

Blue and Gold  
1913





*The*  
**Blue and Gold**

YEAR BOOK

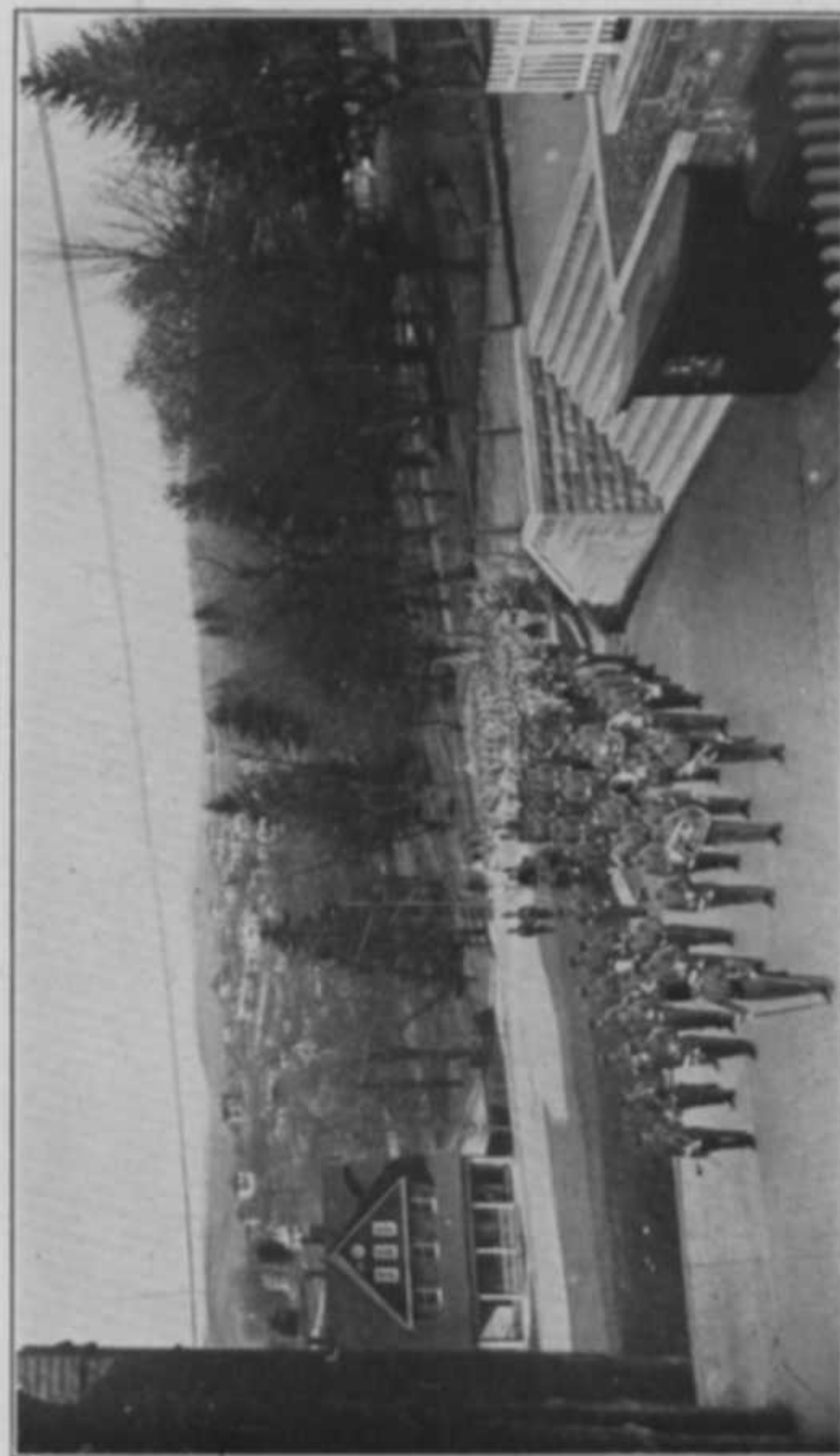
OF

*Staunton Military Academy*



**1913**

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA



CORPS COMING UP HILL

## To the Senior Class

1913

We dedicate the eighth volume of the  
Blue and Gold





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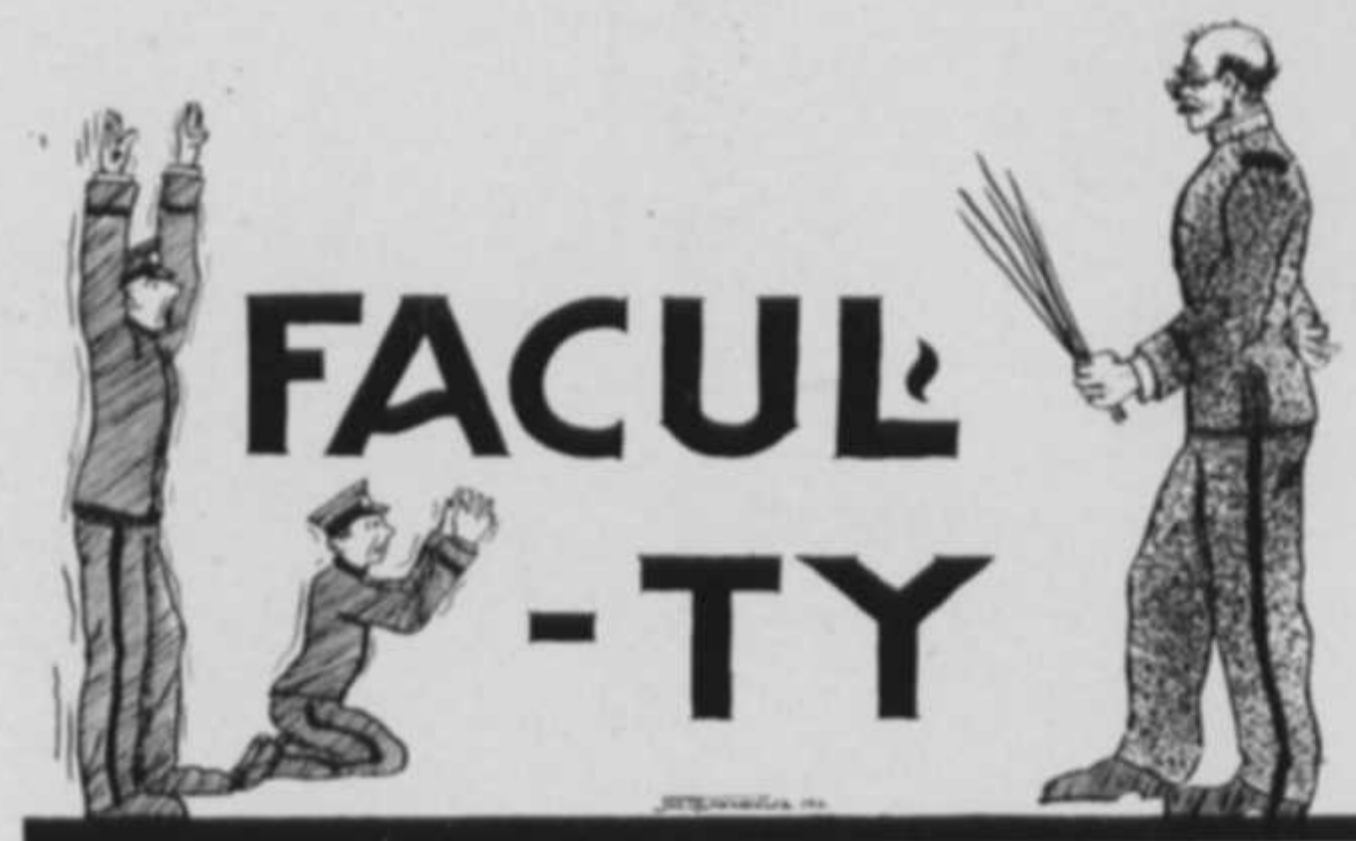
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## Pen Portrait of S. M. A.—By Kwan

(A Chinese Excursion in English Poetry)

Unexpectedly our friend old Winter pays his visit.  
Now we have to decide what to do for our schooling digit by digit.  
So often have we heard the South West Point—S. M. A.  
Wisely and willingly were we enlisted with no delay.  
Military training undoubtedly is much worth to young folks us all.  
But at the public command of "bend over," certainly tickles "Rats"  
hearts swell.

Further punishment that S. M. A. imposes upon us,  
Is when T. G. angers and gives us beat with no mercy.  
The morning reveille resembles the camp fire,  
Yelling, hooing, and some wrap themselves in blankets, and others  
wear no slippers.

Such wonderful sights we answer to the roll call.  
Early to rise, regardless whether chilly or warm—pretty hard.  
Through this we hurry to lavatory to wash, scarcely having enough  
time.

In spite of this many of us loaf, and are stuck for being late to  
formation—they never mind.

Towards the mess hall the companies march  
In cold or rainy weather. We often rush  
As we enter the dinning hall with thoughts of hunger.  
Thoughtlessly we grab the food before saying Grace.  
This "Hog at Mess" we were stuck.

We can blame nothing, but murmuring the phrase of our tough luck  
After T. G. finished the Grace hurriedly we sit down.  
The noise for food echoing around.

The Chiefs busying themselves with trays and food.  
Then the noise ceases gradually for our belly loaded,  
Soon Captain King appears with a book of daily lives. The morning  
pray begins.

Every fellow wishes that would be hurriedly done, or would be much  
better if there was none!

Bell taps, we rush out of the mess hall.  
Back to the barracks, the Rats clean up the old boys' floor,  
Shortly the Faculty circumnavigate the floor making morning floor  
inspection.

Members of the guard open the doors—give us precaution;

But the inspector follows him so closely.  
When the room is in a bad shape; or our coats unbuttoned we receive a dose.  
Hearing release blow from the barracks we flow out.  
Some being out by the post box, others playing or roaming about.  
The school call, surely disagreeable to us;  
Some present in recitation rooms while others were stuck for escaping class.  
Now our Captains preside the recitation.  
Idle fellows often forget the assigned lesson.  
Some absent from class because of being in the infirmary,  
Remainders of us to our instructors paid best attention diligently.  
As we happen to be called up to recite the lesson that was unprepared.  
The afternoon confinement will be assigned us to study with more care.  
Three-fourths of an hour between each period,  
We usually try to cheat our marks bit by bit.  
Near noon the sick call issued for medical attention to the sick patient.  
Dr. Phillips, the school physician busies himself in getting the prescriptions.  
Following the fourth period we have fifteen minutes recess shortly,  
Meantime most of us hoping something good to eat—for we feel hungry.  
On time the bugler executes the recall.  
Again we gather about the class room door.  
The student instructed by this institution, arranged in periods differently.  
Such arrangement gives the cadets to continue on with previous studying advantageously.  
In the same period the bell will ring.  
The daily school classes in the seventh period ended,  
Hastily we clean up for dinner after the hard work finished.  
On Saturday, we get our laundry immediately after dinner.  
This interferes us a little, for we fight to get our mail anxiously as ever.  
Glad are they that receive good news from home, or from girls.  
However, some are extremely disheartened for they either are from home, or lost their beautiful dolls.  
By this time the guard mounting is already begun.  
Lieutenant-Adjutant Deetjen dignifiedly inspects the detail guns.  
A crowd usually draws, when drill for orderly follows.

With might how we hate the drill call that comes so immediately.  
Although we dislike Captain Ragan drills us so mercilessly on the school ground.  
Yet further the tactical officer sickens us by marching us about the town.  
No wonder many will try to be excused so as to stay in the little study hall.  
How we wish rain or snow would suddenly or rapidly fall,  
In the good spring weather, doubtlessly, we will be displeased with the dress parade;  
But when the winning of the line that company would cheer with ray! ray! ray!  
When the recall reaches out ear,  
All companies are brightly cheered.  
After the barracks the companies enter.  
To read out the reports and the sergeants the guard room appears.  
Unlucky fellows have either beat or confinement.  
Whereas the fortunate ones exercise themselves with various sports or amusement.  
Dirty or lazy fellows hardly want to bathe.  
What offered by the school three times a week is very enough.  
There locates our school organized Y. M. C. A.  
Where we find books, news to read, and pool to play.  
Advantage features in our swimming pool brand new.  
That renders us a grand time to swim, to dive, and to scream.  
In the afternoon our school sports are generally practiced.  
For many years our average athletic records are considered very good.  
There goes on the field our popular coach, Captain Fetzer,  
Whom we proudly laugh to so much ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
Once a week in the afternoon, D. Campbell distributes the allowances.  
So we may go down town or rust without pennyless.  
Twice a week in the gymnasium the dancing lessons are taught.  
Vulgar movements like the turkey trot or the grizzly bear should dance not.  
Accomplishing things above this the good afternoon is spent.  
Right at six bugler to the guard calls for supper.  
After hearing the report of delinquencies and the detail for tomorrow.  
Again our company captains march us to the dinner hall.  
General announcements of some kind are given after the service of the meal.  
We listen then distinctly and keep quite still.



Half hour later from the supper table we dash off,  
 On our way to the barracks something always throwing after us so  
 we must be careful,  
 Otherwise our head probably would be bitten by a roll or an apple,  
 Therefore at night start a rough-rouse we will not be able.  
 The supply room conducted by the quartermaster usually opens after  
 supper,  
 Where our fellows get military goods, stationery, ink, pencil and  
 paper.  
 At seven o'clock we begin our night's study in the big and little  
 study halls.  
 While those who study in their rooms are first sergeants, commissioned  
 officers, seniors, and senior privileged.  
 Finished the roll call making inspection the O. D. starts.  
 The unlucky fellows often caught being study hall he escapes.  
 Only two hours of study have we,  
 Yet half of us cracking books or fall asleep.  
 Throwing ink bottles, shooting paper balls;  
 Amidst such enjoyable occasion what the H—— we care about our  
 studies.  
 Soon after the first sentinel order has been begun,  
 Why our night's study is done.  
 Gathering our books and letter paper, towards our den we run;  
 A pipe or cigarette in our mouth we are ready to raise a gang.  
 Some hard member of the guard caught us for visiting,  
 Or other are stuck for locking the door.  
 Half past nine sounds the blow of tatoo.  
 All lights out after taps that the musician of the guard blew,  
 Except those who study in their rooms.  
 Thirty minutes have they longer of light,  
 After ten o'clock the second sentinels are posted,  
 Then the first inspector there the O. C. advances.  
 The sentinels receive orders not to let anybody out of their rooms  
 until after inspection.  
 Then the O. C. finds some unlucky ones out of their beds or visiting  
 Which causes them to walk for fifteen hours.  
 Meantime in some corner room the game of shooting craps may be  
 going on.  
 How quiet now the barracks seem,  
 When all the fellows recall their peaceful dreams.  
 Having comfortably rested again, the reveille sounds next morning.

Brightly our faculty and cadets proceed the same daily doings.  
 The school schedule is arranged for Monday and Sunday differently.  
 On Sunday different companies march to the different churches,  
 We are greatly benefitted by the sermons the ministers preach.  
 Special formation called later than the guard mounting.  
 Out into the country we then are allowed to take a walk.  
 At the study hall we hold our Sunday night services regularly,  
 A good speaker is invited by our Y. M. C. A. secretary to teach us  
 some things moral.  
 Not very long last these noble religious services.  
 The remainder of the time we are allowed to our own business.  
 The cadet officers are allowed to leave the barracks on Sunday night,  
 While the privates remain in their rooms, they may.  
 We have on Monday morning the laundry formation,  
 Through that, we thoroughly sweep up the rooms, wait for the  
 weekly inspection,  
 Then generally the battalion drill follows.  
 To inspect the guns the tactical officer goes.  
 This succeeded by the school weekly punishment.  
 Some, therefore, have beat while others have confinement.  
 Shortly after special formation we are allowed down town.  
 Pity the fellows that either have beat or confinement on the school  
 grounds.  
 In town we always amuse ourselves in the Art or in the Beverly  
 Theatre.  
 Joyfully and healthfully our school days in the South West Point  
 we spend thus.  
 We love not merely S. M. A., but the town of Staunton is also dear  
 to us.  
 How shines in our brain, school records memorable.  
 Respectfully we published this poem in the '13 Annual in favor of  
 "Captain Stevo."





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Red Carnation

COLORS

Red and White

MOTTO

Conatum Fac

*"His locked, lettered, braw brass collar  
Showed him the gentleman and scholar."*

—Burns.

CLYDE D. ALSTADT

*(Delta Sigma Nu)*

First heard the crow of the rooster in Circleville, Ohio, June 22, 1892; came to S. M. A. in 1911. He has been Corporal, and 2nd Lieutenant. Member of the Social Club; played football 1911-12. Next year attempts Electrical Engineering at Michigan.



HUGH ANDERSON BARTON

*(Chi Sigma Chi)*

Has attended S. M. A. for five years, and held offices of Sergeant, 1st Sergeant, and Captain of the band, Literary Editor of *The Sabre*. Was born at Barton, Ohio, June 29, 1893. Next year will go to Harvard to study law.



R. CASE

Born at Saginaw, Michigan, 1893. His first year at S. M. A. Thinks to enter University of Minnesota next year.





ALBERT EDWARD COLBURN

Came to us for one year from Somersworth, N. H., where he was born August 18, 1895. His future is undecided.



EUGENE ROBERT COWLES

Was born March 22, 1894, in Westfield, Mass. This is his first year at S. M. A. He will go to Dartmouth next year.



WILLIAM LOUIS DEETJEN

*(Phi Sigma Chi)*

First heard the murmurs of the ocean waves on the S. S. Grosser Kurfurst, February 24, 1895. He has been a Corporal, Lieutenant and Adjutant, and Literary Editor of BLUE AND GOLD. Will finish his career at the University of Pennsylvania.

PAUL HOLSTON FRIEND

*(Delta Omicron Omicron)*

Beat his way to Lawrence, Kansas, February 19, 1895. This is his first year at S. M. A. He will continue his studies at Kansas University.



SAMUEL MURTON GUILD

*(Delta Sigma Nu)*

"Monk" was born in Aurora, Ill., June 27, 1895. He has been a Corporal, and Hospital Lieutenant. Member of the Social Club, and Historian of Senior Class. He enters Johns Hopkins next year.

JOHN KINGSLEY HALL

Blew into Chicago, Ill., November 25, 1893. This being his second year at S. M. A., he is a Sergeant. He intends to enter business next year.





ROBERT ANDREW HART

Born at Baton Rouge, La., December 25, 1896. This is his first year at S. M. A. and he is a member of the band. He will enter Louisiana State University this fall.

DANIEL LESTER HARRIS

*(Phi Sigma Chi)*

"Fozle" stumbled into Springfield, Mass., June 16, 1894. He holds the office of Sergeant. He will continue his studies at the University of Pennsylvania next year.



JULIAN HAWTHORNE

*(Chi Sigma Chi)*

"Slats" comes from Nashville, Tenn. Was born September 14, 1896. This is his second year at S. M. A. He is a Corporal. Will enter Johns Hopkins next year.



ALLEN PERCY HOWES

*(Pi Phi)*

Percy was born in New York City, July 11, 1895. He is a member of the Social Club, also a Corporal. Has not decided where he will go next year.



WILLIAM HERVEY HUMLONG

*(Chi Sigma Chi)*

He was born December 14, 1894, in Germantown, Ky. He is a Corporal, and intends to continue his studies at Harvard.



GEORGE TURNER HUNTER

*(Theta Phi)*

First began playing ball at Portsmouth, Va., December 20, 1894. George is a Corporal and played baseball '12-13. From here will go to Ohio State University.







TSU-CHANG KWAN

The "Chink" opened his eyes in the Celestial Kingdom, April 28, 1896, in Canton, China. Spent two of his five years in America at S. M. A. From here he will go to Clark College.

JOSEPH MARTIN LEHMAYER

"Joe" first began business at Grand Rapids, Mich., October 22, 1894. He has been a Corporal, and Lieutenant Quartermaster. This is his third year at S. M. A. After leaving here he will go into business at his present home in York, Pa.



JAMES WESLEY MERCER

*(Delta Sigma Nu)*

"Jim" began life at Georgetown, Ga., October 18, 1894. He is a member of the Social Club. This is his first year at S. M. A. He will study medicine at Harvard in the fall.



WALLACE HERBERT MOODY

*(Pi Phi)*

"Wallace" is the MANLIEST man at S. M. A. He has been a Corporal, Sergeant and Captain. Member of the Social Club for three years. Vice-President of the Senior Class, and Social Club. Member of football team '10-11, and Captain '12. Was born May 21, 1892, in Cleveland, Ohio.



WESTON WARDELL MORRELL

Was born at East Orange, N. J., December 23, 1893. Weston is a rat corporal. Next year enters Yale to study chemistry.

MANLEY AXTELL MOULE

Manly called his first roll September 7, 1894. Comes to us from Cleveland, Ohio. He is a first sergeant this year, his second at S. M. A. Next year he will go to Stanford University.





SCHUYLER NIEUKIRK McCLELLAN

*(Phi Sigma Chi)*

The town of Xenia, Ohio, received its valuable addition January 31, 1894. He has held the offices of Sergeant, and Senior Captain, and is President of the Senior Class, Military Editor of BLUE AND GOLD. Will wind up at Purdue.

WALTER GRAEME McGOWAN

*(Chi Sigma Chi)*

"Mac" quietly entered Louisville, Ky., December 10, 1892. He is First Lieutenant in Company D. He enters Michigan in the fall to become a Mechanical Engineer.



FRED S. McMAHAN

*(Pi Phi)*

"Freddie" was born in Stevenson, Ala., April 12, 1893. He has held the offices of Corporal and Lieutenant, Secretary of Senior Class. Member of Social Club and member of '12 football team.



ROY DUNCAN McMILLAN

*(Chi Sigma Chi)*

Sang his first cradle song September 19, 1894, at Paris, Texas. He rose to rank of Corporal. Texas University will claim him.



RYCHEN MAYHEW PADDACK

"Pinkey" claims Lockland, Ohio, as his birth place. This is his second year at S. M. A. and he is Quartermaster Sergeant. Was born September 20, 1895. Is undecided for the future.



BURTON DAVIS RAINE

*(Theta Phi)*

Raine descended into Zanesville, Ohio, July 10, 1895. This is his first taste of military life. Is not decided on his future.







ERWIN RICHENSON ROACH

First gazed upon the world at Blue Ridge Summit, Md., August 7, 1896. Spent two years at S. M. A., and is a Corporal in the band. Will go to Cornell in September.

STANLEY S. SAYRES

(*Theta Phi*)

"Stan" started to blow his own horn in Dayton, Wash., July 17, 1896. He is a Sergeant in the band. Will enter the University of Washington next year.



KENDRICK WALLACE SEELEY

(*Pi Phi*)

Born, New York City, June 14, 1895. Sergeant, and Lieutenant Drum Major. Track team '11-'12-'13. Captain '13. Captain of the Basketball Team '12-'13. Captain Swimming team. Business Manager of *The Sabre* Miscellaneous Editor of the BLUE AND GOLD. Treasurer of Senior Class. Football '12. Cornell.



LESLIE REED SCHOPE

(*Chi Sigma Chi*)

Came to Halifax, Pa., June 26, 1894. He only spent a year at S. M. A. before going to Jefferson Medical College.



ROY L. SHOUP

(*Chi Sigma Chi*)

Was born December 20, 1892. He has been Corporal and Lieutenant. Next year will go to University of Idaho.



VERTNER DE GARMO SMITH

(*Chi Sigma Chi*)

First let out a wail at Louisville, Ky., February 9, 1894. Will try for LL. D. at Vanderbilt.







WILLIAM DANIEL TINDAL

*(Delta Sigma Nu)*

"Bill" first danced at Greenville, S. C., January 10, 1893. He held the position of Sergeant. President of Social Club. Cornell.

WILLIAM PRICE TROLINGER

*(Delta Sigma Nu)*

Began to tread the path of life at Glade Spring, Va., March 20, 1896. Honored S. M. A. with three years of his valuable time. The University of Virginia will keep him for some time.



HERBERT BENJAMIN WILLIAMS

*(Phi Sigma Chi)*

Born February 15, 1896, Wilson, N. Ca. Will enter Annapolis next year.

HEVIAL MALCOLM WOLDENBERG

First began to create trouble in the world at Montreal, Canada, May 5, 1896. He will leave here bound for the University of Michigan.



## Senior Class



IN September, 1909, we came to Staunton to prepare ourselves for college or business, as our fates were to be, and gazed upon the building that was literally to be our home for the next four years.

Each year we have lost many members whose places have been filled by new ones. We have had the co-operation of the Faculty, who have given their time and thoughts for our betterment. We have been successful in our social functions, and well represented in athletics, and we hope that those who follow us may have as prosperous and successful career as we have enjoyed.

Now as we are finishing our preparatory course we hope that the future may be as bright as our past, and that we shall be a credit to our Alma Mater.

## Prophecy of The Class of 1913



HAVING graduated from S. M. A., I gathered together the intellectual and imaginary powers that I had gained there, and being of scientific nature I decided to make my living as a medium and practice the arts of clairvoyance. So I started in, in New York City and had a very thriving business. Trade being slack, one morning I decided to look into the mysterious crystal in search of the whereabouts and doings of my former class-mates.

So I seated myself before the crystal and as it began to slowly revolve the first familiar face that came before me was that of Alstadt plodding wearily behind a plow in the sunny field that surround Circleville, Ohio. The next scene was of a Band, and I almost began to doubt the truth of my crystal, but as the Band passed me I noticed Barton, Roach, Williams, H., and Sayres in its midst; next I was at a minor league baseball game. I noticed one player in particular and as he drew near the stand in which I was sitting I was surprised to see that it was Colburn. I found myself next in Westfield, Mass., where I saw Cowles, by his extensive knowledge of the law, defending the pure food products of that city. This scene passed and I found myself in the midst of an invading army, which was being led into Africa by Deetjen, who had followed his military training. I saw a party of recruits coming toward me, and stopped to watch them pass by, and it was no other than Pop Carroll himself in command. This scene passed away, and I heard the sound of drums, and I saw Friend, P., before me, playing the drums in a moving picture show. The next was Guild, who in his extensive laboratories in Delta, Pa., was trying to find a new rival for Peruna. From there I was carried to Chicago, Ill., where I saw Hall conducting his confectionery stand to perfection. Following this I saw Harris stumbling through life in the car shops of Springfield, Mass. Next I saw Howes, drawing plans for a new two-story postoffice in New Rochelle, N. Y. The next



was Humlong, delivering the gospel to the cow punchers of Texas. Following this I was in Pinneapple, Ala., and saw Hawthorne as a leading physician. Then the crystal took a long jump and I found myself in China where I saw Kwan as one of the leading politicians. Passing from this scene I found myself beneath the circus tent, and saw Jim Mercer, as the human skeleton, Seeley as an acrobat, and Moody as a strong man. I then passed into the side show and saw Hunter in the chorus. The crystal now began revolving violently and I found myself in the clothing store of Lehmayr & Paddack, out of which they had now made their fortune, as they were running it on the same basis as they ran the supply room. From there I found myself going toward some construction work and met Moule, now a successful engineer who had charge of building Aerial stations for the over-sky route, and also met Morrell, who was analyzing the air currents for the same firm. Here I saw a fellow bossing some laborers, who, upon further scrutinizing, turned out to be McMillan. Now my eyes witnessed one of the best scenes I had ever beheld in the crystal, that was of McClellan, successfully conducting a co-ed military school, in a little town in Ohio. From there I was carried to Louisville, Ky., and I saw McGowan and Smith, V., stroll arm and arm out of their law offices, and both looked very prosperous. The crystal now began to darken and I saw signs of Raine, now teaching agriculture in one of our leading colleges. As by magic the crystal cleared and I beheld Shoup managing his ranch in Idaho. As this faded away I heard sounds of music once again and perceived Shope, L., now an accomplished pianist giving a recital to the young ladies of M. B. S., this interesting sight passed and I found myself in the senate listening to Tindal, of South Carolina, who had taken the place of the late Senator Tillman, delivering a fiery speech for woman suffrage. I was not allowed to stay here long and was soon in Pulaski, Va., where I saw Price Trolinger busy at his trade of Electrical Engineer. He had succeeded in putting electric lights in the mountain wilds of the famous Allen clan. Next I saw a Chicago Hospital, the famous surgeon Woldenberg was performing the

delicate operation of transferring one man's head to another. Last, but not least, was Fred McMahan, a cotton plantation in the Sunny South was his share in the world's history.

As this last scene slowly floated away and the crystal became a blank, I sat for a long time musing over the fates of my companions and class-mates, and I wondered if we would ever meet again. At this point I was interrupted by the entering of a customer and I allowed myself no longer to dwell upon the familiar faces which brought many pleasant memories of my old days at S. M. A.

H. R. M.





## Senior Class Statistics

HIS NAME	WE CALL HIM	HIS DISPOSITION	HIS HOBBY IS	HE IS NOTED FOR
Alstadt	"Clyde"	cute	mail and female	teaching school
Barton, H.	"Buck"	changeable	a baritone	same
Colburn, C.	"Farmer"	quaint	Hasn't any	nothing
Case, R.	"24"	damp	books	talking
Cowles	"Shark"	ambitious	Tug	loving
Deetjen	"Dutch"	clammy	Tactics	conceit
Friend, H.	"Rat"	great	a drum	fussing
Gordon, A.	"Kid"	sunny	books	noise
Guild	"Monk"	changeable	"Pearls"	solidity
Harris	"Fool"	passive	picking himself up	falling down
Hall, J.	"S. K."	gloomy	sleeping	same
Howes	"Allen"	fresh	freshness	mouth
Hawthorne	"Sticker"	quiet	poetry	quietness
Hitchins	"Hitch"	unsolved	skipping classes	Wit
Humlong	?	?	?	?
Kwan	"Chink"	stern	tennis	studiousness
Lehmayer	"Joe"	slick	supplies	his nose
Moule	"Pimple"	forgivable	mandolin	voice
McClellan	"Mac"	lovable	M. B. S. line	following same
McGowan	"Stiff"	meek	primping	neatness
McMahan	"Mucky"	sweet	blushing	being hard
McMillan	"Rum"	rotten	getting fresh	freshness
Mercer	"String Bean"	bilious	getting in trouble	enormous statue
Moody	"Wallie"	saintly	"Republic"	manliness
Morrell	"Cute"	determined	studies	nothing
Paddack	"Pinky"	neer	supply room	figure
Raine	"Storm"	damp	falling	dampness
Roach	"Spider"	creepy	crawling	literary
Seeley	"Ken"	spasmodic	athletics	same
Shoup	"Sookie"	rotten	being grouchy	bull
Sayers	"Baby"	oozy	selling cake	same
Snow	"Flake"	cool	melting	drifting
Shope	"Tad"	alarming	fool	bathing
Tindall	"Bill"	putred	dancing	lady fussing
Trolinger	"Price"	dainty	Latin	brightness
Whitehead	"Whitey"	great	football	determination

## Senior Class Statistics

HE IS	HE WANTS TO BE	HE WILL LIKELY BE	HIS BYE WORD IS
a lady fusser	what he is	what he wants to be	"Oh! Horrid!"
a gambler	a (straight)	Evangelist	"My Gawd."
a cadet	a cadet	a cadet	"Ouch!"
a hopeless case	a doctor	an undertaker	"Kiss me kid."
studious	a professor	a boob	"I will succeed."
Lieut. Adj.	Senior Captain	?	"Stick him."
lucky	lumber magnate	lumber Jack	"Bless my soul."
bright kid	a lawyer	grafter	"Oh! gee!"
sick	well	better	"Sally, my Sally."
clumsy	upright	down right	"I'm not clumsy."
sleepy	asleep	a dead one	"Okenwold Street."
hard	harder	a prig	"Can't kid, can't."
a corporal	a corporal	a corporal	"Trouble me not."
happy-go-lucky	married	a bachelor	"Cease! desist!"
?	?	?	?
good kid	a diplomat	an ambassador	"§ *-!-!! *! *."
a good scout	an orator	a pawn broker	"Cut it out."
Math. star	a success	a failure	"Of dat stuff kid."
engaged	married	divorced	"Get a pimple and may be die."
a manly creature	President	a policeman	"Oh! sugar."
Hard	harder	soft	"Pretty good, not much"
a boob	everything	nothing	"Mercy me."
tall	let alone	a Salome dancer	"You can't expect kisses from me."
a kicker	loved by all	a success	"Be calm, be calm."
a boob	a lot	a little	"My word."
sergeant quartermaster	popular	unpopular	"Save me, Joe."
sloppy	dry	wet	"Oh! slush."
harmless	poisonous	stepped on	"Oh! squashed."
an athlete	strong	puny	"Me for Squan."
a cowboy	a bad man	Sunday School teacher	"By-hecky."
a what-you-may-call-it	a you know	I got you steve	"Lead me to it."
white	pure	a "Thaw	"Oh, give me Coline."
clean	cleaner	dirty	"Oh! soapsuds."
a wool bear	it	a bad carrier	"Girls, Girls, Girls."
clever	an engineer	a school teacher	"Shoot the roles."
a block-head	eradicated	a scab	"I should worry."



The social life at S. M. A. during the session of 1912-1913 has never been so delightful and successful. The Saturday night informals, given throughout the year, have been very much enjoyed, especially the one given by Mrs. Kable and Mrs. King, on February first, music was furnished by the school orchestra and delightful fruit punch was served during the evening.

But all of these fade into insignificance when we think of the big dances of the year, which were the Thanksgiving and George Washington. These were unquestionably the most brilliant events of the social year.

The Thanksgiving Hop given on November 28th was without a doubt the best dance of the year. The gym., the scene of our social activities, was unrecognizable in its brilliant coat of decorations. It never looked better. Through a myriad of pennants and other emblems symbolic of college life. About thirty couples tripped the light fantastic to the strains of the Beverly Orchestra, which enclosed in a bank of palms, poured forth alluring and fascinating waltzes. The social club fairly outdid itself in making this

event the shining star of their blazing crown of brilliant affairs in their long and successful career.

This dance was all that could be desired and will always be a bright spot in the memories of those who attended. Those present were Miss Alline Hill, of South Boston, Va., with Cadet Sergt. W. M. Tindal; Miss Laura Ward Wise with Cadet Capt. W. H. Moody; Miss Mary Sue Bowman with Cadet A. C. Camp; Miss Nannie Timberlake with Capt. Acker; Miss Elizabeth Timberlake with Cadet Corp. Corseline; Miss Elsie Morris with Cadet Sergt. N. Paul Whitehead; Miss Mary Bell with Cadet Corpl. McCune; Miss Mary Stewart Robertson with Cadet Lieut. E. C. Matson; Miss Gladys Walker with Capt. McCue; Miss Helen Moore with Cadet J. W. Mercer; Miss Margaret Enslow with Cadet Sergt.-Major Nigh; Miss M. Templeton with Cadet R. S. Snow; Miss Fair Searson with Cadet Holt; Miss Wray, of South Carolina, with Cadet Corp. Ryan; Miss Harry, of Dallas, Texas, with Cadet Film; Miss Crawford with Cadet G. Lyon.

Stags Capt. Fetzer, Capt. Legge, Capt. Pitcher, Cadet Corp. Barton, First Sergt. Homer, Sergt. Hitchens, Lieut. Roy Bryant, Sergt. Strong.

Among the alumni present were: Moss, of University of Virginia, with Miss Vira Harmon; Adams Oglive Holt.

Mesdames W. G. Kable, P. C. Ragan, L. Southerland, and Sizer chaperoned.

Each dance of the year has been a great success, due to the untiring efforts of the social club officers. They are, Sergt. W. M. Tindal, President; Capt. W. H. Moody, Vice-President; Lieut. Roy Bryant, Secretary; Sergt. C. G. Strong, Treasurer; Lieut. E. C. Matson, Chairman of the Floor Committee; Lieut. F. S. York, Chairman of Decorating Committee.

Upsilon chapter of Chi Simga Chi Fraternity will hold a formal dinner dance at the ballroom of the Virginia Hotel, May twenty-ninth, nineteen-thirteen.



## Social Notes

Mr. E. L. and W. A. Stewart, of Philadelphia, Pa., visited their son, Cadet E. S. Stewart, Jr., on November first.

Mr. Lewis McNut, of Brazil, Ind., visited his son, Cadet J. McNut, on December 11th.

Mrs. F. B. Cunningham, of Pittsburgh, Pa., visited her son, Cadet J. Cunningham, on November 16th.

Mrs. M. Hoffman, of Roanoke, Va., visited her son, Cadet C. Hoffman, on November 16th. She also called to pay her respects to Captain Kable.

Mrs. M. Cole, from San Francisco, Cal., visited her son, Cadet B. Cole.

Mr. W. C. Derby, from Richmond, Va., visited Cadet F. Case, on January 2nd.

Mr. M. A. Clark, of Washington, D. C., visited his brother, Cadet C. Clark, on November 29th.

Mr. R. H. Douglas, of Kennett, Mo., visited his brother, Cadet F. S. Douglas, on February 25th.

Mr. H. Perkins, of Baltimore, Md., visited his nephew, Cadet C. H. Schercider, on February 9th.

Mr. H. B. Wadsworth visited his son, Cadet Wadsworth, on December 9th. From Watertown, N. Y.

Cadet Capt. Wallas Moody and Cadet James C. Cantress attended the 35th Annual Pi Phi convention at Washington, D. C., in the month of March.

Miss E. Hopper, from Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Va., visited her brother, Cadet J. F. Hopper, on October 15th.

Mr. H. Valentine, of Lexington, Va., visited Cadet G. J. Sawyer on December 1st.

Mrs. C. W. Osetin visited her son, Cadet C. Osetin, on September 19th, from Fayetteville, W. Va.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Barnes, of Roanoke, Va., visited their sons, Cadets W. and R. Barnes, on November 25th.

Mr. V. M. Smith, of Louisville, Ky., visited his son, Cadet V. Smith, on November 18th.

Mrs. E. Wheeler and Mr. G. D. Etand, of Waterford, Pa., visited Cadet Sergt. E. Wheeler, on February 5th.

Mrs. C. W. Fentress, from Norfolk, Va., visited her son, Cadet Fentress, on February 13th.

The Sigma Chapter of Pi Phi Fraternity, will hold their annual farewell banquet on May 29th at the Virginia Hotel.

Mr. C. G. F. Wahle and Miss Amelia Wahle visited Cadet Wahle on February 22nd, from Pelham, N. Y.

Mrs. John Ridgeway, of Sullivan, Ind., visited her son cadet H. Ridgeway, on March 1st.

Mr. J. E. Shrock, from Baltimore, Md., visited his son, Cadet Shrock, on January 21.

Mr. C. C. Petzel, of Philadelphia, Pa., visited Cadet Capt. Wallas Moody on January 21.

Mrs. J. Hises, from Suline, N. J., visited her son, Cadet Morrison, February 6.

The Phi Chapter of the Delta Sigma Nu Fraternity will hold their annual banquet of farewell May 29th at the Augusta Hotel.

The Sigma Chapter of Pi Phi Fraternity was the recipient of many enjoyable visits from their brothers, among whom were former First Sergt. R. L. Bryant, Sergt. Carl LaMarche, Corpl. C. Petzel, Lieut Alex. Williams, Mr. Newton Blair, of Omecron and Mr. Newton Burnson.

Mr. C. F. LaMarche, from Marion, Ohio, visited Cadet Capt. LaMarche, on March 8th.

Mr. R. L. Bryan, of Columbia, South Carolina, visited Cadet Capt. LaMarche on March 10th.

Mr. J. C. Peterson, of Jamestown, N. Y., visited Cadet Peterson on October 8th.

Mr. R. L. Cobby, of Springfield, Ill., visited his cousin Cadet Fred Balton on March 3rd.

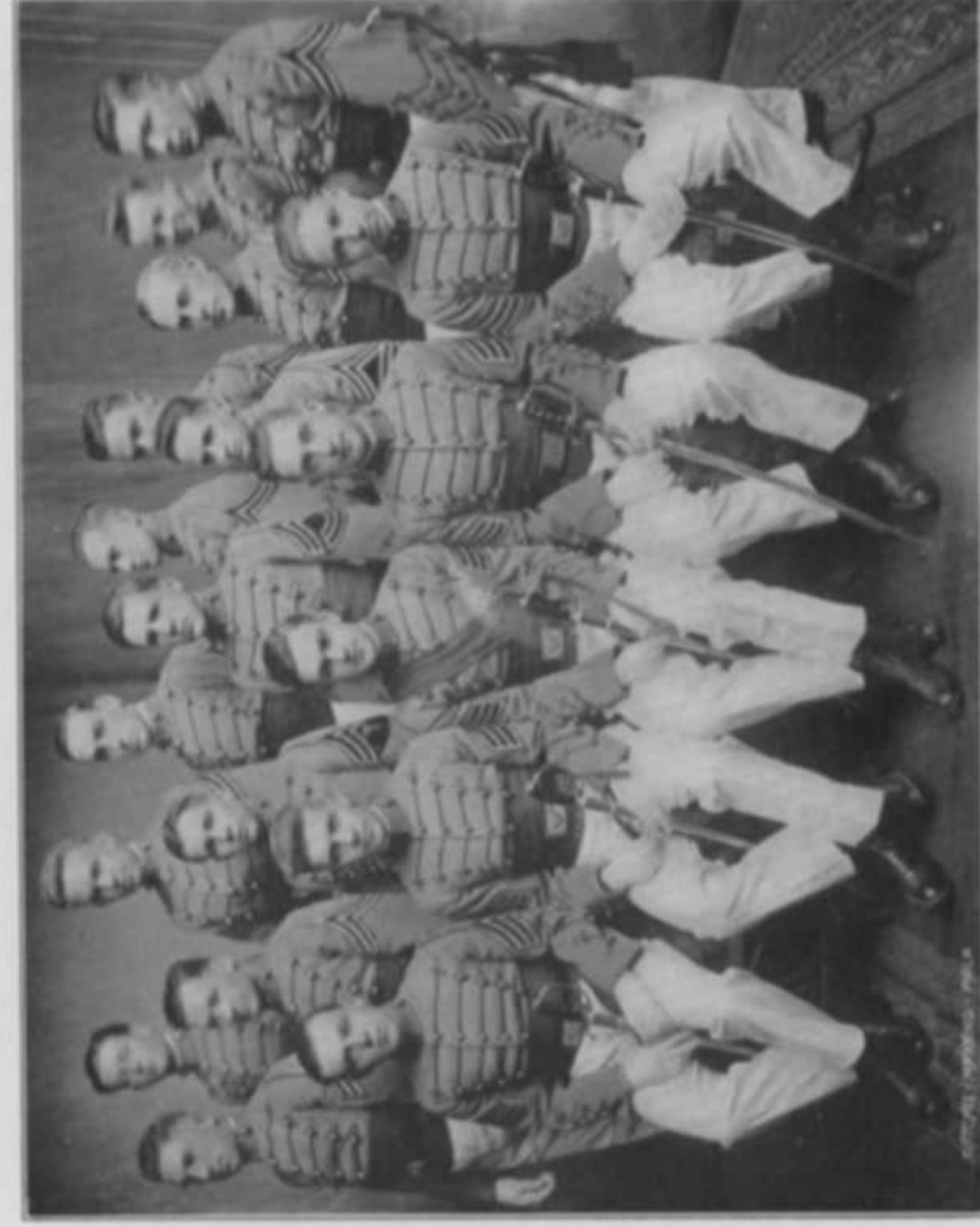
Mr. F. E. Cowles, from Westerfield, Mass., visited Cadet Eugene Cowles on November 15th.







CORPS ON ATHLETIC FIELD



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS





STAFF



## Staff

SPONSOR

MISS NANNIE TIMBERLAKE

FLOWER

American Beauty Rose

COLORS

Black and Yellow

COMMANDANT

CAPT. T. G. RUSSELL

CAPT. P. C. RAGAN

POST ADJUTANT

CAPT. R. W. WILSON

LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT

DEETJEN

LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER

LEHMAYER

LIEUTENANT OF HOSPITAL AND MAIL

GUILD

SERGEANT-MAJOR

NIGH

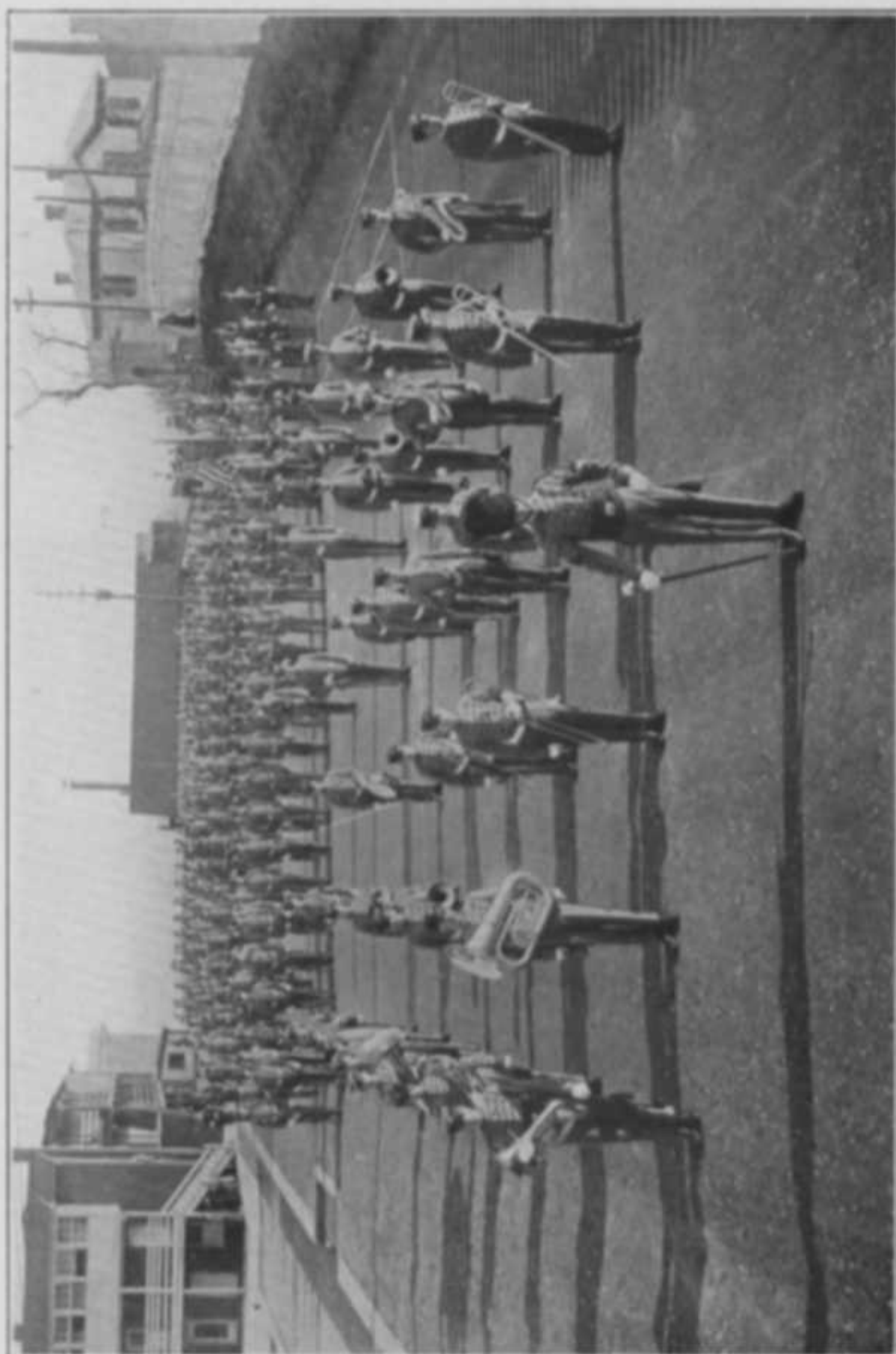
SERGEANT AND QUARTERMASTER

PADDOCK

COLOR GUARD

SERGEANTS CAMPBELL, E., WILEY





BATTALION

## Battalion Staff

COMMANDANT  
CAPT T. G. RUSSELL

ASSISTANT COMMANDANT  
CAPT. P. C. RAGAN

POST ADJUTANT  
CAPT. R. W. WONSON

LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT  
DEETJEN

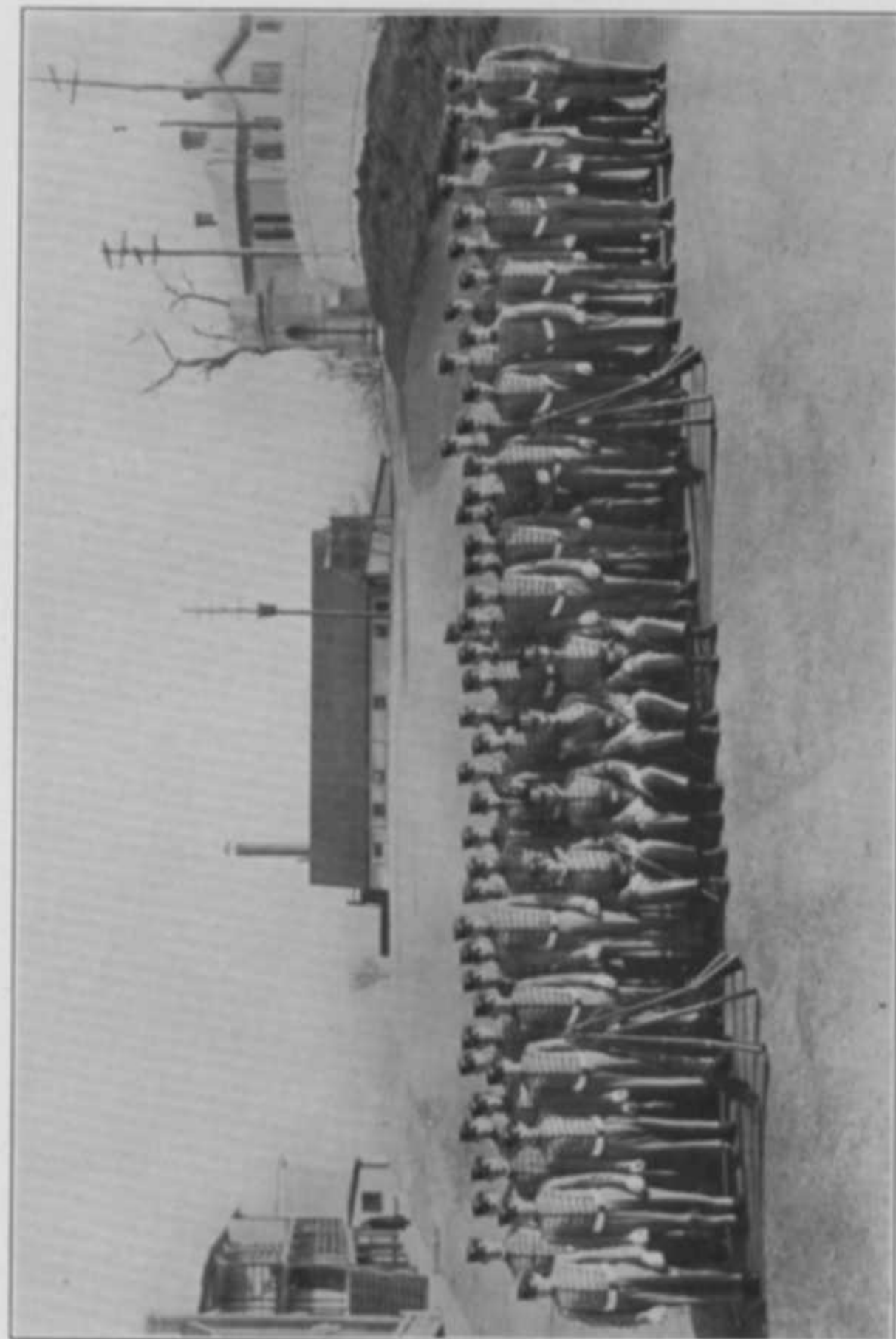
LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER  
LEHMAYER

LIEUTENANT OF HOSPITAL AND MAIL  
GUILD

SERGEANT-MAJOR  
NIGH

SERGEANT AND QUARTERMASTER  
PADDOCK

COLOR GUARD  
SERGEANTS: CAMPBELL, WILEY



COMPANY A

## Company A

SPONSOR  
MISS ANNA E. WEAVER

FLOWER  
Chrysanthemum

COLORS  
Brown and White

CAPTAIN  
McCLELLAN

FIRST LIEUTENANT  
McMAHAN

SECOND LIEUTENANT  
ALDRICH

FIRST SERGEANT  
HORNER

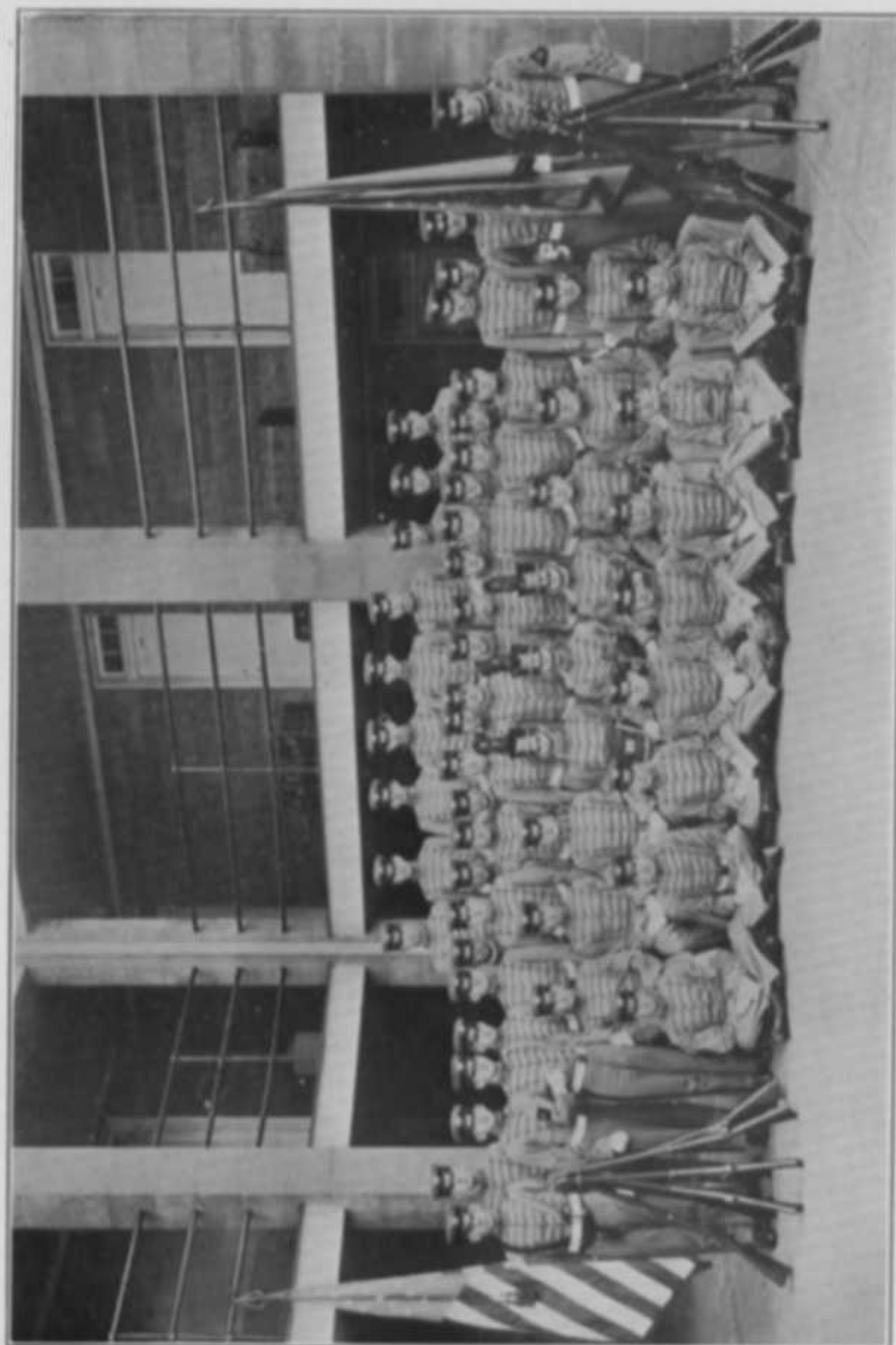
SERGEANTS  
Campbell, E.    Clark, H.    Starr    Hitchins    Blair

CORPORALS  
McCullough, H.    Nirdlinger    Hawthorne    DeLaureal  
Lewis    Morey

LANCE CORPORALS  
Morrell    Schambs

PRIVATES

Anderson	Hawkins	Roan, I.
Belknap	Hager	Rathmell
Bennader	Howell	Smith, V.
Ballou	Jenkins	Sherrill
Bolton, F.	Keefe	Schermer
Clark, E.	Kerr	Sanford
Davis	Lott, J.	Stembridge
Dils	Levy	Traylor, C.
Emery	Miller	Traylor, W.
Emde	May	Unkefer
Gray	Mann	Walcott
Gundry	Nadherny	Wear
Hansley	Peterson	Woldenberg



COMPANY B

## Company B

### SPONSOR

MISS HELEN M. THOMPSON

### FLOWER

Violet

### COLORS

Blue and White

### CAPTAIN

LAMARCHE

### FIRST LIEUTENANT

SHOUP, R.

### SECOND LIEUTENANT

ALSTADT

### FIRST SERGEANT

MOULE

### SERGEANTS

Wiley Ingham, H. Tindal Vietts, S

### CORPORALS

Clough Boykin Reese, K. Erkenbrach Low, B. Ranshaw

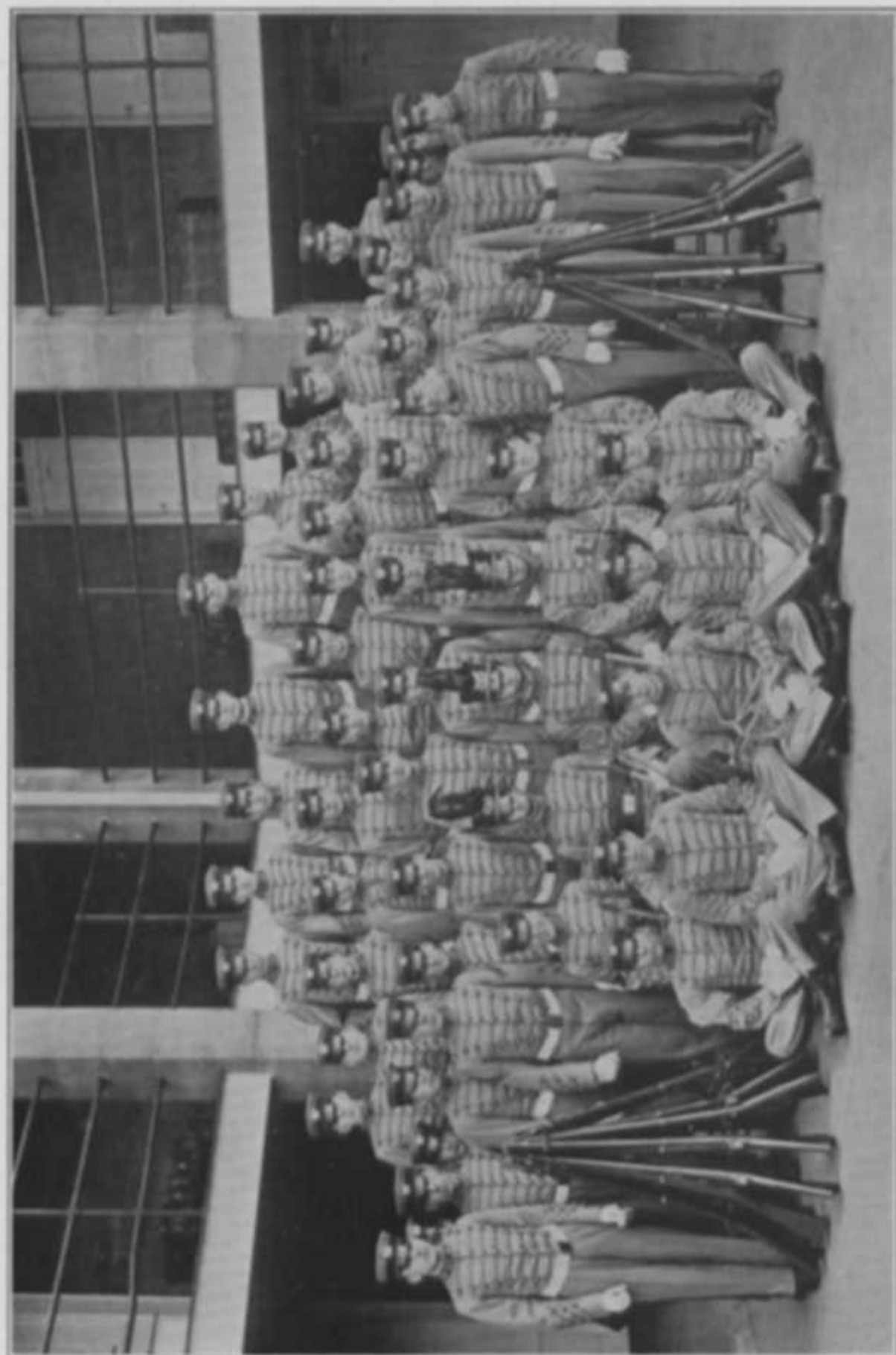
### LANCE CORPORALS

Dennis Humlong

### PRIVATES

Allgair	Gallagher	Pickard	Bregolato	Guardia, H.
Reardon	Brenham	Guardia, R.	Reese, F.	
Bigelow	Harps	Rodgers, D.	Buchanan	
Johnson, G. W.		Rath	Case, F.	
Lannieur		Reindollar	Colburn	
Lott, A. B.		Stewart, F.		
		Bugler, Cant		
	Schrock	Moulden	Davidson, C.	
	Vietts, L.	Davidson, H.	Maddock	
	Vermilyer	Douglass	Murray	
	Winslow	Eldridge	Wingate	Meuller, C.
Forrest	Morrison, H.	Cantrill	Williams, R.	Lyon, S.





COMPANY C

## Company C

### SPONSOR

MISS LUCY A. CANDLER

### FLOWER

Red Carnation

### COLORS

Red and Blue

### CAPTAIN

MOODY

### FIRST LIEUTENANT

MATSEN

### SECOND LIEUTENANT

YORK

### FIRST SERGEANT

MASON

### SERGEANTS

Harris Wheeler Hall Scott, R.

### CORPORALS

Smith, P. Howes Laurer Sturcke Copeland Osenton, C.

### LANCE CORPORALS

Hodgson Gibson

### PRIVATES

Atwood

Hoffman Russell

Boagni Horton Schobe Burke

Kwan Smith, M. Carazo, S. Kahn

Schneider Cressman Lomo, A. Tibbets

Cowles Lomo, J. Traver Campbell, H.

Lynch Watkins Dildine McLeod

White Estes McCullough, R. Westerdahl

Ewing Milliken Wefel George, W.

O'Connor Warfield Godwin

Ritter Williams, J. Hintze

Rodgers, M. Williams, S.

Bugler, Harwell



COMPANY D

## Company D

### SPONSOR

MISS GRACE A. RATHBUN

### FLOWER

Tea Rose

### COLORS

Green and White

### CAPTAIN

BURLEIGH

### FIRST LIEUTENANT

McGOWAN

### SECOND LIEUTENANT

BRYANT

### FIRST SERGEANT

SELTS

### SERGEANTS

Kendall Sparks Trolinger Carroll

### CORPORALS

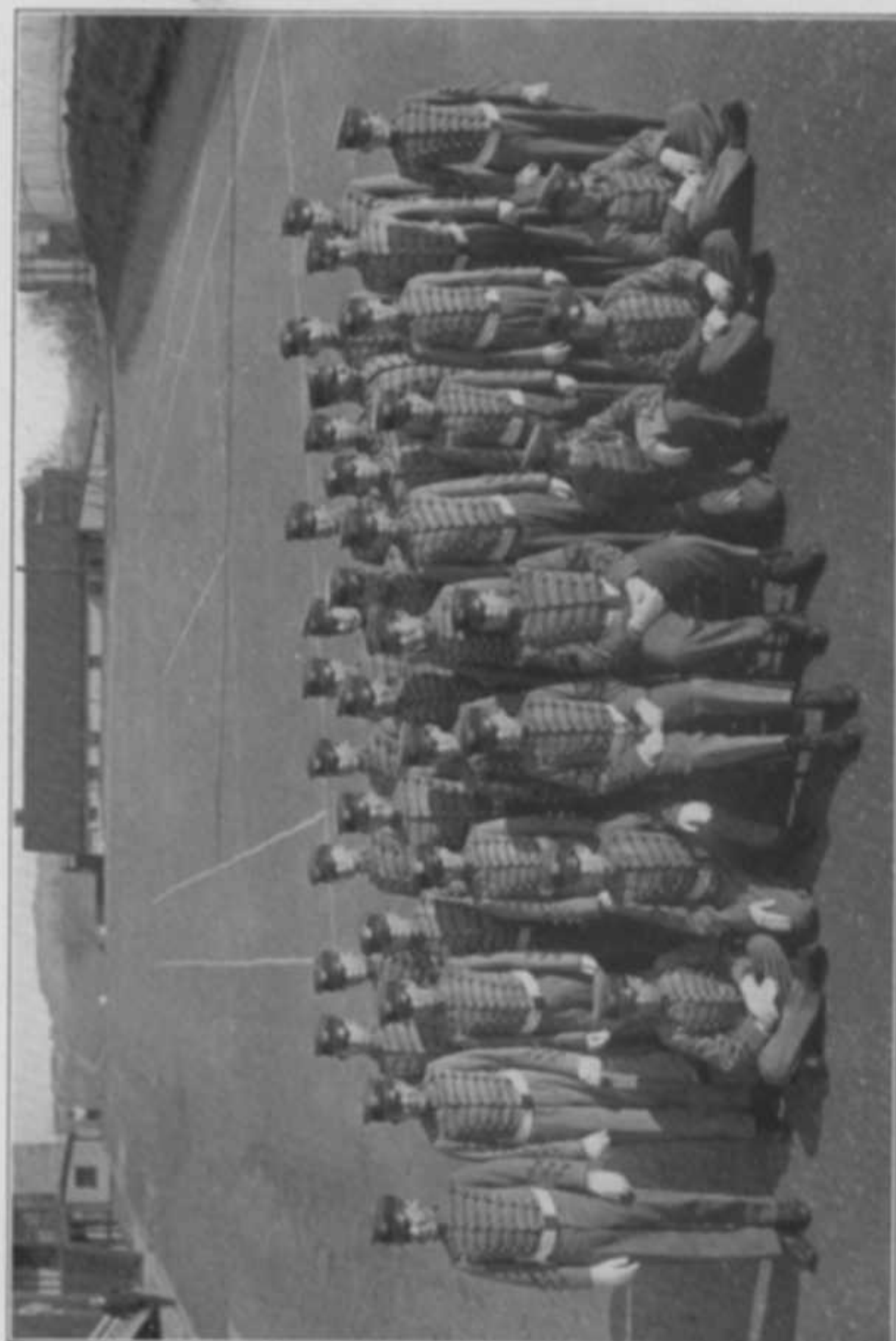
Gorsline Fulton O'Reardon McDaniel Magnus Hunter, G.

### LANCE CORPORALS

Robertson McMillan

### PRIVATES

Ardussi, A.	Figures	Raine	Corbly
George, H.	Reibert	Cox	Hopper
Harwood			Merritt
Case			Mercer
Collins			Pringle
Lowe, A.			Cosner
Shepherd, C.			Lyon, G.
Shepherd, J.			Clark, C.
Shope, L.			Stewart, E.
Dunham			Dealey
Latimer			Scott, J.
Shriver			Simpson
Dimmick			McCaleb
Deardorff			Osborne
Ferry	Finberg	Cunningham	Wahle
Long	Steas	Rolfe	Bugler, Martin



COMPANY E

## Company E

### SPONSOR

MISS MARGARET ENSLOW

### FLOWER

Lily of the Valley

### COLORS

Red and White

### CAPTAIN

ARPS

### FIRST SERGEANT

CONRAD

### SERGEANTS

Gwin Gammel Fentress Palmer

### PRIVATES

Armentrout	Osenton, C.
Andrews, R.	Patterson
Ardussi, C.	Roehn, J.
Battle	Saunders
Barnes, R.	Smith, G.
Barnes, W.	Storm
Bolton, J.	Snapp
Carazo, M.	Sullivan
Comstock	Thom
Guggenheim, I.	Underhill
Guggenheim, M.	VanSickle
James	Wadsworth
Mejia	Weatherly
McNutt	Yount





BAND

## Band

SPONSOR

MISS MARION POLAN HAY

FLOWER

Red Rose

COLORS

Black and Gold

CAPTAIN

BARTON

FIRST LIEUTENANT AND DRUM MAJOR

SEELEY

FIRST SERGEANT

JONES, S.

SERGEANTS

Strong

Whitehead

Sayers

Adams

CORPORAL

ROACH

PRIVATES

Andrews, A.

Allen

Arnold

Bell

Barteldes

Bernard

Cole, B.

Camp

Dickinson

Friend, H.

Friend, R.

Hart

Harry

Jones, W.

Johnson, E.

Lowe, S.

Land

Mayall

Overlock

Peters

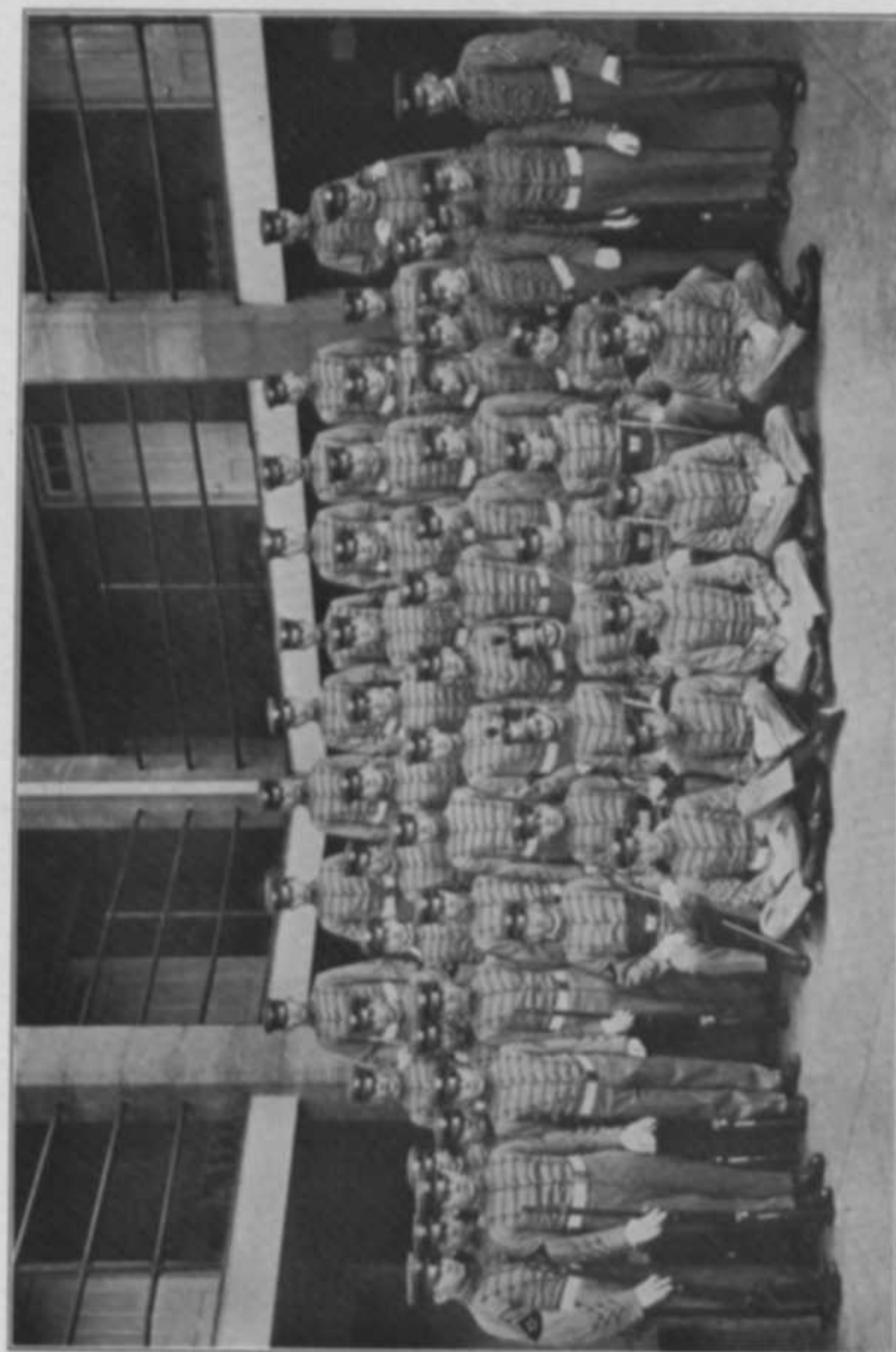
Randolph

Ridgeway

Sarver

Snow

Williams, H.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

## Line Officers

COMPANY A	COMPANY B	COMPANY C	COMPANY D
CAPTAINS			
McClellan	LaMarche	Moody	Burleigh
FIRST LIEUTENANTS			
McMahan	Shoup	Matsen	McGowan
SECOND LIEUTENANTS			
Aldrich	Alstadt	York	Bryant
FIRST SERGEANTS			
Horner	Moule	Mason	Selts
SERGEANTS			
Campbell, E.	Wiley	Harris	Kendall
Clark, H.	Ingham	Wheeler	Sparks
Starr	Tindal	Hall	Trolinger
Hitchins	Vietts, S.	Scott, R.	Carroll
Blair			
CORPORALS			
McCullough, H.	Clough	Smith, P.	Gorsline
Nirdlinger	Boykin	Howes	Fulton
Hawthorne	Reese, K.	Laurer	O'Reardon
DeLaurel	Erkenbrack	Sturcke	McDaniel
Lewis	Low, B.	Copeland	Magnus
Morey	Ranshaw	Osenton, J.	Hunter
LANCE CORPORALS			
Morrell	Dennis	Hodgson	Robertson
Schamps	Hum'ong	Gibson	McMillan





## "Speed" Rogers



It was not "Speed" Rogers' fault that he was born rich, in fact, he often regretted it, but if he had stayed within the limit of his social heritage, my story would end right here. It may be said here, also, that "Speed's" father was a financial power on Wall Street, and from a lowly beginning he had risen to fame and fortune through the dint of hard work and self sacrifices. At the height of his career he married, from a good old Manhattan family, his better half lacking lucre, but possessing great ability at "catching." Her chief asset along these lines was her "catch" of Dan Rogers, the brilliant young cotillion leader and clubman.

After ten years of happy, married life, in which Mrs. Rogers, through her husband's financial prestige, finally gained her life-long ambition, that of being the social leader in New York's most exclusive set, Dan Rogers, better known in Wall Street as "The Fox," became the father of little Dan Rogers, Jr.

From his birth little "Danny" was petted and fondled, never being allowed out of his governess's sight for an instant. At the age of eight, the strain began to tell on Danny, Jr., who was a son of his father. Looking into the street from behind the barred windows of the costly Rogers mansion of Fifth Avenue, he would often yawn for the freedom that the little boys in the park opposite him had. He longed to get out and play, without the vigilant eyes of the governess upon him.

One day, however, while his mother was out attending to her numerous social duties, Dan, Jr., eluded his guardian and stealthily crept out the rear gate, in company with the grocery boy, who had told him of the games he and his "pals" played in a vacant lot near by. Arriving at the lot, Danny beheld a large number of boys catching and batting a ball. His guide, the grocery boy, having explained the minor details of the game to Danny, placed him in a position on his nine, known as the "Tigers." Danny became greatly enthused in the course of a few minutes, and, during a dis-



pute threatened to kill the umpire, who, looking at the frail and greatly excited boy, merely shrugged his shoulders and made a grab for Danny. Danny had grown thoroughly scared by his own boldness, and tried to escape, but the umpire, known to the gang as "The Dip," finally caught him and soundly boxed his ears. When Danny finally opened his eyes, he looked straight into the furious eyes of his father, who had been watching the proceedings for some time. Taking Danny gently by the back of his collar he led him home, where a stormy scene followed.

Now, before I proceed farther with my tale, it would be well to state that Danny's father, although at all times busy, was a real "dyed-in-the-wool fan," and although secretly glad that his only son showed an interest in the national game, he was angry at the particular set of comrades his son had chosen. As I said before, Danny's father was a fan. If the "Giants" were playing out of town he would pursue his way to the domicile of the "Highlanders." If he was unable to attend these games, he would lease a private wire and get the details of the game by innings, which would be read to him by his secretary. But to go on, the straw that broke the camel's back was when Danny uniformed the "Tigers" at his mother's expense, whose pocketbook lay temptingly by Danny's side one day.

It was decided that Danny should be sent off to a boarding school. After sad farewells, mostly on the part of "The Tigers," who would greatly miss Danny's generosity, Danny set out for one of the country's best boarding schools. When Danny finally came home three years later with a sheepskin, and the lustrous prefix of "Speed" to his name, and incidentally the late captain of S—Academy team, that were the preparatory school champions of their state, he was received with open arms by his parents, who thought at last Danny would hold up the proud name of the Rogers family. Instead of being a boy of their desire they found him to be a blase youth, full of fanciful ideas that young men of his age possess.

It was decided that Dan should go to Yale, and there Danny

came into his own, and at the end of his university course, he was adjudged the greatest short-stop Yale ever turned out.

Danny's triumphant home-coming was barred by the fact that he had fallen in love and that the recipient of Danny's affection, would probably never bear the name of Rogers. When Danny broke the news to his father that he intended marrying "Blossom" O'Brien, of "The Strollers," a scene followed that Danny will never forget. Danny, Sr., took the first train to Philadelphia, where "Blossom" was playing in the above named show. Finding Miss O'Brien, Mr. Rogers, in his blunt way, offered her \$50,000, then \$100,000 to cease her unwelcome attention to his son. The outcome of the interview resulted in Danny's father being politely shown to the door by Miss O'Brien's maid.

When Rogers, Sr., arrived home he found his son gone, leaving no trace of his destination behind.

A few days later a small paragraph appeared in a Philadelphia paper announcing the marriage of Daniel Rogers, Jr., and Mary O'Brien. Being as he was a shining light in the sporting world, and utterly upon his own resources, he did not hesitate a minute in signing a contract with a certain Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy, to play on the Philadelphia Athletics. When Danny's father heard of his son's latest exploits, namely his breaking into the matrimonial and athletic world, he immediately informed Dan by wire that he was no longer his son. Although sad news for Danny, he was not discouraged in the least, and with the help of his loving wife bore a brave front. Soon Danny's picture began to appear in the papers, recounting how "Speed Rogers," the phenomenal "find" of the Athletics had broken up the game with the Detroit Tigers, by a home run in the ninth inning. Gradually he became feared by every pitcher in the league, and his father, back in New York, steadfastly refused to look at the Atlantic's box score, in his perusal of the sporting-pages, although he had an inward feeling that somehow this famous son of his was going to interfere with the destinies of the "Giants." The "Giants" now led the league, and were sure pennant winners. The Athletics had steadily climbed from fourth



position to second, and were dangerously close to first place. Finally after a bitter series with the "Tigers," the Athletics emerged in first place, due mainly to the terrific hitting and sensational fielding of one "Speed Rogers." It was finally decided that the Athletics and the New York Giants would battle for the World's Championship.

Danny's father decided that under the circumstances he would stand by his team against his son, but under no circumstances would he attend any of the games.

The first game was played in New York and the Athletics won by a 4-to-1 score, "Speed" contributing four hits to the victory. After the news of his son's latest achievement, Mr. Rogers nearly suffered apoplexy.

The next game, played in Philadelphia, was won by the Giants after a gruelling twelve inning contest, it was mainly the energy of "Speed" that protracted the game. Upon this news Mr. Rogers's spirits arose visibly.

The next game was also played in Philadelphia, and ended with the Athletics in the long end of a 3 to 2 score. Enthusiasm was at its height in both cities when the Athletics went to play the fourth game of the series in New York. Every person remembers how the Athletics won, by a triple in the eighth inning with the bases loaded, by a short-stop of the Athletics, the same person being Mr. "Speed" Rogers.

The Giants won the two succeeding games by narrow margins. The last and decisive game of the series, was, after much arguing, decided to be played in New York. Danny's father could no longer stand the strain, and at the last minute went to the game, in spite of the bitter feeling against his son. As the game progressed with neither team being able to score, Mr. Rogers became more excited, one minute he was standing and shouting for Devore to "kill it," the next urging "Matty" to strike him out. The seventh appeared with the score nothing to nothing, the Athletics at the bat. Matty had a nervous minute and passed Collins, Baker beat out a bunt, and the peerless "Speed" Rogers advanced to the plate. Pandemonium

reigned. It looked like a victory for Philadelphia Athletics. Suddenly a booming voice rang out from the bleachers, "strike him out, Matty." Speed gave a start and glanced round toward a box in the stand, met the excited eyes of his father and struck out. The mob went crazy, the matchless Rogers striking out in a crisis like that. Connie Mack was amazed and worried at this remarkable exhibition on the part of his star. He went to the bench where "Speed" now sat with his head in his hands, and a worried look on his face. He told Connie that just as he had gone to the plate he saw his father in the stand, and he also told Connie how his father had disinherited him. Connie did his best to sooth his nervous player, but of no avail. Finally in the 10th inning with the score the same, the Athletics again landed men on the bases, it came "Speed's" turn to bat, Connie had intended sending in a pinch hitter, but "Speed" begged so hard to redeem himself, he allowed him to bat. Now a wonderful transformation had happened in the stands where Danny's father sat, when his son had struck out, the rooters made slurring remarks about "boob," "lemon," etc. This was more than the old man could stand, he began to think of the struggle his son had and now he saw his son advancing again to the plate. A lump arose in his throat, and he cried with his strength, "hit it, Danny," a wonderful change came over the countenance of "Speed," as he recognized the voice of his father. You could have heard a pin drop in the park, the thousands of spectators held their breath as "Matty" prepared to pitch; after what seemed hours, he let the ball fly, the umpire cried "s-t-r-i-k-e one." His next offering was a trifle wild, and was declared a ball. "Speed" stood perfectly still and watched a strike pass by. A cheer arose from the stands, as the vast multitude again settled back in their seats, Danny's father was insanely shrieking for his son to "hit it." "Matty" seemed to lose his nerve for an instant and sent two wide ones across. Realizing, however, that the next ball he would pitch would probably decide who would hold the World's Championship, he slowly wound up and sent a high straight ball across the plate. This was exactly what "Speed" was waiting for, swinging



at the ball with every ounce of strength behind him, he met the ball fairly; it arose gracefully in the air. At the crack of the bat, the fielders began to run madly back towards the fence, the ball seemed as if it would never fall. Danny was now circling second, and his preceding team-mates had already crossed the plate ahead of him. But the ball, seemingly endless in its flight, finally disappeared over the fence. As Danny crossed the plate, he was seized by his team-mates, who nearly mobbed him in their joy. As they released him, a flash of color flew by and Danny's wife was crying softly in his arms. Just as the thousands of joy mad spectators were making for Danny, a hoarse voice was heard shouting, "I want my son, I want my son," and Danny turned to see his father fighting his way toward him. When he finally reached him he pretty nearly strangled Danny in his embrace. He then turned to Danny's embarrassed wife, and held out his hand saying, "Can you forgive me, I want both of you children to come home," and without waiting for an answer led them to his long grey roadster, which stood waiting by them.

E. MATSON, III.





## The Horse Marines



IEUTENANT GORDON EAVENSON had graduated from the Academy in 1914, with honors, receiving a medal in chemistry, and one for loyalty to the old school. In turn he had shaken hands with the Principal, the Major, and the Commandant, lastly with his old chums. He then brought Margaret and her mother back to his home town. They had been down to see him graduate and both were well pleased.

Over the footlights, as he had stepped to receive his second great honor, only one face stood forth. How often had he gazed upon that face, with fond thoughts for the future! Now as it alone peered forth from the mass of darkness all seemed clear and only a great white wave loomed up ahead.

Very soon all this hopefulness had been trodden under foot. From a clear, blue sky had dropped a thunder bolt with a shock that seemed to shake all the past and reached far into the future. Margaret's father had been commissioned to establish an electric light plant in some small Central American city, and soon after June the whole family had left. Eavenson had been to the dock to see the vessel leave, and his was the hat that had waved the longest.

Eavenson had lain around that summer and now in October he was still on his general loaf, waiting only for the Central American mail, which came but once a month. In the morning he had read an account of a rebellion in some one or other small republic down there, but it left no impression. Then, all of a sudden, he remembered the name of Minto. Had not Margaret written it was just across the river, from her little town, Trengganu? Hunting up the paper he read and re-read the short account:

"Minto, Oct. 15, 1914.—President being ousted. President Guido Carabo was today ousted from the Presidential Palace by the revolutionists, headed by General Tarduo. He fled across the Seheh River to Treng-

ganu with a few royalists. His pursuit was cut off by the navy of the republic which immediately steamed up the river. Minto is in a state of seige."

Gordon acted at once, hastily packed a suit case, flung in his drab uniform and sabre, left the States on the Steamer "Los Peri" and fourteen days later landed at Minto. There he at once went to the camp of the revolutionists.

At the outskirts of the town a barefooted brown little man in greasy blue trousers halted him by pointing an ancient Lee-Metford in his face. Had not the heroes in novels always said "Viva la republica," accepting the thought he flung at the sentinel, "Viva la republica." "Pasete" was the answer. "Oh, all right, I thought so," answered Eavenson, and advanced.

To the left of the camp, an odd gathering of council and wall tents, some stained, some of kahki, and some fairly new, he saw a great white one, with a queer yellow and green pennant floating from a short flagstaff in front of it. He walked toward it, but as the tent-flap was down he could see nothing of the interior. He looked up at the flag then down the pole, suddenly it occurred to him to knock at the door or ring the door bell. But both of these conveniences were missing totally. Again he looked at the flag and then with his jackknife rapped at the pole. "Quien esta afuera?" was called from the tent, then someone came to the tent flap in a gawdy blue and gold uniform. "Could I please see the General?" "He sleep, Senor." This announcement came with more respect as the soldier noted the American's dress. "But you must wake him," cried Eavenson, advancing toward the opening. "Quien esta afuera?" came from the depth of the tent. "Un Americano," answered the aid straightening up.

Gordan Eavenson strode past the sleepy aid and walked up to a cot on which lay a short but sinewy man. "Are you General Tarduo?" "Yes," answered the General, in good English with only a slight accent, "What can I do for you." Eavenson straightened, and continued, "I just came from the United States, and would like to offer my services to you." The General took an upright posi-



tion. Gordan continued, "I received a four-year military training in the best school in the States except the Point, and not knowing what to do I would like to help you."

The General asked a few questions relative to his training, and then offered him a commission, such as it was. Eavenson was to be a captain, and to supplant the sleepy aid-de-camp. He donned his own drab, and reported shortly after. The General explained to him that on account of the lack of field guns and officials, and because the enemies' navy, consisting of two small armour covered, out of date gunboats held the river; he could not cross and capture the ex-president. His force consisted of some 1,800 men, of which sixty were mounted. Could the American officer think of any means of crossing the stream? He would think it over.

And so it happened that on this evening Gordan was strutting up and down before the river bank, looking at the two small treasurers of the old republic. The tropic moon lit up the whole scene, showed the boats as if at mid-day, lit up the blue smear at the left that was the end of the jungle. Margaret, dear old Margaret, was over there beyond this old assemblage of water called a river. Gordan thought hard of all ways to get over the river, but no helpful thought came to hand. Then of a sudden he ran to the General's tent, woke the sleeping man and unfolded a plan born of the instant.

"Did you have cavalry at your school in the States and can you handle a troop?"

"Yes, oh, yes, we had many of them up there," he lied.

"All right, go ahead, then, and save our republic, yes, save it, my boy, and Juan Tarduo will be a thankful man."

At two in the morning all of General Tarduo's cavalry were in line at the river bank, still and watchful. The moon was behind a mass of clouds and only the dark outlines of two gunboats were to be seen. At the head of the horsemen was a young American, looking straight ahead into the river. Suddenly he raised his sabre and gave forth a hissing noise. Then he commanded, "Forward." As one body, all the horses stepped for-

ward and into the shallow river. Very little splashing was heard above the murmuring of the sluggish stream, and only an occasional snort arose as some horse shyly went forward. Soon they had to swim, and swim they did. Not once was the perfect alignment broken. Soon the turrets and port-holes of the boats became visible. Now the men closed in on the boats and each rider wriggling from his saddle to the deck of one of the vessels, letting their mounts swim back to shore. Having thus cut off their own retreat, it was a question of win or die. And fight those little brown men did! Not a sailor could come out of a hatch alive; soon both boats had surrendered, and so quietly was all done that the unsuspecting loyalists on the opposite shore slept on in peacefulness.

After the capture of the gunboats it was not difficult to cross the stream and advance to Trengganu, there to surround the house where the ex-president lived. That high official was rudely ousted from his bed and with all his officers and retinue was captured. General Tarduo with his whole force and the prisoners then commenced the short march back to Minto. At their head rode the General and the young American.

"My boy, you have saved us all, and acted very bravely. You shall now be made a Lieutenant-General of the Army of the Republic and shall have entire charge of the forces as soon as I take hold of the political situation."

It was now about seven in the morning and all the people lined the streets, cheering the army. At the last house of the street nearest the river there were three people on the porch to witness the return march. As the head of the column approached the front of the house a beautiful American girl in white exclaimed to an elderly gentleman, "Oh, look, Daddy, at General Tarduo and—why, that's—! She ran from the porch to the street and soon was bringing Eavenson up to the house. All four shook hands, but Margaret received a particularly hard little squeeze. "Why, Gordy, you have your first lieutenant's uniform of the school. What are you doing here?"



"Yes, little girlie, I still have my first lieutenant's uniform, but the single silver bar means lieutenant-general here in Central America."

\* \* \* \* \*

That night Margaret and Gordan walked beside the river. The two gunboats were still there, but each flew at its masthead a green and yellow pennant. On the opposite shore in the camp large bonfires were blazing illuminating all the merry-making of the men.

"Margaret, darling, will you come back with me to the States and live with me in the old town? I will make you happy, always."

A sweet, smiling face was lifted to his and for the first time he kissed those lips which he had always longed for.

"Yes, Gordy, we are all going soon and I'll stay with you, always."

Then a loud cheering was heard from over the Seheh: "Viva el Americano."

W. L. DEETJEN.



## The Legend of Girtan and Na-nah



THE last spring arrived and nature again clothed her trees in their blossomed cloaks. The Valley of the old Susquehanna river was perfumed with the fragrance of spring, and the air was filled with the music of the birds when rather early, one morning in May, Girtan, a French trader headed his well worn birch-bark canoe for the landing of Ft. Halifax. Girtan was a man of perhaps thirty odd years. Hardy in statue and handsome in appearance. Nature had produced in this trader virtues which may be envied by many. Frankness, truth, and simplicity were the three main elements which characterized his plain life. He was slow in thought, yet quick in motion and as his paddle touched the smooth waters of the peaceful Susquehanna, his canoe shot forward like an arrow. With little difficulty he landed and drew his canoe ashore. The children who were playing about the landing came forward to greet the new-comer, for they saw the light of friendship shining from his dark eyes. Even the people of the port were glad to receive this humble trader who had come at the bidding of Father Mackendreau, to guide the new settlers through the dense wilds.

It was not long until Girtan became acquainted with the simple inhabitants of the crude wooden fort. His daily task was the guiding of hunters or exploring parties through the woods. On general occasions, he acted as interpreter for the Indians who brought their furs to the fort. In all, he was the master of ceremonies for nature and man.

With spring, came the muskrat hunting time. Traps were set along the blue waters of the Susquehanna. From early morn until late at night, Girtan was constantly visiting the traps. Removing the prey, rebating, and refastening the traps. This work in itself, required a man of patience; the quality of which we find strong in Girtan.



However, the muskrat hunting season was nearly at an end. The next day the traps were to be collected, and stored away for next year's season. This work was assigned to the faithful and experienced Girtan. He had risen early that morning and had paddled up stream, in order to float down and at the same time collect the traps from along the river banks. He had collected most of the traps, the majority of which were empty, and, as the canoe was slowly borne along by the quiet waters, his sensitive ears caught the call of a feminine voice, crying for help. The language of the call was not that of the English tongue, but that of the Iroquois Indian, well known to Girtan. Quickly grasping hold of an over hanging tree, he shot his canoe into the bank and leaped ashore. He had not far to go, until he found the owner of the distressed cry. It was an Indian maiden, about eighteen years old, who had her foot sprung in a trap which had been concealed by twigs and brush. Tender as a woman, he unsprung the trap from the maiden's bleeding foot and wrapped it with his handkerchief, as well as his masculine tenderness permitted.

After he had completed his call of emergency, he looked into the face of the brown beauty which gleamed through the strain of pain, with gratitude. In a few words the maiden related her mishap to Girtan, who sincerely sympathized with her. During the brief conversation, he learned that his new friend's name was Nanah, the daughter of Chief Tanaha of a band of Iroquois Indians.

Noon was fast coming, the sun had nearly risen perpendicular to the earth, yet these children of the wilds cared little for time or sun. Nanah was unable to walk, so Girtan's sturdy arms bore her to the quaint old Indian village, several miles from the spot of the entrapment. Considering the Indian's custom, Chief Tanaha bestowed his rough thanks upon Girtan, for bringing his daughter home. After spending several hours in conversation with the Chief, Girtan prepared to return to the river and pursue his journey homeward. As he was about to depart, an old squaw approached him and placed in his hand a small beaded buckskin

bag which could be suspended about his neck. With this small present, she delivered a message from Nanah, in her native tongue. "Kind Girtan accept this as a token of my heart's thanks in gratitude for your noble act this morning."

If we could look into Girtan's heart as his glassy eyes expressed his admiration and sincere appreciation for this maiden's token, we would find something more. Within his shirt he stowed his gift and hastily strode toward the river where lay his canoe. As his feet firmly sped over the earth, his mind was in a perpetual quandary over the maiden's gift, which he pressed firmly to his heart. Never before in all his life had he such a pleased feeling, caused by this young Indian maiden. Was it admiration? Was it fascination? Nay! It was the first vibration of the strings of his heart which sounded the chord called love. It was the pure love of a simple woodsman, a trader and trapper who was instructed with nature's kind elements of manliness.

As time passed, so did the thoughts and acquaintanceship of Girtan and Nanah grow. Each evening after his day's tasks were over, and the moon had risen over the blue ridges of the distant mountains, Girtan's canoe shot out into the tranquil stream, headed toward the opposite shore in the direction of the Indian village. On yonder cliff, high from the shore could be distinguished the outline of Nanah and as the canoe silently approached, the air would vibrate to the sweet tones of "Gir-tan, Gir-tan, Gir-tan," produced from yonder cliff. In answer to his sweetheart's sweet strains, his face beamed with admiration which was thrown into the powerful stroke of his paddle as the canoe speedily advanced toward the distant shore.

The sparks of love had kindled into the flame of matrimony. Girtan had received Nanah's promise of wedlock and father Mackendau was summoned for the occasion. Early on the morning of the wedding, Girtan left the fort to return with Nanah. Little did his happy heart know of the lurking destiny which overhung him. As he steadily paddled toward the Indian village, his whole being



seemed to give forth that radiance which told of his sole happiness.

Yet in the distant growth of yonder shore, there lurked the Medicine Man of the Iroquois' who prophesied this bethrothal unusual to the Indian customs as well as a disgrace to Chief Tanaha. In his barbarous mind there was but one way to discard this bethrothal and that was by the use of the poisonous arrow dart. As we find happy Girtan nearing the shore from where he was to take his bride, the concealed Medicine Man drew his bow and sent the poisonous arrow humming through the clear morning air. As he sat erect, in the stern of his canoe, paddling forcefully, the poisonous dart of fate pierced his great heart full of love. His paddling ceased as his massive frame fell backward and was born in its birch-bark coffin, by the stream which he so well loved.

For years the settlers and inhabitants of the country, who were acquainted with Girtan, were unable to learn where and why he had so suddenly disappeared; and as time advances so does the legend of Girtan and Nanah.

If one were to traverse the quiet waters of the old Susquehanna in the moonlight of the present, perhaps he too would be able to hear the mournful call of the spirit of Nanah calling from the cliff.

## Ike's Affair



As he sat there on the old door step pondering long and well in his dull way, his one thought was to find a solution to the problem that now confronted him, and as he believed, threatened to wreck his whole life and rob it of all its joy and happiness. For what would life be worth without his Thalia, whom he had known and loved ever since their childhood days, together in the old district school house and who had promised to be his wife, many times, beginning with the afternoon down by the old dam, where they had wandered to be alone together; and where first he had pressed her lips to his and felt the gentle embrace of her soft arms.

That was before they had scarcely entered their teens, and life seemed then to him, only to be a beautiful dream; but now it was different. His heart was filled with deep despair, and he saw no hope of ever again holding her in his arms, or even addressing her in the old way.

The trouble had begun with the coming of that high-toned city salesman to Bingsville, with his city manners and fancy clothes. This person who called himself I. William Turbes (was, as it is termed in Bingsville), a "hit with the women folks," and he had in some way persuaded (without a great deal of trouble), Thalia's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Dixon, to accept him as a boarder.

That was the beginning of the trouble between Si and Thalia. From that time on she gradually grew more and more distant in her manner and talk to him, and at last when he had demanded an explanation, she had flatly refused, and had brokeen the engagement with the parting shot as she left him, that she would have no one telling her what to do, and especially a country "yap" like Si Johnson.

Now this same Si, though a country "yap," was no fool, and he could see plainly that the cause of it all was the aforementioned

I. William, who had not only enthralled Thalia from the first time he had met her, but all the other young unmarried ladies of Bingsville. They were captivated by his sparkling personality and metropolitan ways.

That night as Si with his particular cronies, gathered around the stove in the general store, who should walk in but I. William. He asked to see the variety of gloves the store had and picked out a particularly fine pair of small, undressed kids and said "Please send them up to Miss Dixon's sometime today, enclosing this note." He wrote a small note and handed it to the store keeper.

After he had made his departure Si sat still for a few moments, and then, all at once a bright idea seemed to strike him, and he pulled out his wallet and slowly counted its contents.

At last appearing satisfied, he walked over to the counter and picked out from among a displayed lot, a corset large enough to encircle a meat barrel, and obviously designed to accommodate a person similar in build to the fat lady they have in side shows.

After buying it he walked quickly out the back way, much to the curiosity of his friends around the store, who could not imagine what he wanted with such an article of feminine apparel; and to whom he had not spoken a word of his intentions.

The night following was the night all young people of Bingsville had so looked forward to, being as it was, the night of the corn husking bee at farmer Hardapple's homestead. Besides the pleasure of hunting for the red ear, and dancing to their heart's content, there would be cider, popcorn, roasted chestnuts, roasted apples and everything to make complete their happiness.

Seemingly Si Johnson did not share in the joyous anticipation for the merry making. That evening after working in the corn fields all day, Si sat on the door step again seemingly wrapped in his own thoughts, when a small boy came up to Si, and said breathlessly, "Say Mr. Johnson, Miss Dixon done told me to tell you to come down to the old bridge as soon as you

could." Without any resemblance to haste, Si slowly put on his coat and hat, and started for the bridge.

But now the twilight had darkened the night and the full moon was beaming over the tree tops. As he neared the stream, he could discern a figure in white sitting on the bench, back a little way from the road. As he turned, the figure rose to meet him. It was Thalia and she had the appearance of crying. As the bright moonlight showed on her, Si thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful, and it seemed as though their friendship had never been broken. Sobbingly she took him by the arm and led him to the bench and there in one outburst of crying, she said: "Oh, Si, forgive me for ever treating you as I did. I'll never do such a thing again as long as I live." (More sobs).

"What's the matter?" said Si. "Has your fancy, city salesman gone back on you?"

"Oh, it was awful! I didn't think it of him," she answered.

"What did he do to make you so mad at him." "What did he do?" she almost screamed, jumping to her feet and stamping her little shoe on the ground. "Why, he terribly insulted me, me a respectable girl."

"He sent me a box last night, and in it was a great big corset with a note in his own hand writing saying, "From Will, and won't you please wear this present to the husking bee." And then with another outburst of tears she sank limply into his arms, sobbing on his shoulders.

At last Si said, "Well, that's all past now, little girl, and you must try to forget it," and then, as he winked over her shoulder at the moon, "Don't you think we had better hurry on, there won't be any red ears left."

CORP. SHAMBS.



## The Hero or H—w—d H—k—s

### PART ONE



AROLD was one of the most popular men in school. He had ever been referred to by Captain Russell, as the model cadet of S. M. A. Slightly above medium height, with clear, blue eyes, which spoke of unblemished manhood, beautiful curly locks of golden hair which were neatly brushed back from his forehead, he presented a very handsome figure. Harold was a specimen of America's perfect manhood.

When appointments were read out at the first of the year, Harold's many friends were deeply grieved because it was found that the authorities had entirely forgotten Harold. Everybody thought that he at least would become Captain of Company "D;" but to their great surprise he remained a "high Private in the rear rank," but was later promoted to the front. How did this happen? Unanswerable! Was he not the third best drilled "Kay-dette" in school last year? Surely one of the most popular; and last but not least, he was of the brightest. Dear reader, can you figure the cause of the negligence?

But with all these good qualities, and like most all good looking young men of his age he had one failing. He was in love. The girl of his heart, I am unable to describe; for her beauty lies beyond my powers of description. She was so very beautiful (needless to say). Were I as distinguished an author as Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, or even Burt L. Standish, I might attempt it, but the best I can do is to quote Harold's own words of her: "She has brilliant brown hair, eyes of the darkest brown, that could see a man's very soul; teeth like pearls, and it would take but one fleeting glance at her finely moulded face to see that she was one of those dignified, refined girls, so scarce in this generation."

Harold and Pearline, for that was her name, spent many

happy hours together at the Savoy "Theatre," such as it was, till at last came a day when Pearline learned that Harold had another sweetheart at home. The poor girl was heartbroken; and as he came to her in the afternoon she threw herself upon his neck, weeping, and imploring him to tell her that it was all a falsehood. Harold put his arms gently about her, trying to comfort her, but all in vain; for was there not another at home, who had a claim on his heart? "Sweetheart," said he, "I cannot tell a lie, it is so, and many are the restless hours I spent at night pacing my room, trying to decide whom I loved the best."

Gently loosing herself from him, and brushing back her beautiful hair from her forehead, she said; "Harold, I love you better than life itself, but we must part. I know it will be hard, dear, but it must be so. You must not see me again unless you decide that you love me the best, and oh, Harold, dear, I will be longing for you forever! Farewell, beloved."

Harold gave her one long, wistful look, then turned and departed with drooping shoulders.

\* \* \* \* \*

### PART TWO

Final drills had come and the companies were busily drilling. Company "A" was having its competitive drills, and as usual Harold was winning. Suddenly, out of the stillness the clamor of the fire bell was heard and people began to run by, shouting, "Fire! Fire!" Where was it? "At Bosserman's, on Central Avenue," was the answer that was shouted back. A gasp was heard from some one in Company "A" and everybody turned to see whence the noise. There stood Harold, as if paralyzed, and white as a sheet. Suddenly he dropped his rifle and with a heart-breaking cry started running frantically in the direction of the fire. Thinking something was wrong, the entire battalion dropped their arms and hastened to follow.

When they arrived at the fire, they found Harold gazing at the burning building in utter horror. Suddenly a window in the

second story was flung open and a figure appeared. Harold started forward, crying, "Pearline, Pearline!" Not hesitating he dashed into the burning building. The crowd outside gasped; women fainted, for it seemed as if he had gone to sure death.

Fighting his way through the smoke and flame he at last gained the second story and fought his way to Pearline's side. Claspng her in his arme, he cried: "Pearl, my love, I know at last I love you best."

"Harold, my love," she cried, "I knew that in this moment of peril you would come!" Taking her more firmly in his manly arms, Harold fought his way down the burning staircase and to the door. When he appeared in the door with Pearline in his arms, the crowd went wild with joy, shouting his name again and again. He staggered through the door and fell into eager, willing arms that were waiting to receive him. Both were hastened to the hospital where it was found that neither had sustained serious injuries.

Harold's name was on everyone's lips. He was a hero. When he returned to the school a banquet was given in his honor. Never before was S. M. A. so proud of one of her sons. But alas, it was too late in the year to give Harold an office, but we all are sure that when he comes back next year it will be "Captain Hawkins."

C. M. DAVIDSON.

## Paradise Indeed

Nothing to do till tomorrow,  
Not a soul that must borrow,  
No more "Old Boys" to cause sorrow,  
He's Home.

No more "First Calls" wake him up in the morn,  
No last year's men to look down and to scorn,  
Never again to hear "Study Hall" horn,  
He's Home.

Now he may sleep just as long as he will,  
Never again to have "Manual" at drill,  
No more to use the "Rat's Run" run up the hill,  
He's Home.

WESTON W. MORRELL.



S. M. A., Staunton, Va.  
March 20, 1913.

Dear "Ham:"

You ask me about the Faculty up here; they are some sports you can bet.

Then there is Capt. Ackers, he's in love with Miss —, and soon all will get an invite to the wedding, and then in honor of the occasion Capt. Russel will cancel the beat and I spose Capt. King will pray for the newlyweds, of course Capt. Stevens will put an account of it in the Annual and all will be bliss.

Believe me, Captain Leggie and Cutie McCue will be buying a diamond before long; only I guess Cutie will beat Captain Legge to it, as Captain Legge's girl is such a little thing that he'll haft to wait for her to grow. This will be good material for the Blue and Gold, in '15.

And I do wish Captain Ragen wouldn't loose his wife so much and send the corporal of the guard to find her.

In regard to Captain Wonson we all thought he was going to kick up his bachelor heels and get married, but we all got it wrong, however. He is a member of The Beverley Keg, likewise coach Fetzer.

Oh Lord, I most forgot Captain Davis and Ted including Captain Stevens, again they have the biggest joke you ever heard of. In fact, no one ever heard it but them.

All the fellers in small study hall are scared to death of Captain Tiller, cause every day Captain Tiller remonstrates his ability to punish the nauty Boys.

Captain Sizer did what Captain Wonson didn't and lives in the cutest little cottage. Captain Sutherland has worked so hard trying to lern us chemistry that his head is Bald. This delights the flies, every now and then they have a skating party all there own.

Captain Pitcher had a fight, he is our champion even if they do call him Molly. Captain Fondvill nearly starved to death breaking up the Bull Moose Society. Captain Gilzers is real cute in his

uniform. Captain Kivligan nearly starves us to death by not putting but three pieces of bread on a plate whin there aught to be a dozen.

There Goes Drill so I will close and for the next half hour hear Captain Regan tell the corporals to halt our squads one pace behind the line.

Well, so Long Old Sport, see you in June.

The Same  
BILL BOYKIN.



## THE CADET



## Truth, Duty and Honor

### Truth

Spirit of man speak forth thy thoughts,  
From the fathomless depths of your heart.  
Truth inseparable yield to us,  
Your many folds of wings.  
Whereby we may win our garlands as of old,  
And reach that triumphal seat of gold  
Where man receives his gem of loyalty to his God.

### Duty

Through smoke and din of battle fierce,  
Duty was born for ever.  
Yet in fields immersed of blood,  
Duty calls us to her realms.  
Strong in spirit; strong in love  
Duty yields her bow to man,  
As the instrument of faith through which God is graced.

### Honor

Man has come this day to meet,  
Honor face to face.  
In his labor or in his play,  
Honor is ne'er at bay.  
The price one pays is the harvest reaped.  
The structure which once begun is ne'er complete,  
Without the dom, through labor wrought—Honor.



## A Cadet's Dream

Beneath the light of a summer sky,  
A Cadet lay silently sleeping;  
As the birds twittered on in the branches  
high,  
And the shadows were softly creeping.

His face was fair and seemed at rest,  
For upon it there wasn't a shadow;  
His hands lay folded upon his breast  
As he slept there in the meadow.

But soon across that fair young face  
A strange wild look was creeping,  
And the youthful Cadet was watching a race  
As he lay there peacefully sleeping.

He saw the bombs burst at his feet,  
And heard the cannons thunder;  
As he rushed in madness there to meet,  
And tear the foes asunder.

Around him long the battle raged,  
While men in death were falling;  
But yet his life was still engaged  
To answer the battle calling.

When lo! the shadows have begun  
Upon the earth their creeping;  
The Cadet his battle now has won,  
And again he is peacefully sleeping.

J. M. MERCER.

PITCHER  
CAPT. RUSSELL  
ACKER  
TILLER  
STEVENSON  
KYLE  
KING  
WILSON  
FONVILLE  
DAVIS  
FETZER  
LEGGE  
RAGAN  
McCUE  
SUTHERLAND  
GELSER  
MAJ. RUSSELL  
SIZER

—W. K. S.



## Athletic Association

### FOOTBALL

MOODY, Captain

### BASKETBALL

SEELEY, Captain

HITCHINS, Manager

### BASEBALL

MATSON, Captain

WHITEHEAD, Manager

### TRACK TEAM

SEELEY, Captain

LAMARCHE, Manager

### SWIMMING TEAM

SEELEY, Captain

LAMARCHE, Manager

### TENNIS TEAM

LAMARCHE, Captain

MOODY, Manager





FOOTBALL TEAM

## Football

SEELEY .....	L. E.
MOODY (Capt.) .....	L. T.
CAMPBELL, E. ....	L. G.
YORK .....	C
RIEBERT .....	R. G.
ALSTADT, LAURER .....	R. T.
McMAHAN .....	R. E.
ROSENBERGER .....	Q. B.
JENKINS .....	L. H.
WHITEHEAD .....	F. B.

### SUBS

LAMARCHE, D.	WOLDENBERG
MAY	BAUME

## Football Scores for 1912

S. M. A. ....	0	Massanutten Academy .....	0
S. M. A. ....	13	Jefferson High School .....	21
S. M. A. ....	13	Randolph-Macon Academy .....	7
S. M. A. ....	19	Fishburne Military School .....	0
S. M. A. ....	0	Woodberry Forest School .....	46
S. M. A. ....	26	Washington and Lee, 2nd team ....	7
S. M. A. ....	54	Fork Union Military Academy ....	7
S. M. A. ....	21	Augusta Military Academy .....	10

## Football



OACH FETZER, through his hard work and personal character, has established at last a feeling of true sportsmanship among the fellows that any school could be proud of. This sort of feeling was instilled in all the fellows out for football, and we found that, although we were not heavy and husky, we could put up as good a game as any of them.

The padded pants and jerseys started to scurry around the field about the last week in September, and the oldest known "heavier than air flying" machine was sailing through the air to the resounded whack of the-cleated foot. Only six men of last year's squad were back this year, namely: Captain Moody; tackle; Alstadt, center; Rosenberger, half-back; York, sub-half-back; Whitehead, quarter-back; Jenkins, half-back. The season was a success, losing but three games, tying one, and winning five and also the championship of the Valley by beating Roller's and Fishburne's. The men mentioned here have commanded the admiration of all who saw them play.

Ends—Seeley and McMahan both played star games throughout the season. Both being cool-headed, accurate, and the fastest pair of ends S. M. A. has ever had.

Tackles—Capt. Moody, Alstadt and Laurer were always fighting and "smashing up things" in their opponents' lines and plays. All very aggressive and always awake.

Guards—Campbell, E., and Riebert both played a strong game and the enemies' backs struck a stonewall when they tried to go through them.

Center—At center, "Scotty" York played a star game, never did he waver in stopping the opposing backs, and always gave the best he had in him. Baume also played in several games.

Half-backs—Smith, P., Jenkins, May, Davidson and La-Marche started the season, but as the season progressed, Jenkins

and Smith, P., became the regular backs, and no little credit can be given them for their skillful and fast work at these positions.

Full-Back—Whitehead, although light, was one of the best backs we have ever boasted of, and was noted for his open field running.

Quarter-Back—"Jimmie" Rosenberger was always fighting, always cool and always urging his men on with an occasional slap on the back and a pleasant smile; these are the attributes of "Jimmie."

Riebert and Brenham were both out for the "booters" of the pigskin, but owing to the fact that Brenham was hurt at the beginning of the season, the punting was left to Riebert.

Capt. Moody has proved himself a true captain on the field, as in practice, he was always calm, always commanding with his personality, rather than by word. Although injured once, he played the majority of games, and he deserves much honor and credit for his good work.

Laurer was chosen All-Southern Prep. Tackle, by Washington Post.

N. Paul Whitehead was elected Captain for '13-'14.



SEELEY

McMAHAN

ALSTADT

JENKINS'

COACH FETZER

MOODY

YORK

SMITH, P.

RIEBERT

LAURER

La MARCHE, D.

CAMPBELL, E.

WHITEHEAD

ROSENBERGER

MAY

BAUME





BASKETBALL TEAM

## Basketball Team

SEELEY (Capt.)	R. E.
SMITH, P.	L. F.
COX	C.
ATWOOD	R. G.
LAMARCHE, D.	F. G.

### SUBS

GRIFFITH, MAY, LAURER

## Basketball Scores for 1913

S. M. A.	25	Staunton High School	19
S. M. A.	9	Jefferson High School	33
S. M. A.	15	Massanutten Academy	14
S. M. A.	23	Jefferson High School	15
S. M. A.	9	Augusta Military Academy	19
S. M. A.	21	Shenandoah C. I.	18
S. M. A.	28	Gettysburg High School	17
S. M. A.	8	Augusta Military Academy	28
S. M. A.		Shenandoah V. A. (Canceled)	



## Basketball

The season opened with about thirty-five candidates out. But Coach Kyle soon had the squad cut down to two teams, of which every man was striving to make the 'Varsity. There were four old men back, Capt. Seeley, LaMarche, Smith, P., and Griffith. The season as a whole was very successful, but S. M. A. lost the most important game of the season to A. M. A., due to the poor head-work of the team, by losing their heads in the second half, and making more of a battle-royal out of it, then a basketball game.

Capt. Seeley, forward, is due much credit for his speed, passing, and dribbling; and it took a good man to cover "Ken" for he was everywhere at once and played the star game through the season. for S. M. A. Smith, P., at the other forward played a steady game the whole season and made many points for the team.

Cox, at center, played a dashing, defensive game, and was "there" when it came to jumping. "Farmer" Atwood played a good guard, always "sticking" to his man from the beginning of the game to the end.

LaMarche, D., Captain for next year showed to advantage his ability every time he had a chance.



### TEAM

ROSENBERGER .....	C.
GIBSON .....	P.
YORK .....	1st B.
JONES, S. ....	2nd B.
MATSON (Capt.) .....	S. S.
HUNTER, G. ....	3rd B.
EMERY .....	L. F.
CAMP .....	C. F.—P.
MURRAY .....	R. F.

### SUBS

STRONG, BRENHAM

### BASEBALL SCHEDULE

March 22.—Virginia Military Institute .....	at Lexington
April 2.—Miller School .....	at Crozet
April 9.—Miller School .....	at home
April 14.—Briarley Hall Military Academy .....	at home
April 15.—Augusta Military Academy .....	at Fort Defiance
April 18.—Shenandoah Collegiate Institute .....	at home
April 21.—Jefferson School .....	at home
April 24.—Fork Union Military Academy .....	at home
April 22.—Fishburne Military School .....	at Waynesboro
April 26.—Roanoke High School .....	at home
April 30.—Randolph-Macon Academy .....	at home
May 2.—Fredericksburg College .....	at home
May 3.—Gettysburg College .....	at home
May 5.—Augusta Military Academy .....	at home
May 7.—Greenbriar Presbyterian Institute .....	at home
May 9.—Morris Harvey College .....	at home
May 10.—Massanutten Academy .....	at home
May 14.—Augusta Military Academy .....	place pending
May 16.—Shenandoah Valley Academy .....	at home
May 19.—Fishburne Military School .....	at home
May 23.—Fishburne Military School .....	at home

## Swimming Team

This is the first year at an attempt to have a swimming team at S. M. A. We now having one of the best swimming pools of the South, and about twenty men who have swum in amateur races before, so the outlook is very bright. The most promising are: Capt. Seeley, York, Adams, Chapman, Deetjen, McClellan and LaMarche, Manager.

## Tennis Team (?)

The tennis team, composed of Bryant, Seeley, Hitchins, and Capt. LaMarche and Manager Moody, has been very disappointed in the loss of their courts due to the construction of the new swimming pool. Unless a temporary practice court is built, S. M. A. will be unrepresented in the 33d Annual Southern Interscholastic Tennis Tournament.

## Baseball

The prospects for a championship baseball team this year are exceedingly bright.

## Track Team

Tract has never played a very important part in S. M. A.'s athletics; not because of lack of material, but lack of spirit. But Captain Seeley has looked over the material for this year and seems to have great hope for a good team. Manager LaMarche has gone ahead to arrange for an entrance to the Interscholastic Meet at Washington and Lee, one at the University of Virginia, and a triangular meet between Fishburne, Woodberry Forest and S. M. A. We are also trying for several other meets.



FOOTBALL SQUAD



DAVIDSON

BAUME

SEELEY

ALSTADT

JENKINS

YORK

MCMAHAN

WHITEHEAD

MAY

LA MARCHE

CAMPBELL

REIBERT

MOODY

ROSENBERGER

SMITH, P.



CAPT. MASTON  
Baseball



CAPT. SEELEY  
Basketball



CAPT. MOODY  
Football

## Wearers of the "S"

### FOOTBALL

Moody (Capt.)	McMahan
Campbell, E.	Rosenberger
Whitehead	Smith, P.
Riebert	Jenkins
York	Alstaldt
Seeley	May

### BASKETBALL

Seeley (Capt.)  
LaMarche, D.  
Cox  
Atwood  
Smith, P.

### BASEBALL

Matson (Capt.)  
Rosenberger  
Hunter  
Jones, S.  
York



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

BURLEIGH, R. G. ....	<i>Vice-President</i>
McGOWAN, W. G. ....	<i>President</i>
CLARK, H. W. ....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MORRELL, J. H. and DEETJEN, W. L. ...	<i>Bible Study Secretaries</i>
SHOPE, L. R. ....	<i>Organist</i>
KING, J. J. ....	<i>General Secretary</i>



## Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Staunton Military Academy is becoming more and more a very potent factor in the affairs of our Cadet life. When we look at the rapid progress which it has made in the three years of its actual existence as an Association, we wonder and give thanks that so much has been accomplished in so short a time. So rapidly and so effectively has it taken its rightful place in the very life of the School, that we now feel its influence so strongly that any sane person can look upon it as an agency for good, such as has long been needed here, and is now indispensable to the School and to the general welfare of the students.

When as a school, composed of faculty and students, we can realize that an academic training is useless without a moral training as a back ground, then it is that we shall stand by the principles which go to make for Christian manhood such as our Association is trying to fasten in our midst. We need the manly support of everyone on the hill to make this influence most effective.

The day is rapidly passing when it is a popular thing to stand by and "knock" the Y. M. C. A. We have taken a new and splendid step. The strongest and finest men in school are associating themselves with the Y. M. C. A. forces. We have grown physically, mentally and spiritually until now we are a well formed Young Men's Christian Association. It is becoming not only unpopular to "knock," but also unpopular not to be a member. All are beginning to realize that the Y. M. C. A. stands for the best in school life. Every fellow is being made to realize that he cannot be fully educated if he neglects to take part in the religious life of the school. Our aim is to develop among all cadets, not a namby-bamby religiosity but a strong manly Christianity, that will be a working basis for the whole of life's activities. A religious life that will make keener students, stronger athletes, truer men. If, then, this is our aim, no Christian man, whose lot it

is to be here, can afford to be anything but an ardent supporter of the varied interests of the Y. M. C. A. An interest in this phase of our school life will indicate an interest in the ideal side of school life.

Much as could be said about the visible and material improvements, such as the five thousand dollar Swimming Pool, the Billiard Room, Library, etc., these things are evident to all of us.

On the other hand, let us look very briefly at some of the other things which are not so easily seen, but which have been done by the Y. M. C. A. during the year. In the first place, we published and distributed free of charge, a hundred page, leather bound hand book to all new students coming to the Academy for the first time. This was mailed to the prospective cadets before their arrival in Staunton, thus giving them some valuable information as how to act, etc., when they reached S. M. A. Three days after school opened, a reception was given to the new students. Over two hundred attended.

During the year several Bible Classes have been maintained by the Secretary. The total enrollment of these classes being about ninety. "The Life of Christ," and "Life Problems" have been discussed.

The Y. M. C. A. Library has been put to greater use than ever before. Over six hundred books have been taken out during the past six months of the session.

Our Sunday night services have grown in interest. During the year, we have had some strong speakers with strong messages. Among the lecturers, we have had Dr. Charles W. Kent, of the University of Virginia; Mr. C. B. Bare, of Richmond; Bishop T. C. Carter, of Tennessee; J. J. Jeffreys, Secretary of the Anti-Cigarette League of America; Judge Richard Ker, of Staunton; Mr. Oscar Randolph, of Lexington; Professor T. W. Shannon, of the World Federation of Purity; Harry Spratt, of the Boston Nationals; Arthur Howe, of Yale's famous Quarter-Back and Coach; Mr. E. B. Barnitz, of New York, and others.

Much more has been done which cannot very well be related at this time. However, even this justifies and claims the support of all who are interested in the best welfare of the student body of S. M. A.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise think on these things."

JAMES J. KING,  
Gen. Sec'y.







DELTA SIGMA NU

## Delta Sigma Nu

### PHI CHAPTER

#### ACTIVE MEMBERS

Samuel M. Guild	Armen Barteldes
Edwin Matson, 3d	Clifford Camp
Clyde Alstadt	James W. Mercer
Frank S. York, Jr.	Randall N. Mann
Gordon K. Nigh	Rodney E. Snow
William Selts	Clifton Pickard
Wm. M. Tindal	Harold Shobe
Chas. Guy Strong	John Reibert
N. Paul Whitehead	Arch Chilton
Harold Clark	Price Trolinger
John L. Coffin	J. Lattimer Ryan
Wm. T. Lewis	James T. Rosenberger
Wm. McDaniel	Loyd Elkins
Bayard Low	James Brenham

#### HONORARY MEMBERS

Capt. W. G. Kable  
 Capt. Roy W. Wonson  
 Capt. Ted G. Russell  
 Capt. Perry C. Ragan  
 Capt. Henry G. Acker  
 Capt. Saml. O. McCue

## Phi Sigma Chi Chapter Roll

### ALPHA PROVINCE

#### OHIO

Alpha—Zanesville High School.  
Beta—McConnellsville High School.  
Delta—Cambridge High School.  
Gamma—Kenyon Military Academy.  
Eta—Mt. Vernon High School.  
Theta—Columbus North High School.  
Lambda—Coschocton High School.  
Mu—Delaware High School.  
Nu—Toledo High School.  
Rho—Dennison High School.  
Sigma—Newark High School.  
Upsilon—Granville High School.  
Phi—Urbana High School.  
Chi—Lancaster High School.  
Tau—Dayton High School.

### BETA PROVINCE

#### ILLINOIS

Alpha—Kankakee High School.  
Beta—Cairo High School.  
Delta—Guiney High School.

### GAMMA PROVINCE

#### MISSOURI

Alpha—St. Louis.  
Beta—Wentworth Military Academy.  
Gamma—St. Joseph High School.  
Delta—Kansas City.

### DELTA PROVINCE

#### INDIANA

Alpha—Logansport High School.  
Beta—West Lafayette School.  
Gamma—Lafayette High School.  
Delta—Indianapolis High School.

### EPSILON PROVINCE

#### CALIFORNIA

Alpha—Berkley High School.  
Beta—San Francisco-Lowell High School.  
Gamma—Los Angeles High School.

### THETA PROVINCE

#### KANSAS

Alpha—Lawrence High School.  
Beta—Kansas City High School.  
Gamma—Leavenworth High School.  
Delta—Ottawa High School.  
Epsilon—Manhattan High School.  
Zeta—Kansas State Agricultural College.

### IOTA PROVINCE

#### MICHIGAN

Alpha—Bay City High School.

### KAPPA PROVINCE

#### ALABAMA

Alpha—Mobile High School.

### LAMBDA PROVINCE

#### VIRGINIA

Alpha—Staunton Military Academy.

### NU PROVINCE

#### MASSACHUSETTS

Alpha—Mass. Institute of Tech.

### MU PROVINCE

#### PENNSYLVANIA

Alpha—De Lancey School, Philadelphia.  
Beta—West Philadelphia High School.  
Gamma—Central High School, Philadelphia.  
Delta—Episcopal Academy, Philadelphia.

## Delta Sigma Nu Chapter Roll

Alpha—Ann Arbor, Mich., 1893.  
Beta—Fort Wayne, Ind., 1895.  
Gamma—St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis., 1896.  
Delta—Pontiac, Michigan, 1898.  
Epsilon—Duluth, Minn., 1899.  
Zeta—Minneapolis, Minn., 1902.  
Eta—Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, Cal., 1903.  
Theta—Flint, Mich., 1903.  
Iota—Morris High School, New York City, 1904.  
Kappa—Los Angeles, Cal., 1904.  
Lambda—Port Huron, Mich., 1905.  
Mu—Eureka, Cal., 1905.  
Nu—Hackensack, N. J., 1905.  
Omicron—Pasadena, Cal., 1905.  
Pi—Buffalo, N. Y., 1905.  
Rho—Horace Mann School, New York City, N. Y., 1906.  
Sigma—St. Paul, Minn., 1906.  
Tau—Miami Military Institute, Germantown, Ohio, 1907.  
Upsilon—Denver, Col., 1907.  
Phi—Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va., 1907.  
Chi—Oak Park, Ill., 1908.  
Psi—Yonkers, N. Y., 1908.  
Alpha Beta—Newtonville, Mass., 1909.  
Alpha Gamma—New York Military Academy, Cornwall, N. Y., 1911.  
Alpha Epsilon—McKinley Manual Training School, Washington, D. C., 1912.





PHI SIGMA CHI

## Phi Sigma Chi

Lambda Province

Alpha Chapter

MOTTO  
Amicitia et Fraternitas

COLORS  
Old Gold and Black

FLOWER  
White Carnation

FRATRES

Merritt W. Atwood  
Charles H. Brown  
William L. Deetjen  
George D. DeLaureal  
Harry F. George  
Linford L. Godwin  
Daniel L. Harris  
William D. Harwell  
\*John L. Hitchins  
Frank T. Holt, Jr.  
Daniel L. LaMarche  
Schuyler M. McClellan  
Harry W. McCullough, Jr.  
Allan D. Robertson  
Frederick R. Reese  
Donald J. Starr  
Seeley H. Vietts.  
Herbert B. Williams

## Pi Phi

Carl Blair

Roy Bryant

James E. Cantrill

B. T. Gibson

Townsend Cox

Allen Howes

Vilas Horner

Royden Hodgson

Thomas S. Jones

George V. Milliken

Wallace H. Moody

Harold R. Mason

Fred McMahan

Wallace K. Seeley

FRATER-IN-FACULTATE

Frederick M. Sizer



PI PHI



## Pi Phi Chapter Roll

Alpha, 1878 (East and West High Schools) .....	Rochester, N. Y.
Rooms: 37 East Main Street	
Beta, 1881 (Schenectady High School) .....	Schenectady, N. Y.
Rooms: 220 State Street	
Eta, 1890 (New York Military Academy) .....	Cornwall, on Hudson, N. Y.
Chapter House	
Theta, 1894 (Auburn High School) .....	Washington, Conn.
Iota, 1897 (Gunnery School) .....	Washington, Conn.
Chapter House	
Lambda, 1901 (Binghamton High School) .....	Binghamton, N. Y.
Rooms: 409 Phelps Bank Building	
Mu, 1904 (Central and North High School) .....	Syracuse, N. Y.
Rooms: 219 Montgomery Street	
Nu 1905 (Open Book Club) .....	Los Angeles, Cal.
Omicron, 1907 (Central and Western High Schools) .....	Washington, D. C.
Pi, 1910 (Townsend Harris, Morris and Stuyvesant High School) New York City, N. Y.	
Rooms: Hotel Endicott, 81st Street	
Rho, 1910 (Pingry School) .....	Elizabeth, N. J.
Rooms: Pingry School	
Sigma, 1911 (Staunton Military Academy) .....	Staunton, Va.

### ALUMNI

Rochester Pi Phi Alumni Association .....	Rochester, N. Y.
New York Pi Phi Alumni Club .....	New York City, N. Y.
Cornell Pi Phi Club .....	Ithaca, N. Y.
Pi Phi Alumni Association, Schenectady .....	Schenectady, N. Y.
The Alumni Association of Omicron Chapter .....	Washington, D. C.
Pi Phi Alumni Club of Union College .....	Schenectady, N. Y.
Sigma Alumni Association .....	Philadelphia, Penn.



XMAS RATS

## Chi Sigma Chi

Upsilon Chapter

COLORS

Blue and White

FLOWER

Violet

FRATRES

Capt. B. R. Legge  
R. G. Burleigh  
R. L. Shoup  
W. G. McGowan  
C. W. Wiley  
F. W. Carroll  
H. A. Fulton  
H. Humlong  
R. D. McMillan  
V. D. Smith  
J. L. Corbly  
L. R. Shope  
J. R. Hawthorne

Capt. Thos. Beardsworth  
H. A. Barton  
R. W. Aldrich  
D. C. Griffith  
W. S. Sparks  
G. L. Kendall  
Wm. Jenkins  
C. Laurer  
R. W. May  
M. Harwood  
R. C. Comstock  
H. L. Winslow  
E. S. Johnson

E. A. Schambs



CHI SIGMA CHI



## Chi Sigma Chi Chapter Roll

Alpha	New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York
Beta	Ohio Military Academy, Portsmouth, Ohio
Gamma	Wilson Vail School, New York City, New York
Delta	Barnard School, 125th Street, New York City, New York
Epsilon	Ohio Military Institute, College Hill, Ohio
Zeta	Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Virginia
Eta	Patterson-Davenport School, Louisville, Kentucky
Theta	Walnut Hills High School, Cincinnati, Ohio
Iota	Woodward High School Cincinnati, Ohio
Kappa	Chillicothe High School, Chillicothe, Ohio
Lambda	Bellefontaine High School, Bellefontaine, Ohio
Mu	Newburgh Academy, Newburgh, New York
Nu	Hamilton High School, Hamilton, Ohio
Xi	Miami Military Institute, Germantown, Ohio
Omicron	Wooster High School, Wooster, Ohio
Pi	Technical School of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio
Rho	Michigan Military Academy, Orchard Lake, Michigan
Sigma	Eastern High School, Detroit, Michigan
Tau	Kiskiminetas Spring School, Saltsburg, Pennsylvania
Upsilon	Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Virginia
Phi	East High School, Columbus, Ohio

## Theta Phi Chapter Roll

Alpha	Utica, N. Y.
Beta	Clinton, N. Y.
Gamma	Onandago Valley, N. Y.
Delta	West Winfield, N. Y.
Epsilon	Frankfort, N. Y.
Gorton Zeta	Booneville, N. Y.
Eta	Hamilton, N. Y.
Theta	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Iota	East Syracuse, N. Y.
Kappa	Chittenango, N. Y.
Lambda	Oneida, N. Y.
Mu	Manlius, N. Y.
Nu	Holland Patent, N. Y.
Xi	Homer, N. Y.
Omicron	Johnstown, N. Y.
Pi	Fort Plain, N. Y.
Sigma	Weedsport, N. Y.
Tau	Llion, N. Y.
Upsilon	Herkimer, N. Y.
Chi	Gloversville, N. Y.
Psi	Wellsville, N. Y.
Omega	Rome, N. Y.
Alpha Beta	Syracuse, N. Y.
Beta Beta	Rochester, N. Y.
Gamma Beta	Hornell, N. Y.
Delta Beta	Buffalo, N. Y.
Epsilon Beta	Oswego, N. Y.
Zeta Beta	Little Falls, N. Y.
Eta Beta	Hightstown, N. J.
Iota Beta	Amsterdam, N. Y.
Lambda Beta	Newark, N. J.
Mu Beta	Elmira, N. Y.
Nu Beta	Staunton, Va.

## Theta Phi

### COLORS

Red and Blue

### FLOWER

Tea Rose

### FRATRES

B. J. Adams

G. F. O'Reardon

H. L. Ingham

S. S. Sayres

George T. Hunter

S. T. Mayall

C. M. Bell

G. E. Allgair

B. S. Buchannon

B. D. Raine

J. A. Murray

B. W. George

E. P. Smith

B. L. Finley

R. E. Callahan

### FRATRE IN FACULTATE

S. S. Pitcher



THETA PHI



# MISCELLANEOUS

## *The* Dream of Sen Keeley

I'm out at the home of my Helen,  
Helen so young and so fair,  
But her father and mother,  
And sister, and brother,  
And all of the family are there.

I'm now on the sofa with Helen,  
Helen with bright, golden hair,  
But her father and mother,  
And sister and brother,  
And all of the family are there.

I'm way up the river with Helen,  
Picknicking in the the cool air;  
But her father and mother,  
And sister and brother,  
And all of the family are there.

I'm in the surf bathing with Helen;  
Her form is beyond compare;  
But her father and mother,  
And sister and brother,  
And all of the family are there.

I'm down at the parson's with Helen;  
It's rather a private affair;  
But her father and mother,  
And sister and brother;  
Well—none of the family is there.

## A Few Misleading Newspaper Clippings

### CAPT. RUSSELL

Cancels Beat

#### DRUNK

arrested on Main St.

### CAPT. SIZER

Teaches French

#### DIVORCED

man commits suicide

### CAPT. RAGAN

is with us

#### "A MILITAIRE CYNIQUE"

Put in jail for disorderly conduct

### MAJOR RUSSELL

now Teaching Trig.

#### THROWS THE BULL

Diaz is hero of Mexican bull fight at El Paso

### CADET CLARK & CAPT. FONVILLE

have narrow escape

#### Look Like Escaped Convicts

Two men arrested today on suspicion, Sheriff  
Wilson thinks they escaped from S. M. A.

### CAPT. PITCHER

will probably be back next year

#### PREFERS "MOLLY"

Strange three-year-old child prefers nurse to its  
own mother

### CALLAHAN LEADS

The Beat

#### Y. M. C. A.

Meeting Tonight

### CAPT. KING

Held Bible Meeting Today

#### A THIEF

Caught Today

### CAPT. FETZER

Is Now Coaching S. M. A.

#### DIES OF CONSUMPTION

Mr. Wells Who Died Today Will Be Buried  
Next Monday

### CAPT. KABLE

Is Owner of S. M. A.

#### MAKES BIG STRIKE

Miner Finds Gold

### CAPT. SOUTHERLAND

Is Trying a New Experiment

#### BEATS HIS WIFE

Crazed Man Nearly Kills His Wife Before  
Help Arrives

### CAPT. STEVENS

Takes Trip to Basic City

#### ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Announce the En-  
gagement of their Daughter Alice to Mr.  
Raymond DuVall, of Washington, D.C.



A RAT'S DREAM.

## Their Favorites

"Stories Worth Telling" .....	Capt. Kable
"The Talker" .....	Major Russell
"Common Law" .....	Capt. Russell
"The Servant in the House" .....	Capt. Ragan
"Bachelors and Benedicts" .....	Capt. Stevens and Sutherland
"When a Man Marries" (soon) .....	Capt. Wonson
"The Newlyweds" (soon) .....	Capt. Wonson
"The Heartbreakers" .....	Capt. Legge and McCue
"The Merry Widow" .....	Capt. Davis
"The Music Master" .....	Capt. Beardsworth
"The Concert" .....	Capt. Beardsworth
"The Man of the Hour" .....	Capt. Sizer
"Busy Izzy" .....	Capt. McCue
"Way Down East" .....	Capt. Gelzer
"The Great Divide" (Mathematics) .....	Capt. Pitcher
"Polly of the Circus" .....	Capt. Pitcher
"Years of Discretion" .....	Capt. Fetzner
"Tillie(r)'s Nightmare" .....	Capt. Tiller
"A Grand Army Man" .....	Capt. Acker
"Officer 666" .....	Capt. Fonville
"Much Ado About Nothing" .....	Capt. Fonville
"The Old Homestead" .....	S. M. A.
"Within the Law" .....	Cadets
"A Prince for a Night" .....	Brenham
"Salvation Nell" .....	A Pony
"Stop Thief" .....	The Crook of S. M. A.

V. D. SMITH.



## Popular Songs Applied

"Baby Boy" .....	Vietts, S.
"Chatter-Box-Rag" .....	Scott, R.
"I'm a member of the Midnight Crew" .....	Brenham
"Under the Hebrew Moon" .....	Kahn
"The longest way around is the sweetest way home" .....	Starr
"They always pick on me" .....	McCoullough, H.
"Somebody Lied" .....	(?)
"A Bunch of Nonsense" .....	Hitchins
"Abie, take an example from your father" .....	Nirdlinger
"Always in the Way" .....	Harris
"Midnight Flyer" .....	Cole, B.
"He's a College Boy" .....	Eldridge
"Arkansas Traveler" .....	Campbell
"Smile a While" .....	White, C.
"Somewhere in the world there is a girl for me" .....	Stewart, E.
"Cheer Up, Cherries will soon be ripe" .....	Boykin
"Sweet and Low" .....	Friend, R.
"Caught in the Act" .....	Bolton, F.
"The Wash-Rag" .....	Underhill
"I'm Crazy 'bout the Turkey Trot" .....	Godwin
"My Hero" .....	Southern
"The Society Bear" .....	Camp
"What good is water when you're dry?" .....	Whitehead
"Why do they think that I'm Irish" .....	O'Reardon
"The Slim Princess" .....	Clark, H.
"The Little China Doll" .....	George, H.
"I'll lend you everything I've got except my wife" .....	McClellan
"I'm going to get myself a black Salome" .....	LaMarche
"That's why I never married" .....	Moody
"Rock of Ages" .....	Barton, H.
"Sally of Our Alley" .....	Guild
"Just Some One" .....	Lehmayer

"The boy who stuttered and the girl who lisped" .....	McMahan
"Ragtime Cowboy Joe" .....	Shoup
"I love the name of Mary" .....	Matson
"My Own Kentucky Home" .....	McGowan
"He falls for the ladies every time" .....	Aldrich
"Give me a small town Girl" .....	Alstadt
"The Belle of New York" .....	York
"When I behold your Manly Form" .....	Bryant
"I'm going crazy" .....	Seeley
"All in, Down and Out" .....	Griffith
"Let my Girl Alone" .....	Horner
"He's Coming Back" .....	Mason
"I want, what I want, when I want" .....	Selts
"Don't wake me up, I'm dreaming" .....	Jones, S.
"I want somebody to play with" .....	Nigh
"The Pink Lady" .....	Paddock
"Call me Daddy, that's all" .....	Atwood
"The Skeleton Rag" .....	Tibbets
"The Charmer" .....	Tindal
"The Chocolate Soldier" .....	Mayall
"A Fool There Was" .....	Gallagher
"Oh, You Candy Kid" .....	Sparks

## What We Want to Know

Why we don't have Battalion drill once in a while at least?  
 Where the strike went to?  
 Who told Legge and McCue they were good looking?  
 Who was the Officer of the Night?  
 What Moody, Southern and Hawkins did?  
 Where your lap goes when you stand up?  
 Why don't they feed us pork once in a while?  
 Where your fist goes when you open your hand?  
 What school in Virginia has clean athletes?  
 Who P. C. is?  
 Why they always have hot water to wash with?  
 Why all clocks strike every hour and then go right back to work again?  
 Why the largest pumpkin in the world is the one whose seeds are used by Scott, R., for pressing irons?  
 Who's boss around here?  
 Who threw the ash cans?  
 Why doesn't somebody find out?  
 Who the crook is?  
 When McMahan's and N. S.'s marriage is coming off?  
 Who was the dynamiter?  
 Will Captain Ragan?  
 How to get letters into the Sem?  
 Why Captain Fonville had his head shaved?  
 Who is Deetjen?  
 When Snapp had a bath?  
 What Roehn and Underhill did to Stewart?  
 What Bryant did to them?  
 What fussed McMahan as Lieutenant Adjutant?  
 Who accused Captain Russell of kidding in wash-room?  
 Who wrote Seeley's anonymous epistle?





## Jokes and Grinds

(Supposed to be funny)

NOTE.—The Editor is not responsible for any personal mention within this department. If you have any kick coming, write your complaint carefully and legibly on a piece of paper and throw it into the waste basket. (The janitor will probably remove it before you graduate.)

The world's now old, but likes to laugh;  
New poems are hard to find;  
The greatest editorial staff,  
Can't tickle every mind.  
So if you meet some old style joke,  
Patched up in modern guise,  
Don't fuss and say the thing's a fake,  
Just laugh, don't be too wise.

I'd like to know why "Tacks" can't get things straight? The other evening Nigh sat in his window and sang, in a low tone towards the Infirmary:

"Your black diamond eyes,  
And alabaster neck  
Strike horrors to my heart,  
Ah! Cupid!"

"Tacks" a day or so later silently left the barracks, and, fastening his military figure outside his damsel's boudoir, about 10 p. m., his Chinese face opened and softly came these words:

"Your slack diamond eyes,  
And yellow plaster neck,  
Strike horrors to my heart,  
Oh! Glue Pot!"

McMahan: Hey, room-mate, don't you think Robinson has pretty teeth.

Seeley: Yes, and you know they remind me of the stars in heaven.

Mac.: How's that?

Seeley: Out every night.

York: Say, Tacks, did you ever have any pets, tame or otherwise?

Tacks: Oh, yes, I have a few wild (Hairs).

Miss Dancer, to Cadet: My father says that it is awful taste to wear such low neck gowns.

Cadet: "Well, I myself, think that it shows awful good form.

Tindal: But Doctor, I treat myself by the aid of a medical book.

Doctor: Yes, and some day you will die of a misprint.

Boykin: What medicine must I take to cure me of being a poet.

Moody: Writing tablets.

Capt. Sizer: Don't you believe in love at first sight?

Cautious Steve: Yes, but I want a second look.

Bryant: Was the dance a full dress affair?

Tindal: Yes, for men.

Bryant: And the women.

Tindal: Barely so.

Friend, R.: How is the world treating you these days?

Jones, S.: Oh, about as often as I could expect.

Cadet: Did you receive the letter with all those jokes in it.

Miscellaneous Editor: I got the letter, but I didn't see the jokes.

Hitchins: I woke up in church last Sunday and thought I was in a train.

LaMarche: How's that.

Hitchins: The rows of sleepers.

Horner: You know Cox, there is only one thing in the world after all.

Cox: What is that?

Horner: A greedy man.

Ragan: Underhill, why don't you keep your hair combed?

Underhill: Because I have no comb.

Ragan: Why don't you get a comb?

Underhill: Because I would have no excuse.

McMahan (running hysterically about room): Ken, I can't see, I can't see, I can't see!

Seeley: Why, what is the matter, Mac?

Mac: My eyes are shut.

Bryant: What color socks have you got on Moody?

Moody: Two black ones.

Bryant: They don't feel black.

Moody: Why, you boob, you can't feel colors.

Bryant: Yes I can.

Moody: How is that?

Bryant: I feel blue once in a while.

How long since Legge and McCue have been preachers?

The Cabbage: Were you ever on the stage?

Egg: No, but one of my family was cast for the villain and made a big hit.

Tindal: Brenham, what makes you always so tired?

Brenham: While one day I "spoke" so funny somebody took me for a wheel and ever since then I have been "tired."

Hitch: I think that the good looking blondes ought to make good business women.

Dan: Why do you think so?

Hitch: Because they are so fair.

Tindal's blunder. Tindal to Miss Wise: Laura, you are looking splendidly tonight. (Murmur from Miss Wise.)

Tindal (thoughtlessly): But perhaps it is the light.

LaMarche to Capt. Sutherland: Capt., do you speak several languages?

Sutherland: No, LaMarche, I don't. (Then gazing at his wife who stood near by), but I know the Mother Tongue.

Coffin to Whitehead: What did T. G. talk about at the banquet.

Whitehead: It seemed about three hours.

Dr. Phelps to Vietts (after examination): Vietts, you have a constitution of iron.

Vietts: I have often wondered what made me so heavy.

A Cadet to Kivlighan: When were those chickens we had today killed?

Kivlighan: We don't furnish dates for chickens, we only furnish bread and butter.

What is the slowest thing in school?....The Guard Room Clock

What is the longest thing in school?..Five hours beat on Monday

What is the shortest thing in school?

The time between Taps and Reveille

What is the biggest thing in school?.....Two Bits





## The Lord Helps Those Who Help Themselves

Our editors are great old boys,  
Fond of glory and fuss;  
They cover their shelves with jokes about themselves,  
But never a one about us.

They're known all over the barracks,  
As men both true and just;  
So why do they write about themselves with delight,  
But \_\_\_\_\_.

Hitchins is witty, I grant you,  
His jokes nearly make me bust;  
He writes gags I know, that are always a go,  
But \_\_\_\_\_.

York is a beautiful artist,  
The best we'll know, I trust,  
His sketches are witty, refreshing and pretty,  
But \_\_\_\_\_.

Burleigh describes our Battalion,  
Battles and trophies and lust;  
He praises each day, some man in the gray,  
But \_\_\_\_\_.

Matsen writes up Athletics,  
'Bout "squeeze plays" and "hilling the dust";  
He showers much fame on many a name,  
But \_\_\_\_\_.

Seeley takes up the money,  
Though they ask just what they must;  
He writes jokes at night, with ease and delight,  
But \_\_\_\_\_.

LaMarche helps Seeley go through us,  
Good Lord! but that man's got a crust;  
He takes all our dimes and writes thanks in rhymes,  
But \_\_\_\_\_.

Bryant writes jokes, Miscellaneous;  
He's true to the editor's trust.  
It's Scotty to Ted or what Hitchins said,  
But \_\_\_\_\_.

What Burleigh told Barton is funny,  
I must admit that to be just,  
But why must they poke, themselves in every joke,  
And \_\_\_\_\_.

I'm proud of our old school paper,  
It's certainly Great, but I trust  
When one of them chokes on his own funny jokes,  
They'll write one or two about us.

BOB S—.



## Lost

A girl .....	Horner
Privileges .....	Corps
Their Nerve .....	Faculty
Popularity .....	Capt. Ragan
Their Heir .....	Clark and Fonville

## Wanted

More Sleep .....	York and Matson
To be "It" .....	Shoup
Track Material .....	Seeley
A Secretary .....	Matson
A Fight .....	Basketball Team
Something to eat .....	Corps
Our Uniforms made to fit .....	Faculty
A Voice .....	Burleigh
To be left alone .....	Gallagher
Nell .....	Mac.

## The Emancipation of the Rats

January 27, 1913.



HE rain whipped down in an endless torrent, and the wind howling mournfully around the sharp stone corners of the prison-like barracks, perched dejectedly upon the summit of the bleak, bare and vivisitous mount—caused his royal ribs Abraham Lincoln Theodasrus Russell to shiver slightly in his form-fitting uniform, and to puff half-heartedly upon an evil smelling, confiscated cigar, as he warmed his belfry lunch hooks over a small confiscated stove, set glowing, in the midst of a confiscated rug.

"Shades of the 'Thitadel," he mourned as he gazed disconsolately at the seemingly endless downpour.

"No drill—no beat, the lazy hounds will fatten mightily under such miserable conditions."

Viciously pounding upon a small bell, he howled lustily, to the responding underling, to bring forth his trusty lieutenant-in-evil deeds, and to bring him forth with such promptitude and velocity.

Fain wouldst I hold converse with the individual, he mumbled in his two-day beard as he solemnly affixed a confiscated Shriner cap to his intellectual dome.

Presently a loud stillness was heard echoing and re-echoing out of the sodden atmosphere, and inquisitive beans poked cautiously from within to determine the cause of the outrage. 'Twas even as 'twas feared—the official tactical officer was upon his way to commune.

"What meaneth all this?" mumbled a perplexed wearer of the gray." "Me knoweth not," respondeth another, and the two, little suspecting the bomb-shell that was soon to burst within the midst, withdrew to the inner regions of their boudoirs, and lightning rank, reeking cobs, silently surveyed the toils of the unhappy menials.

No living soul knows what passed within those vault-like



walls—occasionally a loud and silent chuckle could be heard, then dull mutterings as the two inspiring individuals plotted and planned.

### CANTO!

The time for the shrill howl of the agony horn, announcing the approach of the "unwelcomer"—lacks 43½ minutes as yet. Loud silence.

The menials toiled unsuspectingly and mightily walloping innocent, inoffensive rugs into states of utter, limp and absolute submission, shining shoes, pressing pantaloons, and doing the deeds of the miserable downtrodden in a dull, mechanical manner, thinking, longingly of the homes, wines and pet guinea pigs left so long ago for this life of slavery and heart-breaking, soul-rending toil.

Suddenly like a flash of buttered chain lightning the heavy oaken door of the Hall of Justice (?) flew open and two silent figures sneak guiltily out and the next instant the pannels of the den of the "Irish Corporal" busted open, disclosing the imposing figure of the mighty A. L. Theodasus, cutting off the only passage of retreat, and revealing to his unrelenting gaze, that ferocious scoundrel, Mick C. O'Reardon, the far famed "Irish Corporal," surrounded by his blood-thirsty band of cut-throats, inhaling deeply from an evil looking clay, as he surveyed a miserable figure, toiling at his toilsome task.

"Henth," howled Ted, in a voice of thunder to the menial, and Pennsylvania Bigelow, the terror of the Keystone State, meandered measily to seek the inner regions of his domicile.

"The vile culprit," yelled "Theo," as he surveyed the band of sons of guns.

A deep voice broke the silence, and the boss's unrelenting eyes met those fearless orbs of Galdrum Ingham, the California Bad Individual, who had been sitting silently with a copy of Æsops Fables, recuperating from a severe knife thrust, incurred in a blood-thirsty rain on the K. D. H. some weeks ago.

"Sir, oh sir, 'twas not me as 'twas the heartless individual what caused manual labor to be did—oh, sir, for too much do I value my chevrons."

"'Tis even so," mumbled Ted, as he strode mightly from the place.

Swiftly passing 201, for there he knew, resided a vertiable menageria, Monk Guild, Dago Pete, the adorning Annie, and hard guy Milligen, he made his way rapidly towards the abode of Willie Tindal, S. G., but that youngster perceiving his full purpose, set up a 210 1-4 pace and endeavored to beat him to it, but Mr. Russell with the aid of Algebra and Plane Geometry slid under the rope neck and ears, ahead quickly freeing the miserable slaves, who copiously, and tearfully begged to be left with their kind masters. But such could not be, and after freeing all rats, Ted paused a moment to view the actions of his lieutenant and he gum-shoed it around on his errand of mercy.

"What 'tis?" queried Texas Harry, to Arizona Ike, the Angel Faced Bad Man, as they took eagerly drafts of water to steady their quaking nerves.

"Ah, 'tis the ruthless rowdie, Ragan, roaming rapidly 'round the barracks, tearing defenseless rats from their homes and masters."

Yes, such it was. The two gum-shoed it from room to room, freeing all rats and ten minutes more found them re-united upon the confiscated rug, warming their lunch, looking over the confiscated stove, and as they silently puffed upon the confiscated cigars their eyes levelled and their hands met in a clasp of mutual friendship—for was it not Neheminaia Themistocles, who, while severely beating his frame, ejaculated, "Birds of a feather, flock in the same Maxwell."

End.

ARTIE STANFORD.



## Officer of the Night

### CHARACTERS

JIM BRENHAM, of Honolulu .....Officer of the Night  
PAUL WHITEHEAD .....Conspiring Villain  
BILL TINDAL .....Conspiring Villain  
ROY WONSON.....Unfaithful Faculty

### ACT I.

Scene First—Barracks at S. M. A.—about 7 p. m.—much darkness.

The barracks was troubled, in fact it was perturbed. Yes, it was even anxious, for was it not that the oaken portals of the den of vice, 219 were closed—barred—fastened—even shut. Mutterings were heard issuing slowly, steadily from the keyhole as two individuals of questionable character and evil faces plotted and planned. In the adjacent boudoir James Aloysius Brenham sat solemnly by the lamp devouring a much thumbed copy of the Bible, and occasionally thinking dreamily of his little Mugwampus—the princess of a band of swarthy featured Honoluluans—this damsel, James Aloysius was planning to hook up with and educate in Hackensack, N. J., then return and rule her people until old age and much native fire-water called him to the land of eternal love and beat.

The clock mother had given him—the one sister Alberta Maud had tied the orange ribbon to—thumped steadily on—but suddenly James' face paled, his hair rose, his eyes popped, his heart quaked, for slowly, distinctly came inspiringly, the voice of his master penetrated the thick wall and called him forth. He sneaked fearfully to do as bade, and was presented with a long, legal, lengthy document and told to read. As he perused the sheet his eyes sparkled and his stomach shook—'twas joy—for the document was the official appointment of James Aloysius Brenham, 33d class to the most exalted position of Officer of the Night, tour of duty to commence at 7:3½ p. m.

James' heart was glad—James' heart was full. He decided he would forgive the ones who had so downtrodden him in the past. He would still associate with them—when alone of course. Hastily glancing at his Waterbury steam wonder he started with surprise as he noted the hands 7:3¾—he was late. With a rush and a bound he seized his sabre, cap and chew and disappeared from the apartment, buckling on his knife and borrowing a hat from a larger youth—his own, four sizes in the rear.

Carefully, studiously, painstakingly and conscientiously inspecting the barracks, James finally arrived at the home of Brother Hopper, of Chapel Fame. Here he tarried a while with his pals to talk over old times and plan the management of the institution for the coming period. Later, swiftly traversing the first floor he raided the gallery of crap shooters, but accepted bribes with both hands and stepping on all he missed he promised to be lenient.

All went well. James inspected as per regulations. James was happy, James was proud. His chest swelleth and his heart increaseth, his conceit greweth.

At 11:45½ p. m. James silently, slowly sneakily made his last inspection and prepared for bed. All had gone well, all except for a few little trifling annoyances not to be considered—not even to be thought of—such as some foul, black-hearted individual pouring the contents of a water bucket over Aloysius's new uniform—one ash can meeting him amid-ship coming up the steps—four bottles breaking on his fevered head—one rope tripping him in a hall and one knock-out received from a trunk falling off a gallery and meeting James before it met the earth. Outside of these little trifles, James was successful and he slept the sleep of the peaceful.

At the first note of Reveille James was buckling on his knife and after carefully submitting his book to Capt. Roy W. Wonson, Post-Nuisance, he returned to his domicile there to be met with much music A La Camp and Hart and sadness. Another legal document—sadly he went through with it, he was informed that



owing to his feet being unmated he was reduced and given the rank of a private. Sadly James Aloysius Brenham laid down the paper and slowly, surely, secretly, scrumptiously muttered "Damn."

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### Psalm of the Seniors

Hear this, all ye people: give ear all ye inhabitants of the world, for some may cry out with a loud voice and ask, "Who shall ascend into the high places of the Alumni, or who shall stand in their dignity?" They are wisdom and glory; and verily, verily I say unto you, knowledge is of the Seniors, and the fullness thereof.

Major Russell is our teacher and we shall learn more.

He maketh us to work originals; he leadeth us on to logarithms; he restoreth our reason; he guideth us in the paths of Trigonometry for our degree's sake.

Yea, though we walk through the valley of the shadow of examinations, we dare not flunk, for pride spurareth us onward.

The Faculty shall prepare a table before us in the presence of our parents, and shall anoint our hearts with just praise; our joy runneth over.

Surely diplomas and "CITS" shall be to us this year, and we shall be in the number of the wise forever.

AMEN.

### Know All Men by Their Nicknames

SATCHEL

STEVE

T. G.

P. C.

BILL

SAMMY

COACH

MAJ.

JEFF

MOLLY

FRENCHIE

PREACHER

HENPECK

BALDY

WILLIE PIFF

CLUMSIE CLAUD

GIBBY

?

---

### I Should Worry

Little jabs from Theaodacious,  
And P. C.'s burst of will,  
Although quite little nuisance,  
Never bother we of the "HILL."

Little spats in room three hundred,  
And around the barracks, too,  
Give us all, through the medium of the beat,  
Something nice to do.

Tell me a tale that droppel out of a star,  
Push me a put that is pugnant, not earthly;  
I must have something sharp, straight and strong,  
To eke out a laugh, or be moderately worthy.

## The Art of Simple Expression

In all Annual work, confine yourself to the simplest and the most concise English. Let the ingenuousness of your amicable, belligerent, philosophical or psychological observations possess a compacted comprehensibility, coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all disseminations of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility, veracious vivacity without rhodomontades or bombasts. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity or pompous prolixity, obscure or apparent. Above all, avoid calignious conglomerations likely to detrimentally affect one's neurotic protoplasmic structure. In other words, write plainly, briefly and concisely and stick to simple English.

### HOW SAD

Tenderly she laid the silent white form beside those that had gone before. She made no outcry, she did not weep. Such a moment was too precious to be spent in idle tears. But soon there came a time when it seemed as if nature must give away. She lifted her voice and cried loud and long. Her cries were taken up by others, echoed and re-echoed by them o'er the grounds. Then suddenly all was still. What was the use of it all? She would lay another egg tomorrow.

## Good-bye Pal

Old Pal, the school year's over,  
And I am homeward bound,  
But I never shall forget you,  
Or this old Virginia town.  
Through the Summer and the Autumn,  
Or the winter, or the fall,  
You will be the one great object,  
You my Pal, the best of all.  
I will dream of dear old Staunton,  
Think of days gone by so dear,  
But in all my dreams of Staunton  
You will always be quite near.  
Well I hear the train a coming,  
I must say farewell to you;  
May you always be quite happy;  
May your skies be clear and blue.

BOYKIN.



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