

ARCHIVES

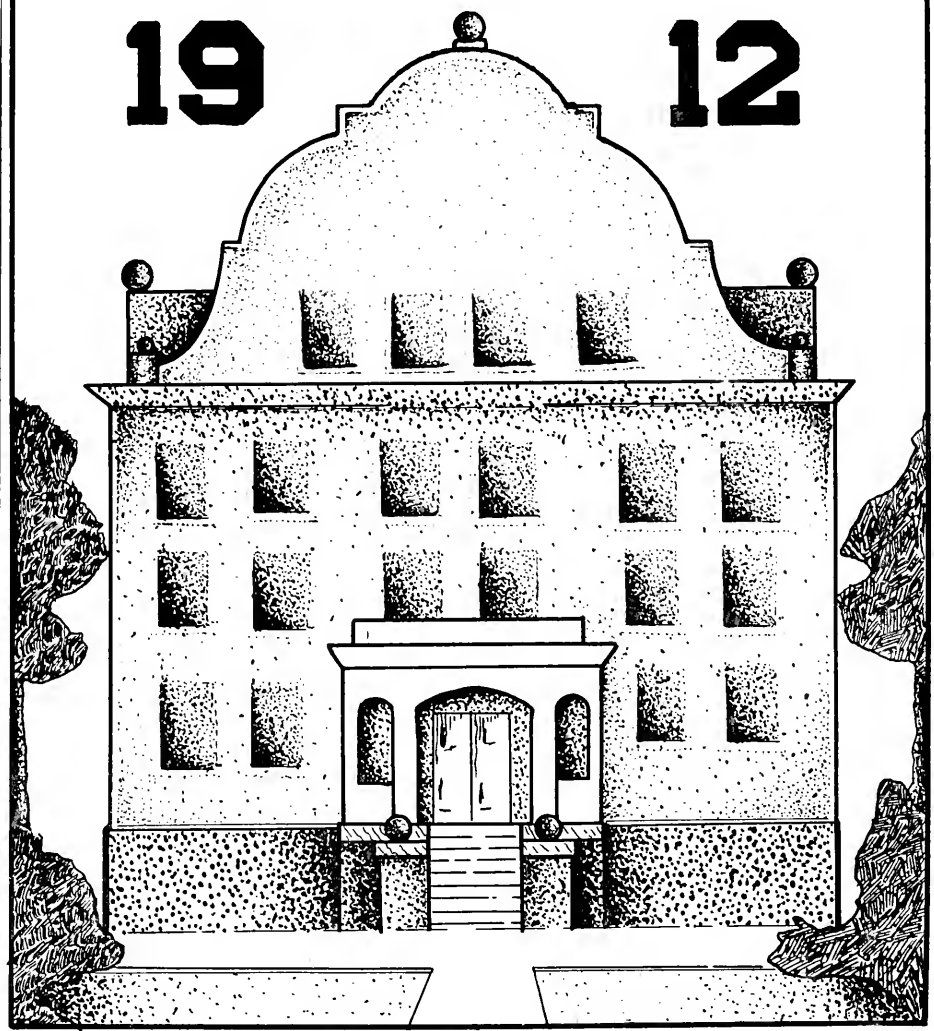




REVEILLE.

19

12



Greetings

Each startling blast of Reveille
Is but the echo
Of bygone days
So may these pages
Voice to those
Who have gone before
Something of the sweet notes
Of their own time;
And as well
In the years to come,
Recall to ourselves
The life we lived
The friends we loved
The atmosphere we breathed,
When we sang with care-free voice,
 "Maryland, my Maryland,"

To
MYRON CREESE

*As a slight token
Of its respect and affection
For one who has gladly
Given his best efforts
To prepare us for the battles of manhood;
Who has instilled
Maryland's ideals
In each and every one,
That knowing we may follow
Successfully,
The Class of Nineteen-Twelve
Dedicates this Reveille.*



Professor Myron Creese

Professor Myron Creese was born in the small town of Red Rock, situated in the northwestern section of Pennsylvania. During his boyhood he attended school in Union City, Pennsylvania, and upon the completion of his course at the High School matriculated at the Pennsylvania State College; from which he was graduated in June 1905, with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering. Upon graduation he was awarded the T. W. White Fellowship and was thus enabled to prosecute his studies for the degree of Electrical Engineer, which he received in June, 1906.

During his undergraduate career at the Pennsylvania State College Professor Creese was closely identified with many phases of its life other than the purely scholastic. He was a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Fraternity, served as major of the Cadet Battalion, and participated in a number of other activities of the college, particularly athletics.

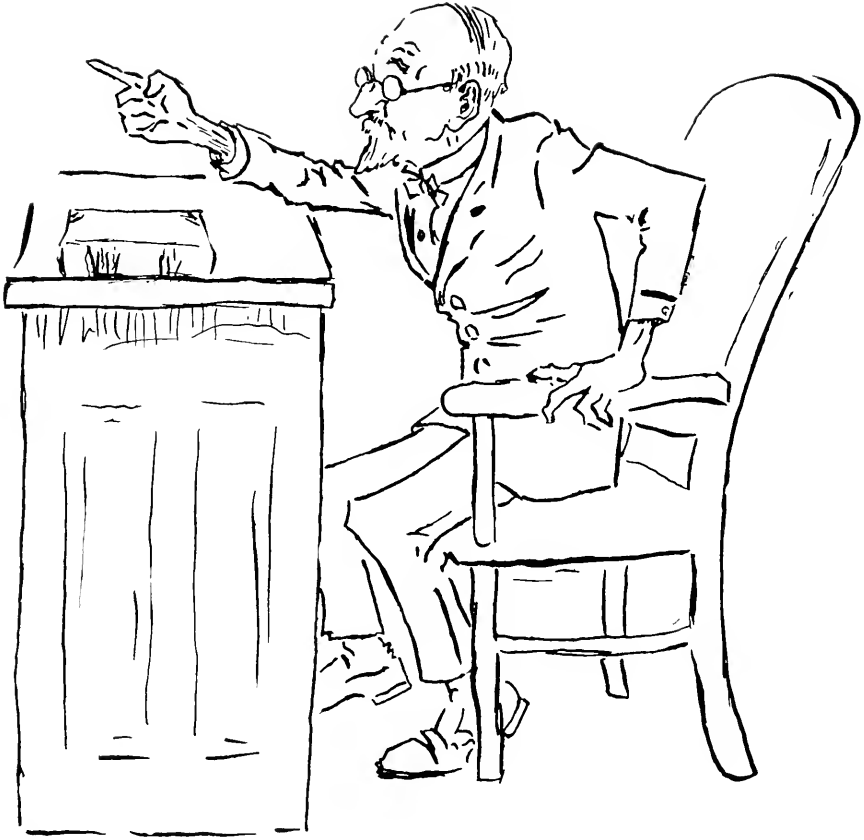
In 1906, Professor Creese was appointed instructor in electrical engineering at the Pennsylvania State College. When the Department of Electrical Engineering was established at the Maryland Agricultural College, Professor Creese was requested to accept a position at the institution and assist in the development of the new department. Through his earnest efforts and his fidelity to the cause, the department was brought to its present state of efficiency. As a reward for his services he was appointed professor of electrical engineering and physics in June, 1911.

Professor Creese is an associate member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

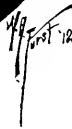
The Class of 1912 has a keen appreciation of the efforts of Professor Creese in its behalf and of his uniform kindness and unfailing courtesy under all circumstances.

Professor Creese is but starting upon his chosen career, and from our association with him as a teacher and as a friend, we know that it will be a most successful one.





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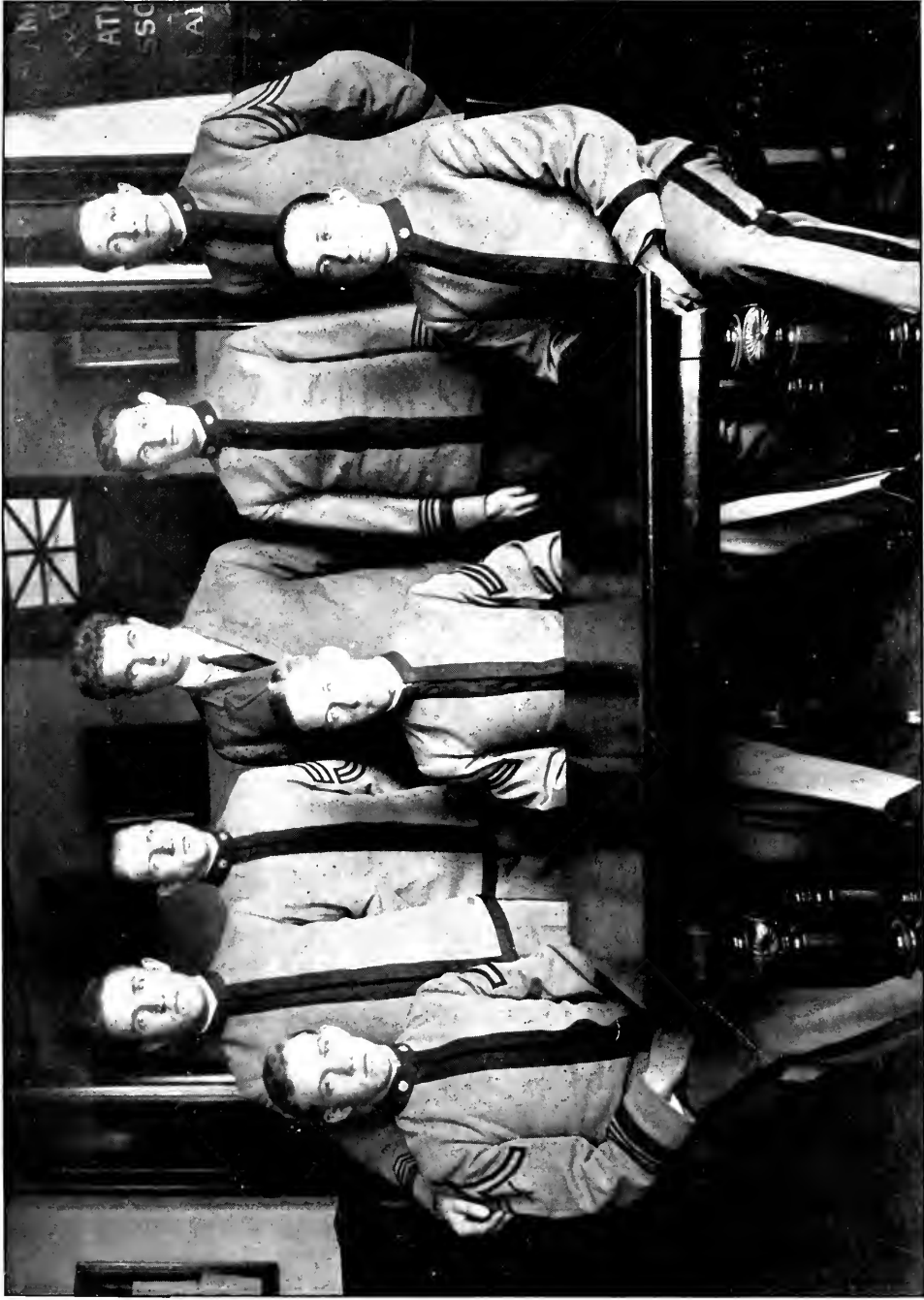
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Reveille Board

The Reveille

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The Senior Class

No more cadets and schoolboys, but Officers and Men.

 Their school-work near complete, now look they out
On life's bright path through window hiding moor and fen,
 Revealing only mountain tops, visions that route
 All fears, misgivings, clouds—dispelling every doubt.

Now dazzling dreams of noble work for home,

 For Country and for God—of victory indeed,
Gilds every view, swells every heart. Where'er they roam
 The paths drop fatness, dreams come true! May all succeed,
 The REVELLE reflects the wish of all—Godspeed.

SENIOR



MISS CLARA L. BATSON
Spencersville, Md.
Sponsor for Senior Class



Robert Lee Tolson

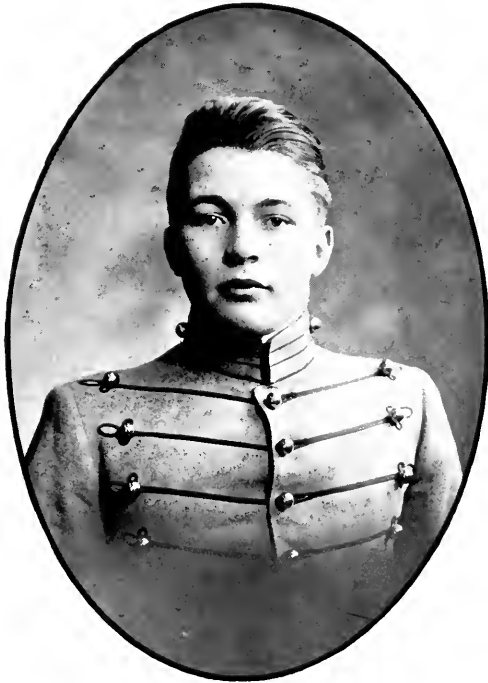
There was something in his face,
 There was something in his eyes,
Like a light of sacred grace,
 Like a beaming of the skies.
There was something in his tread,
 That was proud as well as fine;
And the way he held his head
 Made him king along the line.



LIEUTENANT FULTON W. ALLEN, Company C.....Salisbury, Md.

Horticultural

"This, gentlemen, is the skull of a nine-year-old mule."



This dismal landscape is our prize from the Senate Chamber. Yep, he is argumentation personified. Of late he has become quite an exponent of the "I think," and the "It seems to me," theories; which same theories if left to develop themselves, bid fair to make him a most successful "ward-heeler" or a "stump-politician."

Fulton has become quite famous in his athletic accomplishments. Any evening one might find him in the gym doing some of his various acrobatic stunts, what ain't. He can walk on his hands and stand on his head much better than upon his feet; in fact we believe this inverted position to be the cause of the incoherent line of talk which usually comes to us upside down.

As for his music? Well, Allen is more or less of a shining light in harmony's realm. That "ragtime" violin which he so ardently grinds is the joy of our hearts. He can get more squeaks, grunts and groans out of that box, than any other being in existence. We will forgive Fulton everything however, if he will only take "ye old fiddle" with him when he makes his getaway in June.

Like all great artists his weakness is along the petticoat-line. In three guesses we wager you couldn't strike it right. You lose! It's neither the tall and willowy, nor the medium. Nay, nay, Pauline. It's the plump damsel who gets him every time. He's not satisfied with a "rag a bone and a hank of hair," but he wants 'em fleshy too. In fact we almost believe that the greater the avoirdupois the greater his love. But beware old scout, for it is said that, "The female of *this* species is more deadly than the male." (*Excuse me, Kipling.*)

LIEUTENANT FRANKLIN E. ANDERSON, Company B.....Childs, Md.

Agronomy

“Methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face.”

Sophomore Year, Corporal; Vice President of Y. M. C. A. Junior Year, Sergeant. Senior Year, President of Morrill Literary Society; Senior Class Editor of *Triangle*; Class Prophet.

Bang! Bang! “Doggone it. I’ll wager, that’s those fellows dumping rats. I don’t think I ought to allow that. Do you? Well I’ll stop it anyway.”

At first the uncovered pedal of a mighty colossus appears. Then, as it were to further our thoughts of this ancient personage, we see the many folds of his white tunic. But hist! Was ist? The man does not belie the foot. Colossus? No. A mere man comes forth, tip-toeing, noiseless as his silent-shod, red-skin brother, until, yes until he has found the ever-awaiting splinter. Anderson the sleuth is prowling!

Lo, who is this we see hobbling down the steps of Science Hall, with an ear of corn in one hand and a bunch of cow-peas in the other. A miniature Grasshopper, of course. Upon approaching a little closer we again meet Anderson,

yes Anderson who has just returned from Chicago. But oh that walk. “What a queer walk?” Hush! Silence! Speak not thus, if you have any respect for your face and adjoining anatomy. For this is a man of miracles and does marvelous things; and you will agree with me when I relate to you the cause of his present condition.

While in Chicago, judging a herd of Jerseys, one of them stepped on his toe, at which he became exceedingly angry and exclaimed, “Oh, sugar cowie! Now get off my toe.” And the story is told that the judges dropped as if dead, all of Chicago was shocked, and even the poor dumb cows in the arena trembled with fear. While in this chaos our team captured the cup and started direct for M. A. C. at such a terrific speed that no speedometer could record it.



LIEUTENANT ADJUTANT EARL V. BENSON.....Baltimore, Md.

Horticultural

"So sweet and gentle and yet so prim."

Sophomore Year, Color Sergeant. Junior Year, Secretary Y. M. C. A., '11, '12. Senior Year, Treasurer, Rossbourg Club; Social Editor, REVELLE.



This inoffensive youth with the face of a Fisher girl is the possessor of the temperament of a two-year-old kitten and the grim faithfulness of an English bulldog.

As a society man Earl V., better known as "Sister," is an up-to-date success, so we are told. Continually lamenting the fact that his time is so taken up with social duties; brass buttons to polish, hair to cut and pumps to shine, 'tis no wonder he does not miss an opportunity to indulge in frivolity, and that the girls all love him. Oh! how distressing is cruel Fate to the deserving.

As a military man "Sister" cannot be beaten. This year he was Commandant of Cadets and had for his valet Johnny Upham and for his secretary Jimmy Elbel. It is seldom that two dogs will obey one master so faithfully,

yet it is the case, and all that is needed is the first note of the whistle.

Generally speaking, Earl has a countenance that isn't so awfully bad to look upon. Now, gentle reader, don't interpret that to mean that we consider him handsome. Far be it from. However, his beautifully plastered blonde hair really does give him a comely aspect.

Notwithstanding these facts we have to give it to him that he is some gardener. We predict that it will not be so many centuries before he will be growing sweet lemons and peless oranges on the same tree. Still Earl modestly denies any such intentions but,

"To say why gals act so and so or don't,
Ud be presuming.
For maybe to mean 'yes' and say 'no'
Comes natural to woman."

SENIOR PRIVATE EARL R. BURRIER.....Baltimore, Md.

Electrical Engineering

“A Noisy Man”

Sophomore Year, Corporal. Junior Year, Chief Trumpeter, Band; Treasurer Rossbourg Club; Vice President Rifle Club. Senior Year, President Rifle Club; President Rossbourg Club; Treasurer Reveille Association.

Honest though, we didn't intend to supply Darwin's *“missing link”* on this page, but merely to furnish an ordinary illustration from Ernest Thompson Seaton's book, *Wild Animals I Have Met*. This particular brute is Earl Roscoe Burrier, dubbed *“George”* and called *“Erb”* for short.

Born a musician, educated to know that his music is a silent vibration of the constituent parts of one Heinze tomato can, aged to produce that quality familiar to us all as *“discord;”* and finally culminated by a *“throne”* at the Senior Private's table, are cold facts for which he should now be *“doing time.”* Although possessed of a strong, reverberating, richly modulated voice, eloquence is not *“Erb's”* forte. Noise is his specialty. He has more brands of excruciating noises tucked away in his anatomy than was ever heard in a 4th of July celebration.



The worst of it is he is always looking around for new acoustic fields to conquer. In pursuance of this occupation, we wish to take this opportunity to state that he has played at one time or another every instrument of torture in the band, and as yet none has quite come up to his ideal.

Last year *“Erb”* was elected to the presidency of the *“Student Strap-hangers Association.”* This fraternity held its meetings every Friday night, and sometimes on Saturday also.

This year however the weekly meetings are held in Baltimore and thus he is relieved of the inconvenience of paying his fare, a nickel at a time. Needless to say, it is a *“Co-ed”* association.

LIEUTENANT NORMAN L. CLARK, Company A. Laurel, Md.

Electrical Engineering

"Is he great because he speaks large words?"

Junior Year, Sergeant; President Glee Club; Class Poet. Senior Year, Assistant Business Manager REVEILLE; Secretary Boxing Club; Secretary Rossbourg Club.



Yes, that teliological word "Spar" rhymes with Laur—, afar, and car, but gentle reader take it from me, they used to be connected not only rythmically with Spar but very intimately also. Nuf Sed about the past.

Spartails modestly says he will be a Great Engineer, get wise to the capital "G," and we believe he has already secured an option on several tablets in the Hall of Fame, or perhaps on the Prof's Hall. Did you say Family? Now let me tell you the secret about the "Family." You understand, "The more a fellow eats the Moore he wants to eat, and there is but one way around it. You know, cause and effect—action and reaction. Spar is the action but—there must be a reaction somewhere."

'Tis all right. When it comes to music—well, Norman is there.
 "If you ever heard him 'rag' it,
 You would shout, 'Quick fellows "bag" it.'
 For he's as precious as the wallet of a multi-millionaire!"

A debater. Ah, the very pillars of the Senate-chamber have never heard the voice equal to the one of this man, verily I say unto you, if you have a barn to sell or a patent medicine to vend call on our only and original.

Of prospects we can say nothing, he does all the saying himself when he predicts that his first job (nothing smaller than bell-boy, janitor or valet) will produce a change of momentous importance. What it is we cannot guess, but someone said an endowment to an Orphan Asylum—no, not a financial one. From the way he downs the hash we will say that it had better be a charitable offering to a chop-house.

SENIOR PRIVATE SHOWELL C. DENNIS.....Ocean City, Md.

Chemical

"Be a sport if you only last a minute."

Sophomore Year, Corporal; Secretary and Treasurer Class; Member Imperial Order Mutineers. Senior Year, President New Mercer Literary Society.

Just look again at the face in the upper right-hand corner of this page and see how much is there that you had not noticed before. Note the sparkle in those eyes. Ireland can well be proud of her donation to American manhood. Why even his hair is blessed with a ruddy complexion which is much more apparent in real life than the picture would lead one to believe.

"Reds" is one of our chemical men and he has really made some marvelous discoveries along the line of chemical research. For instance, he has ascertained definitely, that when a red head, an Irish temper, and unruly chemicals are brought into combination, an explosion is the inevitable result; and the only wonder to us is that the lid has not been blown off the "Chem Lab" long ago. Thus far however, the damages have been confined to blown out sinks and shattered glassware; except one

day when he spilled a tube of sulfuric acid on his stool and got up with the map of Ocean City etched into the bosom of his trousers, but luckily it went no further than that.

But if the chemicals in the compound mentioned above are replaced by peanuts, then there is another phenomenon which can be appreciated only by those who have witnessed it. If you wish to see him in his glory however, just give him a pipe and an attentive audience and then be prepared to hear some of the most miraculous tales that the Eastern Shore can produce. Because Dennis certainly handles the truth in a careless manner, even for an Eastern Shoreman. For if you'll believe it (but very few will) Ocean City is the most wonderful spot on the map—outside of Charles County.



SENIOR PRIVATE ALLEN B. DUCKETT.....Bladensburg, Md.

Horticultural

"A divinity in disguise (well disguised)."

Sophomore Year, "M" in football, and in track. Junior Year, Captain Track Team; "M" in baseball, and in track. Senior Year, Vice President Boxing Club.



This bristle-haired gink is one of the Burg's choicest blossoms and they sure did hate to let him go; so much so that they made him promise to come home every evening for fear that those bad rah! rah! boys would be rude to him, or corrupt his morals. But take it from the scribe, kind reader, you can't un-rotten a rotten egg.

Yet he of the ministerial aspect and gentle voice, is by nature an athlete. He can run well, any bad debt can do that; he can play ball, any grass-eater can do likewise; finally he can play football and is more or less one of "Boo-hoo's" favorites. Yea bo, but how the Duke does love the "Deutcher Studieren." He can detect "Boohoo's" cough a mile off on a foggy day, so look for the usual formula, late car.

A fair dame once accused "Sonny" of looking like Duke, so "Sonny" hasn't spoken to her since? Can you blame

him? Study the picture carefully girls and give us your candid opinion. Send answers to the Puzzle Editor. Still, the girls are just crazy about him and simply will not let him alone. They say that he has such a bunch of their photographs in his room that he has often to sleep on the roof so as not to disturb their quarrels over him.

For a long while we were doubtful as to whether this class would get him or whether he would go with that maudlin crowd—the class of '11. But fortune smiled on us and he gives promise of graduating with one of the best classes that ever entered old M. A. C.

SENIOR PRIVATE WALTER A. FURST.....Baltimore, Md.

Electrical Engineering

“He is a good Electrical man, but of Calculus he knows nichts.”

Junior Year, Chairman May Ball Floor Committee; Sergeant. Senior Year, Chairman Floor Committee Rossbourg Club; M. A. A. in football.

This saintly visage here exposed to view is the exclusive property of Walter A. Furst, known to all of us as “Fuzzy.” Such a perfect example of contentment one rarely sees, notwithstanding the fact that his troubles are not few. W. A. F. has grown very popular with the Profs since he entered these grim walls, and his popularity is still growing. Doc Tolly says, “Men may come and men may go, but Calculus conditions stay on forever.”

One of his greatest accomplishments and the pride of his heart is his walk, which to the casual observer is a most perfect imitation of an intoxicated duck. Fuzzy likes it, and we almost believe admires it, so for that and various other reasons we endure it.

Did you say Art? Believe me this specimen is right there on the art stuff. Such an artist in fact, that his signature is an exact duplicate of Harrison-

Christy. Even Myron has begun to realize that he moves in a world different from us human beings, and has gone so far as to allow him, on a number of occasions, to use his pet lathe.

A deep baritone voice, which is the closet human approximation to a dying calf, still another of his proud accomplishments; and his classmates are unanimous in their opinion, that if he lives long enough, and a sufficiently great change takes place in his vocal chords, it is just possible that some day he may be able to attract Caruso’s attention (by disturbing the peace). After considering the kind offer of the B. & O. Railroad to supply him with the necessary appliances to become an electrical engineer, he decided upon the course in that science; hence the fiction of “Fuzzy” upon us as a freshman in the fall of nineteen hundred and nine.



SENIOR PRIVATE W. S. GRACE.....Easton, Md.

Civil Engineering.

“Caesar had his Brutus, Charles II his Cromwell, and by heck I have my Doc Tolly.”

Vice President Senior Class; Manager May Ball, '11; Assistant Manager baseball, '11; Sergeant Junior Year, Secretary New Mercer Literary Society, '11; Member Students' Conference Committee, '11; Manager Baseball, '12; Secretary Athletic Association, '12; Chairman Student Assembly, '12.



Bill, alias Frog, the always present uncalled-for factor, is one of the small raw products of the Eastern Shore. Yet he never tries to conceal the fact of his habitation, especially if the subject under discussion is a pile of oyster shells or musk-rat skins. Bill is the big cheese when it comes to intelligent looks, acquired by persistent posing before the looking glass.

To show his high degree of intelligence in the business line, Bill organized a corporation of which he made himself President. This organization under his leadership will undertake all sorts of Engineering Problems, but its main efforts will be put in “Engineering Love Affairs.” Special rates will be given to Major Kemp, E. Z. Martz, and members of the Senior Class.

As a joker Bill has the whole Class beaten a country mile. You might be able to conquer his wit but you will never be able to tame it. If you want to find Bill in a crowd, drawing his grossly-worthless, affected phrases, look for his pipe. As sheriff of the high perch of the New Barracks he holds full sway with his “rat brigade.”

“Wie gehts, Cy Perkins! I deputize thee to fix my bed.” As soon as E. Z. Martz makes his appearance he is saluted with the following, “Speaking of cheese, Martz, how do you feel?” Immediately poor Martz is forced to retreat at the onslaught of the well organized “rat brigade.”

LIEUTENANT HUGH C. GILL, Company B. Baltimore, Md.

Biological

"He looks innocent, but beware, still water flows deep."

Splash! Splash! "Hark! Listen!" And out of the impenetrable depths of Paint Branch comes the faint speck of light to us. All amazed we proceed through the darkness to investigate this particular "Maid o' the Mist." Silence. A voice is heard to utter, "Goll-durned dat frog, I'll git him yet, I must have him or else Prof. C. will credit me with a juicy zip tomorrow." We venture a little closer, and to our astonishment behold our friend Gill standing in four feet of water and struggling with a huge bull-frog. The battle rages and the water surges to and fro, but at last he lands his victim safe on shore. Alas, the day is won and we are just ready to congratulate him—when we are aroused from our dreams by the first call for reveille.



In physics Gill was a walking encyclopedia. He spent much of his time during the first year in investigating physical phenomena.

In view of this fact, Professor Creese, each day played upon his knowledge of physics like a perpetual dynamo.

As a social man he stands in the very heights of society. It is a known fact, however, that it was not until his Senior year that he could have the courage to ask *eine Frau* out to a Rossburg. "He loves the dance, but oh my, the preliminaries." Being very sedate he is necessarily admired greatly by the fair ones. Much time is spent when he is preparing for the ballroom, for each hair on his head must lie at its proper angle and the brass buttons on his evening dress shine like jewels. Never mind, Gill; keep it up, for neatness and pleasing countenances will be sure to win you a charming companion to help make life a flowery vale when we have departed, one from another.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. KEMP Welcome, Md.

Agriculture

*“Of all sad words of tongue or quill,
The saddest are these—‘Take a look at Bill.’”*

Junior Year, First Sergeant, Company C; Treasurer; Captain, Football Team; Manager Track Team; Class Editor *Triangle*; Chairman Students' Conference Committee. Senior Year, Secretary of Class; Athletic Editor *Reveille*; Member Stock Judging Team; Member Students' Conference Committee; “M” in Football, '10; Track, '11, '12; “M” and Star in Football, '11, '12.



To be candid we are fortunate in possessing this photo of one of the few white inhabitants of Charles County, alias “God’s County.” “Bill” says that all wise people come from that county and we heartily agree with him on that point—the wiser they are the quicker they come.

On bright sunny afternoons “Bill” maybe seen strolling in the direction of the ’ville. The purpose of these walks no one can tell, but it has been suggested that the ’ville is noted for its spousal records. At times he is even more mysterious in his actions, and like his wit, it is very difficult to determine the point at issue; but from experience “Bill” has learned to tell a joke, so when he laughs we swell the chorus. However, he really has a very well developed sense of humor and can always see the joke—afterwards.

Sometimes the “Big Chief” gets real serious, especially when a rebellion is started at the Senior Privates’ table. He was made major merely to keep the Senior Privates from tearing off the roof, and the minor duty of making inspections twice a week to see if the room were still there.

Kemp is an ardent student, and is very much interested in the subject, “Deviations in the cracks of Pennsylvania Avenue.” When cornered he is some runner too, and recently broke all records in running from the brickyard in Bladensburg to College in 1.10 flat.

But we have learned only a few of “Bill’s” vices and less of his virtues.

LIEUTENANT J. MAYNARD LEDNUM, Company C.....Preston, Md.

Civil Engineering

“Yon bean-pole hath a lean and hungry look.”

Sophomore Year, Corporal. Junior Year, Sergeant Major; “M” in baseball.

No, this is not Ichabod Crane, nor is it the “Class Mascot;” and we really didn’t put it in here as a joke. In fact he is a real human being just like we are, even though he is from the Eastern Shore. Yes we have quite a few “oystermen” in our midst, and in fact find them a great benefit, in that they furnish such fine examples of prehistoric man.

But to return to Lednum (by the way that name is not pronounced lead-dome), for although very descriptive he mutters it a little differently. One of his chief characteristics is his laugh. It is neither a guffaw nor a giggle, a snicker nor a whinny, an audible smile nor a sheepish grin; but can best be described as a cross between a yawn and a hiccough. It is however entirely beyond human imitation.

Yea, verily though “Curly” is some surveyor. He has made an exhaustive study on the extremely difficult and engrossing subject, *“How to run a line without transit cross-hairs”* and *“How to survey without removing the dust-shield.”* “Doc” Tolly is continually harassing him on account of the ability he shows, and showers the most delightful and encouraging epithets upon him. However “Curly” is one of “Doc’s” most faithful disciples and is in fact considerably efficient as a quill artist.

Did you say a joker? Don’t mention it. “Curly” is a humorous guy all right, and some of the witticisms he inflicts upon his unoffending classmates are really heart-breaking. Really though he is awfully elevah, dontchu know, and his jokes and puns are exceptionally original—we don’t think.



SENIOR PRIVATE CHARLES L. LINHARDT. Baltimore, Md.
 Mechanical Engineering

"Just like a river. Small head and big mouth."

Senior Year, Associate Business Manager REVEILLE.



Charles L. alias 'Linny,' is the only original, genuine, dyed-in-the-wool rat of the Senior Class, thank the Lord.

After steering around the United States, like a ship with a broken rudder, he descended upon us last fall and may now be seen at "Cat's" emporium bossing the big jobs. "Hey, youse guys, get busy! 'Buck' Warton where did youse put dat jack?" By such familiar and entirely appropriate phrases, frequently used to bust in *de haid uv uh burrel*, we have an easy formula for differentiating him from the rest of the bunch. Speaking of differentiating, "Linny" is a lightning speed artist in this direction, and even his "feline majesty" has been known to open his eyes in astonishment, or despair, we don't know which. However "Linny" has told us that he has already turned down offers from Cornell and Boston Tech to teach Calculus and English.

"Whence cometh those wailings and gnashing of teeth?" 'Tis only a few of "Linny's" most intimate friends helping him to celebrate his birthday. The banquet which he tendered to his classmates was pronounced a splashing success, and will long be remembered with fondness by his friends; needless to say Linny will also remember. Our request that he stick around until we opened sundry bottles of glue, strap, grease and ink was received with the utmost willingness on his part.

As a business manager "Linny's" lucky star shines at its brightest. In his short sojourn among us, the advertisers have come to know him by his first name; and he has really become quite famous, or notorious, by his tooth-pulling methods for the painless extraction of their hard-earned lucre. He is there with the frenzied finance all right. "No 'ads' today, solong!"

DRUM MAJOR MAYNARD W. McBRIDE.....Frederick, Md.

Chemical

“Caesar crossed the Rubicon, Columbus crossed the Atlantic, Washington crossed the Delaware, but I crossed Paint Branch into Berwyn.”

Pinkney White Medal; President New Mercer Literary Society. Senior Year, President Y. M. C. A.; Editor *Triangle*; Business Manager REVEILLE.

“Mac’s” prime object in leaving the headlands of Frederick County was to show what a real live Y. M. C. A. President really is, and to become the Justice of the Peace of Berwyn.

After a short course under “Bob” Tolson, during which time he became so crooked that he could only hide behind a corkscrew, he was ready to be elected President of the Y. M. C. A. In that capacity he is very adept at selling last year’s Membership tickets at reduced rates (owes me \$.50).

Mac is strong on religion when not required to practice it. One Sunday last summer, while he remained at the Experiment Station to show the Staff everything about chemistry, he heard a *Bell* in the direction of Berwyn. He struck the trail, and was next seen in the home of the Justice of the Peace. Every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday as well as a few other days finds Mac on the job.



“Stiff neck, ‘Mac?’” “I say ‘Mac,’ what makes your eyes so red?” These and similar questions were the outcome of McBride’s short sojourn among the sky-scraperers and petite stenographers of Baltimore. “Mac,” you see, has a peculiar fascination for the gaylights—you understand, he is President of the Y. M. C. A.

Between trips to Berwyn “Mac” occupies his time by editing the *Triangle*. “Good news—bad news—any kind of news, just make it *News* and we’ll fire it in.” To say this à-la-“Mac” assume a can’t-get-home-until-morning expression, turn your toes in, and your knees out. All of the original that he prints comes from the back issues of the *Baltimore Sun* or the *Frederick Bladder*.

BUCK PRIVATE S. CONRRADO MARTINEZ Honduras, Central America
Agricultural

"A man whose love is all good grows into a spoiled child of fortune."



"Oh deary! please don't mingle with those fair sex of the Anglo-Saxon race," was the cunning request of the little Spanish queen when "Marty" took his sad departure from the South Sea Islands along about a decade before the discovery of the north pole (or one of the North Poles).

"Ugh! el hogar nunca fue' como esto." This was about the first ejaculation attempted by this "Chinese puzzle" when he landed here. But finally after spending several years of tireless research work under the careful supervision of Professor T—, he concluded that the sweetest flower in all the parks was the "Howard."

"Marty" is among the pioneers of the Class of Nineteen-dozen, and as an experimenter in regard to scholastic work he is a wonder, for he has tried every course offered at M. A. C., and now he is contemplating a course in ministry at Harvard.

When the college band was organized, "Marty" proved himself to be one of the most efficient clarinet players obtainable, and after several years of successful playing, the Bandmaster decided to retire him on a pension consisting of one U. S. magazine rifle and a beautiful set of side arms. But this small misfortune did not tend to destroy his ambition, and before his furlough was due, he rejoined the band for the good of the cause at the recent State Fair held at Clarktown, commonly known as Laurel.

After graduating it is believed that he will return to his native country and immediately take up the teaching of agriculture. We all wish him success in all his undertakings, and I feel confident in saying that he will succeed, providing he does not fall in love with "The only one."

SENIOR PRIVATE, ALBERT D. MARTZ.....Frederick, Md.

Civil Engineering

"Taint no matter at all, it's fresh cut."

"Entered upon the books on the 12th day of September—1909, one Eee-Zee." So goes down upon the college records the number of Mr. E. Z. Martz, which same he has kept untarnished ever since. This year however there has been quite a turbulent reaction going on within that ivory dome, and now, really, he has begun to believe that he has been incorrectly labeled. "A large C. E. after my name is more to my liking than an E. Z. before it," so said Martz when given his choice of handles.

His most beloved subject however is Political Economy, and he hopes to relieve the people of Frederick from the high cost of living by putting to practical use the theoretical ideas that he has learned here by ardent erudition. Mr. Martz is much like the fairer sex. No matter what the conversation may be, whether he knows anything about it or not, he must have the last word, if it be but his old chestnut, "it is so because it is."

"Beds. On-right-into-line (MARCH). Beds. (HALT.)" Such sounds from the inside of Room 50 Old Barracks, have been causing the neighbors much worry of late. Upon investigation we found our youthful cadet merely practicing his ability to command. However the locked door seemed to indicate "Easy's" fear of wholesale desertion. But as a sample of a very original walk Martz possesses one imported from Frederick which has been unrivalled by any seen around the Park in late years. Cultivated by the rough undulations which one finds upon the face of the earth near his old homestead, such an amble would have to be acquired not merely purchased.



SENIOR PRIVATE MARION H. MELVIN.....Crisfield, Md.

Civil Engineering

"Lookout peacock, I'm here."



This uncertified check arrived here from Milwaukee via Crisfield in '08 and was immediately christened "Kee-hee." To be sure the picture hardly does him due credit. To do this it would have to show his turkey walk and his kee-hee laugh, both of which are very noticeable when he and his rat friends are on the way to see their "queens," which is why we wish to remark, that as a fusser the College must go some to find another of his caliber. Wonder what the leap-year will do for him; will it be a silk dress or a wife?

"Fine feathers make fine birds"—and he sure is a bird. Dressed in a brown suit, green hat and red tie, together with a pair of take-me-home-for-\$2.98 pumps, he is some sport. *Nicht Wahr?*

It was while dressed thusly one Saturday evening he paid a visit to Mt. Ranier, just to look over some of the fair ones. His stay was short, the time con-

sumed in leaving shorter, and the list of his wardrobe when checked at College Park was even shorter.

As a civil engineer with the accent on "civil," he is there. Why he is so civil it hurts. The only one who doesn't appreciate Marion's engineering abilities is "Doc" Tolly; and we have been forced to conclude that "Doc" is jealous of "Kee-hee's" conversational abilities. Yes, doubtless without a doubt.

Despite the fact of his being the human fashion-plate, and a walking model of a college clothes-shop, we must admit that he is all right in his way but as he tips the scales at 89—well. Next gentleman!

PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN, J. ALBERT MILLER.....Mt. Carmel, Md.

“And must I work! Oh! what a waste of time.”

Junior Year, Sergeant Band. Senior Year, Chairman Music Committee; Rossbourg Club. Chairman, Music Committee, June Ball.

If happily you chance to spy a broad smile under the shade of a Pea-Cutting Hat roaming about the campus, you have seen the only and original “Josh.”

Since coming here though he has blossomed out, found a girl, shaves once in awhile, knows the opposite sex at sight, and believe me he is some dancer.

However it may not be apparent to the casual observer but we can give you our word, the result of long and patient observation and endless data, that Albert is the most efficient (99.99%) bluffer in the class.

It was once suggested to those in authority at the College that someone be hired to play the tenor horn. But while this proposal is being tied with red tape “Josh” has been graciously placed behind it, merely to keep the valves from rusting. His close association with this harmony (?) producer has led him to believe that he himself



can sing tenor, yea verily; but the student body can bring forth an abundant proof that he has not the said voice. On such beautiful and uplifting hymns as the “Old Family Tooth Brush” and “Tell I—, I’ll Be There” he wrecks terrible vengeance.

When it comes to Electricity, “Josh” and his Hydro-Hystre-Electro waves makes the present scientists sit up and take notice. Why fireworks and explosions are an everyday occurrence with him. In his marvelous research work he has discovered phenomena for which men like Edison and others would have given millions of thanks. We have his word on the subject that he don’t know what it was, but it was just the same.

Of his future we can say nothing, for he is one who may and who may not.

LIEUTENANT Q. M. KHOSTKA MUDD.....La Plata, Md.

Civil Engineering

"God made but one man from this mold. One was enough."

Sophomore Year, Corporal; Historian; Member Students' Conference Committee, '10, '11, '12; "M" in Football, '10, '12; "M" and Star, '11. Junior Year, First Sergeant Company "B;" President; Morrill Literary Society; "M" in Baseball, '11, '12. Senior Year, President Boxing Club.



A glance at the visaged outline which smears the top of this page, and then to name it. Yes, it's "Keg," "Hippo," "Judge" Mudd, a distinguished member of the Beef Trust. Hippo's mental capacity for the construction of soap-bubble castles has never reached its limit. Each day we find new designs. First a coal-yard construction in Egypt; then an ice-cream establishment in Greenland; and finally, by the aid of "Commy's" Tactics and "Kid" Sullivan's brawn, he dreams of exterminating all the "Dom Niggers" in Charles County.

That fourth dimensional mind of his has afforded us much concern; for on particular occasions it allows him to forget how to spell that Polish first name of his, to keep late hours reading Athletic dope, and to indulge in a superabundance of classroom sleep.

However, "Keg" is a charter member of the Invulnerable Order of Bachelors, Once and only once did he scrape up the nerve to go to see a fair one," and, 'tissaid, he nearly talked her to death on "Re-inforced Concrete." However, although not so much of a fusser, he is mighty good at grabbing "Cab's" turkeys. He can tell you the first name of every turkey in the vicinity of College.

Having roomed a while with "Posey" he has become quite a connoisseur of apples. His one regret is that his neck is not a mile long so that he could taste them all the way down.

LIEUTENANT JAMES G. O'CONNOR, Company A Baltimore, Md.

Electrical Engineering

"Me mither is Irish, me faather is Irish, and, begorra, I'm Irish descent."

Junior Year, Sergeant; Manager, Second Football Team; Assistant Business Manager *Triangle*; Historian. Senior Year, Editor-in-Chief *REVELLE*; Manager, Lacrosse Team, Member of Students' Conference Committee; Member of Athletic Council; President Electrical Club; General Newspaper Correspondent; M. A. A. in Lacrosse.

In this cage we beg to present the Editor of this book so if there is anything in it you don't like just take it out on him. "Quick, Ignatz a brick!" Get wise to his mug because it will again appear in history. Although he possesses a handsome countenance (see cut) yet—sh—he is a man of mystery. Last year it was rumored that some deep, dark secret enveloped his life, for he was often seen returning to College about umty-steen o'clock p.m., with layers upon layers of mysterious red mud upon his shoes and carrying a red lantern. Now, however, curiosity is rife as to the meaning of certain missives regularly delivered to him by the mails, from different places, yet invariably in the same handwriting.



He has but one true love?—and only one. What's that? "Dat guy Creese." Now that peculiar twinkle in his left eye is not a mote nor a beam—it's love-light. Someone mentioned Myron's name just as the "look pleasant" man pulled the switch.

Often "Jock's" sweet tenor voice may be heard wafted softly through the College halls. One might mistake it for a nail being slowly and painfully drawn across a piece of glass. In fact, it is rumored that audiences all over the country have offered him large sums to keep off the stage. Be that as it may, his natural unselfishness prevents his considering us as unworthy of the melodious, hog-killing, drink-driving vocal misfortunes. Such good old German ballads as "The River Shannon" and "Just a Sprig of Shamrock" seem to be his favorite victims.

CAPTAIN GILBERT B. POSEY, Company A.....Riverside, Md.

Horticultural

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow there may be no more eatin's."

Sophomore Year, Corporal; "M" in Football. Junior Year, First Sergeant Company A; Sergeant-at-Arms; "M" and Star in Football. Senior Year, Sergeant-at-Arms to Class; "M" and Star in Football; Vice President Morrill Literary Society.



Ach, mein Freund! Don't mind that map of Charles County up there in the corner. It isn't accurate. It couldn't be. That phiz was never kept in any particular position long enough at one time to make it recognizable on a second meeting. Except when distorted in sleep, it's always folded up in some species of laughter. Gilbert is the biggest, kindest, happiest and most irresponsible "gink" that ever flopped into this old "brain-factory."

Deciding that horticulture and its accompaniments were best suited to his tastes, he was elected soon after his entrance to first vice presidency of "Becky's Apple Trust." As a reward for studiousness and arduous attention to his classes he was promoted to the position of night-watchman of the corporation, which he has filled with honor, and a laundry-bag ever since.

Posey is some military genius all right and his proficiency in "facetiousness at drill" has merited hearty praise from the War Department, via "Commy." He is seriously contemplating taking the examination for second lieutenant in the U. S. Army, but we rather think it will be in the "Army of the Unemployed."

At odd times during the night, however, one may locate him by discovering the other end of this poetic gem:

"Apples are my second nature,
I'll tell you why it's so,
Apples suit my frail digestion
Just 'cause I loves 'em bo."

LIEUTENANT VIVIAN F. ROBY, Company C.....Pomfret, Md.

Civil Engineering

“He’ll squeeze the dollar ’til the eagle screams.”

Vice President of Class, Sophomore and Junior Years. Corporal, Sophomore Year. Junior Year, Sergeant. Senior Year, Manager of May Ball.

“Tub” Roby, the dainty little fairy, must have blown in from a region of fire and brimstone as he has been smoking ever since, the man that makes the tobacco business profitable.

He is one of the future self-made men with a most sound policy in view, “Do not let studies interfere with the education.” “Hippo” has been known to try every institution of learning in the state of Maryland, after a short stay at M. A. C., and then decided to return to this domicile, as life was getting a little too speedy. Believe me he was some fast tub, but he is sobering down now and getting so dignified that we are beginning to think he will soon be eligible for the clergy (comparatively speaking).

He is especially attracted to the military department, as it gives extensive opportunities to try out his vocal attainments when singing out commands, which are expressed in the musical *“Col-yume right. Mar-r-rch.”* We don’t know whether it was his musical abilities in giving commands or his military knowledge which made “Commy” give him the vacancy among the lieutenants but he is filling the bill as far as volume and mass is concerned.

His majesty, however, is some slim prince in society. It is not his face but his shape that attracts the fairer sex and this being the year of romance where the proposal proposition is reversed we are afraid the nifty child will be wafted into the wilds of Southern Maryland.



SENIOR PRIVATE HARRY F. SONNENBERG. Hyattsville, Md.

Electrical Engineering

"Sonny a grind? Well, hardly!"

Junior Year, Sergeant.



Certainly he's a human being! It may not appear so at first glance but if the orchestra will softly play, "Ach der Lieber Augustine" the reader may see for himself that he has human characteristics.

"Much may be made of a Dutchman, if he be caught young," 'tis said, but as we didn't nab him until four years ago we cannot prophesy much as to his future. Coming as he does from Bladensburg, he is of a somewhat pugnacious disposition; and, like other over-ripe eggs, must be handled with care.

Although studying electrical engineering, "Sonny" really expects to become a pilot, as he has had considerable experience in guiding schooners over the bar. However we have our suspicions as to the bar, also the schooners.

This dapper little Frenchman is a very enthusiastic member of the A. I. E. E., and regularly attends all meet-

ings, provided the invitation states that, *cigars and refreshments will be served.*

"Sonny" isn't really a grind, but he laughs at fate and smiles at Myron (which is the same thing), with the desired effect at "exam" time. He attends recitations at intervals, but has never permitted the curriculum to seriously enroach upon his college course. As might be expected he is an optimist, and we might advise that, "For that tired feeling go to 'Sonny.'" When the "powers that be" discovered that his studies were hurting his cheerful nature they obligingly cut out some of his studies. "Sonny" has requested us not to mention that he is not a grind, hence our silence on this subject.

Still, "Dutch" is a pretty good skate, and we would like to see him get along, so we'll ring off.

SENIOR PRIVATE LUCIEN H. STALEY.....Washington, D. C.

Mechanical Engineering

“Ahoy! Ahoy! A sailor boy!”

Junior Year, Sergeant. Senior Year, Manager Football Team.

“Shush,” “Pudding-Head,” “Light-Foot,” “Pierpont” Staley. Take your choice says “Frau Liz.” These names have but little significance yet the bearer answers to them all. In fact only one has a direct bearing and that one is “Light-Foot.” And only a few can vouch for that. “Mike” O’Keg is a firm believer that the gentleman(?) in question would have no trouble in making our record-breaking relay-team if only he would make one effort in the tryouts. “Mike” says, and is vouched for by “Bill” White, that “Light-Foot” did a hundred up the hill by the engineering building, with a bag of apples on his back, in 7 flat.



Theatrical man, yes. “Shush” attends the National Theater weekly, where he has a box seat in A row of the first floor (from the roof). Pudding-Head is our college critic on the shows we should not attend each week.

“Shuse” is not much for athletics in general though h— for boxing.

A ladies-man?—No, not much on the “skirts.” One night as he was dreaming I heard a mumble and then a sound followed by “I once loved you, Sally,” and from thence we have known the reasons why,—sad, sad, story.

Handsome! Keep quiet, don’t mention it. Why he has a pair of baby-blue eyes set in a two by four block that would dazzle the whole world, and these are erected on a form that would make a Parisian model envy him.

In the summer preceding “Shush’s” Sophomore year he took a trip on the briny deep as a greaser, and as a greaser he did great credit to himself.

CAPTAIN A. CLAUDE STANTON, Company B.....Grantsville, Md.

Animal Husbandry

"Every little fish expects to become a whale."

Junior Year, Sergeant. Senior Year, Class Treasurer; Vice President of Athletic Association; Secretary, New Mercer Literary Society; Member Stock Judging Team; Member Students' Conference Committee.



"Here you are, ladies and gentlemen! Have your change ready, please, as you ask for your tickets; and remember if the show and performance does not give you full and entire satisfaction as guaranteed, your money will be refunded at the ticket wagon.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Here we have the only genuine little man from the 'Cliffs,' taking a course in Animal Husbandry; who will remain as he is now, until his twenty-first year, when he will partly shed his down and put on a big man's skin, which would fit him like the paper on the wall. This for his own benefit, as he would then do away with the box he now has to carry away when opening his door."

He, like Mr. Davenport and Professor B, believes that parents will show better sense if they send their children to study animal husbandry; for in this way they are made more competent in

bettering the race of men, by following, and not by disobeying, the rules for cattle raising. The Governor of the State, I believe, has heard of this plan, and I am sure is making preparations for establishing a husband's department in which Claude will be among the foremost directors. Besides this he will also have a department for wives, both of which he will advertise far and wide as, "Wives and Husbands sent on thirty days' trial. If not satisfactory return in good condition." He says he wants a wife-department because he believes in man-suffrage; that is to say he wants the poor down-trodden men to have equal rights with their oppressors.

We all wish him success in his great expectation, as well as in his less important career, animal husbandry.

ROBERT LEE TOLSON.....Silver Springs, Md.

Chemical

“Empty barrels make the most noise.”

Sophomore Year, President of Class; Member Students' Conference Committee. Junior Year, President of Class. Senior Year, President of Class; President, Athletic Association, Cheer Leader; Assistant Business Manager REVELLE.

“Say ‘Reds,’ do you spell but, b-u-t, or b-u-t-e?” Such a query may often be heard issuing from the REVELLE room, as Tar, our long-distance speller, laboriously grinds off a letter to his “frau.” Old “Chick-boom” is said to be one of the very few who claim to be women-proof, but we have our doubts, we have our doubts.

When, or if, he graduates, “Bob” intends to enhance the productivity of the soil at Silver Springs by means of his chemical training, in which he excels. However we have a faint suspicion that “ward-heeling” is more to his fancy, and some day that he’ll make a big “politish.” Indeed he is in his glory when politics is the theme at the Senior Privates’ table, and woe be unto him that presumes to take opposition to “Bob’s” pronounced political views. If the reader will focus his looking apparatus upon the top of this page he will need no proof of his electioneering abilities. The general appearance of his room also bears out the fact that he is popular. “Boo-Hoo” finds him a most convenient mouth-piece to the student body.



As king of the Senior Class he reigns supreme, and from his wishes in class matters there is no appeal. Verily was there never before so tyrannical an emperor, nor one who ruled his subjects with such an iron hand.

Much wailing and gnashing of teeth were evoked among said subjects however, when “Bob” made his spectacular corner on 60-cent paper.

As a social man “Bob” holds a prominent position. He believes with “Bommy” that, “man is essentially a social animal,” and hence it is that he may so often be seen at the National—and elsewhere.

SENIOR PRIVATE WILSON L. WARFIELD.....Takoma Park, Md.

Mechanical Engineering

"His life is a watch or a vision betwixt a sleep and asleep."

Corporal, Sophomore Year. Sergeant, Junior Year. Programme Committee Rossbourg Club, Senior Year.



One thing that may be said in his favor, however, is his personal neatness. He shaves every week whether he needs it or not. Friday afternoon is the day set aside for the ceremony, in fact it has almost become a legal holiday with him. First he must borrow a razor, then a brush, then some soap and finally a mug. He does this systematically however, for he has a "brush, soap, mug and razor" roster that includes every member of the class.

"Dope" is a not-to-be-despised patron of such an infant industry as the Wrigley Spearmint Company, and it is seldom that you will find him without a cud of that particular brand of "ladies" tobacco tucked away in the nether extremity of his jaw.

P. S.—We neglected to remark about his nose. It's just as well however, for the English language is too inadequate to describe it.

"You see before you, Ladies and Gentlemen, a lifelike representation of 'Dope,' the long distance sleeper. However he calls it the unconscious state of his overworked system."

As an automatic schedule "Dope" is never failing. To find out if you have shop work on for the afternoon look into the O. D.'s office and see if "his whiskers" sports the sash. If so, "Catfish" will meet you. If "Dope" is not there, you are free for the afternoon.

"Good morning, gent'men" is his hackneyed greeting as he fills the last vacant seat at the Senior Privates' table, late as usual, just in time to see his milk and cereal taking the grand slide. Then Wilson gets real peeved, and his orational essays on the personality of any Boob who would steal a fellow's breakfast, would win a half dozen Pinkney White Medals.

CAPTAIN N. REED WARTHEN, Company C.....Kensington, Md.
 Mechanical Engineering

"It ain't always de guy what can swear de most fearfulest dat'll make de best fighter."

Junior Year, Sergeant; Secretary of Class. Senior Year, Secretary Rifle Club; Manager of Tennis Team.

Is he not handsome? Yes he is *not*. If the reader will casually gaze at his mug for a moment he may read the answer. Yes, "Buck" is handsome, so much so that during the present year (leap year) he has had innumerable offers from the fair ones, but he says that girls are too trivial. We notice that there is one, however, whom he does not consider so. Just ask *her* roommate if the stream of missives she receives from College Park does not tend to place "Buck" and Ananias on the same family-tree.

It is remarkable how a good start will help a fellow along. The girls gave him the start and "Commy" is kept busy trying to stop him. Attending "reveille" is "Buck's" favorite pastime; and this more than anything else has been the chief reason for the high esteem in which the "Big Chief" now holds him.



He made another decidedly good start in his Sophomore year by endeavoring to become a football hero. More to be depended upon than the mess-bugle was "Buck's" daily appearance on the gridiron, where he would do the "human doormat" act for the rest of the team. This badly mussed his hair; so not finding a head-shave a good preventive, concluded that he had mistaken his calling and such martyrdom was not the glorious vision that he had at first seen. Cheer up, old boy, "They all look good when they're far away."

If he has a speaking acquaintance with a razor we doubt it, for he is usually well disguised as the bearded lady; but sometimes he borrows a dime and actually gets shaved. Some day he will buy a safety razor and stop "cutting up" but until then may he continue his facial landscape gardening undisturbed.

Junior Class Ode

To the tune of "Stein Song"

Here's to the Class of 1912,
 Here's to black and maroon;
 Here's to those who have done so well,
 Here's to the victory won;
 Here's to our classmates one and all,
 Here's to our future lives;
 Here's to our ideals, our aims, desires.
 And here's to dear M. A. C.

To the tune of "Heidelberg"

M. A. C. dear M. A. C.,
 Each fond sweet memory;
 The golden haze
 Of College days
 Shall bind us close to thee.
 Those golden days are almost o'er,
 Yet time shall oft renew
 Old memories near
 Our College dear
 And fill our thoughts once more.

M. A. C., dear M. A. C.,
 Thy name shall ever be
 The emblem of
 That sacred love
 Each classmate holds for thee.
 In future years we'll give the yell
 And toast to 1912.
 Long may we stand
 A loyal band
 To dear old M. A. C.

N. L. CLARK, *Class Poet.*

Class History

Beloved Alma Mater, we must bid you now adieu,
But in your own true spirit we rejoice.
Dear Comrades—Classmates, I may never clasp your hand again,
I say these last sad words with breaking voice.

The years we've spent in these old halls, shall never be forgot,
And friendship's bond shall ever cherished be;
But now I part from you my friends with sadness and regret,
From loyal Nineteen-Twelve at M. A. C.

Now once a bunch of Freshies came down to good old M. A. C.
To be drilled and drummed and hammered into men,
To fit them for Life's battlefield, as soldiers ought to be
And sent out in the busy world again.

Oh, the "Freshie," he was very meek and he was also scared,
When the mighty Senior drew into sight;
For then we thought the Senior boys most wondrous kind of men,
And scarcely hoped to reach that dizzy height.

There were weeks of weary labor; "there were hours of horrid doubt."
A Freshie's life is often hard to bear.
But ambition led us onward and we bravely stuck it out,
And oft discouraged never said "despair."

Oh, yes, it is a victory for all the diligent;
They make the test as hard as it can be.
You must not e'en hesitate but show your sterling grit,
If you would win that golden victory.

A year went by and we in Soph'more ranks were gladly found,
We began to feel important then.
Initiation over and our Comrades by our sides,
We felt like really "College Men."

The Sophomore is happy; he's a cheerful chesty fellow,
Develops Individuality.
And feels so great as though he ruled this democratic land,
When he's a Sophomore at M. A. C.

The Junior year secured for us a dignity of mein,
A seriousness of thought which was anew.
For we began to see that we were drawing near the goal;
The time was short for what we had to do.

Juniors are diligent, they work and grind it through,
For learning's path grows steeper every mile.
And must not pause to rest, if he hopes to reach the top,
He must be up and doing all the while.

At last we reached that dizzy height which we so long had sought;
Wonder! of all wonders can it be?
Those glorious beings we so long have worshiped from afar,
At last a mighty Senior Class are "We."

We're finally one big class; our banner to the winds,
But truly all that glitters is not gold.
Alas! the wondrous height while a Freshman shone so bright,
Doth many a dark and dreary shadow hold.

We had to work like beavers that we might achieve success,
And keep the reputation of the class.
But every lad among us all was cheered along the way,
By noble ideals of his own sweet lass.

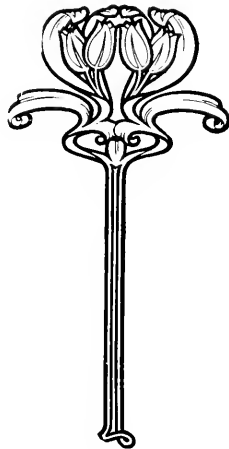
The lassies were so sweet and coy and always true to us;
Their presence filled our hearts with joy and glee.
For they gaily spurred us onward to our victory,
The victory won at old M. A. C.

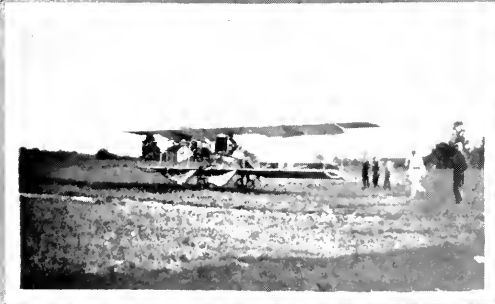
The year is almost over now; our sheep-skins are assured,
And glancing back we shed one last sad tear.
For the time has come to leave these friends we found so true;
These old gray walls have grown to us so dear.

Ah, yes, these years have passed us by so very rapidly,
Our college days are over all too soon;
Yet we would linger here with these bright scenes to us so dear,
If kindly fate would grant us such a boon.

But Hush! the bugle calls us now with sad and vain regrets,
And we must sally forth to meet the foe.
We've climbed the hill of Knowledge now; we pause upon the top
Before we go down to the field below.

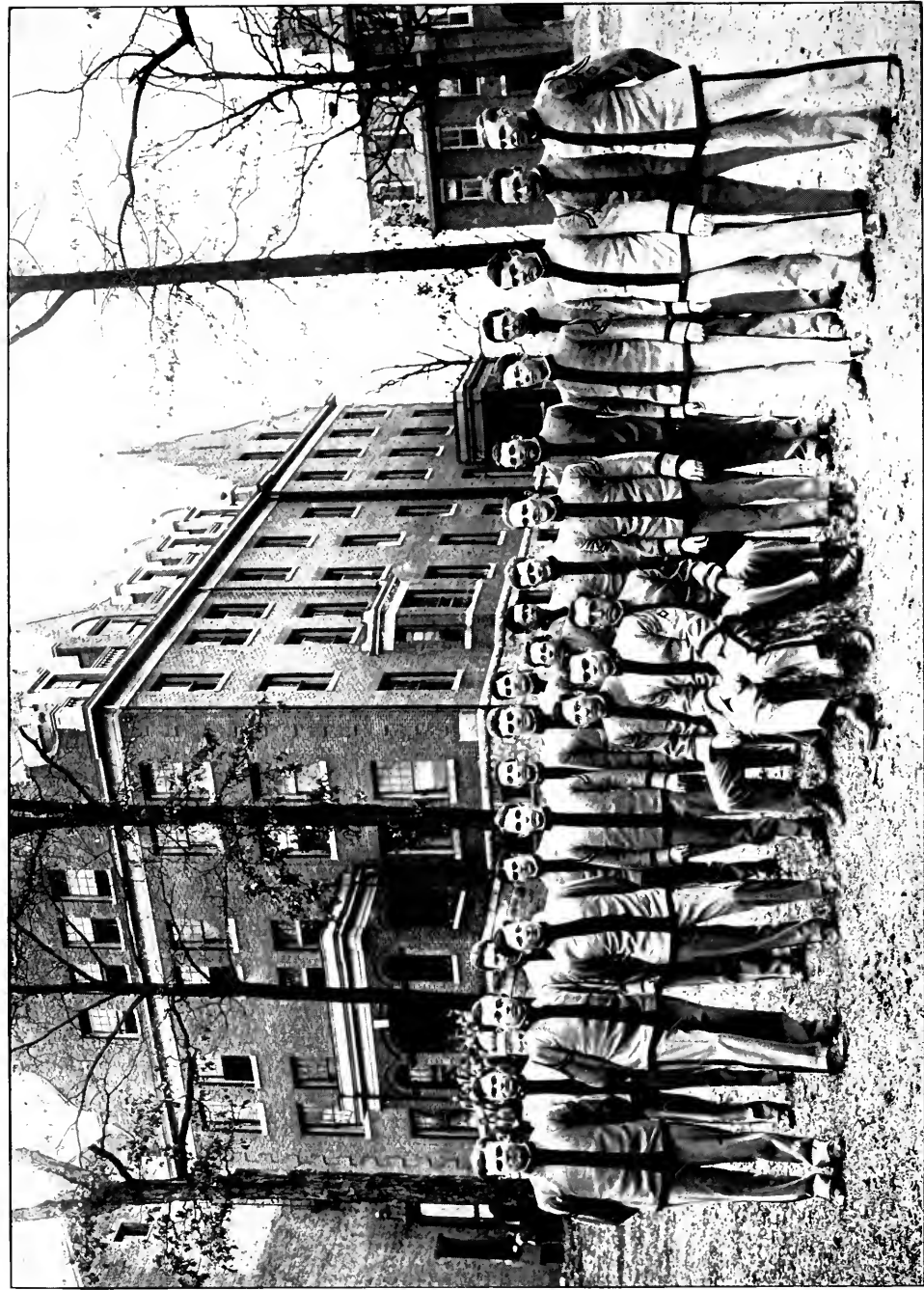
Now we go forth to spend our lives among the "Great Unknown,"
To ride abroad redressing human wrong;
For every one of us will boldly stand up for the right,
As these four years have made us bold and strong.





OLD LANDMARKS





JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Roll

M. E. DAVIS.....	<i>President</i>
E. E. POWELL.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. S. KOEHLER.....	<i>Secretary</i>
C. M. WHITE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
J. W. F. HATTON.....	<i>Sergt-at-Arms</i>
J. R. REICHARD.....	<i>Historian</i>

COLORS

Maroon and White

MOTTO

Pret d'accomplie

CLASS YELL

Alpha Beta Gamma Delta
 Sis Boom Bah
 One nine one three
 Rah, Rah, Rah.

AMES	AUGUSTUS
BARNES	BIERMAN
BLANKMAN, L.	BLANKMAN, S.
BINDER	BRIN
DAVIS, M. E.	FRERE
GREENBERG	HATTON
HEALY	HILLEGEIST
HULL	KOEHLER
MAYFIELD	MERRICK
MORSE	NESBIT
POWELL	REICHARD
RIDEOUT	ROBINSON
SMEDLEY	SCAMMEL
TOWERS	TRAX
TRIMBLE	WILLIAMS

WHITE, C. M.

Junior Class History

At last I was to realize the hope I had cherished so long. I was to fly. Hastily I donned an aviator's garb and took the seat beside my new found friend.

Up, up, up we rose in an immense spiral until far in the distance we descried College Hill surmounted and pinnaced by the walls of M. A. C. Thither, through the middle-ways, we then directed our rapid flight. As we approached our destination, however, atmospheric conditions began to change. The hot air arising from the chimneys (?) set up conflicting air currents and the cloud of foul gases that rose from the Chemical "Lab" caused complications in the carburetter. We had nearly landed when suddenly the motor stopped and the latter part of our descent was rather abrupt, involving some danger to our craft.

"Come," said I, "and we'll get some of the expert machinists of the Class of '13 to fix it."

"No this isn't a zoo. It's the machine shop. That noise wasn't made by a canary." It was "Pink" Healy singing. The tall animal over there in the polka-dot shirt, greasy khaki trousers and crownless derby hat is not a giraffe. That is 'Bob' White, our high-handed grafter and step ladder eradicator. He has the legs of a stork and the wise head of an owl, but nevertheless is a bob-white.

"Pink" is our electrician and one of "Commy's" pets. When not singing, talking about New York or kidding some one he is busily engaged in perusing the latest news from "The Alley."

The dark-haired fellow is "Piggy" Hatton, student of physical culture and chief washer-maker. He says less, giggles more and reads more books than any other member of the class."

Upon being informed by the mechanics that it would require some time to prepare our machine, we decided to see more of the interesting sights and accordingly wended our way upstairs to "Doc" Tolly's lecture-room.

"Good morning, boys. Good morning, boys. Pardon me for being late this morning. I had to stop in the office and get my stump." This is what greets our ears as we enter.

"Have one of my cigars, Professor," this from "Perce" Trax, he with the sarcastic grin. "Perce" is our business-man and great logician, especially when he gets into an argument with "Commy" about "sticks." He always carries the College Regulations in his pocket and marches the section in a very military (?) manner.

"Now Mr. Davis, I'll begin with you." That is "Peek" with the wisdom of Solomon, the shrewdness of a Yankee Jew, and the ready information of a reference book. He can sling railways, spiel Calculus Formulae and drop concrete to "Doc's" complete satisfaction. In the meantime he slings a *little* ink at Roland Avenue, much to the gratification of ———.

"What I don't see is this. How do you get that?"

Listen! Cadet *Trimbal* is speaking. "Socks," the chief kidder condition-accumulator, explanation-writer, reclining-rodman and consulting engineer of the class on "Izzy."

"Shut up, Blankman. I never did like you."

"Hurrah for Trimble."

That last remark was by "Isador" Blankman in reply to "Soek's" sarcasm. Yes, he is a Hebrew and some shrewd fellow. "Doc" claims him as one of "his boys." He is frequently the storm center of chalky-tornadoes which disturb the hitherto peaceful calm of the drawing-room. Lately he has become very artistic. House-painting seems to be his specialty.

Yes; that is his brother. He entered our ranks just this year and immediately was christened "Aint-a-dore" Blankman. He has since established himself as the Calculus-fiend, German reference book, philosopher and adviser of the class. The lost stations seem to be an important factor in "Ainty's" mind.

"Professor, I'm on duty today."

Eddy Powell, ears inflamed and neck swathed in bandages has arrived at last. That promotion of his nearly proved fatal. Eddy is very religious. He sings much and designs churches. At present he is busy tackling one such design, but we greatly fear that he will convert it into a nickelodeon before he finishes.

Those two cadets punching each other with lead pencils are Hull and Merrick. "Bill" is "Soek's" chief adviser and pardner, while "Zeke" is one of "Doc's" favorites. The little blind god seems to have him well under control.

Now we'll go over to the "Chem Lab" and see what is making all this unpleasant odor.

Yes, here they are.

That chubby Scotchman who is giving one of the Seniors a warm shower from his wash-bottle is "Nebby," one of this year's accessions. He has proved himself quite valuable in keeping the "Lab" clear of Seniors. Nesbit is making rapid progress and has already discovered a method of analysis by means of which he has discovered 113 per cent iron in iron wire.

The red-haired angel-faced little fellow who just came out of the office is Mayfield. Yes, "Angel" is another of our ambitious chemists. See how critically he eyes the bottle of nasty looking stuff he has there. He'll tell you in a few minutes exactly what is in it. Now watch him get busy with a pump and a filter.

"First down and ten yards to go. Whoa, Steady Now!"

Don't be frightened, that is only Bryon Morse precipitating the metals of Group I. Look out! he's going to pour some more acid in that seething solution he has there. There goes the bottom out of his test tube. It's a toss between him and Nitz as to which one can break the most apparatus. Byron has us all at his mercy when it comes to giving spiels on the homologous series. "An homologous series is one in which all the members are homologous." A heart smasher? You bet he is.

"Nitz?" That is Mr. Greenboig, the pink-whiskered, blue-blooded gentleman from New York and one of us animal husbandry students. When not talking about some of the millionaires of New York, Greenberg is usually smashing glass or applying acids to his face in a vain effort to get rid of his red whiskers, the growth of which is a great annoyance to the "Big Chief." See that letter in his pocket? Yes, one of the sweet-scented kind.

Oh, you need not worry about "Chevy" Towers. He'll wake up after he has taken his little nap and eat that Ca determination short by throwing all of the Al_2O_3 and SiO_2 in the sink. He doesn't say much but what he doesn't know about chickens would fill a small book.

Some pedestrian received a ducking! I just saw "Pop" Koehler go to the window with 500 cc. of water. Pop is one of our athletes. See, he has an "M" and two stars on his sweater. Notice the letter he has in his book. Oh, you Chambersburg!

The little Dutchman on his left is Bierman, commonly called "Dutch." He is noted for being the best-natured man in the class. Notice his broad grin. Now he is going to treat "Pete" Ames to a little distilled H_2O .

Yes; Peter is our Color(ed) Sergeant. Doesn't he have a military bearing? Reminds you of Napoleon, he's so different. He pretends to be looking at the precipitate he has in that test-tube which he is holding up to the light but it is only an excuse to catch a glimpse at the little house down by the wood.

You bet he's a wind splitter on chemistry notes. Takes them down at the rate of about 200 (letters) per———by occasionally asking about what has gone before.

Who on earth is stirring up all of that fog? It's "Bob" Robinson to be sure. Whenever atmospheric conditions become intolerable he is generally to blame. Poor "Bob" gets the raw end of the deal when "Doc Mack" makes his tour of inspection, but it doesn't interfere with his happiness in the least. Listen at that original parody of his on "Day Dreams."

Here comes "Doc Mack" with a hammer and a handful of nails. That means all the windows will be nailed down. It smells foul enough in here now. I suppose we had better leave.

Upon leaving the Chemical Building whom should we spy but "Bill" White just coming out of Science Hall.

"Hello, 'Bill;' how did you get along with you bugology lesson?" "Pretty good. You know fellows if you had something like this to study you could talk about work." This is his answer as he pulls a large text-book from under his arm. He has always had much trouble in filling his social engagements and studying at the same time. When he graduates he will have completed the widest course in Bugology and "Work-Evasion" in the college.

The bunch following "Becky" is going down to the greenhouse to pack fruit in boxes (?). We'll follow them.

The happy-go-lucky fellow packing those apples away so snugly in the box is "Phoebo" Binder. His good looking friend is Augustus. Both are athletes and

have made enviable records. Gus is much concerned about Georgetown at the present time. We'll see more of them later.

The dark-haired chap is "Happy" Barnes. He keeps us posted on all matters pertaining to the Experiment Station. Now the tall intellectual gentleman is Brinn of Washington, D. C., diplomat and representative from Panama. He is never more delighted than when engaged in photographing the ladies. He is without a doubt the best social man of the section with the single exception of Orlando Rideout.

Orlando is *the* social man of the class and never fails to be on hand with his fair queen at every Rossburg. His social affairs, however, do not in the least interfere with his close application to scholastic work.

"Grand Father" standing yonder by the bunch is Sergeant Smedley of "C" Company. He is an official milk-tester and a great favorite of "Grasshopper." He and "Tolly" often spend the greater part of a period discussing the topography of Hartford County much to the pleasure of the remainder of the class. The little affair he has in his hand isn't a chess board, it's one of his new lightning feed-calculators.

Of course you will find Hillegeist, more widely known as "Hilly," somewhere near by. He holds and draws salaries from the following positions: big chief of mess hall, dancing hall musician, pianist at chapel exercises, milk tester, all around alarm clock on Buzzard's Roost, Professor Hibbard's accountant and champion theme writer.

Oh, that's Seammell, often dubbed Seammilicus, who is plying "Becky" with questions. He is now greatly wrought up over a nut-growing proposition.

Don't form a bad opinion of "Bill" Frere and "Tommy" Williams for putting those apples under their shirts. Yes, I see they have about a peck already but that makes no difference. Those apples are for experimental purposes. "Bill" will soon discover which variety aids him most in beating the "list" and accordingly recommend it to all fellow sufferers.

"Our aeroplane is ready now. We'll have to go." A moment later we were aloft again; this time above the athletic field.

"It must be a critical stage in the game for I hear "Bob" Robinson yelling as if he would split his throat.

"Look at 'Pop' Keohler going through the line. There goes 'Phoebe' down the field with the ball like a streak of lightning. Wasn't that a grand tackle by 'Gus?'"

"Sure they——"

Right here something went wrong. In my enthusiasm over the game I forgot all else and lost control of the machine which now began to capsize. Instinctively I grasped an upright post near me and held on with all my might. Oh! what a sensation of horror took hold of me! Suddenly everything vanished and I awoke to find myself desperately clinging to the bedpost.

J. S. REICHARD, *Historian*.

Junior Class Ode

Tune "Love Thoughts."

While the breezes, gently blowing, waft their message to each heart,
Of the days so swiftly going, and from school—friends we must part,—
This, the Class of Nineteen-Thirteen, trusts that it shall always be,
In our lives, each year succeeding, ever true to M. A. C.

We love thy precepts, dear old M. A. College,
Mem'ries we'll cherish, of happy hours here.
Soon we'll be leaving, with minds stored with knowledge,
That we have garnered 'mid thy walls so dear—

One more step e'er our brave banner of maroon and white shall float,
Firm and bold, in royal manner; then in lands perhaps remote,
May we climb the ladder bravely, nothing daunted day by day,
Ever glad to praise and yield all honor to old M. A. C.

W. M. HILLEGEIST.

Statistics of Junior Class—1913

REAL NAME	ASSUMED NAME	ANCESTRY	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	WHERE FROM	CHIEF OCCUPATION	FUTURE OCCUPATION
AMES	Ilen Peck	Peter the Great	By Heck	Experiment Station	Tolly's Standby	Emulating Boohoo
AUGUSTUS	Gus	Caesar	Where's Jake	Georgetown	Cutting Pipe	Grafter
BARNES	Happy	John Smith	Nothing particular	Light House	Sleeping	Clam Digging
BIERMAN	Dutch	Henry Hudson	Look here	Berwyn	Hard Studying	Pill-Pedlar
BINDER	Phocho	McCormick	Got the Makin's!	Board Walk	Admiring Tolly	Hobo King
BRIN	Cacaseno	Spanish	She's a Beauty	Canal Zone	Flirting	Ambassador
BLANKMAN, L.	Aint-a-dore	Abraham	By Gott	Ask his Brother	Smoking (?)	Blue Print Boy
BLANKMAN, S.	Isadore	Same as his Brother	For the Simple Reason	Ur of the Chaldees	Salesman	Politician
DAVIS	Peck	Uncle Jeff	Don't Heller	Forest Primeval	Letter writing	Perambulator Const.
FREIRE	Bill	P. Lew Bird	Say Tommy	Charles County	Milk Raider	Senator
GREENBERG	Nitz	Prince of Pilsen	I met a Swell Dame	Tenderloin	Light Opera	Chicken Fancier
HATTON	Piggy	A Nutt	Tea Hee	Frog Island	Giggling	Puglist
HEALY	Pink	Eric the Red	"Poor Boob"	Tenderloin	Leaving Class	Policing Alley
HILLEGEIST	Hilly	Half and Half	"My Goodness Boy"	East Side	Tickling Ivories	Testing Milk
HULL	Bill	Shipwreck	Don't you see?	The Abbey	Transit Smashing	Trimble's Partner
KOERLER	Pop	Nibelungen	Mail up Yet?	Anywhere	Sleeping	Hayseed
MAYFIELD	Angel	Murphy	Now, Professor	Emerald Isle	Dancing Master	Sorting Minerals
MERRICK	Zeke	Socrates	Crameny	Eastern Sho'	Getting Excused	Stake Driver
MORSE	Cupid	Von Moltke	Now Look Here, Guy	Jungles	Posing	Com. Char. Hall
NESBIT	Nebly	Scotch	Hy Gink	Canton Hollow	Making Bad Odors	Farmer's Friend
POWELL	Eddy	Caruso	Strop J's & Sugar Bowl	Woodberry	Singing	Opera Star
REICHARD	Daniel	Webster	What the Deuce	Fairplay	Translating "Dutch"	Public Speeching
RIDOUT	Rideabout	Venus	By Golly	Amerundel	Dancing	Breaking Hearts
ROBINSON	Bob	Crusoe	Say, Gink	Princess Anne	Kidding "Lev"	Tin-Can Analysis
SMEDLEY	Smed	Scotch High	What you do'n Late?	Forest Hill	(Bee)ing Stung	Getting a Wife
SCAMMELL	Scammelllicus	Asa Gray	Who? When? How?	The Line	Milking Cows	Growing Nuts
TOWERS	Chevy	Sitting Bull	I see, Nitz	Chevy Chase	Sleeping	Raising Game Cocks
TRAX	Perce	Steel Tracks	If doc. Mack er-ah	Eastern Sho'	Triangle business	Chemical Reform
TRIMBLE	Socks	A Goat	Quit your Kiddin'	Up Creek	Writing Explanations	Consulting Engineer
WILLIAMS	Tommy	Hippo	Say, Bill	Calvert County	Rough House	Preacher
WHITE, C. M.	Bob Fritz	Giraffe	Gimme a Bite	Garrett County	Passing Chemistry	Emulating Cat
WHITE, W. H.	Bill	John Bull	Cripe, yes	The Park	Studying	More Study



LANDSCAPE GARDENING

SOPH.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Class of 1914

C. WORCH.....	<i>President</i>
F. S. HOFFECKER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
R. C. LEDNUM.....	<i>Secretary</i>
E. P. WILLIAMS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
H. A. RASMUSSEN.....	<i>Historian</i>
J. B. COSTER.....	<i>Sergt-at-Arms</i>

COLORS

Maroon and Blue

MOTTO

Immer höher!

CLASS YELL.

Hickety! Rickety! Rah! Rah! Riseen!
 Hocum! Slocum! Kachima! Kiseen!
 Wer'e the class of nineteen fourteen!

AGER
 CHANEY
 DAVIS, G.
 DONN
 GRAY, J. B.
 GREEN
 HARRISON, L. R.
 IRVING
 KNODE, J. H.
 LYON
 MILLER, J. W.
 O'NEILL
 ROE
 SMITH, H. B.
 TRUITT
 WHITE, H. W.

BEAN
 COSTER
 DEARSTYNE
 FLETCHER
 GRAY, R. T.
 HAMILTON
 HOFFECKER
 JEFF
 LANE
 MASON
 MONTELL
 PROCTOR
 ROGERS
 SNOWDEN
 WALKER
 WILLSON

BENSON
 CREW
 DEELEY
 FORD, H. S.
 GRIFFEN
 HARRIS
 HOOK
 JOHNSON
 LEDNUM, R. C.
 MERRITT
 MOORE
 RASMUSSEN
 SHIPLEY
 TODD, A. M.
 WEST
 WORCH

Sophomore Class History

"Help! Help! Please don't hit me so hard."

"For the love of Mike, Hoff, be reasonable. He's only a poor rat what don't have no sense."

"Aw, say, you keep your bugle out of this; what do you think it is, a pink tea?"

Gentle reader, please do not be unduly shocked at the above. There's nothing wrong in it, just a little rat meeting in No. 4, New Barracks, and you accidentally arrived in the midst of it. If you will stay awhile you may see and hear a few things that will prove to be entertaining.

Following three quick raps, the door is slowly opened and you behold a blind-folded and very much excited chap being jostled from the rear by two sturdy slab artists. Evidently he is a great friend of the Sophs, for he has been graciously reserved to be the last victim.

Worch—"Easy fellows, he looks delicate."

Coster—"Let's kill him."

Victim—"I never done nuthin'."

Quickly the lights are turned out, and although we are completely in ignorance of what is the form of this special brand of amusement, yet from the pleas and threats we conclude that the gentleman under consideration¹ is having a rare time. Almost as quickly the lights flare up and all is order again.

Having become so much interested in the proceedings, we will stay for the business end of this meeting. The Sophs always go by their motto—"Pleasure before business."

You and I will get into a corner of the room where we can take it all in without being seen.

President Worch—"All right, fellows, come to order." (This is followed by ten minutes of general rough-house.)

Worch—"Order! Come on, fellows! Order!! Order!!! (It almost gets quiet.)

Worch—"Fellows, I've called this meeting tonight to discuss the new summer uniform. You know that last year's uniform was punk. We want olive-drab this year. Have any of you men anything to say about this matter?" (General confusion again. Everybody yelling, "Mr. President.")

¹ And other things.

President—"Order! Mr. West has the floor. All right, West, old man."

West—"Mr. President, I move—"

Coster—"Well, why don't you move! Is anybody stoppin' you?"

West—"I move that we don't get khaki uniforms, because you can't wash them. You know we want olive-drab riding-breeches."

Gray, R.—"We don't want riding pants."

*Deeley*²—"I do."

Coster—"What are you going to ride—a fence rail?"

President—"Order! You have heard the motion; is there any second?"

*Green*³—"Mr. President, I move we get a full olive-drab uniform."

Griffin—"I move we get new dress coats."

Ford—"I move somebody gives me a smoke."

President—"Say, have you fellows finished moving? If you have we'll start to second a few of the motions on the floor."

Ford—"Well, I'll swan."

Green—"Oh, Raspy, you ought to have been along on that two thousand dollar trip to Seattle a couple years ago. Believe me, Caroline, it was some rich."

*Rasmussen*⁴—"Oh, go to! You never saw the Eastern Shore, much less Seattle."

Jeff—"Mr. President, I move we adjourn."

President—"You've heard Mr. Jeff's motion. Is there any second?"

Several—"Let's go!"

President—"The meeting is adjourned."

From the two foregoing little incidents you can form a general idea how we spent our Sophomore year at this institution. You will note that in our actions we were not so dignified and serious as a church congregation would be; but we enjoyed ourselves as only Sophomores could, and hereafter we will always look back on this year as one of the most pleasant in all our lives.

² He is a goodly infant.

³ The George Washington brand of Ananias Club membership.

⁴ Raspy-Raspidoodle—abbreviation for Rasmussen, Rouse-mit-em.

H. A. RASMUSSEN, *Historian*.



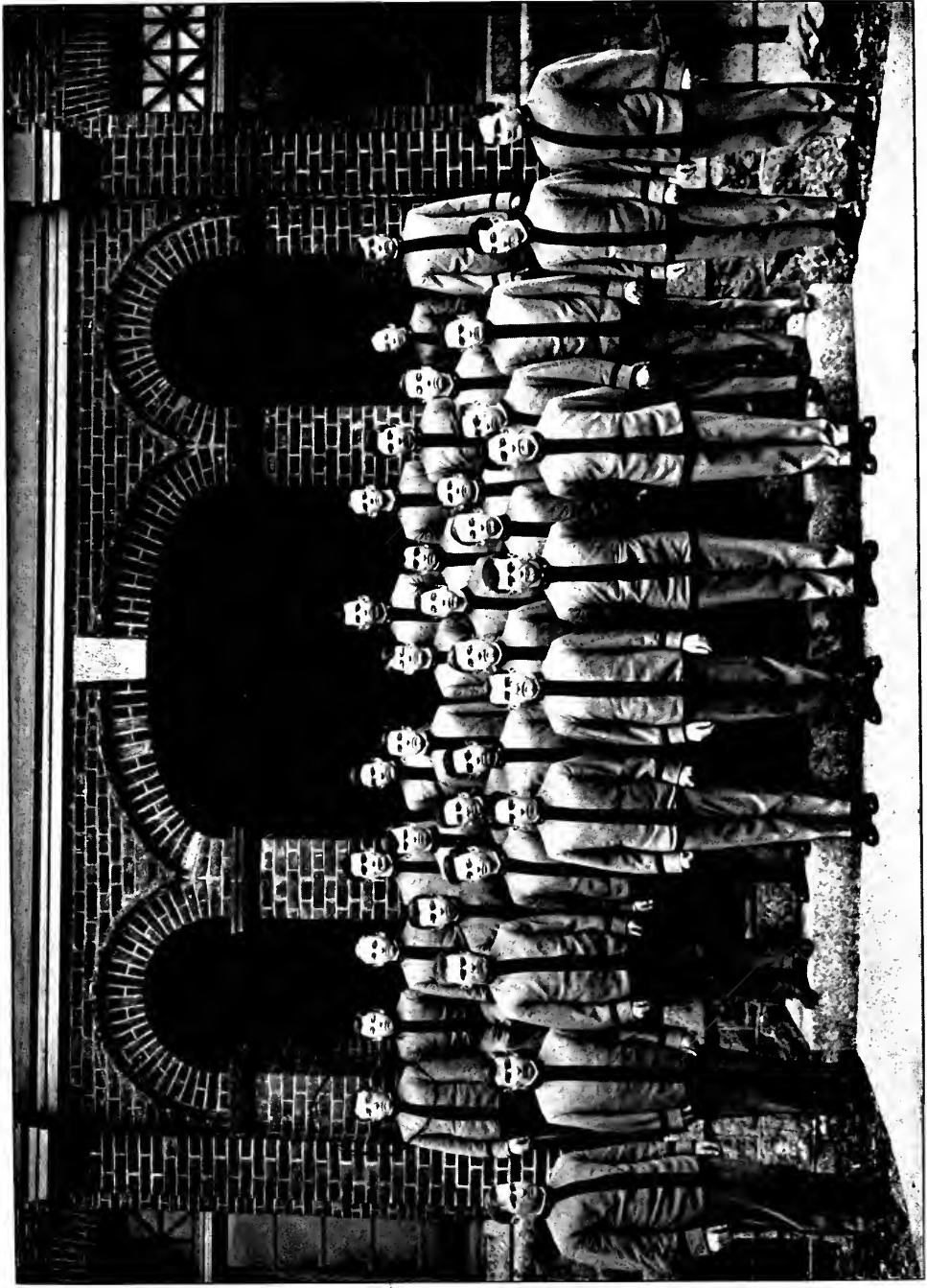


THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE

Freshman.



*Frank Edwards
William J. Jones
D. W. ...*



FRESHMAN CLASS

Class of 1915

A. W. MEYERS.....*President*
 F. J. MCKENNA.....*Vice-President*
 C. E. ROBINSON.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
 A. W. MEYERS.....*Historian*

COLORS

Blue and Gold

MOTTO

Lasst man uns durch unsere Thaten kennen

CLASS YELL

Rata-to-trat-to-trat-to-trat,
 Tara-to-bix-to-lix-to-lix
 Kick-a-bah-bah
 Kick-a-bah-bah
 Freshmen! Freshmen!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

ALLEN, R. W.
 BLUNDON
 BUCHWALD
 CLARK, H.
 EDSON
 GRAY, T. D.
 KEEFAUVER
 McCUTCHEON
 MEYERS
 PENNINGTON, V.
 ROBINSON, C.
 STEVENS
 VINE

ANDROPOLUS
 BOWLAND
 CARPENTER
 COCKEY
 FIROR
 HARRISON, W. E.
 KELLY
 MASSEY
 PECHAR
 PERKINS
 ROBERTS
 TODD, R.
 WALLIS, E.

ARMSTRONG
 BROWN
 CARTER
 DALE
 FRAZEE
 HAUVER
 LEVIN
 MCKENNA
 PENNINGTON, L.
 PETER
 SHOWELL
 TULL

History of the Class of 1915

Freshmen = those in the rudiments of knowledge

In September of 1911 about fifty "ambitious," "intelligent," and "determined" fellows landed at M. A. C. from practically all parts of the globe and entered the Freshman Class, either upon presentation of a certificate from some reputable school, or by bluff. Of this number, about twenty were "old-boys" of the Sub-Freshman Class of 1910, and the remaining thirty were "rats." It is needless to state that the "old-boys" were much gratified to have so many new fellows enter the class.

The Freshman Class at present has an enrollment of forty-three regular students—the largest class in the college, and will undoubtedly compare very favorably in number and in every possible manner to any Freshman Class in the state of Maryland.

Our Freshman officers were elected the latter part of our Sub-Freshman year. A class-meeting was called soon after we got established at M. A. C. What was the result? We were all jammed in one small room, the thermometer was registering about 100 degrees and the famous Piedmont was much in evidence. Regardless of the above-named abnormal conditions we transacted our business in a very desirable manner. Our "rats" no doubt thought that this meeting was called in order that the "old-boys" might show them a few stunts with the "broomstick and "bayonet," but such was not the case on *this* occasion. Soon "15" in the colors of blue and gold was being worn by every member of the class.

From the beginning of the year to Thanksgiving the Freshman Class held its own. The "Sophs" were on very good terms with our class from the start—our class being somewhat the larger, we naturally anticipated peace.

The Thanksgiving holidays came and passed so quickly that we remember only two things about it—we departed from college on Wednesday—we returned to college on Sunday. Of course, there were a few that were "unfortunate," having been taken ill suddenly and could not return on time. Also, those who wandered to the Eastern "Sho" and Southern Maryland straggled in any time between a week and ten days; depending upon their "pull" with "Commy" and the number of boats that traverse the waters between their place of departure and Baltimore or Washington.

The period between our Thanksgiving holidays and Christmas was short and quiet. Home-sickness, romantic thoughts, and all other things that follow a holiday did not tarry long in the hearts of our fellows. We realized that the first term exams were fast approaching, and we all needed a *little* "brushing up" on our subjects. Some members of the class, by sitting up late, and getting up early, passed their exams creditably—others retired early, arose late, and "flunked" terribly. Such was the result of our first term examinations.

From the beginning of our Christmas holidays till the opening of college on January 2d, we know but little about our fellows, individually or collectively. If time and space permitted, however, no doubt some interesting facts could be cited by an examination of our first theme in January, entitled "My Christmas Holidays." Incidentally we might say that our themes are always filled with "human interest" and are usually the recipients of "comment" and other things when made public.

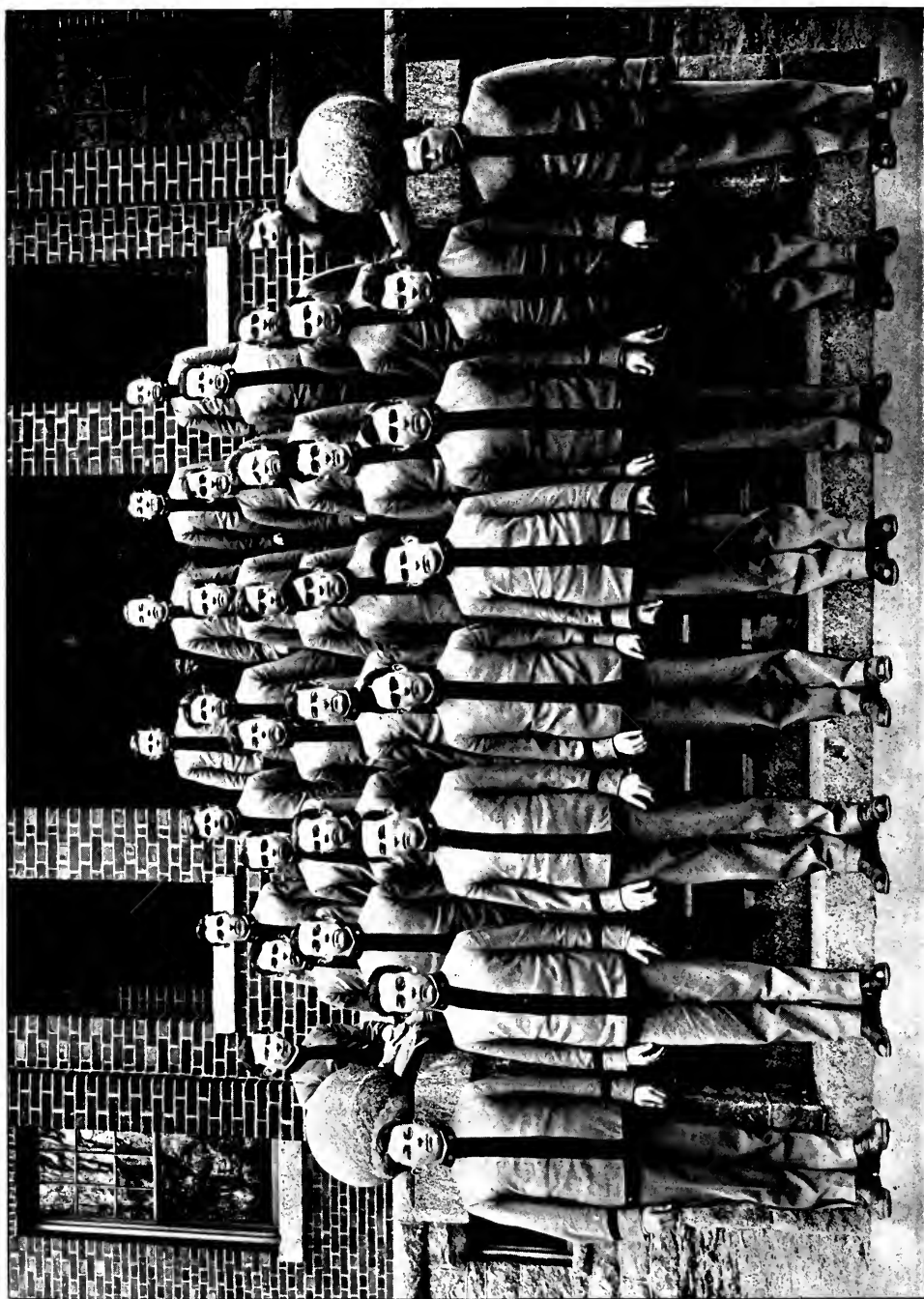
Thus far the Freshman Class has manifested much interest in making every branch of M. A. C.'s athletics a success. On the gridiron, track, and other fall and winter sports, our class has been represented. And now, that the baseball and lacrosse season is approaching, we hope, and believe that our class will be represented in these manly sports.

Members of this class are pursuing various courses of study. The identification of the smallest "unknown" protoplasmic substance; the maintenance of a large stock farm on the Isthmus of Panama; the manner of perfecting and propagating the most minute of our plants; the ability to recognize and give name to any seed produced in our Union; to be able to cause two chemicals to combine, when the same is impossible; to be able to survey the boundaries of our Great Pacific and compute its capacity; to plan, or design a locomotive that can run from Washington to Baltimore (40 miles) in twenty-five minutes and not exceed a mile per minute; and to be able to construct a dynamo that will electrocute a person, by simply looking at it—these are a few of the "ordinary" ideals of the member of the Class of 1915.

We are all looking forward with great pleasure to that privileged class—THE SOPHOMORE, when our long anticipated plans may be converted into realization.

Let each one strive with all his might to do his duty, and the success achieved will ultimately redound to the honor and glory of the Class of 1915.

A. W. M., *Historian*.



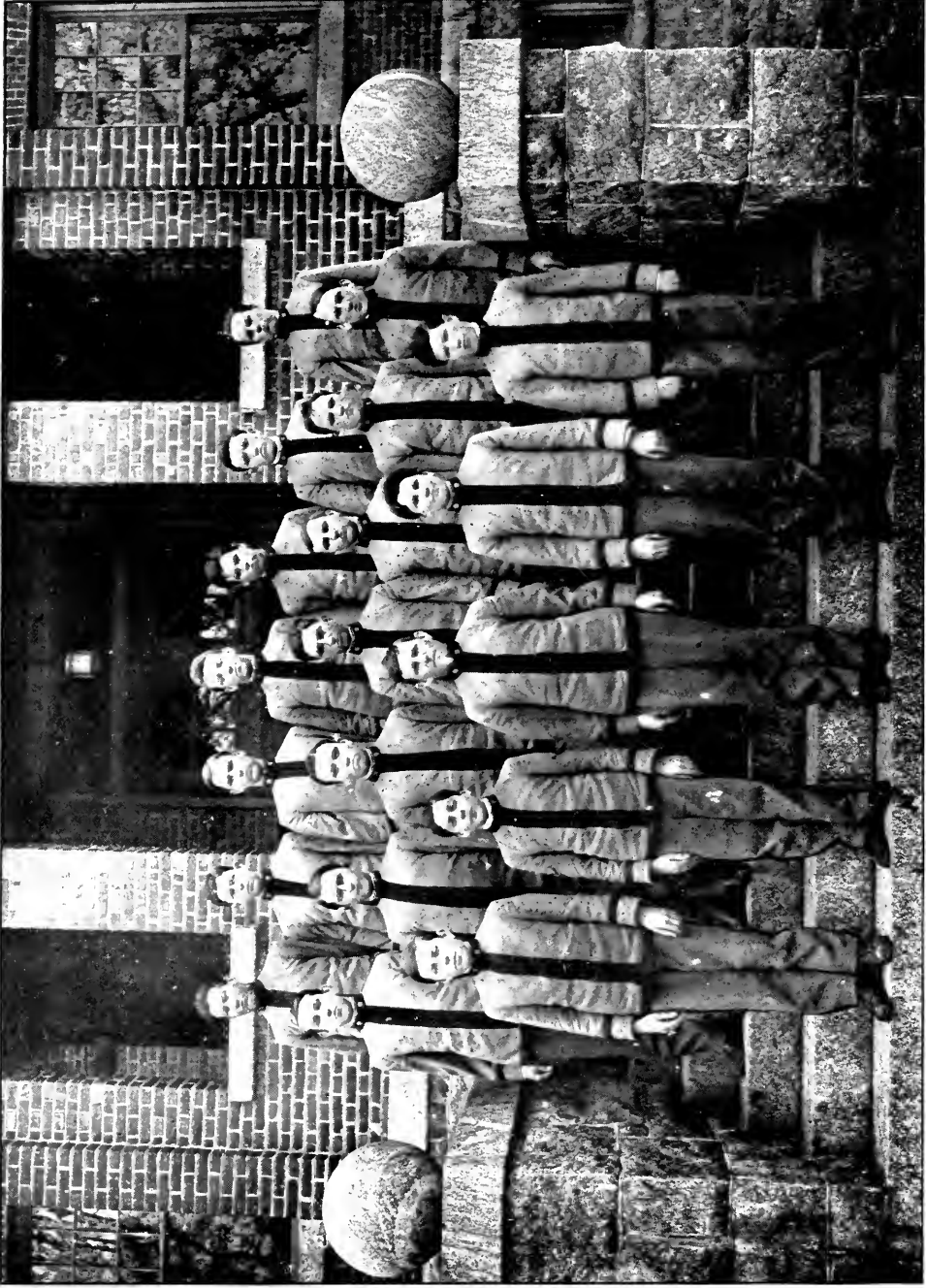
SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

Class of 1916

A. C. WIGHAM.....*President*
 P. H. MORRIS.....*Vice-President*
 J. HEBBEL.....*Treasurer*

AITCHESON
 COLBORN, C.
 EDDY
 GRACE, K.
 HEBBEL, E.
 JONES
 LEPPER
 MORRIS
 MILLER, J. F.
 PARRON
 RENJEL
 RIGGIN
 SHARP
 STERLING
 TAYMAN
 VALLIANT, T. R.
 WHITE, R.

BOWLING
 COLBORN, W.
 ERDMAN
 HATCH
 HEBBEL, J.
 JOY
 LAIRD
 MAUS
 MILLER, J. H.
 REISINGER
 RICHARDSON
 RITTER
 STANTON, W. C.
 SUNSTONE
 VALLIANT, E. S.
 VOGLE
 WIGHAM



PREPARATORY CLASS

Class of 1917

J. O. SHARSWOOD.....*President*
 F. DUNNINGTON.....*Vice-President*
 E. S. COLLINS.....*Secretary*
 J. A. HOWARTH.....*Treasurer*

ARCHER-BURTON
 CALWELL
 DEAL
 FRANCE
 HAYS
 KEEFE
 MILLER, W. L.
 ROBERTS
 SAMANIEGO, L.
 STEPHENSON
 THOMSON

BURRILL
 COLE
 COLLINS
 DUNNINGTON
 FREUNDLICH
 HOWARTH
 KEYWORTH
 PYWELL
 SAMANIEGO, C.
 SHARSWOOD
 STINSON

WALLACE, S. C.

“Good-by, Old Arm!”

The knife was still—the surgeon bore
The shattered arm away;
Upon his bed, in painless sleep,
The noble hero lay.
He woke, but saw the vacant place
Where limb of his had lain,
Then faintly spoke: “O let me see
My strong right arm again!

“Good-by, old arm!” the soldier said,
As he clasped the fingers cold;
And down his pale but manly cheeks
The tear-drops gently rolled;
“My strong right arm, no deed of yours
Now gives me cause to sigh;
But it’s hard to part such trusty friends—
Good-by, old arm! good-by”

“You’ve served me well these many years,
In sunlight and in shade;
But, comrade, we have done with war—
Let dreams of glory fade.
You’ll never more my saber swing
In battle fierce and hot;
You’ll never bear another flag,
Or fire another shot.

“I do not mourn to lose you now,
For home and native land;
Oh! proud am I to give my mite
For freedom pure and grand!
Thank God! no selfish thought is mine,
While here I bleeding lie,
Bear, bear it tenderly away—
Good-by, old arm! good-by.”



Hymn of Battle

No more the life inert, no more the things to be!
 Today with all its fight and flame, its battle clang, for me!
 Today, with all its freshening flood of triumph and of trust
 Above the buried yesterdays of doubting and of dust.

Today, today—the battle calls,
 And through the dark to light;
 For all is one long struggle, dear,
 To try to live life right!

No more the listless apathy, no more the choice to wait!
 Today the bugles on the hills, the war steeds at the gate!
 Today the levelled lance, and men, and red blood in the veins,
 And one wild burst along the hills, and give the steed the reins.

Today, today! Not yesteryear!
 Not shadows and not dread;
 But life along the gleaming line,
 And one more fight ahead.

No more the reticence to lead, no more the holding back!
 Today the marching of the throng along the roaring track!
 The thunder of a thousand storms, the lightning and the rain,
 And one strife more and one strong heart and no lips to complain

Today, today! The cry is forth!
 The wind is on the sea,
 And where the clang of battle leads,
 Thank God life leadeth me!

No more the stale and profitless, no more the rest and dream!
 No more the routine and the rut, but now the freshening gleam!
 The lance in my own hand to lead, the venture mine to know,
 The sword above my head, the string drawn taut upon the bow.

Today, today! The battle now,
 The peace beyond the night—
 When we have won the struggle, dear,
 For life, for love, for right.

The Military Department

The United States government has found it very desirable to maintain departments of military training in all the educational institutions, towards whose support it contributes financially each year. Accordingly it has made this a part of the requirements to be able to enjoy such contributions.

Our military policy must of necessity be a very weak one in comparison with other great nations of the world. This is largely due to a spirit of commercialism that has sprung up during the prosperous time which we have been enjoying; and also to the fact that the United States is not a military nation now, and never has been one. It has been our policy to maintain a very small standing army, and to rely upon citizen soldiery in times of war. Hence the more military training that can be given our citizens in time of peace, the better shall we, as a nation, be prepared when war does come upon us; and the less time it will take to drill and equip bodies of troops fit to take the field in active campaign against a highly trained foe.

The War Department recognizes the value of the training given to the graduates of these institutions, and is now engaged in formulating a plan, whereby graduates may be induced to enter the National Guard. It has called upon all officers detailed as military instructors, for written recommendations, as to ways which would help to induce such graduates to give their service to the National Guard. Each year the names of graduates who have shown ability and interest are forwarded to the War Department. In addition to this, the cadet standing the highest in the military department of a distinguished institution is each year given a chance to compete for a commission in the United States Army.



LIFE, BY HECK, AT OLD STUMP NECK

Trip to Stump Neck

A cool refreshing breeze was stirring, which was just strong enough to sway the grass and early flowers to and fro, like Chief Engineer Grace's cat-boat when left to the mercy of the wind and waves of the fierce and vicious Chesapeake; and the odors arising from the honey locust, augmented by the sweet perfume of the wild honeysuckle, were by no means nauseating to one who was familiar with the brand of Toilet Powder for sale at Captain Posey's old stand, Colgate's "Dactylis." (Take a deep breath, and pause for five minutes.)

Slowly, one by one, "Commy" M. A. Caesar, and all the little Caesars, assembled on the parade ground with their rifles, bandeliers and blanket roll; to be subjected to an informal inspection for small necessary articles, such as a manicuring set, shoe-horn, tooth-brush, etcetera. A few minutes later a long column of Infantry could be seen gradually but diligently working its way towards the car-station; where special cars were waiting to deliver us C. O. D. at the Navy Yards in Washington. From here one of Uncle Sam's tugs was used to convey us down the river. Gradually we vanished from Washington, but Alexandria was ready with outstretched arms to receive us into her bosom of still water. Likewise were the other points of importance along the Potomac.

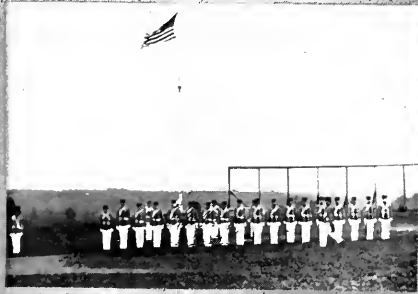
We were duly received by the marines at Stump Neck with a salute; which consisted of three volleys from their Gatling guns fired over the mast of the tug. Whether it was meant as courtesy or not is an unanswered question. However we found our camping ground in excellent condition, with the tents already pitched.

Immediately after arriving the bugler sounded that old melodious tune, and gee! how glad we were to have our keen appetites satisfied with an abundant supply of palatable and delicious food (?).

The night was spent in a state of dread uneasiness, for a small bandit was prowling around camp. The marine officer threatened to have all the outlaws shot at day-break, and "Sox" Trimble was sentenced to be burnt at the stake.

Three yards of canvas and six feet of bamboo constituted our beds, and a mass of sore-heads was precipitated the following morning.

Firing from the 200, 300 and 500 yard-lines was the schedule for the following five days. Bathing in the deeps of the Potomac was greatly enjoyed in the evenings; when not strolling around over Charles County to get a glimpse of the sponsor for the future battalion.



THIS IS BLISS

June Encampment

“Say ‘Febe,’ what are those white things up there on the hill? I never saw anything like that before in Prince George County.”

“Oh, you poor Mutt! That’s what they call Camp Silvester.”

Camp Silvester was named in honor of the “Big Chief,” and everybody was welcomed into the Comanche’s Camp—provided they came after breakfast, brought ’long their lunch, and left before supper time. We were taught these courtesies long before our dreams of camping were materialized.

Pitching tents was the first exertion for the privates, after arriving at the proposed camping grounds. Scarcely had we become settled and acquainted with our cozy tents, when we were called “to arms” to display our ability at evening dress parade, before an interesting audience of co-eds in the bleachers. The same pleasures were granted each evening for the benefit of our honored guests.

Finally the morning for the competitive company drill arrived, and of course each company was sure to win. Company “C” was victorious; but “B” was close behind. Some high-ranking private thoughtlessly shot a “snipe” into the middle of the street, for which a few points were deducted.

Monday night the camp-fires were kept burning low, as a token of love for our dear old camping grounds, from which we would soon take our sad departure.

At last Tuesday came, and we concluded that life on “The Knob” was too strenuous, and we would love to be back in the barracks. So before night-fall “Commy” issued General Order No. 23—and we promptly responded.

MISS E. LOUISE COBEY

Washington, D. C.

Sponsor for Battalion



The Staff

LIEUTENANT, J. S. UPHAM, *Commandant*

Major, W. B. KEMP

Lieutenant Adjutant, E. V. BENSON

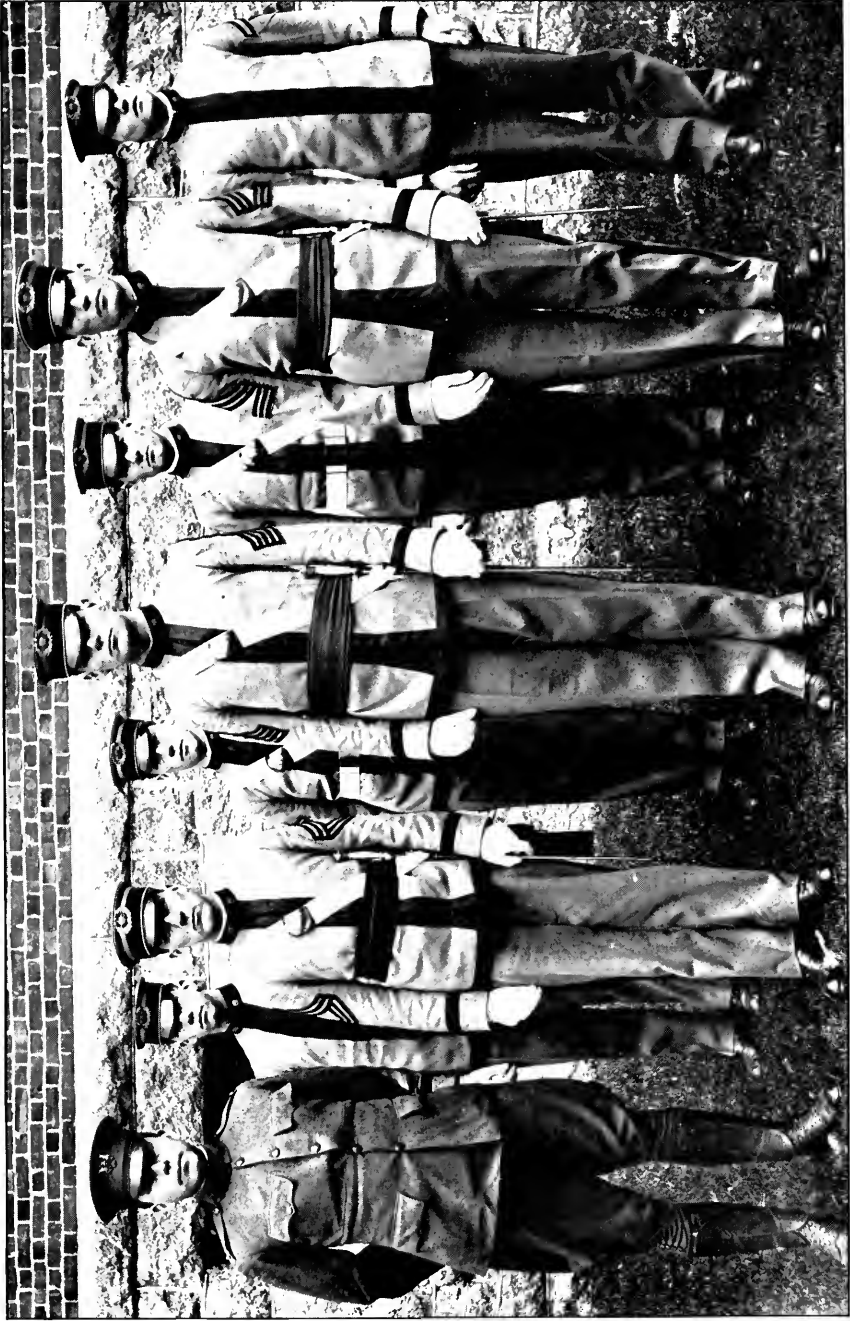
Quartermaster, K. MUDD

Drum Major, M. W. McBRIDE

Chief Trumpeter, J. A. MILLER

Sergeant Major, M. B. MAYFIELD

Color Sergeant, H. P. AMES



THE STAFF

MISS FLORENCE L. KUBEL

Washington, D. C.

Sponsor for Band



Cadet Band Organization

J. ELBEL, *Bandmaster*

E. V. BENSON	<i>Adjutant Commanding</i>
M. W. McBRIDE	<i>Drum Major</i>
J. A. MILLER	<i>Principal Musician</i>
W. M. HILLEGEIST	<i>Sergeant</i>
E. J. MERRICK	<i>Sergeant</i>
H. A. RASMUSSEN	<i>Corporal</i>
H. V. DEELEY	<i>Corporal</i>

Instrumentation

S. MARTINEZ	<i>Solo Clarinet</i>
J. HEBBEL	<i>First Clarinet</i>
E. HEBBEL	<i>Second Clarinet</i>
T. R. VALLIANT	<i>Third Clarinet</i>
C. COLLINS	<i>E-Flat Clarinet</i>
H. V. DEELEY	<i>Piccolo</i>
P. HAUVER	<i>Solo Cornet</i>
R. S. BROWN	<i>Solo Cornet</i>
S. H. SHOWELL	<i>First Cornet</i>
W. T. COLBORN	<i>Second Cornet</i>
J. A. MILLER	<i>First Trombone</i>
E. J. MERRICK	<i>Second Trombone</i>
E. S. VALLIANT	<i>Third Trombone</i>
E. R. BURRIER	<i>Baritone</i>
E. M. ROBERTS	<i>First Horn</i>
H. A. RASMUSSEN	<i>Second Horn</i>
R. A. PECHAR	<i>Third Horn</i>
W. L. WARFIELD	<i>Bass</i>
W. M. HILLEGEIST	<i>Bass</i>
W. A. FURST	<i>Snare Drum and Traps</i>
C. H. BUCHWALD	<i>Bass Drum</i>
C. L. McCUTCHEON	<i>Cymbals</i>



THE BAND

MISS OLGA SIEVERLING

Washington, D. C.

Sponsor for Company A



Roll of Company A

G. B. POSEY.....	<i>Captain</i>
N. L. CLARK.....	<i>First Lieutenant</i>
J. G. O'CONNOR.....	<i>Second Lieutenant</i>
G. P. TRAX.....	<i>First Sergeant</i>
W. K. ROBINSON.....	<i>Second Sergeant</i>
G. B. MORSE.....	<i>Third Sergeant</i>
E. E. POWELL.....	<i>Fourth Sergeant</i>
E. P. WILLIAMS.....	<i>First Corporal</i>
R. T. GRAY.....	<i>Second Corporal</i>
J. W. GREEN.....	<i>Third Corporal</i>

Privates

AITCHESON	BENSON, E. W.	BOWLAND
BEAN	BOWIE	CARPENTER
CARTER	COCKEY	COLLINS
COLE	DONN	DUNNINGTON
DUCKETT	EDSON	EDDY
HEALY	HOWARTH	KNODE, K.
LAIRD	LEPPER	MASON
MAUS	McKENNA, F. J.	McKENNA, R.
MERRITT	MILLER, W. L.	MORRIS
MONTELL	PENNINGTON, V.	PENNINGTON, L.
PYWELL	RICHARDSON	REISINGER
ROBERTS, C. F.	ROBINSON, C.	ROE
SHARSWOOD	SUNSTONE	STALEY
SONNENBERG	TRUITT	TOWNSEND
WESLEY	WHITE, J.	WHITE, C. M.
WIGHAM	WEST	

Buglers

IRVING

TODD, A. M.



45TH REUNION
CLASS OF 1913
APRIL 14, 1958



COMPANY A

MISS MARY C. SAUSMAN
Chicago, Ill.
Sponsor for Company B



Roll of Company B

A. C. STANTON.....	<i>Captain</i>
F. E. ANDERSON.....	<i>First Lieutenant</i>
H. C. GILL.....	<i>Second Lieutenant</i>
H. S. KOEHLER.....	<i>First Sergeant</i>
R. L. BIERMAN.....	<i>Second Sergeant</i>
J. S. REICHARD.....	<i>Third Sergeant</i>
R. C. WILLIAMS.....	<i>First Corporal</i>
H. T. O'NEILL.....	<i>Second Corporal</i>
J. S. COSTER.....	<i>Third Corporal</i>

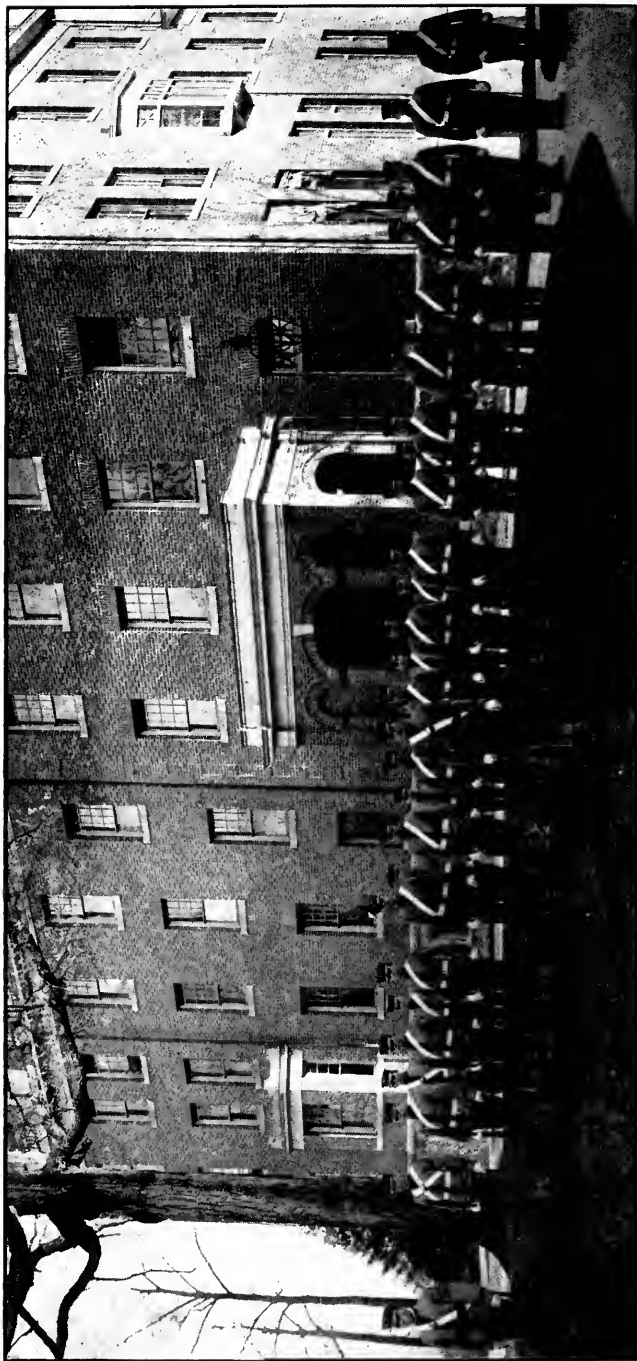
Privates

BLANKMAN, L.	BLANKMAN, S.	BOWLING
BURRILL	DALE	DEAL
DENNIS	DEMARCO	ERDMAN
FIROR	FORD	FOLK
GRACE, K.	GRACE, W.	GREENBERG
GRAY, T. D.	HARRISON, L. R.	HARP
ILGENFRITZ	KEEFAUVER	LEARS
LEVIN	LEDNUM, R. C.	LINHARDT
McKENNY	MOORE	MILLER, J. H.
MILLER, J. W.	PARRIN	PERKINS
PETER	RIGGIN	RITTER
SHARP	STANTON, W.	STEVENSON
TAYMAN	TODD, R. M.	TOWERS
TRIMBLE	VINE	VINCENTIES
WHITE, R.	WHITE, W.	

Buglers

GRAY, J. B.

CLARK



COMPANY B

MISS ISABEL HAUSLER

Washington, D. C.

Sponsor for Company C



Roll of Company C

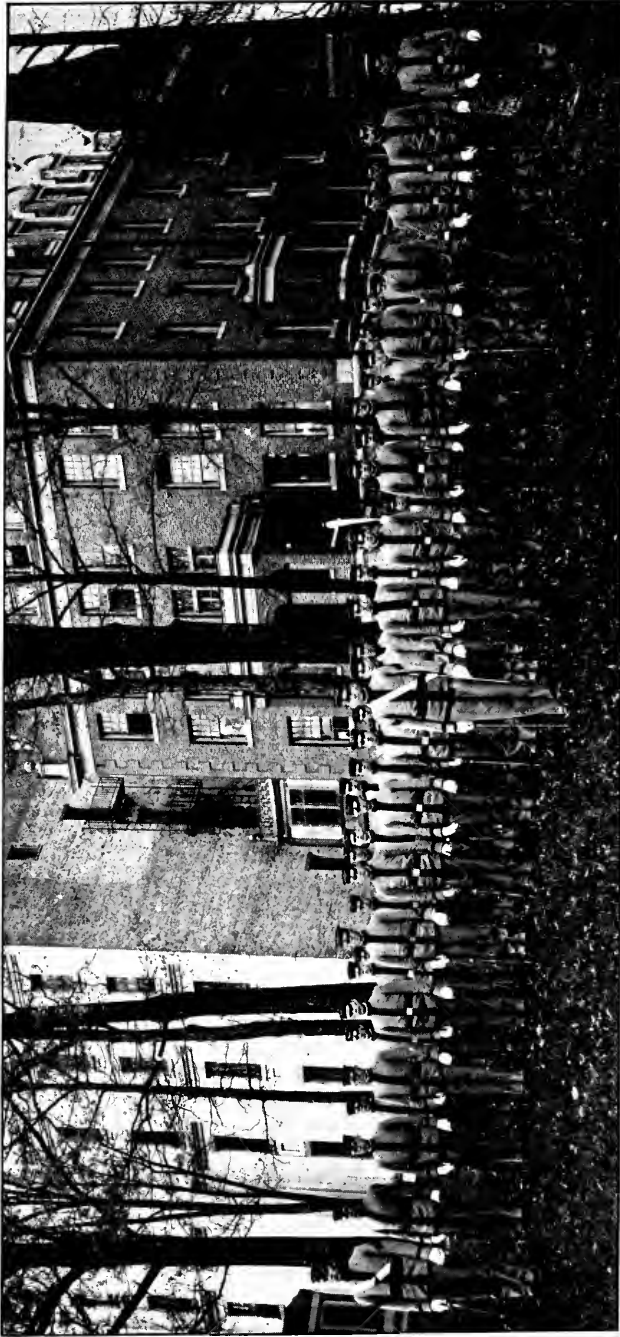
N. R. WARTHEN.....	<i>Captain</i>
J. M. LEDNUM.....	<i>First Lieutenant</i>
F. W. ALLEN.....	<i>Second Lieutenant</i>
M. E. DAVIS.....	<i>First Sergeant</i>
J. W. HULL.....	<i>Second Sergeant</i>
T. H. WILLIAMS.....	<i>Third Sergeant</i>
J. FLETCHER.....	<i>First Corporal</i>
A. WHITE.....	<i>Second Corporal</i>
R. ROGERS.....	<i>Third Corporal</i>

Privates

ARMSTRONG	AGER	ARCHER-BURTON
CALWELL	CREW	DAVIS, G.
FRANCE	FRAZEE	FRERE
HARRIS	HARRISON	HATTON
HATCH	HOFFECKER	HOOK
JEFF	JOHNSON	JONES
JOY	KELLY	KNODE
LANE	MARTZ	MASSEY
MILLER	PIERSON	RENJEL
RIDEOUT	SAMANIEGO, C.	SAMANIEGO, L.
SNOWDEN	STEPHENSON	STEVENS
STIRLING	TULL	TOWERS
VOGEL	WALLIS	WHITE, H. W.
WILLSON	WORCH	

Buglers

BLUNDEN	FREUNDLICH	WALLIS
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COMPANY C

Signal Corps

Company A

J. G. O'CONNOR, *Lieutenant*

Privates

R. S. HEALY
W. C. ROBINSON
C. M. WHITE
M. DONN
R. T. MCKENNA

Company B

F. E. ANDERSON, *Lieutenant*

R. C. WILLIAMS, *Sergeant*

Privates

E. S. TRIMBLE
K. GRACE
G. FIROR

Company C

J. M. LEDNUM, *Lieutenant*

FLETCHER, *Corporal*

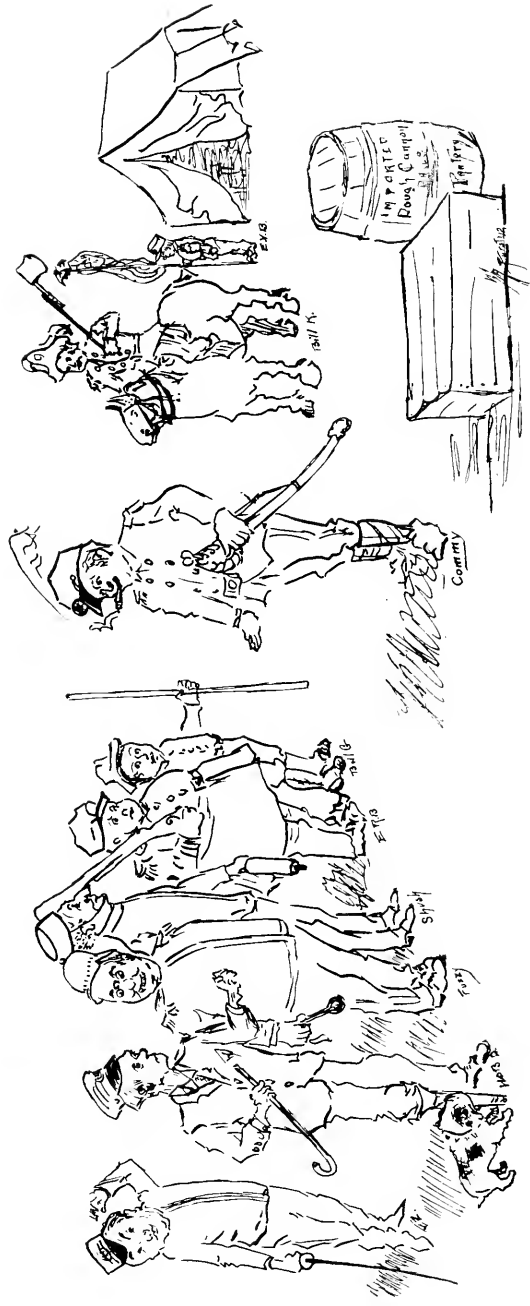
Privates

JOHNSON
TOWERS
WORCH



SIGNAL CORPS

WHIPPING THE "AWKWARD SQUAD" TOGETHER



The Old Boy's Dream

Last night I dreamed a happy dream,
Most wonderful to me;
It was a military dream
About old M. A. C.

I heard the bugles blow the calls
The old boy loves to hear;
I heard the sacred white-washed walls
Re-echo, cheer on cheer.

I saw the companies stretching out
In regimental line;
I heard the sergeant major shout
In accents soft and fine.

I watched the band march to and fro,
And heard distinct and clear
The self-same airs that long ago
Our fathers used to hear.

But best of all, *I* did not stand
Among the boys in gray,
No rifle butt was in my hand,
I did not drill that day.

A khaki uniform I wore
And held my head up high
I gave the orders to them, for
The commandant was I.

Yes, I was commandant and told
All old boys what to do
While Commy had a gun to hold
And wore a bayonet, too.

He wore a suit of army gray
As I could plainly see,
And drilled a rear rank private, too,
In my own company.

I watched him closely as he stood,
To see what I could see;
He turned his head (I hoped he would)
A half of one degree.

Then down the line I quickly tore,
A frown upon my brow;
Poor Commy looked a trifle sore—
I clearly see him now.

I grabbed him firmly by the chin
And looked him in the eye.
Said I, "I'll teach you discipline
Or know the reason why."

"Straight to the front your face must be
Straight to the front I say;
No more such movement let me see
Another time this day."

I marched back to my post again
All smiling at my joke.
I turned to give command, and then—
Alas, I then awoke.



Literary Societies

Officers of Morrill Literary Society

F. E. ANDERSON.....	<i>President</i>
G. B. POSEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. R. REICHARD.....	<i>Secretary</i>
C. M. WHITE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
W. K. ROBINSON.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

Officers of New Mercer Literary Society

S. C. DENNIS.....	<i>President</i>
M. E. DAVIS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
A. C. STANTON.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
E. P. WILLIAMS.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

Literary Societies

Immediately upon their return to the College in January, the literary and the oratorically inclined men reorganized the Morrill and New Mercer Literary Societies, and put them on a plane with the other student organizations.

To say that they have achieved success is but mildly to express the way in which they carried out the work they had planned. At the weekly meetings each society has given its men the opportunity and encouragement necessary to a successful orator, debater, and elocutionist; so that the result has been the spirited and instructive entertainment coincident with such gatherings. Many and broad subjects have been the themes of our aspirant debaters. The orators have thrilled us with their startling and vastly deep declamations, while the entertainment afforded us by the elocutionists has been a most pleasant release from the dullness of winter life.

Ever since their infancy these two societies, though fostered by the students collectively, each year await the chance to match their wits; so when the annual debate between the Morrill and New Mercer is called, as the finale to the scholastic year, we will again hear the masterful pleadings of their best representatives.

The Dance

(*A la Bacon* as a young man; if he ever was one.)

The dance is a delight to the young to partake of, to the old to behold, and to those between to gossip over. It promoteth sociabilities and restoreth the balance of overworked minds. Of all sensations it is the most infectious, that your arm be around a lady in the maze of the dance; especially if she be youthful, and of a lissomness.

There be two considerations: what should be sought after in choosing the partner; and what should be guarded against, the choice having been made.

The ecstasy of the dance is motion, therefore let the lady be accomplished. Choose not the halt nor the lame, and above all beware the novice. The lady should not be of greater height than the man, neither doth one of plump bosom consort to advantage with a man of small chest.

The couple being matched, there be certain wise precautions. Too much converse spoileth the rythmn; therefore if the lady be one of many words, let the dance be fast that she have little breath: or if again it be discovered too late that she keepeth not to the music then badinage is the only physic to relieve the situation; which may be aided by visiting the punch bowl, and that with a frequency.

If she hath the sinuous waist, the modest bodice, the throat of velvet smoothness, confiding eyes, and a wicked mouth, and a fragrance emanating from the hair, and withal moveth her limbs in perfect accord with the music and her partner as well, then is the dance at its perfection, verily an Elysian tonic to the soul.

These latter allurements be the *ta meteora* of Aristophanes—the things transcendental that appeal to all, but are to be obtained by the connoisseur alone.

Be not bold; but be not faint of heart either. A lady, be she not insipid, favoereth whoso exhibiteth assurance tempered with discretion.

Officers of Rossbourg Club

E. R. BURRIER.....*President*
 V. F. ROBY.....*Vice-President*
 N. L. CLARK.....*Secretary*
 E. V. BENSON.....*Treasurer*
 M. E. DAVIS.....*Assistant Treasurer*

Committees

Reception

E. R. BURRIER

Refreshments

A. C. STANTON

Music

J. A. MILLER

Program

W. L. WARFIELD

Floor

W. A. FURST

The Dream

Perchance it was only a fancy,
Perhaps it was only a dream;
Yet the breeze bore the noise through my window,
As light as a golden sunbeam.

I was dreaming of her when it woke me,
Of her eyes of the deepest brown;
Her teeth and her smile that entranced me,
Her skin white and soft as the down.
I had dreamed of the myriad dances
I had spent with the vision fair;
Of her grace, of her lightness in gliding,
Of her voice and her rippling hair.

How at last we had tired of dancing,
And had sought a safe nook, where I told
How I loved her and worshiped her always,
Her ways and her heart of pure gold.
Then I turned on my fevered pillow,
And closed my eyes as in pain;
To banish the sights around me,
And float to her once again.

But alas the Fates were against me,
The gun was the noise I had heard,
Announcing the dawn as its herald,
As swift as the wings of a bird.
Then the Reveille Squad was upon me,
My dreams of my love were no more,
When Burrier, Grace and Warfield
Deposited me on the floor.

So I dreamed no more of my maiden,
For the Reveille Squad I abhor;
And now I must get up at first call
Or be sure to be dumped on the floor.

Y. M. C. A.

W. M. McBRIDE.....	<i>President</i>
F. E. ANDERSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
E. V. BENSON.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

The letters Y. M. C. A. stand for perhaps more than many of us think. Youth manhood, Christianity and associations are all things very near and dear to us. They are subjects of which we never tire and upon which we love to ponder. The Association in this institution has endeavored to bring its members to a fuller appreciation of the vigor, the vim and the enthusiasm of youth; the integrity of sterling manhood, and the pleasures, advantages and protections afforded by Christian associations and fellowships. It has aimed to inculcate the principles of right living, and to set up higher and loftier ideals among the students. The development of body, mind and soul have been its concern, but highest and most important, the soul.

Our associations has ever striven for the betterment of the moral and spiritual welfare, not only of its members, but of every cadet who enters the walls of M. A. C. We have taken upon ourselves the task of creating, here amidst the rush and hurry of college life, something which will approximate that home environment and atmosphere which nearly every young man misses and yearns for when he leaves home and comes to college. By a systematic and regular reading of the Bible, by study, and reflection upon such lives as those of Christ and St. Paul, we have endeavored to keep vivid in our minds those precepts learned at our mother's knee.

To this end about eighty-seven cadets have entered classes this year and have been doing splendid work which cannot help but bear fruit in later years. Not satisfied with a study of the Bible, they have become awakened to the great problem of mission work, and as a result we have a class studying, "The unoccupied fields of Africa and Asia." This is the first year that a mission study class has been conducted and is a step forward which is very gratifying.

The delegates who went to Western Maryland College to the Joint Convention of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. of the State, came back with many new ideas on mission work and will doubtless put them in practice.

Triangle Staff

M. W. McBRIDE, '12.....	<i>Editor</i>
M. E. DAVIS, '13.....	<i>Junior Editor</i>
E. E. POWELL, '13.....	<i>Junior Editor</i>
J. R. REICHARD, '13.....	<i>Junior Editor</i>
H. A. RASMUSSEN, '14.....	<i>Sophomore Editor</i>
E. N. CORY, '00.....	<i>Alumni Editor</i>
G. P. TRAX, '13.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
S. BLANKEMAN, '13.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
C. M. WHITE, '13.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>

The Triangle

This institution of our College was started in the fall of 1909. At first there was some doubt as to the success of the paper, but all fears however speedily vanished after the first two or three issues had been run off.

Several radical changes have been made since the first publication; it first being issued monthly and then increased to a bi-monthly journal, because of the demand for the news matter it contained.

Originally the *Triangle* had been under the direct management of the Senior Class. This however brought forth trouble between the *Triangle* and the REVEILLE, so a change of policy was instituted this year. It was turned over to the Junior Class, the Editor-in-chief alone to be a member of the Senior Class.

Editor McBride has contributed largely to the success of the paper, and his editorials have done much to make the paper what it is. The work of the Associate Editors has also been commendable in every respect.

Under this year's management the financial success of the *Triangle* has passed our most sanguine expectations. The list of subscribers has increased far beyond that of the preceding years.

Thus the *Triangle* has closed the third year, the real test year, of its life. May the success won by such hard efforts this year be continued in future years.



TRIANGLE BOARD

Athletic Association

R. L. TOLSON *President*
 W. S. GRACE *Secretary*

Athletic Council

PROF. C. S. RICHARDSON, *Chairman*

PROF. F. B. BOMBERGER PROF. H. T. HARRISON

Student Members

R. L. TOLSON	J. G. O'CONNOR
L. H. STALEY	N. R. WARTHEN
W. S. GRACE	M. E. DAVIS

Athletic Teams

<i>Football</i>	}	L. H. STALEY, Manager
		H. B. SHIPLEY, Captain
<i>Baseball</i>	}	W. S. GRACE, Manager
		R. C. LEDNUM, Captain
<i>Track</i>	}	A. C. ADAMS, Manager
		W. B. KEMP, Captain
<i>Lacrosse</i>	}	J. G. O'CONNOR, Manager
		E. E. POWELL, Captain
<i>Tennis</i>	}	W. R. WARTHEN, Manager
		E. E. POWELL, Captain

FOOTBALL

“Ship” Shipley

There are few who can show this youngster anything about athletics. He seems to be at home in every sport. Ship is a born leader. In the college year '10-'11 he had the distinction of being captain of three athletic teams—football, basketball and baseball. While excellent in



all, he shines especially in football, being designated, “All-Maryland” quarterback in 1910.

Exceedingly aggressive and absolutely fearless, Ship is one of the most respected men in this section on the gridiron. He is a natural general, and has the art of out-guessing the other fellow down to an almost uncanny degree.



“Bill” Kemp

Bill is certainly worthy of the “All-Maryland” half-back title, for during his three years in the mole-skins has always played a rattling fine game. During the Soph Year and as Captain in the Junior Year, Kemp was placed at end and sometimes at tackle; but during the latter part of this season was shifted to half-back. It was there that Bill has done his best work. In the Western Maryland game this fall his line-plunging was exceptionally noteworthy, being greatly instrumental in our laying their colors low. Against Gallaudet when each team was fighting for inches, he tore off several plunges for yards at a time.

“Hoff” Hoffecker

In Hoffecker, M. A. C.’s football team will have a gallant leader for 1912. Playing the left-half back position, “Hoff” has caused many a team’s colors to be lowered in the dust and many lines have crumbled away before his vicious attacks.

The long run made by him against the “Mutes,” thereby winning the most hard fought battle on M. A. C.’s gridiron, is a feat that every M. A. C. student will long remember; and from the “antics” made by the “Dummies,” he will always be a man dreaded by them.

We wish “Hoff” and his fellow warriors every success, and may they be victorious in the season of 1912.



“Keg” Mudd

Mudd—a voluminous stratum of the adhesive type—has for the past three years proved to be an impenetrable barrier to M. A. C.’s gridiron opponents.

Time and time again when Western Maryland, Hopkins and St. John’s found each attempt to advance of no avail, it was due to their inability to wade through this quagmire.

Whatever may have been the underlying principle of Keg’s success its cause was second only to the effect in the eyes of his team-mates. We fear that some time will elapse before Maryland will be able to replace the sturdy right tackle now leaving us.



“Gee Bee” Posey

We insist that Posey is the best tackle that M. A. C. has ever produced, and that he has no superior in Maryland College circles today. True, he was not given that honor by the newspapers, for he possessed not the “pull that counts,” nor did his true gentlemanly modesty permit him to cultivate it.

Weighing 180 pounds, powerfully built, abundantly blessed with football acumen and enthusiasm, this nery player has performed feats during his four years on the eleven that have proved his team’s salvation on more than one critical occasion. It will be years before M. A. C. will be able to boast of his equal.



“Duke” Duckett

Duckett, although he hails from Bladensburg, has been one of the shining stars during his four years at M. A. C.

Having obtained a great distinction and a wide reputation on the track, “Duke” cast his lot in football. He soon found a place in the back field, and the way he skirted the ends were sights worth witnessing. The opposing ends could never get near enough to make a tackle, but always had to be content with the dust from this fleet-footed star.

Ordinarily “Duke” has a slow sleepy movement, but when it comes to the track and gridiron, his name will go down in M. A. C. annals as one of the fastest men ever produced here.

“Phebo” Binder

Binder, an unknown quantity at first, soon showed that he had seen a foot-ball game in Atlantic City.

Short and stubby in stature, the full-back position was easily secured by him. With head ducked and body doubled up, he was a terror to opposing linemen and on numerous occasions has gained the required three or five yards. Quick as a flash, with the speed of a cannon ball, he has run back many punts with every opposing man lugging at him.

With us but two years; he has won a place in every M. A. C. student’s heart and no doubt he will show some university good football men are turned out at M. A. C.





FOOTBALL TEAM



In athletics, as well as in every other contest in life, to win shows prowess to accept the result in true sportsman-like spirit whether victory or defeat, shows manhood. And while the means to win may be obtained in many different ways, either secret or open, the proper acceptance of the result can be obtained only when it is realized that the benefits of a sport are derived, not from the winning, but from the playing. And while our football team did not win some contests which we had hoped to carry off, yet the men played a clean hard game throughout the season and the final scores of the eight games showed three victories, three defeats, and two tie scores.

The first game was played against Richmond College at Richmond on September 30 and resulted in a tie, neither team being able to cross the goal-line. Next we met Fredericksburg College at Fredericksburg and beat them 5 to 0. In the Hopkins game we had our opponents at our mercy, but for a fumbled ball which a Hopkins man scooped up and carried for a touchdown, thus beating us 6 to 3.

Then we had a series of reverses, Catholic University tied us 6 to 6, St. Johns beat us 27 to 0, and Washington College scored 17 points to our 6. But our men showed their mettle when they came back and in the next game did what no other team in the State could do, beat Western Maryland 6 to 0. The closing game of the season was a hard fought one with Gallaudet in which we again came out victors 6 to 2.

Between many of the individual players there was little room for selection for each played his position well; but mention might be made of Captain Shipley whose work at quarter placed him in a position second to that of no man in the State.

Football Season of 1911

H. S. SHIPLEY.....	<i>Captain</i>
L. H. STALEY.....	<i>Manager</i>
L. A. DEMARCO.....	<i>Assistant Manager</i>
C. F. DONNELLY.....	<i>Coach</i>

Varsity

JOHNSON..... <i>Left End</i>	SHIPLEY..... <i>Quarter Back</i>
POSEY..... <i>Left Tackle</i>	AUGUSTUS..... <i>Right Half Back</i>
BOWLAND..... <i>Left Guard</i>	HOFFECKER..... <i>Left Half Back</i>
KOEHLER..... <i>Center</i>	BINDER }
MUDD..... <i>Right Tackle</i>	VOGEL }
KEMP..... <i>Right End</i>	<i>Full Back</i>

Substitutes

FIROR..... <i>Right End</i>	WHITE..... <i>Right Tackle</i>
KNODE..... <i>Quarter Back</i>	FURST..... <i>Quarter Back</i>
TRAX..... <i>Left Half Back</i>	WHITE, C. M..... <i>Center</i>
HOOK..... <i>Right End</i>	JEFF..... <i>Right Tackle</i>
DUCKETT..... <i>Right Half Back</i>	

Schedule

September	30	Richmond College at Richmond
October	14	Fredericksburg College at Fredericksburg
October	21	Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore
October	28	Catholic University at Brookland
November	4	St. John's College at College Park
November	11	Washington College at Chestertown
November	18	Western Maryland College at College Park
November	25	Gallaudet College at College Park



Captain "Pete" Lednum

"I love it; I love it," yelled "Pete" Lednum 'way down yonder in his crawling days, when he beheld his first baseball, he has been loving baseball ever since, more and more every day.

Lednum succeeded Shipley as captain, when the latter left College, and has proved a wise choice in every particular. His gingery, "Kim on biby," Lednumese for "Come on baby," keeps things on the hop all through the game.

Being from the land of Herzog and Baker, Pete faithfully produces the nifty antics of the former around the hot region and smacks "em where they ain't" in the approved home-run style of the latter.

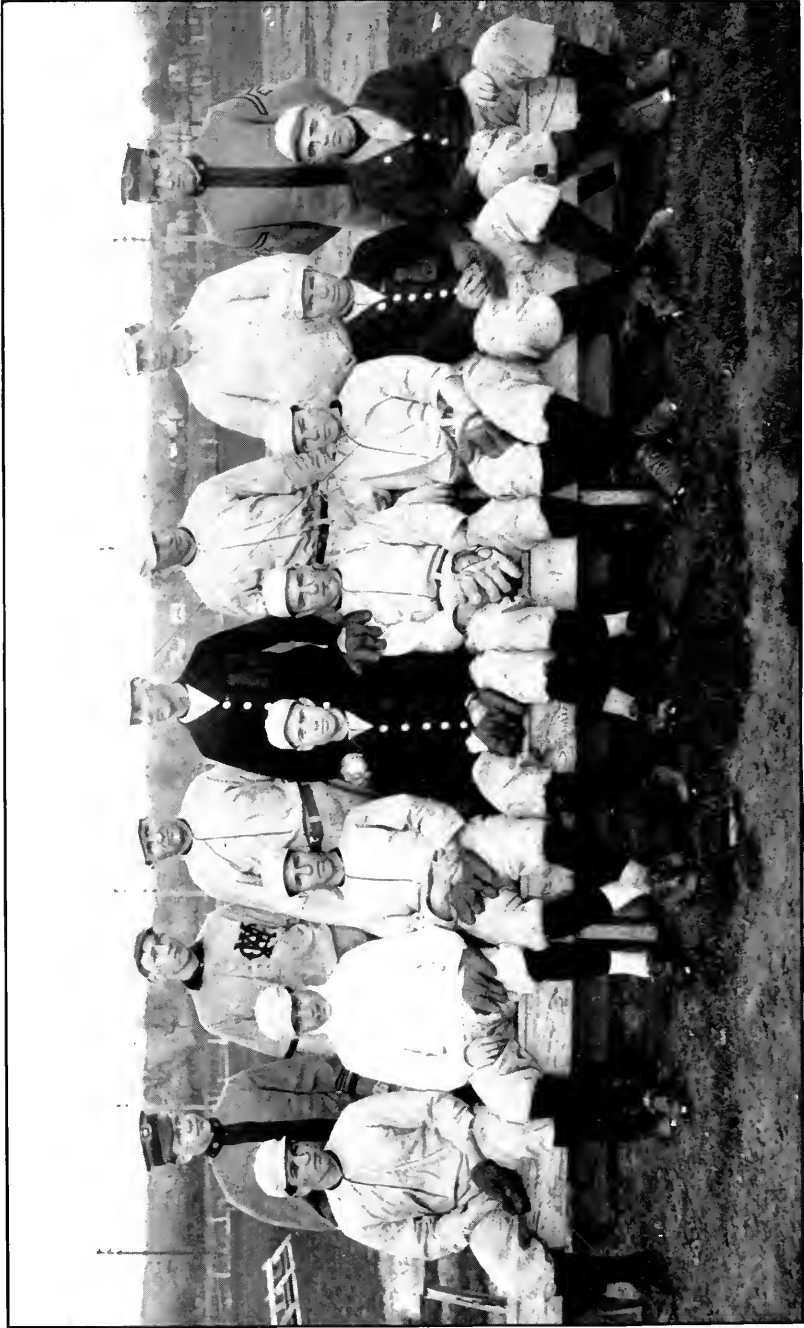


"Curley" Lednum

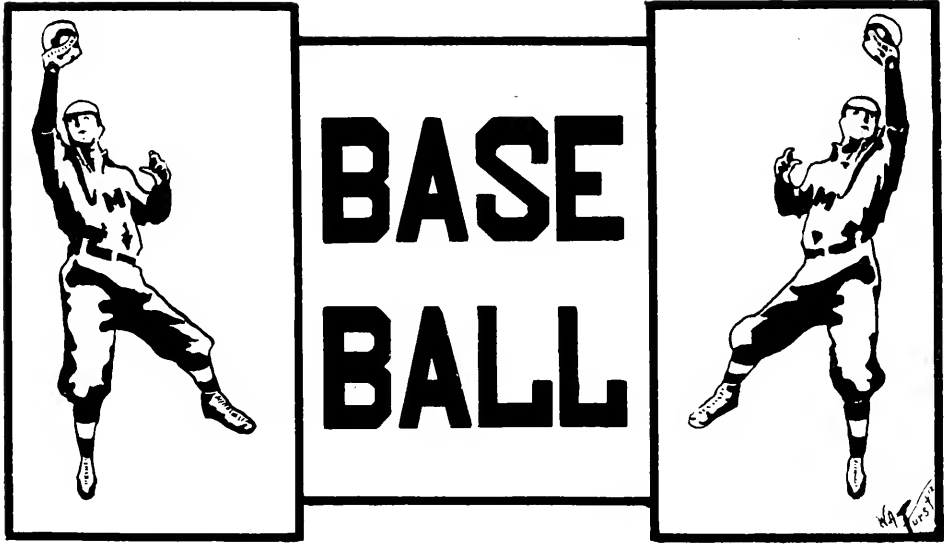
In Lednum we have an example of what constant plugging will do. Curley won his place on the 'Varsity last season by the work he had done while with the scrubs during his Soph Year, and by the hard plugging during the early part of last spring. And once on the college team he has decided to stay.

His fielding is always good, but it is at the bat where he has displayed his true form, and timely hitting seems to be his forte. Slow but sure he is constantly in the game, and the race between the brothers for batting honors is always a keen one.





BASEBALL TEAM



These are not excuses; these are facts.

Starting the season with a strong line-up, we have suffered such irreparable losses that our visions of a successful season have well nigh disappeared. But the old M. A. C. fighting spirit prevails, and we are going to fight to the last ditch.

In the first place, Duckett, one of our three star twirlers, was compelled to quit the game soon after practice began, on account of the pressure of scholastic work. Next Shipley, captain and star, left after our first game to join the Worcester, New England League Team. Then little "Reds" Ritter, our peppery manipulator of the half-way station, acquired a twisted knee that threatens to keep him out of the game for the rest of the season. And now, Donn, the Eastern High School boy who made good as catcher right off the handle, has been compelled to leave College on the eve of our first St. John's contest. Likewise Sam Edmonson, our popular and efficient coach, has been called by his team for the 1912 campaign.

However Captain "Pete" Lednum is a strenuous worker, and if Lady Fortune permits the present combination to remain intact long enough to learn to play together, we will show 'em something yet. For in Hoffecker and Smith we have a brace of Flingers mighty hard to beat; and besides, of the new players, Hatton, Knode Firor, Binder, and Hook, have shown their worth.

Baseball Season of 1912

R. C. LEDNUM.....*Captain*
 W. S. GRACE.....*Manager*
 H. S. KOEHLER.....*Assistant-Manager*
 R. S. EDMONSON.....*Coach*

Varsity

HOFFECKER..... <i>Pitcher</i>	LEDNUM, R. C..... <i>Third Base</i>
DUCKETT..... <i>Pitcher</i>	LEVIN..... <i>Left Field</i>
BEAN..... <i>Pitcher</i>	LEDNUM..... <i>Center Field</i>
DONN..... <i>Catcher</i>	HATTON..... <i>Right Field</i>
MUDD..... <i>First Base</i>	FIROR }..... <i>Substitutes</i>
RITTER..... <i>Second Base</i>	KNODE }
SHIPLEY..... <i>Short Stop</i>	

Schedule

March	30	Gallaudet College at College Park
April	11	William and Mary College at College Park
April	13	Catholic University at College Park
April	18	Mt. St. Joseph's College at Baltimore
April	19	Lehigh University at South Bethlehem
April	20	Penn. Military College at Chester, Pa.
April	24	Fredericksburg College at Fredericksburg
April	27	St. John's College at College Park
May	1	Mt. St. Joseph's College at College Park
May	4	Johns Hopkins University at College Park
May	8	Rock Hill College at College Park
May	15	Gallaudet College at Washington
May	18	Western Maryland College at College Park
May	25	Delaware College at Newark
May	29	St. John's College at Annapolis
June	1	Washington College at College Park
June	11	Alumni at College Park

Captain "Bill" Kemp



Naturally gifted with a fine physique, it was evident after a few performances that Kemp would make a sterling runner. And from his work during the last three years we see our predictions realized.

In his Soph Year Bill won his "M" by performances in the quarter mile, and the next year saw him holding a much-coveted position on the College Relay. He also managed the track squad that year, and by his good work on the cinder path was elected captain for this season.

During the indoor season just closed, Kemp has lowered several track records in Washington; and in the National Guard Meet, tied for individual honors with Eller of Georgetown.

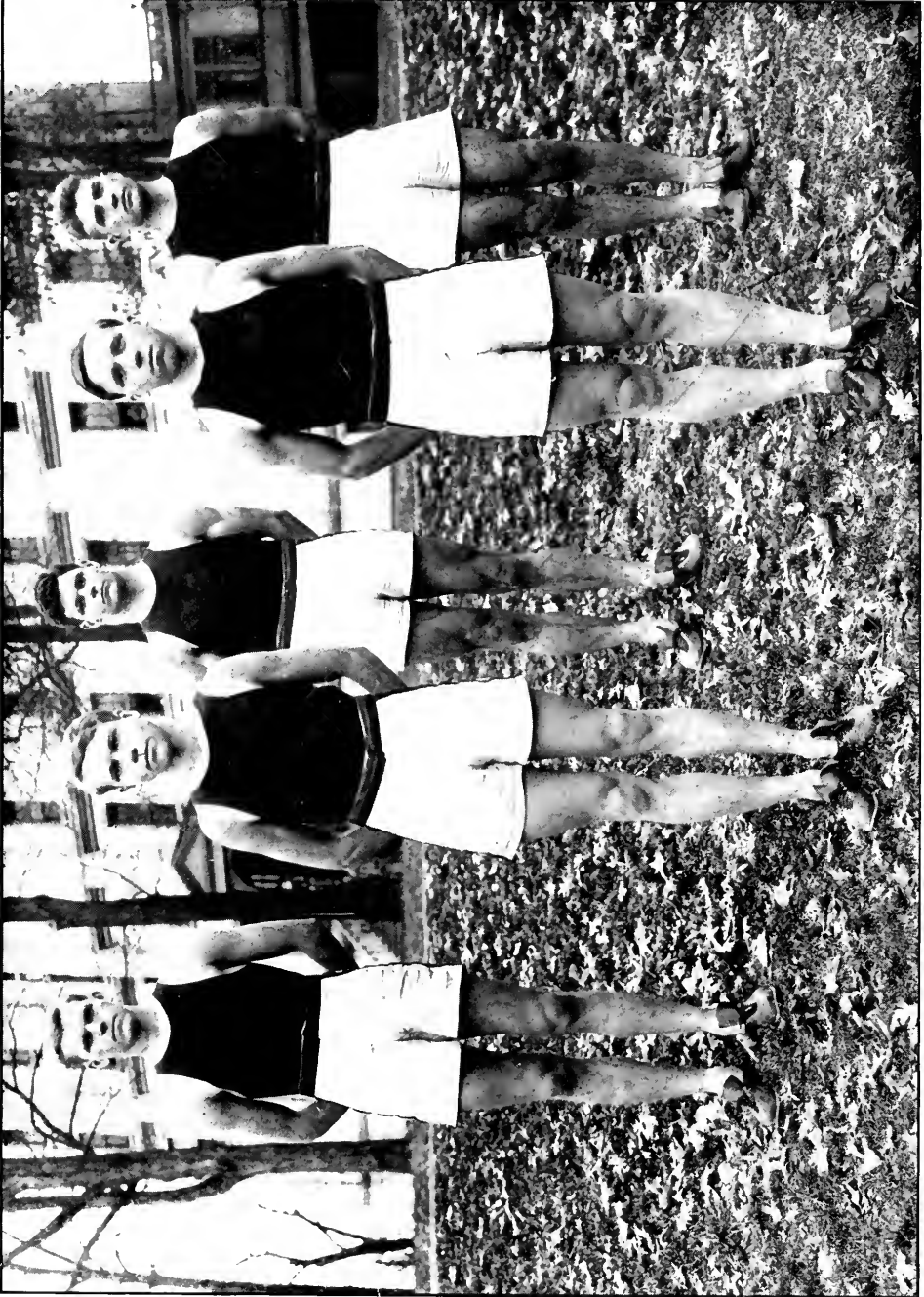
In our own Intercollegiate Track Meet Bill carried off individual honors with 14 points; first in the mile and the 880 yard run, and second in both the quarter-mile and broad jump.

"Gus" Augustus

Gus won his place on the College Relay during the latter part of last season; and was one of the four that took second place at the University of Pennsylvania Relay Carnival in April, 1911.

Possessing good speed and a fair amount of stamina, Gus is a hard man to beat when in good trim. His performances in the individual events has also been of a good quality, and at the half-mile and mile can do as well as in the quarter. He took second in the mile last year at M. A. C.'s Inter-Collegiate Track Meet, being beaten out by inches by Woodward of St. John's.





RELAY TEAM

Track

With the return of warm weather the track men have begun to get in the much needed outdoor training, in preparation for the University of Pennsylvania Relay Carnival; and also for our own outdoor Meet for the Collegiate Championship of the State.

Before prophesying what we will do this spring, however, let us look back over what our team has done during the winter, in order that we may more accurately judge our chances for success this season.

In February our relay team was beaten in the Fifth Regiment-Hopkins' Meet, by St. John's College. This was the first time in the last four years that M. A. C. has been defeated on a local track, and in this contest we gave the victors such a hot race that they were afraid to run us again. We however defeated Washington College and University of Maryland, and Western Maryland forfeited to us by non-appearance. In the individual events Johnson, Harrison, Grace, Greenberg, Trimble and Kemp all ran well. In the District National Guard Meet in Washington in March, Grace won second place in the fifty-yard novice; and Kemp won first in the half-mile and second in the quarter; placing M. A. C. second in the total number of points scored in the Meet. Kemp also tied with Eller of Georgetown for the individual point trophy, each scoring eight points.

Last April at Philadelphia our relay was defeated by Indiana State Normal in 3 minutes 35 $\frac{2}{3}$ seconds. We however won second in a field composed of Indiana State Normal, Ursinus, Villanova, College of City of New York, Lehigh, Dickenson, Franklin and Marshall and Maryland Agricultural College. This year, in addition to those mentioned we will have to contend with Bucknell, University of Pittsburg, and Carnegie Tech, but Indiana State Normal will not be against us.

Our track and field team as a whole shows weakness in the hurdles and fields events, with the exception of the shot-put. Tolson and Koehler can take care of this event for us; but our team needs a great deal of bolstering in the high jump and pole vault.

Then, too, the team greatly misses the services of Duckett and Morris, who have been two of its mainstays for several years past; but in the new men we have Harrison, Johnson and Grace who by another year should easily take the place of the men lost by graduation.



DONN RECEIVING



SMITH ON THE MOUND



Captain "Ed" Powell

As a Lacrosse player Captain Powell has not been surpassed here in the short history of our newest and very progressive sport.

After having played a very consistent game with the Mt. Washington Lacrosse team, before entering M. A. C., "Ed" was naturally the man to start the game here. From a handful of men Powell organized the team three years ago, and because of the proficiency attained forced the Athletic Association to recognize it last season as one of the adopted sports.

The untiring efforts on Powell's part are certain to meet with success; and we sincerely hope to see the sport he has established, firmly holding its ground always.



"Peck" Davis

When Lacrosse was first introduced at M. A. C., "Peck" was one of the first to respond to the call for candidates, and since then has been a regular member of the team as goal-keeper.

He has developed into one of the best goal-men in the State, and his work against Harvard, Carlisle, and Mt. Washington Club was largely responsible for the small scores which these teams made. Time and again opposing attack men have made shots at goal which looked like good, only to be met by Peck's trusty stick and turned aside. He has also learned the art of using the body when the stick cannot be brought into play. Davis will be with us one more year.





LACROSSE TEAM

Lacrosse Team

This is the third year that Lacrosse has been played at M. A. C., and the failure of the team to win most of its games comes from the fact that it had to play combinations completely out of our class.

Among the strong teams which we encountered were listed Harvard University, Carlisle Indians, and Mt. Washington. The latter is composed mainly of graduates of Hopkins, Swarthmore and Canadian Clubs, who all are stars at the game.

Carlisle, the first team which we faced, was held down to the small score of 4 to 1. This proved that the men had the makings of a good team. One week later the same team from Carlisle defeated Hopkins, 8 to 2.

Harvard was next encountered at College Park two days later, and the Crimson by excellent team and stickwork shot 8 goals to M. A. C.'s 1.

Although our team had lost these two games, the fine showing against great odds was encouraging. However the following Saturdays saw our team take a slump and lose to both Baltimore City College and to Walbrook Club.

We next met Mt. Washington, and although our team was again defeated we played a fine defensive game. Time and again the Mt. Washington attack would rush the ball down the field only to have it intercepted on a pass and carried back up the field again.

Our only victory came in the last game, that with Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, when we blanked them 6 to 0. This game was replete with thrilling plays, and excellent team-work on our part and good defense work by "Poly." In this game the team played better than in any previous contest; their team-work and stickwork being the result of incessant and hard practice under adverse conditions, and having a string of defeats chalked up against them. The cool manner in which our men handled the balls was equal to the showing of any of the big teams in their games with us.

Great credit for the fine showing of the team throughout the season is due to the excellent coaching of Mr. J. Straith Briscoe of the Mt. Washington Club, who was with the team two or three afternoons a week gratuitously giving the team valuable points on the game.

Lacrosse Season of 1912

E. E. POWELL.....*Captain*
 J. G. O'CONOR.....*Manager*
 N. A. GREENBERG.....*Assistant Manager*
 J. S. BRISCOE.....*Coach*

Varsity

M. E. DAVIS..... <i>Goal</i>	COSTER, MASSEY..... <i>Center</i>
ROGERS..... <i>Point</i>	TRIMBLE, ROBERTS..... <i>Third Attack</i>
WILLIAMS, T. H..... <i>Cover Point</i>	MASSEY, TULL..... <i>Second Attack</i>
McCUTCHEON..... <i>First Defense</i>	WIGHAM, FLETCHER..... <i>First Attack</i>
STEVENS..... <i>Second Defense</i>	GREY, T. D..... <i>Out Home</i>
POWELL..... <i>Third Defense</i>	TRUITT..... <i>In Home</i>

Games

March 30 University of Maryland at College Park
 April 13 Carlisle at Carlisle
 April 15 Harvard at College Park
 April 20 Baltimore City College at Baltimore
 April 27 Walbrook Club at Baltimore
 May 1 Mt. Washington Club at Baltimore
 May 4 Baltimore Polytechnic at College Park

Rifle Team

E. R. BURRIER.....	<i>President</i>
H. S. KOEHLER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
N. R. WARTHEN.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

Being but the second year of its existence, Maryland's Rifle Team is but slowly coming into fast company.

Several fine scores in the inter-collegiate matches of the season just closed show that we have the nucleus for a first class team; and with the same squad competing next spring, we should make a better name for ourselves.

Early in October the call for candidates was issued and the response encouraging. But the trials were not so impressive, and soon the cuts left but a small squad, from which to pick a team for the Inter-Collegiate League. However the constant gallery practice each evening brought forth better results, and early in January the team was selected, to be composed of Aitcheson, Ames, Bean, Benson, E. W., Irving, Johnson, Koehler, McCutcheon, Williams, R. C., Williams, T. H. and Warthen, Substitute.

As the season progressed our score showed great improvement, but even at that we could not hold our own against the other colleges, and lost only too frequently towards the close.

As we lose no men from the team by graduation, it is to be hoped that the work next year will show more consistency and great improvement over the season closing.

Schedule

January	6	United States College of Veterinary Surgeons
January	13	Delaware College
January	20	Harvard University
January	27	West Virginia University
February	3	Massachusetts Agricultural College
February	10	New Hampshire College
February	17	North Georgia Agricultural College
February	24	Norwich University
March	2	Louisiana State University
March	9	Princeton University
March	16	University of Pennsylvania



Tennis

Considering the past history of our tennis teams this year has been one of the most successful since the sport was introduced here. Previous records of our tennis team show that the enthusiasm exemplified was far below that of the present year.

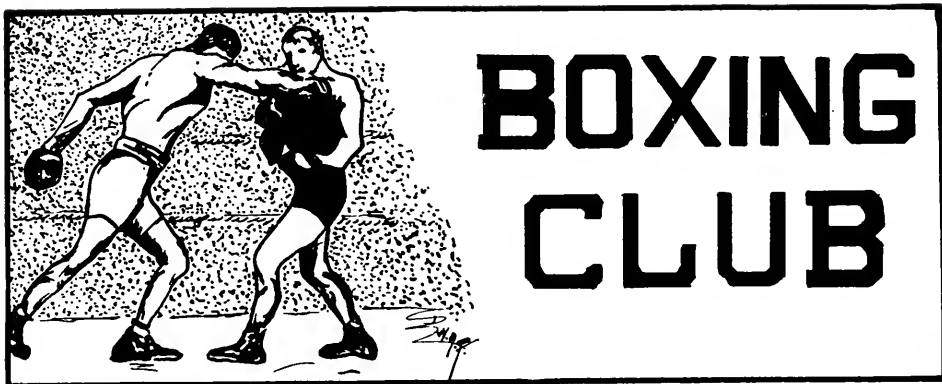
Early in the season the courts were cleared off and practice begun. Powell, our best tennis player, was elected Captain, and under his coaching the team has prospered from the beginning. The candidates for the team were mostly men of experience along this line, which greatly aided Captain Powell in his endeavor to establish a team that would be a credit to the institution, besides holding its own alongside the other sports of the College.

It was proposed by members of the team that this branch of athletics should be subjected to the consideration of the Athletic Council, and that they in turn should report to the student-body as to the possibility of making the tennis department an authorized team. This proposition has been received by the student-body with great spirit, and it is hoped by the end of the year our Council will adopt this suggested scheme.

In the past, games have been played, and medals offered to individuals, who have made a good showing. Captain Powell after a very close contest won in the tournament of last year and a medal was awarded him for his excellent showing during the season.



TENNIS TEAM

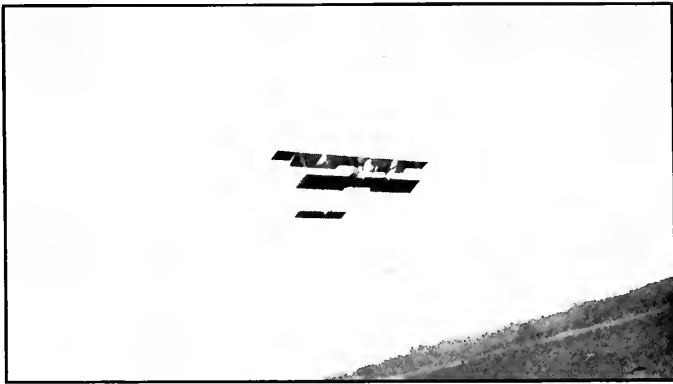
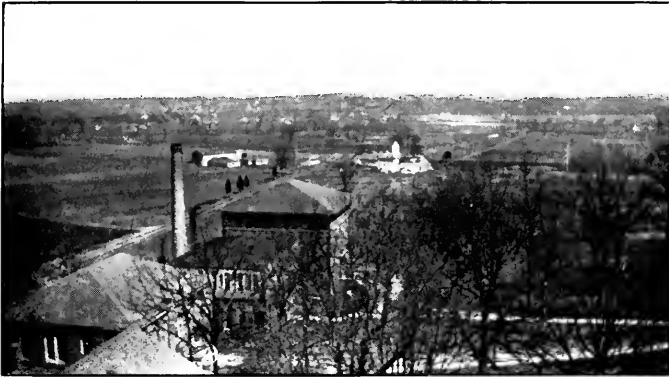


K. MUDD*President*
 A. B. DUCKETT*Vice-President*
 N. L. CLARK*Secretary-Treasurer*
 "KID" SULLIVAN*Instructor*

This club was organized in December, 1911. "Kid" Sullivan, who has made a national reputation as a ring-artist, was secured as instructor. On account of the limited time at the disposal of the club, the course of instruction was necessarily too brief to make a finished boxer of each member; but it nevertheless taught the rudiments of this important science and furnished a safe means of protection in an ordinary fistic encounter.

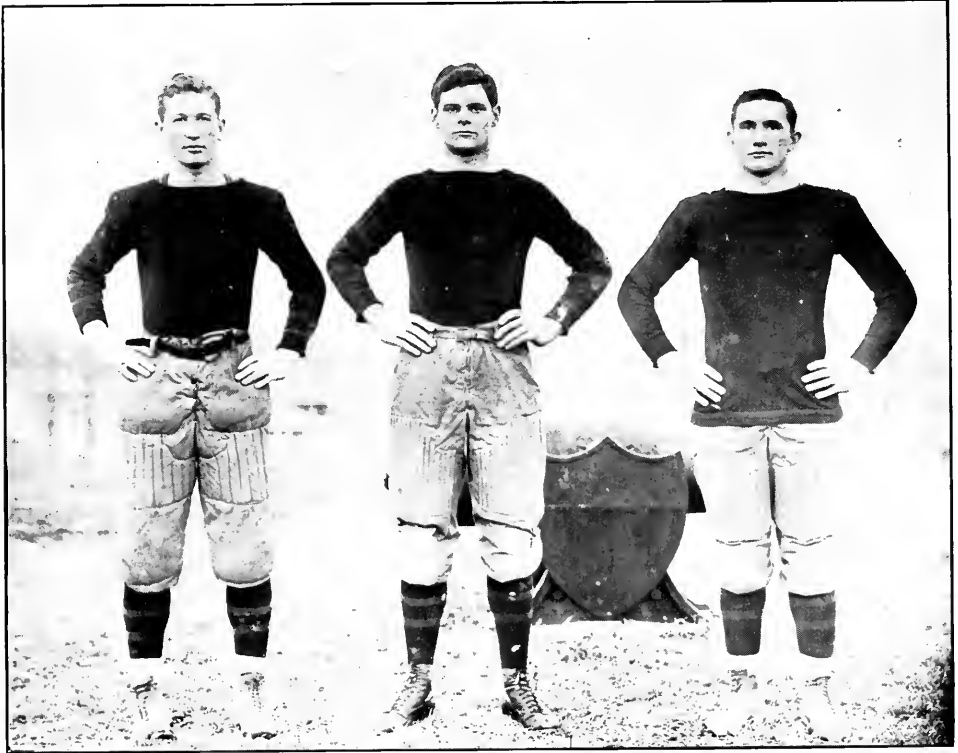
It was difficult at first to arouse interest in this sport, but it increased rapidly as the class progressed and the benefits to be derived became more evident. One of the important results accomplished by the club was to attract students to the allied branches of indoor exercises; such as wrestling, bag-punching, rope-skipping, tumbling, club-swinging and ring and parallel bar work. Never before has the old gym seen such busy days.

There is undoubtedly an abundance of material for this branch of athletics at the College. Given the necessary facilities of apparatus and instruction, it would be safe to predict that M. A. C. could in a few years compete favorably with her sister colleges in these sports.



LATEST ADDITION TO CURRICULUM





CHARLES COUNTY TRIO

Wearers of the "M" and Star

Class of 1912

Football,KEMP, POSEY, MUDD, DUCKETT, "M" and Star;
FURST, ALLEN, STALEY, "M. A. A."

Baseball, LEDNUM, MUDD, "M;" GRACE, "M. A. A."

Track KEMP, DUCKETT, "M"

Lacrosse O'CONOR, "M. A. A."

Class of 1913

Football KOEHLER, "M" and Star; TRAX, BINDER, AUGUSTUS, "M"

Track AUGUSTUS, "M"

Lacrosse POWELL, DAVIS, TRIMBLE, AUGUSTUS, "M"

Class of 1914

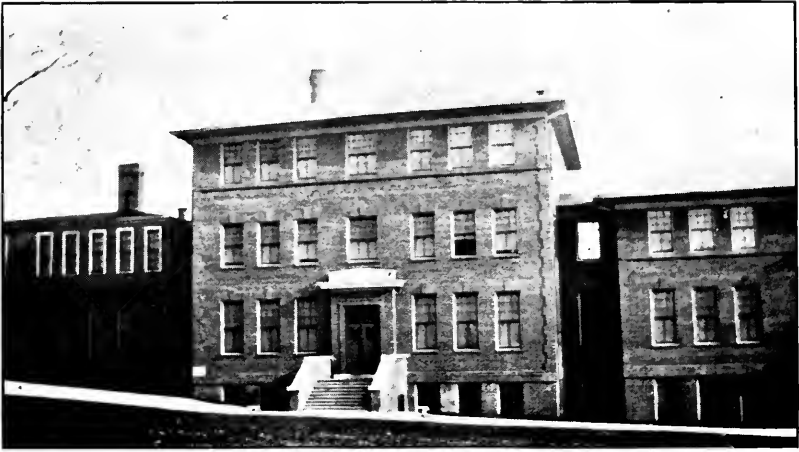
Football WILLIAMS, "M" and Star; HOFFECKER, "M"

Baseball LEDNUM, R. C., "M" and Star

Class of 1915

Football SHIPLEY, "M" and Star

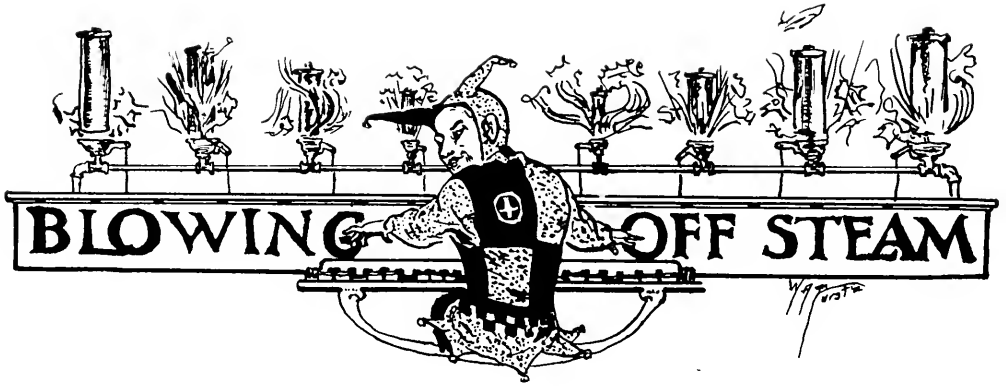
Baseball SHIPLEY, "M" and Star



CIVIL ENGINEERING HALL



SCIENCE HALL



Literary Department

Editorial

In past years the only medium of literary expression at M. A. C. was the Literary Department of the REVELLE. The advent of the *Triangle* has given our poets and authors a new outlet for the expression of their genius, so that a Department of Literature in the REVELLE is no longer a necessity.

We feel, however, that because of its age and past glories, the Department of Literature, like "Commy's" General Orders, and the aged strap-jar, has achieved the dignity of a college tradition.

Certain material has been included that may not conform with the dignity of a literary department. We have, however, introduced it in order to make this department interesting as well as literary.

The Psalm of Life

What the heart of the Young Rat said to the Old-Boy.

(Apologies to Longfellow.)

Tell me not, oh cheerful comrade,
 "Cab" has had a memory,
 For it now is dead—or slumbers,
 "Commy" well can second me.

Life is real! Not so German!
 "Sagen das wieder!" "S'il vous plait!"
 Zip and Zip—a flunk returneth
 "Boohoo's" cough is worse today.

No enjoyment, not for Myron,
 Wood-work's to be done today;
 "Doc" and "M. C." plan o'er sandwich
 Who will pass and who will stay.

Art is long, and "Catfish" waiteth,
 For our pause, though slight perceived
 Then, like cannon, roareth loudly
 "Stuff"—another zip received.

In th dense, oul-colored "Chem Lab."
 Doctor Mac is sure to be;
 We like stupid, driven cattle,
 Standing all his tyranny.

Trust no future, howe'er Brought-on
 Let the "O. C." catch his prey;
 Burn—burn all the late and absent,
 From the pave, at break of day.

"Lize the Great" won, she'll remind us
 We can well af-Ford to try,
 And departing bring back with us
 Crisp notes, medals—e'en the sky.

Footprints that perhaps a farmer
 Finds along each apple row,
 "Bommy" says, by inference shows us,
 Where the sweetest apples grow.

Let us, then, "Step to the blackboard"
Professor Harrison's one delight;
Better than to lisp and stutter
"Curfew shall not ring tonight."

Ze Chemical Lab

A place for exploitation, of the laws of thunderation,
Mixed with sulphur and damnation—and with fulminating fizz;
Where we go to raise a ruction, learn to reason by induction,
That by Newton's law of suction—we are certain that "it is,"
Where sweet incense e'er burning, sets our nostrils sadly yearning
For pure ozone's glad returning,—and fit atmosphere to breathe;
While dark clouds our heads o'erhanging, caused by loud dynamic banging
With the harsh incessant clanging—of a blast lamp fairly seeth.
Where explosions happen daily, no enchancements for the aily,
Since the air is always haily—with some falling of débris;
Where 'tis not to be expected, that discussions be neglected,
So that work might be reflected,—hours to loaf from nine to three.



A Street Car Ride

To get on a street car the first thing is to hail it. This consists in the simple operation of getting on the south-east corner of a street running east and west to hail a west-bound car, and on the north-west corner of the same street to hail an east-bound car, and on the north-east corner of a street lying north and south to hail a south-bound car, and on the south-west corner of the same street to hail a north-bound car. One time in ten you do this. The other nine cars you miss, experimenting. After being properly situated you wave your umbrella or your handkerchief, or your cork-leg, or for that matter any available object, at the oncoming car, and if the motorman is ahead of time he'll stop a couple of hundred yards from where you are and let you run and get one. If he don't stop as is usually the case you become more and more emphatic as others pass you and finally resort to extreme measures such as blowing out the window-lights with a shot-gun. This method is effective as a rule though in obstinate cases it becomes necessary to derail the car. Under no conditions jump in front of the car. This irritates the motorman. The company prohibits him from killing more than ten people a day so as to leave some for another day and he may have already reached this number. And even if he hasn't he'll be in mortal terror lest he only maim you for life. So be fore-bearing and avoid such contingencies.

Well, maybe you get aboard after awhile. The car is crowded. It always is. You get wedged in among a German woman with a basket of fish, a glue factory-hand, an Italian with onion-perfumed breath, two negroes and an epileptic.

You contribute to the conductor's private charity fund, unless you are as big a crook as he is, and settle down to enjoy the ride. The car gives a lurch, and falling back, you land on the Teuton's foot with both of yours. Fish brine souses your shirt front, and the Italian adds to your pleasure by breathing heavily under your nose. Another lurch and you reel forward against the aromatic one of the glue factory. You plant one foot in a basket of eggs and make wild digs at the atmosphere with the other. Finally your pants-leg brushes that of the horse-hoof artist and refuses to leave it. You give a wild pull and just succeed in disengaging it, in company with a sample of the other's overalls, when the car sways once more.

You recover yourself to find your arm affectionately encircling the corpulent figure of a negro washer-woman, and your other hand tightly gripping four smoked

herring drawn from the German's basket. You cease embracing the African, replace the fish and start to apologize, when the car whirls around the corner at an acute angle. You lose your balance and fall back on the Italian. He in turn bowls over the negro. The latter gives two wild clutches and grabs the German woman with one fist and the factory-hand with the other, and you all go down in a tangled heap of arms and legs. Just at this opportune time the epileptic topples over in a fit, and the lady standing next to him falls in a dead faint.

The sight is appalling. Seven human beings, in various stages of discomfort, grovelling on the floor of the car with all the delicious aroma of onions, smoked herring and horse-hoofs, arise from the chaotic mass and hang like sweet perfume on the oath laden atmosphere.

To cap the climax, the conductor develops a sudden streak of energy and bawls, "Mulberry Street!!" high and clear above the tumult. The car stops with a jolt, you roll over twice, slide out the open door and pitch headlong down the steps.

Yes, let me repeat my last observation with double emphasis—it affords extreme pleasure to ride on a street car!!

Der Gommandant

Who sthruts der hall und office 'round,
Mit sefrel agzes to be ground,
Und raged, und cussed, und always frowned?
Der Gommandant!

Who holds you here when you'd depart,
Und told you dat you're too damned smart,
Und how he'd luv to soak you, hardt?
Der Gommandant!

A Communication to the Reveille

ED. NOTE.—The editors are willing to publish proper communications, but are not responsible for the sentiments expressed.

Editors 1912 REVEILLE.

Gentlemen:—Kindly insert the following issue of THE TRIANGLE:

The undersigned feel that the present publications do not give the students what they want. The enclosed is a sample of what we propose to produce.

(Signed) THE TRIANGLE BOARD.

THE TRIANGLE

PUBLISHED BY BONEHEADS OF COLLEGE PARK

EDITORIAL-BORED.....EVERYBODY

RELAY TEAM WINS

M. A. C. clinched the Southern Championship by defeating Georgetown in the las' relay race by 50 yards last Saturday, at Convention Hall. Owing to the illness of three of our men, "Bill" Kemp ran all four relays. As the four Georgetown men failed to put in an appearance, their places in the Blue and Gray team were taken by our men.

SUMMARY

College Relay—M. A. C. won. (Time, 10 min., 25 sec.)

Georgetown, second.

M. A. C.—Wm. B. Kemp, W. B. Kemp, W. Beck Kemp, Wm. Beck Kemp.

Georgetown—*Kemp, W. B., *Kemp, Wm. B., *Kemp, W. Beck, *Kemp, Wm. Beck.

*Supplied for Georgetown by M. A. C.

TAFT AT Y. M. C. A.

Mr. William H. Taft of Washington, D. C., was the speaker at the Y. M. C. A. meeting last Sunday night. Owing to the fact that nobody was present we are unable to report his speech.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION MEETING

There will be a special meeting of the Athletic Association on the 30th of February to consider the following proposed amendments to the by-laws:

ARTICLE XVII—ELIGIBILITY

Section 1. No member of one or more Varsity teams shall be permitted by this Association to take less than thirty hours per week of regular college work.

Section 2. No member of one or more Varsity teams shall be permitted by this Association to engage in, take, or flunk any Faculty examination or quiz except during the playing season.

Section 3. No professor shall hold any examination, oral or written, nor any quiz, without submitting to this Association, or its officers, for its or their approval, a list of the men to be examined, orally or writtenly, or quizzed; and no men except those by it or them declared ineligible shall be so examined, orally or writtenly or quizzed.

Section 4. No man shall assume any position on the Faculty without demonstrating to all concerned his knowledge of all the known artifices for qualifying available men, especially when most needed, and his ability to furnish new artifices when the occasion arises.

Section 5. The penalty for violation of Sections 1 and 2 shall be a trip to Europe with full pay for a period of two days, second day inclusive.

Section 6. The penalty for violation of Sections 3 and 4 shall be, for the offending member to march around the Campus until canned or egged.

THE JANUARY TRIANGLE

"The pen is mightier than the sword," so said "Jack" Johnson, eminent philosopher and confidence man. If all men were like "Jack" Johnson there would be no room for editors, but we do not meet a Johnson every day. Ask Mrs. Pankhurst. This has nothing to do with this article but it is customary for the reviewer to start out with a quotation from the classics, to show his erudition, and how well qualified he is to umpire a game of pinochle.

The story in the current issue of the *Triangle* is: "The High Price of Meat, or Why We Eat Eggs," by Charlie Dory, '13. We have long felt the need of an egg story, and we are especially pleased with the savory manner in which this is served. Charlie

shows the skill-et required to prepare such a treat in the way of a good hen-fruit repast.

Mr. Staley as usual has composed a new melody. Its briefness is charming, and it would find a place on the third floor back, but the band holds full sway there.

The "Sense and Nonsense" column under the supervision of Mac, '12, shows how Joe Miller's effort, "Paradise Lost," should be interpreted. Anyone from Frederick showing familiarity with the quips contained therein will be politely chloroformed.

That high-flown piece of tailless poetry by Tar-belly which commences,

"Oh where is my wondering boy tonight?
Here I am mother flying my kite,"

is a delightfully edifying and worthy of more cord. He jumps a step higher and adds,

"He tore a slice from the n'th degree,
Hurled it farther than thought can see,
Upsetting the water, the milk, and the tea,
And a platter of soft-boiled eggs."

ALUMNI NOTES

'10, Ex-Captain A. C. Adams has been assigned by the War Department to take over the classes of Lieutenant J. S. U., and to instruct the Seniors, as many as care to take up advanced work in military science, how and how not to enter the National Guard, irrespective of age, color or previous condition of servitude.

Ex-Captain H. H. Allen has been urgently requested by the Rossbourg Club to appear at a dance now and then for the pleasure of the College Widows.

'11, J. W. Kinghorne is a frequent visitor to M. A. C. (the mess-hall.)

Paul Revere Little has given up his research work on the farm and will now look for another job.

We believe that A.N. Woodward of Canada was instrumental in the recent defeat of Premier Laurier, and have grave fears now regarding the annexation of the United States and "Doc's" adopted land.

DRESS PARADE

The author when he vividly describes the many intricate geometrical figures, laying stress upon the irregular curves which are so unconsciously formed by the Battalion, shows great powers of observation and perhaps accuracy.

On the whole the January *Triangle* was a useful issue, and we extend our congratulations to the staff whose indefatigable labors have done so much for literature on the Campus.

REGINALD ALGERNON KEELEE.

CAMPUS COMMENT

R. L. Tolson '12, because of his slim frame (not taking into account the improvements on said frame) has been mistaken for the flag-pole several evenings by the "Color Guard" at Retreat.

E. Z. Martz, '12, is an ardent suffragette.

It is not likely that the Senior Class will give their annual aeroplane flights this summer as they will be engaged elsewhere, no one knows where—shop, chem. lab., South America, bell-hopping; anyone of the suggestions very plausible.

PERSONALLE

As long as life is hard and tough,
Please make the biscuits soft enough.

There was found on the Campus this morning the body of a cat cut to pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circumstances seem to preclude any suspicions of suicide.

EDITORIAL

HOW LONG IS A STRING?

Much discussion has lately been promulgated among not only those interested but also those indirectly concerned as well as over the thesis propounded in order to receive full discussion before definite action shall have been taken by several Seniors of position, authority, capacity and inductance (for there are such) to the effect that before, or at least not later than, College Park engages in any more activities requiring the services of men already interested in other lines, a definite conclusion should be reached, since it is a string that is to make this additional energy possible and to answer the all-important quiz Why is a string, it is necessary that every man who is neither so absorbed in his own lines of activity that he has no thought for others nor so careless of the welfare of Alma Mater that he will not spend time in serious meditation over the serious problems that confronted her, nor so befuddled in judgment that he disagrees with us, the paramount importance is plain of coming to a decision, founded on reasoning from knowledge of the facts, over the issue that we have set forth and if there is anything that needs to be said, see us.

FELLOWS, THIS MEANS YOU.

From the O. D.'s Office

(Apologies to Edgar Allan Poe)

On the twelfth of last September, ya! distinctly I remember,
All the Sophs and Freshies lumbered, up the pathway, men galore.
While I looked there, deeply doubting, suddenly there came a shouting,
From an old-boy gently routing—routing out the 'Rats' once more.
" 'Tis some Sophomore," I muttered, "shouting at a 'rats' front door—
Shorely he will get his, shore."

But the shout changed to a rumbling, knew I well the rat was grumbling,
"Gee he's foolish, soon they'll get him, then the fun will start once more."
Thus I sat me, Little Master, waiting for this dread disaster,
Then it started, fast and faster, till my patience was no more.
Then I up the steps went bounding, till I reached the topmost floor.
Only peace reigned there once more.

While I stood engaged in guessing, not one syllable expressing,
From the "Roost" there came the gentle purring of a Thomas-cat.
Then the growl of canine fellow, then the air grew quickly yellow
For the sound was not so mellow, not the song of humble "rat,"
But the din oft deathlike contest—each one in his Last Combat,
Canine, feline,—dog and cat.

The Autocrat of the Senior Table

(The morning after the night before)

Bill Grace—Hello, fellows! Where the h—l’s my milk? You bone Furst, cribbin’ “shredds” again!

Fuzzy—No, Clam; the splinters has all turned to aloominoom.

“Bill” Grace—Say “Reds,” is there any mo—

Staley (from the N. W. chair facing S.W.)—Say, I’d like to borry that waiter for a minute if you’re through with ’im.

Burrier—“Jock,” some chick that “Billie” Burke.

O’Conor—Gee, “Muhney,” you bet! When the lights went out we went out, too. The little show around the corner, eh?

(About five minutes later)

Chick boom! Chick boom! Chick boom!

“Bob” Tolson (thundering from the doorway)—Who swiped my chair?

Dennis—EXCUSE ME, “Bob,” but take “Dope’s.” Now fellows listen to this joke. There was an old Irishman—

Chorus—Ketch that “Jock!” Git the Irish in his eye.

Dennis—Hey, d—yuh! Listen! The Irishman, I mean Swede bought a round-trip—

Burrier—Well if here ain’t “Dope!” Hello old frizzel-face, did yuh wake up?

“Dope” (twenty-five minutes late)—Whew! It was some hot last night. Got the makin’s anybody?

Major Bill Kemp—Say, you fellows had better cut this noise.

Dennis—Wife, if all the girls in this world wanted to dance with me I’d say, “Oh, you Ocean City Butter,” and beat it. Deed I would, that’s sure as—well I’ll-be-go-to-h—, any man that’ll drop a piece of meat in a fellow’s coffee would — — —

Tolson—Gentlemen, Professor Spence had me down—

Staley—Some job to get you down. How’d he do it? Took a hammer and drove you down?

Furst (half asleep)—No-o-o-o, he just wants to tell you, he got through “Dutch” on his nerve.

O'Connor—Dat guy Creese get's my goat. Here I thought I had him queered and he shoots one over me. "If an AC single phase, triple expansion, reciprocating"—Durned if I get that guy.

Burrier—No wonder, he caught you loafing in the "Lab" yesterday.

Bill Grace—Now, Doc says—

Major Bill Kemp—"Battalion Rise!"

Slowly and grudgingly the bosses of the realm leave their table. Better luck next time.

The Indian Boy

The eagle soars above the lonely pines
 The cattle roam where'er the eye may look,
 Upon the ground the Indian boy reclines
 And reads the printed pages of a book.

No more the bow-string tightens to his arm
 No more his vagrant feet tread winding streams,
 His mind upon the book has found strange charm
 And so, Dear God, he pays the price of dreams.

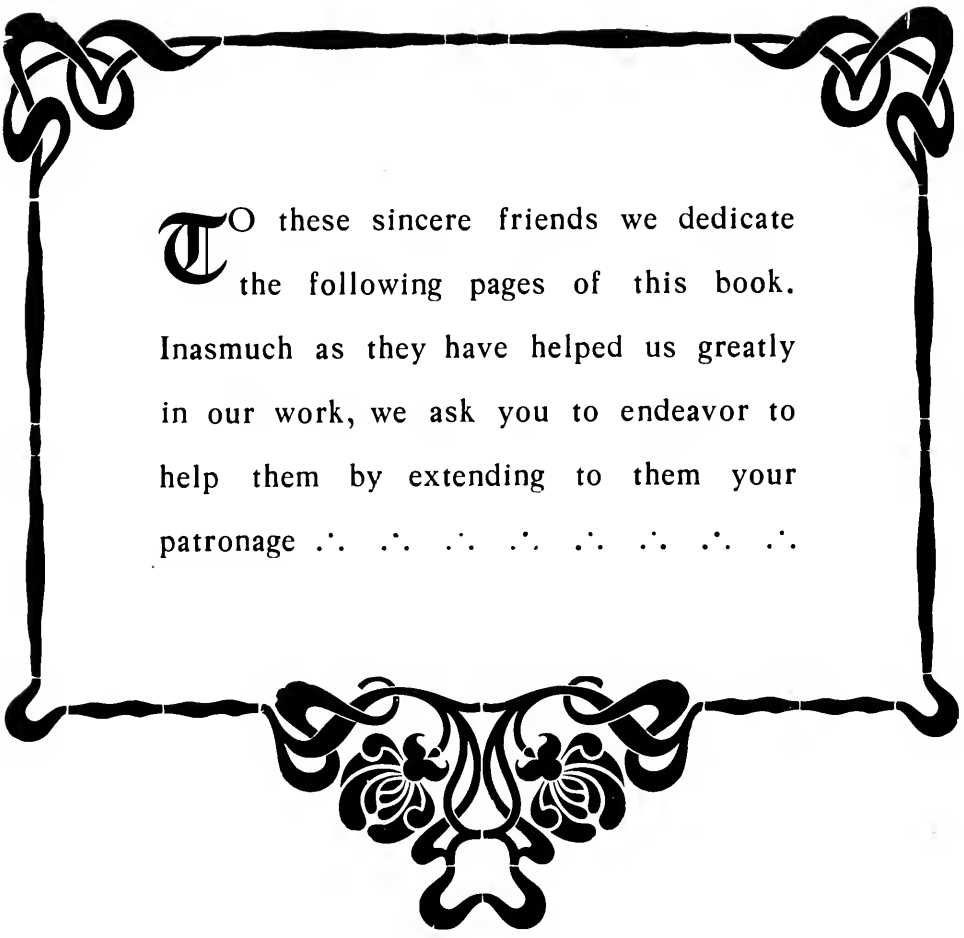
A Toast "To the Boys of M. A. C."

As o'er these College days you glide,
 Through scenes of toil and fame;
 Hope be your star and future guide,
 And happiness remain.

Let sunshine gladden every hour,
 Though hard and steep the path may be—
 And fill your anxious hearts with trust
 In Him who pilots thee.

Safe be your journey to the end,
 Faithful your duties be;
 And may dark clouds that o'er you pass,
 Find brighter hopes in thee.

May brightest flowers bloom for you,
 Oh, boys, with hearts so free!
 Our love shall reign eternal—
 For the boys of M. A. C.



TO these sincere friends we dedicate
the following pages of this book.
Inasmuch as they have helped us greatly
in our work, we ask you to endeavor to
help them by extending to them your
patronage .: .: .: .: .: .: .: .:



Mr. Applicant—"Good morning Sir."

Mr. Business Man—"Good morning."

Mr. A.—"I have been sent here by Strayer's Business College to apply for the position that is open in your office."

Mr. B. M.—"Well, go ahead."

Mr. A.—"I am nineteen years old; I have a thorough public school education; I am a young man of regular habits and am accustomed to hard work, and I can be trusted. I am sure I can please you in these respects."

"I have just graduated from the Stenographic and Commercial Departments of Strayer's Business College. I can write shorthand accurately, have a good speed on the typewriter, and I am familiar with the latest accounting methods. I write a good business hand (here is a specimen of it, Mr. Business man) and I am quick and accurate at figures. I have a knowledge of Business Correspondence, Filing Devices, Banking, and Commerce, and am familiar with many of the mechanical devices used in the up-to-date office."

Mr. B. M.—"That will do. If you know how to do office work as well as you know how to apply for a position, you will suit me very well. What salary do you want?"

Mr. A.—"I will leave that with you, Mr. Business Man. Try me for a week, then pay me what you think I am worth."

Mr. B. M.—"That's a good plan. When can you begin?"

Mr. A.—"Now."

Mr. B. M.—(calls Mr. C.) "Mr. C., this is Mr. Applicant from Strayer's Business College. He seems to be well trained, so I have engaged him for our work. When you are at leisure step in here again, I shall want to see you."

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September 12—Slowly, not to say sorrowfully, everyone climbs the hill and clasps hands, also the pen and register book.

September 13-16—The Sophs become acquainted with the Freshies, or to be correct the Freshies with the Sophs.

All the Sophs come visiting
 Me, tucked snug in bed;
 I then go a-traveling,
 Landing place—my head.

September 17—Sunday promenade. A rekindling of old flames. “Rats” learn that going to church saves more than their souls; eh, Sophs?

September 18—Quartermaster’s Department very much in evidence. “Fatty” Reese out-distances the tape-line so, “no uniform for him.”

“But the wonderful part about Fatty,
 Whose pattern, I ween, has no peer,
 Is his ponderous, scale smashing beauty,
 Ah, that is what maketh him dear.”

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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Senior Class reorganized to strains of "Graft while the dew is falling."

September 20—If a shearing stress can relieve itself, the same will be a relief to "Josh" Miller. Otherwise he claims his book will have to be re-leafed.

September 22—Sophs give a reception to "Rats." The rooms were beautifully decorated, as were the "Rats;" the refreshments were served in a new and artistic style, as were other things; everyone departed in fine spirits—except the rats.

September 23—Saturday.

"Everytime I go to town
The fellows keep rough-housin' my room around!
Makes no difference if I do go to town,
They gotta stop dumpin' my room aroun.'"

September 24—And behold these three, Burrier, "Frog" and "Fuzzy," did pounce upon "Dope" in his bed, and "Dope" did soon awaken. And the words that he did speak were not found in the dictionary.

September 27—Football practice. Quite a conglomeration of jerseys, trousers and vari-hued stockings; gleanings of St. John's, Western Maryland, Washington College and Hopkins mêlées.

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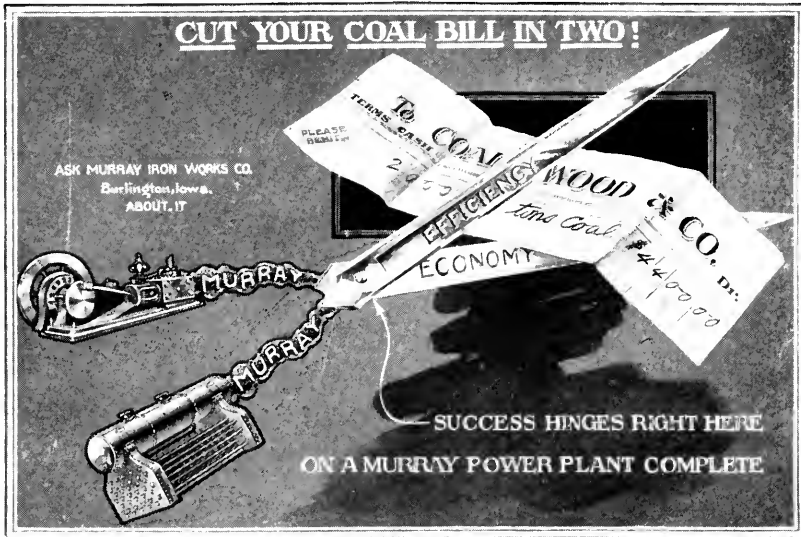
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September 30—Seems as though a board fence surrounded Richmond Field. Richmond 0, M. A. C. 0.

October 2—Express package via West Point and U. S. Army, "To M. A. C. One Commandant." No "Handle with care" sign. From appearances he can do that for himself.

October 4—A shining light from the Powell-Davis Headquarters. Also an inspiration to Senior Economics. Hasty exit.

October 5—Flower pots, corn-shocks, signs, etc., aid in beautifying sidewalk.

"These decorations for you "Big Chief,"
 Out of the greenhouses, down by the hill;
 From far off Cab's and yonder fields,
 And the roads that lead to Hyattsville.

A festival-day, no doubt for you,
 But think of the toil and trouble to us;
 From two until six we labored like Turks,
 And then when you burned us. "Well, did we cuss?"

October 7—The atmosphere is super-saturated with a gentle dew from Heaven.

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October 9—Eighty Cadets attend Rally Day services at Berwyn. Martz accompanied "Mac," but forfeits all his religion when he walks home alone.

October 10—College Fire Department puts out fire in "Sox's" room. Total loss—six visiting cards.

October 11—Mudd informs "Doc" Tolly that he who sleeps in the C. E. class is a *wise man* (no fool).

October 13—Trustees meet to consider expediency of having eggs for breakfast on Monday.

October 16—Professor R— addresses athletic meeting in auditorium.

"I love to tell the story
I so often told before.
Of how we used to beat St. John's
We *must* do it once more!"

October 19—Battalion drills at Laurel. "Commy" counts the amount of money he won on way back to College. (Put in all explanations immediately!)

October 21—Lost to Hopkins 5 to 3 on a fumble. "Curses not loud but deep" are heard on every side. "Jock," in the grandstand, patted himself on the back because he didn't let slip a certain word that was on his tongue.

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October 22—"In the cold gray dawn of the morning after," Martz rounds up a flock of chickens and walks off with the one having the least cackle.

October 23—Cadet Pechar inquires of Professor Ruffner, "whether you milk a cow from this side or the udder side." If the cow is left-handed you milk her from the "udder" side, he replied.

October 24—A few distinguished guests had the extreme pleasure of hearing a few notes of Seraph's song from the immortal lips of Blankman S.

October 25—New uniforms arrive.

"It has come! It has come!
 (See my brand-new service hat!)
 It has come! It has come!
 (Just two dollars—cheap at that!)
 What a beauty, can't you see?
 (It's becoming, look at me!)"

October 26—A Terpsichorean Art School opened by "Bob" Tolson. Instruction free and consists of three lessons an hour. "Cy" Perkins is the first to respond.

October 28—Dr. Mac fails to meet his class in Agricultural Chemistry and wants to know why everyone skipped. "Mr. Tolson, you will have to wake up if you want to graduate."

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BAKER and CONFECTIONER

500 East Capitol Street

Washington, D. C.

Orders for all occasions
promptly filled with
special attention

Frozen Fruits, Souffles
Punches and Sherbets
La La Ruck

October 30—The Prince Regent gets dumped out of bed.

“You gotta quit knockin’ my bed aroun’
Disturbin’ one who is sleepin’ soun’
And treatin’ your best friend like a houn’
You’ll sure get yours—on the rebound.”

October 31—Halloween and all kinds of hell. Freshman receive informal introduction to constable of Berwyn. They finally end up by serenading a couple in front of the constable’s house. Gee, I wonder if one of our fellows was a party to that couple?

November 1—If a cow should kick the bucket, is that any reason why we should not get any milk for supper?

November 2—The Senior Privates are handed an apple from the old bag. Hereafter they will attend Reveille, as the newly appointed Commandant, Corp Rasmussen, has informed them that he is camping on their trail.

November 4—The same old story in the same old way, lost to St. John’s again today.

Extra! Extra! Big explosion in Chem Lab!

Tolson sticks his head under hood and pulls window down on his neck. What did he tell “Doc” Mac when asked who decorated ceiling?

Griffith & Turner Company

Farm Garden Poultry Dairy

∴ ∴ ∴ SUPPLIES ∴ ∴ ∴

We want the name of every Farmer, Gardener, Fruit Grower and Poultryman on our Mailing List.

Write for our large CATALOGUE—it is FREE, and contains valuable information

205-215 N. Paca St., Baltimore, Md.

OMOHUNDRO

WASHINGTON’S BEST TAILOR

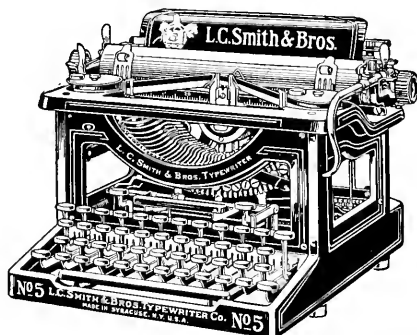
ALWAYS WELCOME

The students of the College to visit his workrooms and see how Omohundro garments are tailored. He is the only tailor in Washington that occupies a whole building, and has his own workrooms.

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(BALL BEARING, LONG-WEARING)



Railroads, Great Commercial Houses, Manufacturers
of National Importance, after comparative tests,
repeatedly adopt this typewriter as an absolute
standard. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

Schools that aim to place their graduate pupils with
concerns like these are doing the same thing. ∴

Give your students instruction on the L. C. Smith
& Bros. Typewriter and vastly increase their oppor-
tunity for advancement. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co.
1323 G Street, N. W. - Washington, D. C.

November 5—Anderson, having received orders to the contrary from “Cab,” proceeds to harness “Old Charley,” and goes to meet the Y.M.C.A. speaker. However he took precautions not to let him run up-hill. (Notice the word *run*.)

November 6—Following notice on watch-dog’s office.

O.D’s Office!
Took Notais!

Mebbe you don’t better had loaf roundt here ven you
don’t got some beesinees—ain’t it.

November 8—Entire Faculty goes to the ’ville to get correct (was going to say authenticated, but authenticated takes up too much room, and Editor says not to take up too much room, so I will not use authenticated) returns of election.

Same day, only later in the day.

[Epitaph]

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies the Democratic Mule;
Which on November, the seventh day,
Was kicked from off his stool.

If you know, what we know about CLOTHES, You would insist on wearing

“HERMANS”

L. J. SILVERMAN AND R. L. KERNWOOD, PROPS.

CLOTHING, HATS AND FURNISHINGS

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OF
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There is a Welsbach lamp for every lighting need. Whether a strong, brilliant or—a soft and evenly diffused light is desired, there is a Welsbach for the purpose. A splendid lamp for the student is the “Reflex” inverted gas lamp “that throws the light downward where needed.” Can be attached to a chandelier, pendant or table fixture.

To secure the best results be sure to always get a Welsbach Mantle for they give the best dependable lighting service.

Welsbach Company

FACTORY

GLOUCESTER, N. J.



Are you in a pleasing frame of mind when you think of your shoes? If not

LET YOUR NEXT PAIR BE WALK-OVERS

WALK-OVER SHOE SHOP



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Washington, D. C.

J. BOLGIANO & SON

BALTIMORE, MD.

FROM

Guess Work—to Certainty

To Our Friends, Our Customers:

The greatest thing that has happened in our business lives and in the almost hundred years' experience of our establishment, is the fact, the seed business in the last few years, has emerged from a business of some indefiniteness to one of almost absolute certainty.

The three great points of Trustworthy Seeds are: First, Stock Purity; Second, Mechanical Purity; Third, Germination and Vitality or Viability.

The first and most important point, Stock Purity, rests almost entirely upon the knowledge and integrity of the Seed Grower. The accumulated experience of four generations, almost a hundred years, has taught us who are the most Trustworthy Specialists among the Seed Growers of the world.

The second point, Mechanical Purity, for many years, was decided by the accuracy of the human eyes and years of experience, but now, nothing so indefinite is done, for with Graduate Botanists making use of scientific and minutely accurate apparatus working in our completely equipped Seed Laboratory, we are able to know to the one-hundredth part of one per centum, the pure seed; the amount of small sticks, dirt and other inert matter; the number and kind of foreign seeds, if any, of every variety of seed we buy or sell.

Mechanical Purity has never entered into Vegetable Seed for they are grown under such intensive cultivation, foreign seeds are entirely absent.

Man's genius has perfected cleaning machinery that recleans all Field Seeds, Clover and Grasses within an extremely small fraction of being absolutely pure.

The third point, Germination and Vitality or Viability, To be of value, all seeds must grow and grow vigorously and with the aid of the most recent scientific information and test chambers constructed on principles laid down by the Agricultural Department Experts, together with our hot house tests and field tests; the germination properties of our seeds are frequently and accurately tested—several tests being made of each item at the same time under different environments, so as to tally not only the number of seeds that grow, but also the vigor and strength with which they grow.

What You Are Justly Entitled to

Surrounding Our Seed with all these earnest efforts to have them Trustworthy, Pure and True, we can with confidence solicit your order for seed for 1912 and believe that unless you secure seeds that have been as carefully watched and protected from start to finish, you are not getting what you are justly entitled to. Good seeds are at the bottom of all good agriculture, they are the foundation stones, success is impossible without them. Our chief ambition for 1912 is to make happy and more prosperous every customer of our house.

J. BOLGIANO & SON

Distributors Buckeye Incubators, Brooders, Portable Poultry Houses. All Poultry Supplies and Remedies

1818

SEED GROWERS, IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS

LIGHT, PRATT AND ELLICOTT STS., BALTIMORE, MD.

1912

November 9—*Dennis*—Lev, why is it that they sometimes put molasses on roads?
Broughton—To make biting the dust more agreeable.

November 10—Battalion Drill and Escort to Colors for the Trustees. Still we get nothing to eat.

November 11—Nothing doing.

“Oh for a thousand hands to write
 The happenings of each day:
 The slow occurrence of recordable facts,
 Is tiresome work—I'm forced to say.”

November 13—“Commy” orders all windows down from top. Faculty promptly warns him not to break the pump-engine again.

November 14—“Sox” Trimble holds a parade of the rats, in order to make a brilliant display of his becoming uniforms.

November 15—Posey goes to see his girl and remains away three days.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush:
 No saying could be better.
 Likewise one kiss in the parlor's worth,
 Ten thousand in a letter.

Send Postal for Catalogue

Baseball Shoes

\$1.50 to \$7.00



Gloves

25c. to \$8.00

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A. H. FETTING

Manufacturer of

GREEK LETTER FRATERNITY JEWELRY

Memorandum package sent to any fraternity member through the Secretary of the Chapter.
Special designs and estimates furnished on class pins, rings,
medals, for athletic meets etc.

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The fact that it has grown to be the Biggest is good proof that it has
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APPLE PEACH PEAR PLUM CHERRY GRAPES
ASPARAGUS SHADE AND ORNAMENTAL

TREES

Are you going to plant any of the above this spring—if so you will save your money, time and worry by sending for our catalog. It tells you just what you want to know about fruit trees and plants of all kinds. We have over 2500 acres in nursery stock—all vigorous, healthy and the best that can be grown. **Get our fruit grower's guide book “How to Grow and Market Fruit.”** It tells “how” and “why.” Free with order amounting to \$5.00 or more, otherwise price is 50c, rebated on first \$5.00 order. Write us about your needs today. Ten valuable farms for sale. Write for particulars.

HARRISON'S NURSERIES

REVEILLE AVENUE,

BERLIN, MD.

November 17—Senior Class busy looking up patrol duty. Broughton failed to show himself at Reveille, and patrols had to be sent out to investigate mystery.

November 18—M. A. C., 6; Western Maryland, 0. Some sore bunch—we being the first to score on them this season.

November 20—“Gill” wonders, Why is a zip?

November 21—The Major cannot go to town on account of inclement weather. It is terrible to be in love; I was that way myself once and know.

“At times while in my lonesome room,
When care and I are leagues apart;
A gentle phantom steals and lays,
A tender hand upon my heart.”

November 22—Owing to the extreme coldness, the leaves on the campus are used for fuel—a yearly ceremony.

November 23—Only a bum joke cracked today.

Calwell—Why is it that mercury settles to the bottom of a thermometer when it gets so blamed cold?

Kemp (of the brilliant mind)—It huddles together so as to keep warm.

Style

That's what you always get when you
buy the

Newark Shoe

\$2.50

A \$3.50 value sold direct

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C. H. HILDEBRANDT & SONS

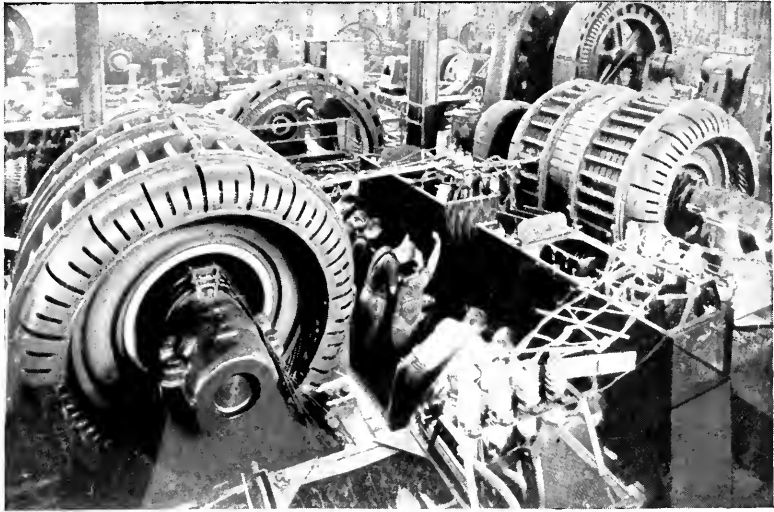
OLD VIOLINS

— AGENT FOR —

TONK PIANO

19 W. SARATOGA ST.

BALTIMORE, MD.



This illustration shows a scene in the Testing Department of the General Electric Company. A group of technical graduates are testing two large frequency changer sets by the pumping back method. Each set consists of a 1250 Kw. alternator driven by a synchronous motor with direct connected exciter. Sixteen men are required to take the readings in this test.

400 to 500 technically trained men are employed as Student Engineers in the Testing Department of the General Electric Company. These men test all the apparatus manufactured at the Schenectady and Pittsfield works, including steam turbines, and are transferred from one section to another at regular intervals.

The work is not easy and always pleasant, but offers an excellent opportunity for the engineering student to secure a practical knowledge of the latest types of all kinds of electrical machinery. Applications for employment in the Testing Department should be sent to Mr. A. L. Rohrer, Electrical Superintendent.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

*Largest Electrical Manufacturer
in the World*

Principal Office

Schenectady, N. Y.

November 24—Sad, sad news. Sigler, the boy with the funny noises, says good-bye to the Alley.

November 25—Blessed be the diary writer!

“Some poets write of themes divine,
Some of themes exalted;
But many a time, o’er this theme of mine,
My humble brain has halted.

November 26—Dennis sends a courier to the “berg” carrying his best regards.

November 27—Immediately after inspection “Commy” holds an interview with “Bob” in regards to the disgraceful condition of his halls. Wonder what he’d say if he saw the Reveille-Board Rooms?

November 28—Broad and wide the news was spread for a sponsor for “A” Company, but I didn’t say nothing. I knows.

November 29—Thanksgiving Holidays! Charlie Dorr places whole Battalion under arrest for “inattention to orders.”

December 4—Everybody back with broken hearts, and hospital is quickly filled as a result of over-eating. One poor patient asks the Football Manager for a head-gear and a nose-guard.

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I C E C R E A M

'TIS MADE IN THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND
SANITARY ICE CREAM PLANT IN THE WORLD

Special Arrangements for Entertainments

CHAPIN-SACKS MANUFACTURING CO.

December 5—Roby and McBride promoted, and as a result "Bill" Priff takes their beds to his secret quarters. Why did all Seniors lock their doors and bolt their windows that night?

December 6—Nothing good to eat, but bring on the old stand-by.

"Once to every rat and old-boy,
Comes the strap-jar to decide;
What's the nature of the sweetness,
That the strap-jar has inside."

December 6—Professor Linhardt makes a zip in Economics, and tells his tale of woe.

December 7—Football Banquet. Why didn't I make the Team?

December 8—Roby writes another letter to Indian Head.

"How oft my memory wanders far,
To that place along the River;
Indian Head fair, and the damsel there,
Oh, I'll love them both forever."

December 10—Sunday. Martz's day with the ladies.

CHARLOTTESVILLE WOOLEN MILLS

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

High-Grade UNIFORM CLOTHS for
Army, Navy, Letter Carrier,
Police and Railroad Purposes

And the largest assortment and best quality
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CADET GRAYS

including those used at the United States
Military Academy at West Point and other
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Prescribed and used by the Cadets of the
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Skilled military tailors make them up to your individual order and measure and a perfect fit is guaranteed. The highest quality of uniform cloths only is used in the manufacture of our uniforms, the linings, trimmings, etc. are all carefully tested and proven precisely perfect in every detail of construction. Your Lilley Uniform is guaranteed entirely satisfactory and permanently perfect.

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Dentist

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

December 11—Heads of Engineering Corps ("Ike" Blankman and "Sox") inspect the disposal plant. "Ike" is well pleased, for he sees how bathing water can be purified.

December 12—Someone soaks "Doc" Tolly on the head with a water bag. We wanted to give the thrower a prize, but the dunce was too bashful.

December 13—Ach Himmel!

December 14—"O. C." Adams surprises a bunch of card sharks. Only regrets that his official position prohibits his joining in.

"Yet after loafing 'round this place—
And that's a gosh-darned pleasant habit—
I learned the ten-spot from the ace!
But how? Aw, shueks, I musn't blab it."

December 15—Oh, you birth-day party! Norman on returning finds his room a partial vacuum. His words of blessing on "Jock" that night would have been worth saving.

December 16—Exams are on and everyone is burning oil, evidently the mid-night variety.

R. Q. Taylor & Company

HATTERS

Hats, Umbrellas, Canes, Dress Suit Cases, Hand Bags, Men's Gloves,
English Rain Coats

AGENTS FOR
Dunlap & Co., New York Christy & Co., London

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VALUABLE EDUCATION FOR YOUNG MEN

AN ENDOWMENT POLICY

In the AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN., will train you to
THRIFT, ECONOMY AND SYSTEMATIC SAVING

BETTER THAN A SAVINGS BANK

FULL INFORMATION UPON REQUEST

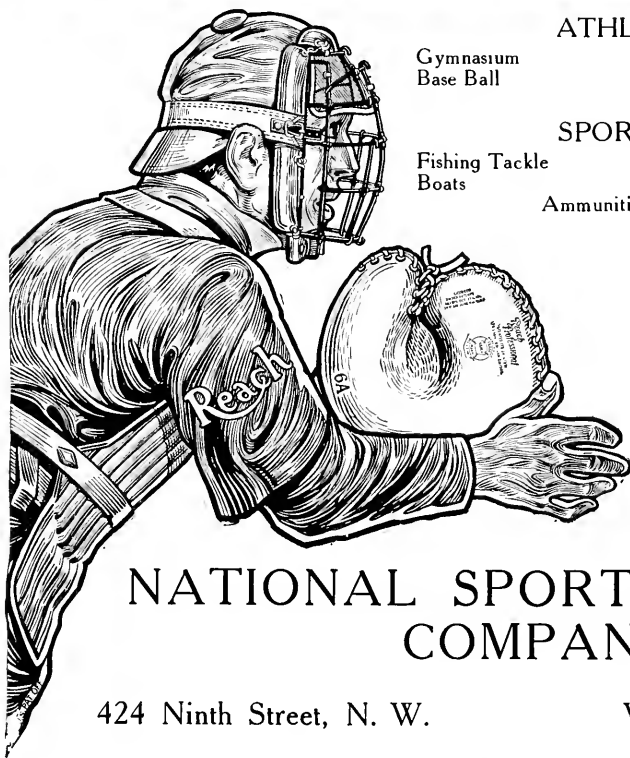
MEIGS & HEISSE, Manager

AGENTS WANTED

GERMAN AND CALVERT STS., S. W., BALTIMORE, MD.



Old friends are Davis and Powell to you,
 Lacrosse men both and good players too.
 Duckett of track—his name is not new.
 Football, and the good work Kemp has done,
 Are now associated together as one.
 Volkmer, the athletic supply man, t'would seem,
 One we credit for outfitting our team,
 Reasons he's favored are not hard to be seen,
 In this one fact the secret may lie,
 The National Sporting Company supply,
 Excellent quality that none will deny,
 So let this verse to you apply.



ATHLETIC GOODS

Gymnasium
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Also

American and Foreign
 Cutlery

Skates
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Dog Collars, Muzzles, etc.

NATIONAL SPORTING GOODS COMPANY

424 Ninth Street, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

December 17—He who will flunk every day, will live to flunk on exam-day
Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to take examinations.

December 18—The following facts are known to be true.

LIKE—KELLY DID

“Doc” Mac passed every man in Chem.

“Dope” Warfield got up before Reveille.

Our Y. M. C. A. speaker attracted a large audience.

M. A. C. licked St. John’s.

The Editors of the REVEILLE published something original.

Linhardt failed to “butt in.”

Charlie served chicken fricassee.

The Major fell in love.

“Ca fish” was stumped in old Ana y’cs

“Cab” declared the third term ended on June 1st.

December 19—“Kee-Hee” finds a book with a cadet’s name in it, and announces that the owner can have it by applying and identifying the same. (I never knew ivory was so hard.)

Grandma’s Borax Powered Soap

Export Borax Soap

Pearl Soap

Cresota Flour

White House Coffee

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Sole Distributors

ANDREW REITER & COMPANY

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Window Plate, Rough, Ribbed Colored, Enameled, Ground, Cut, Bent, Corrugated,
Cathedral and Ornamental Glass of Every Description.

READY MIXED PAINTS

Wood Stains, Wood Filler, White Lead, Colors, Putty, &c.

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H I G H - G R A D E
FERTILIZERS

For all Crops and for Permanent Improvement of the Soil



RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED

OFFICE
1015 FIDELITY BUILDING
BALTIMORE, MD.

December 20—Stanton went to purchase an Xmas present for his girl. Upon being asked what size ladies' belt he wished, took a yard stick and measured the length of his coat sleeve. Made himself solid with the ladies behind the counter. Call again!

December 21—All aboard for home to conduct a feed test.

“ Und zo, alzo, dot mora list
 Bout Kristmas-vacations.
 Ive you luv dem like dey luv youse
 Dose vacations vas obligations.”

January 2—College reopens with the Eastern Shore men conspicuous by their absence. “Erb” Burrier looks sleepy and tired.

January 3—“The brain factory” starts to hum in earnest and “Boo Hoo’s” zip generator is doing a rushing business.

January 4—The advance guard of “corn-crackers” arrives and, believe me bo, they bring with them the scent of newly mown hay (in January).

Baltimore Dressed Poultry Company
 42 TO 46 S. FRONT STREET

SHIPPERS OF

DRESSED POULTRY

Hotels, Restaurants, Hospitals, and Institutions promptly supplied

A Poultry House for the past 50 Years

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None but Registered Assistants allowed to Dispense Prescriptions

A Full Line of Toilet Articles, Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.

SODA WATER, HOT AND COLD IN SEASON

HYATTSVILLE

MARYLAND

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<i>Capital</i>	- - - - -	\$50,000
<i>Surplus and Undivided Profits</i>	-	\$61,000
<i>Total Resources over</i>	- - -	\$450,000

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HUBBARD'S

BLOOD AND BONE FERTILIZERS

The Greatest Crop Producers

Manufactured Only by

THE HUBBARD FERTILIZER COMPANY

BALTIMORE, MD.

Responsible Agents Wanted

January 5—Thermometer says 30° below.

Let the blizzard bliz,
I ain't 'Fraid I'll friz.
Caus' drill on the halls brings to my fiz,
The smile that won't come off.

January 6—Still mighty cold but everything is quiet and peaceful, except Allen and his confounded fiddle.

January 7—The Seniors decide to hold their Class Banquet at Hotel George Washington (Bladensburg).

January 8—Etwas doing (Nichts).

January 9—"Commy" becomes the recipient of various presents from the student-body. Among the débris were found, T-squares, triangles pencils, erasers, etc. Yea, verily, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

January 10—Kemp's weekly grouch was suddenly changed to joy this morning when the "O. D." presented him with a big fat letter bearing the familiar post-mark of Washington, D. C.

"Yes as sure as the heaven's up there above,
The Major has really fallen in love."

THE CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY

*The Largest College Engraving
House in the World*

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INVITATIONS

CLASS DAY
PROGRAMS

CLASS
PINS

Dance Programs and Invitations, Menus, Leather Dance Cases and Covers
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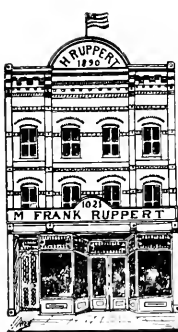
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WORKS (PITTSBURG, PA.,
HIGHLANDTOWN, MD.)

RED "C"

OIL MANUFACTURING CO.

OILS GASOLINES GREASES
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GARDEN SEED, ETC.



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A complete line of Agricultural Implements, Hand and Horse Lawn Mowers, extensive line of Whips, Harness and Stable Supplies, Butcher's Tools and Blocks, Wood and Iron Pumps for any price and depth of well. I handle Seeds, the best money will buy in any quantity and variety, also the largest variety of Bulbs in the city. Call for catalogue on the above variety.

LAWN GRASS. Ask for Imperial State. Is composed of the finest varieties of Grasses, each of which has its season of beauty, and the result of this blending is the producing of a sod that is not only always Evergreen and Velvety in appearance, but the color and beauty of an Emerald. Directions for sowing on each box. Price, 10 cents per pint. 20 Lawn Fertilizers and Seeds of every description.

Do You Need Toilet Articles?

If so, go to

"CHUCK"

The Soapman

He will furnish you with the BEST SOAP at Popular Prices

January 13—Still cold as blazes.

“The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the town of Berwyn passed,
A Scotchman who, through mud and mire,
Ploughed onward t’ward his heart’s desire.”

January 14—This day makes me think of Myron.

January 15—Supreme Court of the Senior Class convenes. Judge Tolson presides.

January 16—Some would filibuster. Court session continued

January 17—While the jury deliberates “Easy” gives a practical demonstration of the melting point of snow.

January 20—

“Breathes there a student who, in bed,
At Reveille hath never said,
‘I love my own, my downy couch!’”

January 22—Great rejoicing in College for “Bob” Tolson goes to church. “Yea, ’tis an age of wonders.”

GEORGE H. CALVERT

General Merchandise

BEST QUALITY OF GOODS

AND WE GIVE FULL WEIGHT, FULL MEASURE

LOW PRICES

COLLEGE PARK

MARYLAND

January 24—Wonder why “Mac” didn’t go to Berwyn today?

January 25—It’s all right; “Mac” went north today. Everybody happy again.

January 26—“Dope” goes to Reveille. What next?

January 27—After the happenings of the 26th, it might be expected that something would take place but who’d a thought the whole bunch of Senior Privates would reform and start attending regular?

January 31—“Easy” applies to “Commy” for a commission.

February 1—“Jock” finds a piece of rubber in the corned beef, which goes to show to him that the automobile is replacing the horse everywhere.

February 2—Bro’r Ground-hog sees his shadow.

February 4—“Erb” takes Martz in town to see the “sights.” Never again says “Easy.”

February 5—Seniors ill at ease for the “Dog of War” has announced that he’s going to fire the whole bunch and appoint new officers. Wonder how much pull I have with him.

February 6—Said appointments not to take place until next year. Oh! what a relief.



Gardiner Dairy

The Dairy Farm is learning that milk production is a manufacturing business, in which economical feeding and maximum production alone brings profits

He must break away from shiftless methods and old fogy ideas

February 9—Linhardt gives a birthday party and does the human fly-paper act for the amusement of the guests.

February 10—Robinson W. goes to town. "I love my ice-cream soda, but oh, you Family Entrance!"

February 11.—Sunday; nobody around but the janitor.

February 12—Abe Lincoln born to-day but school continues just the same.

February 14—Will you be my Valentine?

February 16—The great day has arrived. Junior Prom; "chicken" in abundance, and the Blankmans make their début.

February 17—Gee! but it's lonesome. Everybody who isn't in town is sleeping or writing letters home for money.

February 20—REVELLE board holds meeting. "WE *must* have money."

February 22—Washington's birthday and hence a holiday. "On to Washington!" "And departing leave behind them—" (have you noticed any unoccupied foot-prints?)

February 23—"Bob" Tolson and "Buck" Warthen actually sweep out. The janitor had to get a cart to carry the débris to the scrap heap. Over 1000 snipes and 4,000,000 matches were found.



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EUROPEAN PLAN

EDWARD DAVIS, *Manager*

February 24—

“Into the sunset’s turquoise marge,
The moon dips, like a pearly barge.”

Well, well, I thought I was writing to E—. I wish you fellows would cut that disorder out. Houn’ the devil do you think I can write this diary?

February 26—“Beefsteak” Powell and his “little book” were very much in evidence this morning when Wigham did the grand juggle with a tray of dishes.

February 27—Peter gives Professor H— a practical demonstration of the applicability of Art to Trig. We have to hand it to him that he is some artist.

February 28—Looks like the “little blind god” has taken a special shine to Brinn. Sno’ juice, old man, she’s married.

February 29—Big feed to the corn-crackers.

March 1—First warm day of spring and more fuel is added to the “old flames,” in fact, “Pete” Ames seems to be using gasoline.

March 2—Diary notes for today blew out of the window and were promptly eaten by Dr. Griffith’s horse. Am keeping the horse, however.

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SEVENTH AND D, N. W., WASHINGTON

March 5—Exams begin next week and that means work—where have I heard that word before?

March 6—Creese actually laughed today and at one of Healy's jokes, too. Nothing serious happened except that the new rotary converter lost all its residual magnetism. Still that wasn't so bad considering what "Gloomy Gus" did.

March 9—Exams are on.

Fierce lessons.
Late hours.
Unexpected company.
Not prepared.
Kicked out.

March 10 to 15—Sections march gaily to their doom.

Motto: "Flunk and the class flunks with you, pass and your pass alone."

March 16—Great exodus toward Washington. Some go to celebrate and some to drown their sorrows—but they all go but me and I think I'll go too. So-long till tomorrow.

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March 18—Domestic Science Course begins. Every “Newly Wed” and “Wish I Were Wed” and “Hope To Be Wed” in this vicinity (and elsewhere) learning to satisfy Hubby’s gastronomic taste.

“She cooketh best who learneth best,
Of all things great and small;
And the same mind that learning grasps,
Can housekeep, cook, and all.”

March 19—“Bill” Grace brings an honorable cake down to the Senior Privates’ table. The commissioned officers stick around for a handout which was nix.

“Which is why they remarked,
And their language was plain;
That for the ways which were dark,
And tricks that were vain
The S. P.’s are peculiar.”

March 20—“Dope” Warfield shaves and Tolson gets a hair-cut. “Dope’s” milk was duly forfeited upon which “his whiskers” got peeved.

March 22—“E. E.’s” give a lecture in the Auditorium to their brother engineers. Everything was fine except “Fuzzy’s” rope which he smoked during the performance.

March 23—End of Domesticies. Good-bye, girls.

“Alta made an angel cake
For her darling Hubby’s sake.
Hubby ate it every crumb,
Then he heard the angel’s drum,
Calling softly, “Hubby, come.”

P. S.—Hubby went.

With compliments

FROM A FRIEND

Baltimore, Maryland

March 24—Gee, but it's lonesome now. We want longer D. S. courses.

March 25—Maryland Day. Give the poor scribe a rest.

March 26—Big Senior Class meeting. "Bill" Kemp gets rasty and says he won't play with us any more.

March 27—"Froggy" tells "Bommy" that a man is of age the day before.

March 29—Saturday. The Battalion goes to town and helps to bury the *Maine* sailors.

March 31—Wonderful experiment! Professor Creese proves, by means of a recording-voltmeter that even the most trained intellects are capable of making slight errors.

April 1—Mudd and Roby go to church. If you don't believe it look at the calendar.

April 2—Adams, of the Secret Service, misses Reveille. We have hopes that his "gum-shoe highness" will get sick some more.

April 3 to 9—Steamboat! Understand.

April 10—Melvin introduces Martz to some girls and he formally makes his debut into society.

"He stood fust on one foot and then on t'other,
And on which oot he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told you nuther."

April 12—"Dope" Warfield loses his chair and has to eat his supper standing up. "? !—O!" says "Dope," "and if you don't like that the whole bunch can come up to my room." Ice water for "Dope."

April 13—Special con exams popular. Many hearty responses to the "dollar encore."

April 14—Business Board of the REVELLE compelled to refuse advertising space (?).

April 15—

"The Editor says that trash will do,
He's in a hurry now,
So though I've nothing on this page,
I've filled it any how."

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