Barracks No. 3

Armory
Maw, one thing I will never do is wash dishes.

But that was before he joined the army.
Service Calls

First call is merely a warning call preceding all formations. March in the morning is simply turning the men out to music, with the idea of cheering them up and awakening them. The men are allowed ten minutes for dressing, etc. Fatigue calls the men to the policing or cleaning of grounds, buildings and rooms. Only a few minutes are allowed for this, and it must be done rapidly and thoroughly.

At mess the men march in at attention and stand behind their chairs at attention until the first sergeant commands, “Seats.” Each squad sits at a separate table, under the supervision of its corporal. Plates are inspected immediately after each meal by a sergeant, for evidences of food waste, and loaded plates are brought back to the men to be finished at the next meal.

At sick call all who desire medical attention report to the Orderly Room, are entered on the official sick report and taken to the hospital, where the doctor is always available at that time. The doctor orders the men to duty or to hospital; if to duty, they must drill and attend classes; if to hospital, they are confined there and cannot leave till released by the doctor. No one can have medical attention or be absent from duty unless he is officially placed on the sick report in the prescribed manner.

At call to quarters all men are required to be in their rooms studying or actually in attendance upon classes. They are marched to and from classes at attention, and while in the classroom must observe military formalities. In their quarters they have been deprived of rocking chairs, and their bedding is so piled that they cannot lie down. Their doors are open so that the sergeant on duty at the desk in the hall can detect any failure to observe regulations, and in order to leave their rooms for any necessary purpose they must obtain the sergeant’s permission, and a record of time is made on the sergeant’s ledger.

Retreat is a formal formation, being the salute to the flag, which is lowered from the staff at that time. It is at this formation that most of the orders are read.

At tattoo the men must prepare for bed, straightening their rooms and making their beds so that they may be in bed with lights out at taps. At taps the non-commissioned officer in charge of quarters inspects to see that everything is in order and that each man is accounted for.

On Saturdays the command is inspected by its officers, which includes inspection of equipment, clothing, personal cleanliness, cleanliness of grounds, halls, rooms, toilets, armory, hospital, mess hall and kitchen, supply room and all government property. This includes inspection of such things as fire escapes and fire equipment and garbage disposition.

Delinquents for the week, including Saturday inspection, are punished by confinement to quarters for the week-end and the performance of any manual labor that can be found for them.
When the Football Team Went to Lynchburg

We were in Lynchburg. Night was quickly coming on, and a decision as to where we should go had not been made. You know the people in Lynchburg are the most hospitable of any in the world, and so we had been asked to attend three different social functions that evening. We took a vote, and the majority loomed up large for a trip of twelve miles to Sweet Briar. A truck was quickly hired and we were off.

After a little over an hour's ride we arrived singing "William and Mary's Gonna Shine Tonight," and William certainly shined. As we drove into the entrance of the grounds nearly every window in all the dormitories blew up, and a girl with the sweetest voice gave us a welcome to Sweet Briar.

It didn't take them long to come down to our truck, and they took us by storm over to their "gym" to dance. There were about twenty of them, and we thought they were all that would be there. But ye gods! What a mistake! When the door to the "gym" was opened and we stood on an elevated platform looking out over the floor, there were without exaggeration two hundred and fifty of the best looking damsels I ever hope to see—and such a yell of welcome! There were three men present when we arrived, and the girls certainly seemed delighted to see more. The quarantine for the "flu" had just been lifted, and the girls were wild to see us, boisterous as it might sound.

Each one of us asked a girl for the first dance; we began. We had taken about five or six steps when almost simultaneously each couple was interrupted by "Break, please," by the girls standing in the center of the floor. I believe without exception each man of us thought the girl wished to dance with the girl we were dancing with, and consequently we stepped back. But to our pleasure and surprise they were breaking to dance with us, and from then on we were flattered till our heads swam. Our lieutenants quite naturally received the greatest rush. But we were satisfied among such perfect dancers.

We danced until 9:55, when we heard a little bell ring, and the girls gave a little scream. We thought supper was next in order, or something similar, when we were severely struck with "It's time to leave," by an elderly looking matron, who at that time received our darkest thoughts, and who later was the object of unrestricted shafts when we were on our way back. Could you blame us? Can you blame anyone for being downcast when they are awakened from a realistic dream? We all looked upon it as a dream afterwards, and one of us remarked that if the truck turned over and we should go straight to Hell, we would have the consolation of having been to Heaven. Another remarked that he had rather be janitor at Sweet Briar than president of William and Mary. We arrived in Lynchburg about midnight, and after a "feed" were off to bed.

Will we ever forget Sweet Briar? No! Of our many trips and happy remembrances, the truck ride to Sweet Briar is foremost. When in later years we sit before the flickering fire in recollection of the little happenings of our younger days, those little happenings which brighten the mind in the days of old age, the trip to Sweet Briar will be the first to be remembered, and perhaps the one remembrance to brighten the mind most.
Peace Celebration

The sun had long since set behind the western hills and all the world was hushed. The silence seemed to foretell of some momentous event. The atmosphere, even in the deadly silence, seemed to ring with excitement. Suddenly there burst forth a blasting of horns, blowing of whistles, ringing of bells, firing of guns, beating of drums, and on every hand torches leaped into flame.

Down the streets of Williamsburg, the ancient Capital of Virginia, marched the procession, headed by Captain Van Dusen on horse, torch bearers lighting his way on either side. Then came Uncle Sam in all his glory, wearing boxing gloves, ready for a bout with the Kaiser, the greatest criminal of all ages. The Kaiser, guarded by two of the boys in khaki, slouched behind with a noose about his neck. Could it be possible that such a miserable beaten being could be human? Could such a loathful and hateful being have been raised in a civilized world? No; such a being could only be produced by “Prussian Kultur.”
Then there followed in column of fours a large body of youths, in the prime of life, wearing the khaki, heads up and bearing themselves as if proud of the organization to which they belonged. They had a right to be, for any red-blooded youth would be proud to belong to such an organization.

On and on through the ancient Capital they marched, bearing on high the "Stars and Stripes," and making the walls echo and re-echo with lusty shouts, while the shadows of Jefferson, Washington and Henry came forth and watched from spooky shades.

Finally the procession came to a halt on the historical campus of the College of William and Mary, ground made sacred centuries ago by noble deeds, and instantaneously a huge fire burst into flame and lighted the heavens for miles around, and by its light the Kaiser was knocked out by Uncle Sam, never to rise again. Simultaneously a bundle of red, white and black rags was tossed in the fire; it was the German emblem of power, the flag that carried with it nothing but cruelty, bloodshed and suffering.

"What can all this mean?" It is the Student Army Training Corps of William and Mary celebrating the signing of the armistice by Germany.
The Final Celebration

The interest of the men and their enjoyment of their work was so high that they would not permit the Students' Army Training Corps to pass without a final celebration. Not only did they wish to celebrate for their own pleasure, but they wished to give their friends an opportunity to see just what they had accomplished in the short time they had been in training. On Friday afternoon, December 6th, all quarters and all equipment were given a thorough cleaning and going over, and on Saturday, December 7th, beginning at noon, the entire military establishment was turned over to the public for inspection. This was the first time since the organization began that outsiders were permitted to go into the buildings without permission, but now all were welcomed. Members of the faculty, mothers, fathers, sweethearts and friends went through the barracks and expressed astonishment at the neatness, cleanliness and simplicity of the rooms, as well as the soldierly bearing of the men.

In the afternoon all the efforts of the military establishment were given over to ceremony and celebration on the athletic field. There was first a formal battalion parade, the whole military unit in formation passing in review before the commanding officer. The remarkable perfection with which the men kept a straight line in company front formation was a matter of common remark. After this there was an exhibition of close order drill, which included squad, platoon and company movements and the manual of arms. Every man carried out his movements with such precision, promptness and "snappiness" that few of the spectators were able to believe that such perfection in drill had been attained in such a short time. Following this exhibition there was a strict military inspection, such as normally takes place every Saturday morning in all army camps. The men were given "open ranks" and their rifles and personal appearance subjected to a rigid examination by the officers. Then followed a period of "quickening exercises," which consisted of various military and athletic games purported to develop manly sturdiness and alertness in obedience. The afternoon exercises were closed by a jolly "sing," in which all the men participated, making the parade ground ring with soldiers' songs.

But the greatest part of the celebration remained for the evening, when the formal military ball, the principal social affair of the military organization, was held in the Mess Hall. It had been planned a considerable time in advance, and all members of the command attended and brought partners. In addition to the young ladies of the college, many attended from Williamsburg, Richmond, Norfolk, Washington and other cities. Many of the soldiers had their sweethearts from a distance to attend. The whole affair was so well organized and conducted that a more successful one would have been rare indeed. The walls, chandeliers, trimmings and furnishings of the large hall
were lavishly decorated with the national colors in various designs of presentment, all of which was pleasingly illuminated by the brilliant colored lights.

The guests assembled at 8 o'clock, the ladies wearing the latest creations of evening dress and the men all wearing their dress military uniforms.

The first dance was announced by a bugle call for reveille, and each succeeding dance was similarly announced in order by the succeeding corresponding bugle call in the schedule for military formations during the soldier's day. The music was furnished by a most excellent orchestra procured from Richmond.

At 10 o'clock there was an intermission of a few minutes, during which a neat little cap, called the "Liberty Cap" by the guests, designed and made especially for the occasion, was issued to each lady present, and was worn by her during the remainder of the evening.

Not the least element in the evening's jocund entertainment was the bounteous supply of punch and other refreshments. May the reader not inquire what the punch was made of.

Just at 9:20 o'clock Sergeant Ferguson arrived, detained somewhat because of the late arrival of his lady love from Leesburg. A few minutes later one of the dainty belles of Richmond arrived, leaning gracefully on the arm of Corporal Ruffin. It might also be added here that toward the close of the evening someone tried to summon Company Mechanic Lance Corporal George E. Starnes to readjust one of the light sockets near the front door, but only after some searching found him cozily engaged in a thrilling conversation with one of the Co-Eds in the southwestern corner of the ballroom.

The final dance was announced by the bugle call for taps, and came to a close exactly at 12:25 o'clock in the morning. The out-of-town guests were entertained by friends at the college and in Williamsburg.

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Life's Lesson

(With Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

There! rocky boy, don't die!
They've taken your rocker, I know,
And your tea set blue,
And your pictures, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But happy times will soon come by.
There! rocky boy, don't die!

There! rocky boy, don't die!
You have polished brass, I know,
And the rainbow gleams
Of your peaceful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But blissful days are drawing nigh.
There! rocky boy, don't die!
When the S. A. T. C. Is Going to End

Certain knowledge have I none,
But Auntie's washerwoman's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Tell a laborer on the street.
He had a letter just last week
From Chinese coolies in Timbuctoo,
Who said the Cuban negroes knew
A colored ldd in a Texas town,
Who got it straight from a circus clown.

That a man at Old Point heard the news
From near Camp Stewart, at Newport News,
That a high society female fake,
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove in truth for justice's sake
That she has a son who has some friends
Who know when the S. A. T. C. ends.

"They All Know"

We're William and Mary, heading Duke
of Gloucester Street,
There's not another outfit in the State
that's got us beat;
Others hanging round our door

Wish to God that we had room for more.
Officers the finest in the land,
Believe me behind them we will stand;
Don't you wish that you could be
In our damn good company.

Jokes

Lieutenant Van Noppen \( \text{(Touching butt of rifle)} \): "What part of rifle is this, men?"

Private Geohghan: "The tail, sir."

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We are sorry to hear that the "Doe" corporals are not planning to remain for
the big celebration after we are demobilized.

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Lieutenant Taylor: "Sergeant, how many men have you there?"
Sergeant Brooks: "Five, sir."
Lieutenant Taylor: "Send half of them in here."

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LOST—My laundry. Captain Van Dusen.
FOUND—Captain Van Dusen's laundry. Apply at Tyler Hall.

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Military training has become a habit
with Pruden. While on the train he wanted to speak to the conductor, so he went up to him with this: "Sir, Corporal Pruden has first brakeman's permission to speak to the conductor."

Corporal Hammette \( \text{(With Co-Ed at football game)} \): "There goes Captain Brooks; he's our best man."
Co-Ed: "This is so sudden."

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WANTED—Someone who can solve the mystery of the two "ginger ale" bottles in Dahnke's room.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE WILLIAMSBURG WEAKLY.

Dr. Hall has been promoted to the rank
of corporal.
Baddour has received a bid to the K. P. fraternity.
Private Claude Northern has found military life "perfectly killing."
Corporal Dahnke has been elected assistant to "Doc" Billups, of the Boozology Department.

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PLACES OF INTEREST IN WILLIAMSBURG.

Frau Shack.
Barracks No. 4.
Girls' Dormitory.
Tyler Hall.
Mary's Den.
Any Faculty Meeting

Mr. Bridges (reporting the results of the roll call): “Doctor all present.”

Dr. Tyler: “All right, Bridges. Suppose we take up this S. A. T. C. question. Where is Captain Van Dusen?”

Mrs. Bridges: “Absent, as usual.”

Professor Clark (butting in abruptly): “Doctor, I think we have discussed this matter enough. The S. A. T. C., in my estimation, has proved itself a farce. It is simply an excuse for loafing. The officers here have taken advantage of their authority, and in many cases have gone beyond, believing that there was no one brave enough to call their bluff. Captain Van Dusen has continuously kept men from classes in order to run errands for him, or, to express it properly, he has made valets of them. I strongly resent the humiliation and degradation to which the men have been subjected. I consider my classes of much more importance than Captain Van Dusen’s whole military regime, as exercised here. Some of our best students who are sergeants are miserably failing because they are forced to sit in the halls to act as jailers for the others. Is such a thing fair to the youth of America? Do you think such an outlandish act was perpetrated even back in those days of Socrates, when autocracy was in full bloom? I am so enraged over the matter I can speak no more, but in closing let me say that the dances, as conducted by the unit stationed here and endorsed by the so-called officers in charge, are shameful and a disgrace to the college.”

(Professor Clark taking his seat, and Dr. Davis rising, highly excited): “I hereby endorse every word uttered by Professor Clark. With your permission, I shall add more. One of the sergeants, an insignificant freshman, had the audacity to order me to close my lecture for an uncalled-for military formation. One of the non S. A. T. C.’s, a highly reliable man, told me that he heard that Captain Van Dusen actually took upon himself the authority to demand that the men should return their uniforms immediately upon demobilization. I don’t believe for one moment that the government would sanction such an order. It seems to me that the officers just lie awake at night to think of some way to annoy us. Words avail nothing; I shall say no more. We are powerless.” (Mrs. Roderman applauds.)

Dr. Tyler (rising quickly): “Gentlemen, you are laboring under a false impression. Captain Van Dusen has done nothing more than fulfill his duty to the government, the college, and the men under his command. He has developed in his men those qualities which have made America what she is today. Such qualities as obedience, truthfulness, honesty, promptness, courtesy, courage, initiative and loyalty. These are worth much more than that which might be obtained from books. Captain Van Dusen, and the other officers as well, are held in esteem by their men, and I highly endorse his regime. I will hear