"TAPS"

Published in Memory of

The Students' Army Training Corps

AT

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

"Oh Happy Days!"

PUBLISHED
DECEMBER THE SIXTH,
NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN
DEDICATION

We affectionately dedicate "Taps" to our officers, who have worked diligently to make this a unit worthy to bear the "Stars and Stripes," which so well symbolize that for which "America" has given her blood.

TO

CAPTAIN D. B. VAN DUSEN
LIEUTENANT S. R. HETZER
LIEUTENANT DONNELL VAN NOPPEN
LIEUTENANT WESLEY TAYLOR
FOREWORD

To chronicle all the changes that have taken place at William and Mary since the S. A. T. C. has come would require more space than is allotted to us in this pamphlet, but it is our purpose to record those happenings which will call back to us most vividly in years to come the days spent in preparation for that great world-wide struggle between Autocracy and Democracy. If this little pamphlet succeeds in doing this it will have served its purpose, and our labors have not been in vain.
CAPTAIN DANA B. VAN DUSEN
Commanding
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A Comedy in One Act

Dr. Tyler (standing on President's House Porch): "Greenhow, oh Greenhow! Where in the devil is that black rascal, anyhow?"

Greenhow: "Yassah?"

Dr. Tyler: "Run over to Brafferton and er—tell that er—Captain Van Dusen to come over here immediately. I want to see him."

Greenhow (Appearing a few minutes later): "He don say as how you kin fin' 'm over in de what he calls 'is Orderly Room. He says what's mo', 'e's very busy and don't want no damn fool interruptions. Doc, you had bet-ter do as that man says. I don' told you dat 'e's de whole pumpkins roun' dis yer joint; yassah, I done said it before."

Dr. Tyler: "Go to the devil and get to work!" (To himself): "I reckon I had better go over and see him myself."

Dr. Tyler (A few minutes later to orderly at Orderly Room door): "Uh, where is Captain Van Dusen; I want to see him at once."

Orderly Dahnke: "Yes, sir; why, sir; you see, sir, Captain Van Dusen is very busy just at the present, sir, but I will see, sir, if he can see you now, sir. Just wait a minute, sir."

Dr. Tyler: "Uh, kept waiting like any black servant. I reckon I will just go right on in." (Pushing his way in and stands amazed at the cries of the orderly). "Yours of the 16th received. "Sir, Private has the first sergeant's permission. "Where in the hell are those blank forms?" "I say, Van, I say that bird's no good. "My God, listen to that bugler!"

Dr. Tyler: "Uh! I say (no one pays any attention to him). I say, Lieutenant—er, I mean Captain."

Captain Van Dusen (looking up): "Why, good morning, Doctor. Have a seat. Anything I can do for you this A. M.?"

Dr. Tyler: "Well, I came over to see if the boys can't have more time for their studies. I want something done. I see I must take a hand in this affair."

Captain Van Dusen: "Why, what would you suggest, Doctor?"

Dr. Tyler: "The boys should have three-quarters of their time for studying. There is too much time spent on non-essential work."

Captain Van Dusen: "Non-essential? What do you consider non-essential?"
Dr. Tyler: “Why, so much cleaning up and er—like stuff. The fact is I demand an instant change.”

Captain Van Dusen: “Doctor, do you realize that the S. A. T. C. system is a new thing, an experiment with the government? Do you take into consideration the temporary unavoidable confusion of organization? I suppose you still consider the cleaning up that has been done by the boys non-essential when you realize that it is the first real cleaning the dormitories have had for twenty years or more? If you would stop and think a minute of what a tremendous task it was, and still is, you would give your unstinted aid and not be a drawback. Have a cigar?”

Dr. Tyler: “Why, oh, er—well, have your way. I reckon our sweet Co-Eds are the only ones who are supposed to study, anyway.” (Rises.)

Captain Van Dusen (Smiling): “Don’t hurry, doctor; come again.”

Dr. Tyler goes out and stands with mouth open as Lieutenant Hetzer gives the world in general an exhibition of “pep.” Muses to himself as he goes on. “I see now why the boys call that gentleman ‘The Little Rooster.’”

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“For William and Mary”

And then we’ll fight, fight, fight,
for W. & M., boys,
With heart and hand out we’ll fight
for thee,
And then we’ll fight, fight, fight,
for W. & M., boys!
On to victory we’re marching,
Others bend their knees before us
And pay their homage to W. & M.;
And then we’ll send out a cheer,
And banish all fear,
For we are fighting now for W. & M.
Post Exchange

In the upper corner of the balcony in the Armory, and close to the "Y" rest room, there is a little shop known by all the men of the Post as the "P. X." or Post Exchange. The "P. X." endeavors to satisfy, not because it is supposed to, but because it desires to.

The soldier boy who has the coin is always a perspective victim of the far-sighted "demon" behind the counter. Unknowingly, "Rockefeller" marches to the counter and attempts to parley the Jewish thrusts of his adversary on the opposite side. His attempts are futile. The former rich man "about faces" with a pound box of those "home" made chocolates under each arm and a trench mirror in one of his upper pockets for a breastplate; a hair net to catch a "Hun" with, salted peanuts for bait, and in each hand a large apple that serve as hand grenades when "Hun" is to be outpointed. At the command "Forward," he marches until he comes to the land of the Marys, and then proceeds to take their castle by storm. Once taken, the "Hunnish" inmates fall easy victims to his improved methods of warfare.

So the "P. X." is an important addition to every soldier's life. When he is "busted," the clerk does not turn him back, but serves him as quickly as the "Rockefeller" with all his coin. The lad gets homesick; then he hastens to the "P. X.," where he buys some "soothing syrup." With this he hastens to his "La petite croix rouge" in Tyler Castle. Good-bye, soldier boy. The "P. X." and its Jewish servants wish you speedy return to health, even though "La petite croix rouge" would have you stay.
WHAT THE FAMILY EXPECTS OF HIM

AND WHAT HE IS REALLY DOING
Delinquents

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR, one-two-three-four! Shake it up! On the jump!
A little pep there! One-two-three-four! What's the matter with you?" Don't
be alarmed. It's just Corporal Dahake with his delinquent squad. He's
harmless, but he certainly gives them hell. In fact, he has men running up trees and
standing at attention with mattresses on their heads. He's a wonder with delinquents.

Right after supper Saturday you can see a crowd gathering around the supply room,
and in a few minutes all are outfitted with rakes, hoes, brooms, mops, buckets, rags and,
most important, cans of "Liquid Putz." If you don't believe in the marvellous qualities
of that preparation, you just ought to come around Sunday morning and look at the brass
door knobs and fixtures. Polished! Ye gods! Everybody has to wear eye shades for
half a day to keep out the glare. The manufacturers of the brass polish have decided
to add to the directions for its use the following song:

"Door knobs gon ta shine tonight,
Door knobs gon ta shine;
Door knobs gon ta shine tonight,
Door knobs gon ta shine;
Door knobs gon ta shine tonight,
Door knobs gon ta shine;
When the sun goes down and the moon comes up,
Door knobs gon ta s-h-l-n-e."

—Adopted by one of the members of the Brass Club.

The next most popular occupation of the "Do-Dirty" Society is pulling rakes around
barracks, while some prefer the Broom Club, which requires less experience and is not
so agricultural.

The bucket and mop detail is most successful in removing dirt from the floors and
artistically placing it upon the walls by skillful swings of the mop. Almost anywhere
can be seen the results of this detail, which has been recommended for camouflage painting
in France.
A Comedy in One Spasm

ACT I—SCENE I.

SCENE—Orderly Room.

(Loud knocking on Orderly Room door.)

Lieutenant Hetzer: “Come in.”

(Enter Munday with blanket under one arm and extra pair of shoes in other hand.)

Munday: “Well, here I am.” (Seats himself.)

Lieutenant Taylor: “Remove your headdress in the Orderly Room. Who are you, anyway?”

Munday: “My name's Munday, and this here hat is bought and paid for.”

Lieutenant Hetzer: “What do you want?”

Munday: “I want to join this here S. A. T. C.”

Lieutenant Taylor: “Where are you from?”

Munday: “Newtown, sub—Gawd's country.”

Lieutenant Taylor: “Is that as big a town as Williamsburg?”

Munday: “Sure, only 'tain't all built up.”

Lieutenant Taylor: “Let me see your registration card.”

Munday: “I ain't got it now, but I ken git it by parcels mail.”

Lieutenant Taylor: “Get it as soon as possible.”

Munday: “Say, where'm I gon'na sleep tonight?”

Lieutenant Taylor: “Lieutenant Hetzer will attend to that.”

Munday: “What's he at?”

Lieutenant Hetzer: “I'll arrange that in plenty of time.”

Munday: “Don't fergit it! I gotta eat now; I'll see you birds later.”

(Exit Munday, blanket and extra shoes.)
The Purpose of the Students' Army Training Corps

The Students' Army Training Corps was organized in time of war and for the purpose of providing officers to assist in the prosecution of that war. Had the war continued, the services of its members would have been of great value to the country. The changed conditions under which this corps will continue deprive its members of the privilege of serving their country in this emergency, but they do not undo the advantages which have already accrued to the country and to individuals from the short course of training which has been completed. It is hoped that the lessons in sanitation, in regularity of habits, in sacrifice of personal comfort, in courtesy and respect for authority, law and order, absolute truthfulness and readiness to accept responsibility for one's own acts, in attention to detail, in promptness and accuracy, and finally in patriotism, love of country and realization of one's obligation to the country, will never be forgotten.

Men who have long lived in the freedom of civil life, becoming attached to their comforts and somewhat enervating pursuits, are suddenly snatched up into a great war machine, and then realize more clearly than otherwise possible that a man's part in the world involves red-blooded, exhausting, stern and desperate endeavor. He will hurl life itself into the cauldron of achievement, and no longer be content to play the part of anything but a MAN.

Not the least of the advantages of military life is the companionship created among the men by common habits of life and by common interests, with the resulting democracy and breadth of view.

At this time, when it seems probable that some or all of the present officers may soon leave, they desire to say that they have not only tried to do all that their duties required of them, but have also had their hearts in the task of making the William and Mary unit a crack organization, a credit both to the United States Army—that army which has won such proud renown in the great world war—and to the honored College of William and Mary. They have striven not only for military efficiency, but also for the physical and mental welfare of their men, and for their enjoyment of their work and daily life. Their efforts have met with some outside opposition, but they believe they have always had the full co-operation of their men.
The Co-Ed

Contrary to the expectation of last year, our little sisters across the lawn have proven themselves to be an essential and necessary addition to our student body. They have shown their strength in our places of weakness. "Thus it be," says the mouse to the lion.

So the story goes. One delightful week-end, when the old witching moon was as bright as silver and seemed to say in all his stillness; "Boys, Hallowe’en is here! Come on, get your little damsel, and I’ll do the chaperon act." But here is where the story takes interest. "Les petites mademoiselles" had already caught the wink of the old man who never sleeps, and invitations to the big Hallowe’en Ball were then in each boy’s letter box.

Thus Friday, the day before the Eve of All Saints, ended with each rookie looking forward to the morrow with a gladdened heart. But beware! Tomorrow, the day of the Hallows, was weekly inspection day. Every rookie feared the result of the eagle eyes of the inspecting officers. The night before each rookie had worked more diligently than usual on his gun, room, shoes and face, so as to pass the Saturday’s inspection.

As fate would have it, practically everyone who had an invitation was on the "wanting" list. "La petite mademoiselle" wept for her rookie boy, heartbroken because he could not attend the fasting of the witches. But not to be outdone, they, in a manner that Joan of Arc could not have surpassed, went bravely to the K. O. to ask "that their rookie delinquents be permitted to attend." One on each arm, two on their knees at his feet and the remainder eagerly pressed forward to brave his wrath. "May it be to all the witches," says the K. O. "I’ll do anything for you, even sweep your cobwebs out of the sky, but I can’t let your rookies off tonight, little Co-Eds."

But as it happened the boys soon forgot their troubles, and "les petites mademoiselles," soothed by each thoughtful rookie, dried their tears so as to look in life’s distant future. And secretly each rookie boy was happy—made so by little Co-Ed.
Headquarters

Orderly Room

The work performed in the Orderly Room is a mystery to most people, yet it is the hardest part of the whole. The labor involved in organizing for the first time a unit of this character is not realized by any but a military man. In this case to the usual difficulties has been added the extreme difficulty of obtaining supplies from the War Department, due to the demands of overseas troops.

In the Orderly Room all rules and regulations are drafted, all appointments considered and made, drill schedules prescribed, inspections made and reports entered, daily records kept, questions answered, delinquents attended to, etc. Vast quantities of orders, bulletins, memorandums, etc., are received from the War Department, Committee on Education and Special Training, Eastern Department Headquarters and the District
Military Inspector. All these must be filed by a proper number, indexed and abstracted, and then acted upon. Here red tape holds sway, and everything must be done according to complicated regulations, or trouble ensues immediately. One order may be changed as many as fifteen or twenty times, in whole or in part, and the Orderly Room must keep all these changes straight. The office handles some fifty different kinds of printed forms, which must be prepared exactly so and at an exact time. A large number of papers must be executed for each piece of government property received at the Post, and also when issued to the men. Practically as much labor is involved in handling one hundred men as would be necessary for several hundred men.

The Orderly Room at this Post was conducted for two months without receiving scarcely any supplies from the government, and its work was thereby almost doubled, and much expense incurred which will not be paid by the government.

All letters which are received or sent out, and all telegrams, are numbered, filed, indexed and abstracted, and a considerable correspondence is necessitated.

The office hours actually put in by the officers have been from 7:30 in the morning till 11 at night, and they never see their quarters from reveille till after 11 o'clock. Though the entire army works hard, no officers have been more faithful than those on duty here, and when not occupied with their duties they are planning something for the benefit and pleasure of the men.
Football Team

LINE-UP

Ferguson ..................... Right End  WARE ..................... Center
Kent ......................... Left End  Brooks (Captain) ........ Quarterback
Tipton ...................... Right Tackle  Pratt ..................... Right Halfback
Mapp ....................... Left Tackle  Murphy ................. Left Halfback
Pitchett .................. Left Guard  Johnson, E. M. ........ Fullback
Marshall ................... Right Guard

Substitutes—Foster, Johnson, W. W., Cook, Palmer.

Athletics

About the last of September or the first of October, just before the military organization began, a group of men were seen sitting on the porch in rocking chairs, cracking jokes or playing "penny ante" or "crack-a-loo" to while away the time. Most men of this age were at war, and probably it was asked why they were not there with their friends. It was answered that they were soldiers, but had not received uniforms yet.

Looking around the vicinity, a number of brick buildings, clustered together,
were seen. That was the college, the College of William and Mary. Then it became clearer; it was realized that the soldiers were getting their education and being paid the regular salary of a private. It was a wonderful scheme and a wonderful step to take. The whole United States and its manhood were benefited.

Again the eyes were turned on the men on the porches, which were dormitory porches; but what was that? Something was evidently wrong. All rocking chairs were being carried off and none brought to replace them. A puzzled expression came on the faces of the men and they seemed at a loss to know what to do. Just then a triangle sounded, and the men jumped in line in the road and marched off to drill.

After a couple of hours they came back humming with enthusiasm. They had planned to start football, and an alumnus of the college was to coach. Everything looked rosy; but it was doomed to failure, for it was said that the military work took up so much time that none was left for football practice.

After a few weeks with no athletics, the Military Department announced that a game would come off. Two captains were appointed for the teams. The game surpassed all expectations in the pep and material displayed. Then it was that a real football team was established. Since that day there has been a football game every Saturday, and two games with outside teams. With no coach at all the team has showed remarkable ability. It was beaten by Virginia Christian College on fake plays and bad passes. It was beaten by Sewanee Club, a heavy bunch of men, by weight and forward passes. Neither game was a disappointment, for they showed up the weak and strong points of the team. Now they have a coach who is a keen rival of "Cy" Young. Coach Close is fast shaping the team into a real fighting unit, and by the time Richmond College is played a game worth seeing will be assured.

Football is not the only athletics that the men participate in. Every Saturday afternoon is field day—running races, jumping, tug o' war, stingerree, leap frog races and others, including boxing. Saturday is a big day, for every one except those on sick report are required to participate. Although the form is wanting in most cases, the spirit of do or die is in them, and no matter whether they are called upon to jump, run or box, they do so willingly.

A marked improvement is evidenced on account of these exercises and drill. Instead of a crowd of loafers sitting in rocking chairs, smoking and tossing pennies, they are a bunch of men with spirit and fight in them.

But athletics will not stop with football and field day events. Basketball and baseball are on the way, and the prospects are very bright for winning teams. Two basketball letter men and three baseball letter men form a very good foundation to work on.