

The Bugle



Nineteen
Twelve

Arthur Pleasant Sibold
Class of 1914
1892 - 1977

donated in loving memory
of a gentle man by
his family

Dr & Mrs. Harold B. Sabel
Signal Mts. Mo.

Donated by: Mrs. Marye M. Sibold







The Bugle

— Nineteen-Twelve —
Volume Eighteen



—Virginia Polytechnic Institute—





To
Ellison Adgar Smyth, Jr. M. H. S. D.
In Grateful Appreciation
of His
Faithful Service to Our
Alma Mater
and as a
Tribute to a Christian Gentleman
We Dedicate
the Eighteenth Volume of
—“The Bugle”—







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Ellison Adger Smyth

When the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College was reorganized in 1891, among those called to fill professorships under the new administration was Professor Ellison Adger Smyth, of South Carolina. The condition of the school at that time was most discouraging to those interested in its welfare. It was cut off from the outside world during the winter months by eight miles of exceedingly bad roads. It had no water supply save a cistern and hand-pump; no sewerage system; no electric light or gas supply. It had but few, old and badly equipped buildings. It had no income except the annuity from the Federal Government; and no precedent but mismanagement and confusion of purpose. These were the conditions under which the new President and Faculty began their splendidly successful administration. In spite of many difficulties they raised the school to its present dignified position among educational institutions.

Professor Smyth took an active and prominent part in the building up of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and deserves a goodly share of the gratitude which the alumni and the people of the State owe to the administration of 1891. Taking always a strong stand for the right, he quickly gained a leading position in the Faculty, and in recognition of his ability was, in 1903, made Dean of the Faculty, a position which he held until 1906, when he retired to devote himself more closely to his chosen field of work.

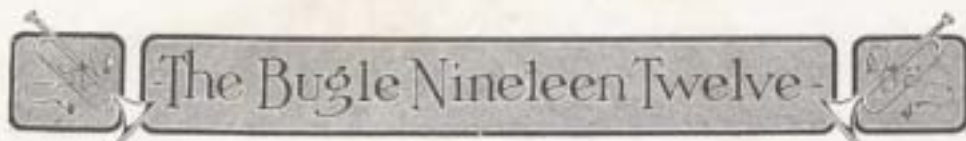
Quick to recognize the need of developing the social side of college life in the formative period of what is now the V. P. I., Professor Smyth helped, towards that end, to organize dramatic clubs, the orchestra and the cadet band, and was for some years himself a member of both band and orchestra. It was largely because of his sympathy and activity that these organizations succeeded.

In looking over the old files of the "Gray Jacket" we cannot fail to notice what a prominent part Professor Smyth took in the development of athletics at our institution. In the fall of 1892 he united his efforts with those of Professor Anderson, Mr. J. W. Stull ('93), and Mr. H. B. Pratt, Jr. ('94), to organize the first football team to represent V. P. I., taking part himself as coach and business manager. His team had the honor of winning V. P. I.'s

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first football match in a game with St. Albans School, although the latter team had for captain and coach an ex-Yale player. The latter-day V. P. I. rooster may find it hard to realize the tremendous interest which a football match with St. Albans aroused in those days of V. P. I.'s infancy, but a glance at some copy of the Gray Jacket of '92 or '93 will convince one that in excitement and display of college spirit the "St. Albans game" furnished as much as any match with our present adversaries. The season following, 1893, Professor Smyth again performed the duties of coach and business manager, and put a team in the field. The next season, 1894, he acted with Messrs. Stull and Pratt as a committee to secure the services of Mr. J. A. Massie as coach. "Ike" Massie was a member of the class of '92, and also a graduate from the University of Virginia, where he was a member of the Varsity team. Under his able coaching the team had a most successful season. The future of football at V. P. I. was assured. When a Faculty Committee on athletics was appointed, Professor Smyth was made chairman, a position he held until 1904, when he resigned on account of his duties as Dean of the College. In shaping the policy of athletics at our institution, Professor Smyth took a large part, and undoubtedly much of our present success in this line is due to his wise policy in placing athletics on a sound foundation.

As a teacher, as an investigator, and as a collector, Professor Smyth has bent his energies towards building up a Department of Biology which is second to none in the South. He has, through his personal efforts in the field, and at his own expense, gotten together a large and valuable collection of native birds. And his private collection of butterflies and moths takes rank as one of the notable collections of this country. A zealous investigator in his chosen field, he is a regular contributor to various scientific journals. Aside from the various station bulletins he has published, he has in the Entomological News such articles as: "Entomological Notes from Montgomery County, Virginia," "The Catoctin of Montgomery County," "Larval Stages of *Protoparce rustica*," "Notes on *Anthracis genutia*," "Identity of *Hemaris tenuis* and *diffinis*," "Description and figure of a new moth, *Pholus elisa*," "Description and figure of a new butterfly, *Morpho thoosa*," "Description and figure of the female of *Morpho thoosa*," "Two butterfly freaks," "Description of Larva and first bred specimens of *Sphinx frankii*." In the Biological Bulletin he has an article on "An Unusual Graafian Follicle;" in the Sewanee Review, an article on "Poe's Gold Bug, from the standpoint of an Entomologist;" he is also the



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author of the "Life and Works of John Bennett, Author," which is included in the "Library of Southern Literature." He is also a contributor to various bird magazines, principally "The Auk;" and as he puts it, "is guilty of occasional mental aberrations in 'Life,' drawings and—presumably—jokes."

Professor Smyth was born in Summerton, S. C., October 26, 1863, and is the son of the Hon. J. Adger Smyth, who was for many years mayor of the city of Charleston, S. C., in which city Professor Smyth's boyhood was spent. After finishing school he attended Princeton University—Princeton College at that time—from which institution he received the degree of B. A. in 1884, and the degree of M. A. in 1887. He attended the Law School of Columbia University in New York for the session of '84-'85, and was a student at the Summer School of Law of the University of Virginia in 1887, and has also attended the Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, Mass. In 1906 the University of Alabama conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. At the University of South Carolina he was adjunct Professor of Biology, 1889-91; Professor of Biology at V. P. I. since 1891; Dean of the Faculty at V. P. I., 1903-06. He is a member of the Association for the advancement of Science, Member of the Entomological Society of America, Associate in the Ornithological Union, Member of the New York Entomological Society.

J. B. McB.



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Greeting:

The journey of the Class of Ninteen and Twelve through V. P. I. has been but a repetition of those which have been made before. We too, at last have reached the cross-ways, and now start out on the broad highway, unfamiliar with the road ahead and passing as unnoticed as the myriads who have gone this way before.

But what memories crowd those four years we have spent at Tech? What associations and friendships have been ours? What griefs and sorrows, what joys and gentle triumphs, have made the memories of our college days the most treasured assets we possess? For four years we have toiled and followed the fortunes of our Alma Mater. We have seen her in the proud moments of glorious victory; we have shared her noble dignity in defeat; and now, the echoes of the "Dokie" thrill us with the spirit of V. P. I. which never dies, and we revere the banners of our proud Orange and Haroon second only to the flag of our country.

And we would not pass without some record of the happy days gone by, some book of memories which in the autumnal days of life will carry us back again to Tech. If the eighteenth volume of "The Bugle" embodies any of those remembrances which we hold dear, if it shall serve to keep fragrant the recollections which we would treasure, then our labours have not been in vain, and a duty has been fulfilled.



GREETING



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V.R.I. 3 - A&M-O
DULL, THAT THREE IS ONE NINETY!



MARCH -
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APRIL -
SWEET TIMES IN PILES/FIELD



MAY -
PARADE



JUNE

1912

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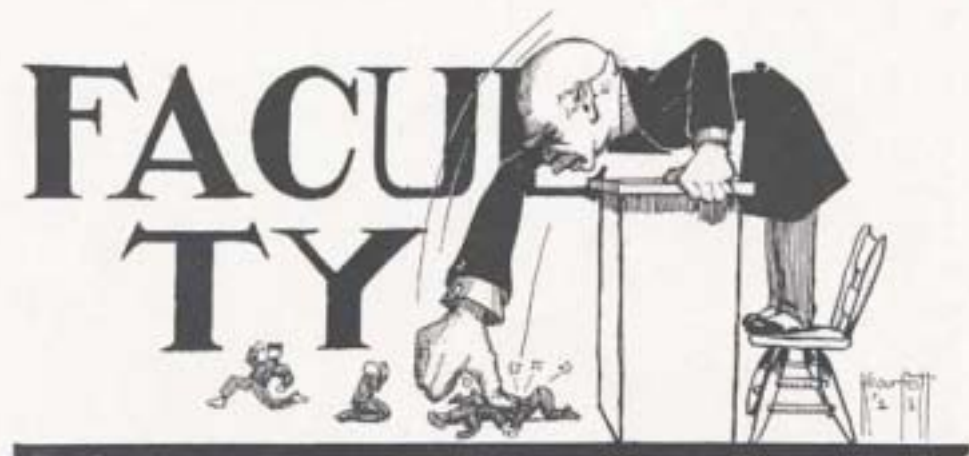
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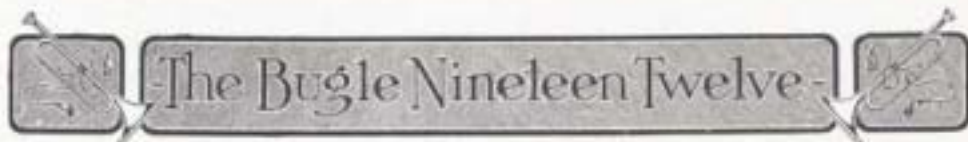
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Bachelor of Arts, Princeton University, 1884; Master of Arts, Princeton University, 1887; Doctor of Laws, University of Alabama, 1906; Student, Columbia University, 1884-85, University of Virginia, summer 1887, Woods Hole, Massachusetts, 1890; Adjunct Professor of Biology, University of South Carolina, 1889-91; Professor of Biology, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1891; Dean of Faculty, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1903-06; Member New York Entomological Society; Foundation Member Entomological Society of America; Member American Association Advancement of Science; Associate Member American Ornithological Union; Contributor to Entomological News, "The Auk," Sewanee Review; Author, "Life of John Bennett, Author," for the Library of Southern Literature.

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Bachelor of Arts, Hampden-Sidney, 1880; Master of Arts, Hampden-Sidney, 1882; Student, University of Berlin, 1891, University of Chicago, 1900; Professor of Mathematics, Plumer Memorial College, Wytheville, Va., 1882-83; Professor of Latin and German, Montgonery Female College, Christiansburg, Va., 1884-85; Elected to Chair of Modern Languages, Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, 1889; Professor of Modern Languages, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1889; Dean of Academic Department, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1904-07; Member, Modern Language Association; Formerly regular contributor to columns of Richmond Dispatch.

ROBERT JAMES DAVIDSON, M. A.,
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Bachelor of Arts, South Carolina College, 1885; Master of Arts, South Carolina University, 1887; Assistant Professor of Chemistry and Chemist of Experiment Station, South

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Carolina University, 1888-91; Chemist, Virginia Experiment Station, 1891-1905; Professor of Chemistry, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1891; Dean of Scientific Department, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1903; Delegate International Congress of Applied Chemistry, London, 1909; Fellow, American Association for the Advancement of Science; Member, American Chemical Society, Association of Agricultural Chemists; President, Association of Agricultural Chemists, 1903; Special Analytical Work on Chemical Composition of Tobacco; Chemical Composition of Apples and Cider; Fermentation of Cider with Pure Yeast; Insecticides; Contributor to various Scientific Journals and Government Publications.

LINGAN STROTHER RANDOLPH, M. E.,

PROFESSOR OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

Student, Shenandoah Valley Academy, Virginia, 1873-76, Virginia Military Institute, 1876-78; Mechanic, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 1878-81; Mechanical Engineer, Stevens Institute of Technology, New Jersey, 1883; Engineer of Tests, New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, Pennsylvania, 1883-85; Superintendent, Motor Power, Florida Railway and Navigation Company, 1885-87; Superintendent, Motor Power, Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, Mt. Savage, Md., 1887-90; Engineer of Tests, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md., 1890-92; Electrical Engineer, Electrical Refining Company, 1892-93; Professor of Mechanical Engineering, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1893; Member, American Society of Civil Engineers, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, American Institute of Electrical Engineers, American Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, American Railway Master Mechanics Association; Contributor, Cassiers Magazine, Transactions of American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Engineering Magazine, Engineering News, and Manufacturers Record.

SAMUEL REYNOLDS FRITCHARD, M. A.,

PROFESSOR OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Bachelor of Arts, South Carolina College, 1885; Master of Arts, South Carolina University, 1889; Tutor, South Carolina College, 1886-88; Instructor, Mathematics, South Carolina University, 1888-90; Assistant Professor, Mathematics, Wolford College, 1890-93; Professor of Electrical Engineering, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1893.

RICHARD HENRY HUDNALL, M. A., Ph. D.,

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Bachelor of Arts, Mississippi College, 1890; Master of Arts, University of Virginia, 1894; Doctor of Philosophy, University of Leipzig, 1898; Student, University of Virginia, 1891-94, University of Göttingen, 1894-95, University of Leipzig, 1895-98; Assistant Professor in Preparatory Department, Mississippi College, 1899-91; Professor of English, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1898; Member, American Association for the Advancement of Science; Author, "A Presentation of the Grammatical Inflection in Andrew Wyntour's 'Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland,'" Literary and Religious Articles to Various Papers and College Magazines.

CHARLES ERASTUS VAWTER, B. S.,

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS.

Bachelor of Science, University of Virginia, 1898; Graduate Student, Central Technical College, London, England, 1901; Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1898-1905; Professor of Physics, Virginia Polytechnic Institute

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since 1905; Associate Member, American Physical Society; Associate Member, American Institute of Electrical Engineers; Member, American Association for Advancement of Science; Work on Development of Physical Apparatus, Electrical Frictionless Recorder, Electrical Power Meter.

JOHN ROBERT PARROTT,

PROFESSOR OF MECHANIC ARTS AND DIRECTOR OF SHOPS.

Student, Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, 1883; Superintendent, Glassorgan Works, Lynchburg, Va., 1883-89; Professor of Mechanic Arts and Director of Shops, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1893.

FRANCIS DANIEL WILSON, M. S., Ph. D.,

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.

Bachelor of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1894; Master of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1896; Doctor of Philosophy, Johns Hopkins, 1899; Instructor in Chemistry and Research Assistant to Professor A. Michael, Tufts College, 1899-1900; Assistant in Chemistry, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1894-96; Instructor of Chemistry and Mineralogy, 1900-01; Assistant Professor of Chemistry, 1901-02; Adjunct Professor of Chemistry, Geology and Mineralogy, 1902-04; Professor of Chemistry, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1904; Fellow, American Association for the Advancement of Science; Member, American Chemical Society; Contributed, "A Comparative Study of Orthosulphaminobengoric Acid and Orthocarhaminobenzene-sulphoric Acid," "The Action of Calcium Carbonate in Solutions of Zinc Sulphate," American Chemical Journal; Joint Author, "Ueber den Verlauf der Zersetzung von gemischten Fettsäuren durch Jodwasserstoffsäure," Berichte der Deutschen Chemischen Gesellschaft.

JOHN EDWARD WILLIAMS, M. A., Ph. D.

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS.

Bachelor of Arts, Hampden-Sidney College, 1892; Master of Arts, University of Virginia, 1901; Doctor of Philosophy, University of Virginia, 1899; Principal of Boydton High School, 1892-94; Assistant Principal, Commercial Street School, Roanoke, Va., 1894-95; Licentiate in Mathematics, University of Virginia, 1897-1903; Adjunct Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1903-04; Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1904; Member, American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Mathematical Society; Assistant in Preparation of Eichel's Calculus, and New Edition of Patten's Foundations.

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Bachelor of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1898; Master of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1900; Professor of Horticulture and Horticulturist of the Virginia Experiment Station since 1903; Dean of Agricultural Department, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1908; Fellow, American Association for the Advancement of Science; Member, Society for Horticultural Science; American Pomological Society; American Breeders' Association; Contributor to various scientific agricultural journals.

ROBERT ATHELSTANE MARR, C. E.,

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Civil Engineer, Virginia Military Institute, 1877; United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, 1878-92; Dean of Civil Engineering Department, Virginia Military Institute, 1892-1905; Professor of Engineering and Dean of Engineering Department, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1905.

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Bachelor of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1892; Mechanical Engineer, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1896; Student, Cornell University, 1901-02; Instructor, Shops Department, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1896-99; Associate Professor, Mechanic Arts, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1902-07; Professor, Mechanic Arts, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1907.

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Bachelor of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1898; Mechanical Engineer, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1899; Assistant Commandant and Instructor in Mechanical and Civil Engineering, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1898-1900; Professor of Military Science and Tactics and Associate Professor of Mechanical Engineering, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1900-06; Summer Sessions, Cornell University, 1902; Lehigh University, 1908; Member, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, American Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, American Society for Testing Materials.

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Bachelor of Arts, King College, 1897; Master of Arts, University of Virginia, 1901; Doctor of Philosophy, University of Virginia, 1903; Assistant Professor, English Literature, University of Virginia, 1901; Instructor, Latin, German, and English, St. Albans School, 1901-02; Assistant Professor, English Literature, University of Virginia, 1902-03; Professor, Rhetoric, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1903; Editor, "De Quincey's Essays," "Shakespeare's Julius Caesar;" Contributor, Library of Southern Literature, Sewanee Review.

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Bachelor of Arts, University of South Carolina, 1886; Civil Engineer, University of South Carolina, 1887; Student, University of Tennessee, 1881-82, University of South Carolina, 1882-87, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1901-02; Assistant Chemist, South Carolina Experimental Station, 1887-90; Assistant Chemist, Tennessee Experimental Station, 1891-93; Chemist, Tennessee Experimental Station, 1893-99; Instructor in Organic and Agricultural Chemistry, University of Tennessee, 1897-99; Assistant Professor of Chemistry, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1902-07; Professor of Chemistry, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1907; Member, American Chemical Society, National Geographic Society.

WILLIAM EDWARD BARLOW, M. A., Ph. D.,
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Kay Exhibitioner and Openshaw Scholar, St. John's College, 1889-92, summers, 1894-95; Bachelor of Arts, Cambridge, England, 1895; Master of Arts, Cambridge, 1899; Doctor of Philosophy (magna cum laude), Göttingen, 1903; Demonstrator and Instructor of General Analytical and Physiological Chemistry and Metallurgy, University of Iowa, 1892-1901; Göttingen, 1901-03; Assistant Professor of Chemistry and Head of Metallurgy and Physiological Chemistry, University of Ohio, 1903-04; Professor of Metallurgy, and Metallography, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1904; Fellow of American Association; President of Dalton (Chemical) Club for ten years; Secretary of Baconian (Faculty Science) Club for two years; Member, American Society for Testing

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Materials, International Association for Testing Materials, American Chemical Society, Society for Promotion of Engineering Education, Virginia Chemists' Club; Author, "Untersuchungen ueber die genaue Bestimmung des Schwefels in Pflanzensubstanzen und anderen organischen Stoffen," Dissertation, Gottingen, 1903; "On the Losses of Sulphur in Charring and in Ashing Plant Substances, and on the Accurate Determination of Sulphur in Organic Substances," Journal of the American Chemical Society, April, 1904; "On a Globulin Occurring in the Chestnut," J. A. C. S., March, 1905; "The Solubility of Silver Chloride in Hydrochloric Acid and in Sodium Chloride Solutions," J. A. C. S., October, 1906; "Recent Developments in Metallographic Research," Proceedings, Virginia Chemists' Club, Richmond, April, 1909; "The Binary and Ternary Alloys of Cadmium, Bismuth and Lead," J. A. C. S., November, 1910; "Die binaren und ternaren Legierungen von Cadmium, Wismut und Blei," Zeitschrift fuer anorganische Chemie, Vol. 70, 1911.

STEVENSON WHITCOMB FLETCHER, M. S., Ph. D.,
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Bachelor of Science, Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1896; Master of Science, Cornell University, 1898; Doctor of Philosophy, Cornell University, 1900; Assistant Horticulturist, Cornell University, 1898-1900; Professor of Horticulture of the Experiment Station, Washington State College, 1900-02; Professor of Horticulture of the University of West Virginia, 1902-03; Professor of Extension Teaching in Agriculture, Cornell University, 1903-05; Professor of Horticulture, Michigan Agricultural College, 1905-08; Director, Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station since 1908; Member, American Society of Agronomy, and Society for Horticultural Science; Author, "The Fruit Garden" and "Soils," published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

LYMAN E. CARRIER, B. S.,
PROFESSOR OF AGRONOMY.

Bachelor of Science, Michigan Agricultural College, 1902; Michigan Experiment Station, 1902-03; Teacher, Science and Agriculture, Eltria, Ohio, High School, 1903-04; Teacher, Union Academy, Belleville, New York, 1904-05; Scientific Assistant in Agronomy, United States Department of Agriculture, 1905-07; Professor of Agronomy, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1907.

OTTO CORNELIUS BURKHART, E. M., C. E.,
PROFESSOR OF MINING ENGINEERING.

Bachelor of Science, Lehigh University, 1888; Engineer of Mines, Lehigh University, 1889; Civil Engineer, Lehigh University, 1892; Engineer Corps, G. B. Markle & Company Anthracite Mines, Jeddo, Pa., 1889; Resident Engineer, Lykens Valley Coal Co. and Summit Branch Railroad Co., Lykens, Pa., 1890-91; Principal of School of Mines Department, International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa., 1892-96; Editorial Staff, Engineering and Mining Journal, New York, 1897; Mining Engineer and Assistant Superintendent, Virginia Coal and Coke Company, Virginia, 1898; Superintendent, Blast Furnace Department, Pennsylvania Steel Company, Steelton, Pa., 1898-1903; Instructor in Departments of Mining and Metallurgy, Lehigh University, 1904-08; Professor of Mining Engineering, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1908.

ROY JAY HOLDEN, B. S.,
PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.

Bachelor of Science, University of Wisconsin, 1900; Resident Graduate Student, University of Wisconsin, 1900-03; Teacher in High School, Sheboygan Falls, Wis., 1903-04; Science

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Teacher in High School, Beloit, Wis., 1904-05; Associate in Geology, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1905-07; Associate Professor, Geology and Mineralogy, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1907-08; Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1908; Assistant Geologist, Virginia Geological Survey, 1905-07; Fellow, American Association for Advancement of Science; Member, American Institute of Mining Engineers; Contributor, Proceedings of Wisconsin Academy of Science, Bulletin No. 285, United States Geological Survey, Mineral Resources of Virginia, Economic Geology.

WALTON KIRK BRAINARD, B. S.,

PROFESSOR OF DAIRY TECHNOLOGY.

Bachelor of Science, Michigan Agricultural College, 1909; Dairy Farm Manager, Michigan Agricultural College, 1909-01; Instructor in Dairying, Haron DeLish Agricultural School, Woodbine, N. J., 1901-02; Professor of Agriculture and Mathematics, Leland Stanford University, 1902-03; Instructor in Dairying, University of West Virginia, 1903-08; Professor of Dairy Husbandry, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1908; Member, American Association for Advancement of Science, American Association of Official Dairy Inspectors, American Breeders' Association, American Society of Animal Nutrition; Author, "Sanitary Milk Production," "The efficiency of Cream Separators," "Milk Standards—A Study of the Score Card and Bacteriological Count in City Milk Inspection," "The Cow and Her Record," "Regular Contributor to Various Agricultural Journals.

HOWARD S. REED, B. A., PH. D.,

PROFESSOR OF MYCOLOGY AND BACTERIOLOGY.

Bachelor of Arts, University of Michigan, 1903; Doctor of Philosophy, University of Missouri, 1907; Studied in Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole; Assistant in Botany, University of Michigan, 1909-1903; Instructor in Botany, University of Missouri, 1902-06; Expert in Soil Fertility, Bureau of Soils, United States Department of Agriculture, 1906-08; Professor of Mycology and Bacteriology, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1908; Plant Pathologist, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1908; Collaborator with United States Department of Agriculture since 1909; Fellow of American Association for the Advancement of Science; Member, Botanical Society of America, American Phytopathological Society, and American Society of Biological Chemists; Contributor to Botanical Gazette, Plant World, Journal of Biological Chemistry, Centralblatt fuer Bakteriologie Abt. II, Annals of Botany Bulletin Torrey Botanical Club, Popular Science Monthly, Journal American Chemical Society, and Various Articles on Plant Physiology and Pathology.

NELSON SLATER MAYO, M. S., D. V. S.,

PROFESSOR OF ANIMAL HUSBANDRY AND VETERINARY SCIENCE.

Bachelor of Science, Michigan Agricultural College, 1918; Doctor of Veterinary Science, Chicago Veterinary College, 1889; Master of Science, Michigan Agricultural College, 1890; Assistant Veterinarian, Michigan Agricultural College, 1888-90; Professor of Veterinary Science and Physiology, Kansas State Agricultural College, Veterinarian to Kansas Experiment Station, and ex-officio State Veterinarian of Kansas, 1895-97, and 1901-04; Professor of Veterinary Science and Physiology, Connecticut Agricultural College, 1897-1903; Chief of the Department of Animal Industry and Vice-Director of the Estacion Central Agronomica, Republic of Cuba, 1894-09; Professor of Animal Husbandry and Veterinary Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and Animal

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Husbandman, Virginia Experiment Station since 1909; Member, American Veterinary Medical Association, American Society Animal Nutrition, and State Veterinary Associations of Virginia, Kansas and Connecticut; Author, Diseases of Animals (Rural Science Series); Contributor to La Hacienda and Various Agricultural, Livestock, and Veterinary Publications.

JOSEPH F. WARE,

FIRST LIEUTENANT U. S. INFANTRY.

Professor of Military Science and Tactics, and Commandant of Cadets; Student, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1900-02; Commissioned Second Lieutenant, U. S. Infantry, October, 1902; Joined Twenty-first Infantry, Fort Snelling, Minnesota, December, 1902; Operations, Islands of Samar and Leyte, Philippine Islands, 1904-06; United States, September, 1906, to June, 1910; Alaska, June, 1910, to July, 1911; Commandant, Corps of Cadets, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since July, 1911.

ALFRED WASHINGTON DRINKARD, M. S.,

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND ECONOMICS.

Bachelor of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1893; Master of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1895; Student, Harvard University, summer, 1898; Student, University of Virginia, summer, 1906; Professor of History and Economics, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1898; Member, American Historical Association, American Economic Association.

CLARENCE PAUL MILES, M. S.,

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

Bachelor of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1901; Master of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1903; Student, Chicago University, summer, 1904; Student, University of Goettingen, Germany, 1909-10; Assistant in Chemistry, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1901-03; Instructor in Modern Languages, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1903-05; Associate in Modern Languages, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1905-07; Associate Professor of Modern Languages, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, since 1907.

CLAUDIUS LEE, M. E.,

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Bachelor of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1896; Mechanical Engineer, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1907; Assistant to Superintendent and General Manager, Danville Planing Mills, 1889-90; Mechanic with R. A. White Gun Company, 1890-91, Carter Machine Company, 1891-92; Manager, Virginia and Tennessee Telephone Company, 1900-06; Consultation and Patent Right Practice, 1906-12; Superintendent, Electric Light, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1896; Superintendent, Heat and Power, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1906; Associate Member, American Institute of Electrical Engineers; Member, Illuminating Engineering Society; Associate Member, American Physical Society; Contributor to Power and the Engineer.

WILLIAM MAYO BRODIE, M. E.,

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS.

Bachelor of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1901; Mechanical Engineer, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1902; Librarian, Assistant Commandant and Assistant in Mathematics, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1901-02; Instructor in Mathematics and Assistant Commandant, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1903-07; Associate in Mathematics



The Bugle Ninteen Twelve

and Assistant Commandant, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1907-08; Associate Professor of Mathematics and Assistant Commandant, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1908-09; Associate Professor of Mathematics, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1909; Graduate Student, Columbia University, New York, summer sessions, 1908-11.

JOHN J. DAVIS, B. S.,

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

Bachelor of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1904; Student, Columbia University, summer, 1910; Instructor, Modern Languages, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1904-10; Associate Professor of Modern Languages, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1910.

HARRY E. GUDHEIM, M. E.,

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF GRAPHICS.

Mechanical Engineer, Royal University of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden, 1898; Royal Telegraph Company, Stockholm, Sweden, 1899-1900; Lath & Ross Electrical Company, Stockholm, Sweden, 1900-01; Designer, Steam and Power Pumps, Deane Steam Pump Company, Holyoke, Mass., 1901-06; Associate Professor of Graphics, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1906.

MALCOLM HEARTWELL ARNOLD, M. A.,

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC.

Bachelor of Arts, Washington and Lee University, 1890; Master of Arts, Washington and Lee University, 1892; Instructor in Latin, Washington and Lee University, 1890-93; Head of Public School System, Opelika, Ala., 1899-1902; Acting Professor, Latin and German, Trinity College, 1894-95; Acting Professor of Latin, Emory College, Oxford, Ga., 1902-03; Principal, New London Academy, Bedford Springs, Va., 1896-98; Principal, Consolidated Schools, Radford, Va., 1906; Instructor, English Literature, University of Virginia, 1907; Associate Professor of Rhetoric, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since September, 1910.

ASHE LOCKHART, B. S.,

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ANIMAL HUSBANDRY.

Bachelor of Science, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1911; Associate Professor of Animal Husbandry, Virginia Polytechnic Institute since 1911.



Instructors

CHARLES WILLIAM HOLDAWAY,
INSTRUCTOR IN DAIRYING.

THOMAS BARKESDALE HUTCHESON, M. S.,
INSTRUCTOR IN AGRONOMY.

JAMES MASSIE JOHNSON
INSTRUCTOR IN MECHANIC ARTS.

HORATIO SEYMOUR STAHL, M. S.,
INSTRUCTOR IN CHEMISTRY AND BIOLOGY.

FRANK LEIGH ROBESON, M. E.,
INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS AND EXPERIMENTAL ENGINEERING.

FORREST SHEPPERSON HOLMES, B. S.,
INSTRUCTOR IN HORTICULTURE AND FIRST ASSISTANT COMMANDANT.

ALBERT SMITH McCOWN, B. A.,
INSTRUCTOR IN RHETORIC.

LOUIS PHILIPPE SMITHEY, A. M.,
INSTRUCTOR IN MODERN LANGUAGES.

The Bugle Ninteen Twelre

Assistants

HUGH NICHOLAS FAULKNER,
ASSISTANT IN MECHANIC ARTS.

JACQUELIN SMITH COOLEY, B. A.,
ASSISTANT IN PLANT PATHOLOGY.

HENRY MILTON TRENOR, C. E.,
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT AND ASSISTANT IN CIVIL ENGINEERING.

FRED KELL PROSSER, B. S.,
ASSISTANT IN CIVIL ENGINEERING.

JAMES BURLEIGH LUCAS, B. S.,
ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY.

RALPH HENRY CHILTON, M. E.,
ASSISTANT IN PHYSICS.

CHARLES WOOLFOLK COLEMAN MACKAN, B. S.,
ASSISTANT IN PHYSICS.

GRAHAM BERNARD BRIGBT, B. S.,
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT AND ASSISTANT IN CIVIL ENGINEERING.

DAVID PRESTON CLEMMER, B. S.,
ASSISTANT IN MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

PAUL ALEXANDER TANNER, B. S.,
ASSISTANT IN CIVIL ENGINEERING.

JOHN PAUL MALONY, B. S.,
ASSISTANT IN CIVIL ENGINEERING.

FRED TATE WYATT, B. S.,
ASSISTANT IN ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

HARRY BRIGGS VAUGHN, JR., B. S.,
ASSISTANT IN CIVIL ENGINEERING.

ROBERT DOUGLAS SHIELDS
STUDENT ASSISTANT IN ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

EDWARD HECKMAN,
STUDENT ASSISTANT IN ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

DANIEL DUNBAR HOWE,
STUDENT ASSISTANT IN CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Bugle Ninteene Twelve

Other Officers

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TREASURER.

ETHEL A. L. LACY,
LIBRARIAN.

WILLIAM F. HENDERSON, M. D.,
SURGEON.

DANIEL O. MATTHEWS,
SUPERINTENDENT OF GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

JOHN H. SHULTZ,
STWARD OF DINING HALL.

ANNA G. HANNAN,
SUPERINTENDENT OF INFIRMARY.

JOHN H. KELSEY,
SUPERINTENDENT OF TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

J. W. ALBERT,
SUPERINTENDENT OF FARM.

J. P. HARVY,
MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

ROBERT T. ELLETT,
ASSISTANT TREASURER, ENQUIRER AND SECRETARY OF FACULTY.

CORA JEAN CRAWFORD,
SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT.

VIRGINIA M. PATTON,
CLERK TO COMMANDANT.

REVS. D. J. WOODS, R. B. JACKSON, R. B. NELSON, H. P. HAMIL,
AND B. S. BROWN,
CHAPLAINS.

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R. P. TAYLOR.....	PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

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J. B. ROGERS, '13
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W. S. DAWLEY, '14
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P. C. HAMILTON, '12
DEPENDENT ATTORNEY

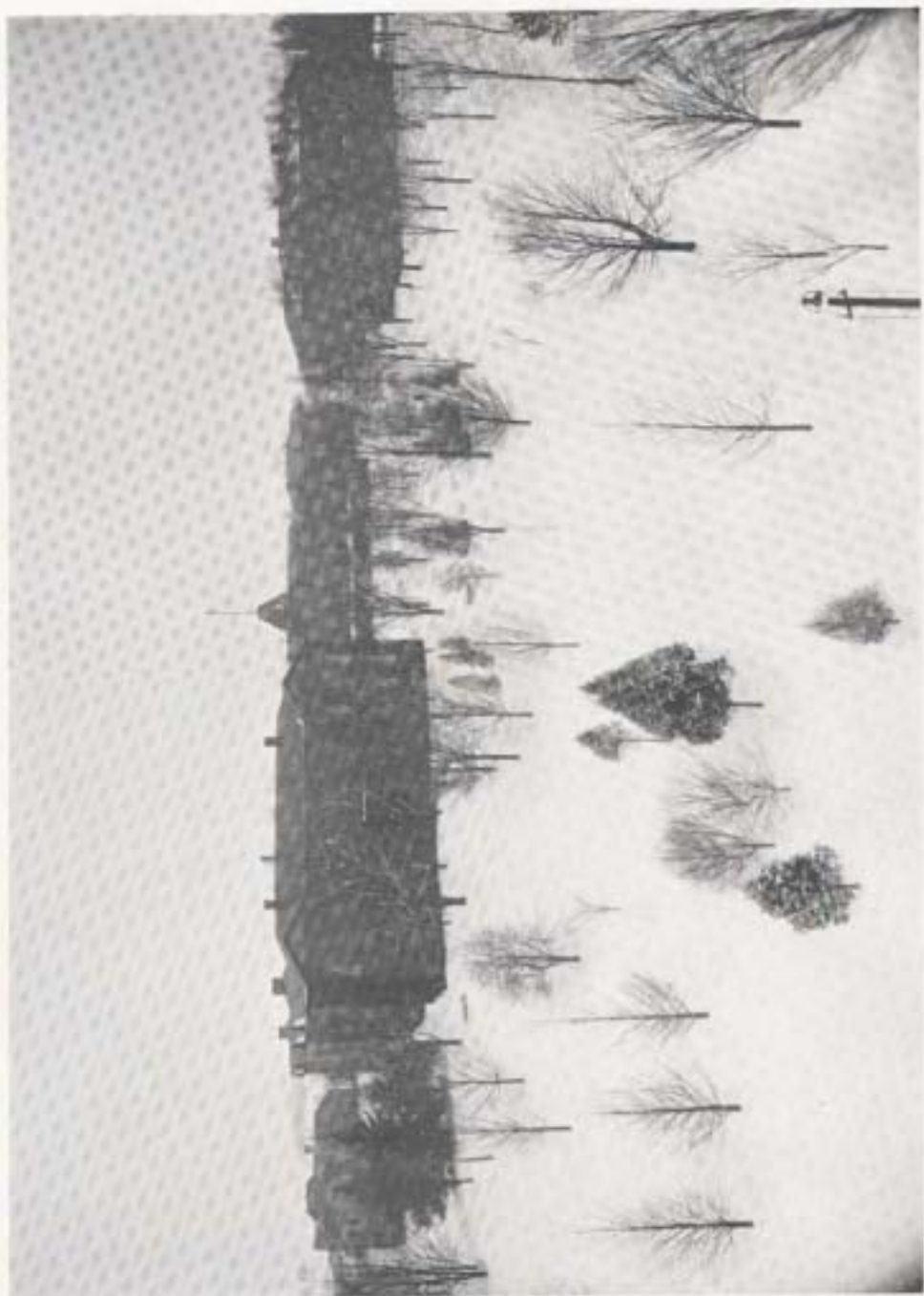


B. E. MINSHALL, '13
SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT



B. F. TAYLOR, '12
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

CORPS OFFICERS



WINTER ON CAMPUS

SENIOR



W. ELLIOTT GOLD

¹V⁹P¹I²



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ROBERT MARTIN BERRY
WILLIAM HENRY BURRUSS
GEORGE WARREN CHAPPELEAR, JR.
CYRUS HARDING CHILTON
RICHARD MENDENHALL COX
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LINN HARRISON ENSLOW
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PERCY CLAYTON HAMILTON
JOEL CECIL HART
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PALMER ST. CLAIR, JR.
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BRUCE STOCKTON WILLIAMS
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HEVE BUTLEDGE ANDERSON
CHARLES WALKER ANDREWS
CHARLES CAREY AYDELOTTE
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JOHN RYLAND GWATHMEY
WALTER RALPH GARNETT
HARRY CLARENCE GIVENS
WILLIAM MORGAN GOSK
JAMES NORMAN GREGORY
FRANK HENLEY GUY
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WILLIAM FUQUA HENBRICK
WILLIAM NELSON HOBBS
EARL BENJAMIN HUMSTON
ROBERT NELSON HARDY

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HENRY GRABY HENDERSON
LEWIS WHEELER HICKS
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PAUL BLACKWELL IVES
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THOMAS MERRICK JONES
PETER FREEMAN KENNEDY
ALFONSO J. KILIAN
IRA McVEIGH KERR
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GUY TEMPLETON LEDGERWOOD
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WILLIAM RAY LUKENS
EDWIN DURRELL MANSON
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GEORGE CHAMBERLAIN MAYNARD
WILLIAM MAULE MONTGOMERY
HAROLD JONES MOOMAW
HENRY IRA MOON
NEWTON DIXON McCUE
WILLIAM ALEXANDER McFARREN
SAMUEL ALEXANDER MANN
JOHN DICKERSON MARTIN
JAMES HARDEN MARRIS
LEE MOTLEY MENEFEE
JOHN SCOTT MILLER
FLOYD MOCK
JOHN GILLIAM NEBLETT
WILLIAM ALEXANDER NELSON
EDWARD RAYMOND NORRIS
CLYDE ELMO NUTCHOLS

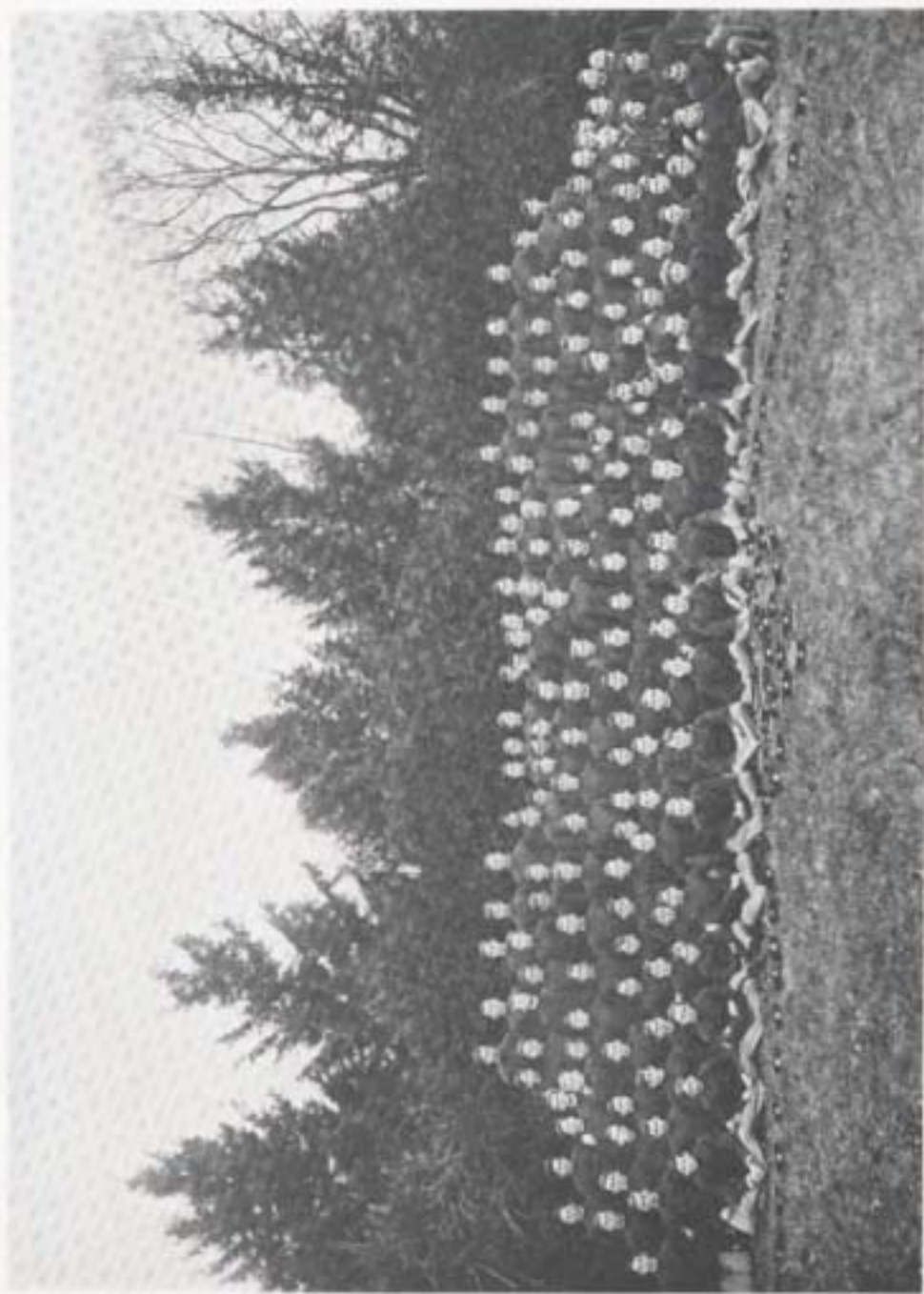
FRANK GRIFFIN OREY
ALBERTO CASTRO ORCEN
HERBERT WARREN ORLEN
JAMES ALEXANDER PACK
CLAUDE THOMAS PARCELL
WELLES PARFITT
THOMAS REGINALD PARKER
HENRY PATRICK
SAMUEL ORVILLE PERRY
ANTHONY BELLFIELD PRITCHETT
McDANIEL PURCELL
AMOS PERREN PUTE
ROBERT WATKINS PULARD
FRANK WINDLAW PUX

WILLIAM GAFFORD PLEASANTS
CHARLES LEWIS PETER
BENJAMIN GRAY PRUDEN
WILLIAM THOMAS PARKER
JOHN CLEAR QUINTERRO
WILLIAM ARMISTEAD REYNOLDS
SWEPSON J. RICHTER
JULIAN CARELL ROBERTSON
GUY ROOP
GUY WILLIAM ROSS
HAROLD RICHARDSON

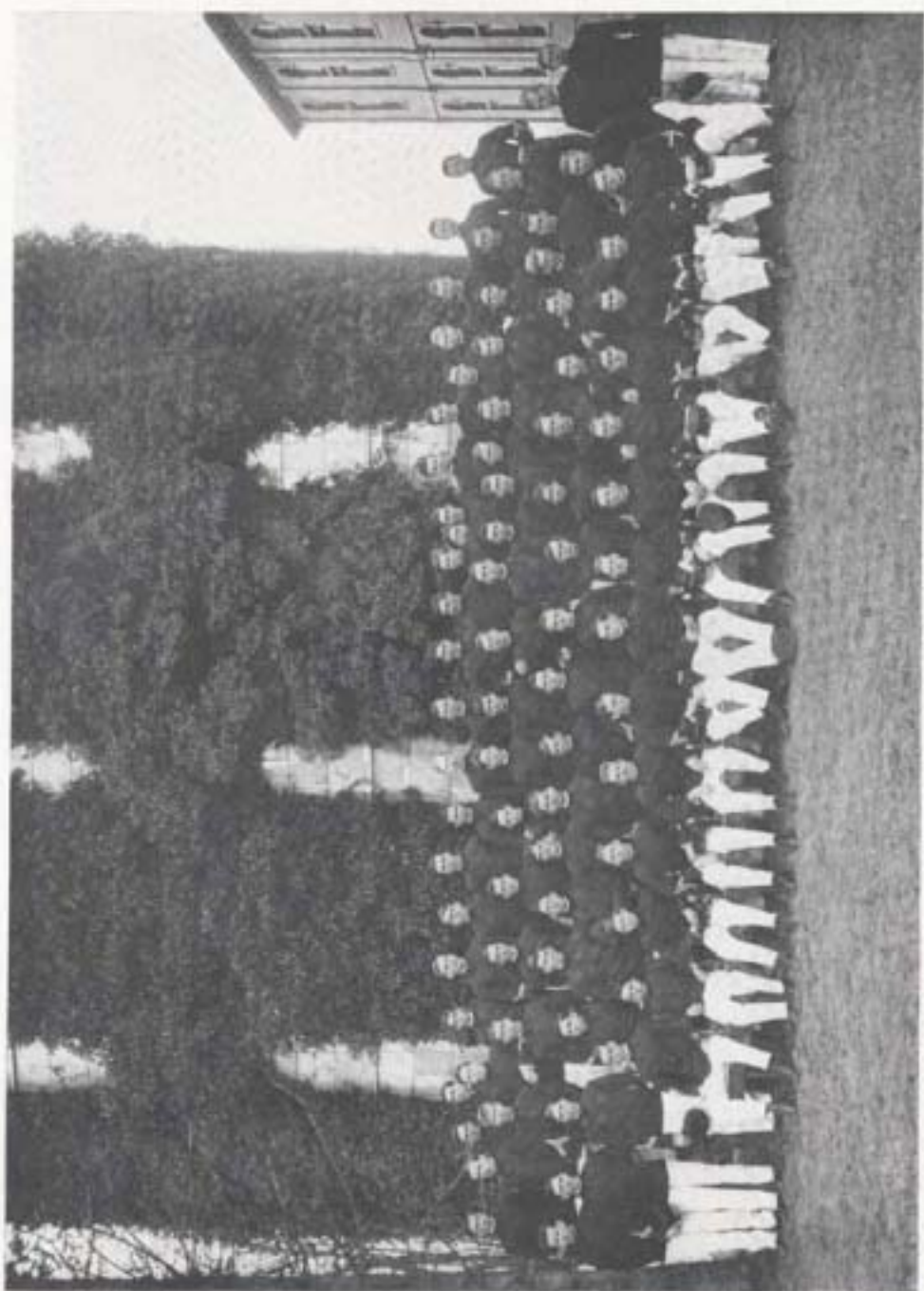
WAGHSTILL MOREHEAD SCALER
LEVI MITCHELL SCOTT
BRUCE SEDDON
WILLIAMSON SIMMONS
ELWOOD LORENZO SMITH
F. AVERY SMITH
WALTER GRAY SOMERVILLE
EDWARD MARTIN SPULMAN
ROBERT ANDERSON STARLING
HENRY ROYALL STEVENS
BREVARD DAVIDSON STROHECKER
BONIFACIO LEON SANTOS
CHESTER JAMES SHARP
CHESTER DREWRY STANLEY
FRED CRIMMAN STEPHENS
CLAUDE BAKER STICKLEY
JOHN WILLIAM TAYLOR
MARRKY THOMAS TIBBALK
JAMES BRUCE TUTTLEMAN
GEORGE TAYLOR
CHARLES HERBERT THOMAS
GEORGE PHILLIPS TOMPKINS
JOSEPH MARSHALL TRIMBLE
RICHARD ROY UPTON
WILLIAM FURQUA VAUGHN



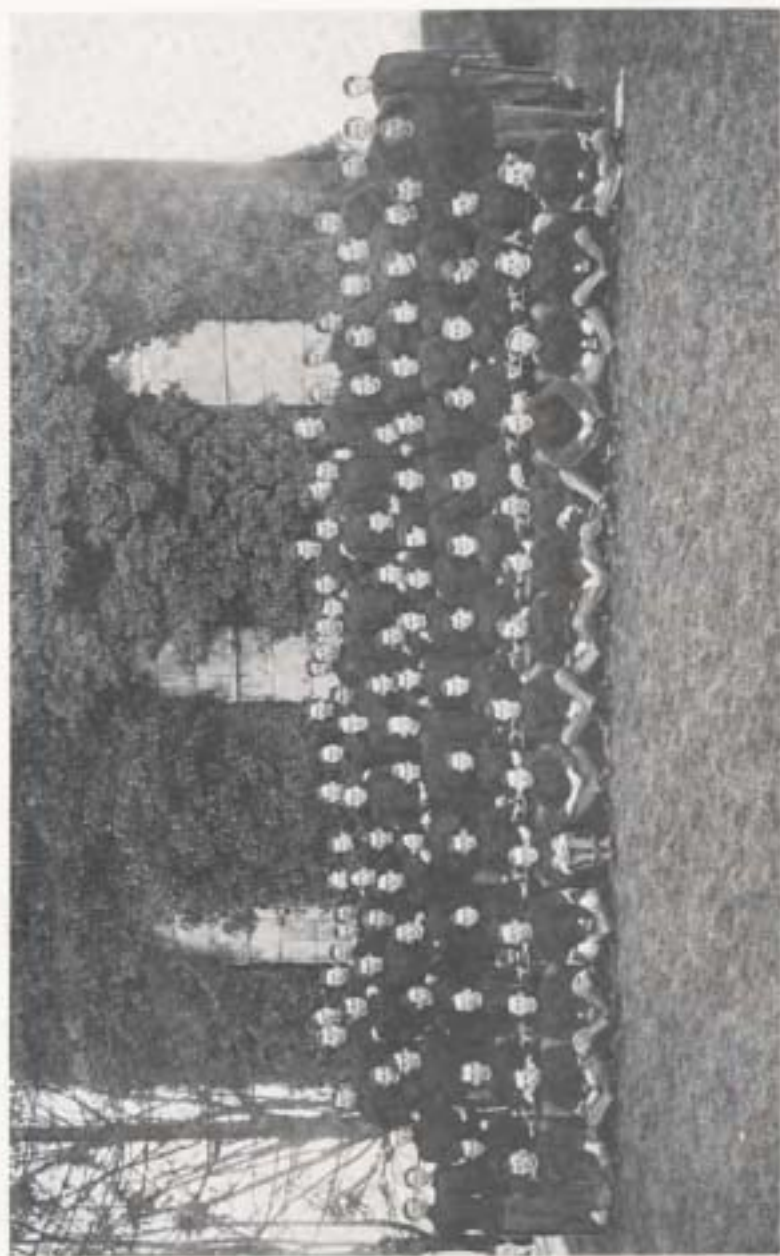
WILLIAM ROBERT WALDRON
JAMES VERNON WARE
HOWARD RAYMOND WACHTEL
JOHN CAMP WALKER
WILLIAMSON NEWELL WALLACE
EDWARD WILSON WERN
SAMUEL CHARTERS WESTON
HUGH THOMAS WILEY
GORDON BELVIN WILSON
SAMUEL BAXTER WILSON
GEORGE HARRY WILSON
ROBERT FRANKLIN WOOD
GLENN BAYLOR YOUNG



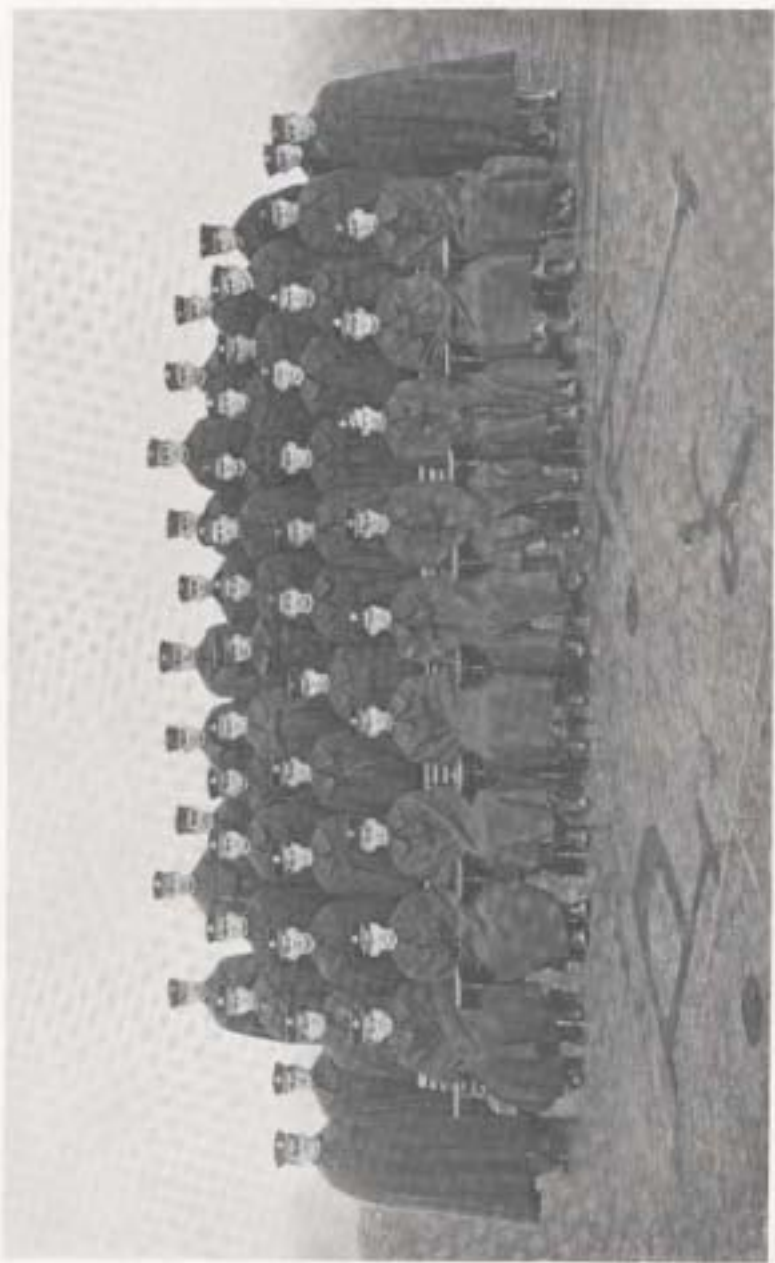
1909, FRESHMAN YEAR



1910, SOPHOMORE YEAR



1911, Junior Year



1912, Soccer Team



ROBERT NELSON HARDY

DIED APRIL 21, 1910

MEMBER

CLASS NINETEEN AND TWELVE



WILLIAM HILL BEALE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
PRIVATE, COMPANY A

Football Squad, 1911-'12.
Track Squad, 1908-'09, '10-'11.
Championship Class Relay, 1910-'11.
Senior Private.

His career has been one long succession of broken knees, and arguments with the Military Department. Arguments did we say? Well, we reckon! William Hill is some arguer—talks long and well, regardless of points, promises, or other considerations—meaning proofs. Showed his college spirit our rat year by breaking his knee on the football field, and later his shrewdness by getting military duty for a couple of years. Bursts out into society occasionally and then the fatality among the fair ones is said to be appalling. They rave over his dusky hair, and Ah! such eyes, Senors, such dash! such an air! somewhat on the Don Quixote style, you know. He's a little inclined to the misanthropic, but this is the result of the exclusiveness of Mr. Beale. Wastes a lot of valuable talking, but he's all right and measures quite up to the standard, considering his good looks and his arguing.

ROBERT MARTIN BERRY
BEDFORD, VA.
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
LIEUTENANT, COMPANY D

A troublesome specimen right here at the beginning whom we know absolutely nothing about. Might mention his fondness for Fletcher, sort of "Fletcherism," but that isn't such a strong point in his favor. Entered as a Soph rat, and spent his first year in the shops making what seemed to us a diabolical machine, but what he later named a dynamo. He revels in grime and grease and had rather while away his hours in "Polly's" domain than eat—not minimizing his aptitude for the latter habit, by the way. Moves about with a stoicism which suggests anything from profound reverie to pure bone. We catch occasional glimpses of him passing from 4th H to Sammy's lab, but otherwise keeps himself well out of sight. Never heard him say but a half a dozen words, but those six were well spoken and we'd like to hear more. Is studious and peaceable and has made a good addition to our class.



WILLIAM HENRY BURRUSS

LYNCH STATION, VA.

AGRICULTURE

PRIVATE, COMPANY A

Senior Private.

Varsity Football Scrubs, 1908-'09.

Varsity Football Team, 1909-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12.

Varsity Track Squad, 1909-'10, '11-'12.

Captain-Elect Varsity Football Team, 1912.

Sergeant-at-Arms Corps, 1909-'10.

German Club.

Ah, here we are! Big Bill! Grim, grizzled gridiron hero! No lack of the facts here—we could write a book on him. Why, "man alive," he's from Lynch Station (no offense if you don't know where that is) and plays on the Varsity football team. Plays! Why that's putting it mildly—he stampedes—goes through a line like a billy-goat through a window pane. Billy is no goat tho'—he's one of the princely fellows. Hasn't an enemy on earth unless it's W. & L. or A. & M., and they don't trouble him much. Think so much of him up here that he's coming back next year to captain the Techs, and we are already saving up our duets to stake on Bill's huskies. Bill is big anyway you take him—big-hearted, big-souled, big everyway except his head. And you couldn't swell that head of Billie's if you'd make him President of these United States.



GEORGE WARREN CHAPPELEAR, JR.

DELAFLANE, VA.

AGRICULTURE

PRIVATE, COMPANY C

Busted Aristocrat.

Senior Private.

Class Football Team, 1911-'12.

Treasurer Agricultural Club, 1909-'10.

Treasurer Y. M. C. A., 1910-'11.

Secretary Class, 1910-'11.

President Maury Literary Society, 1911-'12.

President Senior Class, 1911-'12.

"Chap." George Warren Chappellear, Jr.! Some name, eh, sweet reader! Some personage also. President of his Class, orator, statesman, politician, and the greatest living authority on the LEPIDOPTERA, which being translated means bugs—or is it butterflies? He came with all the verdancy of his native Fauquier and has gotten his share of evolution out of his college days. Is famous for his linguistic bombardments, waxes eloquent over the beauties of country life, grows sublime in his denunciations of military, and pedantic in his discourses on the BACILLUS AMYLOSEUS—whatever that is. But "Chap" mixes so much sound common sense with his verbosity that we just paraphrase his speeches, get out the underlying principle, which is usually right, and follow it. If only usually right, he's always square. That's why he's President of his Class.



CYRUS HARDING CHILTON

LANCASTER, VA.

AGRICULTURE

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY C

Varsity Baseball Squad, 1910-'11, '11-'12.
Class Baseball Team, 1909-'10.
Class Football Team, 1910-'11.
Secretary-Treasurer Junior-Senior German, 1911.
Business Manager "The Skirmisher", 1911-'12.

"Cy"—Black haired and unsophisticated, he hails from down in "Poky" Faulconer's country, which is three days' journey from the railroad, and where pigeons are the mail carriers. Has dwelt peaceably among us for four years, attending to his own business, which is a good thing to do and which is unusual. Played class baseball and football as consistently and successfully as he does everything else, and gives promise of being a mighty south-paw some of these days, and we have hopes of him rivaling his illustrious namesake on the diamond. Stands mighty high over at the Agricultural Department, and is touted as "Doc" Mayo's right-hand man. "Cy" has visions of an alfalfa farm down on the Rappahannock, and gasoline launches to navigate that historic stream. His old man is going to give him the farm, provided "Cy"—well, provided "Cy" gets the girl. We don't think he'll have much trouble meeting his end of the bargain tho, for the pigeons have been mighty busy lately.



RICHARD MENDENHALL COX

PORTSMOUTH, VA.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

PRIVATE, COMPANY A

Senior Private.
Associate Editor "Virginia Tech," 1911-'12.
President Mechanical Engineering Club, 1911-'12.
Vice-President "Twelve Dozen."
Oysteron Cotillion Club.

"Plato"—"An Introduction to Philosophy," "Dr. Dixon," and "Socrates," will follow immediately. Has three favorites (in order of their rank), motorcycles, Thermodynamics, and the females. Entered Sophomore but never displayed characteristics of a wise fool—has been wise from the beginning. Divides his time equally between Mechanical Lab and motorcycles, and regards either as a recreation. Height yet undetermined, but Floyd Taylor is working it out on the slide rule. Depth, i. e., profundity, unsounded, said to approach Scribe Robeson's. Quiet, gentlemanly, and peculiar, but all to the good.



FRANCK CULLEN COOPER

RICHMOND, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
PRIVATE, COMPANY B

Senior Private.
Varsity Track Squad, 1909-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12.
Class Football Team, 1909-'10, '10-'11.
Treasurer Omicron Cottillion Club, 1909-'10.
Vice-President Omicron Cottillion Club, 1910-'11.
Secretary-Treasurer Richmond Club, 1909-'10.
Executive Committee Corps, 1910-'11.
"Bugle" Representative, 1909-'10.
Assistant Business Manager "Virginia Tech,"
1910-'11, '11-'12.
Chairman Decoration Committee Junior-Senior
German, 1911.

"Coop"—Loafed and talked for a couple of years and then suddenly realized what he was here for, and has been working consistently ever since. Wants to make his track V P mighty bad, and is going after it in a way which we all admire and which is sure to win. Has always been prominent in class activities, and was Chairman of Decorations of the prettiest Junior-Senior German ever given at V. P. I. Writes a good poem occasionally and works on everything harder than his books. Is going to make good, for any man who has worked as pluckily as he has for a V P is not going to let the little rebuffs of life have much effect on his progress.

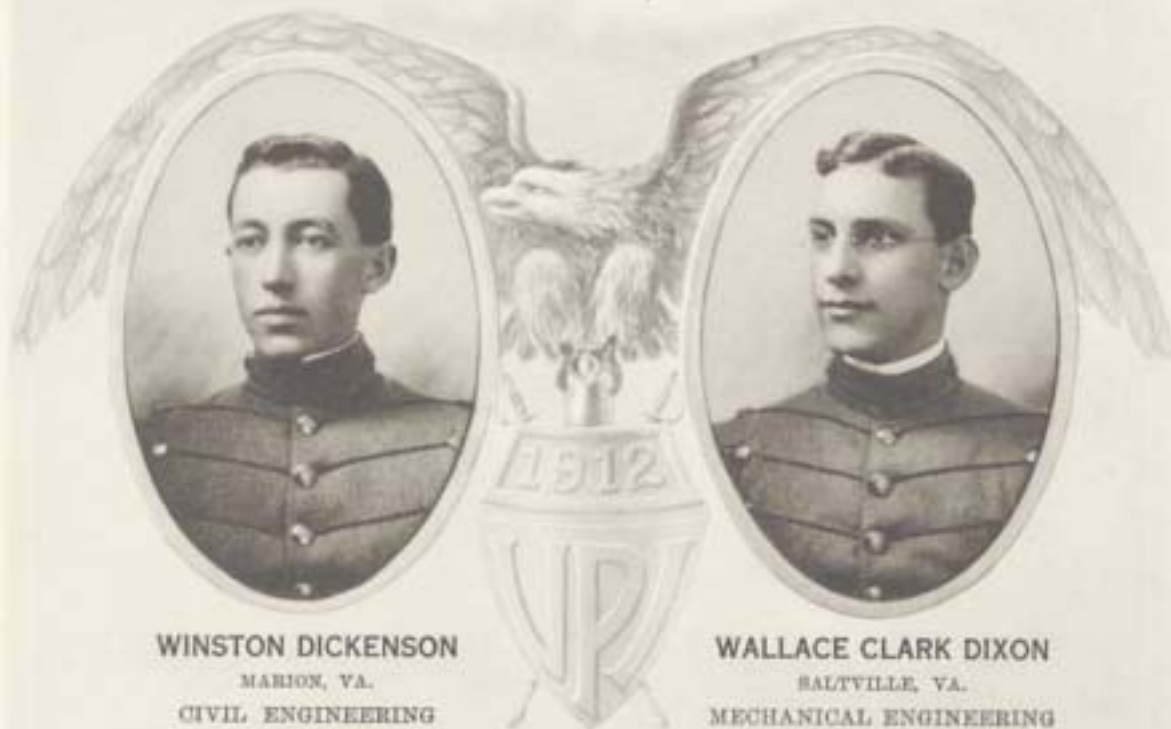
CECIL EUGENE DAMRON

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
PRIVATE, COMPANY B

Senior Private.
Varsity Football Squad, 1911-'12.
Track Squad, 1910-'11, '11-'12.
Censor Lee Literary Society, 1910-'11.
Advertisement Editor "The Skirmisher," 1911-'12.

We've never been able to decide whether he is a genius or a freak. Brooklyn and Blacksburg are pretty much on two extremes though, and maybe the sudden contrast had a disturbing effect on his mental endowments and he hasn't become acclimated yet. Otherwise some of his actions can't be satisfactorily explained. Talks almost as much as Percy Hamilton, and some of his theories are just as wild. Spends a lot of his time uselessly writing poems and stories, and keeps up the most voluminous correspondence we ever saw. Is a fellow of moods, alternately pleasant, witty and agreeable, and again gloomy and dispelling. May do something some of these times which will make us all proud of him, but it isn't improbable that he'll turn anarchist and shoot up a President.



WINSTON DICKENSON

MARION, VA.

CIVIL ENGINEERING
 LIEUTENANT, COMPANY D

WALLACE CLARK DIXON

SALTVILLE, VA.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
 CAPTAIN, BAND

So stingy with himself that we employed the great Hamilton to run some of his characteristics to earth. But the famous sleuth, incomparable as he is, returned crestfallen and reported that he had been foiled, and "Dick" moved on as impenetrable as he has for the past four years. In despair we turned to the C. E. Department, but the Colonel refused to discuss his Senior engineers, and gave us instead lengthy and confidential expositions on preserving cross-ties. Finally some one suggested that "Dick" had "dills" with the stoic Holden, but investigation disclosed that these had long since been lost, so we can't accord him that honor. Observed from the closest angle, which is very remote, we find "Dick" imperturbable and retiring, and we suspect studious. Has never been ruffled since he came, and that's saying a good deal, considering that he had Descriptive and encountered the wrath of the irate Rosco. When he does you the honor to smile, it's genial and radiant, and makes you want to know him. He makes all his work with ease, and graduates like it was the biggest cinch he ever struck.

Chaplain Lee Literary Society, 1908-'09.
 Treasurer Lee Literary Society, 1910-'11, '11-'12.
 Track Squad, 1910-'11, '11-'12.

"Dr. Dick"—Philosophizing, theorizing, tantalizing, mesmerizing. What a choice lot of participles to apply to one man! The "Doctor" is worthy though, worthy of a place in the Hall of Fame. Has served in the Band four years, playing at dress parades, funerals, baseball games, his equanimity never upset, his good nature always smiling. He's always reminded us of a past age with his philosophic expression and the reminiscent way in which he wanders around the Lee Literary Society Hall. Lee Hall is famous for many past glories you know—all distinctly past, however—and we imagine "Dick's" spirit cut some pretty prominent capers there in prehistoric times. He's rather up to date himself, however. Took the precaution to serve an apprenticeship before coming to college, which should come in rather useful now, as theoretically the college graduate starves for the first few years, and besides, this is presidential and leap year to boot, and times are harder and more dangerous for the ill-fitted and unwary.



LINN HARRISON ENSLOW

RICHMOND, VA.
APPLIED CHEMISTRY
PRIVATE, COMPANY C

Honored Aristocrat.
Senior Private.
Class Football Team, 1911-'12.
President Richmond Club, 1911-'12.
Vice-President Ouseiron Cotillion Club, 1911-'12.
Chairman Senior Class Ring Committee.
German Club.
H. B.
Art Editor "The Eagle," 1912.

"Dick" is the Senior Chemistry class, that is, he's the classy part of it. Dick Saunders, Bruce Williams, and the rest of the bunch are the lesser lights, only serving to reflect the brilliancy of Enslow. He juggles atoms and ions around over in the chemical lab, like an expert, and is continually evolving theories which are to make him famous some day. Says he's going up to Hopkins next year after a Ph. D., and then we'll have all the mysteries cleared up and a synthetical method for house-making. Not one of your quiet studious chaps who sits up at night and grinds, however. Nay, nay, Mabel, not a bit of it. He's up at night all right, though, ready for suggestions and—escapades. Seems to escape pretty well too, considering the number of chances he takes. Is admired rather strongly by the "cullies," but we don't know is just what particular. We admire him, too, but it's his habit of getting up an exam impromptu and making two stars, which strikes us.



JOHN WALLER FAULCONER, JR.

TAPPAHANNOCK, VA.
CIVIL ENGINEERING
CAPTAIN, COMPANY D

Vice-President Maury Literary Society, 1910-'11.
President Mandolin and Guitar Club, 1911-'12.
President Rappahannock Valley Club, 1911-'12.
Manager Senior Track Squad, 1911-'12.
Ouseiron Cotillion Club.
Business Manager "The Eagle," 1912.

The first vision we had of "Poky," was a great mass of freckles playing a banjo and wearing a little dinky coat. Out of this evolved an embryonic genius who amazed us all. He had half of his Senior work off before the rest of us got Sophomore tickets. Scored round hundreds on "Doc" Williams' Calculus, and upset all traditions with "J. S. A." because he refused to slunk Mechanics. Dan Howe says, if anybody ever finds the value of M., "Poky" will be the guy. Can appreciate the "Ode to an Upturned Mousse" as much as "Dates" himself. Is a musician, too, but there's not much to his music but the minors. Has made a good Business Manager of THE DUCK, and kept an eagle eye on the coin. Mix a little practical experience with his theories and you'll have the best engineer in the country.



GEORGE GLENN GARRISON

NORFOLK, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
PRIVATE, COMPANY B

Husted Aristocrat.
Senior Private.
Varsity Football Scrubs, 1908-'09.
Vice-President Class, 1908-'09.
Treasurer Corps, 1909-'10.
Member Executive Committee Corps, 1909-'10.
Vice-President Athletic Association, 1910-'11.
Athletic Council, 1910-'11, '11-'12.
Leader Junior-Senior German, 1911.
President German Club, 1911-'12.
Manager Varsity Football Team, 1911-'12.
Editor-in-Chief "Virginia Tech," 1911-'12.
German Club.

That rare combination of a politician and a gentleman. Wouldn't think it, coming from Norfolk as he does, but, regardless of the traditions of his home town, he plays you fair. He got in on the ground floor our rat year, and has been a leader ever since. The most versatile man we know—manages the football team, edits the Tech, and graduates, all with the same ability and ease. Is independent and sincere, and makes a mighty staunch friend. One of the few who has all the qualifications for a successful career, and he's going to make one.

MAURICE JEROME GROVE

MAX MEADOWS, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
LIEUTENANT, COMPANY E

Class Football Team, 1910-'11.
Class Baseball Team, 1910-'11.
Member Executive Committee Corps, 1911-'12.
Secretary-Treasurer Senior Prom, 1912.

"Shady." Such a judicial expression and near-bald head would lead you to believe that he's as sober as a supreme judge, but on the contrary he's one of the most gallant knights of the round table. His spooning propensities have lead him over half of Montgomery County, and he knows all the "Shady" nooks and corners as well as one of the native sons. Have you ever wandered some five miles from Blacksburg and met him strolling along, lost in the charms of some native country lassie? We have. Goes out to ice cream suppers, log rollings, and corn shuckings, and joins in the festivities as wholeheartedly as the most verdant of the country youths. His nature is as merry as that of the most gallant group that ever gathered around the festal board of King Arthur, and his laugh carries mirth which would do honor to King Cole himself.



PERCY CLAYTON HAMILTON

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A

Class Football Team, 1908-'09.
Associate Editor "The Tech," 1908-'10.
"The Bugle" Board, 1909-'10.
Scrub Football Team, 1909-'10.
Defending Attorney Corps, 1911-'12.
Editor-in-Chief "The Screamshier," 1911-'12.
President Lee Literary Society, 1911.

"Sh-Sh! Got a clue." He's a regular Sherlock Holmes when it comes to bringing in the clues and solving the mysteries. Nothing ever happens herabouts, from wetting a "Bull" to stealing "Sammy" Pritchard's ice cream, but what Percy has a dozen explanations, each of which fits the case. He hands out a smooth line of B. S. on any subject—mostly on astronomy and the graft games he practiced in the West Indies. Hence his big rep as a "hot-air" artist. Funny fellow anyway. Has made up a religion of his own and positively refuses to accept any other. Many prophecies have been made about his future, ranging anywhere from the founding of a new political party to President of the Black Hand Society. Whatever it is we'll hear from Percy in the future, for he has too much talent and too many brains to lie around idle, and we'll look to see him a reform candidate for mayor of Blacksburg or New York most any old time.

JOEL CECIL HART

MEHERRIN, VA.
AGRICULTURE
LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A

Class Football Team, 1911-'12.
President Southside Virginia Club, 1911-'12.

A genuine pleasure to chronicle the annals of a man like Hart. Like those of all good men, they are short but enviable. If we wanted to grow effusive we'd tell you what a fine specimen of the real man he is, but "Serg" would object to that—he's not of the kind that like the trowel. He's square and straight and honorable and calls everybody his friend. Has been one of the best men in our class, and will make a better one when he gets out into the world where he'll have more room. Not going to be much limit to his achievements either, for he's so big and broad-minded that he'll keep on growing when most people are reposing peacefully on past attainments.



EDWARD CORBETTE HECKMAN

ROANOKE, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
LIEUTENANT-ADJUTANT-STAFF

President Roanoke Club, 1911-'12.

President Corps, 1911-'12.

Chairman Executive Committee Corps, 1911-'12.

Coming from Roanoke as he does you'd naturally expect him to be a mighty fine fellow, which he is. A little uncommunicative, and for that reason we don't know as much about him as we'd like to, but what we do know is all to the good. As Corps President he's had the most responsible job up here, and we congratulate him on his method of handling affairs. He's cool-headed and makes the best effort to do the right thing of any man we know. Don't recall any of his mistakes other than his association with "Pos" Blackburn—"Pos" is in the Band you know—but you have to grant every man a few short-comings now and then. Regarded as an all-round competent man, he's as good as we have to show you, and the fact that he's a Roanoker, is all further recommendation necessary.

ROBERT HARKNESS HIX

PROSPECT, VA.

AGRICULTURE
PRIVATE, COMPANY B

Senior Private.

Track Squad, 1910-'11.

Class Football Team, 1910-'11.

If you ever hope to ride up Fifth Avenue and rub shoulders with the millionaire crowd, you'd better cultivate the acquaintance of Robert Harkness. He's going to be the greatest financier of the generation. Makes money any way, from raffling schemes to winning from Billy Burruss on baseball games. A story went around barracks last fall, that he bought a coatee for twelve cents and sold it for eight dollars. Not his only accomplishment either, this money-making game. Knows as much about bugs, and passes Geology as well, as any of his brother farmers. His college career has been unique and admirable. Has worked his way through, overcome a lot of obstacles, and keeps smiling. Has a whole lot more ability than he suspects, and will be successful when he learns to turn it to some account. Is coming back next year to get a C. E. degree, and then he'll be that curious mixture known as an Agricultural Engineer. We're dubious of such a combination, but know Hix will make good; it's characteristic of the fellow.



LEWIS LITTLEPAGE HOLLADAY

RAPIDAN, VA.

AGRICULTURE

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY C

Senior Class Football Team, 1911-'12.

"Pes"—How such a stern and inflexible Puritan ever existed out of New England is a mystery to us, for Puritan he is, even though he hails from some sequestered hamlet known as Rapidan and pronounces the broad A with the facility of a colonial dame. Never have seen a fellow who is so loyal to his own convictions as he, nor one who tempers his actions with such common sense. When "Pes" goes on O. D. the hays go up and visiting ceases for the time being. Hasn't any scruples about you being an strict Pro, and consigns you to the grit path like he was doing you the greatest favor on earth. But with all his military propensities "Pes" is as square as you ever want to see, and we appreciate his conscience and pardon his iniquities. He has more of the grim determination in him than a sixteenth century martyr. Perhaps that is what we all admire about him, that and the fearless and independent way he goes about a thing.

JOSEPH CLARENCE HOLMES

PULASKI, VA.

AGRICULTURE

CAPTAIN, COMPANY E

Militarily inclined! We see him now, a youth listening to the deeds of valor and savage warfare as recounted by his valliant brother, the Colonel, that grizzled veteran who has served so splendidly at Tech—we see his temples throbbing, the heaving of his youthful breast, and in a moment of sublime inspiration, Spartacus-like exclaim, "I, too, will be a Captain and perchance a 'Bull.'" But, contrary to the traditions of his clan, J. C. is not such a devotee to the science of tactics after all. Of course he's a captain but that was the only logical thing to be, handicapped as he was by the examples of the Colonel and the illustrious "Plucker." He's in love, but aside from that keeps a pretty level head. Doesn't say much and consequently has a pretty good reputation. Is one of the most loyal men in the class and supports everything with a mighty good spirit. Not one of your big noises, but comes clean on every proposition, and is valued for his actions rather than for his speech.



DANIEL DUNBAR HOWE

RADFORD, VA.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

CAPTAIN, COMPANY B

Class Football Team, 1908-'09.
 Class Baseball Team, 1908-'09.
 President Class, 1909-'10.
 Executive Committee Corps, 1909-'10.
 Secretary Corps, 1910-'11.
 President Junior-Senior German, 1911.
 President Athletic Association, 1911-'12.
 Secretary-Treasurer German Club, 1911-'12.
 President Final Ball.
 Assistant Business Manager "The Bugle," 1912.
 German Club.

Beneath his sunny genial disposition is a rare shrewdness which would make him the most consummate politician on this globe. If we wanted a right smooth, clever deal pulled off he'd be the man we'd choose and nobody would ever suspect Daniel Dunbar of being the guiding hand. He has about the most attractive personality we ever run across, which accounts for his popularity and for some of his other assets which have made of him a natural leader since he came to us. You like him because everybody else does, and because you get the feeling that he's square and the right sort to call your friend. Same way with the "cories," they like him too, and he and his friend, Warren Jones, are the luckiest pair we know. We might say more but what's the use. Everybody knows "Dan" Howe is about the most popular man in school.

WARREN GIBSON JONES

PARIS, VA.

AGRICULTURE

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A

Varsity Baseball Squad, 1910-'11.
 Class Baseball Team, 1908-'09, '09-'10.
 Class Football Team, 1909-'10.
 Captain Class Football Team, 1911-'12.
 Treasurer Class, 1909-'10.
 President Randolph-Macco Club, 1911-'12.
 Vice-President Agricultural Club, 1911-'12.
 Art Editor "The Bugle," 1912.
 German Club.

He carries you back to the Old South and makes you wonder if indeed the age of chivalry is gone. He's good looking, genial and care-free, and wears a perpetual smile about his eyes which shades into the sarcastic when you are not in the good graces of W. G. Laughs radiantly and often, and is one of the companionable kind who greets the world and its worries with a smile. He likes the girls and they like him—any of them—all of them. He's been a star in class athletics, and in fact, stars most any place you put him. With all his happy-go-lucky nature he is not irresponsible, and makes as solid a friend as you want. After graduation, he's going back to the farm and live in regular ante-bellum style. And Jones will make a fine country gentleman—fine—something on the "Kentucky Colonel" style, dispensing hospitality and mint juleps.



LOYD NEFF KEESLING

RURAL RETREAT, VA.
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
LEUTENANT, COMPANY E

Varsity Basket-ball Team, 1910-'11, '11-'12.
Class Football Team, 1912.
Captain Varsity Basket-ball Team, 1911-'12.
Manager Varsity Baseball Team, 1912.
Athletic Council, 1911-'12.
First Vice-President Corps, 1911-'12.

Fortunate in that he possesses the best balanced mind in the class. When he came from Emory and Henry, we suspected him of wanting a little more excitement than is furnished at that ancient and somewhat pious institution, but had our expectations upset. Adapted himself to everything, including military, and seems to be none the worse. Made us realize he was here by playing star basket-ball his rat year, and hasn't stopped yet. Has reached a happy medium between athletics and academ, and has been a success in both. We don't know a man who has more friends or deserves them more. If there are any more like him up in Washington County we'd like to have them come down, for he's of the type which we always need, and who are going to be heard from in about ten years.

EDWARD ALEXANDER LIVESAY

FISHERSVILLE, VA.
CIVIL ENGINEERING
CAPTAIN, COMPANY F

Class Football Team, 1909-'10.
Football Squad, 1911-'12.
Basket-ball Squad, 1910-'11, '11-'12.
Track Squad, 1910-'11, '11-'12.
Manager Varsity Track Team, 1911-'12.
Athletic Council, 1911-'12.
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1911-'12.
President Shenandoah Valley Club, 1911-'12.
Vice-President Class, 1911-'12.
Associate Editor "The Eagle," 1912.
H. B.

"Kelly"—Peculiar what celebrities the Valley produces. There's Woodrow Wilson for instance—and here's Livesay. He didn't show any unusual qualities our rat year, but has developed into one of the leaders in college. Mixes in about every phase here, and gets the best out of each. Has the most tactful method of handling men you ever saw, and if we had a grudge against him we'd advise him to go in the army. F Company thinks he's the best fellow going, an opinion, by the way, which the majority of the corps holds also. If he uses the same tactics in life as he has in his college days, he'll be a success which will make the rest of us sit up and take notice.



MORRIS WOOTEN LOVING

CISMONT, VA.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

PRIVATE, BAND

Busted Aristocrat.
Senior Private.
Class Football Team, 1910-'11.
Class Baseball Team, 1910-'11.
Glee Club, 1909-'10, '10-'11.
Omicron Omicron Club.

The luckiest man we know—eats three square meals a day and has reveille at eight o'clock. Must be rather tough though to be under the harassing eyes of the Faculty like he is and never know how nass the atmosphere feels after eleven-thirty. Always has been lucky. Spent most of his Sophomore year on Glee Club trips and going out to Faculty receptions. Makes a fine man for a glee club with that stentorian voice of his, and a good one for dinner parties too, handsome and distinguished-looking as he is in a stiff shirt. His tendencies don't all run to society either, for over in the C. E. Department they say he's the best practical man they have, and we suppose he has assimilated the theories by association with "Poky" Falconer.



WILLIAM JOSEPH LIIPFERT

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

APPLIED CHEMISTRY

CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT-STAFF

Treasurer Class, 1908-'09.
Leader Final Ball, 1912.
German Club.

The lone Tarheel in the class, and as loyal a "Down-Homer" as you ever see. Has a toast which he recites on all occasions—something about long-leaf pines—over which he waxes eloquent and grows correspondingly absurd. He is good looking and knows it. Has been accused of an over-fondness for military, which we trust isn't true, but which is easily explained if one considers his early associations with J. C. Holmes. Looks good on the parade ground and makes a fine adjutant, and would be an equally good chemist if he would acquire the habit of working. Holds a strong hand with the ladies, dances well, and handles himself as admirably under a few drinks of "Jefferson Club" as any fellow we ever met. On the whole he's likeable, and all of his tastes are good except those which run to military.



ARTHUR MATTHEWS MCCABE

RICHMOND, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

PRIVATE, COMPANY C

Senior Private.

Class Football Team, 1911-'12.

Youngest Member of Class.

President "Twelve Dozen."

"Lovely"—This youthful prodigy came to us our Soph year, in knee trousers, soft of voice and limb, with delicate blue eyes. We named him "Lovely," pitied his youth, but snow-balled him. Along about June we noticed he had grown three or four feet, and he gives promise of more altitudinous expansion still. Eats and sleeps with the vehemence of youth, and provokes you at times with the same ardor. We have always marveled at the way he passes "A. C." and "Thermo," for he likes to do everything else better than study. Has a whole lot more brains than he has balance, but we believe he'll acquire the latter in time. He is the youngest man in our class, and for this and a good many other reasons we are proud of him. He needs a little more age and experience and military before he hits the "cronl" world, and we suggest that he go over to V. M. I. for a year or two.



JOHN GRATTON MCGUIRE

TAEKWEEL, VA.

AGRICULTURE

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY B

President Lee Literary Society, 1911-'12.

President Southwest Virginia Club, 1911-'12.

Critic Lee Literary Society, 1910-'11.

Secretary "The Eagle," 1912.

The best example of the transformation of energy that we can cite. Utilizes everything—time, opportunities, even mistakes; always getting results, and his efficiency is about one hundred per cent. He's one of those busy optimistic spirits which radiate sunshine and cheerfulness and which are essential to society. He's been essential to a number of things up here in a quiet unostentatious way—the publication of THE 1912 BOOK for one thing—and his conception of duty is about as acute as any we ever observed. We've nothing but respect and admiration for him, and venture the prediction that he's going to succeed in a manner which will be a still greater source of admiration to us some time in the future.



CHARLES HERSCHEL MCKNIGHT

LYNCHBURG, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
CAPTAIN, COMPANY C

Class Football Team, 1909-'10.
Manager Class Football Team, 1911-'12.
Treasurer Class, 1910-'11.
Executive Committee Corps, 1911-'12.
President Lynchburg Club, 1911-'12.
President Y. M. C. A., 1911-'12.
Associate Editor "Virginia Tech," 1911-'12.
German Club.
Advertisement Editor "The Eagle," 1912.

"Mc"—A wholly irresponsible youth when the girls are around. They effect a sort of curious spell over him, and he recklessly wears "cuts," cuts formations, and jeopardizes his captaincy generally. The military authorities told him once that he paid more attention to social duties than to military, which was a most absurd rebuke, for who wouldn't sacrifice military for society—especially Blacksburg society! "Mc" has made a good ranking captain, having gotten on the "honor roll" every month. He's one of the best-looking men in the class—erroneously—and has a lot of dignity which is sometimes taken for conceit. We don't expect much from him until he gets married and then he'll settle down and make a corking good electrical engineer, for he has plenty of ability and brains.

ROBERT CHAUNCEY MACON

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
LIEUTENANT, COMPANY F

Varsity Football Team, 1911-'12.
German Club.

Bully! Here's Bob! How we like to greet these gridiron heroes. He's the huskiest fullback you ever met—or A. & M. either for that matter—and the best fellow also. Came very near not getting here, entered Junior, and has done more work in two years than the majority of us do in four. Has won as many friends as he can well handle, and never loses one. Good natured, and smiles over everything—even Deutsch, which is his only enemy. Crowns all his other achievements by being one of the best students in the class. Has more calibre to him than a dozen ordinary men and, taken all in all, amounts to about as much as the ordinary run of twelve.



CHARLES WILLIAM MASSIE

SANDIDGES, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
PRIVATE, COMPANY F

Bested Aristocrat.
Senior Private.
Class Football Team, 1908-'09.
Varsity Baseball Squad, 1909-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12.
Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary Society, 1910-'11.

A proud product from old Amherst who was the hope and joy of the Military Department for a while, and later its despair. Made such a good-looking corp that everybody slated him for sergeant-major and heir-apparent to the adjutantship, but the reign of "Dushie" marked the passing of his chevrons and the glory attendant thereunto. Has made worthy efforts on the diamond, but unkind fate seems to reward them with broken fingers and spiked shins rather than with V P's. He is decidedly more successful with the "calies," and his attainments along this line are quite notable. Had the misfortune this winter to lose his hair, but diligent application of tonic, and sympathetic condolence from the Commandant, soon restored it. He's rather good looking, you'll observe, and we predict early matrimonial ventures for him.

NORVELL O'NEAL MOSES

LEXINGTON, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
LIEUTENANT, COMPANY F

The first thing he did was to establish a reputation as a hard worker and a big enter, and has lived up to both conscientiously. As a result we find him now one of the best equipped and best nourished men in the class. He must do about two-thirds of the work in the Senior E. E. class, for his notes are regarded as standards and copied as such. He studies every day except Sunday, and sanctifies that day by going out to a faculty dinner. His conscientiousness borders on the Puritanical, and is not half so flexible as it might be and still retain its self-respect. Is quick to say what he thinks is right and doesn't wait to see which way the wind is blowing. He has made a good level-headed man, always positive and usually right.



SPENCER CLARK NOTTINGHAM

EASTVILLE, VA.
 AGRICULTURE
 PRIVATE, COMPANY B

Senior Private.
 Class Football Team, 1910-'11.
 Treasurer Masonry Literary Society, 1910-'11.
 President Eastern Shore Club, 1911-'12.
 Photographic Editor "The Eagle," 1912.

We've waited patiently all year for "Rube" Fuqua to lead him into some scrape, but "Rube" has been disappointing and has apparently reformed. "Notty" amuses himself by taking pictures, occasionally going to classes, and more frequently venturing out among the "calies." He tells a lot of wild stories about what happens out in Illinois which nobody ever believes—conceding, however, that "Notty" believes them himself. Goes to sleep in Agricultural Chemistry regularly—has never been known to fail—and enjoys himself immensely until someone gently touches his ribs, which he resents in a most characteristic manner. He formerly aspired to military eminence, but somehow the military authorities never took his view of the matter, and he has always worn the unpretentious garb of a private. He's an Agriculturist and should be a success, mixing his own western breeziness with the "hot air" of our own Agricultural Department.

JAMES GUY OLIVER

CREWE, VA.
 ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
 LIEUTENANT, COMPANY D

Unobtrusive and retiring, and absolutely ineligible to the Knockers Club. He was here a year or two before anybody knew it, and then somebody got next to him, and he's had a reputation for "scrubiness" ever since. It doesn't depend on his silence either, for his words on such subjects as Thermo, have a finality which everybody accepts. We all like what we know about him and would like to know more. He is fond of music, and sometimes startles 3d II by his performances on the mandolin. Has been known to join Penseley on some of the latter's nocturnal rambles, though the occasions are rare. He's quiet and unassuming and modest, and we'd like to have more like him, if for no other reason than that these deep thinkers and closed mouths are good to have around.



RAYMOND WILLIAM PAUL

RICHMOND, VA.

APPLIED CHEMISTRY
PRIVATE, COMPANY E

Senior Private.
Secretary-Treasurer Omicron Cotillion Club,
1911-'12.
Leader Omicron Cotillion Club, 1911-'12.
Leader Senior Prom, 1912.

Red haired, always interesting, and at times sensational. Not the pious youth you might think from his Biblical ancestry, but, on the contrary, is at times inclined to the devilish. Has a kind of cherubic countenance which he often uses to advantage in getting the thing he wants. He's boyish and irresistible, and you positively can't help but like him. He can do more work with less exertion than any man we know, and has made one of the hardest tickets in school this year. Dances well, is a great favorite with the "calico," and with the grit path. Has never been known to get back from a leave of absence on time—is detained in Roanoke—usually—but heroically pays the penalty by daily walks in a circle. He's a good chemist, but should forsake science for law, for the way he cross-questions "Shady" Grove about his nightly rambles is worthy of an expert, and the embarrassment of "Shady" is pitiful.

THOMAS TAYLOR PEAKE

NORFOLK, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY E

President Norfolk Club, 1911-'12.
Sergeant-at-Arms Class, 1910-'11.
Executive Committee Corps, 1911-'12.
Omicron Cotillion Club.

Taylor's phenomenal military career is the most noteworthy thing we know about him. Just as Providence has always raised up a man for every crucial period in the world's history, even so does destiny shape the fortunes of Taylor. As Moses was provided to lead the Israelites out of bondage, and "Teddy" has been ordained to save "his people" from bossism, so has Fate decreed that Taylor rise to the heights of military glory. If fortunate in war, he is no less successful in the more perilous provinces of love. When inquiring for materials for this narrative, we were met with the simple, bland statement that he was in love—blindly, hopelessly, and farther, that the affection was gratuitously returned. So, lucky man that he is, we extend our congratulations, and no longer wonder at the placid air which has pervaded him of late. Taylor is really a fine lot and quite worthy of his successes.



GABRIEL BRADSTREET PEASELEY, JR.

RICHMOND, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
PRIVATE, COMPANY D

Senior Private.
Secretary-Treasurer Omicron Outlines Club,
1910-'11.
Glee Club, 1911-'12.

Another long, lean product from Richmond, who rivals "Lovely" McCabe in altitude, but whose volumetric dimensions shade into the non-existent. Like McCabe, his elevation increased a few feet his rat year, but his rotundity has never gained sufficiently to obtain equilibrium. Impressed us as the most classical-looking youth we ever beheld, with his sharp, chiseled features, just the style for the embryonic artist or musician. Fact is, Peaseley is some musician, and exposes at times a heroic tenor which threatens the roof of 4th H. Plays hymns at the Y. M. C. A. and ragtime at the "Hops," although on these latter occasions his artistic temperament sometimes asserts itself, and, using the privilege accorded genius, he grows contrary. Has a mighty big "rep" for "scribiness," and we suppose he is, considering that he never studies and graduates near the top of his class.



SIDNEY BRUIN PURCELL

ROUND HILL, VA.

MINING ENGINEERING
PRIVATE, COMPANY F

Busted Aristocrat.
Senior Private.
Class Football Team, 1910-'11.

"Rooster"—Edmond Rostand must have had him in mind when he wrote "Chanticleer," for some of Percy's maneuvers certainly remind us of that noble bird. Like "Chanticleer," he toiled incessantly for a while until Cupid invaded the Geology Department, and then Percy, along with his Chief, turned to loving just as assiduously as he had labored. It was indeed a "wonderful phenomena" which Cupid worked here. Fossils lost their charms, the rarest specimens lay unnoticed, all forsaken in a reckless abandonment to love. In addition to being a lover, Percy is also our great pessimist and insurrector. He's always telling you how many exams he's going to flunk, which nobody believes, since the honor roll cannot be printed without his name. His devotion to military is not as beautiful as that of some of his classmates, and he gives regularly most alarming discourses on that topic. We trust his venture in love will have a softening influence on his nature, for with his big heart it's really a pity to be clouded in such pessimism.



JAMES ROBBINS RANDOLPH

BLACKSBURG, VA.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
PRIVATE, COMPANY A

Senior Private.
Sergeant-at-Arms Class, 1911-'12.

"Socrates." Behold here, gentlemen, a living example of the spirit re-incarnated. If "Soc" isn't one of the old Grecian brethren masquerading around here in the twentieth century, we'll never more venture our opinion on things spiritual. Of course the name may be wrong, chosen at random as it was our rat year, but a long series of careful observations have convinced us that he's the genuine article all right. Yale has her Sidis but he's nothing to compare with our "Soc." His genius and profundity are not accorded ordinary mortals, as are neither his stoical mien nor sceptre-like movements (record thanks here). He hasn't promulgated his school of thought yet, but when it comes it will approach common sense mighty closely, just as "Soc's" opinions on most things do now, but the rest of us don't always realize it.

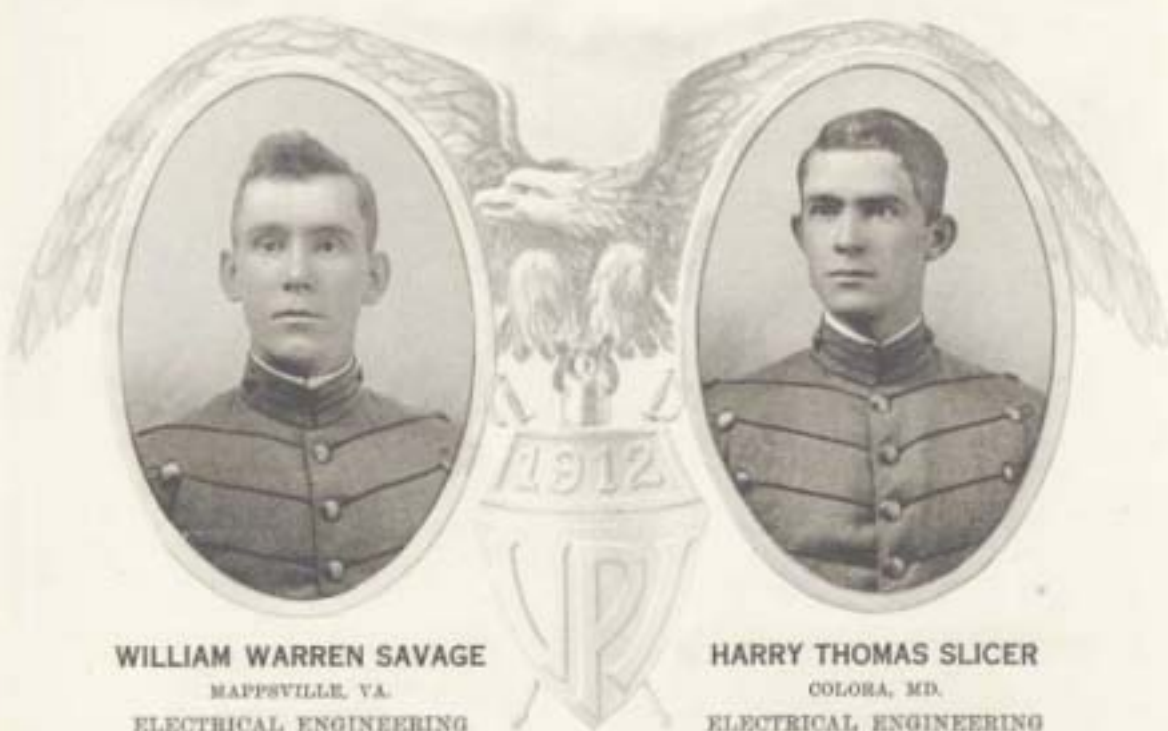
RICHARD ERNEST SAUNDERS

SUFFOLK, VA.

APPLIED CHEMISTRY
PRIVATE, COMPANY E

Senior Private.
Leader German Club, 1911-'12.
German Club.

Wafted up from Suffolk by the gentle breezes in the autumn of '08, as o'ercome with toil and weariness as was the noble Ulysses when he hit the Phoenician coast. Wafted—yea that's the word—or else Richard wouldn't have been among us, for, being inclined to the indolent, some external force was necessary for the migration. Fact is, "Dick" isn't full rested yet, and lounges around over on 3d B with a languor which reminds one of Jack Lenden's South Sea Island stories. But he's a good chemist for all that, and works as hard as the rest of us when he has to. Has always entertained the idea that a Senior private is the most aristocratic thing up here, and doesn't take much to the glory of military life. "Dick" is some aristocratic and distinguished looking himself, and leads the classiest German ever. Besides that, he plays the graphophone well and dances the turkey trot, and what more can be expected from a man coming from Suffolk?



WILLIAM WARREN SAVAGE

HAPPSVILLE, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
PRIVATE, COMPANY E

Senior Private.
Class Football Team, 1911-'12.
Varsity Track Squad, 1910-'11.
Vice-President Eastern Shore Club, 1911-'12.

So peaceful is his nature and so even his existence that his quiet presence disturbs not his fellow man. We have yet to see him embroiled in any of the strife which at times makes fools of the most of us and asses of many. His manner is quiet and reserved, and he moves along mindful of his own and nobody else's business. Gets out occasionally and runs around the track, but aside from that devotes himself to Engineering and to DEUTSCH. We welcome his silence for it contrasts so pleasingly with some of the big noises we have around here.

HARRY THOMAS SLICER

COLORA, MD.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
LIEUTENANT, COMPANY E

Class Football Team, 1910-'11.
Institute Editor "Virginia Tech," 1911-'12.
Treasurer Class, 1911-'12.

We can't imagine ourselves saying any other than complimentary things about Slicer. Although we have suspected him at times of accompanying "Shady" Grove on some of the latter's moonlight excursions, the evidence is purely circumstantial, and even Ray Paul can't make a conviction. He came as a reinforcement our Sophomore year and brought along a head full of common sense which he has used to advantage. Sets the rare example of attending to his own business, which he does in a most admirable manner. We've exhausted all our adjectives of retirement or else we'd tell you how modest he is about his own achievements and how splendid they are. He's reserved in manner, and is one of those quiet, still waters whose depths you never can sound, but of whose powers you are confident.



OTIS SPOTTSWOOD SMITH, JR.

SUFFOLK, VA.

HORTICULTURE

PRIVATE, COMPANY B

Busted Aristocrat.
Senior Private.
Associate Editor "Virginia Tech," 1911-'12.
German Club.

"Sleepy"—"Consider the lilies of the field. . . . They toil not, neither do they spin"—likewise with "Sleepy." What a beautiful analogy, only we can't speak for "Sleepy's" habiliment—he's usually ~~attired~~ instead of attired. Honestly, the boy must have shuffled off the mortal coil about twenty years ago and his peaceful spirit has since wandered in the realms of Morpheus. He's a veritable sleep-walking scene. Came out frankly and told us one day that he had to keep moving to keep awake. He's from Suffolk, and the peanut-butter and atmosphere down there, have a depressing effect on the energizer. How we'd like to see him cut loose some time and just show what he can do! Really did cut out the Lyric and Robert W. Chambers long enough to pass Geology. Everybody likes "Sleepy"—bound to if you've ever heard his soft caressing voice and realized you are listening to a fellow who is as congenial and gentlemanly as any man in college.



REX ERIC STEELE

POUNDING MILL, VA.

AGRICULTURE

PRIVATE, COMPANY E

Senior Private.
Varsity Baseball Team, 1909-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12.
Executive Committee Corps, 1909-'10, '10-'11.
Vice-President Corps, 1910-'11.
President Class, 1910-'11.
Manager Varsity Basket-ball Team, 1911-'12.
Athletic Council, 1911-'12.
President Senior Privates.
President Agricultural Club.
Business Manager "Virginia Tech."
President Senior Pres.
German Club.

He comes from Tazewell, which we are told is famous for a number of things, blue-grass, thoroughbreds, and pretty girls—not to mention the moonshine whiskey. Steele is a famous fellow himself and has gotten his share out of his college career. Has a faculty for fitting in any place to an admirable degree, and we have not failed to realize it. Shows as much acumen in handling a business proposition as a Tazewell farmer does in selling a carload of cattle. He is universally popular and recognized as one of the best men in the class. In about ten years he'll be the most prosperous country gentleman in the Southwest, and would go to Congress except for the fact that he's a Republican, and by that time all the good folks in Tazewell will be converted to the Democratic faith.



WILLIAM LEWIS STINSON

WARREN, VA.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
LIEUTENANT, COMPANY B

Class Football Team, 1911-'12.
Best Drilled Private, 1910-'11.

"Major"—Hats off to the hardest worker in the class! He was handicapped by entering the Sub-Freshman class, but, by about the most faithful work we ever observed, he has done in four years what it takes other men five and many six. Kept quiet and worked ever since he came, and is touted now as about the best electrical engineer in the bunch. Is thoroughly interested in his course, has unusual ability, and combines the practical and theoretical to a happy degree. Spends about three-fourths of his time trying to pass Third English, and the rest on French—the Engineering comes natural. "Major" says the Third English course is an epoch in his life, which he is going to use as a basis for estimating nuisances and comparing future difficulties.

PALMER ST. CLAIR, JR.

SALTVILLE, VA.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
TRUMPETER, COMPANY D

Senior Private.
Secretary-Treasurer "Twelve Dozen."
Class Football Team, 1909-'10.
Class Baseball Team, 1911.

"Not vicious but just devilish," a Prof remarked to us one day. Yes, we quite agree, he's devilish all right. Has performed a valuable service in attracting the attention of the "Bulls" from the rest of us. He teases and tantalizes them until they wax exceedingly wroth and behave in a manner most unbecomingly nice, proper "Bulls." They have never been able to get next to "Peter," for he's so shrewd that in fact nobody ever gets next to him. Has the keenest and brightest wit imaginable, and uses it on all occasions. Is said to have had some rare experiences over in the Graphics Department combating the great wits there, but usually escapes unscathed. "Peter" moves along just as unconcerned as you please all during the term, and at examination time gets serious long enough to make two stars on everything.



ROBERT FLOYD TAYLOR
HAMPTON, VA.
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
CAPTAIN, COMPANY A

President Maury Literary Society, 1910-'11, '11-'12.
Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 1911-'12.
Secretary Class, 1911-'12.
Vice-President Hampton Reads Club, 1911-'12.
Prosecuting Attorney Corps, 1911-'12.
Associate Editor "The Bugle," 1912.

Back in our Junior days, when the class was in the throes of political upheaval, Taylor used to sit complacently by and view the strife as tolerantly as he would the quarrel of a bunch of children. But you see he had the age and experience then, which the rest of us are beginning to acquire now. He is one of the level heads of the class and we value his opinion at about one hundred per cent pure. He came as a Sophomore rat, and made such a good impression on the Military Department that he succeeded in pulling down a captaincy. Studies hard, and is always working problems for "Glass Eye" or talking about turbines. He has age and experience enough not to have to wait very long after graduating to marry. We are confidentially advised that he won't.



FRANKLIN THOMAS WALL, JR.
GRAHAM, VA.
APPLIED CHEMISTRY
PRIVATE, COMPANY F

Senior Private.
"Eusted Aristocrat."
Class Football Team, 1909-'10.
Secretary Class, 1908-'09.
Class Historian.

Hands on your pocketbooks! Shades of Dr. Cook, what a specimen of the fakir we have here! He's J. Rufus Wallingford the second—only worse. Conjures up more schemes to separate the unsophisticated Kaydets from their coin than the Treasurer does. But it isn't the monetary consideration that prompts Tom, so much as the enjoyment he gets out of seeing the fleeced ones mourn over their losses. His career has been rather turbulent since he came to Tech. Enjoyed the ephemeral glory of chevrons his Sophomore year, but fell on to evil days, and the Military Department lost faith in him. Since then he's amused himself and the Corps by his satires on the various features of Tech life. He's the cleverest wit in college and incidentally, clever at everything else. Sleeps during the winter months, only waking long enough to pass second term exams. He'll make a good chemist, but what a jester he'd have been for some merry monarch of old England!



PAUL AMBROSE WARNER

PURCELLVILLE, VA.

HORTICULTURE

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY F

Football Squad, 1911-'12.
Class Football Team, 1910-'11.
President L. F. C. Club, 1911-'12.

His geniality and avoirdupois are his distinctive characteristics, but there are other features which must not be overlooked. For instance, his heart has long since dwelt in Farmville, from which village he receives letters daily, telegrams often, and photos monthly. He comes from up in "Booster" Purcell's county, and we are not surprised at him being such an ardent lover. Is almost as big as Bill Burruss, and we've never understood why he isn't as famous on the grid-iron. He has succeeded in making a lot of friends while here and we expect him to make a rather famous country gentleman. Even now we imagine he'd shine to advantage in red-top boots and a beaver hat, and his naturally ruddy complexion will allow all sorts of liberties with good Scotch whiskey.

STANLEY WILLIAM WELCH

ROANOKE, VA.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER-STAFF

Varsity Football Squad, 1909-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12.
President Maury Literary Society, 1911-'12.
Treasurer Y. M. C. A., 1911-'12.
Advertisement Editor "The Bugle," 1912.

"Reddy," one of your sturdy Scotchmen and dyed-in-the-wool Presbyterians. He has pretty definite convictions on most everything, and is not afraid to stand by them, and is generally right. Is accused sometimes of being too radical, but that is because "Reddy's" ideas are a little in advance of most of us. He is a good debater and makes a good speech—especially to the ladies. And here we've struck to weakness of the Scotchman. He goes out sporting with the "calle" on the night before examinations, and the next morning walks calmly over and signs up on Mechanics. Funny the way these great intellects will topple down to the fair ones. But "Reddy" is going to make a great success in life some of these days, if he moderates on the ladies and cuts out Civil Engineering.



BRUCE STOCKTON WILLIAMS

ROANOKE, VA.
APPLIED CHEMISTRY
LIBRETIANST, COMPANY C

Vice-President Class, 1910-'11.
Editor-in-Chief "The Eagle," 1912.

He won't allow us to knock him or to compliment him, so what in the devil are we to say? Providence intended him for a lawyer, but the Devil possessed him to take Chemistry. Has the sweetest line of talk that ever warmed a reveller out of "Dion," and strange to say, it's usually about seven-eighths horse sense. Because interested in THE 1912 Honor this year, just as a rule is not very much interested in things up here. Has a good many friends and a good-sized heart. But talking about hearts, say, Mabel, Jan '9, it peculiar how Cupid sometimes turns his arrows on those mere pronounced woman-haters!



CHANNING HOLT YARBOROUGH, JR.

RICHMOND, VA.
AGRICULTURE
PRIVATE, COMPANY J

Member Private.
Sergeants' Court, 1900-'10.

Always been a mystery to us—and to YARBOROUGH also—why he isn't ranking captain, or adjutant, or some other high military official. What a dignity he'd have made with his pompous air, and imagine the majestic resonance with which he would have thundered out, "Dat tallion At tention!" But the fortunes of war were against him, as were the "Balls" also, and the proudest emotions he has attained to is color guard, an honor which he shares with that erstwhile corporal, Tom Wall. His disposition is none the less genial, however, and his humor just as keen as if he wore the shoes of G. Herschel. He relishes the manners and speeches of his associates in a way which makes you hark around for ghosts and devils and—professors; he enjoys a group with the brightest wit you ever listened to and originates more genuine fun than any man in school. We haven't mentioned his courage yet, have we? And it must be wonderful, for with all his classical training in historic old Richmond, he's going out and tackle a plow, just as blithesome as the hardest of our sons of toil.



SENIOR CLASS HISTORY



Class histories are troublesome things. What device is left the unfortunate historian of to-day to use in recording the annals of his classmates? Poems, dramas, stories of evolution, and even dreams have been called into requisition, until now what remains but the forbidding medium of uninteresting prose? True there is yet recourse to some horrid nightmare, provoked no doubt by military, in which we might see in fancy the record of our college days, but we would not inflict on a defenseless public this miserable topic; no, not in its most imaginary aspect!

Other difficulties also present themselves. To begin our narrative with apologetic remarks on the emerald hue of our classmates on a certain September morning four years ago would be a confession most distasteful to the neat, trim soldier who calls himself a Senior to-day, and yet to deny it upsets all laws and traditions, for, say what you may about the Freshman Class, the verdant shade is always there.

From the time we first entered the campus, after a long, tiresome journey, which was made more so by the jarring, jolting "Huckleberry," until the end of our "rat year" we were continually on the go. At first we were strangers in a strange land. Cries of "H A T!" were heard on every side. We ran the gauntlet of "old boys" and finally reached the Administration building, where we were "prodded," weighed, measured, assigned to room and company, separated from our coin, and then given over to the tender mercies of the "old boys." Hazing was in full force at this time, and we proceeded to get acquainted with the fifty-seven varieties. Night came on and with it fresh terrors. Innumerable old boys came to our rooms, some with articles for sale, and others with machines of torture. Last of all, after the lights had gone out, we experienced the thrilling sensation of being "dumped."

Football next claimed our attention, and those of us who knew the rudiments of the game donned football uniforms and were buffeted by the Varsity until it seemed that we were mere automata. Although the Varsity did not win the championship this year, it showed good form, and gave promise for a brilliant season the succeeding year.

We went to Lynchburg on October the thirtieth to see our team win from Washington and Lee, which it did, the score being 13 to 4 in our favor. Upon our return from Lynchburg a huge bonfire was lighted, and we proceeded to celebrate our victory. But our joy was destined to be short lived, for some time after the bonfire had ceased to glow and only the ashes remained to tell of our celebration, someone painted the numerals of our class on the water-tank. For this offense we were subjected to some of the direst punishments the old boys could devise, until one of our number climbed to this dizzy height and painted off the numerals.

About this time rumors went through the corps that hazing would be abolished. How



The Bugle NINETEEN TWELVE



we longed for this event! Finally boxing was voted out on November the eighteenth by an overwhelming majority of the corps. But the "Sophomore Court" came into being—a "rat decologue" was posted in conspicuous places, and snarky ologues became the rage—among the rats. Following closely upon this event came the much-discussed snow battle, which is a hand-to-hand encounter between all the rats, and which is still in vogue at the present.

By this time the first term was drawing to a close and we settled down to work, for examinations were upon us. After two weeks of "examining" and taking exams, we again boarded the "Huckleberry" homeward bound.

Immediately after the Christmas holidays a call was issued for men to try for our first Varsity basketball team. A number of good men responded and we turned out a team which, taking into consideration the disadvantages under which it played, was a great success.

Second term exams came on, after which the Varsity baseball squad started out for practice. Later the Varsity nine was chosen and we won a large percentage of games.

Track work next came in for a share of our time and we turned out a team which easily won the meet on field day.

Finals came, a joyous time for everyone but the rats. 'Tis then Sophomore banquet is held and rats are forbidden to remain on the campus on the night of the banquet.

Closely following the Sophomore banquet came sham battle, the first many of us had ever seen, and we were to take part in it! It was a glorious day and we returned from the field hot and tired, but happy, for after this event we turned in our guns, and bidding farewell to Colonel Jansson, a commander we had all grown to like, we departed for our homes for the summer vacation, looking forward to another day in September when we should make life interesting for another tribe of rats.

Our Sophomore year opened with a "Dash." Besides this highly important event it was made prominent by a number of other events which followed close upon one another. Among these may be stated: The discarding of khaki uniforms; the appearance of shakies and cottees; the Southern Championship in football; the dedication of the athletic field to Professor Miles, a former V. F. I. star in both baseball and football; the investigations of the "Hell Fire Committee," and many other minor points, equally as insignificant as the latter.

The football prospects at the beginning of our Sophomore year were brighter than ever before, and the Varsity team of that year swept everything before it but Princeton, which record easily gave us the Southern Championship. The playing of "Hoss" Hodgson this year was a feature of all the games.

Finally came the trip to Norfolk on Thanksgiving Day, when we defeated the A. & M. of North Carolina, the score being 18 to 5 in our favor. Everyone was in fine "spirits" after this game as it was the decisive battle for the Southern Championship and we had won.

We returned to our duties with much fighter hearts, and even the myriad orders of Colonel Dashiell failed to fill us with awe.

Exams came on again, and again we "examined," and either passed or flunked. By this time we had become acquainted with "Cagy" Wilson and his "I just tell you what! follows," and with "Charlie" Vawter and his pleas for "recess" thought. Also we ran into what seemed an insurmountable barrier in the form of "Froggy" Newman's Rhetoric, but by hard work and strong bluffing, we somehow managed to pass.

After the Christmas holidays our second basketball team made its appearance and easily won the State Championship, which was an exceptional thing, as this was our second venture into this branch of athletics.

Then came another snow battle, but how different from the one which had taken place about a year before! We now played the part of spectators where before we had been in the midst of the fray.

How changed everything was from the previous year. We saw rats fleeing from us whereas we had formerly fled before the wrath of the upper-classmen. As Sophomores we

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

because the most important group of men in college, in our own estimation, at least, and did the same foolish things that the typical Sophomore is wont to do.

Before long mid-winter examinations came on, and after these were over the Varsity baseball squad began practice, and the nine chosen from this squad made a remarkable showing.

Twice during our Sophomore year the flag flew at half-mast and the corps paid its last tribute to the dead. First our beloved Professor G. W. Walker, a Confederate veteran, and a teacher whom all the boys had grown to love, answered the last roll-call, and the corps in silent procession, escorted his body to its last resting place. Then our friend and classmate, Robert N. Hardy, succumbed to pneumonia in the College Infirmary, and the corps escorted his remains, wrapped in the folds of "Old Glory," to the railroad station, and a delegation from our class followed them to his home.

Field day came and many members of our class who participated in the events distinguished themselves. On this day the Sophomore Class was the tug of war from the rats.

Finals came again and we held our Sophomore Banquet, after which we scoured the surrounding country for the rats, who had departed while we were feasting. Many rat "lays" went up in smoke on this night as an offering to "Bovine," the god of lazing, and those rats who were so unfortunate as to lose their "lays" were forced to sleep on the slats until finals were over and they could return to their homes.

The following September found us back again with a little more seriousness of purpose and with most of the savagery of Sophomore days gone. This was replaced by a genuine desire for work and for the achievement of the final goal for which we came to college. The Junior year is generally conceded to be the hardest one in college, and so it proved to us. If as Sophomores we had displayed the thoughtlessness of school boys, we had now acquired the more dignified vein of the serious Junior, and started on our third year in college determined to devote more time to work and less to the frivolity of college life. Perhaps this attitude accounts for the lack of events which the historian finds to be recorded and which made our Junior year perhaps the most uneventful one of our college career.

But there were many happenings which may be mentioned. Notable among these was a trip to Richmond by the corps on November the twenty-sixth as a special escort to President Taft. This was the first official occasion at which the corps had been present during our stay at V. P. L. and naturally we enjoyed the pomp of the military ceremonies and felt very proud of the opportunity to display ourselves. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the cobblestones of Broad Street, Richmond, became very unpopular with the corps before the trip ended. While in Richmond the corps was tendered a perma by the Richmond College German Club, which was accepted by a number of the cadets, who reported a most delightful time. The corps further enjoyed the hospitality of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, who treated us royally while as their guests.

From Richmond we went to Norfolk to the V. P. L.-A. & M. game, which was played on Thanksgiving Day, and our team was defeated by the score of 5 to 3. Though the defeat was a sore disappointment to us, we did not fail to enjoy our trip, and Norfolk proved that she was just as loyal to the Techs in defeat as in victory.

After the trip to Richmond and Norfolk, nothing happened to relieve the monotony, other than the usual basket-ball games, until late in the second term, when pandemonium broke loose and the corps was placed in confinement and under guard for three days. The spirit of mutiny reigned supreme during this time and we looked every morning to be summoned at sunrise and shot for daring to oppose the righteous cause of military. Finally quiet was restored and the corps settled back into the even tenor of its way.

The third term came on with the election of class officers, and the germ of politics made its appearance in our ranks and came near breaking the class into two distinct factions. But finally, through some manipulations, this was avoided and the preparation for the Junior-Senior German absorbed all of our attention. This is a German given to the Senior Class by their successors, the Juniors. We worked hard on this to make it the most brilliant one ever given at V. P. L., and our efforts were not in vain, as we received no little congratulation on our effort.

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

Towards finals the thoughts of being a Senior filled us with much pride and we began to look forward to the long-coveted Senior capes and Senior privileges. We had passed the hardest year in college and only one remained between us and our goal.

When we returned to college to take up the work of our Senior year we found that military at V. P. I. had undergone a profound metamorphosis. Colonel Dashiell had folded his tent, chartered a car for the multitudinous orders he had issued while with us, and departed. In his place we found a former V. P. I. cadet, Colonel J. F. Ware, who was soon given the proper nickname by the cadets.

We were given several distinct surprises as we became better acquainted with the new regime at V. P. I. We had eagerly looked forward to the wearing of Senior capes and Senior privileges, but these things were but a memory of former days. "Cits" also were tabooed, and we learned that an especially arranged course in military science and tactics had been installed for our edification. Instead of barracks orderlies we found grim-visaged sentinels walking their posts with measured tread. Instead of being allowed to remain in quarters while the rats were taught the elements of drill, we also were forced in squads and drilled just as strenuously as were the aforesaid rodents. Reveille detail was no more. The Senior private, who in days gone by had enjoyed as many privileges as his more fortunate classmates, the officers, became now an unfortunate victim of circumstances. He walked sentinel duty, drilled, and otherwise conducted himself as if he were the freshest rat in the battalion.

Immediately after this state of affairs became known a howl arose, but it was of no avail. Various schemes were hatched for the purpose of getting revenge, but they all amounted to naught. Even the "water cure," so effective in the days of yore, could not be applied, for the hydrants were in full view of the silent watch of the sentinels. Even the exquisite pleasure of painting the Commandant's horse was denied us, for he had taken the precaution to have the noble beast quartered in the livery stable downtown. In fact, the Senior private became a nonentity in the wink of an eye.

But the trials of military life were almost forgotten when the football season opened. We put out a good team and enthusiasm ran high. Finally, at the Thanksgiving Day game in Norfolk, we defeated our great rival, North Carolina A. & M., in the last two minutes of play by the score of 3 to 0. This game had, however, its unpleasant feature. After it we severed all athletic relations with A. & M. on account of the indignity of some of the A. & M. players according to our college rules.

The Lyceum course given by THE BUGLE was the best in the history of the school, and this, along with other efforts made to make the annual a financial success, filled the year with numerous enjoyable events. The entertainment promoted by the Class Historian, namely, Professor Delroy's exhibition, was a pronounced success, in a financial way, as it was attended by about two hundred and fifty members of the cadet corps, who were loud in their praise of the famous magician!

In looking over the records of the athletic achievements of the class as a whole, I find that we have made a remarkable showing. In football we won the championship twice. We have also won some notable events in connection with field sports, among them being the tug of war our Sophomore year and the class relay race our Junior year. We also won the championship in class baseball one year. Quite a number of the members of our class are VP men, which, considering the small number of men in the class, compares favorably with any class which has gone before us.

There are other achievements of the class of which we are proud, but the class history is no place to extol our merits or to lavish praise. Future years shall decide how good an index our college days were to the achievements of after-life. Let us hope that whatever success we have met with here will grow faint in the light of achievements which are to come. Enough is to say that we are glad of the four years we have spent at Tech, glad of the associations which have been ours, glad of the enlightenment, and the ideals our Alma Mater has given us. And we are proud to have made up the class of Nineteen and Twelve, and our faith in it is secure, for under the new conditions that we now face we are going to win, just as we have won at V. P. I.

JUNIOR





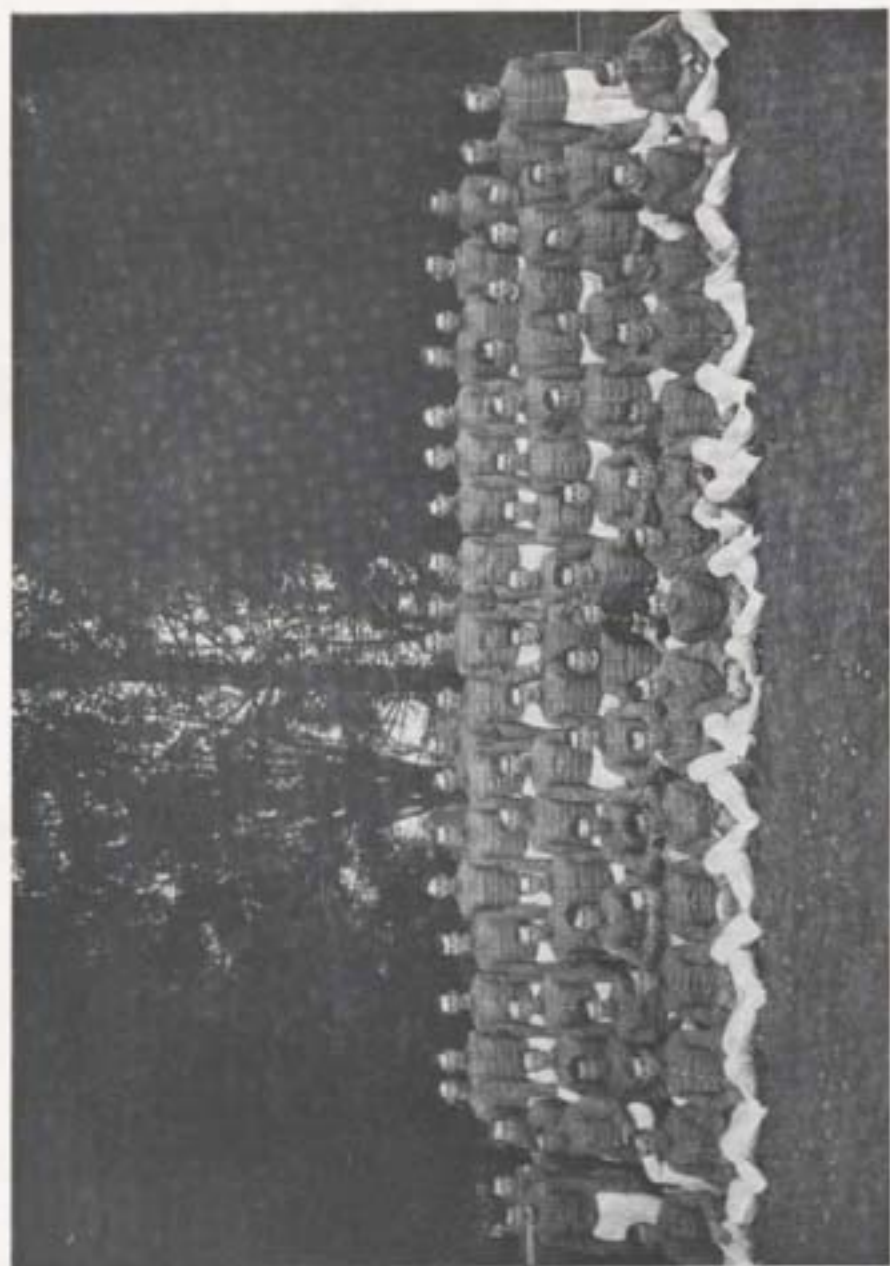
The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

Class Nineteen and Thirteen



MISS THOMSON
SPONSOR

HARRY HOWARD BATES.....	PRESIDENT
CHARLES EDWARD TAYLOR.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
STANLEY WOOD BRINSON.....	SECRETARY
THOMAS HABERN OLINGER.....	TREASURER
JAMES BOOTH ROGERS.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS



CLASS THIRTIETH AND THIRTIETH



Class Roll

BARRETT, ROBERT HARWOOD.....	Portsmouth, Va.
BATES, HARRY HOWARD.....	Kearneysville, W. Va.
BATTEN, EUGENE TAYLOR.....	Smithfield, Va.
BEAL, FRANK STUART.....	Tunstall Postoffice, Va.
BEDDON, GEORGE FLORY.....	Penn Laird, Va.
BOWLER, ROWLAND TOMLIN EVANS.....	Washington, D. C.
BRIDSON, STANLEY WOOD.....	Portsmouth, Va.
BROWN, CLARENCE BLAIR.....	Richmond, Va.
BURKE, JOSEPH EDWARD.....	Richmond, Va.
CALLAWAY, GEORGE CARRINGTON.....	Norwood, Va.
CALLAWAY, WILLIAM ATLEY.....	Norwood, Va.
CATLIN, ROBERT WILLIAM.....	Bedford City, Va.
COFFMAN, SAMUEL FRANKLIN.....	Dayton, Va.
COLAW, JOSEPH MARVIN.....	Manterey, Va.
COOPER, LEWIS MITCHELL.....	Norfolk, Va.
CORR, BUKE DODDS.....	Richmond, Va.
CRICKER, MARION FRANKLIN.....	Suffolk, Va.
DEBBY CLAUDE PALMER.....	Ocean View, Va.
DIGGS, DUBLEY DUKE.....	Meberria, Va.
DUVALL, SEYMEN PARKER CUSTIN.....	Shady Side, Va.
EKLATT, WILLIAM HUNDBLEY.....	Middlebrian, Va.
EVANS, PAYTON RANDOLPH.....	Amherst, Va.
FOWLE, BERNARD HOOD.....	Washington, D. C.
GILLESPIE, FRED OKERFE.....	Pounding Mill, Va.
GILLESPIE, HARVEY GEORGE.....	Pounding Mill, Va.
GILLIAM, MARION WILLIAMS.....	Richmond, Va.
GRAHAM, LLOYD.....	Bridgewater, Va.
GRISSOM, GRADY PURCELL.....	Roanoke, Va.
GRISSOM, JOHN THOMAS.....	Blacksburg, Va.
HANKS, ENOCH OLIN.....	Drenn, Va.
HARRIS, EUGENE JETER.....	Roanoke, Va.
HARRISGEN, GEORGE LOVE.....	Wilmington, N. C.
HENLEY, CHARLES TEMPLE, JR.....	Winterpock, Va.
HERRARD, CHARLES MONTGOMERY.....	Roanoke, Va.
HUBBARD, CLIFFORD WILSON.....	Forest Depot, Va.
HUGHES, HOUSTON BOYD.....	Newport News, Va.
JANUSZKO, PETER UHALDO.....	Graham, Va.

The Bugle Ninteen Twelve

JAMER, GEORGE LEONARD.....	Baltimore, Md.
JOHNSON, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.....	South Richmond, Va.
JOHNSON, CHARLES FRANKLIN.....	Beaverdam, Va.
KROGLING, ERNEST BASH.....	Rural Retreat, Va.
KIGER, EARL WHITT.....	Port Republic, Va.
LEFFEBVRE, GORDON.....	Richmond, Va.
LEIGE, WITHERCOW REYNOLDS.....	Washington, D. C.
LESTER, DOUGLAS DARIUS.....	Christiansburg, Va.
MISHALL, ROBERT EDWARD.....	Piedmont, W. Va.
MONTGOMERY, CORNELIUS TAYLOR.....	Clare, Va.
MOORE, JOHN RUCKEL.....	Stuart, Va.
MCWRY, RALPH SANDERSON.....	Richmond, Va.
OLINGER, THOMAS HARRIS.....	Olinger, Va.
OLIVER, GEORGE LYLES.....	Clarksville, Va.
PANTON, HARRISON DOUGLAS.....	Danville, Va.
PARKER, THOMAS REGINALD.....	Thorpe, W. Va.
PREYGEROW, JOSEPH CRANE.....	Staunton, Va.
PHILLIPS, PRESTON PEER.....	Hampton, Va.
PICK, LEWIS ANDREWS.....	Roadburg, Va.
PITTS, CHARLES LINDBRAY.....	Fredericksburg, Va.
PURCELL, HEATON.....	Round Hill, Va.
RANDOLPH, ORLANDO BORDIN.....	Blacksburg, Va.
RATSCHE, EARL LEVAN.....	Longdale, Va.
READ, DANIEL WARWICK.....	Forest Depot, Va.
REYNOLDS, RUY BOCH.....	Blacksburg, Va.
RICHARDSON, MORGAN HARRUB.....	Blacksburg, Va.
ROGERS, JAMES BOCH.....	Lovingston, Va.
RUBUSH, ROBERT MILLER.....	Buena Vista, Va.
RUST, GEORGE LEE.....	Frost Royal, Va.
SCHULE, WERNER JOSEPH.....	Roanoke, Va.
SCOTT, EVERETT.....	Amherst, Va.
SCOTT, JAMES POWELL.....	Howardsville, Va.
SINGLA, ARTHUR PLEASANT.....	Eggleston, Va.
SLEAR, JOHN CLUMP.....	Fairwood, Va.
SMITH, ALBERT COWPER.....	Broad Run, Va.
SPENCER, WILLIAM SCOTT.....	Fincastle, Va.
STUART, LINCOLN.....	Roanoke, Va.
TAYLOR, CHARLES EDWARD.....	Lynchburg, Va.
THOMAS, CHARLES MITCHELL.....	Wytheville, Va.
TRIMBLE, JOSEPH MARSHALL.....	Swoope, Va.
TURNER, ALEXANDER SCOTT.....	The Planes, Va.
VAWTER, EDMUND LONGLEY.....	Blacksburg, Va.
WHITLEY, MULLIARD TURPIN.....	Windsor, Va.
WILSON, JAMES MCCOWN.....	Bishopville, S. C.
WYANT, FRANK ALBERT.....	Hinton, W. Va.



WILLIAM BROWN



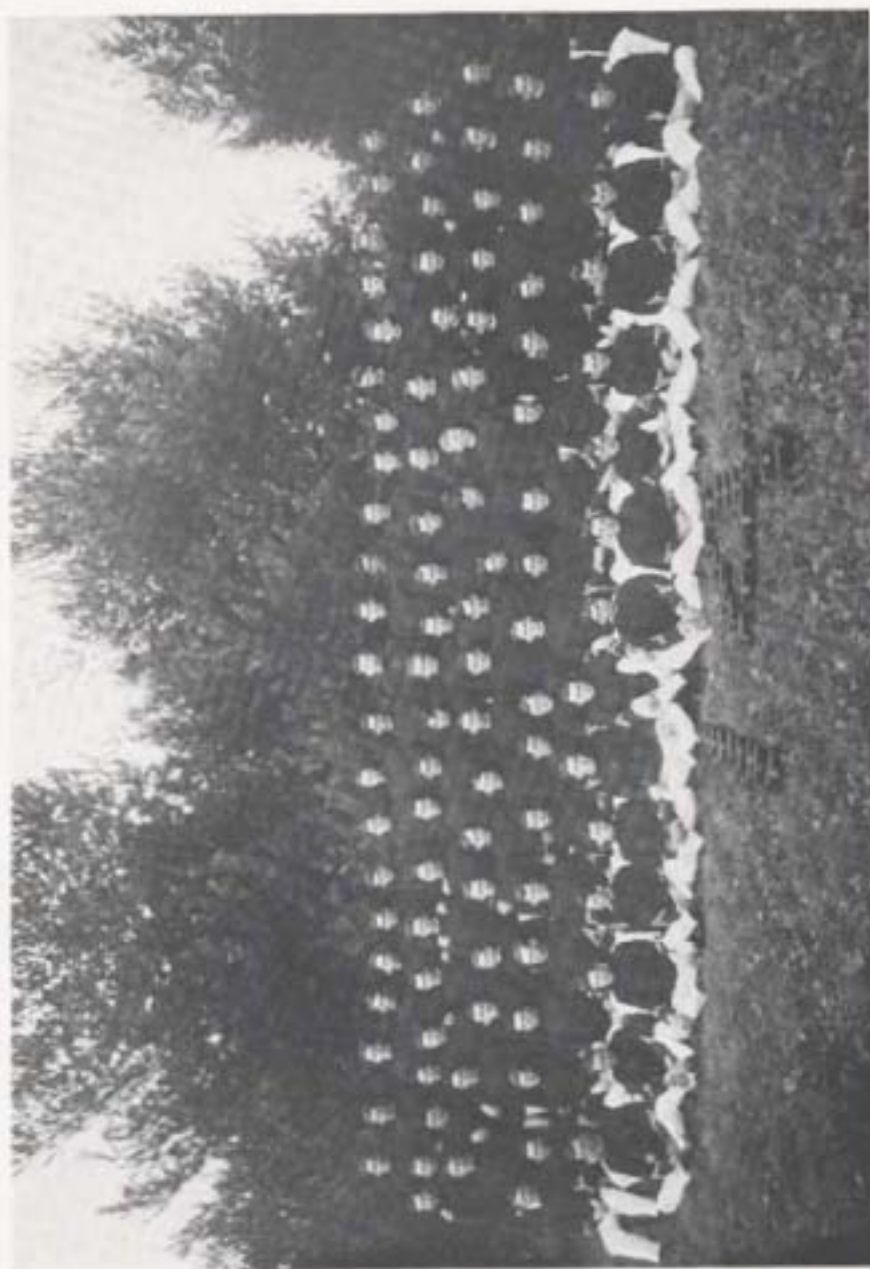
The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

Class Nineteen and Fourteen



MISS JENKINS
SPONSOR

CLIFFORD ARMSTRONG CUTCHINS.....	PRESIDENT
WILLIAM GEOFFREY WYBOR.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
SAMUEL ASTON LOYD.....	SECRETARY
JAMES ELBERT MCKEE.....	TREASURER
WILLIAM SAMUEL DAWLEY.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS



CLASS MEMBERS AND FOURTEER



Class Roll

ABERNATHY, HARRY DURWARD.....	Lynchburg, Va.
ANDREWS, HENRY STUART.....	Newport News, Va.
AUSTIN, JOSEPH HUBERT.....	Salem, Va.
BALL, WILLIAM LEE.....	Discoe, Va.
BARKER, HENRY KARL.....	Mendota, Va.
BERNIER, CHARLES ARTHUR.....	Hampden-Sidney, Va.
BERRY, RICHARD ELLYS.....	Norfolk, Va.
BILLMEYER, CARROLL DAVIS.....	Shepherdstown, W. Va.
BOHLKEN, JAMES DEWITT.....	Portsmouth, Va.
BONDURANT, SAMUEL WALTON.....	Rice Depot, Va.
BOULDIN, WILLIAM KENNEN.....	Roanoke, Va.
BRANSPORD, LEWIS PENNINGTON.....	Blacksburg, Va.
BROWN, CLARENCE BLAIR.....	Richmond, Va.
BROWN, GEORGE HENRY, JR.....	Norfolk, Va.
BUDWELL, LEIGH RAGLAND.....	Roanoke, Va.
CALLAHAN, CHARLES AUBREY.....	Alexandria, Va.
CAMP, KEINER LUMSFORD.....	Roanoke, Va.
CARRINGTON, ALFRED RANDOLPH, JR.....	Lynchburg, Va.
CASON, SLEED WHITEHEAD.....	Fentress, Va.
COLLIER, CHARLES MICHAEL.....	Ellicott City, Va.
COLLINS, ALBERT BERNARD.....	Richmond, Va.
COKE, BOYCE DODD.....	Richmond, Va.
COSE, LEVI PAGE.....	Gloucester, Va.
COWHILL, CARL LEWIS.....	Roanoke, Va.
COX, CLARENCE EDWARD, JR.....	Amherst, Va.
CRAVENS, WILLIAM MAY, JR.....	Port Williams, Me.
CULPEPPER, OWEN HALL.....	Portsmouth, Va.
CUTCHINS, CLIFFORD ARMSTRONG.....	Franklin, Va.
DAWLEY, WILLIAM SAMUEL.....	Norfolk, Va.
DRUMMOND, FRANK CAMM.....	Amherst, Va.
DUBLEY, FRANK ALEXANDER.....	Clifton Forge, Va.
ELLETT, FRANCIS MARION.....	Spry, N. C.
EVERETT, AYLETT LEE.....	Cisnoont, Va.
FERGUSON, HUGH JOHN.....	Newport News, Va.
GIBBS, MAYNARD OSBORN.....	Port Royal, Va.
HALL, WILLIAM THOMAS.....	Christiansburg, Va.
HARDWICK, JOHN CECIL.....	Blacksburg, Va.
HARRISON, WILLIAM BYRD.....	Appomattox, Va.

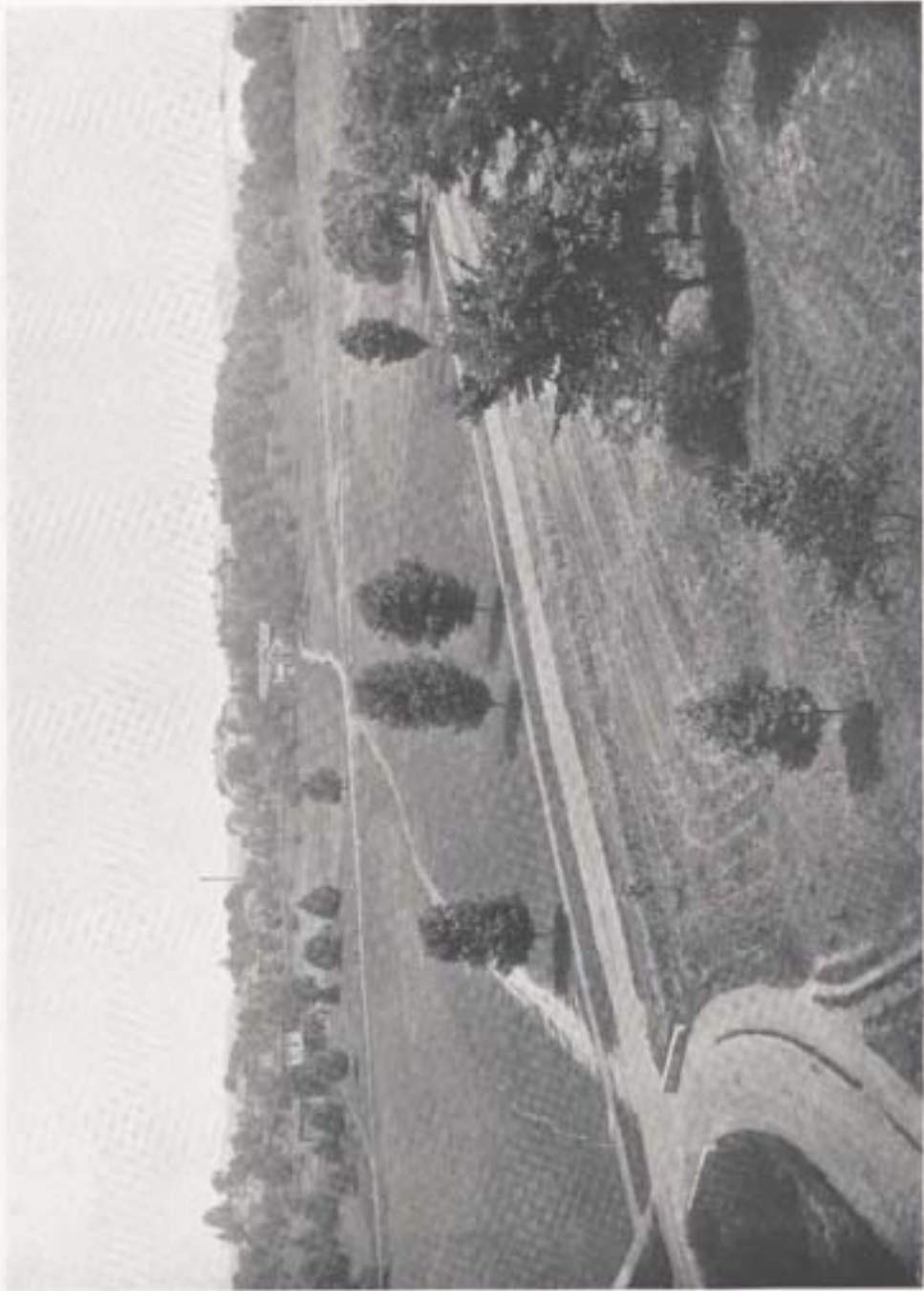
The Bugle Ninteen Twelve

HAUGHTON, THOMAS HILL, JR.	Charlotte, N. C.
HILDEBRAND, DAVID ACTON	Fishersville, Va.
HILL, JOHN WILLIAM	Newport News, Va.
HUBBARD, WILLIAM JACKSON	Forest Depot, Va.
HUSTTEL, LEE JOSEPH	Norton, Va.
HUMPHREY, WILLIAM LODGE, JR.	Bluemont, Va.
HUNT, RUSSELL CHRISTIAN	Chatham, Va.
IRVING, WILLIAM HARRIS	Greenville, S. C.
JENKINS, WALTER IRVINE	Pocahontas, Va.
JENKINSON, HARRY JUDSON	Kelly's Ford, Va.
JENNINGS, JOHN JULIAN	Roanoke, Va.
JESSUP, RALPH SLACUM	Blacksburg, Va.
JONES, ALBERT LAMARINE, JR.	Quantico, Va.
JONES, RALPH ROBERT	Richmond, Va.
KING, PAUL	Emporia, Va.
KOLLEBRATH, HOWARD ALBERT	Rice Depot, Va.
LEDERWOOD, GUY TEMPLETON	Blacksburg, Va.
LEE, BOBBY FITZGUGH	Midland, Va.
LEWIS, THOMAS WARING	Millers Tavern, Va.
LLEWELLYN, BARRHUE HOOD	Wise, Va.
LOYD, SAMUEL ASTON	Lynchburg, Va.
MCCUE, JOHN MOFFETT	Bluefield, W. Va.
MCKEE, JAMES ELBERT	Pulaski, Va.
MASON, ARBURY MARVIN	Accuras, Va.
METCALF, OLIVE, JR.	Greenville, Miss.
MILLER, GEORGE NAPOLEON	Forest Depot, Va.
MILLER, JOHN JAMES	Hawlin, Va.
MONTAGUE, JAMES LEWIS	Christiansburg, Va.
MOORE, ALLAN LEWIS	Wytheville, Va.
MOORE, ARTHUR PENICK	Ringold, Va.
MORTON, CHARLES READ	Meberrin, Va.
MORTON, JAMES SPENCER	Meberrin, Va.
NASH, WILSON FINE, JR.	Washington, D. C.
PETTINGER, RICHARD WARD	Charles Town, W. Va.
PETTIS, CHARLES SEMPLE	Norfolk, Va.
PIGGOTT, SHIRLEY THOMAS	Parcellville, Va.
POWERS, PHILLIP HENRY	Berryville, Va.
PULLY, MYRON WASHINGTON	Hampton, Va.
REYNOLDS, MARK FLOYD	Blacksburg, Va.
RIVES, THOMAS McDOWELL	Norfolk, Va.
ROLLINS, NATHANIEL ELKINS	Passapatanzy, Va.
ROWE, CHARLES SPURDION	Fredericksburg, Va.
SANDERSON, JOHN MELVILLE	Bluemont, Va.
SCOTT, FRANK RICHARDSON	Bristol, Va.
SEAY, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	Fork Union, Va.
SHANKLEFORD, WILLIS	Charleston, S. C.
SHANKLAND, ARCHIE DALGLISH	Newport News, Va.
SHELBERN, ALVIN CARLISLE	Hubbard Springs, Va.
SNYDER, JOHN ABNER	Roanoke, Va.

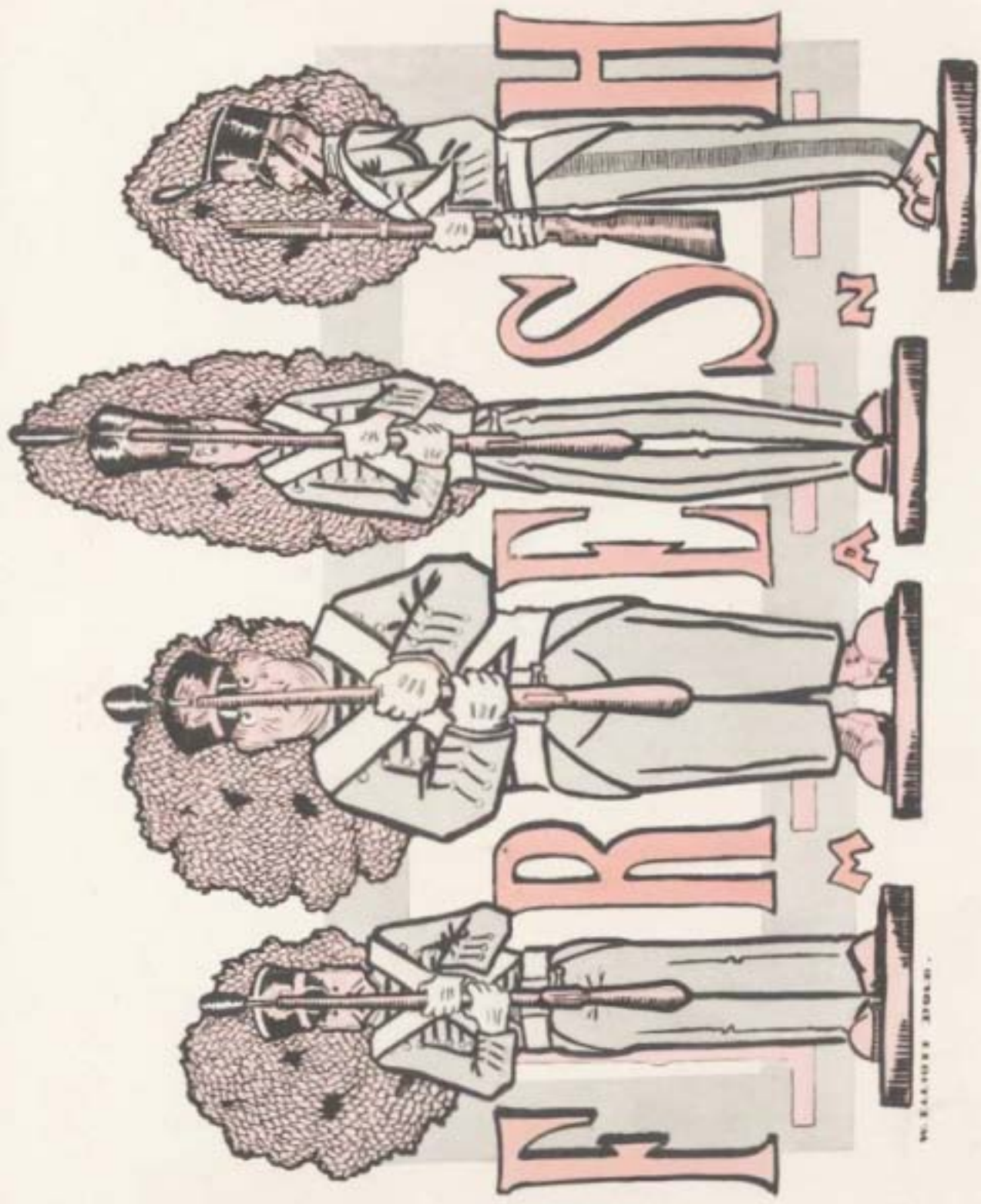
The Bugle Ninteen Twelve

SOMERVILLE, HENRY MARTIN.....	Mitchells, Va.
SCHEER, RAYMOND SENOPHYSC.....	Lynchburg, Va.
STEPHENS, PAUL JENKINS.....	Martinsville, Va.
SUTTON, LEE EDWARDS, JR.....	Petersburg, Va.
TILLMAN, HENRY ONESTON.....	Staunton, Va.
TYLER, HENRY MAGRUDER, JR.....	Ashland, Va.
VACCHAN, WILLIAM FRIEND.....	Keyville, Va.
WADE, WILLIAM HAMILTON, JR.....	Bluefield, W. Va.
WARFIELD, GILMER ANTHONY.....	Richmond, Va.
WARWICK, WILLIAM GORDON.....	Richmond, Va.
WATSON, JOHN THOMAS.....	Dante, Va.
WEAVER, JACK HENDERSON.....	Thermal City, N. C.
WHITE, JOHN LLOYD.....	Keokletown, Va.
WHITEHEAD, THOMAS, JR.....	Amherst, Va.
WILTSHIRE, THOMAS BUFORD.....	Lynchburg, Va.
WILFE, THOMAS KENNEDY.....	Elkton, Va.
WOOD, RAYMOND SANDERLIN.....	Norfolk, Va.
WYCKE, WILLIAM GEORGEY.....	Pulaski, Va.





CAMPUS IN SUMMER



W. E. GARDNER'S STUDIO



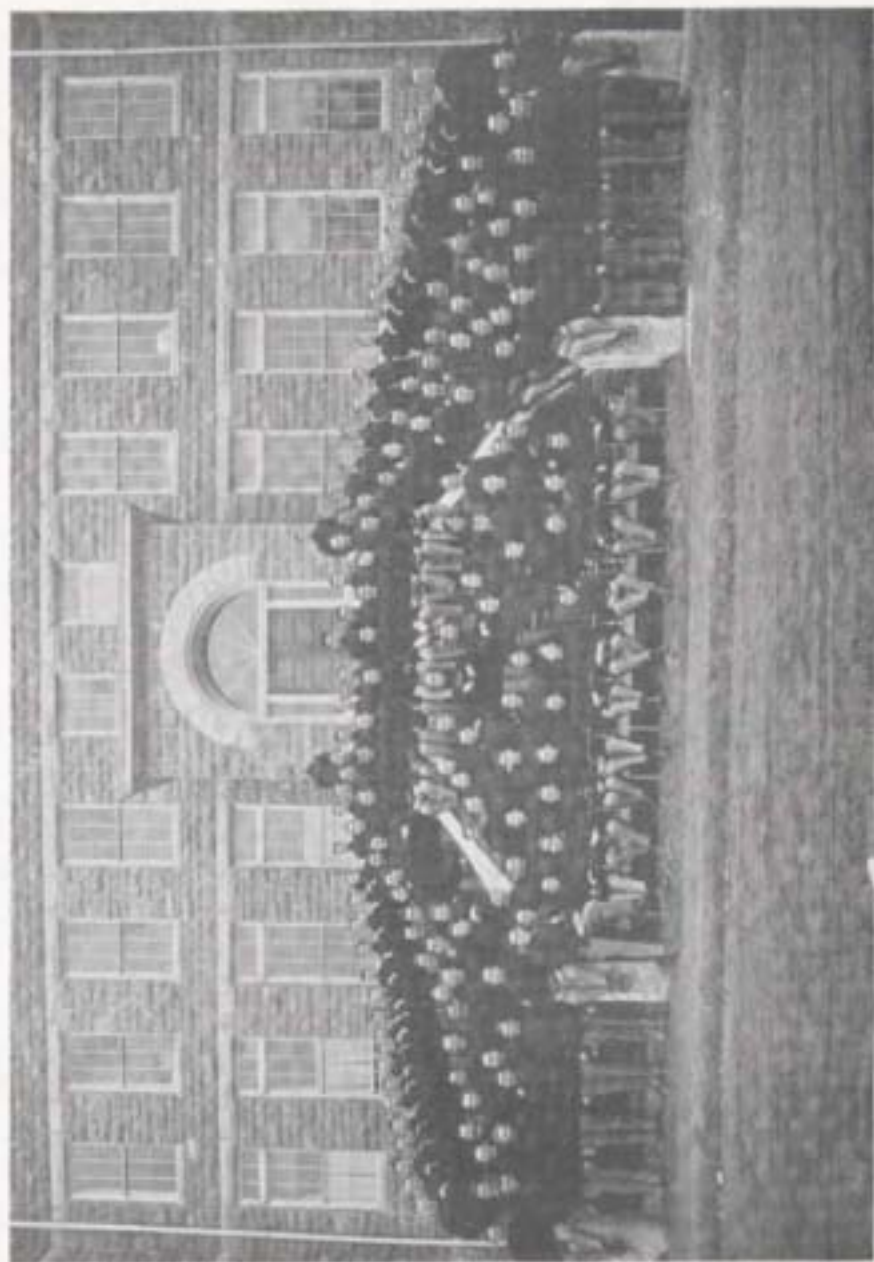
The Bugle Ninteen Twelve

Class Nineteen and Fifteen



MISS SHOCKEY
SPONSOR

HARRY DEWITT GUY.....	PRESIDENT
PLATT ASHLEY PEARSALL.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
HENRY HUFF RUTROUGH.....	SECRETARY
ARTHUR PALFREY TERRY.....	TREASURER
LUTHER WESLEY DEAR.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS



CLASS NINETEEN AND FIFTIES



Class Roll

ABELNOUR, JOSEPH ANTHONY.....	Romoke, Va.
ALTIER, CLARENCE STANLEY.....	Cumria, Va.
ARNOST, THOMAS MAUND, JR.....	Hague, Va.
BAILEY, FRANCIS WILLIAM.....	Winchester, Va.
BAILEY, JOHN WALTER.....	Winchester, Va.
BAKER, OTIS FLETCHER.....	Capron, Va.
BAKE, JAMES GRIGSBY.....	Lexington, Va.
BARREY, HENRY KARL.....	Mendota, Va.
BECKNER, MOOMAW CEPHAR.....	Richmond, Va.
BELLWOOD, ARTHUR BONNEY.....	South Richmond, Va.
BIBB, ERNEST KING.....	Appalachia, Va.
BIBB, HARRY CLOFFORD.....	Beckley, W. Va.
BLISS, NORMAN WILLARD.....	Sterling, Va.
BLACKINGER, ARTHUR BENJAMIN.....	Pulaski, Va.
BRADLEY, BENNETT LOCKE.....	Harrisonburg, Va.
BRADLEY, JAMES CARL.....	Abingdon, Va.
BRAYER, RUDOLPH CARL.....	Richmond, Va.
BRENT, WILLIAM SKYMOOR.....	Heathsville, Va.
BRENT, JOSEPH WARREN.....	The Plains, Va.
BROWN, BRISCOE.....	Goshen, Va.
BROWN, GEORGE HENRY, JR.....	Norfolk, Va.
BRUCE, FISHER WATKINS.....	Chester, Va.
BRUCE, BOWLETT HENRY.....	Chester, Va.
BRYAN, CYRIL KENNETH.....	Blount Springs, Ala.
BUCHANAN, JAMES ARCHIE.....	Saltville, Va.
BURKE, HERBERT JOHNSON.....	Roanoke, Va.
BURWELL, JOHN ARMISTEAD.....	Upperville, Va.
BUTTERWORTH, ALVIN SWEETSON.....	Milford, Va.
BUTTERWORTH, JOSEPH MILLARD.....	Milford, Va.
BYRNE, WILLIAM HALE.....	East Falls Church, Va.
CALLENDER, SAM HIRAM.....	Borkingham, Va.
CAMPBELL, JAMES OBE.....	Lynchburg, Va.
CARRINGTON, ABRAHAM CARROLL.....	Fredericksburg, Va.
CATLETT, CHARLES, JR.....	Bridges, Va.
CHINN, ARMSTRONG.....	Norfolk, Va.
CLARK, WILLIAM LUTHER.....	Norfolk, Va.
COOK, RUSSELL HENRY.....	Blacksburg, Va.
COPE, GLENN WILLARD.....	Spartanburg, S. C.
DAVIS, HENRY PERRY.....	Danville, Va.

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

DAVIS, BOLAND LESARD.....	Abingdon, Va.
DEAR, LUTHER WESLEY.....	Norfolk, Va.
DENTON, EDWARD BARRON.....	Abingdon, Va.
DENTON, FRANK REYNOLDS.....	Abingdon, Va.
DIXON, JAMES HENRY.....	Saltville, Va.
EPES, WILLIAM ROBINSON.....	Blackstone, Va.
FADLEY, JAMES McNELLEDGE.....	Falls Church, Va.
FAGE, GEORGE EDWARD.....	Cambrin, Va.
FENTRESS, ELLIS ROACHE.....	Norfolk, Va.
FLEMING, ANDREW ELIETT.....	Branchfield, W. Va.
FRANCK, JAMES WAYNE.....	Charlottesville, Va.
FUQUA, ISAAC NICKELS.....	Bristol, Va.
GRAY, WILLIAM GRIEN.....	Winston-Salem, N. C.
GREEN, HUNTER GRAY.....	Blacksburg, Va.
GROVES, GEORGE SUMMER.....	Washington, D. C.
GUY, HARRY DEWITT.....	Roanoke, Va.
HALE, DAN.....	Narrows, Va.
HALL, BASSETT KEY.....	Pulaski, Va.
HARMAN, JOHN CADDELL.....	Pulaski, Va.
HARRIS, THURMAN LEON.....	Jeffersonton, Va.
HARVEY, ALFRED ROKER.....	Radford, Va.
HEDRICK, ALDRIN WOOD.....	Elkton, Va.
HEPLIN, CARLTON WASHINGTON.....	Broad Run, Va.
HENDRICK, CARL SPENCER.....	Lebanon, Va.
HILL, FRANCIS LENORE.....	Lexington, Va.
HILL, JOHN FRANK.....	Alexandria, Va.
HODGSON, THOMAS MARIUS.....	East Falls Church, Va.
HOGG, SAMUEL HARRIS, JR.....	Roanoke, Va.
HUDDLE, DAVID NICHOLAS.....	Ivanhoe, Va.
HUNT, CLIFTON TREADWAY.....	Chatham, Va.
INGHAM, ALLAN ARMISTEAD.....	Abingdon, Va.
JESSUP, JAMES CAMPBELL.....	Baskerville, Va.
JETT, RAYMOND SHEPHERD.....	Richmond, Ky.
JOHNSON, SAMUEL TALBOT.....	Drumge, Va.
JONES, EDWARD STRATTON.....	Clifton Forge, Va.
JONES, JOHN ANDRY.....	New Castle, Va.
KELLY, CREED PAVON.....	Big Stone Gap, Va.
KEMP, ARTHUR WINBURN.....	Norfolk, Va.
KIRACOFF, CHARLES EUGENE.....	Mount Solon, Va.
KRESSER, JOHN BRADLEY.....	Abingdon, Va.
LANGSWORTHY, LOWELL STANFORD.....	Bradford, W. Va.
LATHROP, CAROL CURRIE.....	Richmond, Va.
LEPTWICH, CLAUDE MITCHELL.....	Forest Depot, Va.
LEWIS, EDMUND MONROE.....	McAlpine, W. Va.
LOWE, RICHARD HUBBERT.....	Roanoke, Va.
LUCAS, LUTHER LEONARD.....	Newport, Va.
MCCAFFERY, HUGH JOSEPH.....	Roanoke, Va.
MCGEEKE, EDWARD ODEN.....	Lynchburg, Va.
MCGHEE, WILBUR IRVINE.....	Bedford City, Va.

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

MACGREGOR, RAYMOND JOSEPH.....	Lynchburg, Va.
MCNEW, CHARLES HUGH.....	Bristol, Va.
MCNINCH, ELI TODD.....	Charlotte, Va.
MACK, HUNTER.....	McLean, Va.
MACKRETH, HUBBERT COLIN.....	Ivy Depot, Va.
MACKINSON, DANIEL.....	Norfolk, Va.
MEMPHRE, JESSE IRVIN.....	Lynchburg, Va.
METCALF, JAMES GARWITH.....	Gainesville, Va.
MINER, JOHN VAN HORNE.....	Chatham, Va.
MOFFEY, HENRY HARRIS.....	Staunton, Va.
MORRISON, DENNIS PATRICK.....	Forest Depot, Va.
MORTON, CHARLES READ.....	Meherrin, Va.
MORTON, JAMES SPENCER.....	Meherrin, Va.
MOSBY, JOSEPH EDWIN.....	Richmond, Va.
MOTLEY, JAMES LEWIS.....	Farnham, Va.
MUNCY, JAMES BLAINE.....	Pennington, Va.
NELSON, WILLIAM EDWARD.....	Columbia, Va.
OAKEV, GLEN WILLIAM.....	Salem, Va.
OGURN, RICHARD KENNEDY.....	North View, Va.
OLD, NIMMO, JR.....	Norfolk, Va.
OLIVER, WILLIAM FRANKLIN.....	Irrington, Va.
PATTERSON, GEORGE PICKERELL.....	Manchester Station, Va.
PAXTON, ROY GORDON.....	Bristol, Va.
PRAKE, JONNOS BEN.....	Norfolk, Va.
PEARBALL, PLATT ASHBY.....	Hampton, Va.
PODIE, WILLIAM ROBERSON.....	Rising Sun, Md.
PORTER, CHARLES DAVID.....	Rural Retreat, Va.
PORTERFIELD, HARRY BENNARD.....	Vickers Switch, Va.
PRESTON, SEATON TINSLEY.....	Bristol, Va.
REED, BEN, JR.....	Meadow View, Va.
REBALLACK, JOHN BAPTISTE.....	Blacksburg, Va.
RIDDERS, FRANK RUSH.....	Haymarketon, Va.
RICHARDSON, WALTER JOYNER.....	Farmville, Va.
ROACHE, MILTON ORIN.....	Norfolk, Va.
RUFFIN, KIRKLAND.....	Norfolk, Va.
SANDERS, WILLIAM WALLACE.....	Gainesville, Va.
SCOTT, JOHN SIMON.....	Ronoke, Va.
SHANNON, CHARLES DOUGLAS.....	Saltville, Va.
SHELburn, ALVIN CARLISLE.....	Hubbard Springs, Va.
SHELTON, FARRAR VILAS.....	Burkeville, Va.
SIMMONS, ANTHONY GRAYBILL.....	Fincastle, Va.
SIMPSON, THOMAS HENRY.....	Round Hill, Va.
SINCLAIR, JACK.....	Maxera, Va.
SLATE, ROBERT HAGLAND.....	South Boston, Va.
SMITH, GEORGE BLACKWELL, JR.....	Capron, Va.
SMITH, HENRY KIRARD.....	Norfolk, Va.
STEELE, WILLIAM ISAAC, JR.....	Charlottesville, Va.
STEPHANS, PAUL JENKINS.....	Martinsville, Va.
SWART, MALCOLM ROSSER.....	Lynchburg, Va.

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

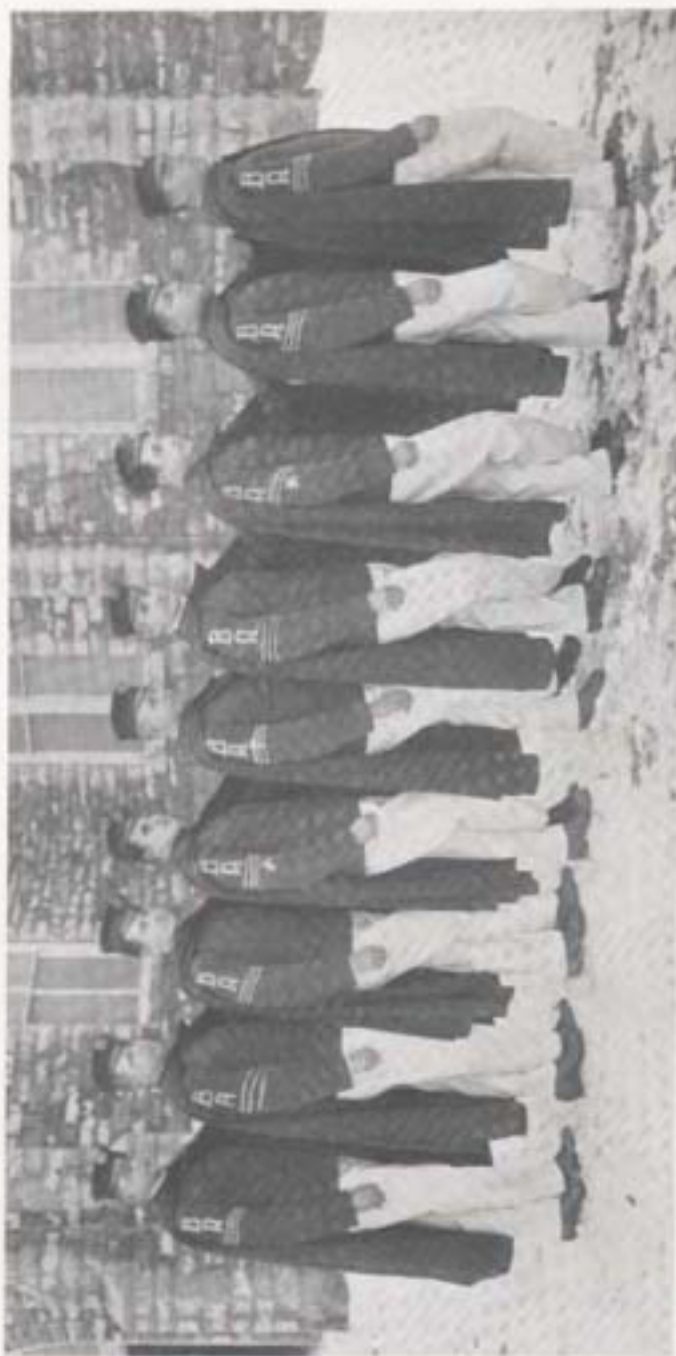
TERRELL, FREDERIC.....	College Park, Va.
TERRY, ARTHUR PALFREY.....	Wytheville, Va.
TODD, EDWARD GOESUCH.....	Port Howard, Md.
TYRRE, NATHAN LOUIS.....	Lynchburg, Va.
TYRRE, PAUL WHITEHEAD.....	Lynch's Station, Va.
UDY, ISAAC.....	Bluefield, W. Va.
UEHLING, EDWARD.....	Passaic, N. J.
VAUGHN, WILLIAM FRIEND.....	Keysville, Va.
VAWTER, JOHN RUSSELL.....	Austed, W. Va.
WATSON, HAROLD FIELDING.....	Saltville, Va.
WEBBER, EDWARD JAMES.....	Coffee, Va.
WHITEHEAD, THOMAS, JR.....	Amherst, Va.
WHITNEY, WALLACE BROWN.....	Bristol, Tenn.
WILSON, ERNEST HARVEY.....	Birds Nest, Va.
WILTSHIRE, THOMAS BUFORD.....	Lynchburg, Va.
WRIGHT, JARSLD WATKINS.....	Rustburg, Va.

Apprentices

BARRSDALE, FLORENCE.....	Randolph, Va.
BARLOW, GORDON EUGENE.....	Smithfield, Va.
BENNETT, CHARLES ALWYN.....	Pinecastle, Va.
BRADSHAW, JOEL JACOB.....	Carryville, Va.
BREWSTER, WILLIAM PHILIP.....	Bristol, Va.
BROWNING, PRESTON MERSEY.....	Woodville, Va.
CAMPBELL, PATTERSON FITZGERALD.....	Wytheville, Va.
CLARK, ERNEST LANCER.....	Phoebus, Va.
CLARY, ALEXANDER ADAMS.....	Newville, Va.
COCKE, NELSON PAGE.....	Cartersville, Va.
COX, JOHN HAMPTON.....	
ELLISS, ARCHIE SPATLEY.....	Waverly, Va.
FARRIER, KENNETH HOWE.....	Newport, Va.
GILLESPIE, FRED O'KEEFE.....	Pounding Mill, Va.
GRAHAM, ANDREW LESTER.....	Floyd, Va.
LAMBERT, ROBERT HILLIARD.....	South Hill, Va.
MILLEN, JOHN JAMES.....	Hewlin, Va.
MOORE, ARTHUR PENICK.....	Ringold, Va.
MUNCY, MINOR.....	Bland, Va.
PARKER, THOMAS PARKS.....	Norfolk, Va.
PERROW, AINSLIE.....	Lynchburg, Va.
SAMUELS, JOSEPH MALCOLM.....	Hurt, Va.
SHORT, JAMES STANLEY.....	Franklin City, Va.
SKINNER, B. E.....	
SPENCER, WILLIAM SCOTT.....	Pinecastle, Va.
THOMPSON, VANCK NORMAN.....	The Plains, Va.
WERTZ, LUTHER G.....	Salem, Va.
WERTZ, ROY LENARD.....	Pogues Mill, Va.
WHEATLEY, JAMES MATHEWS.....	Elkwood, Va.
WHITTEN, RAWLEY WHITE.....	North Tazewell, Va.
YOWELL, JOHN DANIEL JOEL.....	Peels Mills, Va.



V. P. I. DARRIS



COX WALL LOVING GARRISON PURCELL MARSH SMITH ENGLAW CHAFFELER
HUSTON ARMISTOCAYS



If you want to see something military, here it is. (Blowing from right to left) "J. C." Holmes, "Captain" McKnight, and the "Cadet Captain and Adjutant" Lippert, W. J., a trismvirate which would make Caesar and Pompey blink when it comes to military affairs. Don't know exactly what they are doing here—just "posting" we presume—which reminds us that the above gentlemen often pose in a military manner.



"JONES" AND "DAN" HOWE—OFF TO "HUCKLEBERRY" HILL.

Probably the biggest "salvo" sports in the Senior Class. Someone has said of "Dan" that he has the privilege of kissing anybody in Southwest Virginia. "Jones" also is one of the "favorite" ones. Early marriages are predicted for both.



"NUTS" HOWARD

Another one of your heavy "valien sports." He says the girls draw him with some strange irresistible force, which he wouldn't resist if he could.



"SOCRATES"

"Soc," as his name implies, is noted for his learning. His title has been severely challenged, as he professes a liking for military and has recently fallen in love. Either condition is incompatible with wisdom.



"DICK" ENSLOW
WEARING "CITY" 10 DEMERITS

Snapped on his way to the "Inn." Visits to the "Inn" were very frequent for "Dick" during his Senior year. So were demerits.



"PLUTO" COX

One of the "tall ones" of the class.



SAVAGE

His name is a misnomer, for he is one of the meekest and most gentlemanly fellows in school.



"MAJOR" STINSON

who has never yet been able to get the "sum and substance" of the course in Junior English.



FRANK TOM WALL

"Delroy" exhibitor, promoter of gold-brick deals, and a nature-faker in general.



DICKENSON

He's a quiet, retiring sort of fellow, whose smile typifies his good nature.



"CHAP"—ENTERING SCIENCE HALL.

"Chap" is famous for his vocabulary of scientific terms. Delivered in his rather unusual style of conversational oratory, his words are very impressive—sometimes very meaningless also. However, he is regarded as an authority along agricultural lines. He is, "moreover," President of the Senior Class.



"HECK"

Not a very good background for such a prominent fellow. "Heck" holds down the important job of Corps President. He says it's easier to hold down the job than it is the Corps.



MASSIE, "PETER" ST. CLAIR, AND "SHARY" GROVE.
Making trouble for the "Bats."



"BEET" HENLEY AND "CAPTAIN" TAYLOR (Saluting)

"Beet" doesn't look like he could have "gotten out" of military for a year on the plea of indigestion, does he? He is a pretty sick fellow. Note that Taylor is in a hurry. He is said to get about 20 hours out of each day.



PHILIP HAMILTON (Center Figure)
Premier "but air" artist of the Corps.



FIGHT! FIGHT!
Another phase of "The Yechs in Action."



IN PHYSICAL LABORATORY
(From left to right) BERRY, OLIVER, AND PEASELEY
Berry and Oliver work because they like to. Peaseley loafs for the same reason.



CIVIL ENGINEERING FIELD WORK
"KELLY" LIVERAY AND LOVING
Notice Loving's overcoat. It causes him to be often mistaken for a policeman.



HIX

"His voice is like the warbling of a bird, so soft, so sweet, so delicately clear."



"HURLEY" WARNER

"Ah-ah Hoo!"
"I'll tell the world."



REX STUCKLE

BUSINESS MANAGER OF "THE TECH"

The right man in the right place. One of those shrewd, keen business fellows.



"BOB" MASON

Rather an undignified pose for the "Officer of the Day."



RAY PAUL

One of Billy Hervey's confederates.



"CY" CHILDREN AND "SERGIO" HARRY

Two Senior Agriculturalists, who work in twenty years will be the typical prosperous country gentleman.



MOXES AND MCCABE
SNAPPED IN ELECTRICAL LABORATORY

Moxes does the work and McCabe bears out the dynamics.



DAMON

He is almost as curious a fellow as the gentlemen on the opposite side of the table.



"SLEEPY" SMITH (Center)

Not an uncommon sight in front of No. 1, immediately after dinner.



FRANK COOPER AND "SLADY" GROVE



"DICK" SAUNDERS (Working)

These pictures are supposed to be characteristic snapshots. This one is not.



QUACK! QUACK!



YARDROUGH

Over in F Company they call him "Duce." from some sort of a flying walk he has. He is the most infatigable mimic in college.



"LOVELY" McCARE

He holds the distinction of being the youngest man in the graduating class.



"BOOSTER" PURCELL

He ought to be down in Mexico, for he is a notorious instructor and has no respect for martial law.



KESLING AND SLIGH

A couple of sturdy Seniors who go a long way towards making up the backbone of the class.



GLEYS GARRISON

The Editor-in-Chief of the *Yack*, who goes after reform in a fashion which does not always meet the approval of the college authorities.



"GERSNICKS"



BRUCE WILLIAMS

Our Editor-in-Chief in his favorite "out-tune." There is one incomplete feature about this picture—we see no "Bugle" copy under his arm.



"Doctor" Dick

A musician and a philosopher.



"FESTIVAL" HOLLADAY

A fellow with a variety of nicknames—"Pop," "All Duty," "P. L.," and "Left Dress."



SICKER

He fills some sort of an important job at the Treasurer's office. He is going to be an important fellow himself some day. And the nice part of it will be that he will never realize it.



"BILLY" BURRIS

Reading the "pink" sheet.



"POKEY" FAULCONER

His specialty is music, b flat, e sharp, etc.



LOVINO

His graceful movements as Drum Major were one of the features of Dress Parades.



HENRY

Going to A. C.



BEALE

He has a stride which is all his own.



THE "TOSS-UP"



"MOLLIE" MCGUIRE GOING TO GEOLOGY

Geology swells all agriculturists, and "Mollie" is no exception. Notice his characteristic stride, somewhat nervous. The Geology lesson is probably ten or twelve pages longer than usual.



TAYLOR PEAKE

standing on the corner downtown. Blacksburg is too slow for him to do any harm. Otherwise he would be "pinched."



THE "BOO HOUSE"

In Memoriam

An Elegy to the Bug House

Riobe in her days of grief sure shed some bitter tears,
The heart of Hero for her love was broke for many years.
The woes of Werther were no joke
Nor is it fun to be stone broke.
We did not laugh when Art, the Smoke,
Gave James J. Jeff that awful poke.
Yet all these things are screams of joy beside the sad, sad tale
A Member of the Hero Club was lately heard to wail.

Said he, "In days of auld lang syne, when all the Bulls were calves,
When deeds of darkness deep were done, and never done by halves,
The Bug House stood a monument
To all the gods of Merriment,
Well filled with spiritus frument
And other liquors, Heaven-sent.
In Upper rooms the Heroes met and mounted dizzy heights,
From off the roof Q. Adams hung to sail a blood-red kite.

"And off out on the still night swept gusts of wassail joys,
Until the Faculty smiled and sighed, and wished they might be boys.
What feasts Bacchantic there were done,
What nights and days of frolic fun,
What races for crams were run
Between the rise and set of sun,
When Thermo had no chance at all, if someone pulled the bones,
And prayed the gods for Little Joe in soft, persuasive tones.

"Such was the house yecept the 'Bug' in blithesome days gone by.
Behold it now!" the Member cried, with anger in his eye.

"Where is the tower so dear to me?
And what is this I seem to see?
A prof? A child? Ah, woe is me!
They've turned it to a Nursery!"
The Member smole a ghastly smile and sadly turned away—
They shortly after found him there—and left him where he lay.

Officially Dedicated by the
Hero Club

C. T. H.

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

Ye Tech A B C's

- A**'s for Authority
Wielded o'er masses;
Of some it makes men,
Of some it makes asses.
- B** stands for Bottles,
And B stands for Bulls;
You pull from the one;
By the other you're pulled.
- C**'s for the Commandant,
Of mountain-top fame;
If given the square deal
He'll give you the same.
- D** is for "Dills,"
You always find pluckers;
But the "profs" who are caught
Are usually suckers.
- E**'s for Emotion,
Not countenanced in ranks;
Not even if the man in rear
Jabs pins into your flanks.
- F** is for Flopsy,
By whom the news is wired;
How sad he must be to report:
"Another keydet fired."
- G** stands for Growley,
And G stands for growls;
But the man who stands the growley
Afterward stands and howls.
- H** leads to Heaven
Where all the privates go;
And H leads the other way
Where there's military show.
- I**'s for Inspection
When there's cleaning up of rooms;
If you want a good housekeeper
You ought to watch the brooms.

The Bugle Ninteen Twelve

J is for Jamie,
Socrates he's named;
If he does like military
Why should he be blamed?

K is for Knocker,
And K is for Kicker;
Give the Devil his dues
And Hell will be thicker.

L is for Lectures,
And L is for Learning;
While the "profs" do both
For the bell we are yearning.

M stands for Money,
Used on land, on sea, on shore;
When we write of it to father
We always spell it M-O-R-E.

N is for the Naps we take,
In lectures through the day;
We need them, for 'twas hardly dawn
When they roused us from our hay.


O stands for Oysters—
We don't know where they get 'em;
But they seem so very homesick
That no one dares to eat 'em.

P is for Prozey—
A goodly man and just;
A President in whom the corps
Have confidence and trust.

Q is for Quarters,
At 7:30 we are there;
At 11:00 o'clock the lights go out—
Then, oh the floor—how bare!

R brings up Reveille,
And R brings up "Rats;"
Indeed, they're very different,
Though they both bring thoughts of slats.

S is for Sleep
And for slumber profound;
And S for the "stick"
When you don't hear reveille sound.



The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

T's for The Tech,
A modern college weekly,
That has to be chastised quite oft,
To make it talk more weekly.

U is for Uncle Bill,
He's ready at your call;
He needs no advertising—
Uncle Bill—That's all.

V To V. P. I. we lift on high
Both morning, night, and noon,
All honors due be unto you
Our Orange and Maroon.

W stands for Washington—
To him we're grateful men;
We celebrate his birthday,
And wish he could be born again.

X is for Xerxes,
Who ranked in military high;
Historians say that he was trained
Four years at V. P. I.

Y stands for Youth,
A word that rhymes with Truth;
But to find who fired the bombs that night
T'would take a noted sleuth.

Z is for Zero—
We have both sorts, you know;
And, like the weather, some men try
To even go below.



The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

Famous Sayings of Near-Famous Men

DR. WILSON: "I just tell you what, fellows, you'd better jot this down."

PROF. ARNOLD: "I hope you see what I mean."

DR. NEWMAN: "Mr. Hobart, a F-O-U-R; Mr. Holmes, a F-O-U-R."

PROF. VAWTER: "Now, think, think a minute."

COL. WARR: "Somebody is going to get HURT. Bar!"

DR. MAYO: "It might be, but it ain't."

DR. HURNALL: "Gentlemen, get the gist of the matter, the sum and substance, as it were."

PROF. HOLMES: "C-L-A-S-S, C-L-A-S-S, a most wonderful phenomenon!"

COL. JOHNSON: "For the next lesson, study carefully the following one hundred and eighty-seven pages."

PROF. DAVIDSON: "Excuse me, gentlemen, for a moment."

PROF. LEE: "It is perfectly obvious."

COL. MARR: "Just grant me that now, just grant me that."

DR. WILLIAMS: "Has anybody come in since I called the roll?"

DEAN SMYTHE: "What in the world, gentlemen, what in the world?"

PROF. CARRIER: "As we said before."

PROF. BRAINERD: "Blup! Blup! Darned old cow!"

PROF. STAHL: "Wait a minute, I'll look it up."

DR. READ: "Yes." "No."

PROF. DRINKARD: "Now do you believe that? Well I don't."

G. G. G.

The Bugle NINETEEN TWELVE

The Sentinel's Lament

Things ain't like they used to be

When Pa went here to school.

He says the place has gone to—well

You bet Pa ain't no fool.

He's the biggest man in Podunkville

And owns 'bout all in sight.

When he says a thing is so and so

Just set it down for right.

He come up here in '56

From down on Granddaddy's farm,

He says them days they measured it on

By the brown of their right arm.

But things ain't like they used to be,

Not by a sight—dog-gone-it.

A fellow's arm don't count a bit,

It's just them stripes upon it.

Pa spent his time a-learnin' things

He'd need in after life.

And when he come from here, you bet

He was fitted out for strife.

But things ain't like they used to be,

And all we learn to-day

Is "column right" and "column left"

And "by the right flank," "Hoy!"

When Pa was here the fellows laffed

And joked and sang all day.

And 'course that made the hardest work

Just seem like fun and play.

But things—O darn, the only song

We hear where'er we roam

Is the soulful, doleful, woeful tune

Of "Holmes, sweet Holmes."

Now military ain't so bad,

When in the right proportion,

But give a man an overdose

And it sure will kill devotion.

So don't you think I'm trying to growl,

And kick, and knock all 'round.

There is a moral to my tale:

"Don't Run Things in the Ground."

GORDON LEFEBVRE.



The Bugle Ninteen Twelue

When the Colonel's Horse is Painted

When they paint the Colonel's horse—
Gee! There's something doing!
Awful lot of trouble brewing—
Sort of an internal stewing—
That someone will be a-rning,
When they paint the Colonel's horse.

When they paint the Colonel's horse—
Ticklish undertaking!
Just before the day is breaking—
While a nap the Bulls are taking—
Very time for such a laking,
When they paint the Colonel's horse.

When they paint the Colonel's horse—
Whist! They come a-sneaking!
Then the stable door's a-creakin'—
And the paint brush goes a-streakin'—
While the paint pot keeps a-leakin',
When they paint the Colonel's horse.

When they paint the Colonel's horse—
Listen to him swearing!
Can't appreciate the daring
Of the dead, but keeps comparing
V. P. I. with—Who's a caring?
When they paint the Colonel's horse.

C. T. A.

The Bugle NINETEEN TWELVE

The Ragged Rangers

In a village solitary,
In a college military,
There's a company of Rangers,
And they might appear to strangers
As a crowd devoid of pride;
Some you see with trousers baggy,
Others wear their hair so shaggy,
Comb and brush it so damn badly,
That a porcupine would gladly
Change it for his prickly hide.

And in drill they never shine
For they can't maintain a line,
But in curves so parabolic
That they give the Captain colic,
March proudly onward;
But in battle, ragged pants
Does not hinder brave advances,
And each private fights so well,
Every foe must run like H—
Or die dishonored.

MAC, '13.

THE LONG ROLL



The Bugle NINETEEN TWELVE

Dreaming on Parade

The Sergeants had finished calling the roll, and the Captain had taken command.
They marched us down and formed us in line by the music of the Band.
We had on our caftans and shahoes, we were all dressed up for show,
But I'd seen Bald Knob in the distance and thither I longed to go.

In a moment it seemed that I was there, at the end of a long hot day,
I was climbing the paths through the forest cool that wrapped on his shoulders lay,
Up, up the side of the mountain with the day's course nearly run,
While winds blew cool and the shadows grew long as westward swung the sun.

At last I stood on the summit, at last I looked below,
Saw the blue lake, the purple mountains, and the river's distant glow;
And life seemed more worth the living in the golden evening light—
"Close ranks! March!" said the Colonel, but I thought he said, "Squads right!"
SOCRATES.



HEARD ON THE CAMPUS AFTER THE EASTER UPRISING



The Bugle Nineleen Twelve



BUGLE ELECTION
AND
GLASS STATISTICS
1912

Who is the Brainiest Cadet?

Bob Minshall wins out in a close race, with Peter St. Clair and Gordon Lefebvre as chief competitors.

Most Popular?

Company F lines up solidly for Livesay, and votes from other parts of the battalion easily give him first place.

The Handsomest?

W. G. Jones carries off the honors in the race for good looks. Bob Macon and Barrett, as close seconds, made things interesting for him.

Who Thinks He Is?

McKnight gets a *handsome* majority here, if not the good looks.

Who is the Hardest Student?

"Blondy" Williams is the hardest student, with Jasper not far behind in the race.

The Biggest Kicker?

Sid Purcell beats Bowler out by a small majority.

The Biggest Hot-Air Artist?

Not much competition here. Percy Hamilton "cinched" the title three years ago, and apparently everybody is satisfied with his services.

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The Laziest Cadet?

As much as Joe Burke talks, we are at a loss to understand the result here. Probably hot air is the only sort of energy he possesses. Other candidates request that their names be kept dark. They don't want the rumor to get back home.

The Wittiest?

The witticisms of Frank Tom Wall win first place for him. His humor is of two kinds, dry and wet.

The Biggest Calico Sport?

A host of candidates present themselves. In the order of their persistency—Sierra, Dan Howe, "Reddy" Welch, W. G. Jones, "Nuts" Howard, and C. H. McKnight.

Who Tries to Be?

The efforts of "Reddy" Welch find acknowledgement here, but the inference that he is not successful should not be drawn.

The Cadet Most in Love?

Most interesting results. A trip to Roanoke immediately before the election served to place Gordon Lefebvre in the title role, but not without fierce competition. Company F declares that "Growley" Evans is the only logical candidate, while Company E finds it difficult to decide between J. C. Holmes and "Reggie" Parker. The Staff division stoutly maintains that "Pop" Fowle deserves the honor. Notable candidates in the race were: McKnight, "Sid" Purcell, "Dick" Saunders, Dan Howe, Linn Enslow, and "Fats" Crocker.

Biggest Lady-hater?

His, "Theories on Love," advanced in his Junior year gives this distinction to Mr. George Warren Chappelle, Jr.

The Most Bashful Cadet?

"Judy" Callaway—shy, modest, retiring "Judy"—is the most bashful cadet.

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Best All-round Athlete?

The Legge brothers have a close race, with "Fritz" winning out by a narrow margin.

The Most Conceited Cadet?

Ranking Captain McKnight is considered the best candidate for this honor.

The Best Senior Officer?

Livesay is again in first place, with an unusually heavy vote.

The Best First Sergeant?

This vote was formerly estimated on the number of reveilles the first sergeant gave. Obviously such a course was impossible this year, as reveilles are now a part of the "honor system." Therefore, the Cadet Corps reversed the compliment, and voted on, *Which one is the rottenest.* Various considerations prompt us to withhold the results.

The Best Sergeant?

Lefebvre gets the biggest vote, with Raysor and "Slim" Richeson tying for second place.

The Best Corporal?

Wysor is upholding the record of his illustrious kinsmen and easily takes first place.

The Most Popular Professor?

Dr. Williams still holds the honor, with Professors Vawter and Rasche not far behind.

The Handsomest?

Professors Rasche, McCown and Miles get the votes in the order named.

The Wittiest?

The department of Graphics seems to have a monopoly on wit. Professors Rasche and Gudheim are about equally "funny."



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The Best Teacher?

Dr. Williams and Professor Holden are voted the best teachers.

Are you going to return next year?

About eighty per cent of the under-classmen signify their intention of returning another year. Seniors are noticeably reticent on the subject. Such expressions as, "Am afraid so," "Yes, unless I pass Dates' English," and (from Senior Agriculturists and Chemists), "Not if I pass Sophomore Physies," are typical replies.

Confidentially, what are your views on Military?

This inquiry provoked heated replies and came near starting a riot. An hour after the ballots were distributed, a cadet rushed into THE BUGLE room and warned the editors to leave town, as the Corps had worked itself into a perfect frenzy of indignation in writing answers and demanded revenge for having the subject thus brought to their attention. By some means the ballots containing the "views" of the Commandant and Colonel Holmes had gotten into the hands of the cadets and these only served to infuriate the mob. For a while it appeared that mutiny was inevitable, lights were cut off, bugles tooted, the hose turned in Bright's window, and bellowing was heard in the distance. In the midst of the confusion the report was circulated that the Book Store was selling four pieces of candy for a nickel and immediately everybody rushed to take advantage of this unusual opportunity. Such sudden liberality on the part of the Book Store caused the cadets to forget all other troubles and quiet was eventually restored.

And the "views!" Press restrictions prevent us publishing them.

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

At the beginning of the year the Editors of "The Bugle" requested several members of the Freshman Class to submit exact copies of the letters they wrote home describing their experiences at V. P. I. In response we received a number of letters, some of which are printed below. These letters are published just as they were received and have been subject to no editorial revision whatever.

THE EDITORS.

V. P. I., BLACKSBURG, VA., September 22, 1911.

DEAR PAPA:

I have at last lit, and I don't think I would be far wrong in making the assertion that I am still burning.

No sooner had I reached barracks than a guy with stripes on his cuffs called me a "rat." If that's "hazing" I don't mind it at all. Besides this, I have made some valuable observations in the few hours since my arrival: First, there aren't enough houses around here to get in my way if I want to run; second, it isn't far to the woods.

Lovingly, S.

V. P. I., BLACKSBURG, VA., October 21, 1911.

DEAR HUGH:

The longer I stay here the better I like the place. Blacksburg is a fine town. It is a regular dream—I mean a nightmare. The town is composed of a railroad station and V. P. I. It is surrounded on all sides by mountains containing mines and blind tigers. Some of the inhabitants are civilized.

The old boys must have been having a "Jew Picnic" last night. I had an awful time going to sleep. I wasn't thinking of "The Girl I left behind me," either; it must have been the coffee I drank for supper. I am positive that I was sober when I "hit my hay;" but in the night I awoke to find that things were just reverse of what they ought to be: for instance I was on the floor and the iron bed was on me.

Some water came out of a clear sky, or a fourth-floor window, and came very near drowning me the other day. I decided it was best not to look up for the cloud, but simply to move further out in the sunshine.

We have a fine military band. They play all of the latest pieces. Some of their favorites are "Home, Sweet Home," and "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Write soon.

Your friend, S.

V. P. I., BLACKSBURG, VA., February 12, 1912.

DEAR PAPA:

If bullets are worse than snowballs, excuse me from ever going in the army. Rat Fuqua says he doesn't mind them but I notice that he hides under a little cedar tree down on the campus every afternoon.

W. P. Brewer was in Peter St. Clair's room the other day when the snow was so deep. Snowballs had splattered around the door of the first division until it reminded one of a white rambler trailed over a brick arch. Brewer decided that it would be healthier for

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him to go down the fire escape. He raised the window, made a careful calculation of the distance, and dived in the direction of the fire escape. He is evidently not a good mathematician, for the first thing he came in contact with was the brick pavement. There is no use in giving his people undue alarm by telling them of this—only the good die young.

It seems to me it is most time for you all to be sending a box of refreshments down this way. Be sure and put in some cake and pie. It seems like I lose all my "bosses" betting on the ball games.

Your devoted son, S. T. P.

BLACKSBURG, VA., September 22, 1911.

DEAR GEORGE:

I am writing this during a short rest after the strenuous activities of my first night at V. P. I. I have danced and sung the laundry list until I feel like a combination graphophone and jumping jack. I never realized before how much ground a person can cover with the feet and voice when necessity calls.

When I arrived in Blacksburg this afternoon the first thing that struck me was the massive architecture of the railroad station. While I was lost in admiration for this structure I suddenly heard a voice close beside me cry out, "Here's another Rat, fellows," and I suddenly found myself the centre of an admiring throng. They were very kind to me and seemed to want to help me get started.

One very nice fellow sold me three brand-new skyhooks for a dollar. I am to get them from him to-morrow. I don't know what they are, but he was sure that I would need them. Another man rented me the radiator in my room for half-price, so he said. I thought myself very lucky.

Well George I must stop now as a crowd of Sophomores have asked me to get them a bucketful of "Dills" from a Mr. Polytech, at the Power-House.

Your brother, CHARLES.

BLACKSBURG, VA., September 25, 1911.

DEAR GEORGE:

I don't think that I'm going to like this place very much. I have walked up and down the walk here and yelled "Hog" at the top of my voice almost constantly for the last four days. I wonder if I shall have to do it all year?

We have to get up at six o'clock every morning and go downstairs and stand in line to answer roll-call. I think that they want to find out how many Freshmen leave every night. Our beds are very uncomfortable as we sleep on "hays" and have no springs at all. However, that doesn't bother me at all because I sleep on the floor most of the night anyway. The old men evidently do not go to bed at all, for they turn my bed over on top of me on an average of seventeen times every night. I suppose that they consider it a huge joke, but somehow it does not seem at all funny to me.

The meals are very curious up here. They serve dishes that I have never heard of before. "Growley," "Murphies," "Grease," and "Oats" seem to be the standard foods. I haven't tasted any of them yet, because the awful things which the men say that they are made of are not to my taste. The "Growley" looks like some kind of meat but I'm afraid to try any of it. The only things which I like are the "Bosses," as the deserts are called, but I very seldom get mine because when I look up for it I generally see the man next to me eating up the last part of it. Yesterday I asked a man to pass me the bread, which he passed in a very prompt manner, so prompt in fact that a roll struck me very forcibly in the left eye.

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We have drill for an hour every day, but I do not like it at all. Yesterday a person with several white stripes on his sleeve (I think he was a lieutenant) told me to "dress up promptly," and when I told him that I always put on my clothes as quickly as possible, he glared at me fiercely and everybody burst out laughing. I found out afterward that to "dress" means to raise your left elbow and punch the ribs of the man next to you.

I must stop now, George, but say, if you have about ten dollars that you could spare, please send it along, for I need money to buy chances on some things which the fellows bring around every night. I'm going to win something soon.

Your brother, CHARLES.

BLACKSBURG, VA., December 20, 1912.

DEAR GEORGE:

I am just in from my daily run. No, the track team is not out yet by any means, but there is snow here six inches deep, and we poor Rats are getting most of it in the form of snowballs. The Rat class has developed some mighty sprinters during the last week. I am sure that I will soon be able to do the mile in fifty seconds if I see one of those Lords of Creation, the Sophomores, appear in the dim distance.

It has been extremely cold here, and I think that the North Pole has been discovered at last.

Christmas Holidays begin next week and I guess that I shall see you then.

Your brother, CHARLES.

P. S.—Please send me some money to buy a ticket home. C.

V. P. I., BLACKSBURG, VA., September 22, 1911.

DEAR MORNES:

I arrived here by 8:00 o'clock last night, and hearing that Barracks was a bad place to be, I stopped the Hotel.

This morning I came up and Matriculated and was assigned to my classes, but I don't know where on earth to find them. I was also assigned to "B" Company and room 143 in "C" Division, by some men in tan riding togs and coat to match. I had a time finding my room and "C" Division, being called down by old men for asking directions. They say that is "fresh." After running into several "mixups" I at last found 143 and took possession. I wish you could see it, I don't know why they call them rooms, cells seem more appropriate for such a place with grated windows and transoms.

As to furniture, all I have so far is a table, two trunnel beds without rollers, a stool, and two chairs; I wonder when they will bring the rest around. Oh yes I forgot a press which is to play wardrobe, I suppose.

I was advised by one of the old men to get my hay so I went to the store and asked for some, and they gave me a mattress in two sections. It is the hardest I ever felt, must be stuffed with oak leaves from the sound it makes.

So far I have come out pretty well, but am much in fear of what the night will bring fourth.

Write to me at once for I sure do need sympathy.

Your affectionate son, F. S.

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

DEAR——:

I arrived at V. P. I. yesterday and from the first I have been receiving a warm reception, and from present indications will receive many hearty slaps of welcome. My first adventure was on the evening of my arrival. I was standing on the stoop of the main barracks looking homeward I reckon, when someone told a joke. All laughed, and I heard someone say, "Rat wise that smile off your face." "What do you think this is a Jew picnic or an Irishman's funeral." I didn't know what to do and grinned all the worse. He then told me to put it in my pocket. After some hesitation I actually pulled that smile out by the roots and stuffed it deep in my pocket. After supper I went back to my room and some of the old boys began to drop in to see me. Some of our conversation ran as follows.

"Rat what's your name?"

I told them.

"What's your initials?"

"J. A."

"How do you spell them?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?" "Where did you go to school before you came up here?"

"Stanton Military Academy."

"What rank have you?"

I told them from the stripes I had on the rear of my trousers I must be a brigadier general. Then things happened. One got a throw-lagger and one a home run. If one starts to bed before eleven o'clock he is fresh for not being sociable if he sets up late he is fresh for not being in bed as they can dump him. As it is late now I will close for this time.

Yours truly,

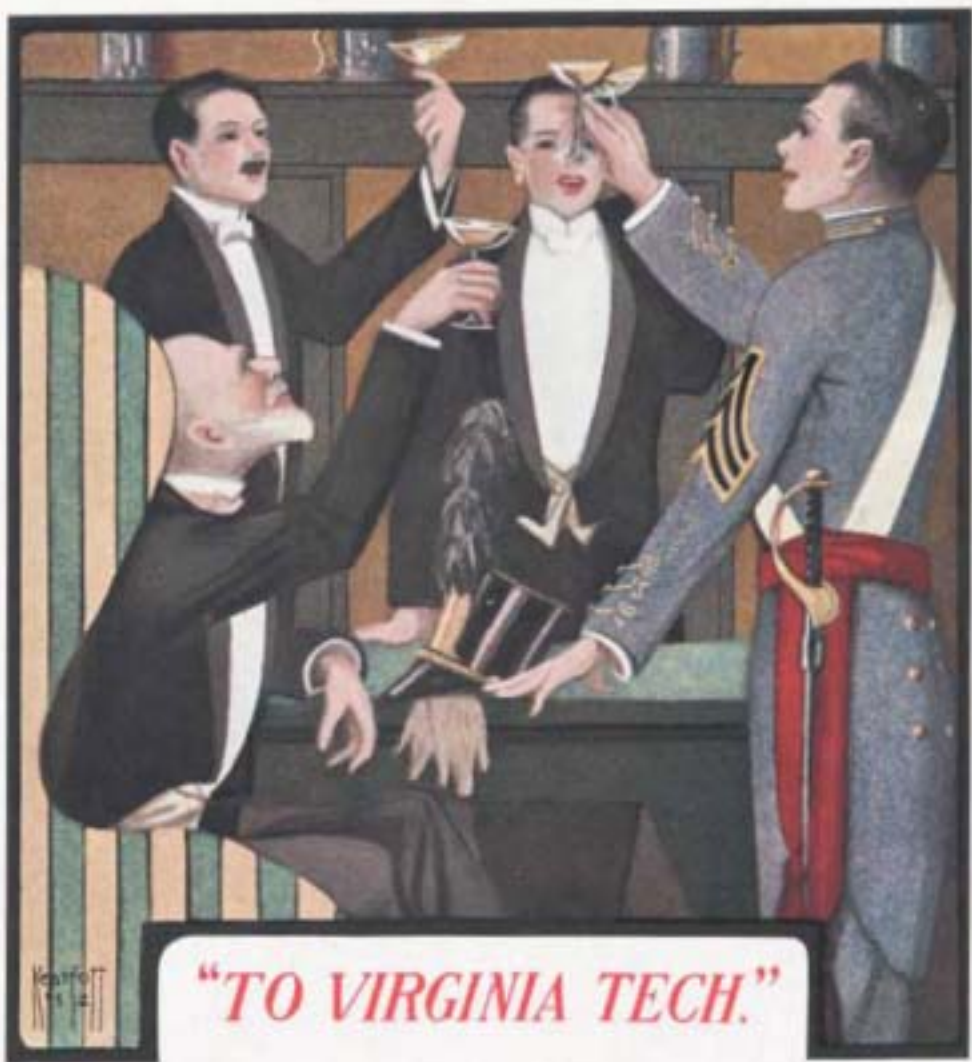
DEAR——:

BLACKSBURG, VA., October 2, 1911.

I received your letter some time ago but this is my first opportunity of answering it. Some of the old boys got in late and I have been busy helping to get their trunks up to their rooms. We had Rat Parade Sunday. I was in full dress, a night shirt a brown and a smile. We marched all through town and when we got back to barracks were told to yell Hag every time our right foot hit the ground till we got to barracks. But I must tell you about my first meal. I was the only Rat at the table and of course every one was asking me questions. Such expressions as, Shoot the marphies, and coming up, how 'bout the grease, give the grease a start this way bewildered me at first but now I can snatch three slices of bread before the plate hits the table. I have decided since I got here that I'll issue my calling. I should have entered Grand Opera. I never knew I was a Cavasso till I was told to sing the Laundry List to the tune of Home, Sweet Home. Or I could have rivalled Demosthenes as an orator. You should have seen me standing on top of the table on one foot proving that the rear end of a ferry boat was the front end. But this place is not so bad after all. Of course we have to get up early, at six o'clock, but that is good for your health. Then I don't like the regular breakfast very much. It consists of oats you know, but that will make a soldier out of you. We then have 2 hours of classes, one hour of left face, squads right, and other military stunts. After this we get a nice piece of pie and a glass of water for dinner and have three hours of shop work for our muscles. After we get out of shop work, we have a whole hour to ourselves, before supper and call-to-quarters. From 7:30 P. M. till 10:00 o'clock we study hard then go to bed and after waking up several times with your bed on top of you finally sink into the lands of dreams. But you know—all this will make a man out of you—though it may be a dead one.

Write soon.

Yours,



McClure
1912

"TO VIRGINIA TECH."

ALUMNI 

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve



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1883

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1886

A. E. F. PRICE

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R. T. BRAY

1891

A. S. MALLORY

1894

H. P. WHITTLE

1895

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1899

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1900

S. H. MCGIBBON

1902

A. H. SAYERS

1903

R. I. ARCHER
W. E. VAUGHT
E. W. WHISKANT

1904

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CADET OFFICERS, 1875



AS EARLY CADET BAND, 1903



AS THE SHOPS LOOKED IN THE OLD DAYS



TRACK TEAM, 1896



THE FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM, 1892



FOOTBALL SQUAD, 1905
"THEY BEAT THE ARMY"



TEAM OF 1905



FIVE FORMER FOOTBALL CAPTAINS

(Standing, left to right) SUTTER, CAPT., '96; WILSON, CAPT., '04; HOFFENBACH, CAPT., '07. (Sitting, left to right) MILES, CAPT., '03; LEWIS, CAPT., '05.



FELDER, GUARD, '96, '97
WHITEHURST, FULL-BACK, '97



H. G. McCORMICK
W. P. COX, CAPTAIN, '99
(Tackles)



PARKER ENGLISH, HALF-BACK
JOHN INGLE, H-B, AND CAPT., '96



H. A. JOHNSON
END AND CAPTAIN, '97

GRIDIRON HEROES OF THE NINETIES



L. L. JEWEL, HALF-BACK
C. H. CARPENTER, R-G, AND CAPT., '03



CHOICE, GUARD, 1900
DECLAMPS, QTR. BACK AND CAPT., 1901



STARKE
C. M. WOOD, CAPTAIN, '08
(A Pair of Tackles)



JOHN HUFFARD
HALF-BACK AND CAPTAIN, 1900

SOME FORMER FOOTBALL STARS



H. H. VARNER
GRAB. MOR., '07 END, '06



A. B. JOHNSTON, CAPTAIN
CENTER, '07



J. T. LUTTRELL, END
CAPTAIN, '08



J. C. STILES
CENTER, '02-'03

NOTABLE TECH ATHLETES OF RECENT YEARS



"SALLY" MILES

THE PRESENT GRAD MGR. OF ATHLETICS AT
V. P. L. CAPT. TEAM '02, AND COACH
OF THE FAMOUS '05 AND '06 TEAMS



E. R. HEDGECOCK—"OLD HORN"
CAPTAIN, FOOTBALL TEAM, '09

An "all-Southern" guard for four years,
and in his football days regarded as the most
famous punter in the South.



BREAKING DIRT FOR THE ALUMNI GATE



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE



BARRACKS FROM AGRICULTURAL HALL

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve



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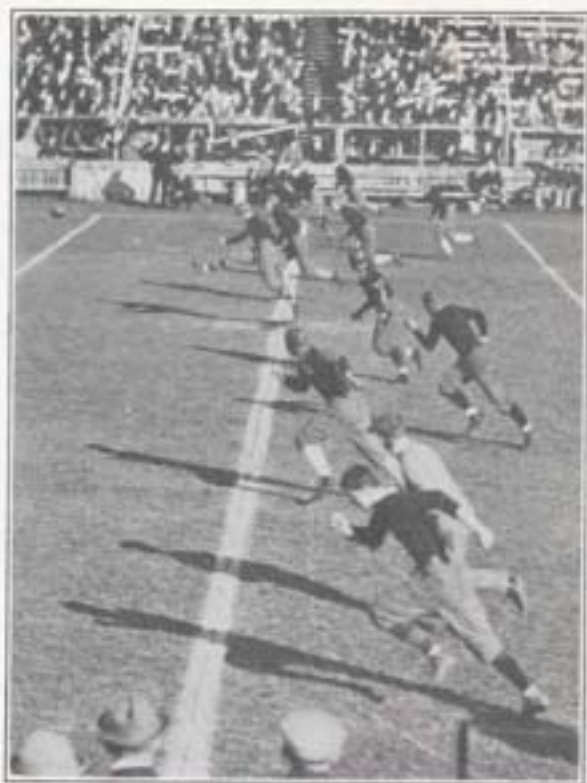
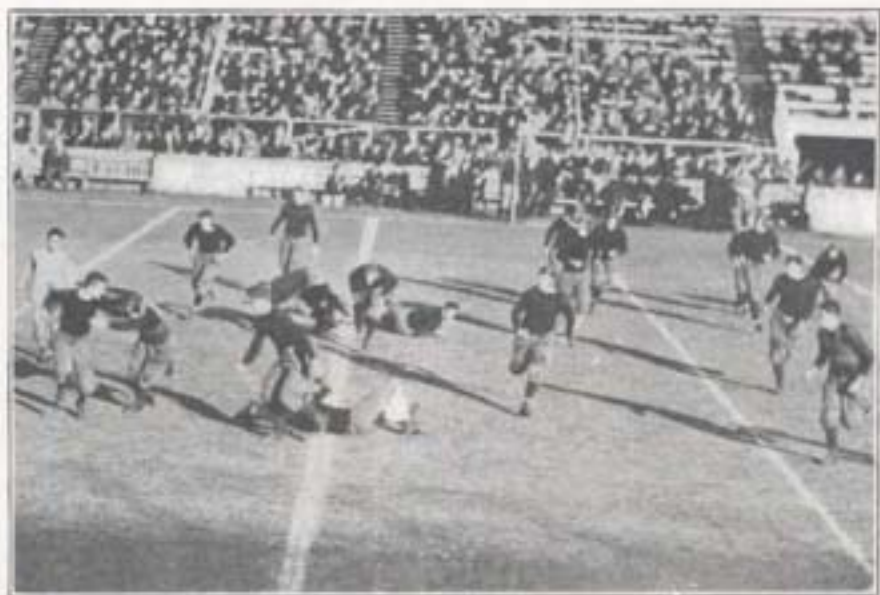
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The Bugle NINETEEN TWELVE

The Bugle NINETEEN TWELVE

The Coaching System at V. P. I.

Four years ago this spring, a change in the system of coaching the athletic teams at V. P. I. was deemed expedient by the Athletic Council. The old system, which was then in vogue, provided for a football coach and a baseball coach, these being the only two branches of athletics that were extensively engaged in at V. P. I. up to that time. In most instances it was necessary to employ two coaches, one for football, and another for baseball.

It was not because the old system of providing a different coach for each branch of athletics had proven a failure, that it was thought expedient to devise and try-out a new system of coaching. Those who are familiar with conditions here are aware that other factors made a change in the system of coaching necessary. To those who are not in a position to know, the records of such teams as those of: 1901, coached by Mr. Morrison; '02, coached by Mr. Bower; the team of 1903, coached by Dr. Leuder, and Sally Miles' great '05 and '06 teams, are abundant proof that, under the old system, some of the greatest teams that ever represented V. P. I. on the gridiron were the product of the coaches who coached only in one branch of athletics.

As has been previously stated, up to 1907 football and baseball were the chief branches of athletics engaged in at V. P. I. Track athletics was in its infancy, and basket-ball was unknown as a sport for the V. P. I. athlete at that time. The football and baseball teams representing V. P. I. had won for her and themselves honors in the athletic world. Why couldn't a track team and a basket-ball team do likewise? The time was ripe, and it was decided at once that the track and basket-ball men in college should be given an opportunity to assist the football and baseball teams in bringing athletic honors to V. P. I.

The track team and the basket-ball team must be coached, and this, under the old coaching system, meant four different coaches to be hired and paid by the Athletic Association. It is a fact much to be regretted, that the financial

The Bugle Ninteleen Twelve

side of athletics at V. P. I. has always been a hard proposition to handle. This, we are proud to say, is not due to the fact that the student body as a whole do not support athletics, both financially and morally, but more because of our rather isolated location, and the fact that the Institution does nothing at all, in a financial way, to help athletics at V. P. I. The financial side, therefore, was an exceedingly important one to consider, and the council decided that it would be much more economical to secure the services of one capable man, as athletic director, to coach all the teams, than it could possibly be to hire four different coaches.

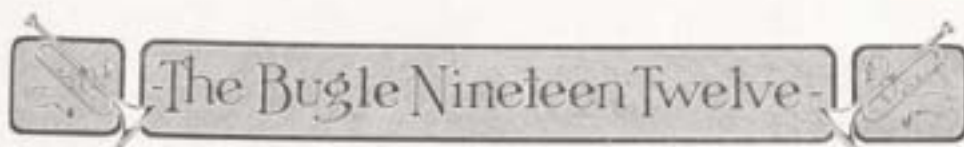
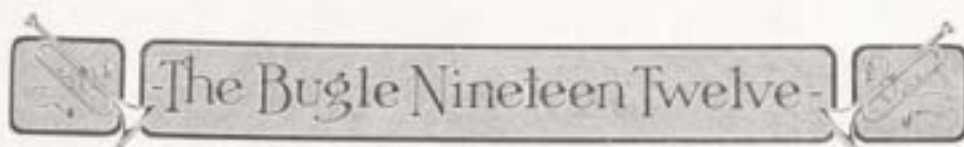
Having seen that the old system of coaching had proven successful, one would naturally inquire if the new system adopted had been equally successful. The answer comes, that it was, and proof follows when you glance for a moment at the records of the teams turned out during the four years that this system has prevailed. Under this "one-man" system, a championship of the South has been ours in football, and each year of the four our football heroes have made a record of which both the team and the institution are justly proud.

The second year in the history of basket-ball saw the wearers of the orange and maroon undisputed champions of the State, with a just claim to the South-Atlantic championship. The next year the same quintet carried off the inter-collegiate championship of the State, and were defeated only once—by a team with whom they broke even in a series. A basket-ball team undefeated in two years by a college team, when the best to be had were met, is the way basket-ball prospered under the new coaching system.

Track athletics has developed wonderfully, and great achievements have been attained on the cinder path. Two meets have been won from W. & L., and an even break in two meets with U. N. C. has been recorded.

Our baseball teams have come into prominence as never before. Years ago the V. P. I. baseball schedule consisted of only a few games, not more than a dozen, and many seasons the majority of these had to be placed in the lost column. To-day the Tech baseball schedule compares favorably with the other leading colleges of the South, and a record last season of fourteen victories and six defeats shows a decided improvement in baseball at V. P. I.

Again a change in the coaching system is thought to be to the best interest of athletics at V. P. I. What may be said to be a reversion to the old system is

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

the change that has been decided upon for 1912. And once more it is clearly evident that the change has not been made as a result of the failure of the previous systems to bring success, but, as was the change four years ago, the present change is the result of conditions peculiar to V. P. I.

Branch Bocoek, for two years director of athletics at V. P. I. under the "one-man" system, will return next fall to coach the football team only. His success in the past speaks for his ability, and, needless to say, much is expected of the 1912 football team on the gridiron, under the leadership of Bill Burruss and coached by Branch Bocoek.

For the next year at least, the basket-ball, track and baseball teams will be coached by alumni coaches. Sally Miles, a well-known figure in athletics at V. P. I. for many years, and a former coach of both football and baseball teams, will have charge of the baseball team in 1913. The basket-ball and track coach has been selected and will be announced at a later date.

The students and alumni and other supporters of the orange and maroon will await with much interest the result of the recent change in the system of coaching at V. P. I., just as they did four years ago.

W. M. HERRIN.



Managers

G. G. GARRISON.....	FOOTBALL
L. N. KEESLING.....	BASEBALL
R. E. STEELE.....	BASKET-BALL
E. A. LIVESAY.....	TRACK

Football

A. G. GIBBS.....					CAPTAIN
P. R. EVANS	L. A. PICK	W. H. BURRUSH	W. J. SHOLTZ	G. LEFEVRE	
A. N. HODSON	C. A. BERNIER	F. H. LEGGE	R. C. MACON	C. P. DERRY	
W. R. LEGGE	J. B. ROGERS	F. T. WYATT	H. B. VAUGHAN	J. R. VAWTER	

Baseball

F. H. LEGGE.....					CAPTAIN
P. R. EVANS	R. E. STEELE	E. L. KENNER	L. R. STUART		
A. N. HODSON	L. A. PICK	C. A. BERNIER	C. E. COX		
W. R. LEGGE	R. B. ROSE	R. W. FUQUA	E. S. MAXWELL		

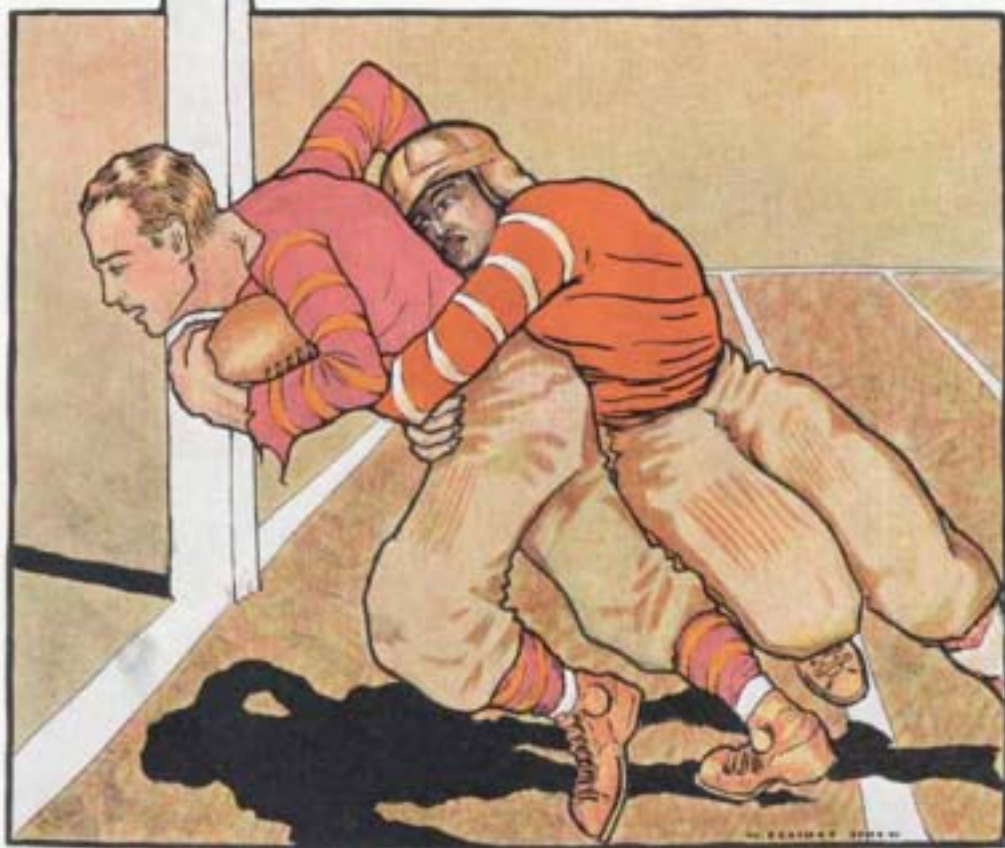
Basketball

L. N. KEESLING.....				CAPTAIN
W. R. LEGGE	C. H. McNEW	F. H. LEGGE		
H. B. HUGHES	H. J. FITZGERALD			

Track

J. E. BURKE.....			CAPTAIN
F. H. LEGGE	H. B. HUGHES	W. P. NASH	
W. R. LEGGE	H. D. HOLT	E. A. ISABEL	
J. L. HUGHES	A. S. TURNER	G. H. BROWN	

V·P·I·



FOOTBALL

The Bugle Ninteen Twelve

Varsity Football Team, 1911

L. W. BROWN.....COACH
 A. G. GIBBS.....CAPTAIN
 G. G. GARRISON.....MANAGER



	Position	Age	Wt.	Ht.	Yrs. on Team
F. H. LEGER.....	R. H. B.	21	156	5-10½	3
E. C. MASON.....	F. B.	21	177	6-	1
C. P. DERRY.....	L. H. B.	20	152	5-10½	2
G. LEBERSON.....	R. E.	23	162	6-1	2
W. J. SCHULZ.....	R. T.	17	182	6-2	1
P. R. EVANS.....	R. G.	19	173	6-0½	1
A. G. GIBBS (Capt.).....	Center	22	163	6-	4
L. A. PINK.....	L. G.	20	184	6-	2
W. H. BURTON.....	L. T.	22	196	5-11½	3
A. N. HOBSON.....	L. E.	22	148	5-10	2
C. A. BREWER.....	Q. B.	22	144	5-9	2

(Average weight of team, 160 pounds.)

SUBSTITUTES

	Age	Wt.	Ht.
J. H. ROBERTS.....	19	149	5-7
W. R. LEGER.....	18	168	6-1
H. H. VANCE.....	22	125	5-7
J. R. VAWTER.....	21	158	5-9
F. T. WYATT.....	23	163	5-8

Scrub Football Team

C. M. HOBART.....MANAGER

CAIYAN GIBBS

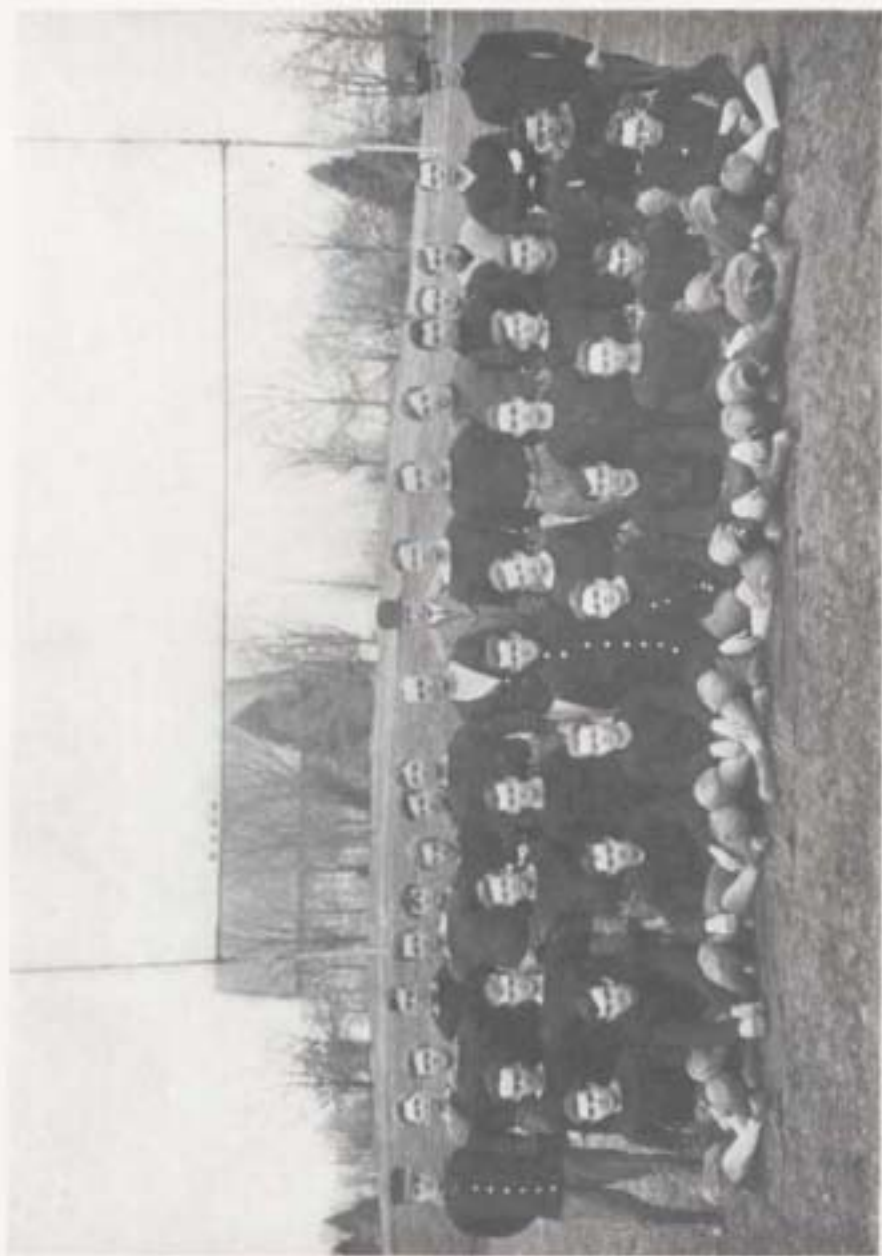
- A. P. TERRY.....Left End
- P. K. PRESSER.....Left Tackle
- E. A. LIVESAY.....Left Half-back
- J. A. ANDRESON.....Left Guard
- A. F. MOORE.....Right Guard
- H. B. HUGHES.....Right Half-back
- L. W. DEAR.....Full-back
- E. M. LEWIS.....Right End
- R. SIERRA.....Right Tackle
- W. H. BEALE.....Center
- J. E. BURKE.....Quarter-back

SCORES

November 4.....Scrubs, 17; Roanoke High School, 0



MANAGER GARRISON



Variety Football Squad, 1911-12



VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM, 1911-12



DERBY
RIGHT HALF-BACK



EGANTER
QUARTER-BACK



MACOS
FULL-BACK



GIDDIS
CENTER AND CAPTAIN



HODGSON
LEFT END



BURRUS
LEFT TACKLE

VARSIITY FOOTBALL TEAM



WYATT
RIGHT GUARD



VAUGHN
QUARTERBACK



W. LEGGE
LEFT END



SCHOLZ
RIGHT TACKLE



F. LEGGE
LEFT HALF-BACK

VARSIY FOOTBALL TEAM



EVANS
RIGHT GUARD



VAWTER
FULL-BACK



ROGERS
RIGHT END



LEFEVRE
RIGHT END



PICK
LEFT GUARD

VARSIITY FOOTBALL TEAM



THE "TENTS" IN ACTION

Varsity Football Scores, 1911

September 30—Home V. P. L., 16; Hampden-Sidney, 0
October 7—Norfolk V. P. L., 12; Univ. of Maryland, 0
October 14—New Haven V. P. L., 0; Yale University, 33
October 21—Home V. P. L., 34; Roanoke College, 0
October 28—Roanoke V. P. L., 5; Washington and Lee, 5
November 4—Richmond V. P. L., 0; North Carolina, 0
November 11—Home V. P. L., 36; Univ. of Tenn., 11
November 18—Home V. P. L., 10; Morris-Harvey, 3
November 30—Norfolk V. P. L., 3; A. and M., 0

BASEBALL



Robert Ryan Kearfor
1 2 3 4 5

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

Varsity Baseball Squad, 1912

L. W. REISS COACH
 P. H. LEGGE CAPTAIN
 L. N. KEESLING MANAGER



CAPTAIN LEGGE

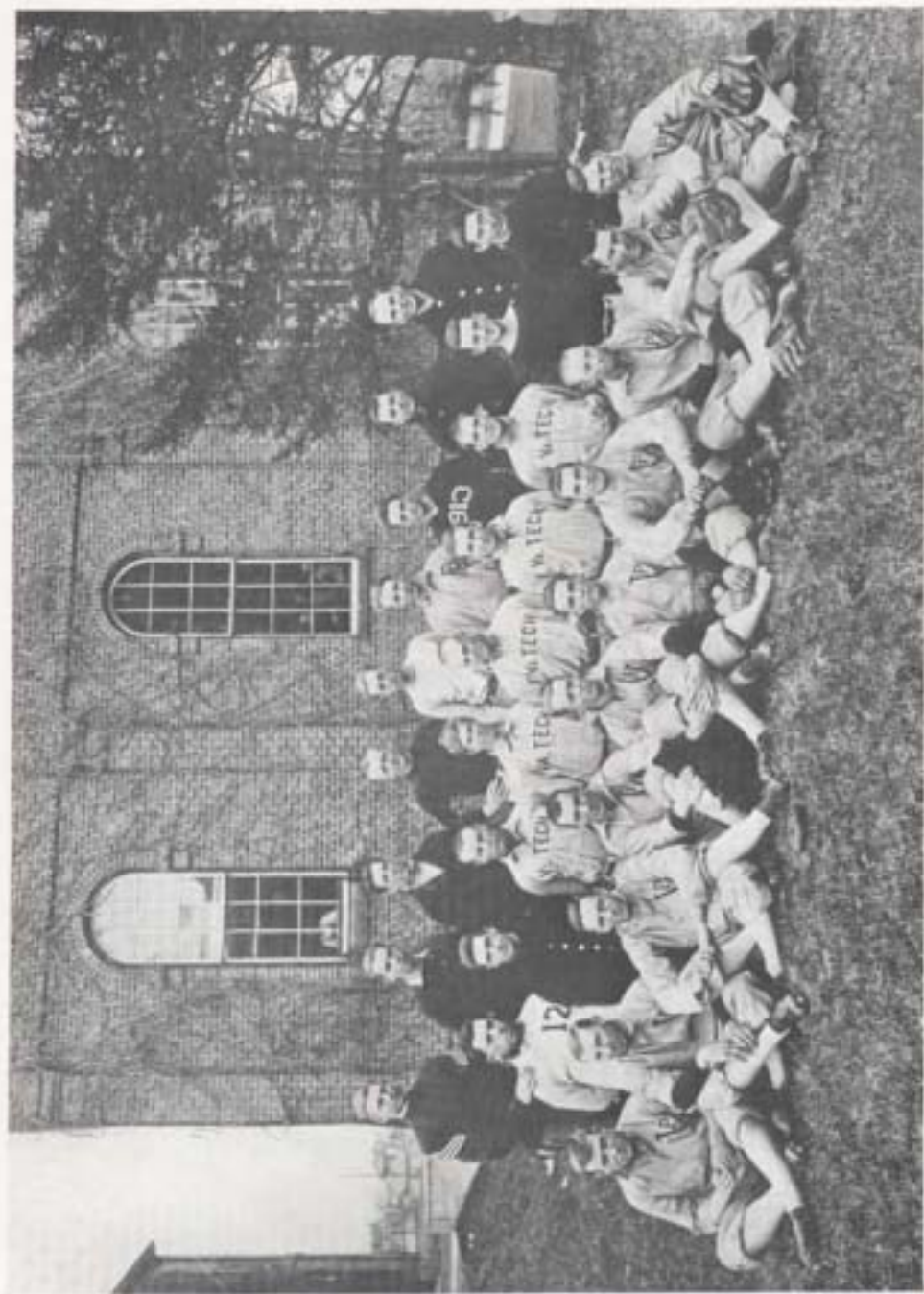
P. H. LEGGE	C. W. MASSIE
A. N. HOBSON	J. M. McKEE
H. E. STEELE	F. W. BRUCE
J. B. VAWTER	P. C. DRUMMOND
L. A. PICK	C. H. McNEW
P. R. EVANS	C. E. COX
W. R. LEGGE	C. W. HUBBARD
A. P. MORE	J. A. SNYDER
L. H. STEWART	J. C. HARMAN
L. W. DEAR	W. M. CRAVEAN
C. H. CHILTON	W. E. NELSON
R. S. MOWDY	E. K. HOB
A. L. JONES	B. K. HALL



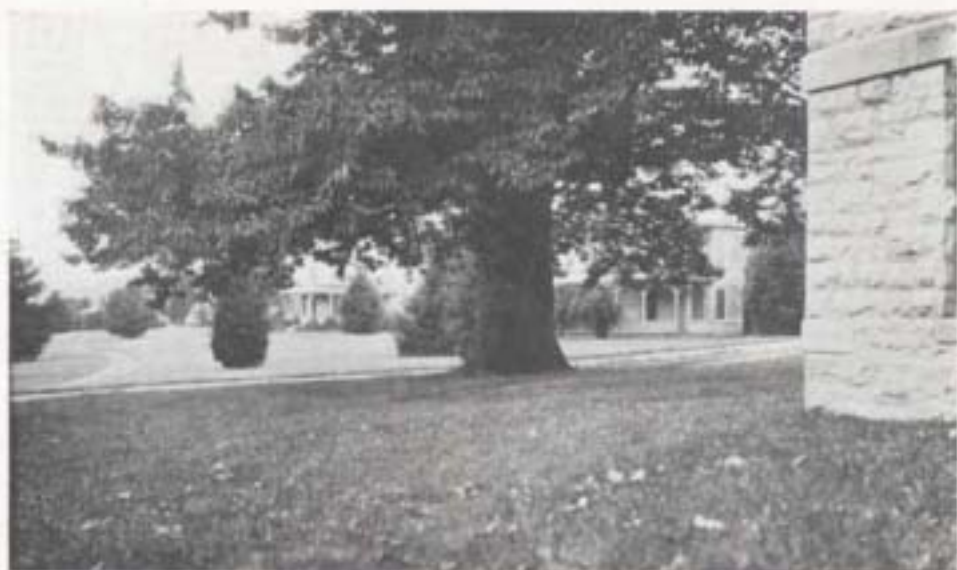
MANAGER KEESLING

Baseball Record, 1911

March 31 V. P. L., 4; Erory and Henry College,	2
April 1 V. P. L., 7; Erory and Henry College,	2
April 7 V. P. L., 3; Hampden Sidney,	2
April 10 V. P. L., 2; 88, John's,	7
April 12 V. P. L., 6; Franklin and Marshall,	3
April 17 V. P. L., 2; Virginia Military Institute,	1
April 17 V. P. L., 5; Roanoke League,	5
April 21 V. P. L., 3; Guilford,	2
April 22 V. P. L., 4; Guilford,	3
April 24 V. P. L., 1; Eastern College,	7
April 25 V. P. L., 1; Eastern College,	5
April 28 V. P. L., 11; Wake Forest,	2
April 29 V. P. L., 10; Wake Forest,	8
May 1 V. P. L., 1; Guilford,	0
May 2 V. P. L., 0; Guilford,	3
May 3 V. P. L., 0; North Carolina A. and M.,	4
May 4 V. P. L., 1; University of North Carolina,	0
May 5 V. P. L., 1; Trinity,	3
May 6 V. P. L., 7; Trinity,	0
May 12 V. P. L., 4; University of Tennessee,	11
May 13 V. P. L., 7; University of Tennessee,	6



VARSITY BASEBALL SQUAD, 1912

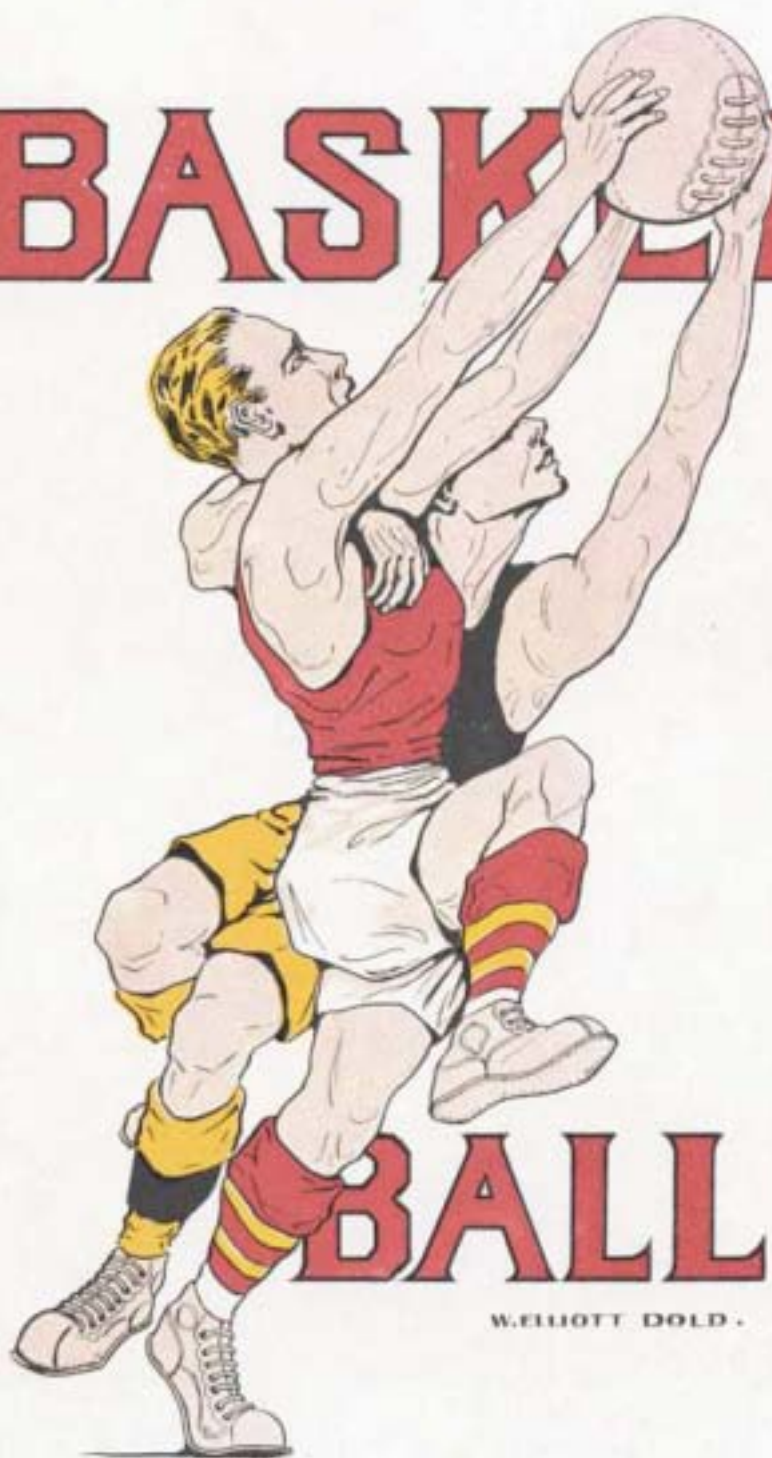


DOWNS FACULTY ROW IN EARLY SUMMER



ON THE BLEACHERS—MILL'S FIELD

BASKET



BALL

W. ELLIOTT DOLD.

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

Varsity Basket-ball Team, 1912

L. S. KEESLING.....CAPTAIN
 R. K. STEELE.....MANAGER

L. S. KEESLING (Captain) Left Guard
 P. H. LEIGH..... Right Guard
 H. B. HUGHES..... Center
 W. R. LEIGH..... Left Forward
 C. H. McNEW..... Right Forward

SUBSTITUTES

H. J. FITZGERALD H. C. BIRD
 R. S. SEWERS J. I. MENEFEE
 A. P. MOORE E. A. LIVESAY

SCORES

Jan. 9..... V. P. L., 27; Emory and Henry, 12
 Jan. 13..... V. P. L., 53; Beaver High School, 14
 Jan. 27..... V. P. L., 94; Rounsake High School, 33
 Feb. 7..... V. P. L., 45; Wake Forest, 15
 Feb. 12..... V. P. L., 18; Washington and Lee, 42
 Feb. 15..... V. P. L., 37; University North Carolina, 28
 Feb. 16..... V. P. L., 22; Trinity, 37
 Feb. 17..... V. P. L., 21; Wake Forest, 19
 Feb. 24..... V. P. L., 22; Lynchburg V. M. C. A., 23



MANAGER STEELE



CAPTAIN KEESLING



VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM, 1912



OFFICERS

G. G. GARRISON.....	PRESIDENT
S. W. BRINSON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
O. R. RANDOLPH.....	SECRETARY-TREASURER

MEMBERS

S. W. BRINSON
 G. G. GARRISON
 H. M. CUX
 C. L. PITT
 E. L. VANTER
 A. M. MCCABE
 C. M. NEWMAN
 J. A. ABDELNOUR
 L. O. CARPHELL
 A. C. CARRINGTON
 W. B. HARRISON
 W. I. JENKINS
 L. S. LANGWORTHY
 W. R. SWAGLE
 O. R. RANDOLPH
 J. B. BEGERS
 K. RUFFIN
 S. T. PIGOTT
 C. D. SHANNON
 D. MACKINSON
 J. O. MCGUIRE

TRACK



The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

Varsity Track Squad, 1912

L. W. REISS.....COACH
 J. E. BURKE.....CAPTAIN
 E. A. LIVESAY.....MANAGER



CAPTAIN BURKE

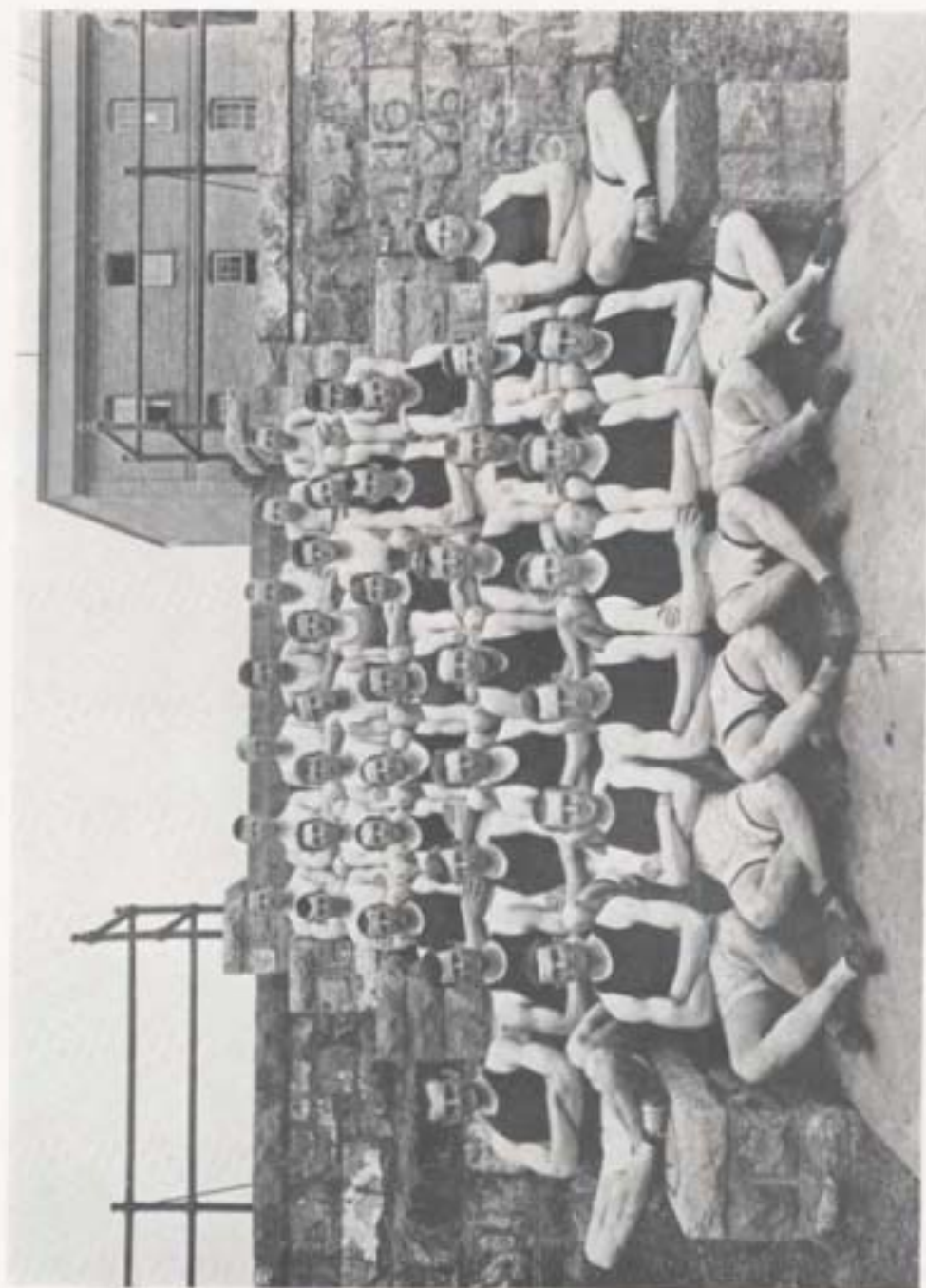
- R. T. E. BOWLER
- A. B. BELLWOOD
- W. H. BERRISS
- J. E. BURKE
- P. E. CAMPBELL
- C. A. CATCHEN
- F. C. COOPER
- H. P. DAVIS
- I. N. PEQUA
- M. J. GROY
- C. W. HEGAN
- D. N. HUDDLE
- S. H. HOGG
- W. W. HOWARD
- H. B. HUGHES
- P. H. LADGE
- W. R. LADGE
- E. A. LIVESAY
- G. LEFEBVRE
- E. O. MCGHEE
- C. H. MCKNIGHT
- J. L. MONTAGUE
- W. F. NASH
- N. OLD
- P. P. PHILLIPS
- J. B. PEARCE
- C. R. ROWE
- W. W. SAVAGE
- H. K. SMITH
- A. P. SMOLE
- W. J. SMOLE
- A. P. TERRY
- A. S. TURNER
- R. S. WOOD
- J. M. WILSON
- W. B. WHITNEY
- T. L. WHITE



MANAGER LIVESAY

Meets 1911

Chapel Hill U. S. C., 60½; V. P. I., 48½
 Blacksburg W. and L. U., 40; V. P. I., 77



VARSITY TRACK SQUAD, 1912



BARRACKS NO. 1



FIRST ACADEMIC BUILDING

CAMPUS SCENES



CLASS FOOTBALL.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



Секционная Футбольная Команда



FRESHMAN FOOTBALL TEAM



RECREAT



THE SNOW BATTLE



YELLS & SONGS

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

Yells and Songs

HULLABALOO

Hullabaloo, genack, genack,
Hullabaloo, genack, genack,
Wah hee, wah hee,
Look at the man, look at the man,
Look at the Virginia Tech man.

WITH A VEEVO

With a veevo, with a vivo,
With a veevo, vivo, vum,
It's just as plain as plain can be
That we've got— up a tree,
With a veevo, vivo, vum.

WE BUCK THE LINE

We buck the line, we do,
We buck the line, we do;
If that line is weak
We buck very well,
If that line is strong
We buck like hell,
We buck that line, we do.

HOKIE

Hokie, hokie, hokie, hi,
Techs, Techs, V. P. I.
Solar rex, solar rah,
Polytechs, Virginia,
Rae, ri, V. P. I.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

One, two, three, four,
Two, four, three, four,
Who in the hell are we for?
V. P. I.

ONE-A ZIP

One-a zip, two-a zip,
Zip-a, zip-a ram,
Blacksburg, Blacksburg,
Don't give a hokie, hokie, etc.

RAE, RI-I

Rae, ri-i,
Eah, rah-h,
V. P. I., V. P. I.
Team, team, team.

TEXAS

Yip, yip, y-i-i,
V. P. I., V. P. I.
Team, team, team.

TUNE: HE RAMBLED

He rambled, he rambled,
He rambled up, he rambled down,
He rambled over the football ground,
He rambled, he rambled,
He rambled till old V. P. cut him down.

TUNE: I WAS NEVER INTRODUCED TO YOU

We're going to win this game and 'tain't no lie,
'Tain't no use for you to moan and sigh,
Our ends and our backs,
They'll down you in your tracks,
Oh! we're going to win this game and 'tain't no lie.

TUNE: MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that old— was dead.

(CHORUS)

I dreamed, I dreamed,
I dreamed that old— was dead, was dead,
I dreamed, I dreamed, I dreamed that old— was dead.

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

TUNE: SCHOOL DAYS

Hike 'em, dear old Blacksburg;
 Dear old Blacksburg, hike 'em;
 Bucking and punting most all the time,
 We'll carry the pigskin right over the line;
 They cannot play football, we see,
 We'll hand them lemons and twenty-three,
 And they will be sore for evermore,
 For their rub with old V. P. I.

TUNE: TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

Take the ball down the field, boys,
 V. P. I.'s in the crowd,
 They are weak in line and backs,
 It's a cinch to down them in their tracks;
 For it's root, root, root for our own team,
 To run up the score is our aim,
 And it's rah, rah, rah, we will shout
 At this football game.

TUNE: TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING

Hike, Blacksburg, your team's a daisy;
 Yell like hell for every man;
 With old—— in the line,
 And old—— just behind,
 Never fear, dear old Blacksburg, never fear.

TUNE: BECAUSE I'M MARRIED NOW

Well, your team may be strong,
 But ours is stronger.
 If you play with us you'll have a team no longer,
 Oh! you would if you could, but you can't.
 WHY!
 Because it's V. P. I.

TUNE: EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER

Washington and Lee is bucking,
 Watch her hit our line,
 But there is nothing doing,
 For it's awful fine;
 Watch her try her fake plays,
 But they are all in vain,
 Lexington, 'tis the third down,
 And ten to gain.
 Your team is loafing.

Start the ball a-rolling,
 Boot it down the field,
 V. P. I. advances,
 How those loafers yield;
 First we hit her tackles,
 Then go through her guards,
 Then we skirt around her ends,
 For fifty yards.

Our team is kicking.

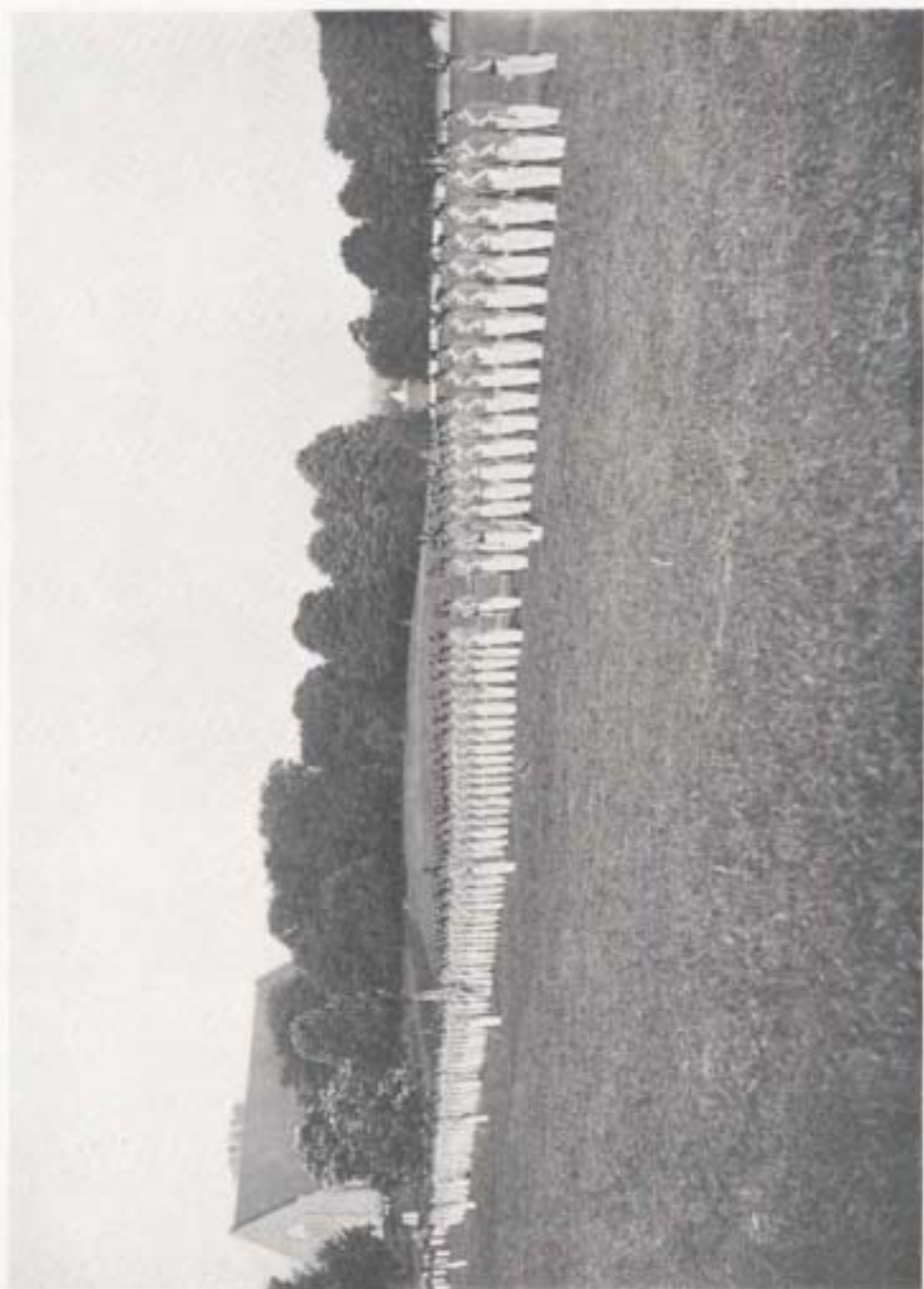
TUNE: FRIENDSHIP MARCH

Play ball, play ball,
 Play to-day, fight away,
 We all are with you,
 Cheering to win to-day,
 And we'll win or die,
 'Tis so lie,
 Watch us try,
 There is no team like old V. P. I.

Our team's in line,
 Running fine all the time,
 We are born players,
 Eat, drink and sleep football,
 And we'll win or bust,
 Bite the dust,
 Sure you must;
 Give three cheers for old V. P. I.

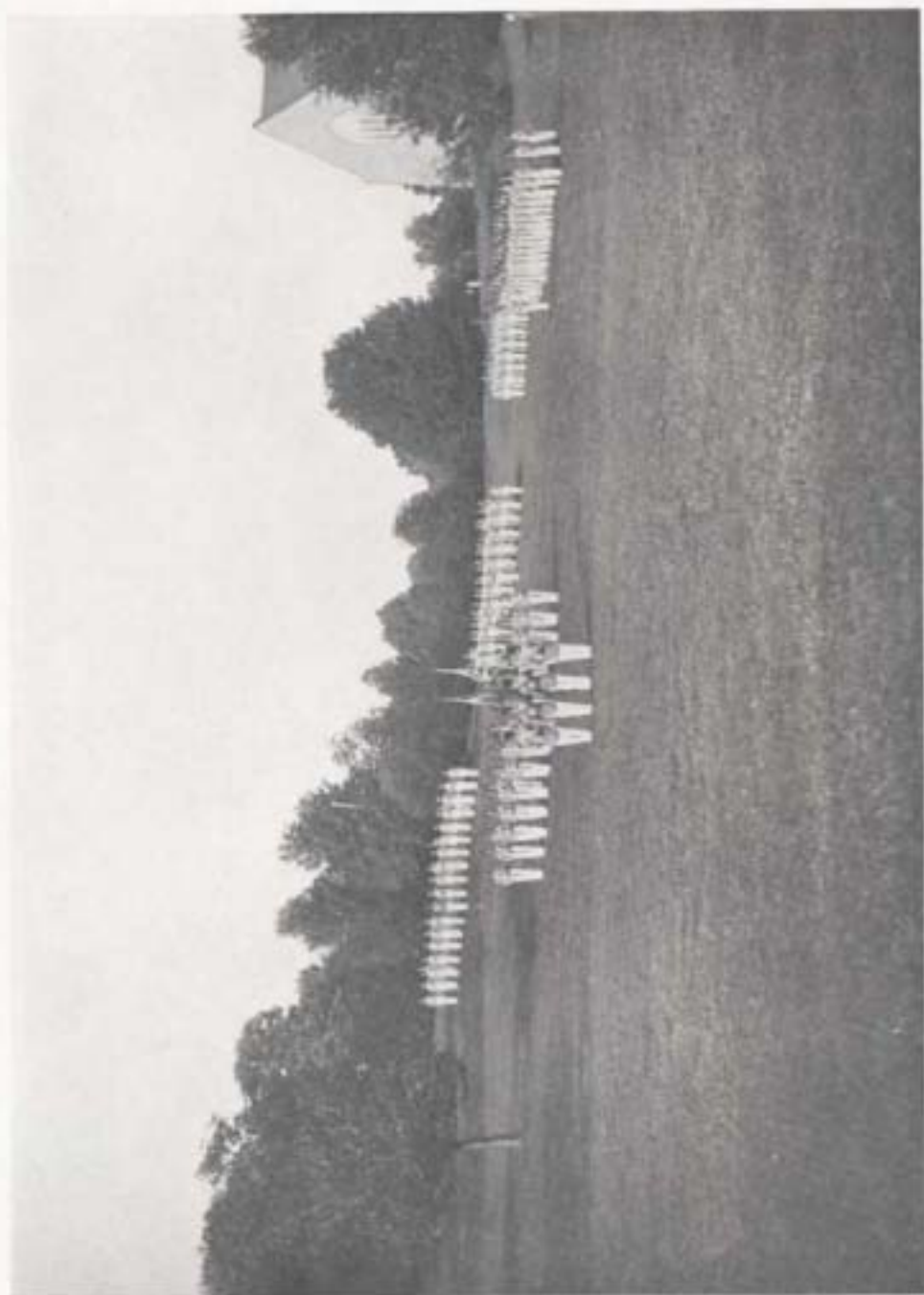
TUNE: GRAND OLD FLAG

You're a grand old team, and in football a dream,
 You're the best ever punted a ball;
 Making scores you're great, kicking goal's your fate,
 Winning games to you's nothing at all.
 You're the best beyond a doubt, and for you we will shout,
 We will win, or I don't know why.
 Should old acquaintance be forgot?
 Keep your eyes on old V. P. I.

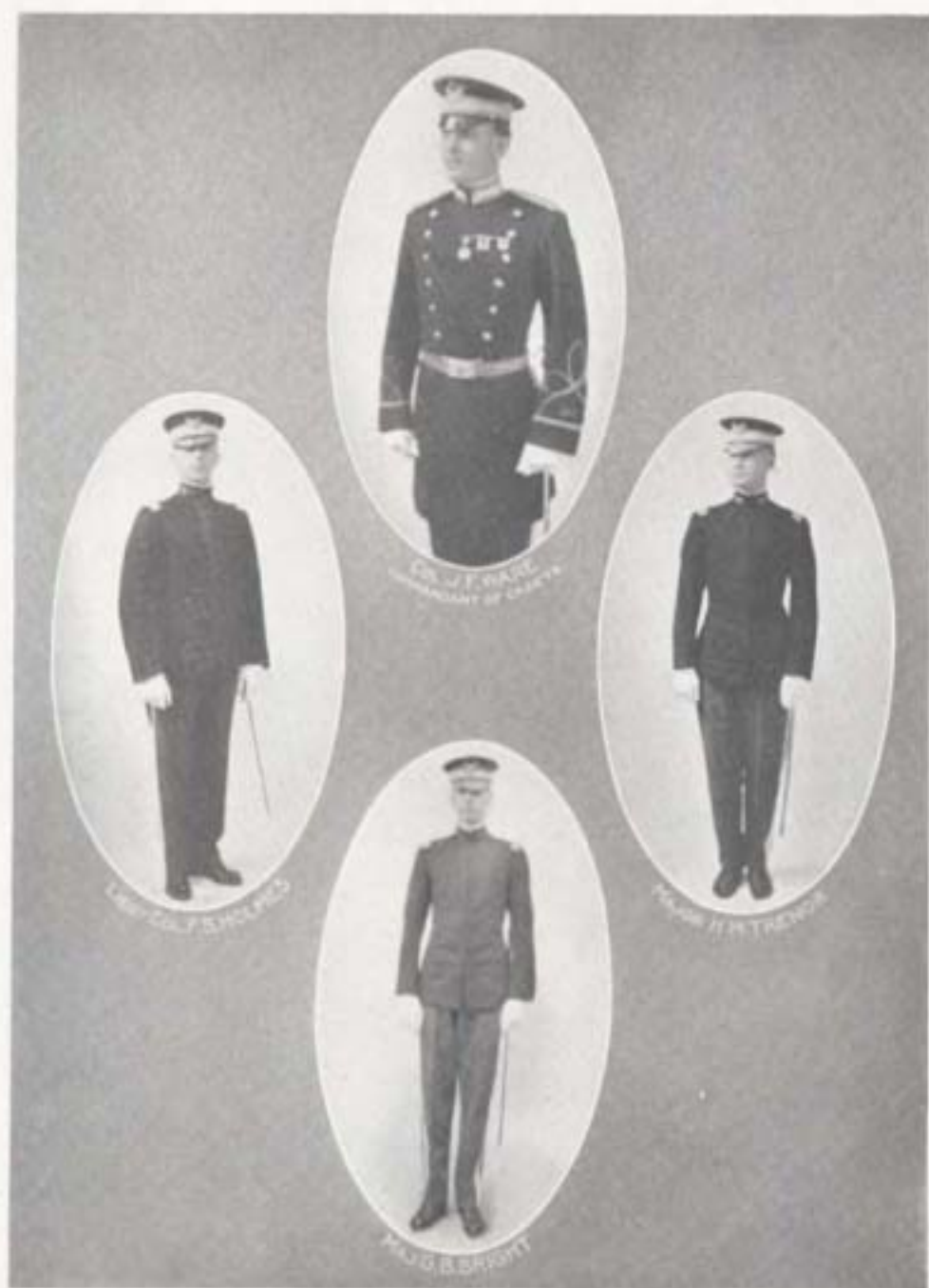


HAYMAKING PARADE





COMPANY C REHEARSING COLORS



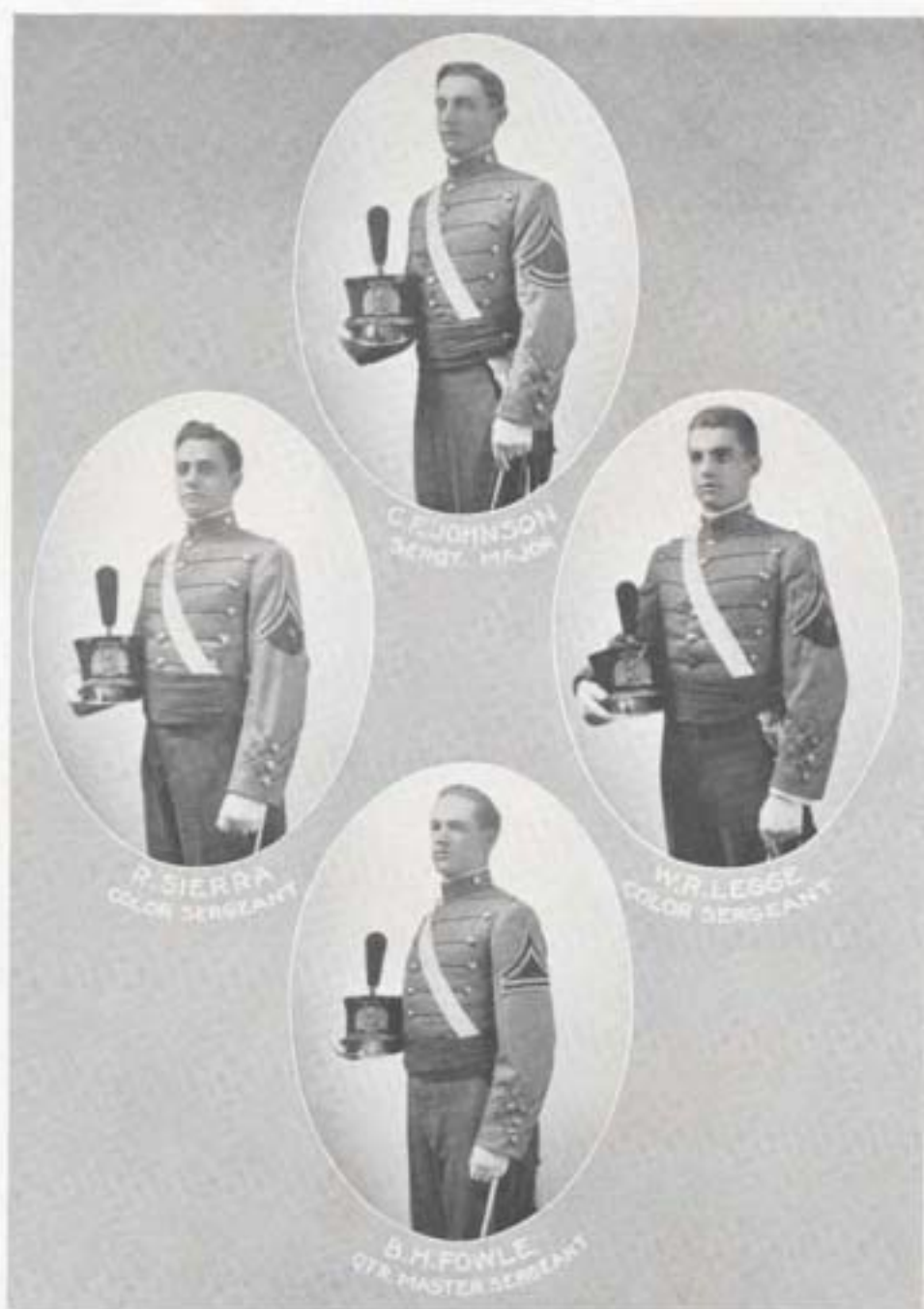
COL. F. W. WISE
COMMANDANT OF CADET

LT. COL. S. HOLMES

MAJOR H. H. TRENOR

MAJ. G. B. BRITT

OFFICERS MILITARY DEPARTMENT



NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF



W. J. LIPPERT
ADJUTANT



W. M. WERNER
Q-M. CAPTAIN



MISS BABINGER
RECORDER

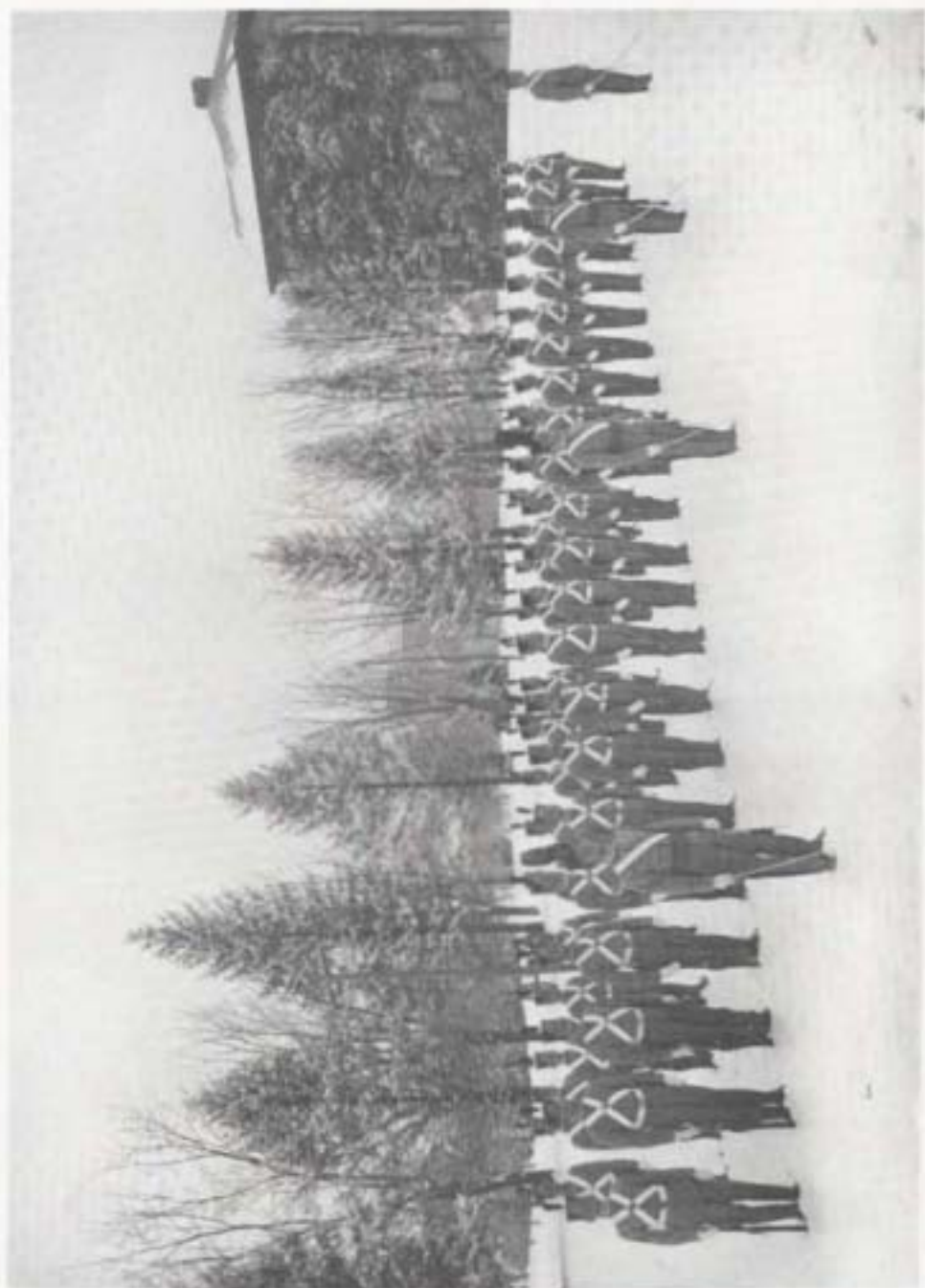


E. C. HECKMAN
ARMY ADJUTANT



S. W. WELCH
Q-M. LIEUTENANT

Staff



COMPANY A



R. F. TAYLOR
CAPTAIN



W. G. JONES
LIEUTENANT

SERGEANTS
R. H. BARNETT
FIRST SERGEANT
E. B. KROSLING
QUARTERMASTER
M. H. RICHARDSON
C. T. MONTGOMERY
G. LEFEBVRE



MISS WILSON
SPECTOR



J. C. HART
LIEUTENANT



T. C. HAMILTON
LIEUTENANT

CORPORALS
W. G. WYCH
L. B. BUDWELL
W. S. DAWLEY
W. F. NASH
J. E. MCKEE

Company A



COMPANY B



SERGEANTS

J. M. TREMBLE
FIRST SERGEANT
R. M. REDDEN
QUARTERMASTER
P. P. PHILLIPS
P. A. WYANT
A. C. SMITH



D. D. HOWE
CAPTAIN



W. W. HOWARD
LIEUTENANT



MISS HOAR
SPONSOR



J. G. MCGUIRE
LIEUTENANT

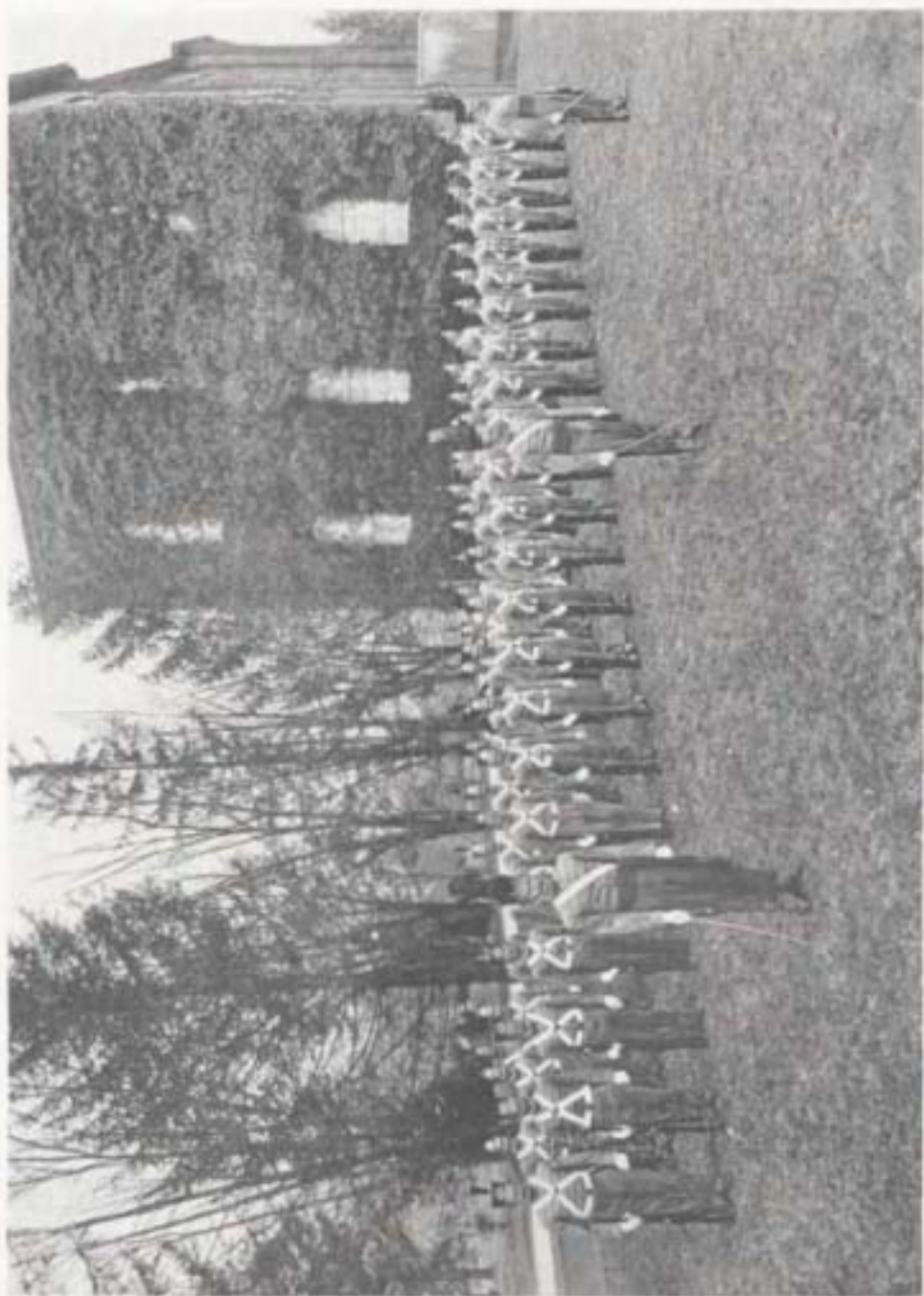


W. L. STINTON
LIEUTENANT

CORPORALS

F. E. SCOTT
P. H. POWERS
G. A. WARFIELD
J. M. MCCUE
W. I. JENKINS

Company B



COMPANY C



C. H. MCKNIGHT
CAPTAIN



L. L. HOLLIDAY
LIEUTENANT

SERGEANTS
H. H. BATES
FIRST SERGEANT
J. C. PETTIBREW
QUARTERMASTER
O. P. BRIGGS
E. L. RAYSON
L. R. STEWART



MISS HOGE
SPONSOR



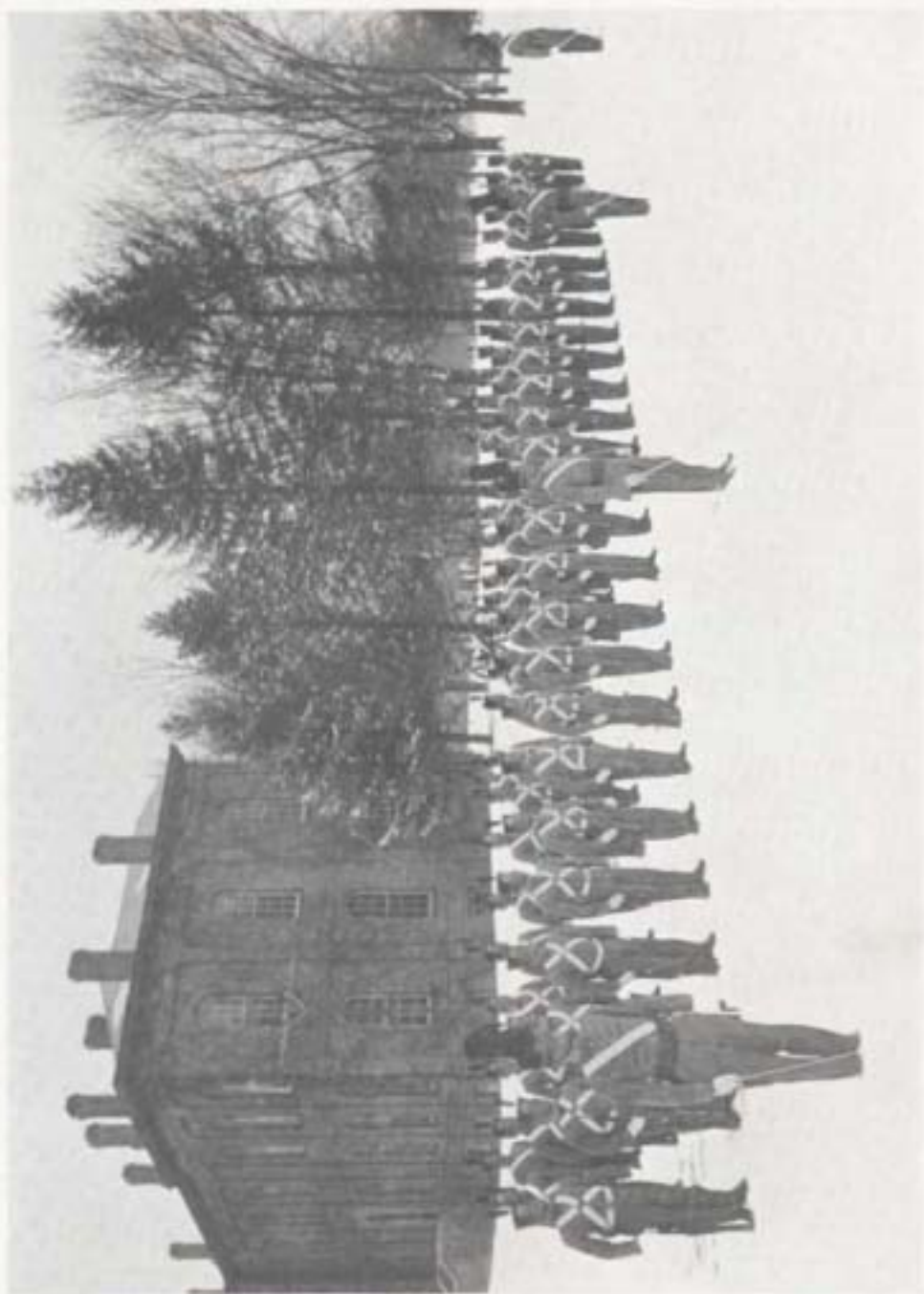
BRUCE WILLIAMS
LIEUTENANT



C. H. CHILTON
LIEUTENANT

CORPORALS
A. T. PHILLPOTTS
R. W. PETTIGREW
C. A. CALLAHAN
E. S. JENSEN
H. M. TYLER

Company C



COMPANY D



J. W. FAULKNER
CAPTAIN



W. DICKENSON
LIEUTENANT

SERGEANTS
T. H. OLINGER
FIRST SERGEANT
D. D. DIGGER
QUARTERMASTER
C. W. HUBBARD
J. K. SLEAR
E. H. KNOX



MISS DEJARNETTE
SPINNER



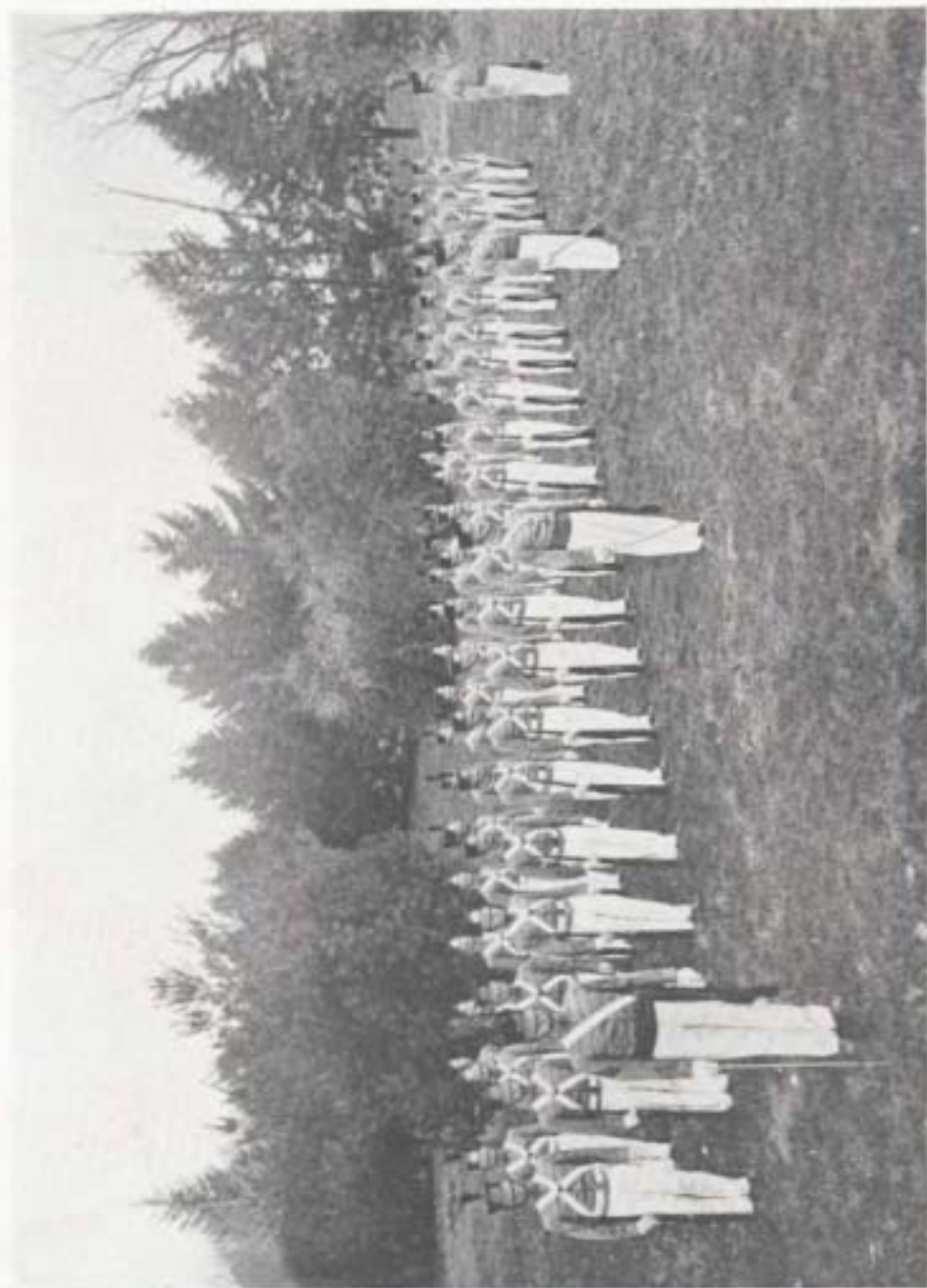
J. G. OLIVER
LIEUTENANT



R. M. BERRY
LIEUTENANT

CORPORALS
A. P. SIBOLD
J. T. WATSON
W. K. BOULDIN
R. F. LEE
L. J. HEUTLE

Company D



COMPANY E



J. C. HOLMES
CAPTAIN



M. J. GROVE
LIEUTENANT

SERGEANTS
T. R. PARKER
FIRST SERGEANT
T. T. PEAKE
QUARTERMASTER
R. W. CATLIN
E. J. HARRIS



MISS HECTOR
SPONSOR



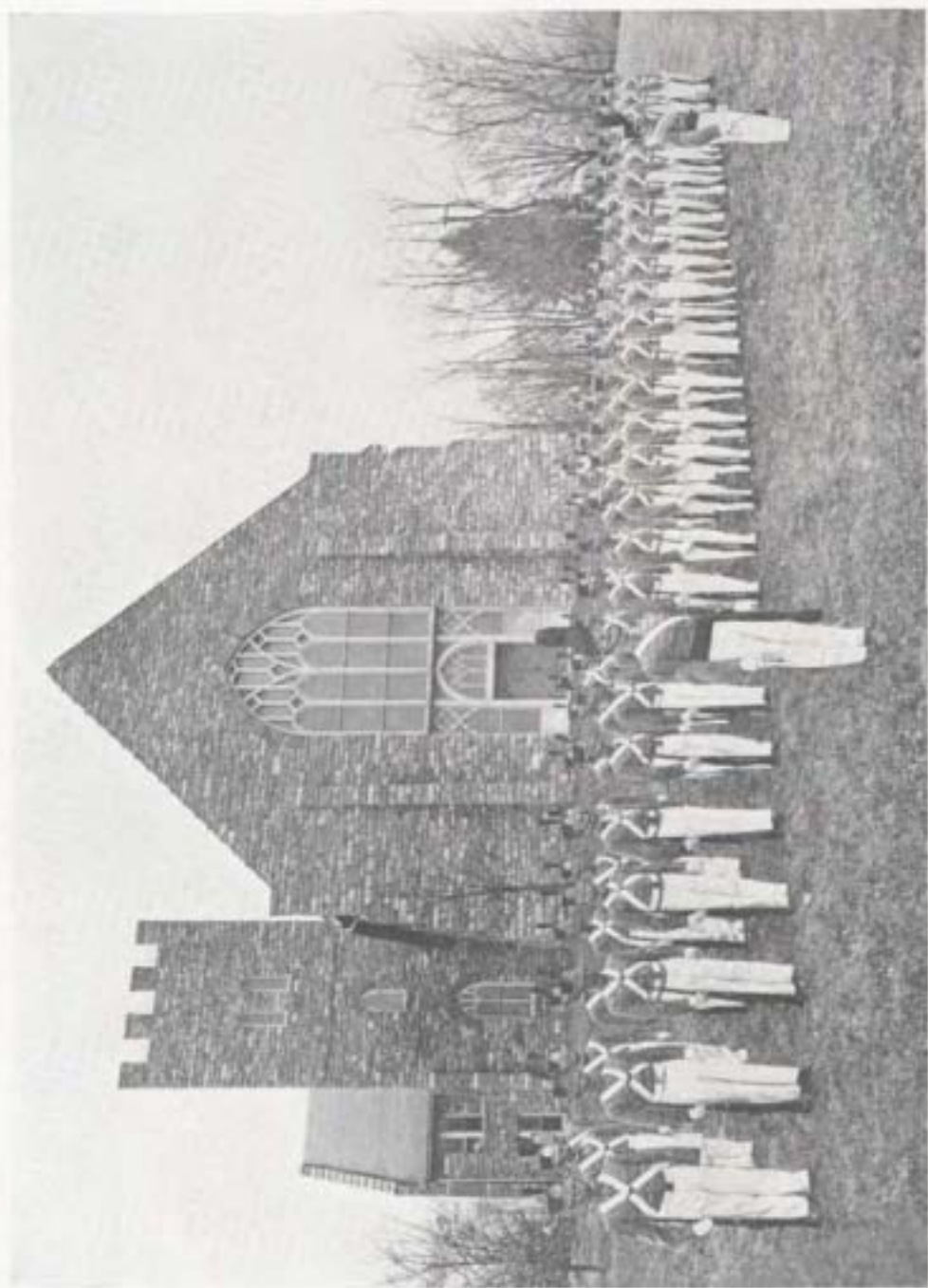
L. N. KERLING
LIEUTENANT



H. T. SLICER
LIEUTENANT

CORPORALS
R. S. WOOD
T. K. WOLFE
O. H. CULPEPPER
W. H. IRVING
H. M. SOMERVILLE
L. E. SUTTON

Company E



COMPANY F



SERGEANTS

B. F. JOHNSON, JR.
FIRST SERGEANT
C. E. TAYLOR
QUARTERMASTER
L. GRAHAM
S. F. COFFMAN
E. T. HAYNES



E. A. LIVESAY
CAPTAIN



P. A. WARNER
LIEUTENANT



MISS MILLER
WAGONER



N. O. MOSES
LIEUTENANT



E. C. MACON
LIEUTENANT

CORPORALS

A. L. JONES
S. T. PIGGOTT
P. H. EVANS
H. J. JENNINGS
L. A. PICK

Company F



V. P. L. CABREY BAND

The Bugle NINETEEN TWELVE



MISS MCCARTHY
SPONSOR

MEMBERS

C. S. ALTEER
M. C. BECKNER
J. M. BLACKBURN
R. C. BRUCE
W. M. CRAVENS
J. H. DIXON
P. M. ELLIOT
J. T. GRISSON
J. C. HARMAN
A. W. HEDDICK
P. U. JANUTOLD
L. L. LUCAS
G. P. NIXON
M. F. BRYNGLIN
W. E. SMITH
J. A. SNYDER
H. O. THILMAN

Band

W. C. DIXON.....CAPTAIN
H. E. MINSHALL.....FIRST SERGEANT
M. W. LOVING.....DRUM MAJOR
J. P. HARVEY.....DIRECTOR



W. C. DIXON
CAPTAIN

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

The New Commandant

First Lieutenant J. E. Ware is a Virginian, having been born at Fort Monroe. He was educated at the Hampton High School and the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and has served nine years as an officer in the United States Army.

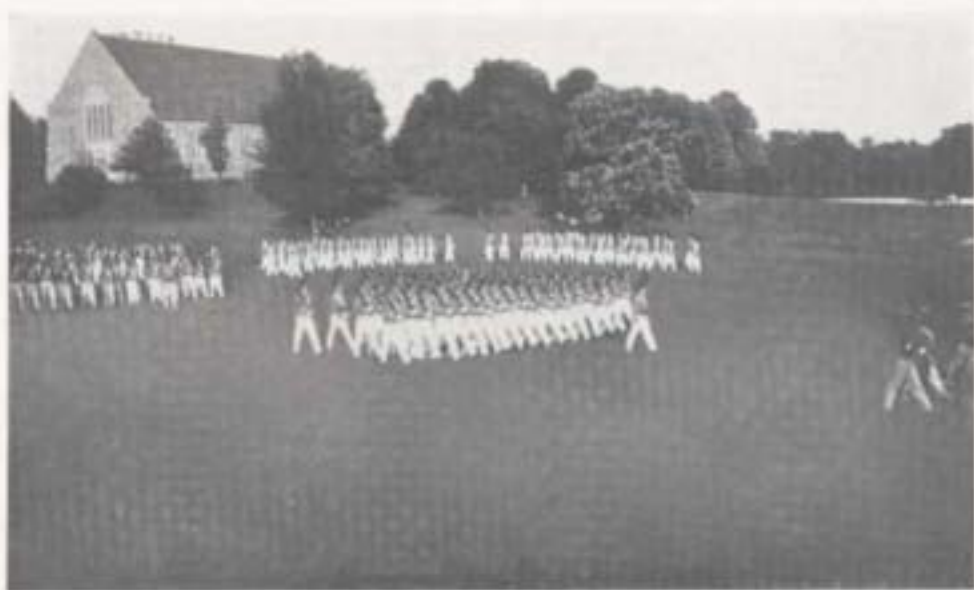
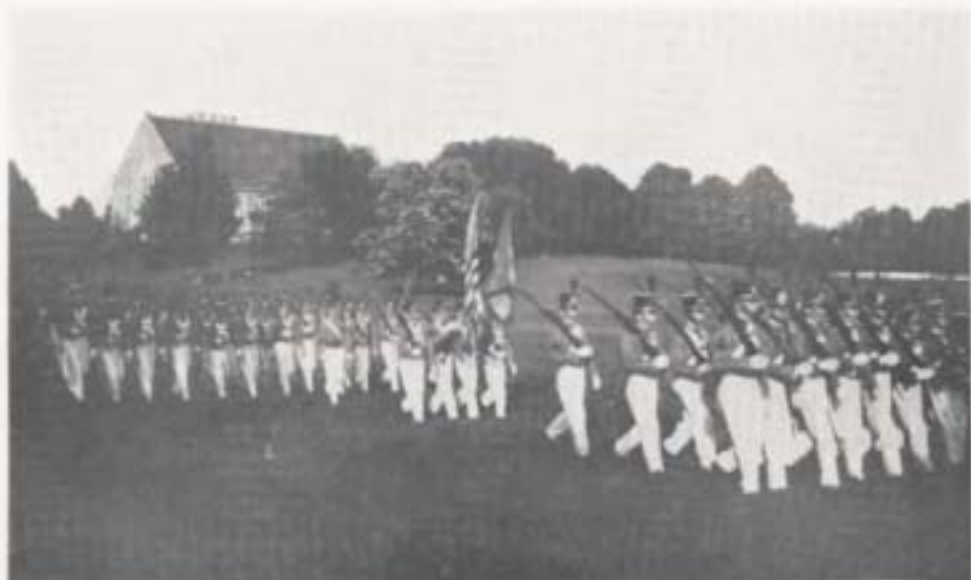
He graduated with the highest honors from the Hampton High School in 1900. In the fall of that year he entered the Sophomore class of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. During the two years he remained here as a student he won for himself enviable places in a variety of activities, but especially in athletic, military, and scholastic lines. As a student he made a good academic record, passing all examinations. As a cadet officer he served as sergeant and lieutenant in the battery. In athletics he was distinguished. He played baseball and football through two sessions and a part of the third, and played football so well that he was picked as All-Southern end. In addition to these activities, he was assistant manager of THE BUGLE, vice-president of the Athletic Association, and was elected captain of the baseball team and voted the best all-round cadet. His student career was brought to a close by his acceptance of a commission as second lieutenant in the United States Army.

He was assigned to the Twenty-first Infantry and has served in various parts of the United States, in Alaska, and in the Philippines, and has visited Honolulu, China, and Japan. In the Philippines he was located at eight different stations in the central islands of Samar and Leyte. While here he was active in the campaign which suppressed the Pulujan insurrection which was incited by Daguhob and Cervera. While on this duty he acted as interpreter of the Visayan and Tagalog dialects. His last station was at St. Michael, Alaska. St. Michael is a trans-shipment point for all Yukon traffic and is open three and a half months of the year. While at this latter place, with a single companion, he made a dog-team trip of nine hundred miles into the interior.

Since he has been stationed at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute as commandant, his many pleasing qualities have won the respect of the students and the hearty support and admiration of the faculty. During his stay here it is expected that the value of military training will be more highly appreciated and it is hoped that his example will inspire the notion that neither military nor athletic excellence alone is a substitute for scholastic excellence, or an excuse for poor academic standing.



FIRST LIEUTENANT J. F. WARE, U. S. A.
COMMANDANT OF CADETS



ON THE PARADE GROUND
PASSING IN REVIEW

OLD
AND



OLD AND NEW

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

German Club

OFFICERS

G. G. GARRISON.....	PRESIDENT
G. LEFEBVRE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
D. D. HOWE.....	SECRETARY-TREASURER
R. E. SAUNDERS.....	LEADER

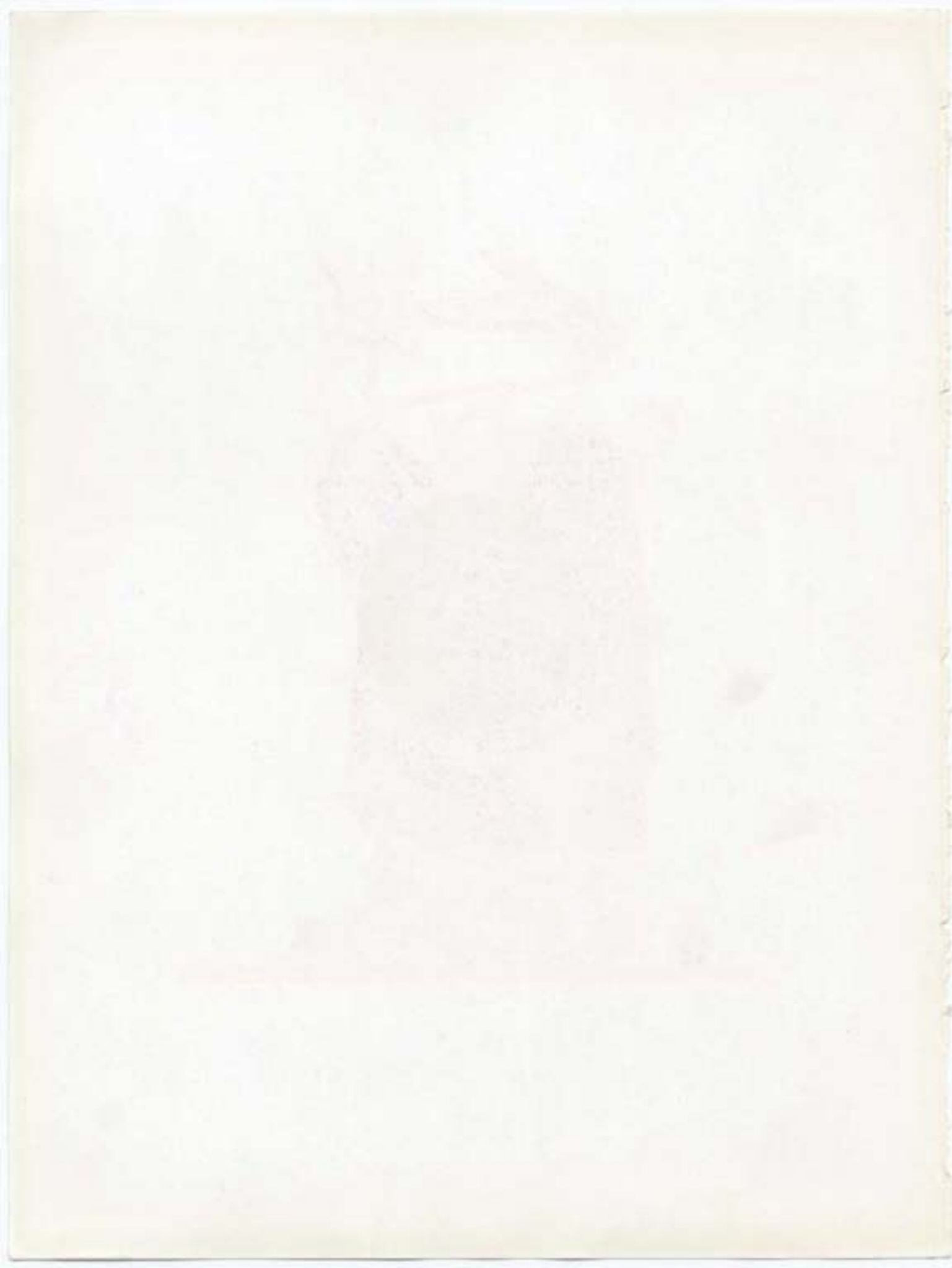
MEMBERS

H. S. ANDREWS	D. P. CLEMME	G. G. GARRISON	C. M. HOBART
W. H. BERRISS	M. P. CHUCKER	G. F. GREGORY	S. H. HOWE
R. H. BARRETT	L. H. ENSLOW	A. R. HARVEY	W. W. HOWARD
A. E. CARRINGTON	P. R. EVANS	W. M. HERRIN	D. D. HOWE
W. G. JONES	W. R. LEGGE	J. E. MCKEE	
W. J. LIPPERT	A. S. MCCOY	R. C. MACON	
G. LEFEBVRE	C. W. C. MACKAN	T. M. RIVER	
P. H. LEGGE	C. H. MCKNIGHT	R. E. SAUNDERS	
	R. E. STEELE	L. E. SUTTON	
	O. S. SMITH	L. P. SMITHY	
	E. SCOTT	P. A. TANNER	
	W. SHACKELFORD	E. L. VAWTER	
	F. T. WYATT		

HONORARY MEMBERS

W. C. ELLETT	T. B. HUTCHISON
W. B. ELLETT	PROF. L. S. RANDOLPH
COL. W. M. BROOKE	COL. J. S. A. JOHNSON
R. T. ELLETT	COL. R. A. MARR
REV. R. H. NELSON	DR. J. E. WILLIAMS
STOCKTON HETH	A. D. AUSTIN
PROF. C. E. VAWTER	COL. J. F. WARE
PROF. JOHN DAVIS	E. B. FRIED
PROF. C. P. MILLS	







The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

Omicron Cotillion Club

OFFICERS

F. K. FROSSER.....PRESIDENT
L. H. ENSLOW.....VICE-PRESIDENT
R. W. PAUL.....SECRETARY-TREASURER AND LEADER

MEMBERS

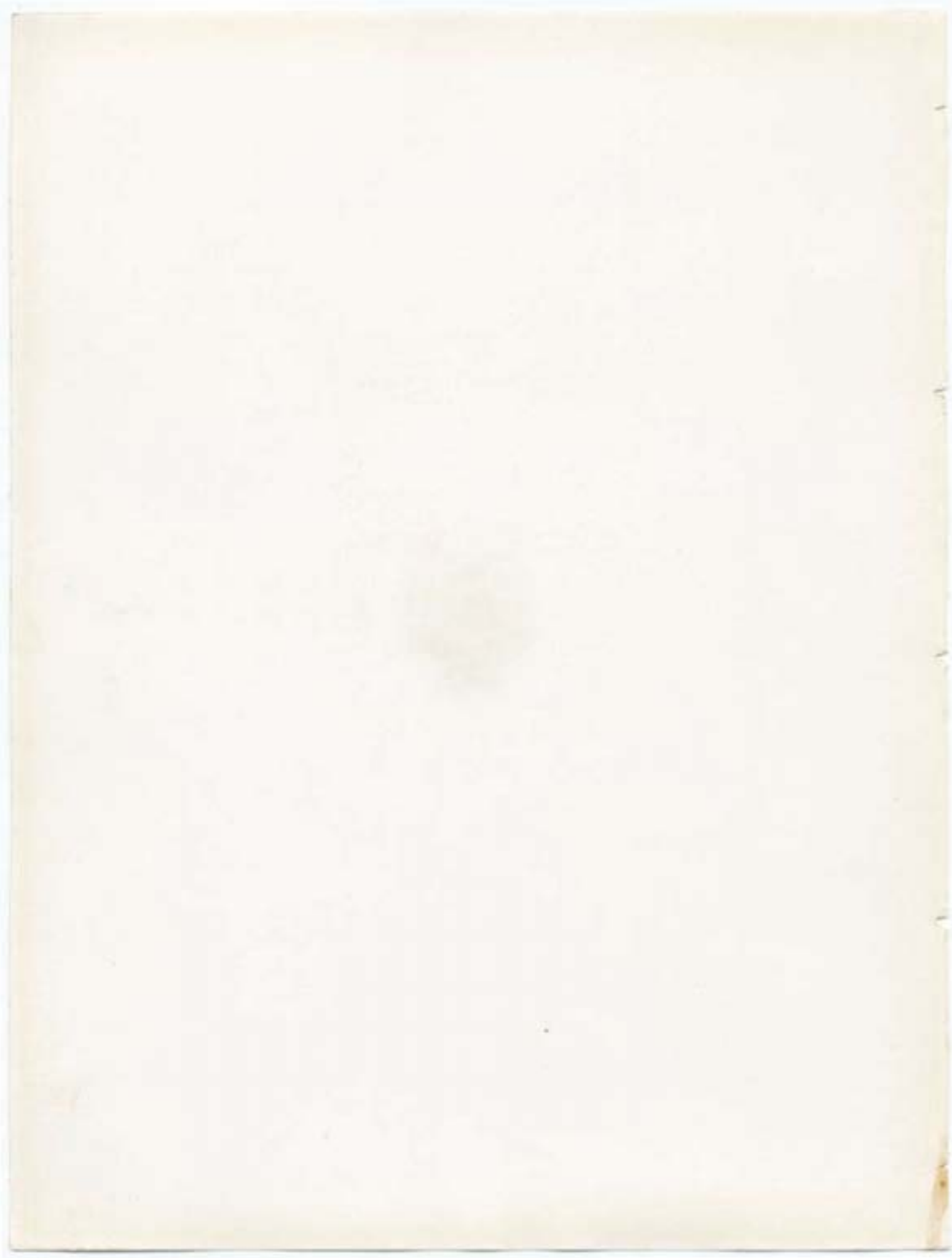
J. H. AUSTIN
J. E. BURKE
C. B. BROWN
F. B. DEBON
C. A. CALLAHAN
R. M. COX
P. C. COOPER
M. P. CROCKER
L. H. ENSLOW
J. W. FAUGNER
C. T. HENLEY
W. M. HERRIN
M. W. LOVING
P. H. LODGE
J. R. NEWELL
F. K. FROSSER
G. B. PEASLEY
T. T. PEAKE
J. B. PEAKE
R. W. PAUL
R. M. REDISH
R. F. SEAY
H. K. TYLER

HONORARY MEMBERS

PROF. C. P. MILES COL. J. P. WARE
PROF. L. P. SMITHRY



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The Bugle Ninteen Twelve



Knights of the Feather

"Sir Chicken Wing".....	DAN HOWE
"Duke of Deviled Eggs".....	LUCY KNOWLTON
"Lord Lumberger".....	BILL LEFFERT
"Prince of Panekes".....	BRUCE WILLIAMS
"Mogul of Minee Meat".....	"POREY" PAULCNER
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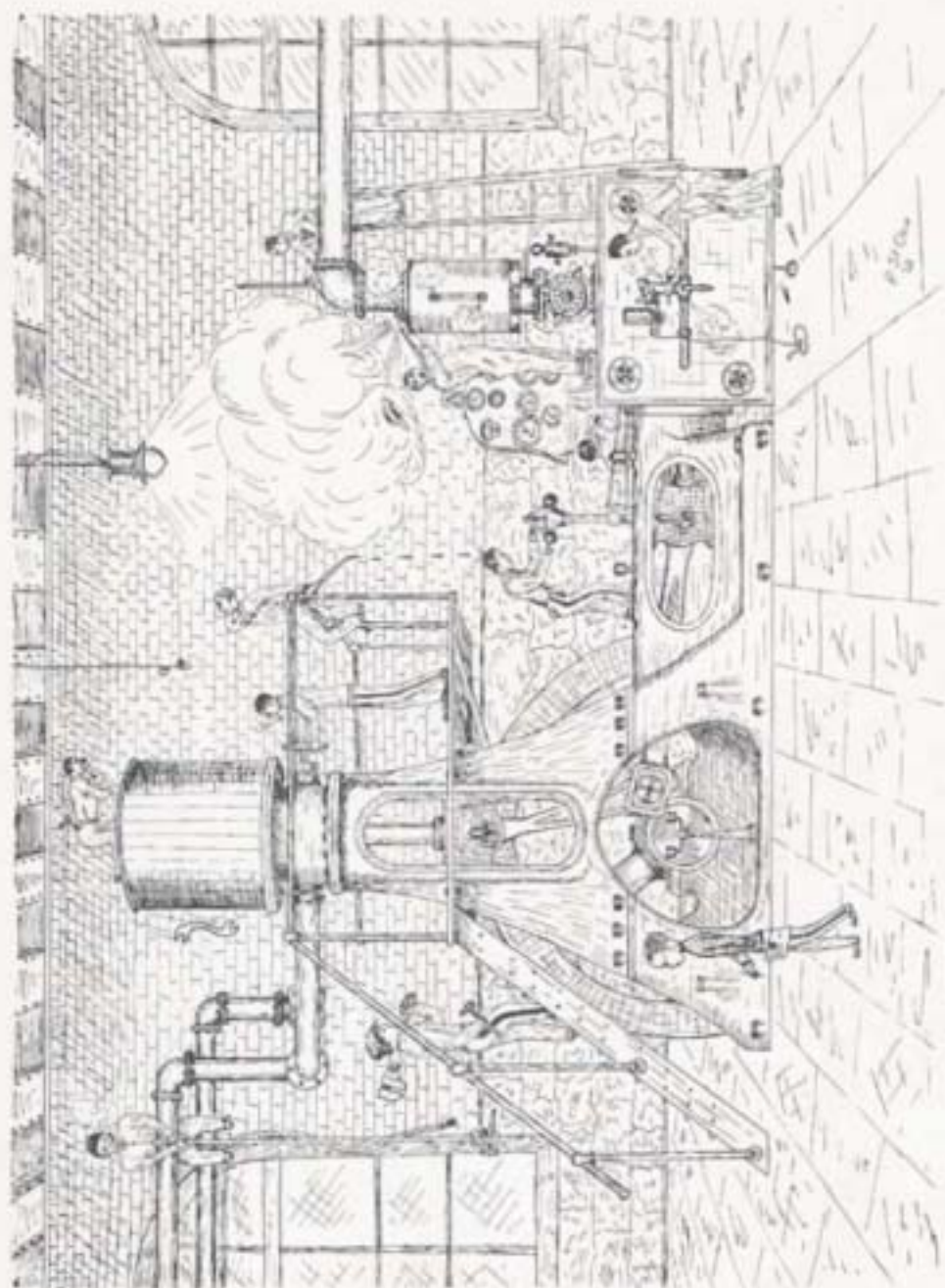
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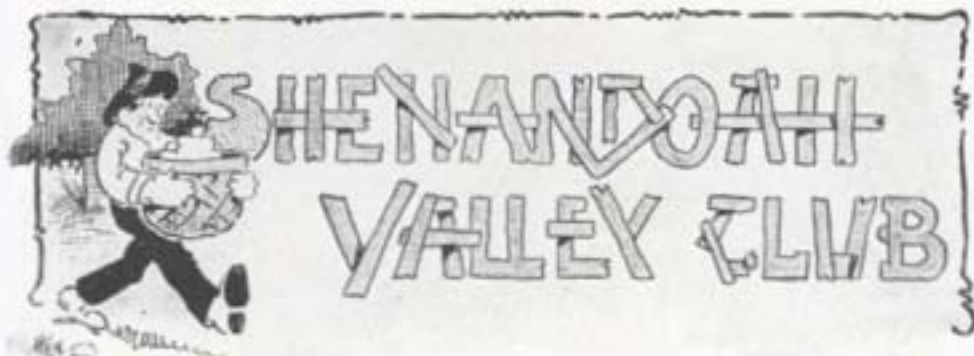
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OUR TOAST

Here's to the whole valley, for fear some fool will be sore because he is left out.



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Motto—Hurry rich and settle down on the farm, where life can be enjoyed in its highest sense.





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PURGATORY PUPS



The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

Senior Privates

In days gone by the Senior was a Thing of pomp and pride, he never went to Reveille; to Sick Call he would ride. He shunned the thought o' 'tending Church; to drill was strict taboo; he wore a special uniform, a cape and trousers blue. He strutted 'round about the place as though he owned it all, nor deigned to look at Stude or Prof, or other churlish thrall.

Eftsoons there came a change about; a Colonel new there was; the prideful Senior took a fall, and lost a bit o' fuzz. He now must go to Reveille, one week in every four; he could not wear his cape in ranks as he had done before. And then the painful order came which got the Senior's goat; he had to dye his trousers gray—take off the braided coat.

It never rains unless it pours, ne'er singly comes an ill; so found the haughty Senior Priv' when he had got to drill. Class meetings brought him no respite, no grumblings got him aught; he soon found out his name was Mnd, his number, it was Naught. He groaned and grovelled, threatened, howled, but all to no avail; 'twas plain the Colonel had the edge, his was the fist of mail.

Whene'er the skies are overcast the War Game is brought out, and when it shines the Senior drills and does the right about. He shines his gun and cleans his bowl; gets up at break o' day; he kowtows to the Commandant, and ne'er leaves down his bay. He goes to Church like any saint; he marches Sentinel—but just you ask him how he likes, he'll say, "Now AIN'T this HELL!"

L'ESVOI

Get hep to this: it's mighty fine to know the Book o' Butts, and how to stand an hour in line with forty other Mutts. But—when you get out on the Lot, where you must me a MAN; you soon forget this dinkey rot—it isn't worth a DAMN!

C. T. A.

SENIOR PRIVATES



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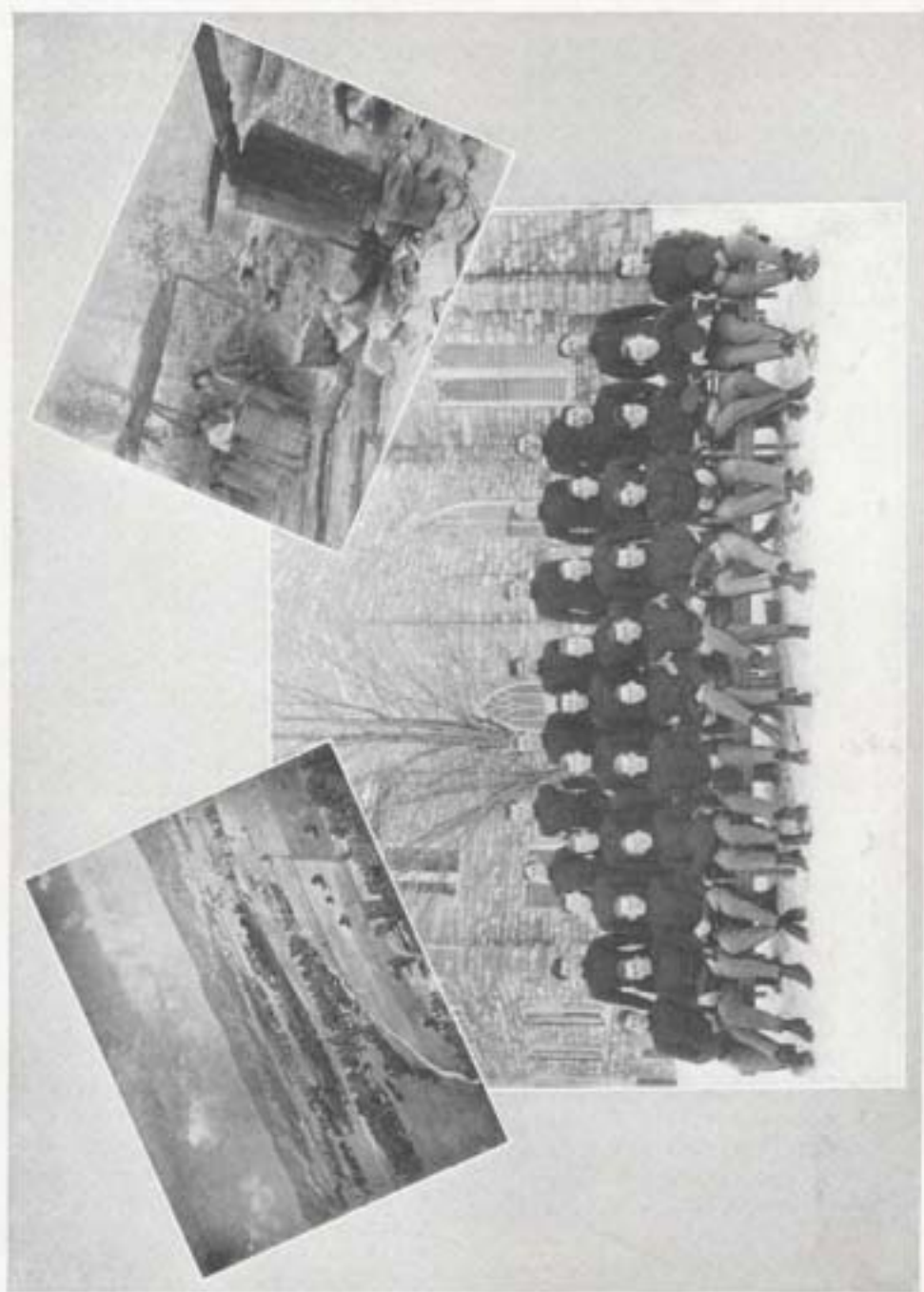
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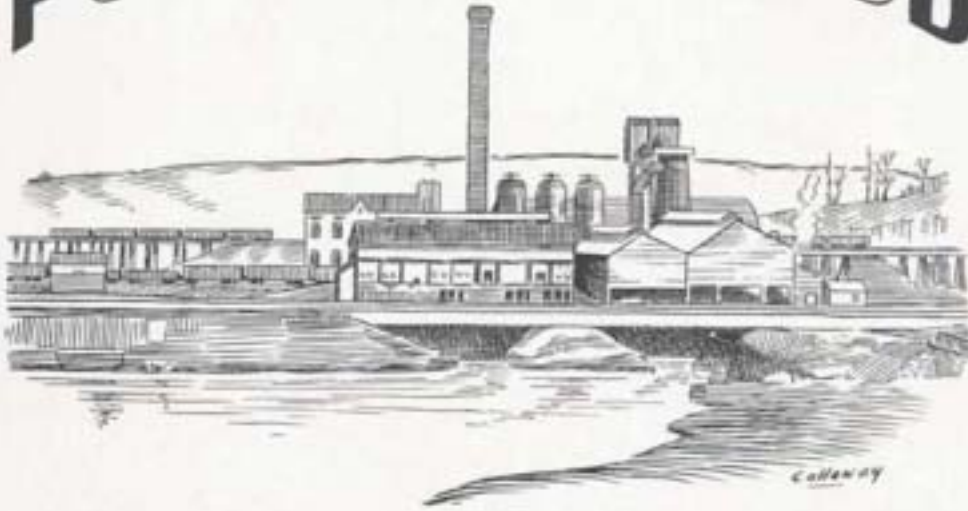
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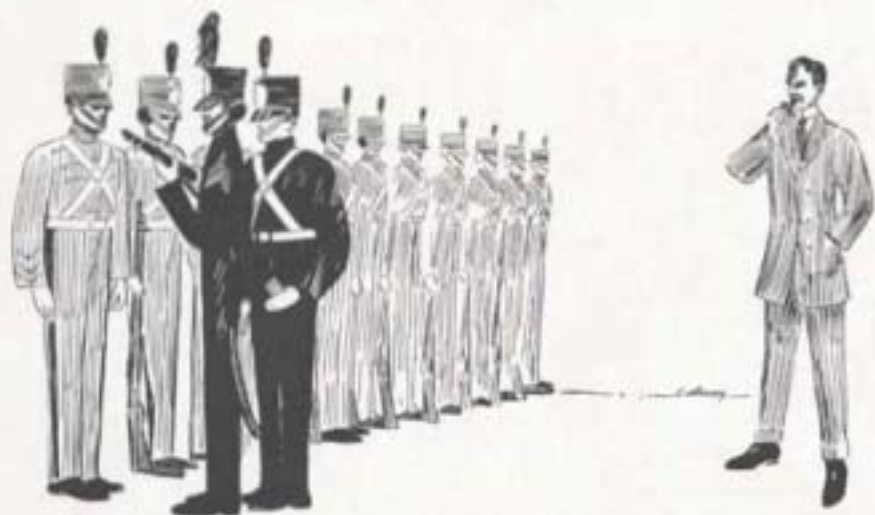
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SOPHOMORE PRIVATES

The Bugle Nineteen Twelve

THE '12 DOZEN

A dozen there are in the Class of '12,
Who come a year late for their knowledge to delve;
That is to say, they were Sophomore "Rats,"
The freshest of all of the V. P. I. brats.

The straight four-year course for the B. S. degree
Was finished by most of these men in three,
But there's one guy named Macon, from Washington, who
Came still a year later and finished in two.

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The Bugle Nineteen Twelve



Away back in the early days of the undertaking which has culminated in the eighteenth volume of *THE BUGLE*, a sort of quiet firm resolve stole into our editorial minds. We were reviewing college annuals, scheming, concocting ideas, and searching for something we might present in a new guise and thereby impress the public with our own originality. Naturally editorials came in for their share of attention, and then, what revelations came to us! The half-plaintive tones in which these editorial utterances were vouchsafed, the profusely apologetic phrases with which the editors presented their work, the humble attitude in which they sought the tender mercies of the reader, filled us with a sensation of profoundest awe, which caused our hair to rise and our spirits to fall.

But the editors of the eighteenth volume of *THE BUGLE* have no intention of apologizing for the annual this year. Not that we are so supremely contented with it ourselves, do we assume this lofty attitude, but rather because of the peace which comes with the consciousness of labours faithfully performed. Neither are we so confident of the merits of our achievements as to believe that we have not made mistakes, nor what are worse—omissions. The former are characteristic of all normal, healthy human beings, and the latter are—always unintentional. And yet, admitting all this, we see no use in crumpling into an abject heap, and in a cringing, piteous appeal to the "dear reader," beseech him to take the book and "do with it as he will."

And criticism! Certainly we expect criticism. It is the one traditional attention which never fails to be shown an annual, and to be perfectly frank, we shall be disappointed if the usual share does not come our way. But like those vague good wishes we received at the first of the year, so profuse, so beautiful, and yet so profoundly unavailable, we shall accept it graciously and then—promptly forget it.

We would not have you believe that *THE BUGLE* is the embodiment of all our wishes. We, too, have cherished ambitions just as did all our predecessors, and, like them, have seen our aspirations fade into a misty haze of disappointment. The short-comings of this book are tenfold more poignant to us than to you, for it is we, who, though unable to improve, have not failed to realize the mediocrity of some of its contents. And unfortunately the Cadet Corps, loyal as it is in most respects, has shown a deplorable indifference in contributing material for the annual, but exhibited instead a preference for milking cows and building dynamos—creditable pursuits perhaps—but not very productive from the editorial standpoint.

We had thought of telling you of our intentions in publishing this book, of some of the things we have tried to portray which would be a source of pleasure and pride to the Corps and turn the thoughts of the alumnus back to his *ALMA MATER*. But viewing our work in retrospect we concluded it is better to leave these things unsaid and thereby avoid the embarrassing attitude in which the assertions would certainly place us.

There are a few nice things we want to say. Gratitude is one of the crowning virtues of humanity, and of it we claim no little share. We are glad of the opportunity

The Bugle NINETEEN TWELVE

to express our appreciation to those who have in any way whatever contributed to the success of the book. Foremost among these we would mention Mr. William Elliott Dold and Mr. Robert E. Kearfott, who have won the everlasting gratitude of the editors by the manner in which they have illustrated the annual. We acknowledge, also, with sincere thanks the frontispiece from Mr. Walter Biggs. To Miss Easlow, Mr. Callaway, and Mr. Henderson we are also under obligations for contributions to the Art Department. For contributions to the literary portion of the book we wish to thank Mr. McGowan, Mr. Adams, Mr. Herrin and Professor McBride. To others, who by contributions or suggestions, have made our work easier, we are deeply grateful. Among the latter we would mention especially Miss Hairston and Miss McClintock, and to our publishers, who have spared no efforts to make the annual a success, we express our hearty appreciation.

Further, from the Corps of Cadets as a whole, and from the Faculty, we acknowledge a loyal support of the various enterprises which contributed to the financial success of THE BUGLE, for which we extend editorial thanksgiving.

Finally, to the Class of Nineteen and Twelve, whose loyalty has been the sweetest recompense for our labours, we wish to convey our thanks. The spirit in which they have supported the annual has made our task infinitely easier, and their individual sympathetic interest shall not soon be forgotten. We tip our hats to a body of gentlemen, and in tones, honest and sincere, say, we are honored to have served you.

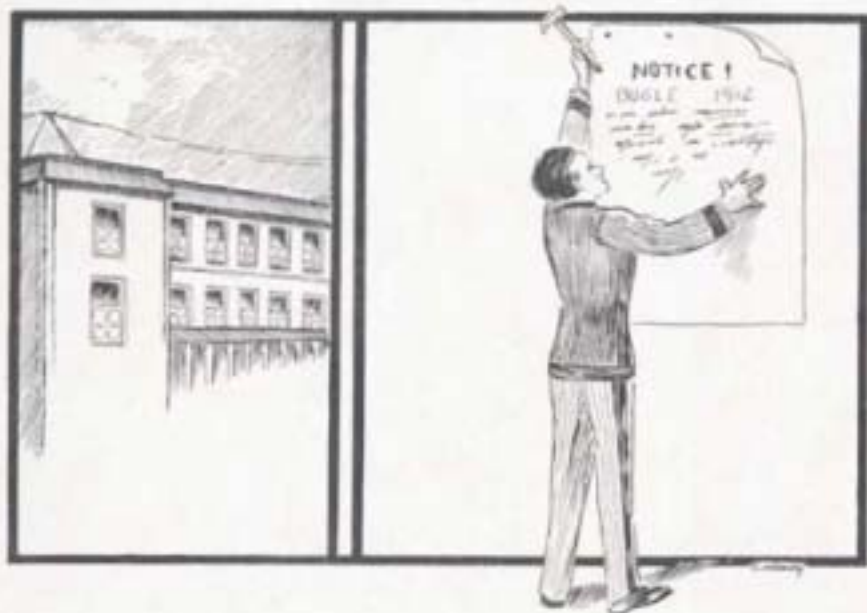




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A FINAL FOOTNOTE

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We wish to take this opportunity to thank the advertisers whose names appear in the eighteenth volume of *THE BUZZ*. Their courtesy has made possible many features of the annual which otherwise would have been omitted. We take pleasure in recommending them to the readers of *THE BUZZ* as reputable concerns worthy of your patronage.

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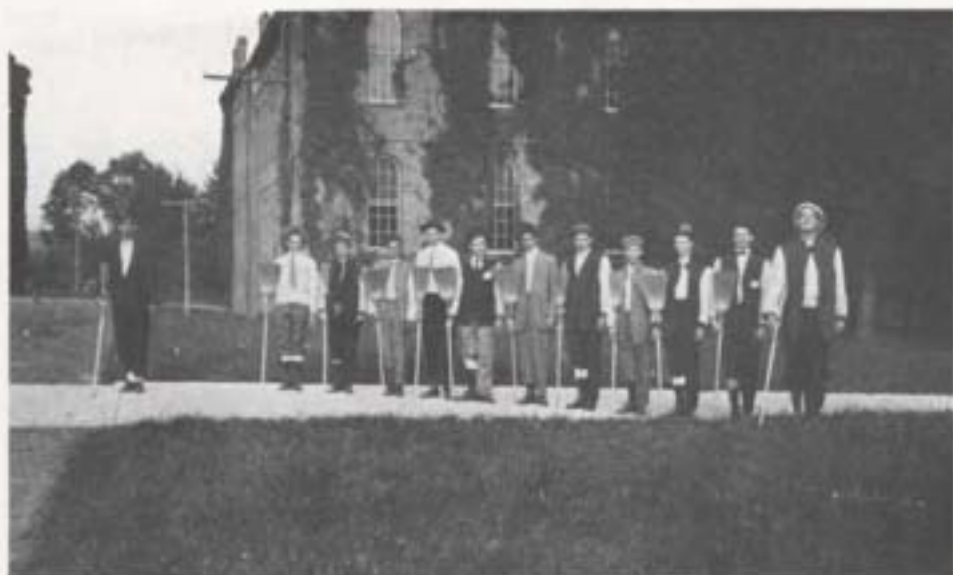
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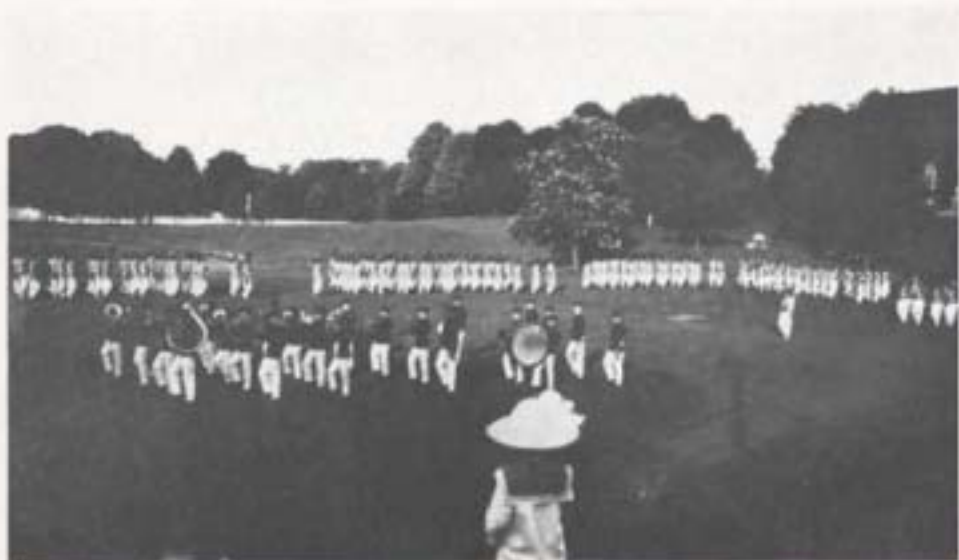
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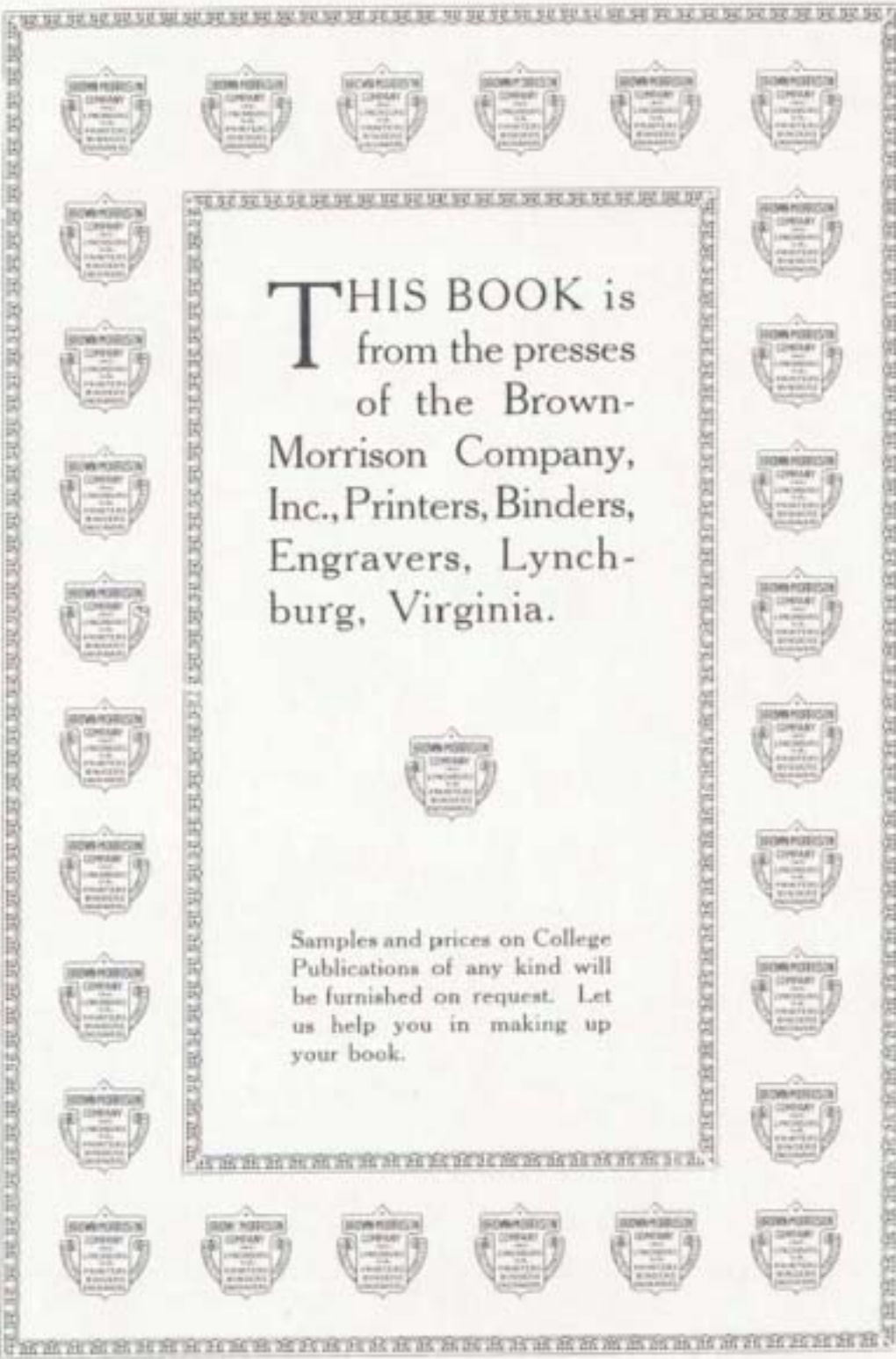
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