 Wing forgets tactics books.
- 3.20 All serene, book is found.
- 3.50 Officers play shinny; Brooks disarranges his hair.



- 4.15 Recall; Brooks, L., combs his hair.
- 4.20 Beat; Zuhorst decides not to attend dancing class.
- 4.25 Watson and Ettla go to the park.
- 4.26 Ledbetter decides to go to the rink.
- 4.30 Massengale looks for M. B. S. line.
- 5.00 The Assist-Com does some slick sleuthing. He discovers four men off the beat at once.
- 5.01 Terrible consternation among members of the guard.
- 5.05 All serene; guilty villians punished.
- 5.59 Brooks, L., brushes his hair.
- 6.00 Retreat; that is dancing class retreats to the terrace.
- 6.15 Wing gives demonstrations of lung power.
- 6.21 Assist-Com makes speech: "It is not *humane* to annoy Oppenheimer."
- 6.30-7.00 Fraternities hold smokers.
- 7.00 Study Hall.
- 9.15 More beat.
- 9.16 Gibbes on the rampage.
- 9.20 Still going.
- 9.30 Tattoo, for privates and "rats" only.
- 9.40 Taps.
- 9.45 Inspection; all lovely.
- Any old time. Gibbes and Cole start a rough-house.
- 10.00 Senior lights out.
- 10.40 Frankel retires.
- 10.42 Capt. Rainsford imagines someone is skipping out.
- 10.43 Wakes Assist-Com. Capt. Livingston still sleeps peacefully.
- 10.50 Inspection.
- 10.58 All is well. Rainsford retires.

J. G. F.



SENIORS

It was a saying of his (Aristotle) that education was an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity

—Laertius



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PRIVATE V. A. STURM

As proper man as ever trod upon  
neat's leather—*Julius Caesar*

LLOYD BROMILEY BROOKS

(Delta Sigma Nu)

"Brooksey" was born in old Phila, and his young mind was trained in Bellefonte Academy. Since coming to S. M. A. he has been a sergeant, lieutenant, member Social Club, Art Editor of BLUE AND GOLD; and also of the *Qui Vive*. He will honor U. of Penn. with his presence next year.



Versed in flattery is he, and woman's  
wiles—*Goldsmith*

EDWARD McCALL BARBEE

(Phi Sigma Chi)

"Mac's" appearance in Graham, Va., is the only thing that's happened to it since the flood. He early displayed his precocity in Graham High School and Graham College, and later in S. M. A. He has been a corporal and lieutenant. Mac leaves us to go into business.



Magnificent specimen of human happiness—*Smith*

WILLIAM MARK BROWN

Mother thinks her birthplace, Sistersville, Fla., the best on earth. She was educated in Miami High School to such good purpose that she has earned several scholarship prizes here.







Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail  
—Samuel Johnson

### ROBERT LEE BOWEN

(Phi Sigma Chi)

"Boney" increased the population of Jewell, Ga., in 1894, and early manifested his ability for noise on rattles and tin horns. This he has continued in S. M. A., being a sergeant in the band. He graduates at the age of sixteen.

And what he greatly thought he nobly dared—Pope

### HAROLD NATHANIEL BRADFORD

(Phi Sigma Chi)

"Nish" first opened his eyes in Wilcox, Neb., and in accordance with his parents' wishes, began his education at Sheboggan High School. Later he wisely decided to enter S. M. A., and hence arrived here in 1908. He has been a corporal, sergeant and first sergeant, besides filling the position of business manager on the '10 BLUE AND GOLD staff.



He's armed without, that's innocent within—Pope

### WILLIAM WENDEL BECKER

Becker gladdened Reading, Pa., with his presence in 1891, and his progress through high school to graduation was one of triumph. Deciding to see more of life, he came to S. M. A., and leaves us this year to enter U. Penn.

Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario?  
—Rowe

### GARNETT WARNOCK BRAND

"Mother," of course, was born in Urbana, Ohio, where most presidents are reared. He graduated from Urbana High School, and fortune turned his steps to S. M. A. last year. Ohio State University will welcome him next year.



My life is one demd horrid grind—Dickens

### CHARLES WILLIAM BECK

Beck has been a fixture at S. M. A. for several years, since he became dissatisfied with his birthplace, Chicago, Illinois in 1906. He is a sergeant, "A" Company, and he hopes to enter Chicago University in the fall.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself—McIntosh

### WILLIAM A. BROWN

Brown was ushered into the world in New York City. He attended Trinity High School and Union High School previous to his entrance into S. M. A. Yale gets him next year.







The world knows nothing of its greatest men  
—Taylor

### WALTER CARROLL CAMERON

(Phi Sigma Chi)

Walter's eventful life began in Weatherford, Texas, and he steadfastly refused to leave for some years. Since beginning to improve his mind, however, his determinations have altered. He came to S. M. A. from Columbia Military Academy, noting, no doubt, the former's immense superiority, and after graduation will enter into business. He has been a corporal and sergeant.

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity—Anon

### CHARLES STUART CLEARY

Stuart blessed Marion, Ohio, with his presence in 1902. After a number of years spent in retirement (Marion High School) he appeared at S. M. A. He was a member of the '09 baseball squad, and is now senior first sergeant. He will attend Ohio State University.



Ah, he is one gifted for barter—Anon

### PAUL SAMUEL COHN

Cohn is a product of Nashville Tennessee. He studied at Fogg High School and the Hume School, entering S. M. A. in 1908. He is now a corporal.



A mighty man was he, with large and sinewy  
arms —Longfellow

### HENRY HUBERT COLE

(Phi Sigma Chi)

"Eloc" comes from Winterset, Iowa, where he graduated from high school in 1909. He was a member of the '09 football squad and is now a corporal.



Though last, not least in love—Shakespeare

### WILLIAM SANDERS ELLIS

(Tau Phi)

"Bill" owns Henrietta, Texas, as his birthplace, and gives Henrietta High School the credit for his early training. He is class prophet, and president of the Y. M. C. A. He is also successful in the military line, having been a corporal and sergeant.



Men of few words are the best men—Shakespeare

### JOHN GRADY ELLISON

"O'Grady" hails from Crozet, Va., where he graduated from Crozet High School. He has been a loyal S. M. A. student for several years, and enters Yale Prep. next fall.







Wit and wisdom are born with a man—*Selden*  
**JAMES GORDON FRASER**  
 (Theta Phi)

Fraser's advent into the world was made in Caledonia, N. Y., in 1891. His young mind was trained in Caledonia High School, and it is rumored that there he learned to write bad poetry, which habit he has never been able to cast off. He is an editor of the '10 BLUE AND GOLD, acting class historian, and a corporal, and a member of '09 baseball squad. He will gladden Cornell with his presence next fall.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man  
 —*Shakespeare*

**LOUIS EDMUND GUILLET**  
 (Phi Sigma Chi)

Guillet was born in Marieville, Quebec, Canada, and the "rats" are unanimous in affirming that he must have been fed on nails and red pepper in his early childhood. He studied at St. Albans before coming to S. M. A., where he has been a corporal and lieutenant. U. of Penn. will claim him next year.



A quiet, but withal, proper man—*Shakespeare*

**JAMES HENRY GAMBRILL**  
 (Tau Phi)

"Jimmy" is one of the inimitable products of Anniston, Ala., and his ability in Math. was acquired in Frederick High School. He has acted as sergeant, color sergeant, and first sergeant since coming to S. M. A. in 1907.



He looketh as butter would not melt in his mouth  
 —*Heywood*

**ALEXANDER HOWARTON GRATZ**  
 (Sigma Alpha Epsilon)

Alexander Howarton admits that he was born in Lexington, Ky., and his education begun in Millersburg Military and Ohio State.



He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief—*Clarendon*

**LEWIS HAMILTON GIBBES**  
 (Pi Phi)

"Gibby's" birthplace is given as Union, S. C., but he wisely removed to the Empire State at an early age, and studied at Schenectady High School. He has been a corporal and a sergeant.



His bark is worse than his bite—*Herbert*

**JAMES GORDON GIDLEY**

Gidley entered the world in Johnstown, N. Y., and his education was begun in Johnstown High School. He is a corporal.







Another lean, unwashed artificer—*Shakespeare*

### MOSS GILL

Gill was born in Perry, Missouri, and graduated from Perry High School before coming to S. M. A. in 1909.

Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind—*Pope*

### CHARLES ASBURY HOLT

(Phi Sigma Chi)

"Charlie" is glad to call Staunton, Va., his birthplace. Staunton Public School taught his "early ideas to shoot" until he became old enough for S. M. A.



The bookish theoretic—*Shakespeare*

### FRITZ CHARLES HAMER

Hamer is a native of Staunton, Va., and has studied at S. M. A. for six years. He has carried off scholarship honors every year, and by this time the habit is firmly established in him.

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

### CHARLES WRIGHT HARDESTY

(Delta Sigma Nu)

"Hardy" is a representative of Philadelphia, Pa., and has been at S. M. A. since 1907. He has been active in athletics as well as social affairs, being a member of the '09 baseball team, treasurer of the Social Club, and lieutenant for two years. He will leave S. M. A. to study medicine.



I had a soul above buttons—*Coleman*

### HARRY V. KARNES

Harry is a native of Staunton, and one of the oldest "old boys" at S. M. A. He wants to enter University of Virginia next fall.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he—*Bible*

### THOMAS HAMILTON LEE

Lee claims Stony Point, N. Y., as his birthplace, and is a graduate of Stony Point High School. He is a member of the '10 baseball squad.







Sober, steadfast and demure—*Milton*

### MINOR CRAWFORD LAKE

Born at Newark, N. J., January, 24, 1891. Entered S. M. A. last September. Will attend Steven's Institute next year.

But still his tongue ran on, the less of weight it bore, the greater ease —*Butler*

### CLAY MOORE

"Bungury" is a wild and woolly Texan, born in Moulton, Texas, in 1892. He attended San Antonio High School before entering S. M. A. He is a sergeant.



Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness —*Shakespeare*

### HERBERT ARTHUR MAY

(Delta Sigma Nu)

May is a product of Watertown, Wisconsin, and a graduate of Aspinwall High School. He was a member of the color guard, and the '09 football squad.



Here was a type of the true elder race—*Lowell*

### GEORGE WILLIAM MAUER

Mauer hails from Holyoke, Mass., where he graduated from Holyoke High School in 1909.



Clever men are good, but they are not the best —*Carlyle*

### JOHN PRESLY MOORE

(Sigma Kappa)

"Johnny" was born in Greenville, Mo., and after a short season at Greenville High School blew into S. M. A. in 1908. He is a member of the Social Club, 1909 baseball team, an editor of the '10 BLUE AND GOLD, and manager of the '10 baseball team.



Oh, watchman, speed the hours of night, until the rising dawn —*Anon*

### JOHN EDWARD MASSENGALE, JR.

(Tau Phi)

The "night-watchman" is a "show-me" Missourian, born in St. Louis in 1892. After finding Central High School inadequate for his needs, he came to S. M. A. in 1908, and is a sergeant this year.







Weigh the man, not his title—*Wycherly*

# RAYMOND R. MORRIS

Morris comes from New York, and is a graduate of High School. He leaves us to enter Cornell.

This is the porcelain clay of humankind—*Dryden*

# WILLIAM JOSEPH RAY

(Delta Sigma Nu)

"Bink" gives Washington, D. C., as his birthplace, and Immaculate Conception and McKinley Manual Training as responsible for his early education. He is a sergeant, and will enter University of Pennsylvania next fall to study engineering.



Not lost, but gone before—*Henry*

# LUMAN C. REED

(Sigma Kappa)

Reed was born in Wichita, Kansas, and studied in Topeka High School. He is treasurer of the class of '10, member of football and track teams, class editor of the *Qui Vive*, and has been a corporal and lieutenant. He obtained his diploma in February.



None but the brave deserve the fair—*Dryden*

# ALCOTT MONROE MCKUSICK

(Sigma Kappa)

"Mac" comes from Stillwater, Minnesota, where he studied at Stillwater High School, entering S. M. A. in 1908. He is captain of the Band, and a member '09-'10 basket-ball team.



He has an oar in every man's boat, and a finger in every pie  
—*Cervantes*

# RAYMOND WASHBURN REESE

Reese is from Humansville, Mo., and a graduate of Montpelier High School. He is on the 1910 baseball squad.



A valiant trencherman—*Shakespeare*

# ROY HENRY SPECK

(Tau Phi)

Speck is from Evansville, Indiana, where he attended Evansville High School. He is member of the '10 baseball squad.







Every man is as Heaven made him—*Cervantes*

### MARX M. SABEL

Marx is from Montgomery, Ala., and is proud of it. He is a corporal, and intends to break into U. of Penn. next year.

A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear  
—*Campbell*

### JOHN CHRISTOPHER SCHELL

(Sigma Kappa)

Schell began his checkered career in Dayton, Ohio, but shortly after moved to Mexico. He is a captain (D Co.) and a business manager BLUE AND GOLD '10, in addition to holding down the vice-presidency of the class of '10. He has been a sergeant and color sergeant, and a member of the Social Club. Columbia will receive him next fall.



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

### WILLIAM GILLESPIE STACY

Stacy began existence in Gonzales, Tex., and is a graduate of Whitis Prep. School. He is a member of the band and of the '10 baseball squad. It is needless to say he intends to enter University of Texas.



The power of thought, the magic of the mind  
—*Byron*

### GEORGE WASHINGTON SMITH

George hails from Pacific, Missouri, and is a graduate of Porterville High School. He intends to study "hen culture" at Cornell Agricultural College.



And strictly meditate the thankless muse  
—*Milton*

### VICTOR ANDREW STURM

Born at Nehawka, Neb., August, 1892. Will attend the University of Nebraska next year. Is senior class poet.



Ye little stars—*Pope*

### STUART BALDWIN TAYLOR

(Sigma Kappa)

Born at Staunton, Va., May 14, 1893. Will enter Washington and Lee University.







Looked as if he had walked straight out of the ark  
—Sydney Smith

### JAVIER URREA, JR.

(Phi Delta)

"Hobby" is from Mexico City, Mex., and has studied at the Mexico National High School. He is a band sergeant, and a member of the Mexico National Junior Club. He will matriculate at Lehigh University next fall.

Were I so tall to reach the pole; I must be measured by my soul  
—Watts

### RUSSELL THAYER VOGDES

Vodges has but one fault, he was born in Philadelphia, where he early began to prepare for life in Central High School. He is a corporal, and will study in U. Penn next year.



He was a man, take him all for all—Shakespeare

### CARLYLE ULYSSES WALLING

Walling's life was commenced in Campbellsville, Ky. He is a graduate of Russell Clarke Academy.

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit—Shakespeare

### PAUL REUBEN WING

(Sigma Kappa)

"Fing" naturally enough, comes from Tacoma, Wash. He studied at U. of Puget Sound and Tacoma High School. He came to S. M. A. in 1907. He is captain (Co A) and secretary of the class of '10, besides being president of the Social Club, business manager of the *Qui Vive*, military editor BLUE AND GOLD '10, and member of the Western Club. Jefferson Medical College will receive him next year.



His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen—Dryden

### WILLIAM MELVIN LANYON

(Delta Sigma Nu)

Lanyon is a representative of Nevada, Missouri, one of the kind that do not have to be shown, and is president of the class of '10. He is also captain (Co. B) vice-president of Social Club, and social editor of BLUE AND GOLD '10. He has held several offices during his stay at S. M. A., among them sergeant, color sergeant, first sergeant, bugle corp, literary editor BLUE AND GOLD '09, social editor *Qui Vive*, and won the 1908 scholarship medal.



I did not care one straw—Terence

### THEO. MÆRKER

(Sigma Kappa)

Was born in Big Vein, Pennsylvania, in 1892. He is lieutenant (Co. C) editor-in-chief *Qui Vive*, literary editor of BLUE AND GOLD '10. He will attend Boston "Tech" to study Electro-Chemistry.





## June

June! we long for it  
And the beauties it will bring,  
With nature fair, in all its glow  
And then the birds will sing.

To see the bloom of summer,  
And joy in all delight.  
To feel the breeze of happiness  
And see its happy sight.

Then bid good-bye to school days,  
With all its happy hours  
To pack our books and go home  
To joy in grass and flowers.

We'll see our home and mother.  
But ah! our sweetheart too  
And tell her there's no other,  
No other so sweet and true.

Then rest and joy 'till September,  
When back to school again,  
We go with hearts, and hands,  
To do our work as men.

PIERCE.



SHOWING 'EM AROUND



## Class History



THE history of the class of nineteen hundred and ten is not an exceptionally eventful one, although the foundation for its being was laid as far back as 1904. Only one member of the class can boast, however, of that early entrance into S. M. A., and he struggled manfully along until 1906, when he was joined by two others who were destined to become units in this year's class. With that small beginning, the membership grew rapidly, until now fifty-one men comprise the class. The greatest addition was made in 1908, when most of the present seniors arrived, to toil laboriously through their "rat" year, with the vision of a coming diploma to lighten the burden of their troubles. Beside their usual "rat" mishaps, the mumps sided with their enemy, and many succumbed to its advances. The chastening of a bumptious "rat" by the "old boy" members of the class had a direful result, some officers being selected to fill the *role* of private in consequence. All was made right, however, at second appointments, and Fortune smiled once more upon the class of 1910. Easter vacation came and went, and June, with the breaking up and the parting from old S. M. A., only to return again in the fall, with new vigor and determination to progress as never before. Some have fallen behind, and still others may lag before the goal is reached, but the greater part are cheerfully and earnestly striving to earn the coveted distinction which will soon be theirs. The happy day is fast arriving, when our work in S. M. A., will be over, and our energies turned to newer and broader channels. Fortunate, indeed, is he who can review his school life, and say, "I have done well."





## Senior Class Poem

• (1910)

Mustered out; dismissed with honor;  
That's the story of it all.  
From a soldier's life to home folks,  
Then to answer Duty's call.

Some of us are from the Northland;  
Others, where Old Sol holds sway.  
But where'er we may have hailed from  
We'll remember S. M. A.

"Love is king," has been our motto;  
Likewise, "duty, honor, truth."  
In the future we'll stand by them  
As we have done in our youth.

For a few there's no more schooling;  
After King Dollar they'll start.  
But the most of us are counting  
On college with all our heart.

But we'll all of us keep marching  
In the pathway toward the light,  
Bearing with us our old banner,  
Colors best—maroon and white.

We are almost grown to adults;  
We are going to be men.  
We are bound to show the doubters  
There's good stuff in 1910.

VICTOR A. STURM.

# THE KABLE NEWS

VOL. LXXIX

STAUNTON, VA., MAY 2, 1939

NUMBER 1

## NEW SUPERINTENDENT ELECTED FOR LOCAL INSTITUTION

KING'S DAUGHTERS' HOSPITAL HAS NEW HEAD.

[Staunton Dispatch]

Mr. J. G. Ellison, of Pittsburg, Pa., has accepted the position of superintendent of the King's Daughters' Hospital. Mr. Ellison is a graduate of The Nurses Training School and has been engaged in the work for several years. His wife, a graduate of the same school, will assist him in taking charge of the local institution.

## NEW PHILANTHROPIC MOVEMENT

MR. P. S. COHN BECOMES  
INTERESTED IN  
CHARITY

[Mobile Record]

The workers among the poor of this City are greatly elated over the prospect for carrying on their work during the coming year. Their elation is partly caused by the success of some of their number in interesting wealthy merchants. Chief among the new converts is Mr. P. S. Cohn, head of the firm of Cohn Brothers, Diamond Brokers. Mr. Cohn is well able to give largely to the support of charity, as he is counted among the wealthiest men in the City. The specific object of the new movement is to furnish the poor with a copy of the Bible.

## IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT ANNOUNCED FROM WHITE HOUSE

H. H. COLE NAMED GOVERNMENT FORESTER

[Winterset Spellbinder]

President Hues has finally made his selection of a man to fill the office of Government Forester. The man named is Mr. H. H. Cole, of Winterset, Iowa. Mr. Cole is remarkably fitted for the office, having had several years of experience in the forestry service. He is a graduate of Staunton Military Academy and Government School of Forestry. Mr. Cole will make his headquarters in Winterset.

## END OF REMARKABLE ROMANCE

DOCTOR MARRIES WEALTHY PATIENT

[Toledo Blade]

The people of Toledo, Ohio, are greatly amused over the romance which has developed in that place. The parties smitten by Cupid's darts are Dr. W. M. Brown and Miss Philomena Scruggins, a wealthy spinster, who was lately cured of a long illness from diphtheria. Miss Scruggins has gained such faith in the efficacy of Dr. Brown's treatment that she has decided to secure his offices for life, and thus avoid troublesome doctor bills. The ceremony will take place early in June.

## ANOTHER ROBINSON CRUSOE

STRANGE SITUATION FOUND  
BY RELIEF EXPEDITION

[New York Ledger]

The Brown Relief Expedition organized and launched last spring has been at last heard from. A letter from one of the leaders of the expedition reads almost like some of Cooper's fiction. In brief it is as follows:

"On the 18th of May, we sighted a low-lying island to the southeast. The island was first sighted about noon, and by night we had approached sufficiently near to perceive that it was inhabited. We made no attempt at exploration until morning, when the Captain and I with twenty seamen, landed in a natural harbor. You can imagine our astonishment to behold a white man advancing to meet us. He proved to be Mr. William A. Brown, who you will remember, headed the expedition we were sent to find. Mr. Brown was overjoyed to see us, and immediately went on board. He reported that his expedition had penetrated to within five miles of the South Pole, when their ship was wrecked by an iceberg and the entire company lost."

This clears up the mystery surrounding the fate of the lost expedition, which puzzled scientific men for years.

## OFFERED PENN. PROFESSORSHIP

FACULTY OF U. OF PENN.  
OFFER CHAIR TO PROF.  
W. W. BECKER

[Philadelphia Sun]

Prof. W. W. Becker A. B., L. L. D., P. H. D., has received and accepted the Chair of Psychology at his Alma Mater, U. of Penn. Professor Becker has recently returned from a two year's sojourn in Europe, where he has studied in preparation for the work which he will take up. He is a man of undoubted ability, and is eminently fitted for the position. In addition to heading the department of psychology, he will act as instructor in metaphysics and calculus.



**SOCIETY TAILORING**

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HATS, COATS AND LINGERIE

Expert Work Guaranteed

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"The Society Tailor"

**Detection of Crime**

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**CLICK**  
**TEALTHY**  
AND  
**SUCCESSFUL**  
**LEUTHING**

RATES REASONABLE

ASK FOR PRICES

**P. R. WING**

MANAGER

**ANOTHER CANDIDATE  
IN FIELD**

DEMOCRATIC LEADERS FA-  
VOR G. W. BRAND  
FOR SENATOR

[Washington Pole]

Leader Conklin, in a telegram to the Speaker of the Assembly, announces that G. W. Brand, Ex-Lieutenant Governor, is the choice of the Democratic party for United States Senator. This announcement is no surprise to followers of party politics, as Mr. Brand has been the leading candidate in the late campaign. His record is such that his election is assured, if no stronger man than the present incumbent of the office, a republican, is selected to take the field against him. Mr. Brand is well known to the voters of this state, having been selected to fill several state offices in the past.

**SENSATION AT CHAR-  
ITY BALL**

GOWN WORN BY SOCIETY  
LEADER EXCITES  
COMMENT

[Philadelphia Blade]

Philadelphia society leaders and dressmakers are greatly excited over the possibility of an entirely new fashion coming in vogue. Their agitation is caused by the gown worn by Mrs. G. W. Brand, wife of U. S. Senator Brand, at the charity ball last evening, which promises to revolutionize American and Parisian fashions. The gown, which is an elaborate and costly affair, was designed by Mr. Lloyd B. Brooks, the West End tailor, who is patronized by all the wealthy Phila. ladies. Its originality consists simply in a high neck and collar, which it will be remembered, were worn twenty years ago. Mr. Brooks deserves great credit for his originality and daring, and should he be successful in forcing his design upon fashionable women, will add to his already world-wide fame.

**INDUSTRY REWARDED**

PROF. C. W. BECK HEIR  
MADE OF WEALTHY  
CAPITALIST

[Chicago Leader]

The will of A. B. Grant, who died recently at his home, in N. Y. City, provides for a fund of two million dollars, to be used in furthering chemical research. The larger part goes to Prof. C. W. Beck, who is, perhaps, the greatest American chemist. Prof. Beck is at present engaged in research work at his Chicago laboratories. Mr. Grant's will leaves legacies to several of the eminent chemists and chemical societies throughout the United States. One million three hundred thousand dollars goes to the society of which Professor Beck is president.

**PAPERS SERVED**

E. M. BARBEE MADE DE-  
FENDANT IN DIVORCE  
CASE

[Austin Record]

District Attorney Bradford yesterday served a writ upon the person of Mr. E. M. Barbee, a prominent banker and business man of Austin, to appear as defendant in the divorce proceedings instigated against him by his wife. This action is a great surprise to the people who are acquainted with both parties, as Mr. and Mrs. Barbee had apparently lived a life of domestic tranquility and happiness, taking a prominent part in the social and business life of the town. Mr. Barbee is an able financier, whose operations in the stock market a year ago almost caused a panic as disastrous as that of "Black Friday." He has also been active in reclaiming the waste lands of the southern Pacific coast, and was distinguished by the government for his service in this matter.

**PRIZE COMES TO  
AMERICA**

EMINENT PROFESSOR RE-  
CIPIENT OF GREAT  
HONOR

[Nuttville Times]

Mr. Robert L. Bowen, Professor of Agriculture in the Nuttville Farming Institute, yesterday received a telegram from the U. S. Department of Agriculture, saying that his essay, "The Superiority of the Jersey Over Other Breeds of Dairy Cattle," had been awarded first prize in the International Agricultural Congress at Berlin. The awarding of this prize carries with it the distinction of being final authority on farming matters, and the honor is eagerly sought by all who are interested in agriculture. Mr. Bowen leaves shortly for Washington to confer with the President concerning the farming lands in the Sahara Desert.

**DETECTIVE AGENCY  
LOCATES HERE**

NOTED SLEUTH OPENS AN  
OFFICE IN SEATTLE

[Seattle Bugle]

A detective agency, under the direction of Mr. P. R. Wing, will soon be established in Seattle. This move will be a welcome one to law-abiding citizens, as crime has been on the increase here for the last month, and some means of prevention was urgently needed. Mr. Wing is a sleuth of no mean ability, having been engaged in some extremely important services, and even has come to the aid of the government in several diplomatic affairs. His career is an unusual one, starting with graduation from a southern military school, and up through adventures as a stranded actor in vaudeville, a tailoring model in Chicago, a newspaper reporter in San Francisco, and lastly in the employ of a well known detective agency. A general exodus of criminals from Seattle is confidently expected.

**FAMOUS CHEF NOW IN  
NEW YORK**

TREAT IN STORE FOR  
GOTHAM EPICUREANS

[New York Dispatch]

The management of the Galdorf Castoria have finally succeeded in securing the services of Monsieur William Ray, who will hereafter have entire charge and supervision of their immense restaurant and grille room. M. Ray is a famous chef, whose services were greatly desired by several large hotels, but the Galdorf Castoria management decided to secure his services at any cost.

**NOTED SCHOLAR ILL**

PROF. R. A. MORRIS AT-  
TACKED BY APPEN-  
DICITIS

[Pittsburg Smoke]

The bulletin this afternoon on the condition of Prof. Morris gave out strong hopes of recovery, providing a relapse does not take place to-night. Mr. Morris is a graduate of U. of Virginia, and devised the Morris system of simplified spelling, which is in use in most of our public schools.

**FAMOUS ORCHESTRA  
DISBANDS**

LEADER McKUSICK GIVES  
UP LIFE WORK FOR  
BRIDE

[Chicago Herald]

After the first of February, the noted McKusick Mixed Orchestra will be a thing of the past. This move is a result of the retirement of Leader McKusick, who has decided, in deference to the wishes of his fiancée, to give up his leadership on his wedding day, which is set for January twenty-eighth. The McKusick orchestra has been in existence since 1915, when it was organized by Mr. McKusick on his return to America after five years spent in Germany, which he spent in the study of music.

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Massengale Iron Clad Sox

THEY **IT RIGHT**  
**FEEL RIGHT**  
AND  
**URNISH**  
**THE WEAR**

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NONE GENUINE WITHOUT  
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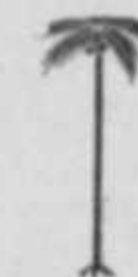
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**HARDESTY**

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CHAMPION OF NATIONAL LEAGUE PREFERS

**LAKE BAT** ?  
Why not you ?



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## Fire Sale!!!

SLIGHTLY DAMAGED GOODS

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Immense Reduction

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Chance of Life-Time

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**COHNS**

"The Classy Clothier"

NEWEST LINE

OF

UP-TO-DATE JEWELRY  
AND FURNISHINGS

DO US IF YOU CAN IF NOT, WE'LL DO YOU

• •

SOME SPECIALS

Gents' Watches — Open Face, Drop  
Stitch Back 11c.

Ornamental Clocks — for Ornament  
only 28c.

Gold Rings — Filled with a Finger —  
Price on Demand

**THERE ARE ONLY A FEW**

Come and See Our Display

**R. A. SPECK CO.**

## LOSES COURAGE AT ALTAR

WEDDING INTERRUPTED BY  
REFUSAL OF BRIDE TO  
CONTINUE

[Trenton Herald]

The wedding of Miss Rosalie Griggs to Mr. John Edward Massengale, which was to have been solemnized at high noon to-day, failed to materialize. The failure was due to a change of heart on the part of the bride, who interrupted the ceremony by checking the minister in the midst of his questioning, saying that she had changed her mind. The wedding party and guests left in great consternation. Mr. Massengale is the manufacturer of the Massengale Iron Clad Everwear Sox, and conducts several large factories in the north.

## INNOVATION IN WOMAN'S COLLEGE

PROFESSOR OF DANCING  
AND ELOCUTION  
ENGAGED

[Poughkeepsie Union]

The management of Wassar College have added to their list of instructors by engaging a teacher of elocution and dancing to complete the polish which the school contracts to give to their pupils. The new acquisition is Prof. Clay Moore, of Texas, a man of much refinement and culture, who has traveled and studied extensively in European and Asiatic countries. He is a graduate of Virginia Military Institute and of the University of Texas, and is the world's champion waltzer. It is expected that the example set by Wassar, will be followed by most up-to-date woman's colleges in America.

## SITE FOR BIG BATTLE ANNOUNCED

FIGHT FOR CHAMPIONSHIP  
TO BE HELD AT PORTS-  
MOUTH

[Portsmouth Blade-Ledger]

Promoter Stuart Taylor, who will manage the coming battle for the heavy-weight championship, has at last announced his choice of a site as Portsmouth, Va. Mr. Taylor's reputation as a square dealer with the fans will prove a big drawing card in this event.

## HOME FOR ACTORS FOUNDED

DESTITUTE PLAYERS WILL  
FIND RELIEF AT  
DALLAS

[Dallas Union-Advertiser]

Mr. Harvey J. Urrea has announced his intention of giving one million dollars to be used in founding and supporting a home for poor and aged theatrical folk. The movement for some such asylum has been on foot for some time, and will receive great impetus from Mr. Urrea's gift. The giver, himself, was once a famous player.

## LUMBER FIRM GET GRANTS

[Detroit Sun]

The M. C. Lake Lumber Company have succeeded in securing the grants of government lands for which they have been negotiating with the Washington authorities. The grants include several thousand acres in the Winnetonka Lake region, mostly covered with ash and spruce timber. The Company will immediately despatch a force of lumber men and mechanics to build sawmills and proceed to getting out the timber. Most of the world's supply of baseball bats and hairbrushes are made by the Lake Company.

## CURE FOR DREADED YELLOW FEVER

DR. C. W. WALLING CLAIMS  
TO HAVE DISCOVERED  
REMEDY

[Louisville Record-Herald]

A means of preventing the spread of the dreaded yellow fever, which has so long ravaged unchecked in the south, has, if present reports are to be believed, been discovered. The discoverer is a medico of good standing, Dr. C. W. Walling, who is at present practicing in St. Louis. He refuses to give details as to the nature of his remedy, but will make it public at the next meeting of the National Medical Association, which will be held next week in New Orleans.

## RECEIVES BLACK HAND LETTER

THREATENING COMMUNI-  
CATION RECEIVED BY  
G. W. MAUER

[Belleville Express]

Mr. G. W. Mauer, wealthy shoe manufacturer and business man, is a badly frightened man to-day. The cause for his alarm is a letter received by him late last night, giving him a choice between leaving ten thousand of his hard-earned dollars at a designated place or seeing his large factory wiped off the earth. Mr. Mauer is the inventor and sole producer of "Mauer's Reversible Bedroom Slippers."

## GERMAN EMBASSADOR APPOINTED

VACANCY IN DIPLOMATIC  
SERVICE FILLED

[Washington Pole]

Mr. William M. Lanyon is the new ambassador to Germany. The appointment was made yes-

## NEW GOVERNOR FOR MORROSA

G. W. SMITH SELECTED TO  
RULE ISLAND

[Washington Pole]

The President has appointed Hon. G. W. Smith, governor of Morrosa, the appointment to take effect immediately. Governor and Mrs. Smith will leave to-morrow for their new home. Mr. Smith is a diplomat and statesman of exceptional ability, and has held government positions in the past, so that it may be expected that the troubles in Morosa will soon be quieted.

## RAILWAY COMBINE PERFECTED

SOUTHERN SYSTEMS NOW  
UNDER ONE CONTROL

[St. Louis Advertiser]

J. P. Moore, better known as the "Railway King," has succeeded in obtaining control of the B. & O. railroad, and will consolidate it with his other holdings, into a great combine called the "Gulf and Coast System." The organization which he purposes will be capitalized at \$10,000,000, and the stock is certain to sell at a premium, as Mr. Moore's business ability is too well known to admit of failure. Mr. M. G. Moore, son of the "Railway King," will act as general manager of the new concern.

terday and ratified by Congress in a special session. It is known that the President has been considering Mr. Lanyon for some time as an ambassadorial possibility, and the appointment was not unexpected. The new ambassador has held several diplomatic positions during recent years, among them that of Venezuelan minister. Ambassador and Mrs. Lanyon will leave immediately for Berlin.

## ACCIDENT NARROWLY AVERTED

MILLIONAIRE'S AUTOMO-  
BILE CRASHES INTO  
TELEGRAPH  
POLE

[New York Post-Express]

Mr. Herbert A. May, publisher of the *Work and Hustle Weekly*, owes his life to the presence of mind of his chauffeur, Gotteschieb Lauer, who yesterday sent May's large French car crashing into a telegraph pole in order to avoid a collision with a trolley car. None of the occupants were seriously injured, although Mrs. May, who accompanied her husband, sustained several severe bruises. Mr. May was formerly war correspondent of the Associated Press, and served through the Japanese-American war in that capacity. He is now owner and publisher of several monthly periodicals.

## Exhibition TO-NIGHT



MR. LUMAN REED

Will Lead Class in

Gymnasium Exhibition

AT

LOCAL Y. M. C. A.

**TICKETS 30c.**

For Women and Children



## HEAR THE SILVER-TONGUE

Glib, Gabby and Grandiloquent

IS

MR. C. STUART CLEARY

Suffragist Speaker



HE WILL SPEAK IN THE  
JABERNABLE

**JULY 4TH, 1939**

Bring Your Wives, but Watch Them

GET A

## HOLT CAR



MODEL W

Best on the Market

Equipped with Up-to-Date Appliances

If you can't drive  
It pushes easily

Price \$11,000,000 at all Dealers

## NEW COMET DIS- COVERED

RAPIDLY APPROACHING  
EARTH. WILL AR-  
RIVE IN 1942.

[Washington Post]

Another new comet has been reported in the heavens, this latter being the Vodges comet, first sighted about the first of March. It is not yet visible in many of the observing stations, having been reported from the Lick Observatory. The discoverer, Mr. Vodges, is an astronomer of international repute, and his opinions upon astronomical matters are considered final. The comet reported by him is of great magnitude, and is approaching the earth at a speed which will bring it here in the year 1942.

## LARGE BLAZE IN BUSI- NESS DISTRICT

CLOTHING STORE ALMOST  
TOTALLY DESTROYED  
BY FIRE

[Montgomery Era]

The downtown fire stations were called out yesterday afternoon in response to a general alarm from box 23, in the congested business portion of the city. The blaze proved to be in the store of Mr. Marx M. Sabel, a prosperous clothing dealer, and was finally extinguished by energetic and heroic work by the firemen, whom Mr. Sabel rewarded with a fancy vest apiece. The stock was damaged more by water than by the flame, but the energetic proprietor is already advertising a fire sale, to begin immediately, so that a great part of the loss will be avoided.

## STACY MADE SWITCH- BOARD INSPECTOR

TELEPHONE MAN GIVEN RE-  
SPONSIBLE POSITION

[Chicago Gazette]

W. G. Stacy has secured the appointment of National Switchboard Inspector of the Holden Wireless Telephone System. Mr. Stacy is a celebrated expert in the telephone business, having been engaged in it since the installation of the first wireless telephone in 1915.

## INSPECTOR OF MINES RETIRES

GOVERNMENT MINING EX-  
PERT GIVES UP POSITION

[Mexico Record]

Mr. J. C. Schell, who has been government inspector of mines for several years, will shortly give his entire attention to managing his large holding in the West Mexico mining district. Mr. Schell was given the position, which he has held until recently, as a recognition of his services in establishing the government claim to valuable mines on the southern border. He is a capable mining engineer, being a graduate of the Columbia School of Mines, with several years of experience in that line.

## BONANZA DISCOVERED IN KLONDIKE

LARGEST STRIKE OF YEAR  
MADE BY THOMAS LEE

[Seattle Explorer]

The news of a rich find in the Yukon River has been received at Seattle. The discoverer, Mr. Thomas Lee, a mining engineer, who has been prospecting in the gold region, will shortly import a force of laborers and improved machinery to develop the mine, which he calls the "Staunton Belle." The mine is already estimated to be worth half a million. Mr. Lee is the sole owner.

## JEWELRY ESTABLISH- MENT OPENED

EXPERIENCED JEWELER  
TO MOVE BUSINESS  
HERE

[Helena Gazette]

Helena will soon have one of the most complete jewelry and engraving concerns in the world at the service of her residents, namely the R. A. Speck Jewelry Co., who will shortly open an establishment here. The removal of the firm from Chicago is the result of the efforts of the Board of Trade, who felt the necessity of securing a business of that kind. Mr. Speck is a graduate of the Chicago Engraving School, and his work is unvaryingly first class. He will purchase an entirely new stock, and will be ready for patrons about July 1st.

## FAMOUS BUBBLE EXPLODED

NEW TOOTH POWDER PRO-  
NOUNCED A FAKE  
AND FRAUD

[Weatherford Chronicle]

The new Cameron Bloom-of-Youth Tooth-powder, which has been so extensively exploited throughout the United States has been found to be absolutely worthless. The defect lies in the fact that its use in winter is absolutely impossible. The cold changes teeth coated with Cameron's preparation from a beautiful pearly white to the blackness of night. This discovery renders Bloom-of-Youth unsalable and worthless, and its discoverer, Mr. Walter Cameron, of Dallas, Texas, has ordered the production to be discontinued. He will devote his time exclusively to his immense wholesale drug business.

## SHIP NEARS COM- PLETION

WORK ON NEW GOVERN-  
MENT AEROPLANE AL-  
MOST FINISHED

[San Francisco Times]

The immense ship of the air, "Fearnought" which the war department is constructing at the San Francisco ship yard, will be finished and ready for use at an early date. When completed it will be used in coast defense service, under the command of Capt. V. A. Sturm, who acted as commander-in-chief of the aeroplane division in the recent Japanese-American war.

## OFFERED CHAIR OF MATHEMATICS

PROF. F. C. HAMER, A. B.,  
L. L. D., TO GO TO  
CHICAGO

[Charlottesville Times]

Professor Charles Fritz Hamer, of Virginia, will shortly become a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago. He will begin his duties with the opening of the fall term. Professor Hamer is a graduate of Staunton Military Academy and of the University of Virginia, and is considered one of the world's most brilliant mathematicians.

## NEW STUDIO OPENED

KARNES' STUDIO COMES  
HERE FROM BASIC CITY

[Staunton Spectator]

Mr. H. V. Karnes, of Basic City, Va., has decided to move his photographic business from that place to Staunton. His decision is partly due to his success in securing the position as official photographer to S. M. A. Mr. Karnes is a photographer of exceptional ability, and his advent here will be welcomed by the people of Staunton.

## CHAIN OF STORES NOW ESTABLISHED

EAST AND WEST LINKED BY  
REESE STORES

[Chicago Post]

The Reese System of Five and Ten Cent Stores is now firmly established in every important city of the north and west. The latest link to the chain is the new building now occupied by them at Broadway and Lincoln avenue. Its completeness and wonderful equipment show in full the master mind of the man who planned and established the system. Mr. Reese, since his graduation from Cornell, has steadily added to his holdings, and now controls the most complete system of retail stores in the world.

## Everybody Comes

TO

Get Their Teeth Filled



DR. GILL

Does not Draw the Color Line

• •

COME ONE! COME ALL!

• •

He will Treat You Right (and Left)

125 EXMOOR PLACE



## TO BE Y. M. C. A. INSTRUCTOR

MR. L. C. REED WILL BE  
NEW PHYSICAL DI-  
RECTOR

[New York Moon]

Mr. Luman C. Reed, who has lately returned from a sojourn in Germany to study German methods of physi-culture, has been appointed National Y. M. C. A. Physical Director. Mr. Reed's knowledge of the methods and principles which he is to teach are thorough and profound, as he has been interested in gymnasium and athletic work for a number of years. He once was a member of the American Olympic Team, and both he and Mrs. Reed are ardent disciples of the physical culture cult.

## L. H. GIBBES

PRESENTS

Madame Vaughan  
and M. Bradford

IN

## "Paradise Lost"

Greatest of Modern Drawers

AT THE

LYRIC THEATRE

111 BROADWAY

## DIAMOND IN TOOTH OF PET POODLE

DENTIST DISCOVERS GEM  
IN A STRANGE SETTING

[Chicago Blade]

Dr. Moss Gill has proved his right to be called a lucky man. His claim is based upon the fact that he lately discovered a large diamond in the tooth of a pet poodle belonging to a wealthy dowager. The discovery was made while Dr. Gill was relieving Fido of one of his molars. The finding of the stone solves the mystery surrounding the disappearance of a valuable jewel. It is supposed that the canine, finding the diamond in some of his food, in some manner wedged it between his teeth, and has since been unable to dislodge it. Dr. Gill was presented with an adequate reward for his part in the restoration of the jewel to its owner. This case is unequalled in the annals of dentistry.

## MANAGEMENT CHANGES HANDS

DIRECTORSHIP PASSES UN-  
DER CONTROL OF GIBBES  
FORCES

[New York Journal]

The consumation of one of the biggest deals in the history of theatrical combines was accomplished this afternoon, when the control of the New Theatre passed into the hands of the Gibbes Opera Company. This was the last of the independent houses in the country, and now completes the chain of houses under the Gibbes control. Mr. L. H. Gibbes, head of the Gibbes Opera Company is the greatest manager of the times. He is thoroughly versed in the ins and outs of theatrical life, as he began as a member of a barn-storming burlesque troupe.

## DESIGN FINALLY SELECTED

J. G. GIDLEY'S DESIGN FOR  
COINS ACCEPTED

[Washington Pole]

The Secretary of the Treasury to-day announced that the committee appointed by the President, have selected the design submitted by Mr. J. G. Gidley, of Weehawken, N. Y. The design is to be used on the new double eagles, the coinage of which will begin in February. Several remarkably good designs were passed upon, but Mr. Gidley's was finally chosen as the one best suited for the purpose. Mr. Gidley is one of the most well known of American artists, and has designed several of the plans heretofore accepted by the government. He is a graduate of the Venetian School.

## NEW MAN HEADS BUREAU

MR. J. G. FRASER MADE  
SUPERINTENDENT OF  
ASSO. PRESS IN  
LONDON

[New York Journal]

Mr. J. G. Fraser, who is at present in charge of the Associated Press interests in New York City, has been appointed London correspondent of that Association. He will leave immediately on the steamship "Caledonia" to take charge of the London Bureau. The position is a responsible one, since nearly all the news of tangled European politics comes through the London office. Mr. Fraser is one of the best known men in newspaperdom, having been engaged in journalistic work for some six years. His wife, a wealthy and beautiful Southerner, who is now in Europe, will join him in London.

## HARDESTY COMES TO PHILADELPHIA

NEW INFIELDER PURCHAS-  
ED BY MANAGER MOOR

[New York Express]

Manager Moor to-night made public the fact that Infielder Hardesty will play in Philadelphia next season. Hardesty's record assures him of a hearty welcome by local fans, and his first appearance in a Philadelphia uniform will be made under auspicious circumstances. Hardesty began playing ball in Staunton Military Academy, and has risen through the Indiana State, the Pacific Coast, and Eastern Leagues to major league baseball.

## MARRIAGE OF NOTED DIVINE

REV. A. H. GRATZ MARRIES  
SOUTHERN GIRL

[Lexington Gazette]

The marriage of Miss Helen E. Pratt, daughter of Governor Pratt, to Rev. A. H. Gratz will take place to-morrow afternoon at the home of the bride, in Lexington. This union is the outcome of a series of unusual and romantic events. The contracting parties met while engaged in relief work among the Kentucky moon-shiners, and the acquaintance was later renewed in Louisville, where Mr. Gratz is pastor of Trinity Church. His congregation have made him a very acceptable wedding gift, in form of an acceptance of his resignation, which will allow him to take up a pastorate in one of Washington's largest churches.

## MILLIONAIRE BUYS FACTORY

AUTO WORKS PURCHASED  
BY C. A. HOLT

[Trenton Journal]

The old Cadillac Automobile Works at Trenton, N. J., will be hereafter used in the production of Holt Autocars. The sale was accomplished to-day, the property passing into the hands of the Holt Autocar Company, Incorporated in July. Mr. Holt, president of the company, announces that the manufacture of cars will be continued on a larger scale, owing to the increased facilities for production, and the growing demand of the public for Holt cars.

## RUNAWAY COUPLE CAPTURED

ELOPING BACHELOR AND  
CHORUS GIRL IN HANDS  
OF SHERIFF

Sheriff Biggby has succeeded in taking into custody the strangely-assorted couple who have caused so much excitement in Dallas society circles. The stir was caused by the strange action of Mr. William S. Ellis, who deserted his business and commonplace existence for the charms of a gay "chorus lady." His friends are determined to prevent the ill-advised match, and will appeal to the authorities if necessary.

## WILL TOUR IDAHO

NOTED LECTURER COMING  
TO THE WEST

[Salt Lake Sun]

Mr. C. Stuart Cleary, noted lecturer on Woman's Suffrage and other reform subjects, has decided to tour the west with his party this fall. Mr. Cleary studied oratory in several of the best schools in the east. He has often

## CHANGE AT ACADEMY

MAJOR GUILLET SECURED  
TO FILL VACANCY

[Staunton Dispatch]

Major L. E. Guillet, of West Point, has been engaged to fill the position of Assistant commandant at S. M. A. He succeeds Capt. Kable Russell, who has given up his work here to accept a commission in the Aerial Brigade of the U. S. Army. The management should be congratulated upon securing such an efficient instructor, as Major Guillet has been pronounced one of the best tactician in the country. He thoroughly understands the work at S. M. A., having prepared there for West Point, graduating in the class of '10.

## REAR ADMIRAL RETIRED

ADMIRAL GIVES UP OFFI-  
CIAL LIFE

[Washington Pole]

The Secretary of the Navy has issued an order retiring Admiral Gambrill from active duty, with rank and pay of rear admiral. Rear Admiral Gambrill is one of the most popular officers in his country's service, and his retirement is a matter of regret to naval officials. He is an Annapolis graduate, and his service in the Japanese-American War won for him the rank of captain. He has since risen, over the heads of older men, and two years ago was made an admiral. He is now being boomed as a senatorial candidate.

been called the "Silver-tongued Orator of the Middle West," and his lectures are marvelous mixtures of wit, humor and pathos. His first stop in Utah will be at Salt Lake City, where his topic will be the "The Immorality and Bravery of Polygamy." Mr. Cleary is accompanied on his western trip by his wife, a famous suffragette, and several political speakers.



# SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS

| NAME       | FAVORITE STUDY        | CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC | AMBITION                  | PROSPECT OF MARRIAGE          | DISPOSITION |
|------------|-----------------------|----------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------|
| Cleary     | Medicine              | Beauty               | To learn to carry a sabre | Rotten                        | Sour        |
| Brooks, L. | Diamond Dick Weeklies | His dancing          | To make a "hit"           | Dubious                       | Angelic     |
| Massengale | Mechanics             | Gracefulness         | To become engaged         | Out of sight                  | Mean        |
| Lanyon     | Etiquette             | Lovableness          | To get "wise"             | Excellent                     | Chivalric   |
| Cameron    | Trig                  | Truthfulness         | To be like Jasroy         | Bum                           | Changeable  |
| Cohn       | The Bible             | Generosity           | To enter the ministry     | None                          | Kind        |
| Gratz      | Poker                 | Bumming "Makins"     | To be thought handsome    | Dark                          | Stingy      |
| Brand      | Economy               | Motherliness         | To be a corporal          | Fair                          | Onery       |
| Moore, C.  | Letter-writing        | That winning smile   | To have a "girl"          | Too early to tell             | Rare        |
| Ellis      | Crap-shooting         | His innocence        | To learn to smoke         | Good                          | Sweet       |
| Schell     | Hearts                | Nerve                | To win a medal            | Stranger things have happened | Gloomy      |
| Wing       | Religion              | Modesty              | To be an orator           | Slim                          | Bad         |
| Sturm      | French                | Homeliness           | To be thought a poet      | Dubious                       | Level       |
| Speck      | Mechanics             | Scrappiness          | To be a boxer             | Unknown                       | Ditto       |
| Vogdes     | Astronomy             | Length               | To see his feet           | Excellent                     | Morose      |

# SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS

| NAME         | FAVORITE STUDY | CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC     | AMBITION               | PROSPECT OF MARRIAGE | DISPOSITION |
|--------------|----------------|--------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|-------------|
| Karnes       | Chemistry      | Wanting to love some one | To get married         | None better          | Even        |
| McKusick     | Women          | Butting in               | To be a fusser         | Slim                 | Excitable   |
| Gill         | Freshness      | Same                     | To be an "old boy"     | Slight               | Sullen      |
| Cole         | Pugilism       | Roughing                 | To get a girl          | Poor                 | Good        |
| Ellison      | Physics        | Talkativeness            | To meet M. B. S. girls | Same as Cole         | Rotten      |
| Beck         | Culture        | Good looks               | To be a chemist        | Worse                | Level       |
| Fraser       | Literature     | "Sticking" rats          | To be rich             | Possible             | Excellent   |
| Stacy        | Music          | Strength of lung         | To lead an orchestra   | With good luck       | Fair        |
| Brown, W. A. | Chemistry      | Beating the doctor       | To be a corporal       | Indescribable        | Mean        |
| Urrea        | Chorus girls   | Irresponsibility         | To travel with a show  | Medium               | Wicked      |
| Reed, L.     | "Bell" ringing | Drilling at V. F. I.     | To be a doctor         | Sure                 | Restless    |
| Hamer        | Any old thing  | Studying                 | To dissipate           | Dark                 | ?           |
| Smith, G. W. | Farming        | Gracefulness             | To raise chickens      | Certain              | Quiet       |
| Reese        | Athletics      | Manliness                | To change rooms        | Improbable           | Bearable    |
| Morris, R.   | Eng. Lit.      | Complexion               | To live in New York    | Very bad             | Skittish    |
| Hardesty     | Tactics        | Patience with Zurborst   | To play baseball       | Undoubtedly          | Glum        |
| May          | Himself        | His form                 | To get orderly         | Bright               | Stingy      |
| Lake         | The banjo      | His beauty               | To drill               | Absolutely none      | Close       |



# SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS

| NAME         | FAVORITE STUDY | CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC | AMBITION                 | PROSPECT OF MARRIAGE   | DISPOSITION     |
|--------------|----------------|----------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|-----------------|
| Ray, W.      | Female Human   | Ungainliness         | To enter U. Pa.          | That depends           | Savage          |
| Barbee       | "Dorothea"     | His voice            | To get a letter          | Wonderful              | Winning         |
| Mauer        | German         | Grouchiness          | To see der vaterland     | Perhaps                | Childlike       |
| Sabel, M.    | Catechism      | His nose             | To become a pusiness man | ?                      | Generous        |
| Brown, W. M. | Fashions       | His form             | To marry a good husband  | Fine                   | Gentle          |
| Taylor, S.   | Fraternities   | Persuasiveness       | To own a bookstore       | Leave it to him        | Loving          |
| Moore, J.    | Baseball       | Skipping drill       | To love Maerker          | He's from Miso.        | Mild            |
| Bowen        | Music          | Neatness             | To graduate              | Good                   | Ditto           |
| Holt, C.     | Engineering    | Patience             | To fix a puncture        | Ask any Staun-ton girl | Sulky           |
| Lee, T.      | Law            | His walk             | To play baseball         | Immense                | Patient         |
| Guillet      | Tactics        | His temper           | To be adjutant           | Has none               | Awful           |
| Bradford     | Oratory        | Rosy cheeks          | To get more ad's         | Same as Guillet        | A little better |
| Becker       | Flesh-reducing | Weight               | To be slim               | Doubtful               | Taciturn        |
| Gambrill     | Trig           | Beautiful eyes       | To be a commish          | Too early to tell      | Patient         |
| Walling      | Agriculture    | Modesty              | To own a farm            | None                   | ?               |
| Gibbes       | Foolishness    | Deviltry             | To be funny              | Sure                   | Fickle          |
| Gidley       | Eng. Lit.      | Kiddishness          | To grow                  | Pretty slim            | Lovable         |





## April the 13th

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Listen, my children and I shall strive  
To tell of a "stunt" that made the faculty wise  
'Twas the 13th of April, twice "'05,"  
There is hardly a "commish" that is now "alive"  
Who has ceased to remember that day.  
When "school call" blew, on that fateful morn,  
A spirit of liberty was suddenly born  
Which grew until the end of the bugle's blast  
And Captain Russell appeared at last  
He sprang among them, curing quite a few  
When suddenly a cry from "quad" arose  
"Go on!" Try something new.  
They tarried but an instant that motley crew.  
When the cry "Let's go!" was heard  
And with a burst of energy that seemed reserved  
Out of the gates and away they flew.  
Many were the exploits they did do.



DAY'S GUARD



## The Owl

Said little Johnnie to the owl  
I've heard you're wondrous wise  
And so I'd like to question you  
Now, please don't tell me lies.

The first thing then I have to tell  
My empty mind to fill,  
Pray, was it that explosive beef  
That made Chicago, Ill?

I've heard it said yet do not know,  
In fact it may be bosh  
Then tell me is it lots of dirt  
That makes Seattle, Wash?

When certain things will not go straight  
To weigh them we should try,  
So maybe you can say what 'tis  
Sets Providence, R. I?

Another thing I wish I could  
Inform my waiting class  
Is just how many Priests it takes  
To say the Boston, Mass?

This is the time of running debts  
As you must surely know  
This secret then impart to me  
How much does Cleveland, O?

In ages too, you must be learned  
More so than many men  
So tell me in a whisper please  
When was Miss Nashville, Tenn?

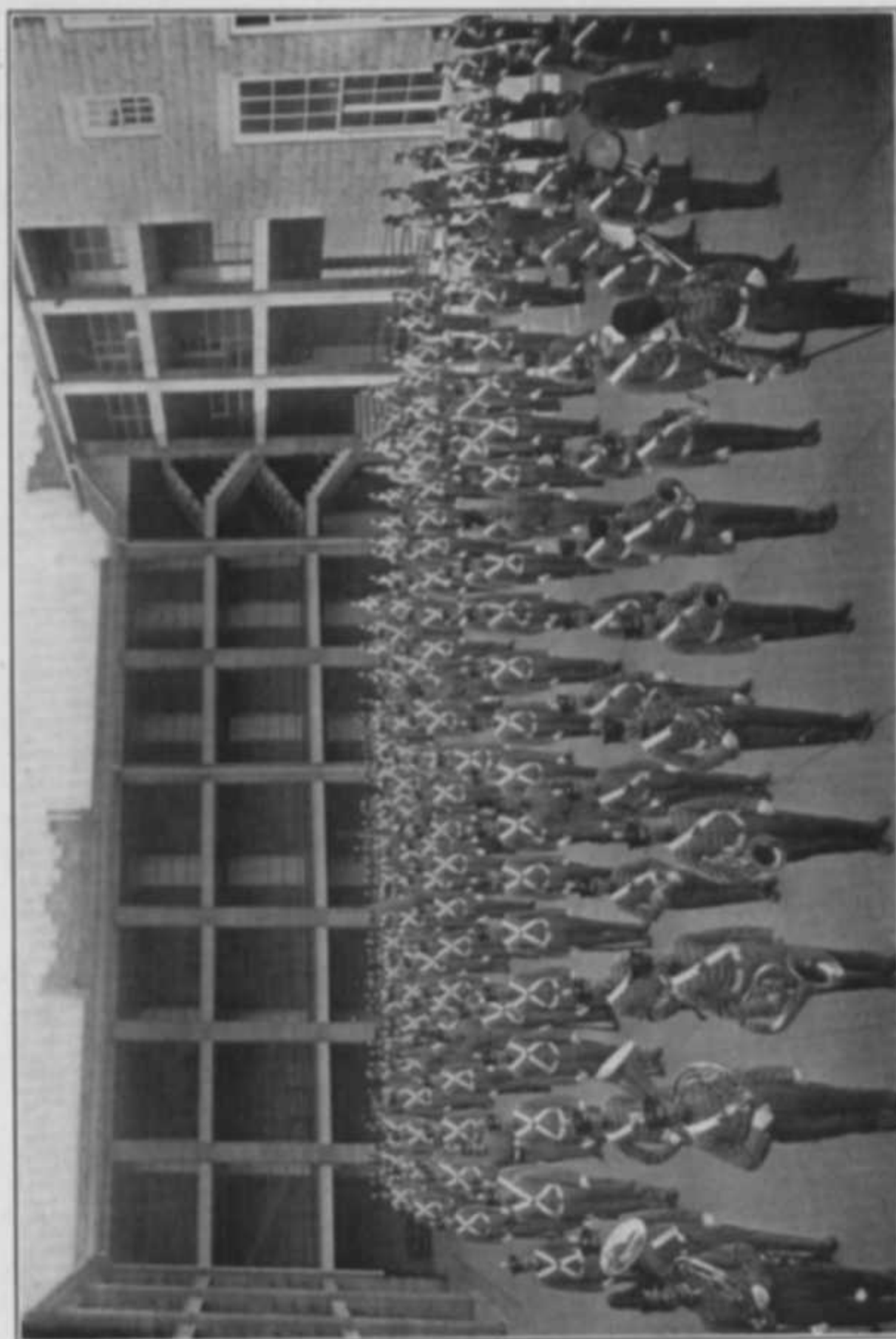
It takes great heat the gold to melt  
And iron it takes much more  
Then it is true that way out West  
The rain melts Portland, Ore?

Some voices are so strong and full  
And some so still and small  
That I have wondered oftentimes  
How loud could Denver, Col?

The owl he scratched his feathered pate  
I'm sorry little man  
Ask some one else, I cannot tell  
Perhaps Topeka, Kan?

MAJOR.





S. M. A. BATTALION



## Battalion Organization

COMMANDANT  
CAPT. WILLIAM GIBBS KABLE

ASSISTANT COMMANDANT  
CAPT. T. G. RUSSELL

CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT  
WATSON

LIEUTENANT AND QUARTER-MASTER  
LEDBETTER

SERGEANT MAJOR  
KELLY

SERGEANT AND QUARTER-MASTER  
CAMPBELL, D.

HOSPITAL SERGEANT, FIRST CLASS  
NIX

COLOR GUARD  
ZURHORST AND PATE, SERGEANTS  
GRIEF, H. AND ROGERS, D. O., PRIVATES





STAFF

## Staff

SPONSOR  
MISS HELEN HOLLIDAY

COLORS  
RED AND WHITE

FLOWER  
CHRYSANTHEMUM

COMMANDANT  
CAPT. WILLIAM GIBBS KABLE

ASSISTANT COMMANDANT  
CAPT. T. G. RUSSELL

CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT  
WATSON

LIEUTENANT AND QUARTER-MASTER  
LEDBETTER

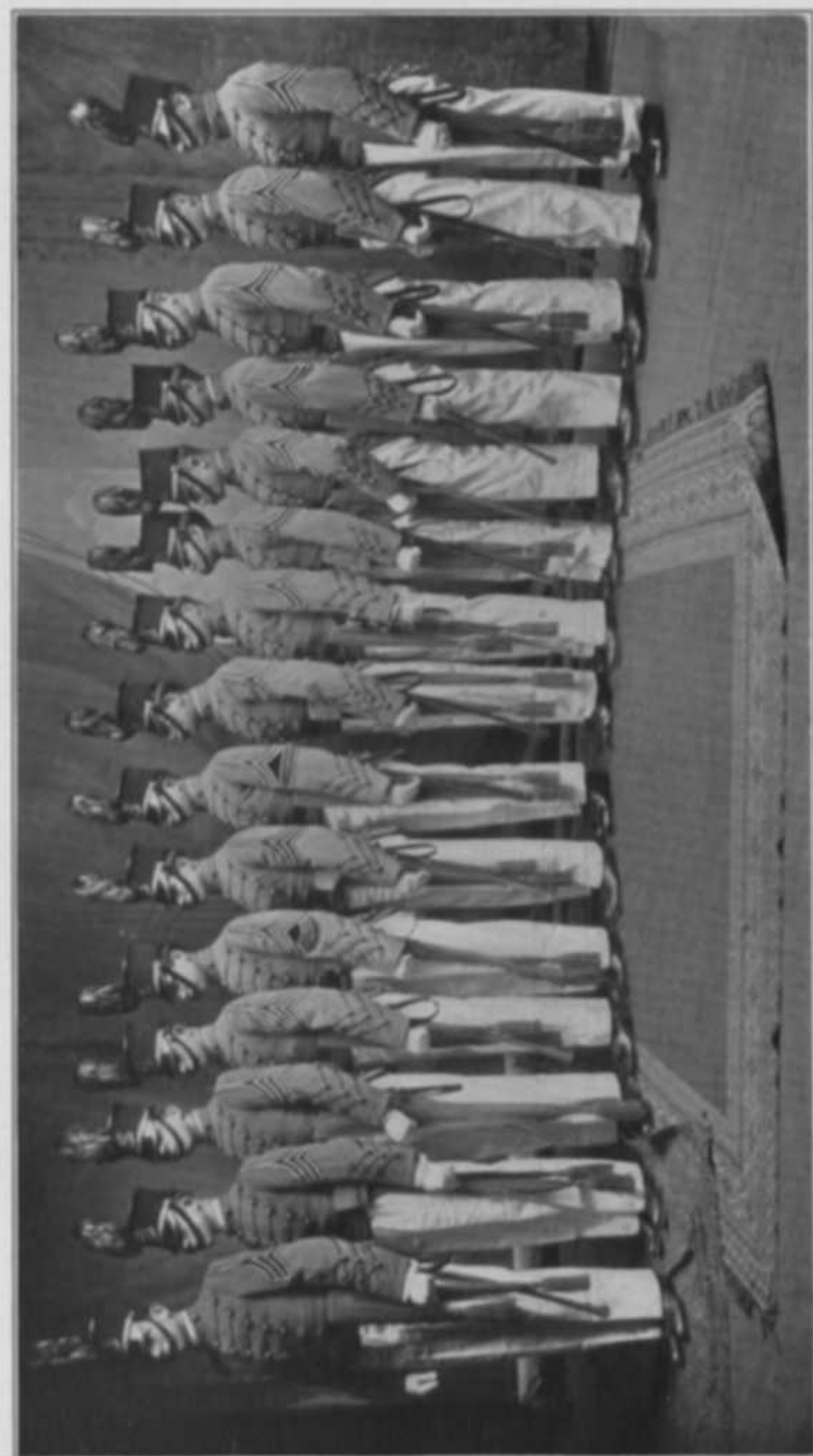
SERGEANT MAJOR  
KELLY

SERGEANT AND QUARTER-MASTER  
CAMPBELL, D.

HOSPITAL SERGEANT, FIRST CLASS  
NIX

COLOR GUARD  
ZURHORST AND PATE, SERGEANTS  
GREIF, H. AND ROGERS, D. O., PRIVATES





COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

## Line Officers

Company "A"    Company "B"    Company "C"    Company "D"

### *Captains*

P. R. Wing    Wm. M. Lanyon    Jas. R. Strong    J. C. Schell

### *First Lieutenants*

Guillet    Hardesty    Greif, M.    Smith, F.

### *Second Lieutenants*

Tindal    Brooks, L.    Mærker    Maxwell, E. W.

### *First Sergeants*

Gambrill    Bradford    Stinson, R.    Cleary

### *Sergeants*

|           |          |             |            |
|-----------|----------|-------------|------------|
| Pate      | Zurhorst | Moore, C.   | Ellis      |
| Moore, J. | Gibbes   | Massengale  | Ray, W.    |
| Beck      | Woodruff | Cameron     | Dillon, L. |
| Nelson    | Reichert | Holcomb, B. | Holden     |

### *Corporals*

|              |              |          |         |
|--------------|--------------|----------|---------|
| Curran       | Schulze, J.  | Dale     | Cobb    |
| Seipp        | Allen, S.    | Walton   | Lee, K. |
| Sabel, M.    | Brown, W. A. | Gidley   | James   |
| Lake         | Runyan       | Cohn     | Cole    |
| Allen, C. H. | Smith, J.    | Humphrey | Stuart  |
| Vodges       |              | Moller   |         |





COMPANY A

## Company "A"

*Sponsor, MISS FRANCES S. EFFINGER*

*Flower, RED AND WHITE CARNATIONS*

*Colors, GREEN AND WHITE*

*Captain, WING*

*First Lieutenant, GUILLET*

*Second Lieutenant, TINDAL*

*First Sergeant, GAMBRILL*

### *Sergeants*

|      |           |      |        |
|------|-----------|------|--------|
| Pate | Moore, J. | Beck | Nelson |
|------|-----------|------|--------|

### *Corporals*

|        |              |          |
|--------|--------------|----------|
| Curran | Seipp        | Sabel, M |
| Lake   | Allen, C. H. | Vodges   |

### *Privates*

|            |                |              |            |
|------------|----------------|--------------|------------|
| Brand      | Boykin         | Brown, W. M. | Chandler   |
| Converse   | Corrothers     | Cushing      | Clark, E.  |
| Dingee     | DuBrock        | Erdman       | Ericson    |
| Farrar     | Fernandez      | Frankel      | Fretwell   |
| Halkett    | Hunter         | Korn         | Loose      |
| Matson     | Major          | Rogers, O.   | Rogers, F. |
| Rickey     | Stephenson, J. | Sabel, G.    | Shepherd   |
| Sheard     | Treble         | Whitmore     | Wilcox     |
| Wilson, T. | Winterbottom   | Young        |            |





COMPANY B

## Company "B"

*Sponsor, MISS LAURA WISE*

*Flower, FRAU KARL DRUSCHKI (White American Beauty)*

*Colors, GOLD AND BLACK*

*Captain, LANYON*

*First Lieutenant, HARDESTY*

*Second Lieutenant, BROOKS*

*First Sergeant, BRADFORD*

### *Sergeants*

|          |        |          |          |
|----------|--------|----------|----------|
| Zurhorst | Gibbes | Woodruff | Reichert |
|----------|--------|----------|----------|

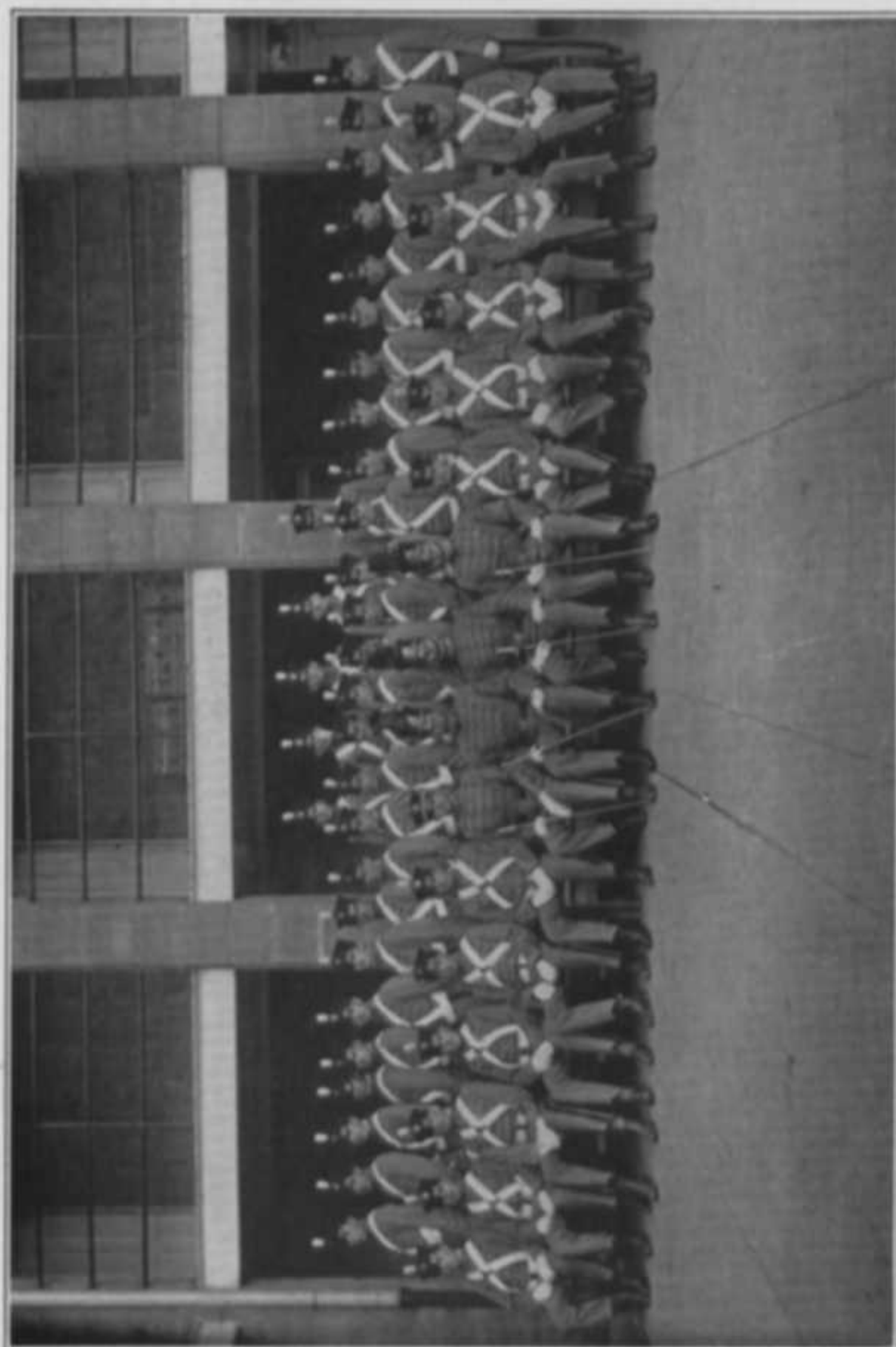
### *Corporals*

|             |           |              |                  |
|-------------|-----------|--------------|------------------|
| Schulze, J. | Allen, S. | Brown, W. A. | Runyon Smith, J. |
|-------------|-----------|--------------|------------------|

### *Privates*

|            |            |             |           |
|------------|------------|-------------|-----------|
| Atwater    | Bryan      | Case        | Clark, H. |
| Cortelyou  | Dunlap     | Fraser      | Greif, H. |
| Gratz      | Godshall   | Harkcom     | Lee, T.   |
| Lewis, L.  | May        | Mauer       | McFarland |
| Madsen     | Meyers     | Maloney, H. | McKown    |
| Moody      | Morange    | Nagle       | Norvell   |
| Palmer, W. | Perkins    | Potter      | Reese     |
| Robertson  | Rogers, W. | Seaman      | Schooley  |
| Sheridan   | Walling    | Wilson, R.  | Wilce     |





COMPANY C

## Company "C"

*Sponsor, MISS MARY SHRECKHISE*

*Flower, AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE*

*Colors, PURPLE AND WHITE*

*Captain, STRONG*

*First Lieutenant, GREIF, M.*

*Second Lieutenant, MÆRKER*

*First Sergeant, STINSON, R.*

### *Sergeants*

|           |            |         |              |
|-----------|------------|---------|--------------|
| Moore, C. | Massangale | Cameron | Holcombe, B. |
|-----------|------------|---------|--------------|

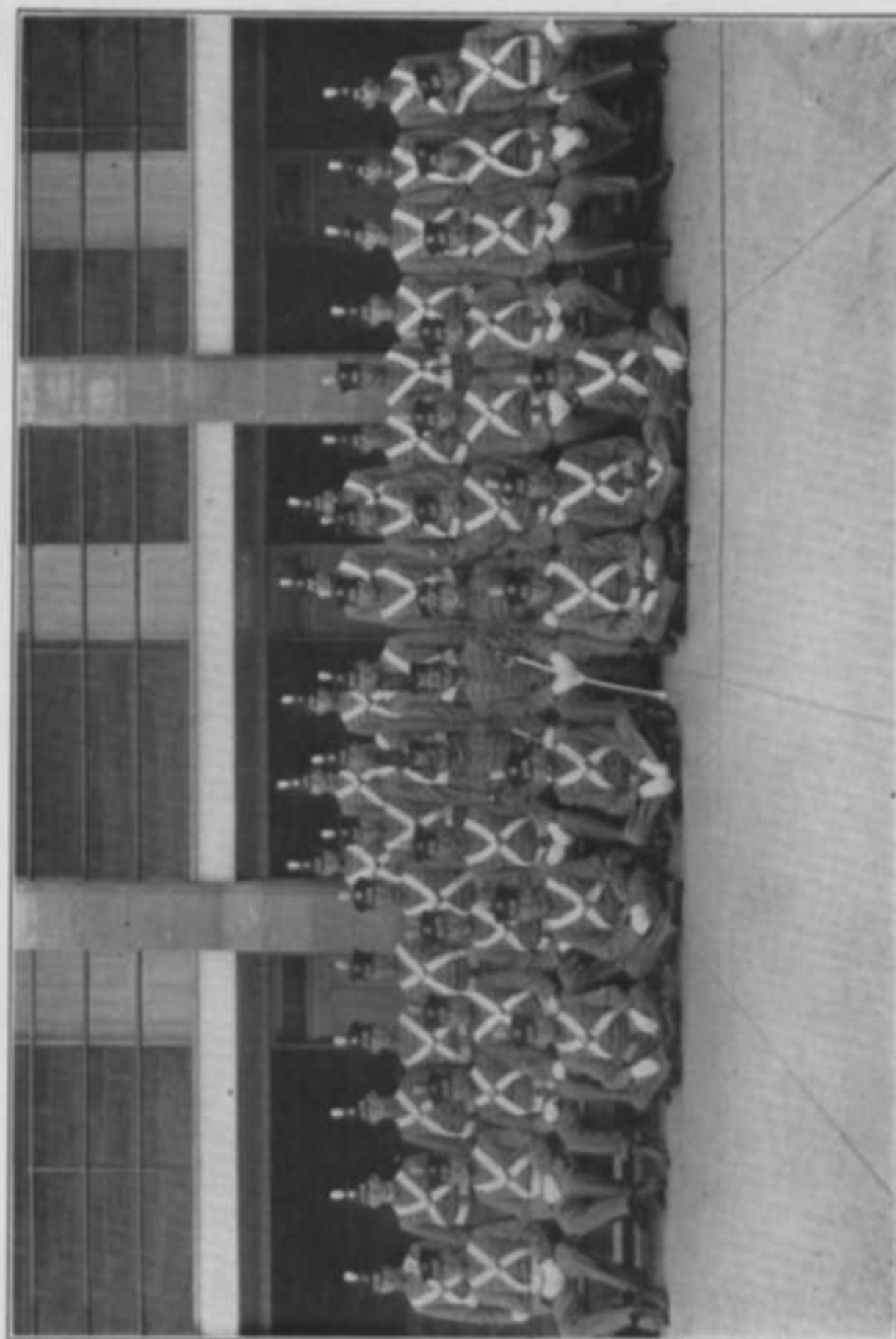
### *Corporals*

|      |          |        |
|------|----------|--------|
| Dale | Walton   | Gidley |
| Cohn | Humphrey | Moller |

### *Privates*

|             |             |             |            |
|-------------|-------------|-------------|------------|
| Adams       | Brown, J.   | Becker      | Beiler     |
| Brackett    | Bradsher    | Crane, P.   | Conley     |
| Clark, G.   | Dagget      | Dahlstrom   | Darrow     |
| Dolan       | Fakes       | Faber       | Ferbeck    |
| Harkness    | Holihan, G. | Irish       | Kennedy    |
| Kimball     | Lipps, B.   | Lipps, L.   | Lund       |
| Main        | Manning     | Meyerheim   | Moseley    |
| Palma, C.   | Pentland    | Philips     | Robson     |
| Scott       | Simons      | Stinson, W. | Studebaker |
| Terwilliger | Walters     | Warren      | Willis     |
| Woods       | Wolfe       | Webster     |            |





COMPANY D

## Company "D"

*Sponsor, MISS CELIA DAVEY*

*Flower, PINK CARNATIONS*

*Colors, PINK AND GREEN*

*Captain, SCHELL*

*First Lieutenant, SMITH, F.*

*Second Lieutenant, MAXWELL*

*First Sergeant, CLEARY*

### *Sergeants*

Ellis      Ray, W.      Dillon, L.      Holden

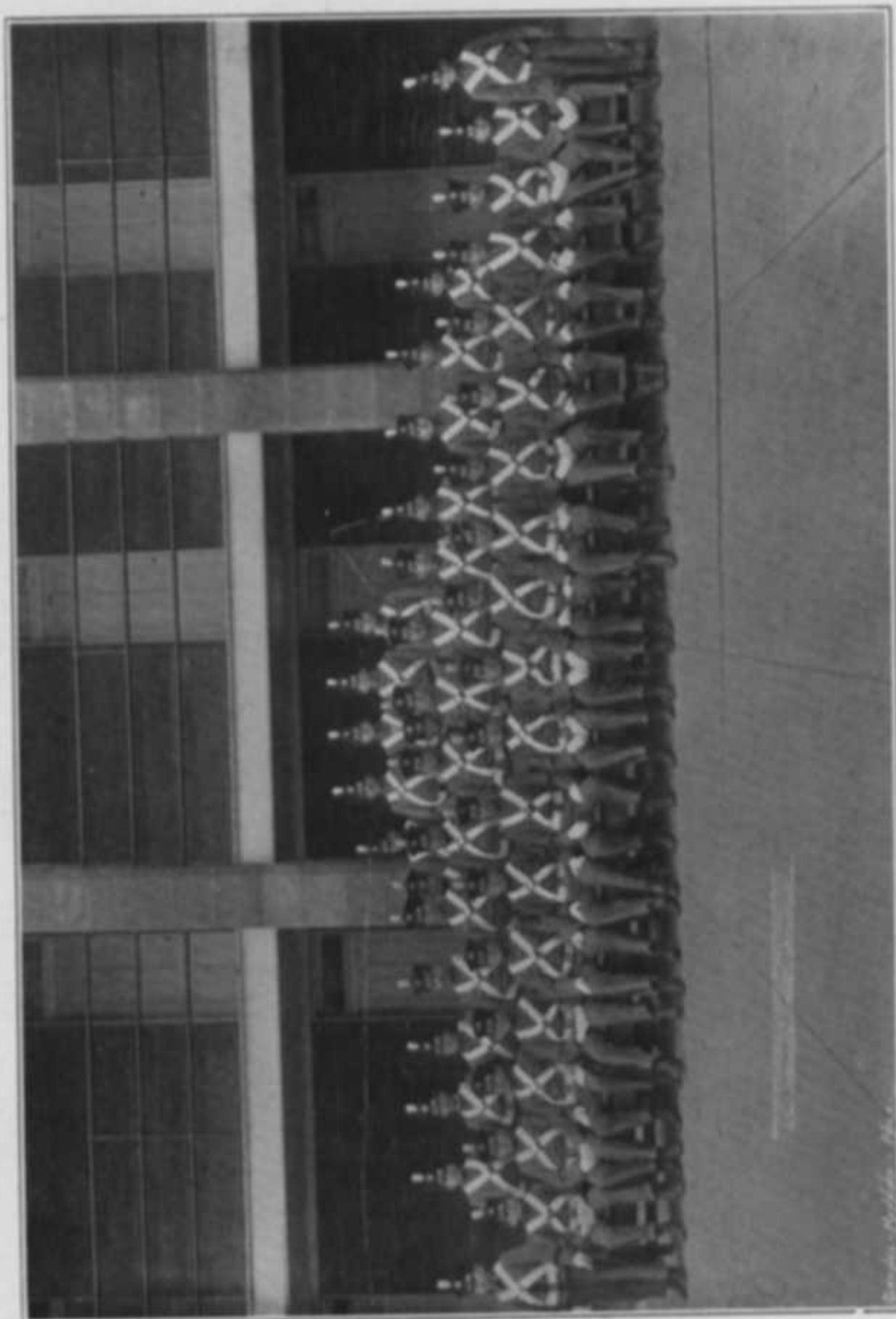
### *Corporals*

Cobb      Lee, K.      James      Cole      Stuart

### *Privates*

|              |           |             |               |
|--------------|-----------|-------------|---------------|
| Atchison     | Bensinger | Beall       | Conrad, H.    |
| Essex        | Evans     | Entwhistle  | Farrel, K.    |
| Gill         | Hill      | Holihan, H. | Jones, H.     |
| Jordan, R.   | Kerr      | Klaus       | Kraft         |
| Lippman      | Lott      | Maloney, H. | Mattox        |
| Maupin       | Muggler   | McCutcheon  | McLean        |
| Peirson      | Pierce    | Speck       | Stevenson, M. |
| Thompson, M. | Warner    | West, K.    | White         |
| Plonley      | Williams  |             |               |





COMPANY E

## Company "E"

*Sponsor, MISS ELEANOR CURRY*

*Flowers, VIOLETS*

*Colors, BLACK AND ORANGE*

*Captain, GUILD*

*First Lieutenant, WEINGARTEN*

*Second Lieutenant, LEWIS, E.*

*First Sergeant, GALLUSSER*

### *Sergeants*

Tragel      Zadow      Kleiman      Mason

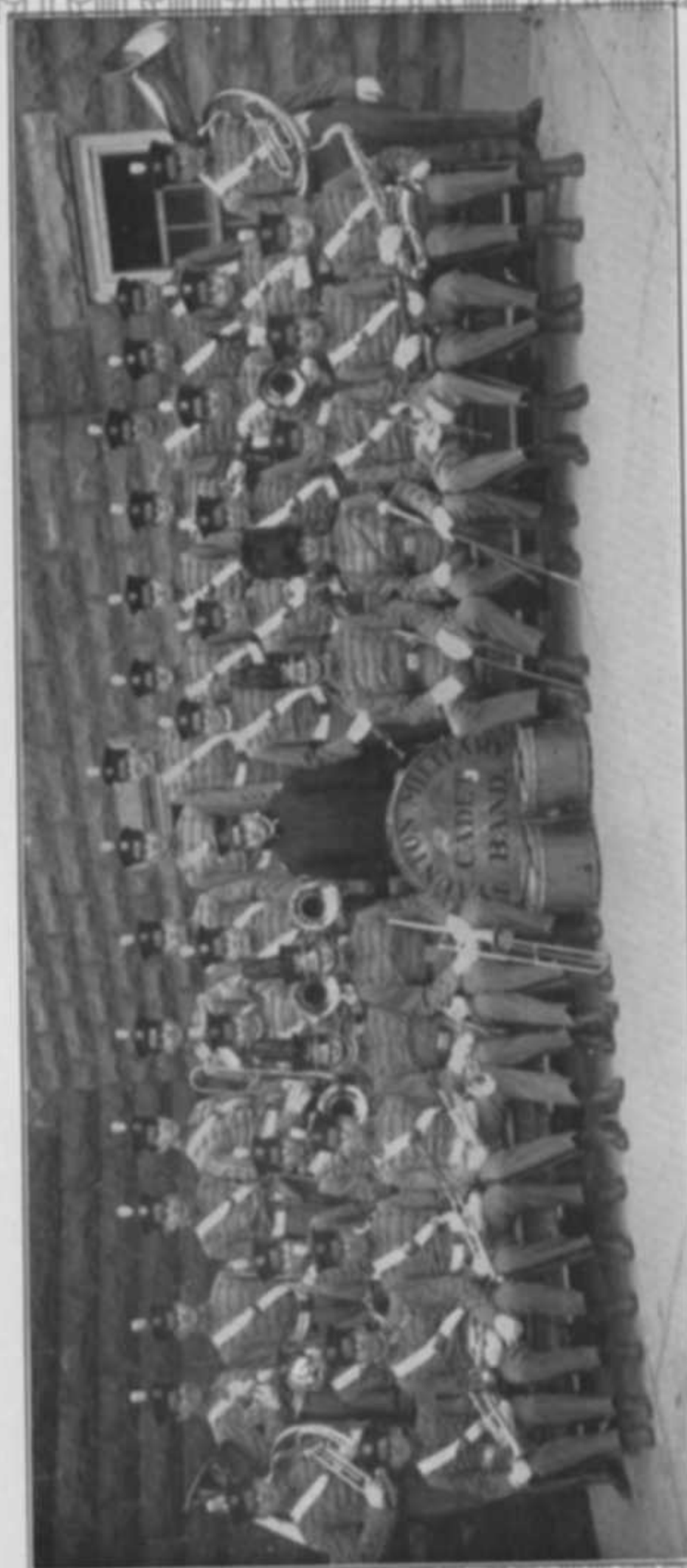
### *Corporals*

Reno      Frey, N.      Dillon, M.      Brown, M.      Smith, H.

### *Privates*

|            |              |           |           |
|------------|--------------|-----------|-----------|
| Armentrout | Bourland     | Boykin    | Boynton   |
| Brown, E.  | Budd         | Busnelli  | Chappell  |
| Chilton    | Converse     | Dils      | Drake     |
| Frey, C.   | Fullam       | Gamel, C. | Gamel, H. |
| Harrison   | Jones, Z. T. | Lowe      | Murdock   |
| Page       | Shryer       | Pollak    | Redwine   |
| Ritter     | Thom         | Schrader  | Spengeman |
| Stabler    | West, A.     | VanAuken  | Weitzel   |
| West, A.   |              |           |           |





S. M. A. CADET BAND

## S. M. A. Cadet Band

*Sponsor, MISS NATALIE MARTIN*

*Colors, RED AND WHITE*

*Flower, AMERICAN BEAUTY*

*Instructor, PROF. THOMAS BEARDSWORTH*

*Captain, A. M. MCKUSICK*

*First Lieutenant, E. S. WITHINGTON*

*Second Lieutenant, H. B. RICHARDS*

*First Sergeant and Drum Major, M. B. KENT*

### *Sergeants*

|       |       |        |
|-------|-------|--------|
| Bowen | Urrea | Gwynne |
|-------|-------|--------|

### *Corporals*

|           |           |         |         |
|-----------|-----------|---------|---------|
| Chellis   | Jones, S. | Rollins | Schmidt |
| Blair, S. | Stacy     | Bond    |         |

### *Privates*

|              |            |            |              |
|--------------|------------|------------|--------------|
| Burton       | Conrad, A. | Jones, M.  | Ramirez      |
| Boggs, E.    | Gill       | Jordan, R. | Rogers, R.   |
| Boggs, P.    | Hite       | Malone     | Smith, G. W. |
| Brown, O. H. | Hissem     | Muller     | Thompson, R. |
| Blackburn    | Loveless   | Ray, E.    | Vansant      |
| Walz, J.     | Walz, S.   | Yerkes     |              |

### *Buglers*

|              |        |            |          |
|--------------|--------|------------|----------|
| Holcombe, W. | Warner | Entwhistle | Frey, N. |
|--------------|--------|------------|----------|



## All About Some Kableites

Ten little Kableites sitting in a line,  
One got shipped; then there were nine.

Nine little Kableites awaiting their fate,  
One forgot to study; then there were eight.

Eight little Kableites pondering on heaven,  
One flunked his exams; then there were seven.

Seven little Kableites had gotten in a fix,  
One went to the guard room; then there were six.

Six little Kableites studying for their lives,  
One studies much too hard; then there were five.

Five little Kableites standing at the door,  
The Captain took one away; then there were four.

Four little Kableites wishing to be free,  
One let his lessons go; then there were three.

Three little Kableites feeling very blue,  
One slipped quietly away; then there were two.

Two little Kableites looking for some fun,  
One, in a scrap was caught; then there was one.

One little Kableite, happy as could be,  
Passed his exams, then he was free.

M. B. S.

## Y. M. C. A. Officers

*President*

ELLIS

*Vice-President*

NIX

*Secretary*

STURM

*Treasurer*

CONLEY





Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

## Young Men's Christian Association

### A Great Announcement

The officers and members of the Y. M. C. A. are jubilant over an announcement that has put new energy into their loyal workers. A first class college secretary will take charge next session, who will devote his entire time to the work of the Association, and to the pleasure of its members. Most of our boys know what this will mean to them in the way of athletic recreations, reading room privileges and moral influences. Since the birth of the Association two years ago, these features have been governed by those who, while earnest and capable enough, have had extremely limited time to give them. What an impetus to the work must be gained by the employment of a secretary, specially fitted for this field, whose entire energies will be confined thereto. The rapid development and perfection of all the Y. M. C. A. stands for in student life, will surely result.

And no second-rate man is to be engaged. His salary will be at least one thousand dollars per year; and his services will be in proportion. The Staunton Military Academy proposes to be in the front rank of all movements that make for the pleasure and betterment of student bodies.

While rejoicing in and forecasting the results of its good fortune, the Association does not forget who has made this announcement possible. Capt. W. G. Kable, commandant, has always been kindly interested in the organization, and his attitude is continually being evidenced by a practical sympathy—the kind that counts. The Association hopes to do its share in preserving the high standards of the Academy of whose every brick and board he is the energy.

During the present session, the membership has grown to two hundred and ten. About one hundred new names were added at a reception given to the new cadets at the beginning of the term. The secretary will have abundant material on which to work; and the sympathetic atmosphere promises the pleasure and success of his coming labors.



## The Last Taps

He thought the school was mighty hard  
And called the captains mean,  
Because they put him on the "beat"  
For being slow and green.

Examinations came along  
He "flunked" most every one,  
And said he knew them well enough  
But "flunked" them just for fun.

He kicked against the meals and said,  
The bread was never new,  
The milk was always sour and  
They had bugs in the stew.

And so his first year passed away,  
The second one began,  
That went a little better and  
He grew more of a man.

His third year came and with it a  
Lieutenancy he earned  
And when vacation came around  
For school he always yearned.

He'd grown older and he knew  
That books would do him good  
And so he studied and worked hard  
To learn each thing he could.

His fourth and last year soon appeared  
His work had been so fine,  
They made him senior captain and  
He headed now the line.

The food that used to be so poor  
Became a tasty thing,  
The milk was fresh, the stew he said  
Was fit for any king.

The last day of his school came 'round  
He thought of those four years,  
His heart seemed heavy in him and  
His eyes were filled with tears.

He'd done his work most faithfully,  
And always kept the rules,  
He tried to help the fellows and  
He made men out of fools.

And now the last school night had come,  
He sat down in his room,  
The warm night air played 'round him  
From the window and the gloom.

In the quietness he started as  
The bugle blew taps low,  
And he bowed his head and murmured  
Good night fellows, friend, and foe.

BOND.



## It's Easy to Find Fault

It's easy to find fault in others  
That's nothin' at all to do  
But try makin' believe you're the other fellow  
And the other fellow's you.

Then go on with your knockin'  
Pick flaws, find fault, if you can,  
Note everything, to the hole in his stockin'  
As you would in another man.

Look at the drooping shoulders  
The lack of vigor and vim  
All the while remembering  
That it's "YOU" instead of "HIM."

Then I guess you'll be kind of surprised  
At the faults you see are true  
When you've made believe you're the other fellow  
And the other fellow's you.



## "Silas Marner"



WE ARE sometimes very much impressed by the change that has taken place in a former acquaintance of ours during a few years of absence from us. But as we advance in life, changes for the better or worse are sure to come. George Eliot, in her novel of *Silas Marner*, shows us how her hero's life was completely altered by adverse events. Although Silas Marner's case is an exceptional one; nevertheless it lays down for us the law, that circumstances and environment are great factors in the moulding of our lives.



The picture of Marner's early life presents him to us as an active member of a simple, old-fashioned community whose place of worship was the chapel of Lantern Yard. In this narrow-minded community Marner led a simple, happy life. He and his intimate friend, William Dane, were considered "as shining examples of youthful piety" by the parishioners of Lantern Yard. Silas, possessing a rather timid nature, always looked up to his friend and admired, what he thought to be, his strong Christian character. But this admired friend was soon to repay Silas' trust with galling bitterness.

The great disaster came in this wise. Marner, who was watching by the bedside of an ill deacon, discovered that the deacon was dead. He went out, announced the news, and then went unsuspectingly to his weaving; for he was a weaver. In the evening, he was just going to see why William had not relieved him at the bedside watch as it had been agreed, when William and the minister appeared to summon him to Lantern Yard. Aware that something was wrong, Silas followed them to the chapel. Here the congregation was assembled; and Silas, taken up before all of the people, heard that, the very thought of which made him shudder. He was accused of having murdered the sick deacon and stolen the chapel money in the deceased clergyman's care; for his knife had been found in the drawer where the chapel money was kept, and besides, he was with the deacon last before his death. The minister and Dane solemnly admonished him not to hide, but confess his heinous crime. Sorely pained that all, even William, suspected him, Silas avowed that he was innocent and that God would clear him; at the same time telling his accusers to come and search his room

to prove that he was not guilty. The search resulted in Dane finding the bag in which the chapel money was kept. Distressed Silas, still persisting that God would bring things out all right, returned to the chapel, the chief court of justice for the community.

Now these primitive people decided cases by first praying that the guilty one be delivered up, and then casting lots believing that God would not suffer the guilty to escape. But the lots declared Silas guilty. Can we imagine how blasting the verdict fell on the innocent sufferer? He clearly recognized that it is the subtle Dame who has committed the crime; and, in his agony he cries, "You may prosper for all that; there is no God that governs the world righteously." He had firmly believed in the casting of lots, and now the lots have condemned him. His trust in an Almighty Power of Righteousness is broken; and his fellowship with man blighted. His own friend has been a most scandalous traitor to him. All present happiness and future hope have fled; and in his despair he retreats to his room to suffer in the solitude. To his heart, overloaded with grief and sorrow, the thought that Sarah, his bride elect, will renounce him, threatens to fatally separate him as a hopeless man. His fears were soon realized, for Sarah did renounce him. This was too much for poor Silas, even though he now lived as a hermit. With all, even the tenderest of attachments, so cruelly overthrown, and an unbelief in God to shed gloom over his life, he departs from Lantern Yard of his Youth too seek a home away from painful familiar scenes

Can we recognize in the worn weaver of Ravelow, the



Silas of fifteen years ago? The stooping figure, pallid wasted face, and stare of the near sighted brown eyes have not much resemblance to the trustful young man of Lantern Yard. When we look back to times now past, how many of our experiences seem but to have been dreams. Even so—ah, more so with Silas, if he ever reflected on the past, there was little in the solitary brown hut by the stone pits, or in the radically different village of Ravelow to catch his eye and link his thoughts to distant times. It was as though he now existed in another world. Here he lives to himself, except when his weaving trade brings him into the outside world, not desirous of company; and the ignorant villagers, awed by his mysterious life, let him pass as a disciple of the evil one. The Almighty God Himself did not seem to sway here; for there was no chapel as at Lantern Yard. To be sure, there was a church in Ravelow; but simple Marner knew little what that term implied. On Sundays, just as on the week days, you would find him at work spinning, spinning—from dawn until evening, and sometimes still at night. But now Marner's nights are spent in reveling over his ever-increasing hoard of money. At first, in his despair, Silas takes to his loom and works mechanically to occupy his meaningless time. The habit of weaving unremittingly and watching the squares of cloth complete themselves grows upon him. It soothes his vacant mind. Then, when he sells his weaving he naturally feels a satisfaction in the reward of his work. Silas' lovable nature demands something to which it can attach itself and, union with God and man broken, his affection settles on money. Formerly, money was symbollic to him as an earthly good, in so far that it ministered to the wants of others as well as himself. Now

only he himself remains; and his heart goes out to the lifeless glittering metal.

Let us follow Marner this memorable rainy night, as he trudges home from the village through the dark. In spite of the dreary outside world, our companion's heart is light; for it is filled with the joy that awaits him at home. The warm room greets us as we enter in from the raw weather. To unsuspecting near-sighted Silas, everything in his hut is as he had left it; but if we look sharp we may trace footprints of some intruder on the sand around the hearth. After warming himself, Silas goes to the hearth, lifts up the bricks over the hole where he keeps his treasure. But look! how he starts! He believes he sees an empty hole. Frightened he thrusts his hand into the hiding place and gropes about in vain. No familiar bags of money touch his hand. His eyes have not deceived him; the hole is really empty. "I might have put the money somewhere else, and forgotten," thinks Silas, all of a tremble, trying to steady himself to serious thinking. The whole room is ramsacked; but the treasure is not found. No foundation for a hope remains. Where could his gold have fled? Could he have been robbed? or was it some dreadful Unseen Power who had taken it? Poor Silas is frenzied with grief, and in his anguish he gives one "wild, ringing scream, the cry of desolation." This somewhat relieves him; and the thought that a human robber might have taken his gold, brings an eagerly grasped ray of light to his despairing soul. Partly from impulse, Marner rushes out, uncovered, into the wet night. He is bound for the village inn. In his trouble his only hope resides in his fellowman.

Although the loss of his only comrade seemed so baneful



to Marner, it served to bring him back, somewhat, from his isolated state. The villagers of Ravelow now saw that "old Master Marner" was a frail, ordinary man. They pitied him; and, now and then, Silas received visits filled with vain endeavors to comfort him. But no one knew how deep-seated the weaver's grief was. Frequent moans between the monotonous hum of the loom only expressed part of the throes of his desolate heart.

As a rule, ignorant people are inclined to be more or less superstitious. After the vanishing of his gold, Silas, had, as we have observed, a vague fear that possibly it was an Unseen Power and not a human being connected with its mysterious disappearance. So when the good people of the village hinted to the weaver that staying up to watch the New Year come in would bring good luck—might even bring back his money, Silas determined to try it by all means. And this is why we find him up and awake in his hut at this last hour of the Old Year. See, now the door of his cottage opens and his lank figure appears in the doorway. He is staring out over the solitary stretch of snow as though he were looking for someone. Why, he is on the lookout for his gold. "Might it not, in some mysterious way, be on the road now, coming to me," is his half-formed thought. Ah! something of infinitely more value to Silas is advancing toward the beacon light streaming from his hut; yet Silas, although still at the open door, does not see it nor notice its entrance. One of his customary fits is upon him. Unaware of any change, Silas, now recovered, closes the door and is returning to his hearth when something startles him. His heart gives a bound when he sees a yellow mass before his fireplace. Is it really his gold come back to him?

Is it? Completely overpowered by the shock, he stands dumb and trembling for a minute; then he advances to lay hold of his longed-for treasure, when, to his astonishment, his hands encounter, not the hard metal, but a soft silky mass. It is not his gold, but the curly golden hair of a little child. Marner once had had a little sister; one that he loved dearly. Was this his little sister come back to him from—heaven. Ah! memories are fast awakening in Silas' mind. The bolts that have shut him up to himself are breaking, and the loving, trustful heart of the former Silas, returning. With the departure of the Old Year, the old Silas has departed forever.

Silas Marner's history is but a history, more or less applicable, to many lives. Have not many started out into life having hearts filled with hope and happiness? And before long, have not many hopes been crushed and pangs indefinable been felt? Adversity has driven many to despair; and in that despair the individual life is often greatly changed. In his new state, he forgets his early life. He becomes accustomed and contented to live as he does, apart from God and the welfare of mankind, until trouble comes to him in order to snatch from him the hurtful idols of his life. This adversity is exceedingly distasteful to him at first; but it is sent to call him to live a nobler and higher life of blessing among his fellowmen.

F. L. HAMER.





## The Triumph of Betty

I



IT WAS the middle of a hot afternoon in July and the waves of the broad Atlantic were rolling in across the long, sandy beach at Bar Rock Point. On the large veranda of Bar Point House sat four lonely, lovely girls. All of them were about the same age, that age when a man will go crazy about them. Suddenly Ethel, with a quick gasp of surprise, looked out on the beach and there was a man. No, their eyes weren't deceiving them because they all saw him and three of them went wild at first sight. There was the man, wearing a neat pair of white flannels and a dark blue coat. He was very good looking and had a fine muscular build.

May, Helen and Ethel went wild, but calm, bashful Betty simply glanced up from her book once and then resumed reading it. But the other three were already asking everyone on the porch if they knew him. But they always got the same answer: "No! Never saw him before, but say he is handsome, isn't he?" So, being defeated in this way, the three girls tried to think up a plan to meet him.

Finally they hatched up a plan, each slightly different from the others and drew lots as to who would try first. This honor fell to Ethel.

One day she (Ethel) saw him drive out of the garage in



a neat little Packard runabout and in about two minutes, Ethel climbed behind the wheel of her Stearns and set out in pursuit. She finally caught him and passed him. When about a mile ahead of him she rounded a corner and stopped her machine.

Then she quickly let all the gasoline run out of the tank. Soon he came up and stopped his machine. "May I help you any," he said to Ethel, who was busily trying to crank the machine.

She replied that she didn't know what was the matter and so he stopped his machine and got out. He examined all of the machinery and then discovered that the gasoline tank was empty. Of course he offered to give her some of his. But, alas! on looking into his tank he had only enough to take him back. The next thing to do was to go back after more gasoline. At this Ethel got (seemingly) very indignant and said, "What! and leave me here alone with the horrid snakes and everything. No, sir, I will go back with you and send some one after the car."

So she got in with him and they started off. They talked pleasantly all the way home and Ethel smiled triumphantly at the girls when she drove up to the hotel. But the others were still to have their turn. Still all he ever did was to say "Good morning or good afternoon, Miss Allen," to Ethel. But this did not dishearten the other two any. The next to try was Helen Daise. She was a fine swimmer, but one day she was in swimming beyond her depth and he was about twenty-five yards away from her. But suddenly, just as he turned around she was seized (?) with a violent cramp and sank under the waves. Of course it was just

common politeness to save her and he did the deed very well. But after the episode he acted the same toward Helen as he did toward Ethel.

Then three days afterward, May Harper from Kentucky was walking in the garden of the Bar Point House when she stepped into a pile of leaves. Suddenly her foot was caught and held fast it seemed. Of course it was he who loosened her foot from the split log that May had put there herself the night before. But she soon found out that she had met with no better success than the other two girls.

All this time the bashful Betty kept away from him and called the girls silly for going so wild over a man they never saw before. But she was forced to admit that he was very handsome. But one fatal day she was walking in a nearby field. As the sun was hot she carried a bright red sunshade with her. She walked slowly around picking the wild flowers when suddenly she heard a deep bellow, and turning she saw a large black bull coming at her. She ran for a stone wall nearby and just as she jumped over it she tripped and fell heavily.

Just then, who should arrive but the one man she had been evading for two weeks. He had evidently heard her spoken of because he said, "O! My dear Miss Brush, I am afraid you are hurt." But she did her best to persuade him she was all right. She said, "Let me assure you, Mr. Howland, that this meeting, though it may seem strangely similar to three others you have had in the past two weeks, is really accidental."

"Yes," he said, "this is surely so when you can see that bull tearing up the parasol you carried."



The mention of the parasol caused Betty to try to rise, but it was of no use. She fell back into his arms with a sprained ankle. "O!" she gasped, "I can't stand, not to mention walking." So he picked Betty up, very much against her will and carried her back to the hotel and in a side door. She was taken to her room and a doctor was called.

It was nice of Mr. Howland to send her fresh flowers every morning. It was nicer too, that it was on his arm she leaned when she took her first steps after eight weeks in bed. But the best of all was when he put a solitaire ring on Betty's finger in November. The next June each of the girls who had been with Betty at Bar Point House, Ethel, Helen and May received an invitation worded something like this:

**Mr. and Mrs. George C. Brush**

request the honour of your presence  
at the marriage of their  
daughter

**Elizabeth Newell**

to

**Mr. Harry M. Howland**

on Thursday evening, June the tenth  
nineteen hundred and nine  
at eight o'clock  
Trinity Church  
Rome, New York

MORANG.



ACADEMIC STUDY HALL



## The House Where She Died

[Translated from the Spanish by CADET REED, M., age 14]



ON THE road to the village of B——, situated near the capital of a province whose name does not matter, Cristina, her mother, Ferdinand, the promised one of the young girl and I, went in a carriage, drawn by two mules.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, the heat was suffocating us because it was the beginning of the month of August, and the four of us kept silent. Mrs. Lopez was praying mentally that God might carry us safely to the end of our journey; Cristina fixed her beautiful eyes on Ferdinand, who did not notice it, and I was looking at the pleasant country through which our coach was rolling.

It was probably six o'clock when the coach stopped at the entrance of the village; we alighted and went to a chapel where our Lady of Pardons was worshipped, to whom Cristina's mother was particularly devoted.

While this lady and her daughter were praying, Ferdinand asked me to go to the cemetery, situated very near there, where his father was buried. I consented and we entered a court-yard, with white-washed walls where we observed some crosses of stone or wood and where we read on the tomb-stones various obscure inscriptions. In a corner I saw a woman kneeling, whom my companion did not appear to notice.

He showed me the tomb of his father, that was simple, of white marble, and I understood that it was not only to see it that the young man had come here. I observed that he kept looking for something which he could not find, until he saw the woman who was old, badly dressed, and disheveled, who was looking at him attentively. Ferdinand lowered his eyes and was about to go away, when the old woman arose and called him by name, obliging him to stop.

"What do you wish, Mother Mary?" he asked in a tone which he tried to make sound calm.

"That which I always wish," she answered, in whose look I noticed a certain wildness, "answer me, where have you hidden my daughter? It was ten years ago that you carried her away, I knew it well, and to-day I heard in the village that you were coming here to celebrate your wedding with another."

"You know yourself, Mother Mary, that your daughter died ten years ago and that I paid for her burial in order that her beautiful body might rest in this holy cemetery. In my turn I ask you: where is the tomb of poor Teresa?"

"How do I know? One day I came here and looked for the cross which marked the place where she was, and do you know what I saw? A vacant hole, and a little distance away, the recently removed earth. The period of time had been completed and as no one cared to pay and renew it, that corner no longer belonged to my daughter and she had been taken to the pit where the poor are thrown, and those who are buried by charity."

"But this is an infamy! I sent money for this renewal," exclaimed Ferdinand.

"I do not say that you did not, but the person to whom



you wrote was seriously ill and for two months she did not open your letter and then it was too late."

The man lowered his head and did not reply.

"Who are you going to marry?" the old woman asked him.

"Miss Cristina Lopez."

"And when are you to marry?"

"Within three days."

"That is if Teresa approves of it; she is your betrothed and she will not delay in coming here to look for you."

"Mother Mary," the young man said sadly, "Teresa is unable to come here; the dead do not leave their tombs."

"Now tell me that to-morrow morning; to-day go in peace."

"Good-bye," murmured Ferdinand, going toward the exit of the cemetery, where I followed him.

"Doubtless you will be surprised at what you have seen and heard," he said, when we were scarcely outside, "but you will not be thus when I tell you the story of the first years of my youth, which I wish you to know in every detail. We will now go to Cristina and her mother who doubtless are awaiting us, and, while they visit the house in which we are to live and where my aunt lives, the future god mother of our wedding and for whom we have made this trip, you will know all."

Cristina and her mother were awaiting us, indeed, and together we went to the house of Ferdinand's aunt, that was situated in the square of the village, on the corner of a dark and narrow street, into which, without knowing why, I entered with profound sadness.

The aunt of the young man did not please me; she was a

woman of some fifty years, tall, slender, with very small grey eyes, a long nose that was inclined toward her sharp-pointed chin, and hair, almost white, which was gathered up in a bonnet of dark color. She was very sick, and as she was a mother to Ferdinand, he had asked Mrs. Lopez that the wedding be celebrated in the village, in order that his aunt might avoid the fatigue of a journey that, though short, would be extremely painful to her.

While Cristina and the two women visited the house and received the many friends who came there on learning of their arrival, Ferdinand, who had refused to go to the upper room, called me, requesting me to sit by his side, and began the promised story in these words:

"Eleven years ago, when I was only twenty years old and had just finished the law course in Madrid, my father sent me for a time to this village so that I might make a visit to his only sister, the lady whom you have just seen. I was without a mother, I had been educated without her counsel; far too, from my father, who was away from home constantly on business; so I can say that the pleasures of a family were almost unknown to me. Although heir to a moderate fortune, I could not enter into it until my majority; I had many companions in study, but no friend, therefore, it is unnecessary to say, I was almost alone in the world, and I hastened to accept with joy that which my father proposed. I started for this village with a soul overflowing with sweet emotions. Did this village correspond to what I expected? Certainly not. My aunt, whom I had not seen since I was a child, was at first repulsive to me, although she immediately showed herself kind and tolerant toward me; the village seemed sad, in spite of its gardens and picturesque little



houses; the inhabitants were not very sympathetic, although all of them greeted me with kindness. I gave myself up to hunting, and studied a little botany, and thus a month passed away during which I reconciled myself to my aunt, the village and its costumes.

One morning, while returning to the house, I met while going through one of the rooms, a girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age, whom I could not remember having seen before, sewing with the greatest zeal. She heard my footsteps and raised her head and although she lowered it again almost immediately, it was not so quick but that I observed that she had a pure white forehead that was adorned with beautiful hazel hair, dark grey eyes that looked frank and innocent, a small mouth, a nose more graceful than perfect and cheeks colored with a delicate pink. I did not speak to her; but I questioned a servant about her; learning from him that she came to my Aunt Catheline's house, almost every day to sew, that her father was dead, that she supported a sick mother, after she had lost three older children, there remaining no other protection and comfort than that child. The story interested me; I was young, the girl beautiful, we had never loved; we began to speak to each other, without my aunt noticing it, and we ended in loving each other. Teresa had not received a common education; before she was thirteen or fourteen she had studied in a convent in the village, leaving it on the death of her father, which occurred four years before.

"I do not know who told my aunt of our love affair; the fact is she knew it, and reproved me severely, threatening to send me back to Madrid, after writing all about it to my father; and from that time the young girl did not return to

the house, and I had to jump over the garden wall in order that I might see and speak to her without her mother observing it, who too objected to our love affair.

"Thus things stood, when a little more than ten years ago I fell seriously ill, attacked with some contagious fever. My aunt left me, the servants refused to assist me, and then Mary and Teresa offered to be my nurses. My aunt could not oppose it because my state was constantly more alarming and needed constant care.

"From the moment in which Teresa was at my side, I felt a sweet comfort and the fever soon disappeared; but I noticed that the cheeks of my beloved had a reddish tint and that her eyes were sparkling with a strange fire. The disease that had left me was taking possession of her and was the same illness that had consumed me.

"What is the matter?" I asked her.

"I prayed to God that He would save your life at the cost of mine," murmured the girl, "and it appears that He has condescended to listen to me and I am going to die before you."

"This was certain; in the night Teresa grew worse, she was not able to return to her house, and my aunt gave up her room and bed so that she might rest; at that time she was very grateful for the tender care that the young girl had shown me.

"Excuse me for saying that Mistress Catheline thought of giving up her room and bed forever, fearing the contagion of the disease.

"I recovered quickly, in proportion as the state of the girl grew worse.

"I was in despair, crazy. Her mother, too, was begin-



ning to lose her reason. One day the doctor said to me: 'There is no longer any remedy for this disease.' And she, too, murmured in my hearing: 'I am going to die, but I am happy because you love me and will love me always.'

"'Oh, I swear to you,' I exclaimed, 'my heart and my hand will never be another woman's.'

"'I know that as well as you,' she said smiling sweetly, 'also I shall be jealous in the other world of the woman you may love and I will not consent that you swear falsely. You shall never love another, and you will never marry; there is not a being on earth that can love you as much as I, and I will wait for you in heaven.'

"Two days later that angelic creature died, who offered to God her life in place of mine.

"Her mother went crazy.

"I paid for the burial of Teresa; I bought a grave for ten years. \* \* \* you know now that I am ignorant of the resting place of her beautiful body; I sent a letter to my aunt, that she did not read until two months after the time was up, because she was sick.

"To tell you that during these ten years the memory of Teresa has constantly followed me, would be a falsehood; I have loved other women, and four years ago I was on the point of marrying a beautiful young girl; but unfortunately a month before our wedding was to take place, her parents found a pretender to the hand of my beloved, whom they liked better than I, and as they preferred him to me, my sweetheart had to submit to the will of her tyrants.

"To-day I adore Cristina and I wish to unite her fortune with mine, as our souls have already been united. Shall I succeed in it? I fear not. Fate has brought me to

the village where Teresa died, I am living \* \* \* this dwelling full of her memory; I came here to pass the first few days of my married life in the house where she died, and a secret presentiment tells me that Cristina will never become my wife. This is the story of my loves; do you think my fear is well founded or that the fear in which I find myself is the result of my past misfortunes?"

I tried to quiet Ferdinand, and afterwards, while the young man joined his beautiful fiancée, I determined to see the room where Teresa died, and I was conducted to it by one of Catheline's old servants.

## CHAPTER II

I entered a luxuriously furnished room; I went through it without stopping, and opened the door of a little room in which was the alcove where the wretched girl died. A bed of carved wood, some chairs of flowered tapestry, a bureau, a washstand, and some pictures were seen in the room, all covered with dust, an evident sign that that part of the house was completely abandoned. The room had only one window which opened on the dark and narrow street, on the corner of which was Ferdinand's house; opposite the window was a clothes-press with a mirror; at one side of this was the door of the alcove, on the other a small writing table; some chairs the same as those in the bedroom completed the furnishing of the room that ten years ago belonged to Ferdinand's aunt.

I remained there a few minutes, and then, suppertime having arrived, I went to look for the family and the guests; we sat down to a table sumptuously served. The supper was rather long, and before it was over something happened to disturb the happiness of some and to make a deep impres-



sion on Ferdinand's mind. The bells of the parish church were ringing in a sad manner. Their tone, always sad, seemed to strike complainingly on our ears as well as our hearts.

"Why are the bells ringing?" asked Cristina of a servant that was near her.

"For the death agony," answered the man in an indifferent tone. "Here in the villages, *senorita*, they ring for everything, when one is going to die, when one is dying, when there is a funeral and—

"Who is dying?" interrupted Cristina.

"A young girl of seventeen years."

"What is her name?" asked Ferdinand, whose face was livid.

"Teresa," asked the servant.

Mistress Catheline gave him a furious glance; Ferdinand lowered his eyes, and I observed that his hands trembled; in Cristina and her mother was evident a deep compassion for the unhappy creature, who in the bloom of youth and the flower of her beauty was abandoning this earth for an unknown world. Cristina was so happy that she thought all humanity ought to share her happiness, and she did not wish to exchange it for all the heavenly pleasures.

Ferdinand, protesting that the heat in the dining room was suffocating, asked permission to retire a moment to the next room, and I followed him.

"What is the matter?" I asked him.

"Her name is Teresa, and she is seventeen years old," he murmured.

"It is a coincidence."



INDIAN CLUB



"Such a coincidence, does it not appear to you a bad omen three days before my wedding?"

I tried to distract him, but in vain, the bells pealed a most funereal sound now and Ferdinand, who knew those notes, told me that the sick girl was dead.

I made him go into the dining room again, and the sweet words of Cristina overcame the fears of Ferdinand, who remained quiet until eleven o'clock that night, the hour at which we took our leave until the following morning, each one retiring to their respective rooms. My room had a window looking out on the square, and was also below the one of my friends. Without knowing why, it was impossible for me to sleep; I read a little, then wrote, and finally, I arose and started to walk with some agitation toward the alcove.

A minute later I noticed certain movements in Ferdinand's room, I heard him open many doors silently, the footsteps that began to sound above the ceiling of my room were lost in the distance, and a secret instinct told me that my presence was necessary to the young man. Without being aware of my actions, I went hastily in the direction of the place where Teresa died.

I found my friend within two steps of the door of the room without venturing to open it. On seeing me, he did not appear to be surprised that I had risen, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and extending his hand toward the closed room, said to me:

"For ten years I have not entered here."

"Nor will you enter it to-day," I exclaimed with decision. "You are crazy and it has begun to affect me. You ought never to have returned to this house, nor even to this town."

"Eleven years ago my aunt was a mother to me; eleven years ago that I knew what filial love is; do you want me to leave her?"

"Very well; now you have executed your duty; but is it necessary that you enter here?"

"Once more," he said, in a beseeching tone; "once more to know if Teresa will permit me to marry with Cristina. Look you," he added, "if on entering the room I find all as I had left them ten years ago, the bureau, the bed, the chairs, I will go away quietly and I am happy; if, on the contrary, I find some alteration \* \* \*

"You are a child," I interrupted; "if you do not wish anything else, enter, and may peace and happiness be with you."

I knew, because I had seen it that afternoon, that all was the same in the room where Teresa died, and I did not hesitate any more, allowing the young man to go into the room.

Ferdinand opened the door, and murmured:

"There is a light within."

I trembled in spite of myself; an icy coldness took possession of me, because on entering my friend and I saw clearly and distinctly in the alcove a death bed, covered with a black cloth, some burning torches surrounding a coffin, in which rested the remains of a beautiful young girl clothed in white and crowned with flowers. At the side of the coffin knelt a woman whom I recognized as Mother Mary, the crazy person that I saw that afternoon in the cemetery.

Ferdinand uttered a strange cry and fell on his knees and covered his face in his hands; I closed my eyes, took a



few steps and stumbled against the door of the alcove. I looked then and saw the bedroom dark and deserted.

"We are two crazy people," I murmured.

I returned to look for Ferdinand and I understood all. In the afternoon the servant had inadvertently left the window of the room open; this, as is known, opened on the narrow street, and in the house opposite, in a poorly furnished room, was the corpse of that unknown girl, watched over by Teresa's mother. That sad picture was reflected in the mirror of the clothes-press placed by the side of the door of the alcove, and on account of the unusual state in which Ferdinand and I found ourselves, we thought that the body was in the house of Ferdinand's aunt.

The presence of Mother Mary was natural there, after the death of her daughter, she was accustomed to pass the night by the side of the corpse of any young person that died in the village. She who had died was the niece of the old woman and for that reason took the name of her daughter.

I closed the window and returned to Ferdinand's side.

I called him many times and he did not answer me.

Something strange and invisible had taken place in that room; I seemed to hear a confused fluttering, that darkened my vision and I had to lean on the clothes-press so I would not fall.

"The house where she died!" exclaimed Ferdinand in a voice scarcely audible; "it had to be. My beloved, wait for me, I am coming."

Finally I recovered my presence of mind, called to my friend, caught his hands, that were stiff, took them away

from his face, that looked like that of a dead person. After that I ran to call the servants to come to my aid.

A half an hour later Mrs. Lopez, Cristina, Mistress Catheline, a priest and I, surrounded the bed where Ferdinand lay.

"How long has he slept!" exclaimed Cristina.

I approached him, making a sign to the priest, who put his hand on Ferdinand's breast, recoiling immediately, because the heart of my friend had ceased to beat.

"What is the matter?" Mistress Catheline asked; and understanding what had happened added:

"He was all that I had left in the world; may the will of God be fulfilled."

The priest said some prayers in a low voice.

I turned toward the door and saw Mother Mary who, I know not how, had entered there.

"My daughter is happy," she murmured; "she said that Ferdinand and she were betrothed; I knew that this could not happen until he came to the room where Teresa was sick, to the house where she died. Ten years have I waited; praised be the Lord, that finally He has granted me this happiness!"





## In The Last Half

JAMES GORDON FRASER

"47-0-81-12," and the lines of surging, pushing, struggling humanity met in another mad effort to push further down the seemingly endless white-marked field, to where the skeleton-like goal posts beckoned invitingly to the begrimed and exhausted specimens of American manhood. This time it was a fake kick play on which Durrant, the star Staunton half-back, was sent around the Augustine left end, where he had continually advanced the ball from ten to twenty yards on each attempt, and on which he failed miserably, being tackled and thrown with such violence that he was unable to rise, and time was called by the referee, in the hope that he might regain his strength. The exhausted players took advantage of the opportunity to rest, and sprawled out upon the turf, with no wind for conversation, and no inclination to walk about. One of the warriors wearing the Blue and Gold, however, seemed to be in more mental than physical trouble, which is explained by the fact that upon his broad shoulders rested the responsibility for success or defeat, he, more than all others, should be awarded the praise or blame, for he was none other than Hal Greendale, the captain and "reliable man" of S. M. A.'s strongest team, winners of many hard-fought battles in the earlier part of the season. He alone remained standing, and walked about disconsolately for a few moments, even a consultation with the coach appearing to relieve his anxiety but little. He was presently joined by a slender, handsome fellow whose very bearing seemed to radiate confidence and courage, and who greeted him cheerfully, laying an arm

across Greendale's shoulders, with a familiarity which showed him to be a close friend of the captain.

"Cheer up, old man. We've lots of time yet to run those Rollins mutts off the field. Not a new play tried yet, and the score a tie. Why this thushness?"

Greendale considered long before replying. "Stan, I'm no good. I can't play the game any longer. You've seen how they've outplayed me and made their only score as a result of my fumble. Kid, I'm going to quit after to-day. I know when I'm down and out. I've made a mess of it so far, and now I'll give some one else a chance."

"But Hal, think! The Woodbridge Grove game but a week off, and you talk of resigning. The team will go to pieces without you, old man, you can't quit."

"I've thought it over, Stan, and my mind is made up. This is the last game the team shall lose under my leadership, for lose we shall. See, they're carrying Durrant off the field, and he's made all our gains to-day. Come on let's get back, the whistle is blowing for play."

To make a long story short, Greendale's prediction proved true, and their opponents, encouraged by the loss of Staunton's fastest man, scored once more, and yet again, in the last minute of play, although Hal, Stan and a few others who were possessed of the true Staunton spirit, fought desperately every attempt to advance the ball beyond their line. But their efforts and persistence were fruitless, and it was a disheartened group of sweating, panting, young Samsons who trotted back to the barracks and showers. They had become, in a measure, used to such defeats, but that rendered the sting of defeat none the less sharp; it seemed as if



the luck must break, and the Augustine game was one of the most important. "Well, fellows,

Once again we're trampled, stepped on,  
Cast aside, despised and spurned.  
Rushes, end runs, forward passes,  
Rollins men where're we turned,  
Though we fought them, always struggling,  
And their victory was earned."

quoted a sylph-like youth of nigh three hundred pounds, who rejoiced in the cognomen of Blackman, as the team crowded under the scalding showers. "Yes, and that's not the worst of it, although your poetry is bad," remarked a red-headed youth of undeniable Irish extraction, "Durrant's out for the rest of the year." A late-comer who had arrived just in time to catch the last remark, broke in with another startling assertion, "Fellows, Hal Greendale has resigned."

The week following the one, in which the events narrated in the preceding pages occurred, was an eventful one for S. M. A. athletes. The resignation of Hal Greendale was accepted, after a furious debate in the athletic committee, and a successor appointed in the person of Stan Hastings, the hard-working quarterback, who had been a close friend and companion of Greendale. Next came the announcement that Durrant's heart was affected, and that he would be out of the game for good. This, coming as it did on the eve of the big game, was a damper on the spirits of every player, as Durrant had been their mainstay in every exigency which had arisen, so that it was with but little hope of emerging victorious that the S. M. A. entered the Woodbridge Grove battle.

The referee sounded the whistle for the kickoff at 2:30





and Stan, after glancing about to make sure that his men were in proper position, took a short run, his long, powerful right leg swung forward, and the ball was in motion. The kick was a long one, and the pigskin was captured almost on the goal line by the W. G. fullback, who ran it back to the center of the field by a magnificent zig-zag advance through the S. M. A. tacklers. There he was downed, and and two lines of crouching humans faced each other for the first struggle. The Woodbridge quarter snapped out a few numerals, suddenly stooped to receive the ball from the center, and the heavy backfield crashed through the S. M. A. line for a gain of ten yards. "Bad, bad," muttered the coach, on the side-line, "Durrant would have stopped that." The Staunton line braced and stood as firmly as they could, but still the heavy Woodbridge backfield ploughed great holes in their defense, and the ball moved steadily up the field, until it reached the S. M. A. ten-yard line, where it fell into possession of the Blue and Gold through a lucky fumble.

And so the game went on, the Staunton team playing entirely on the defensive, but managing by hook or crook to prevent a score until the last five minutes of play, when a touchdown seemed imminent; the steady advance continuing until Stan, driven to desperation, allowed himself to be pushed over the line for a safety, and the ball was kicked out from the twenty-five-yard line. But even this failed to better conditions, and the resistless movement up the field still continued. Muller, the Woodbridge captain, declined to wear out his men, and probably thinking that three points would win the game, made a successful drop-kick, and scored a field goal, leaving the score three to nothing, and two minutes more to play. As the teams were hastily lining up for

the kick-off, Stan heard his name called, and turned to see Hal Greendale hurrying toward him. "Well, Hal, you see I've failed to do any better," he remarked, as though discouraged. "We've no possible chance to win, although I haven't told the fellows so." "You can win, old man, and I'll tell you how," was the seemingly astonishing answer, and Hal led him a little to the side, meanwhile talking excitedly in a low tone to the plainly incredulous captain. They argued excitedly for several minutes, Stan growing more and more interested, and finally a third person was called into the conclave. This was Harry, the trainer, who listened a moment, and then started at full speed for the clubhouse, where some substitutes and players were already changing football togs for uniforms. Stan went back to his position, and placed his men to receive the kick, which came almost immediately. The same ill-luck seemed to stay with the disheartened representatives of the Blue and Gold, for Baggs, the fast half-back, was downed almost in his tracks by a Woodbridge end. The teams lined up, and the ball was put in play, with the usual result, a gain of but two yards. But Stan seemed to be thinking of something else, for he often glanced toward the side line and clubhouse, as though waiting for some one to appear, and he was not disappointed, for out from the little building trotted a figure which was seemingly out of place on a football field, being clad in a light track suit. "Time," called Stan, excitedly, and Durrant, for Durrant it was, joined the wondering group, astounded at the sight of a man with no protection against the crashes and falls, attempting to take part in a game of football. But Stan allowed no time for wonderment. "Durrant will take Meed's place. All ready, sir," he called to the dumbfounded



officials, and time was called. The Staunton players were as perplexed as the rest, and as unprepared for the scene which followed, which was surely an amazing one. The half-backs were sent to the end, with a formation similar to that for a forward pass, and which led the Woodbridge men to expect something of the kind, but they never dreamed of such a plan as the fertile brain of Hal Greendale had devised. Stan stooped behind the centre, called a few signals which had no meaning, and received the ball, turning and passing it back to Durrant, who crouched some fifteen feet back of the struggling line. At the instant of his receiving the ball, he sprang forward as if to crash into the line, which led the supporting back-field to rush in to the assistance of the line men. But no assistance was to be needed, for the expected attack did not come. Instead the lightly-clad figure rose in the air as smoothly as a bird, to clear the entire mass of struggling players, and land beyond them with the ball safely tucked under his arm! Off he started and no heavily-clothed apponent could hope to catch him now. On he sped, evading the lone Woodbridge full-back, who stood between him and the goal, and over the white-barred field, to place the ball between the posts just as the whistle blew announcing that time was up.

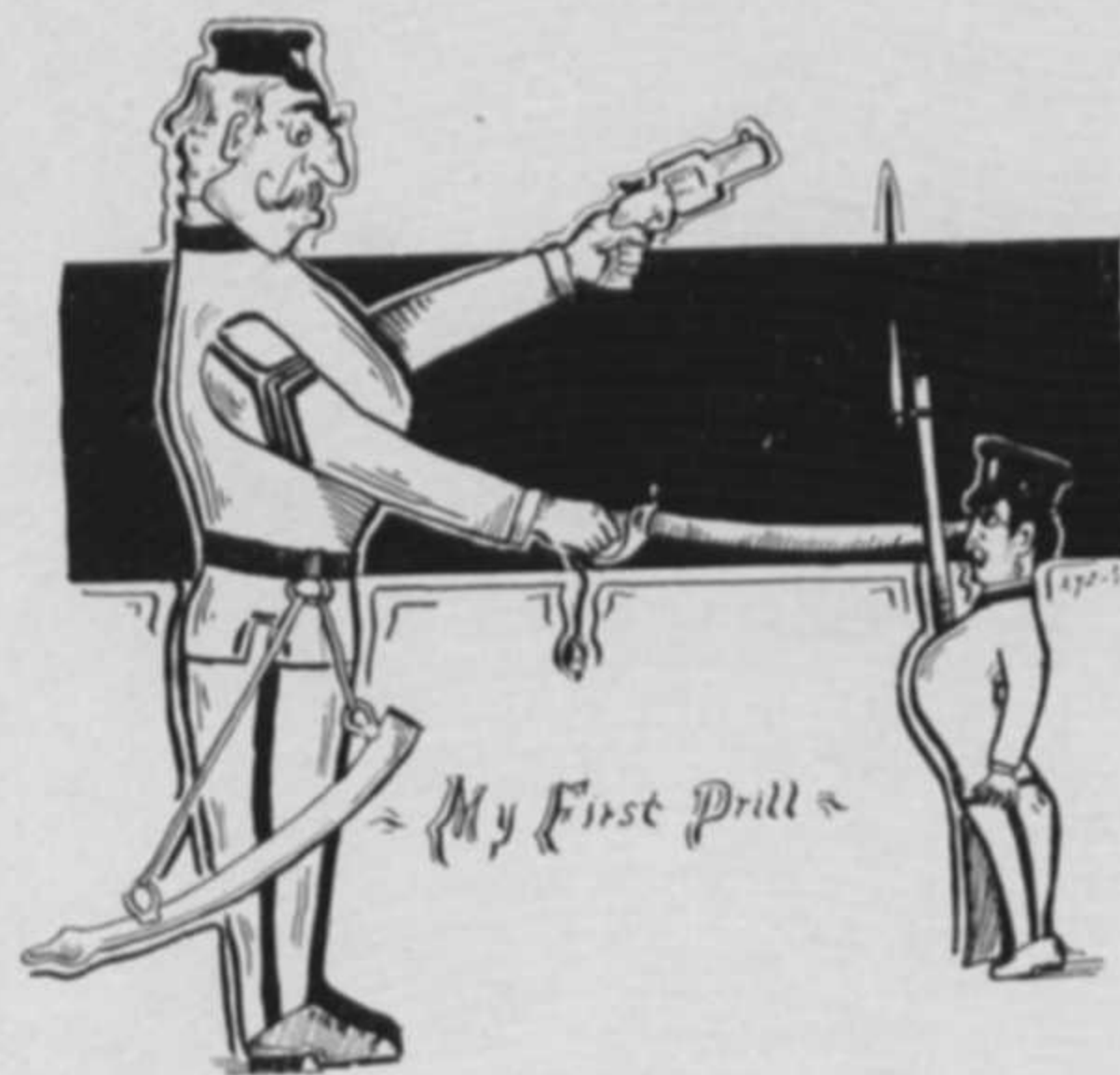
The scene which followed was beyond description. Cheer after cheer billowed across the field, after a moment of silence, which the cadets needed to fully realize what had happened. They burst from the stands in a happy, shrieking, delirious crowd, and made for the exhausted players, who were too happy now to feel their fatigue. A procession was formed, with the team in the lead, on the shoulders of their friends, and slowly wended its way back to the bar-

racks. Five to three, when the game seemed hopelessly lost! Surely, there was cause for jubilation! And "jubilate" they did, but even a leather-lunged college student cannot shout for hours at the top of his voice, and the mob finally dispersed, leaving the real heroes of the day to bathe and dress.

At retreat that evening, Adjutant Watkins announced that a mass meeting of students would be held that evening, and every one was asked to attend. No one seemed to know the meaning of the call, but when the cadets were assembled and had become quiet, Stan Hastings made his way to the front, his appearance being the signal for more vociferous shouting. When the noise had died down, Stan made a neat little speech, telling them simply how Hal Greendale was the man who really deserved the credit for the victory, and then—resigned! Moreover, he steadfastly refused to reconsider his action, and a ballot was taken, resulting as everyone had expected, in the unanimous re-election of Hal Greendale. This ends the tale, which is not highly improbable, for hurdling was permitted not so long ago, and everything is possible and permissible to pacify a board of editors, whose duty it is to fill, fill more, and fill more and more, the columns of their humble edition.





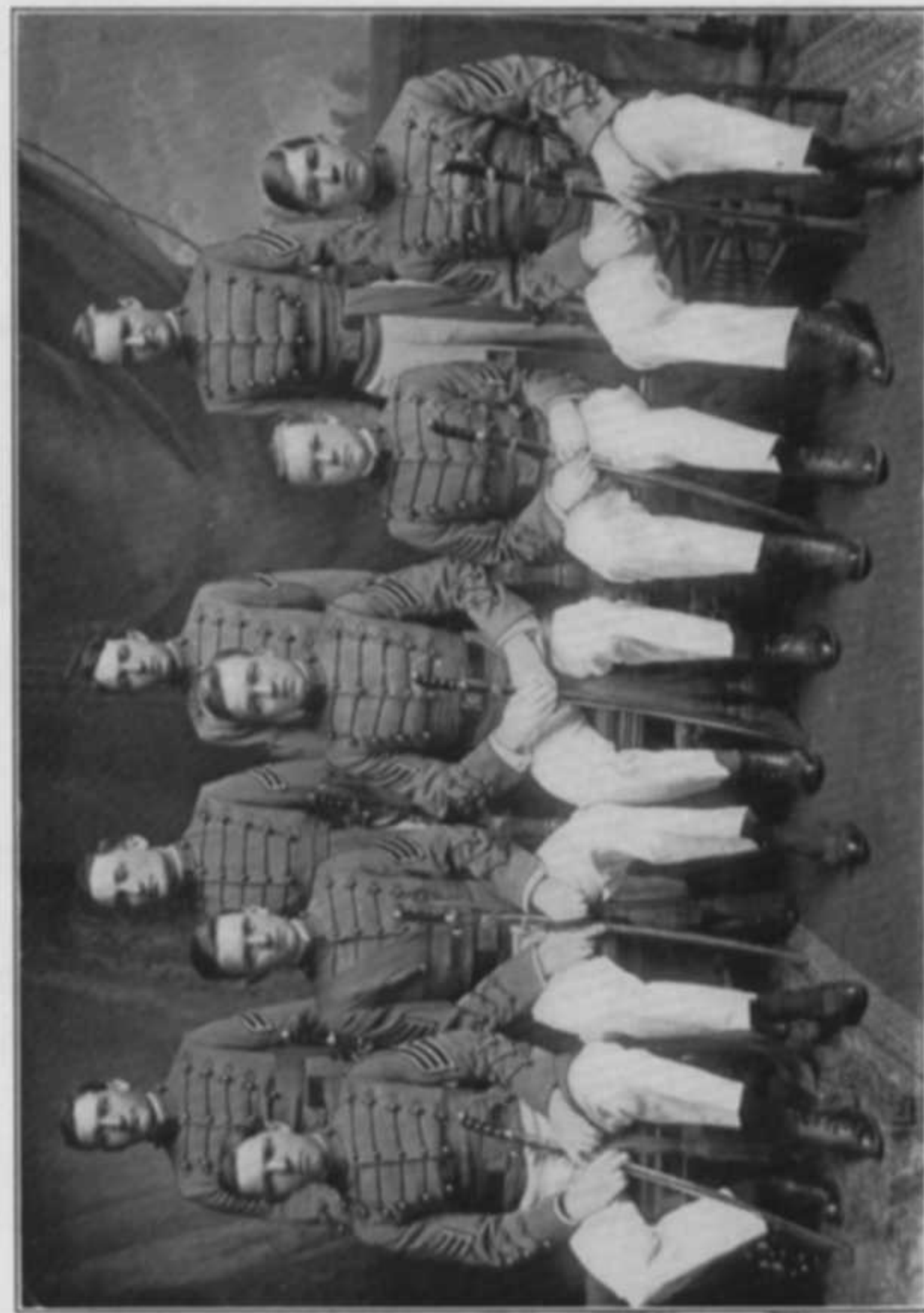


## "Uncle John"

A colored gent, old and bent,  
 His dark skin wrinkled, loose and dry,  
 His old felt hat set back on his head,  
 His black beard mixed with gray like lead.  
 His clothes which number few,  
 No one remembers when were new.  
 His voice sounds funny when he sings or talks,  
 And there's a bend in his back when he walks.  
 Poor old fellow—we can't help but chide,  
 His shoes are as thick as a G. S. hide.  
 He talks and jokes and all the while,  
 He makes you laugh with his talk and smile.  
 He makes believe that he's scared of a spirit,  
 And there's nary a shadow that he don't fear it.  
 He walks around and grumbles and frets,  
 Borrowing money and making debts.  
 Though going to hell is his worst fear,  
 He wouldn't and couldn't give up his beer.  
 All in all, he's a good-hearted soul,  
 And claims to be just seventy-four years old.  
 Though he never could read or handle a pen,  
 He uses big words now and then.  
 He's neither cautious nor wary,  
 His words were never in a dictionary,  
 But he doesn't seem to care,  
 It don't worry him if they aren't there.  
 I've got your order he will say,  
 And doesn't do an hour's work in a day.  
 But near fifteen years he's been at the store,  
 And I guess he'll stay there fifteen more.

MARX GREENTREE SABEL.





QUI VIVE EDITORS





## Social

The social life had an early and delightful opening this year and as a whole has been a most enjoyable one.

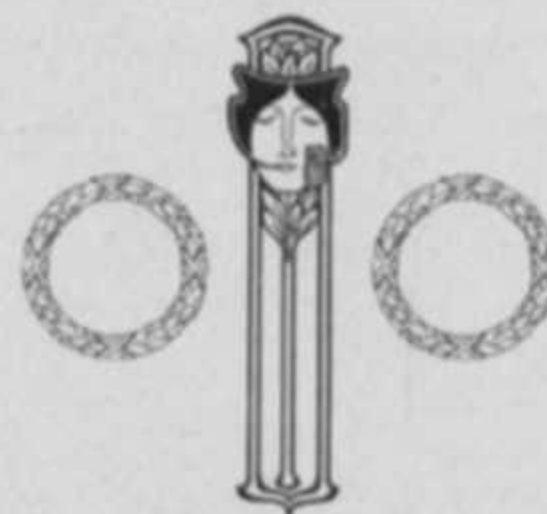
The officers for the past session were: Capt. P. R. Wing, president; Capt. W. M. Lanyon, vice-president; Capt. J. R. Strong, secretary; Lieut. C. W. Hardesty, treasurer; Lieut. M. Greif, assistant treasurer.

Several delightful informal dances have been given throughout the year, but those looked forward to and enjoyed the most are the Thanksgiving, George Washington and final hops. Of these formals the George Washington was decidedly the best and was one of the most brilliant dances in the history of the school.

On this occasion the "Gym" was elaborately decorated and never gave forth a richer appearance. The ceilings were decorated with red, white and blue bunting and a large hatchet of the same colors hung from the center. One end of the "Gym" was entirely covered by an enormous American flag, centered by a large picture of George Washington. The other walls were artistically decorated with bunting, the battalion flags and hundreds of pennants and banners. The windows were draped with American flags, while the stairs leading to the "Gym" were carpeted with rugs and sheltered by long streamers of bunting. A delightful "cosy corner," richly decorated with pennants, pictures, sofa pillows, rugs and palms, was the chief attraction and was always well occupied.

The Beverley Theatre Orchestra occupied a platform almost entirely hidden by palms and other decorations, and furnished excellent music for those dancing.

Among those present were: Major and Mrs. Russell, Captain and Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Beardsworth, Mrs. E. L. Gibson, Mrs. Frank Walter, Mrs. Edwards, Miss May Edwards, Miss Laura Wise with Captain Lanyon, Miss Nannie Timberlake with Sergeant Zurhorst, Miss Agatha Allen with First Sergeant Stanley, Miss Elizabeth Timberlake with Cadet Greif, Miss Mary Shreckhise with Lieutenant Greif, Miss Frances Walter with Lieutenant Tindal, Miss Frances Effinger with Captain Wing, Miss Margaret Bell with Lieutenant Reed, Miss Gladys Walker with Captain Roper, Miss Kitty Coiner with First Sergeant Kent, Miss Argene Andrews with Mr. Harold Small, Miss Mary Sue Bowman with Lieutenant Ledbetter, Miss Mattie Taylor with Captain McKusick, Miss Helen Holliday with Corporal Allen, Miss Eleanor Curry with Cadet Tragle, Miss Jane Allen with Captain Livingston, Miss Reba Andrews with Lieutenant Withington, Miss Ruth Walter with Stuart Taylor.





## Social Notes

On the 18th of October Mr. and Mrs. Beardsworth gave a dance in honor of the Cadet Band, and the cadets wish to thank them for a very enjoyable evening.

The Phi of the Delta Sigma Nu Fraternity held its annual Thanksgiving banquet at the Beverly Hotel on November 24th.

Ex-Senior Captain Kerr and Captain-Adjutant Hoskins paid us a visit of a few days in November and attended our Thanksgiving hop.

The school Orchestra has made great progress this year and the members are to be complimented on their good work. It has furnished music for many of our dancing classes, which are held twice a week, and we take this opportunity to thank the Misses Andrews for the many enjoyable afternoons they have given us.

On January the 8th, the Gamma Chapter of the Sigma Kappa Fraternity held its annual banquet at the Beverly Hotel in honor of the Anniversary of the Chapter.

On March the 5th, the Virginia Alpha Chapter of the Phi Sigma Chi Fraternity held its "Feast of the Black and Gold" at the Beverly Hotel.

At Trinity church, Thursday morning, April 14th, Mr. Harold Small was married to Miss Argene Andrews. Mr. Small, class of '08, will be a Faculty captain next year at S. M. A.

Along in the early part of the year Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Steele gave a reception to the "Rats" in the "Gym." It was greatly enjoyed by all in attendance.





## Of Social Interest to S. M. A. Cadets

### The Toastmaster

The Toastmaster will be presented by local talent, under the direction of Mr. Jay Wellington, at the Beverly Theatre, Wednesday, December 15th, for the benefit of the Tinsley Circle of the King's Daughters' Hospital.

#### CAST

|                                      |                        |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------|
| BILL MORGAN, who loves and owes      | MR. WELLINGTON         |
| TOWEL FAIRFAX, The Toastmaster       | CAPTAIN R. E. JONES    |
| HENRY REED, son of Professor Reed    | CAPTAIN PAUL WING      |
| BOB KENMARK, a friend of Bill's      | DR. L. E. DELLINGER    |
| TOM RIPLEY, a friend of Harry's      | LIEUT. LUMAN REED      |
| GEORGE MCINTOSH, who loves           | SERGEANT G. S. STANLEY |
| PROF. REED, who has something to say | MR. M. D. WHITE        |
| MRS. REED, who has nothing to say    | MISS BELL              |
| CYNTHIA, their daughter              | MISS LAURA WISE        |
| BUZZER, who has much to say          | MASTER R. HEYDENREICH  |

ACT 1—College room of Bill Morgan and Towel Fairfax.

ACT 2—Library of Professor Reed.

ACT 3—Scene 1—Reception room of the University of Virginia.

Scene 2—Specialty, "I Remember You."

Scene 3—Campus of the University of Virginia.

#### MUSICAL PROGRAM

"I Remember You," Miss Aurelia Zirkle.

"Stein Song," Messrs. Arthur Ashburner, C. Curran, F. Bond.

"Loves Young Dream," Mrs. Joseph S. Cochran.

"Food Fellows," Mr. Wellington.

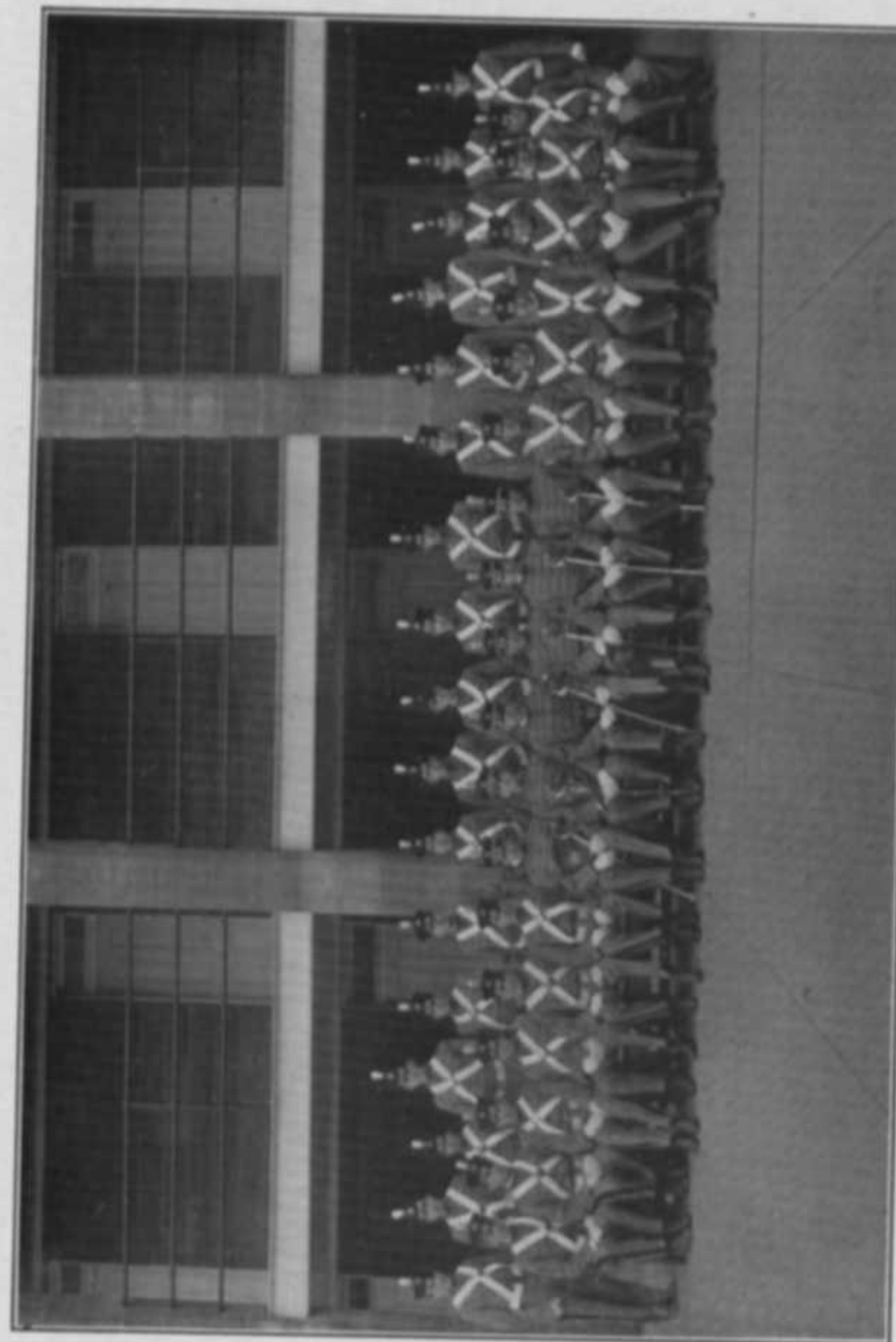
MEMBERS OF THE CHORUS—Miss Lucy Bowles, Miss Sue Bell, Miss Anne Bell, Miss Gladys Walker, Miss Helen Holliday, Miss May Young, Miss Marie Bowles, Miss Mary Shreckhise, Miss Rachel Speck, Miss Mattie Taylor, Miss Susie Robertson, and Dr. E. L. Dellinger, Messrs. E. Runyan, W. M. Lanyon, A. McKusick, H. Tindal, Sam Kent, L. Brooks, P. Wing, L. Reed, C. S. Stanley.

THE ORCHESTRA—Professor Beardsworth, Mr. Frederick Bond, Mr. G. Stacy, Mr. Schmidt, H. Conrad.

ACCOMPANIST—Miss Mattie Shreckhise.

STAGE MANAGER—Mr. Maurice Greif.

—Qui Vive.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



# ATHLETICS



## Athletic Association

PRESIDENT

JAMES R. TAYLOR

SECRETARY AND TREASURER

CAPTAIN T. G. RUSSELL

### Football Team '09

TINDAL, CAPTAIN

GREIF, M., MANAGER

### Basket-ball Team '10

CURRAN, CAPTAIN

TINDAL, MANAGER

### Baseball Team '10

GREIF, M., CAPTAIN

MOORE, J., MANAGER

KREBS, COACH



## Athletics



WHEN September rolled around again and we were back to S. M. A. greeting old friends and meeting new ones, naturally one of the first things to be discussed was our prospect for a good football team. Even the most optimistic would have to admit that the prospect was not the brightest for we had back with us only two or three of last year's team and therefore we must depend almost wholly upon new material for a winning eleven. Nor had we hoped in vain.

Having been fortunate enough to secure the services of "Pat" Krebs, one of the best gridiron warriors who ever donned the moleskins, who was assisted by Captain White, our original handicap was greatly lessened. The first call brought out many candidates for the team and the coaches at once began instructing and developing this raw material which long before the end of the season proved to be one of the best and fastest aggregations that has ever represented old S. M. A. on the gridiron. Starting off with a determination to play the game all the time, the team soon worked as one man and up to the final game of the season lost to only one team, Woodberry Forest, and that by the close score of 6 to 0. This is a record of which we may justly be proud when we consider that our schedule included such teams as University of Virginia Reserves, Washington and Lee Reserves, Jefferson and other strong teams.

The final game with Augusta Military Academy on Thanksgiving Day brought out a record-breaking crowd and naturally enough the final score was a keen disappointment to Staunton's admirers. Although defeated by the close score of 7 to 6, the game was won by Augusta on her merits

and no one can say that either side played unclean ball. Undoubtedly it was the best game of the season and our only comment is, "Look out for us next fall, Major."

We cannot pass the season by without commenting upon at least a few of the individual players. Too much credit cannot be given to Berg, our crack half-back, who is without a doubt one of the best who ever skirted an end. Following closely upon him was Reed, L. and they seldom failed to carry the pigskin for "first down." Moller at fullback shared with Curran that position and the former was exceptionally strong and we are expecting great things from him next year. On the line Kyle, McDonald, Blackburn, Kivlighan, Thixton and Captain Tyndal proved a veritable stone wall and dimmed the hopes of more than one aspirant for championship honors. "Cotton" Smith occupying the pivotal position, ran his team well and displayed good generalship. Next fall will probably see many positions vacant, so here is a chance for any man to win his letter.

After only a short interval from the close of football season, Coach Krebs again began with raw material to round out a basket-ball team. Captain Kyle was the only veteran left, but from McKusick, Hite, Klaus, Gwynne, Corrothers and Stevenson a strong quintet was formed. We won a majority of the games played and we are justly proud of our team. Right here the writer begs to say that the team which wins all its games is not always the best team. We consider that one best which, regardless of scores, develops the players into true sportsmen and gentlemen, and the man who gets from athletic victories, only the mere sensual pleasure of winning, loses the best part of athletic training. That man who plays his position well, at the same time treating his opponent courteously, will emerge from the contest stronger, both morally and physically.

Concerning baseball prospects, we shall not say much as the season has not yet begun, but we have much confidence in our all-around Coach, Krebs, who, we feel sure, will turn out the best nine possible from the candidates.





FOOTBALL TEAM 1909

## Football Team

TINDAL, *Captain*

GREIF, M., *Manager*

*Center* — McDONALD

*R. F.* — REED, L.

*L. F.* — BERG

*Q. B.* — SMITH, F.

*F. B.* — MOLLER

*L. E.* — KIVLIGHAN

*R. E.* — BROWN, O.

*R. G.* — BLACKBURN

*L. G.* — CURRAN

*L. T.* — KYLE

*R. T.* — TINDAL

*Substitutes*

Cole

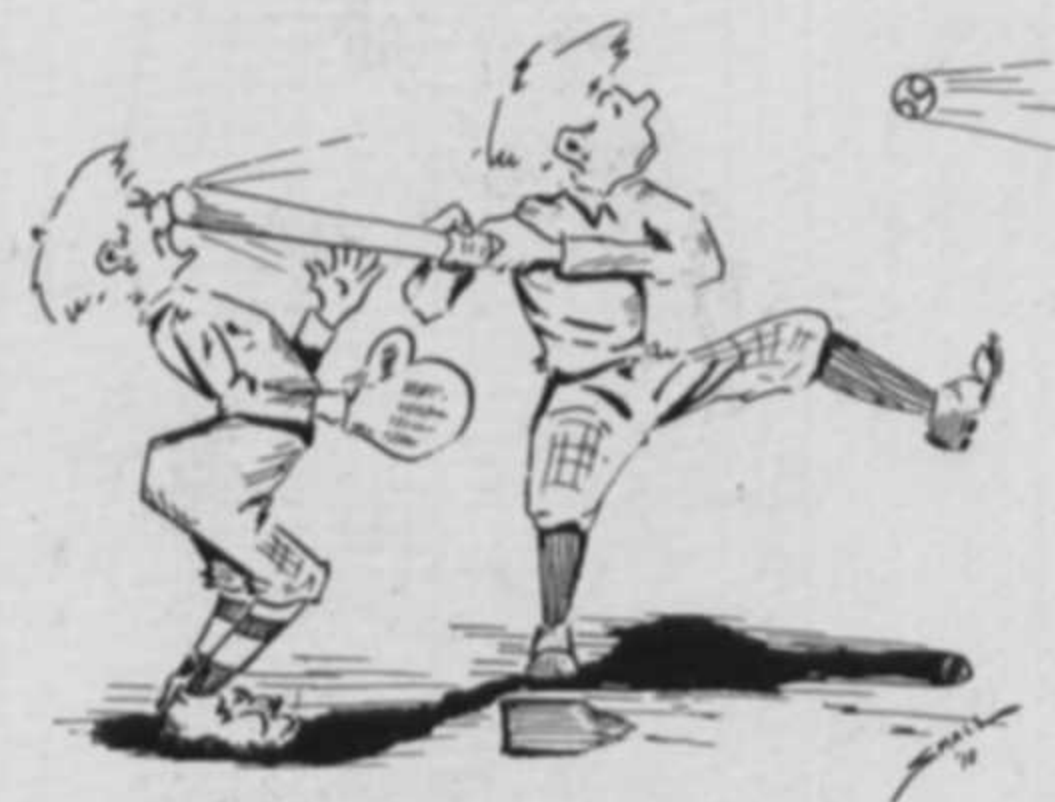
Thixton

Schulze, P.

Crane

Stanley

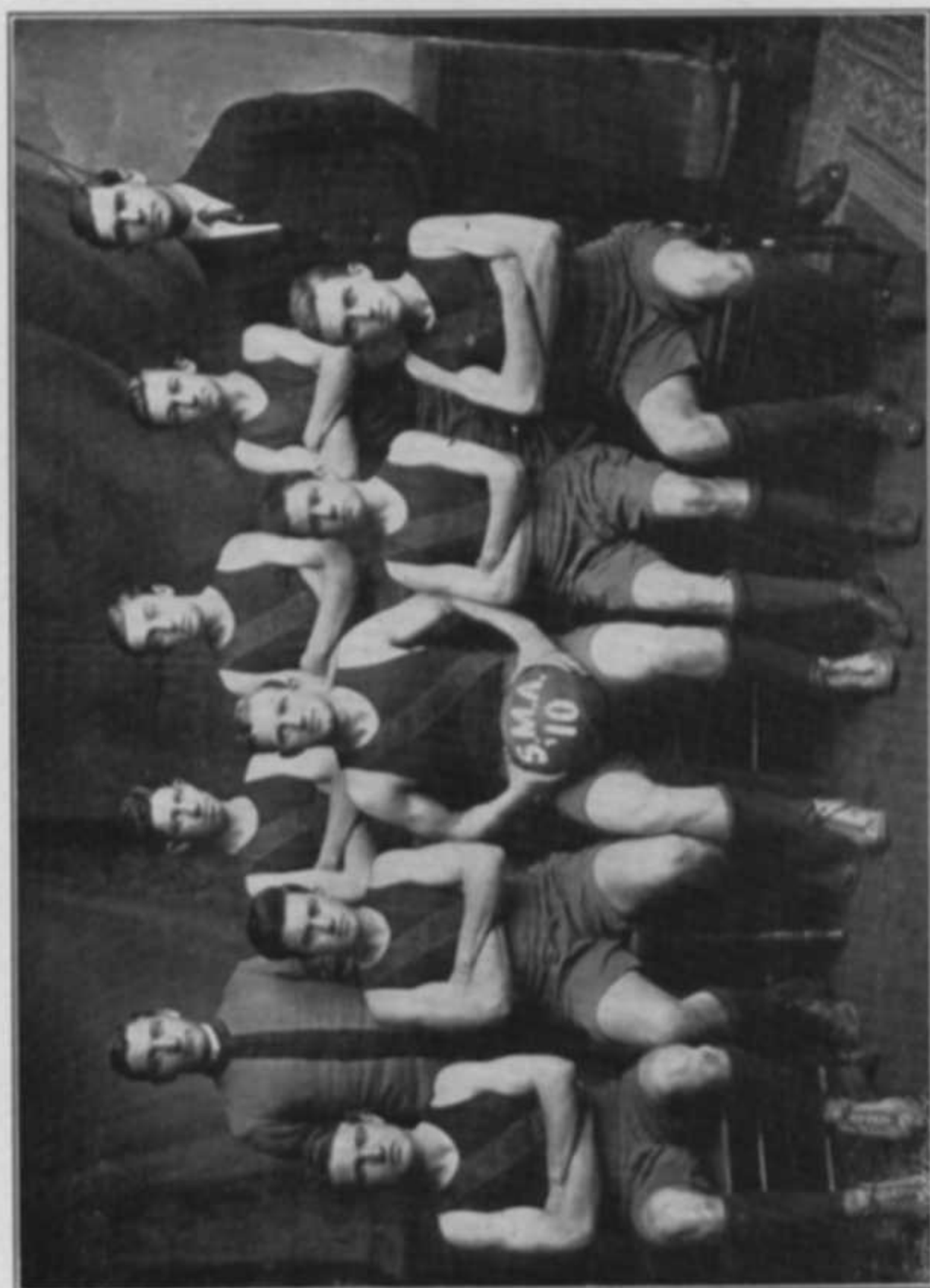




### Baseball Team '10

JORDAN, W., *Catcher*  
 HARDESTY, *First Base*  
 SPECK, *Second Base*  
 GREIF, H., *Third Base*  
 MOORE, J., *Short Stop*  
 MATSON, *Right Field*  
 HITE, *Center Field*  
 HUMPHREY, *Left Field and Pitcher*  
 GREIF, M., *Pitcher*  
 SEIPP, *Pitcher*  
 ALLEN, S., *Pitcher*





BASKET-BALL TEAM

## Basket-ball Team

(Champions of Va. Prep. Schools Fifth Consecutive Year)

*Manager*

TINDAL

*Captain*

KYLE

*Right Forward*

McKUSICK

*Left Forward*

KLAUS

*Center*

HITE

*Right Guard*

KYLE

*Left Guard*

GWYNNE

*Substitutes*

Humphrey

Corrothers

Stevenson



### Basket-ball Scores 1909-1910

|                       |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| S. M. A. 54 . . . . . | Bridgewater 16    |
| S. M. A. 54 . . . . . | Randolph-Macon 14 |
| S. M. A. 30 . . . . . | V. M. I. 15       |
| S. M. A. 32 . . . . . | Wash. and Lee 18  |
| S. M. A. 19 . . . . . | Hampden-Sidney 16 |
| S. M. A. 15 . . . . . | V. M. I. 30       |
| S. M. A. 10 . . . . . | Wash. and Lee 30  |
| S. M. A. 17 . . . . . | V. P. I. 27       |

### Wearers of the "S"

Greif, M.  
 Tindal  
 Blackburn  
 Brown, O.  
 Stanley  
 Berg  
 McDonald  
 Moller  
 Curran  
 Smith, F.  
 Thixton  
 Cole  
 Kivlighan  
 Kyle  
 Reed, L.  
 McKusick  
 Klaus  
 Hite  
 Gwynne .  
 Humphrey  
 Corrothers  
 Moore, J.



## Yell

Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah

Kable's—Kable's—K-a-b-l-e'-s

Rah—Rah—Rah

S. M. A.

## Track Team

*Director*

CAPTAIN T. G. RUSSELL

*Manager*

J. G. FRASER

*Captain*

R. E. WOODRUFF

*Members*

Curran

Cameron

Corrothers

Cole

Woodruff

Blackburn

McCutcheon

Urrea

Runyan

Terwilliger

Fraser



## School Elections

School elections, which were held for the first time this year, aroused a gratifying amount of enthusiasm and some strong competition, the results showing that the men selected by the corps are well fitted for their positions. The men selected are as follows:

Most popular man in school—James Roy Strong, Dallas, Texas.  
 Most popular Faculty officer—Captain Watkins, Anderson, S. C.  
 Most popular "rat" in school—Herbert B. Moller, Jacksonville, Fla.  
 Handsomest man in school—Ralph E. Woodruff, Columbus, Ohio.  
 Homeliest man in school—John E. Massengale, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Manliest man in school—Melvin W. Lanyon, Chicago, Ill.  
 Best athlete in school—Luman C. Reed, Chicago, Ill.  
 Most studious man in school—John C. Schell, Valerdenia, Mexico.  
 Wittiest man in school—Travis Pate, Bennettsville, S. C.  
 Most solemn man in school—Robert W. Nix, East Rockaway, N. Y.  
 Neatest man in school—George F. Zurhorst, Washington, D. C.  
 Worst "fusser" in school—Alcott M. McKusick, Stillwater, Minn.  
 Worst woman-hater in school—Clay Moore, San Antonio, Texas.  
 Most military man in school—Maurice G. Greif, Guanica, Porto Rico.  
 Most conceited man in school—Paul R. Wing, Tacoma, Wash.  
 Most modest man in school—Lloyd B. Brooks, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Best dancer in school—Hal F. Tindal, Greenville, S. C.  
 Best natured man in school—George W. Hardesty, Felton, Del.  
 Fattest man in school—John R. Blackburn, Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Thinnest man in school—Lawrence R. Ettla, Swarthmore, Pa.  
 Tallest man in school—Russell T. Vogdes, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Shortest man in school—Alamson C. Thom, Helmatta, N. J.







SIGMA KAPPA

## Sigma Kappa

Gamma Chapter

(Founded January 5, 1907)

Colors, PURPLE AND GOLD

Motto, UNITAS HONOSQUE

Flower, AMERICAN BEAUTY

*Fratres in Schola*

1910

|              |              |
|--------------|--------------|
| P. R. Wing   | H. F. Smith  |
| M. G. Greif  | L. C. Reed   |
| A. McKusick  | J. C. Schell |
| J. P. Moore  | Theo. Mærker |
| S. B. Taylor |              |

1911

|              |                 |
|--------------|-----------------|
| J. R. Strong | L. R. Ledbetter |
| D. D. Nelson | G. A. Stanley   |
| C. E. Runyan | H. G. Scott     |
| H. F. Tindal | C. H. Allen     |

1912

|             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| M. B. Kent  | C. J. Curran  |
| H. J. Myers | A. B. Perkins |

*Fratre in Facultate*

CAPTAIN H. W. SMALL

*Frater Honorarius in Facultate*

CAPTAIN T. G. RUSSELL





DELTA SIGMA NU

## Delta Sigma Nu

### *Colors*

RED AND GREEN

### *Flower*

RED CARNATION

### *Motto*

AMACITIA MULTA VITA EST CARIOR

### MEMBERS

|            |           |
|------------|-----------|
| Lanyon     | Greif, H. |
| Brooks, L. | Hardesty  |
| Moller     | Dale      |
| Zurhorst   | Humphrey  |
| May        | Mosley    |
| Ray, W.    | Eoff      |
| Kennedy    | Heflin    |
|            | Hissem    |



## Delta Sigma Nu Chapter Roll.

ALPHA—Ann Harbor High School, Ann Harbor, Mich.  
 BETA—Fort Wayne High School, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
 GAMMA—St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.  
 DELTA—Pontiac High School, Pontiac, Mich.  
 EPSILON—Central High School, Duluth, Minn.  
 ZETA—Central and East High School, Minneapolis, Minn.  
 ETA—Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, Cal.  
 THETA—Flint High School, Flint, Mich.  
 IOTA—Morris High School, New York City.  
 KAPPA—Harvard Military School, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 LAMBDA—Port Huron High School, Port Huron, Mich.  
 NU—Eureka High School, Eureka, Cal.  
 NU—Hackensack High School, Hackensack, New Jersey.  
 OMICRON—Preparatory Schools, Pasadena, Cal.  
 PI—Preparatory Schools, Buffalo, N. Y.  
 RHO—Horace Mann High School, New York City.  
 SIGMA—Preparatory Schools, St. Paul, Minn.  
 TAU—Miami Military Institute, Germantown, Ohio.  
 UPSILON—North High School, Denver, Col.  
 PHI—Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va.  
 CHI—Oak Park High School, Chicago, Ill.  
 PSI—Yonkers High School, Yonkers, N. Y.

## Phi Sigma Chi Chapter Roll

### Ohio

#### Alpha Province

|                                       |                               |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| ALPHA—Zanesville High School          | LAMBDA—Coshocton High School  |
| BETA—McConnellsville High School      | MU—Delaware High School       |
| GAMMA—Kenyon Military Academy         | NU—Toledo High School         |
| DELTA—Cambridge High School           | RHO—Dennison High School      |
| EPSILON (alumni) Lancaster High Sch'l | SIGMA—Newark High School      |
| ZETA—Hamilton High School             | UPSILON—Granville High School |
| ETA—Mt. Vernon High School            | PHI—Urbana High School        |
| THETA—Columbus, North High School     | CHI—Lancaster High School     |

### Illinois

#### Beta Province

|                            |                        |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| ALPHA—Kankakee High School | BETA—Cairo High School |
| DELTA—Quincy High School   |                        |

### Missouri

#### Gamma Province

|                             |                                   |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| ALPHA—St. Louis High School | BETA—Lexington, Wentworth Academy |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|

### Indiana

#### Delta Province

|                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ALPHA—Logansport High School    | GAMMA—Lafayette High School    |
| BETA—West Lafayette High School | DELTA—Indianapolis High School |

### California

#### Epsilon Province

|                               |  |
|-------------------------------|--|
| ALPHA—Berkeley High School    | BETA—San Francisco, Lowell High School |
| GAMMA—Los Angeles High School |  |

### Kansas

#### Theta Province

|                               |                                |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ALPHA—Lawrence High School    | DELTA—Ottawa High School       |
| BETA—Kansas City High School  | EPSILON—Manhattan High School  |
| GAMMA—Leavenworth High School | ZETA—Kansas State Agr. College |

### Michigan

#### Iota Province

ALPHA—Bay City High School

### Alabama

#### Kappa Province

ALPHA—Mobile High School

### Virginia

#### Lambda Province

ALPHA—Staunton Military Academy

### Massachusetts

#### Nu Province

ALPHA—Boston Tech.





PHI SIGMA CHI

## Alpha Chapter Phi Sigma Chi

### Lambda Province

#### FRATRES

##### *Active*

Lawrence R. Ettla

Everett W. Maxwell

Robert L. Bowen

Gardner H. Kelly

Simon M. Allen

James P. Watson

Harold N. Bradford

Henry H. Cole

Louis E. Guillet

Travis Pate

John G. Stewart

Henry O. Birnstock

Joseph P. MacDonald, Jr.

Edward M. Barbee

Ralph E. Woodruff

Frank H. Walton

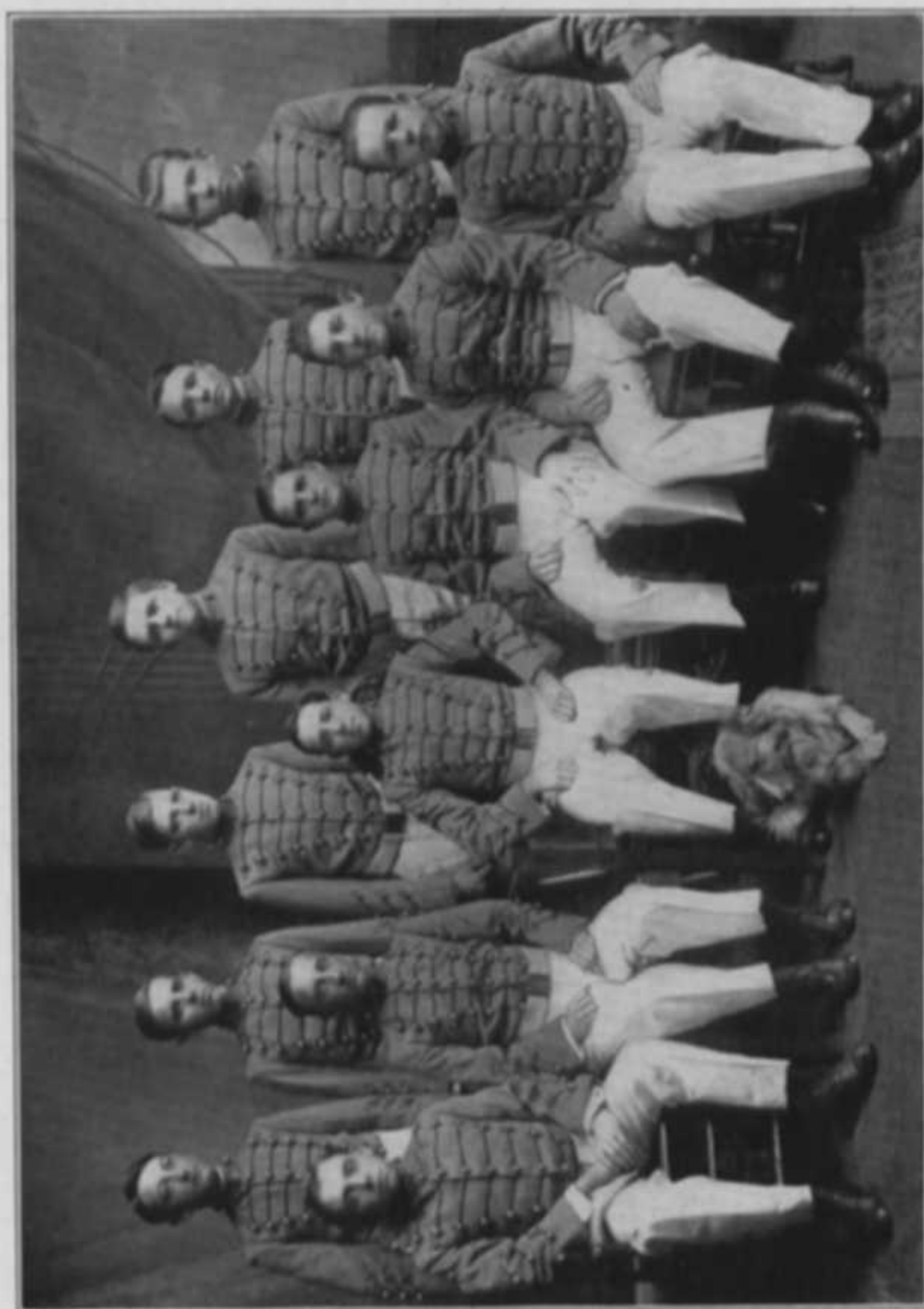
Charles A. Holt

Harvey B. Richards

##### *Frater Honorarius*

CAPT. THOMAS H. RAINSFORD, JR.





PHI DELTA

## Phi Delta

### *Colors*

MAROON AND WHITE

### *Flower*

BLOOD RED CARNATION

### OFFICERS

*President, J. URREA, JR.*

*Vice-President, J. B. YERKES, JR.*

*Secretary, L. LEWIS*

*Treasurer, E. LEWIS*

### MEMBERS

|                |                   |
|----------------|-------------------|
| C. W. Adams    | R. F. Vansant     |
| E. Lewis       | C. W. Warner      |
| L. Lewis       | H. Wilce          |
| E. C. Ray      | H. C. Woods       |
| L. P. Shepherd | J. B. Yerkes, Jr. |
| J. Urrea, Jr.  | T. W. Zadow       |





SIGMA BETA

## Sigma Beta

*Color*

PURPLE AND WHITE

*Mascot*

BILLY

### OFFICERS

*President*, NORVELL

*Vice-President*, SMITH, H.

*Secretary and Treasurer*, POTTER

### MEMBERS

|            |           |
|------------|-----------|
| Tragle     | Jones, H. |
| Guild      | Jones, M. |
| Mason      | Chilton   |
| Dillon, M. | Gallusser |
| Reno       | Smith, H. |
| Wood, H.   | Holt      |
|            | Boggs, E. |





TAU PHI

## Tau Phi

*Colors*

RED AND WHITE

*Flower*

RED ROSE

### MEMBERS

Richert

Gwynne

Gambrill

Seipp

Stinson, R.

Holcombe, W.

Ellis

Jordon, W.

Schulze, J.

Speck



## Fellowship

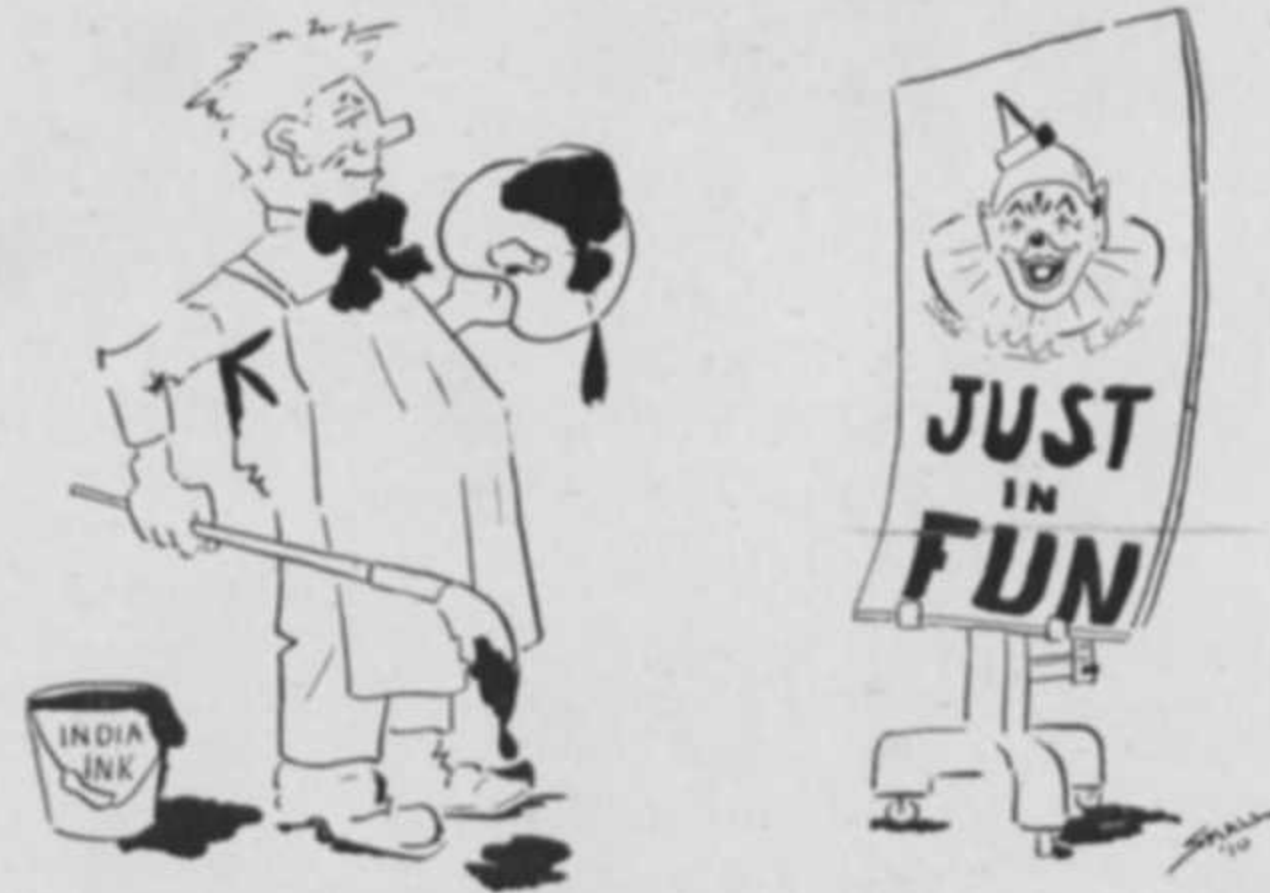
When the summer days are waning  
And vacation's almost o'er,  
Then we'll gather, every brother,  
And we'll clasp each hand once more.

When, with one last bumper filling,  
We must turn to say farewell;  
Every man with sadness thrilling,  
Comes a toast we all love well.

When our friendships we have sung to;  
And prosperity we've drunk to,  
And our hearts have all been opened,  
To each other then we cry,

"Here's a health to you, brother,  
And we'll drink then to another,  
But we'll all rise together  
To the toast, '*Phi Sigma Chi.*'"

CHAPTER HALL.



The world is old and yet likes to laugh;  
New jokes are hard to find;  
A whole new editorial staff  
Can't tickle every mind;  
So if you meet some ancient joke  
Decked out in modern guise,  
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,  
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

—EXCHANGE.

## Supposed To Be Funny

The Faculty have developed a great fondness for the mechanical drawing room on rainy afternoons.

Staunton girl (on beholding Capt. McBurney)—Why do they let that cute kid smoke on the street?

Girl (to Ledbetter at the hop)—Say, Louie! Aren't you going to bring that other foot with you?



Sweet young thing (at the hop)—Isn't the floor nice and slippery?

Strong—Its my new pumps you are dancing on.

Holcomb, T. (after putting a dime in Pete's nickel-in-the-slot piano)—The b-b-b-blame t-t-t-thing d-d-d-don't p-p-p-play w-w-w-once, wh-wh-when it ought to p-p-p-play t-t-t-twice.

Kent has qualified as a promulgator of race-riots.

If you want to find out who's boss around here, start—a petition.

Again, I say, if you want to find out who is boss around here start—a holiday.

Kent—Do you know what's good for water on the knee, Pate?

Pate—No, what?

Kent—Buy a pair of pumps.

### Oh, You Dr. Cook!

Jonah stepped ashore. I left my records in the whale, he observed, anybody who wants to see them can find them there.

Barber—How would you like your hair-cut?

Cadet—Fine, do you think I came here for the scenery?

"Captain," said the weary cadet, "I've had a checkered career."

"Well," observed the Captain, "I guess it's your move now." And so it proved.

Bright Cadet—Say, Darrow, do you know that Lipps, B., has joined the navy?

Darrow—No; how do you know he has?

Bright Cadet—I saw the gunboats on his feet.

Massengale (to M. B. S. stragglers)—Close up, close up.

The laundry slogan, "Two more, two more."

Cadet—Woody, do you know how they call deaf and dumb people to dinner?

Woodruff—No, how?

Cadet—They ring a dumb-bell.

Woodruff (a little later to another cadet)—Say, guy, do you know how they call deaf and dumb people to dinner?

Cadet—No.

Woodruff—They ring an Indian-club. Ha! ha!

Fraser (giving actor the horse laugh)—Ha! Hal Ho! Ho!

Actor—Throw some ashes on that thing and sweep it out.

Massengale—If you are not going out calling to-night, Captain, I'll come around to see you.

Captain McBurney—Sorry, but I have an engagement.

Massengale—That's too bad, Captain, because you will miss something.

Capt. McB.—What will I miss?

Massengale—Seeing my beautiful face.

Capt. McB.—I thought you said I would miss something.

"Hey, 'Baldy,' slow up. If I were walking home I wouldn't mind how fast you walked; but here we only go around in a circle."

Can it be said that McDonald and Ettla were cabled (Kabled) home? Or possibly, they were rustled (Russelled) away.

Frankel asked Ramirez if he ever owned a harem.

Grief, H., is as anxious to play baseball as Holcomb, B., is to go on duty.

Love's labor is never lost. At least, that is "Si" Allen's opinion.

The non-comish uprising was speedily quelled by the omnipotent hand of T. G.

Cleary's one great fault is his love for applause.



Pate—I don't send shirts to the laundry any more.  
Sucker—How do you get them washed?  
Pate—I hang them up and knock them clean down to the floor.

Capt. Tiller—An ounce of this will kill a man.  
Bright Cadet—How much will kill a gram (kilogram), Captain?

Cleary (to girl in the line wearing a checkered dress) I always did like checkers.

Girl—Well, who asked you to play?

Cadet—Say, Cameron, we are not going to have potatoes at mess for two weeks.

Cameron—Why, aren't they wormy yet?

Cadet—Yes, but they have the pink eyes.



#### EDITORS BLUE AND GOLD:

We assert that Dr. Nix of the Pink-eye Sanitarium has been more or less negligent in his duty as Hunyadi Sergeant.

We first assert that Dr. Nix failed to prevent the spread of pink-eye. It is against nature for the world to look pink. Each victim should have been promptly branded, pink-eye, and securely fastened in his stall.

Secondly, Dr. Nix has not shown the proper zeal in hunting down hook-worms in the school. On Thanksgiving day Captain Dickson and Captain White and some others saw several of these worms, and Dr. Nix with the aid of a policeman failed to catch even one of these loathsome animals. The moment Dr. Nix saw any cadet sitting listlessly in his seat and repeating any question the instructor may have asked him, he should have proceeded at once with an examination, asking the patient questions similar to these:

- (1) Are you lazy?
- (2) Do your toes itch?
- (3) Do you want to eat dirt?
- (4) Have you a "shad-belly?"

He should have examined the shoes of any cadet who might have a hook-worm, and should have had all holes patched in the shoes through which a hook-worm might enter. Dr. Nix has not examined a single shoe during the session.

Thirdly, Dr. Nix has failed to keep a sufficient supply of Hunyadi water, fresh from the famous Hunyadi Springs. It has frequently happened that cadets have had to use Epsom Salts as a substitute. We suggest as a remedy for this that pipe lines be built direct from the Springs to the Sanitarium.

Lastly, Dr. Nix has allowed the spread of a heart affection, technically known as *Affaire au Cœur*.

Among the cadets who suffered from this disease in an acute form are:

Ledbetter, Zurhorst, Mike Grief and McKusick. Even the faculty did not escape.

We ask you to carefully consider these matters.

And oblige,

CADETS.



#### Invisible Things

McKusick's brain,  
Our shady lawns,  
T. G. out of office hours,  
"Rats"; when you want one,  
Strong's love,  
Massengale's beauty,  
Guillet's "pull."





FATTY



BRAINARD



SAMMY



THE COUNT



TORDON

A FEW PECULIARITIES  
OF THE S.M.A. BAND  
WHICH HIT THE ARTISTS  
FUNNYBONE.



MC KUSIC

## Ye Discomfiture of Ye Jasroy Band

And it came to pass, in ye days of ye mighty Jasroy, that a feeling of peace came upon ye land, and moved ye great warriors to worship. Therefore he gathered together certain of his council and followers, and marched with great rejoicing to ye place of worship, Yclept "Sakonpress," where ye mighty men and warriors were won't to congregate. When ye line had been reviewed, and ye girls passed in, Jasroy the Great was minded to enter, and with a chosen few of his band, passed up ye aisle in great dignity and eclat. When ye people were sufficiently impressed with ye gallant showing, Sir Jasroy condescended to be seated and beamed benignantly about. But ye contentment was short-lived, for one of ye evil men of ye world, Yclept "Usher," approached and demanded speech with the noble leader. Such was granted him, and ye varlet murmured "Please take one of the rear seats. These are rented pews." Ye mighty Jasroy moved.

J. F.







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for Military Schools  
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at West Point, and other leading military schools of the  
country. Prescribed and used by the cadets of  
Staunton Military Academy

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Cigarettes. All of the leading brands of Tobacco, Maga-  
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can't make good. A square deal for everybody.

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Is Always Ready  
to Please with

**High Grade Cakes  
Candy & Crackers**



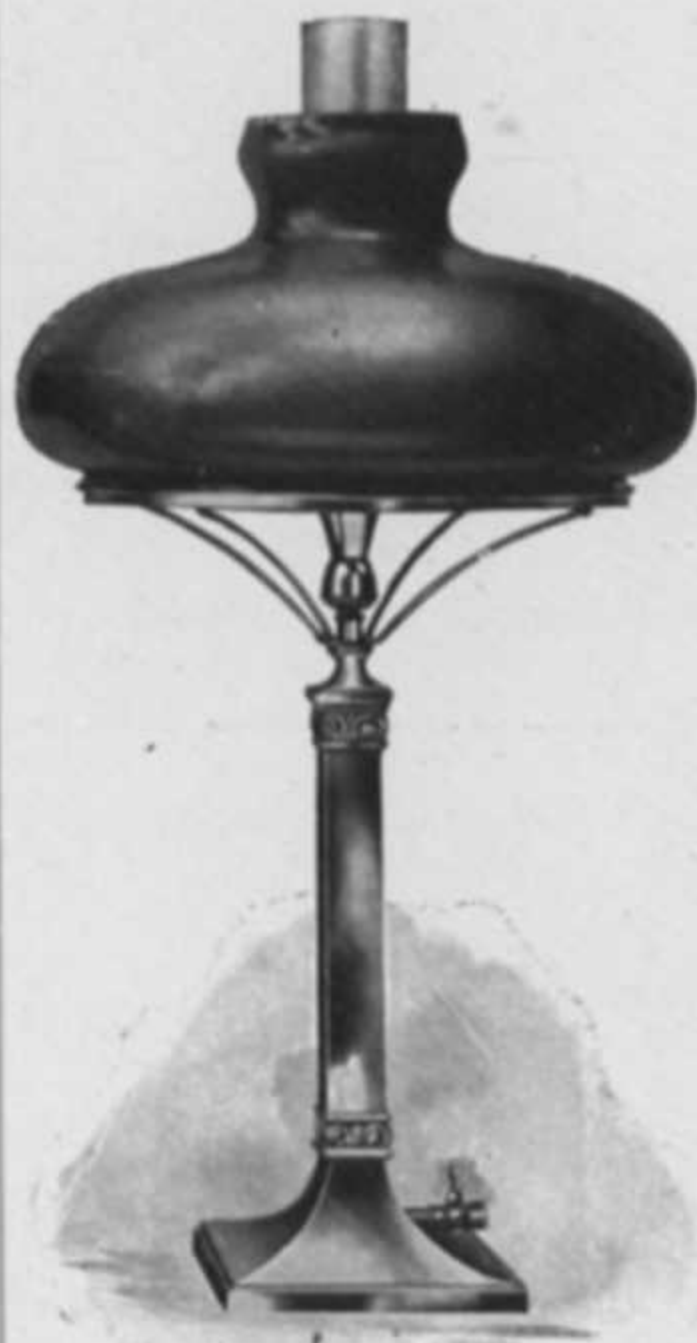
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and Crisp

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Water to Please the Taste

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VIRGINIA



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Quality  
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A to E

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ALEX. F. ROBERTSON Vice-President  
W. P. TAMS, Cashier

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National Bank**

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

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| Surplus,  | 90,000.00    |
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Our Prompt Attention*

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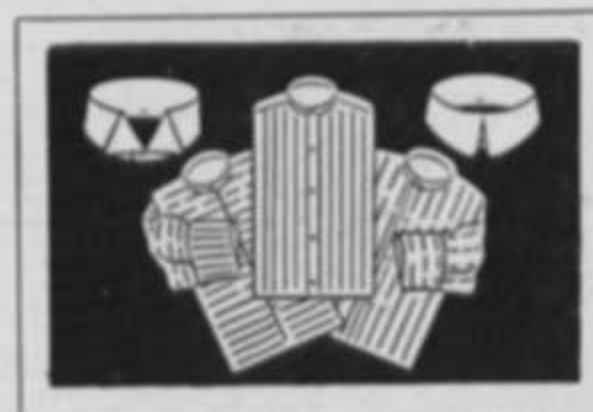
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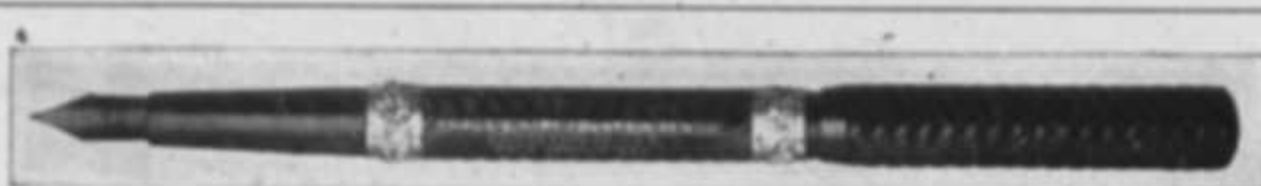


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