The Annual Cadet

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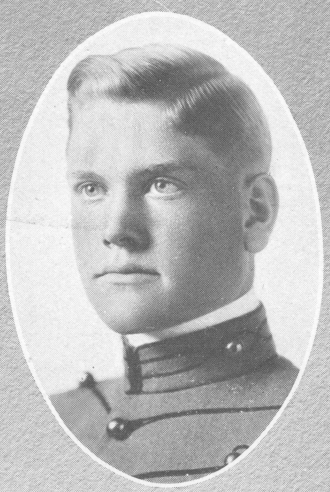

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GAIN we turn our attention to the year-glass of Father Time. The upper half will soon be empty, and when it is again inverted nine men will have completed a high school course and gone forward to meet the world. Yet they will not forget the many pleasant hours spent together in their Alma Mater. The San Diego Army and Navy Academy has been the center of their attention for three or four years and they have received benefits from it which will not soon be erased.

The attendance at the Academy this year has been a little lower than that of the two previous years, but if we have not had quantity we have had quality.

The Academy has not been materially affected by the financial difficulties, or "hard times" that seem to be universal, but has made the most of the opportunity and developed quality in the students.

We have found that better class work can be done by small classes, as the student is required to study and be prepared on all the lessons every day. He recites once or more each period and has the benefit of the careful attention of each member of the faculty. So we believe in small classes for the student's sake. Now we also think it is advantageous to a teacher, because he can grade a student more fairly if he recites several times. The teachers personal attention can be centered on a small group of fellows and as a result both are greatly benefited.

The awful tragedy in Europe still commands our attention and it proves to be far more colossal and astounding than we can imagine. Dr. John R. Mott, the international secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who is one of, if not the greatest Christian statesman in the world, visited San Diego a few weeks ago. In a brief address he said: "This is already the longest war in history for the reason that twenty-four million men have been engaged in a battle front nearly

six hundred miles long, fighting every minute of the day and night, and from what I could learn I feel that it must end before snow flies."

The cost of the war has been conservatively estimated at thirty-seven million dollars a day since August first, for military operations. This toll does not include the destruction of towns and villages, and the crippling of industry. In Poland alone over nine thousand towns have been demolished, and similar ruin wrought in Russia, Belgium, France, Austria and Germany. More than forty-one thousand men daily have been killed, wounded, or taken prisoners since the beginning of the struggle.

We fail to comprehend its vastness, but our hearts go out to the suffering and heartsore nations across the water.

Let this be a lesson to the men of tomorrow and may another war be impossible. Then indeed will these immortal words be realized:

"When the war drums beat no longer,
And the battle flags are furled,
In the Parliament of Man,
The federation of the World."

The year 1915 has come and the San Diego Exposition is a reality. Indeed it is a realization. It is the supreme handicraft of modern man located in the garden spot of the world. San Diego may well be proud of such an exhibition. All honor to the men who have made it a success, but again all honor to the city which has made it possible. 'Tis Dreamland brought to earth, a marvel of architecture and workmanship. What dignity the little Spanish city has as it lies there nestled among the choicest foliage in the world. It causes respect, it forces admiration. Many noted tourists have pronounced it the most complete in history and any one who fails to visit such an instructive as well as beautiful exposition will miss the treat of a lifetime.

The Academy has not edited a monthly Cadet this year and thus we hope to make the Annual our big number.

The Editorial Board is largely made up of experienced men and we hope that the Annual of 1915 will not be below the standard.

At this point, we, the Editorial Board, wish to express our sincere gratitude to our friend and advisor, "Doc" White, for his kind willingness to help out in every way possible, and for his interest in the success of this issue.

The faculty and students of the Academy extend their heartfelt sympathy to Captain S. A. Purviance in the loss of his beloved companion, Mrs. Pauline Purviance, on May 15th, 1915.

A Welcome

"To Southern California!"
That's what the birds are singing;
"To Southern California!"
That's what the bells are ringing;
"To Southern California!"
That's what the breezes say;
"To Southern California!"
"Oh, come with us today!"

* * * * *

Fair one, Fair one,
Let us guide you
To a city in the southland
In the southland,
Fertile southland,
Where the Sun-God
Dons his splendor,
Shares his warmth
With fields of grain.
Once the red-skin
Masked in warpaint,
Armed for warfare,
Scorning pain,
Disobeyed the
Great Wakanda,
Struggled—died,
But all in vain.
Then again
He lived in plenty,
Loved the peace
Wakanda sent;
Loved the fertile,
Sunny southland,
Land of comfort
And content.
Came the monks
And holy fathers,
Told of God,
And of His love;
Till the red-skin,
Listening eager,
Knew the Father
Up above.
But these days
Have long
Been ended,
And another
Now is nigh.

* * * *

Here the ocean
Rolls and surges,
Rugged mountains
Join the sky.
Here the trees
With stately bearing
Stretch their leafy
Branches high.
Here the Wind-God
Blows, now strongly,
Gently, till he melts
Into a sigh.
In this land
Of golden sunshine,
In this land
Of gentle rain,
Seldom has the winter
Harmed us,
Brought us sickness,
Brought us pain.
This is where
The perfumed flowers
Thrive and blossom
All the year.
Don't you hear
All nature calling,
"Come and settle
With us here?"
It was here
The learned whitemen
Came and settled,
Built and grew.
Then they made
This grandest city,
Which I wish
To guide you to.

* * * *

So I bid you
Welcome! Welcome!
To the land
Which I present,
To the fertile,
Sunny southland,
Land of plenty,
And content.

F. D. Fagg, Jr., '15.