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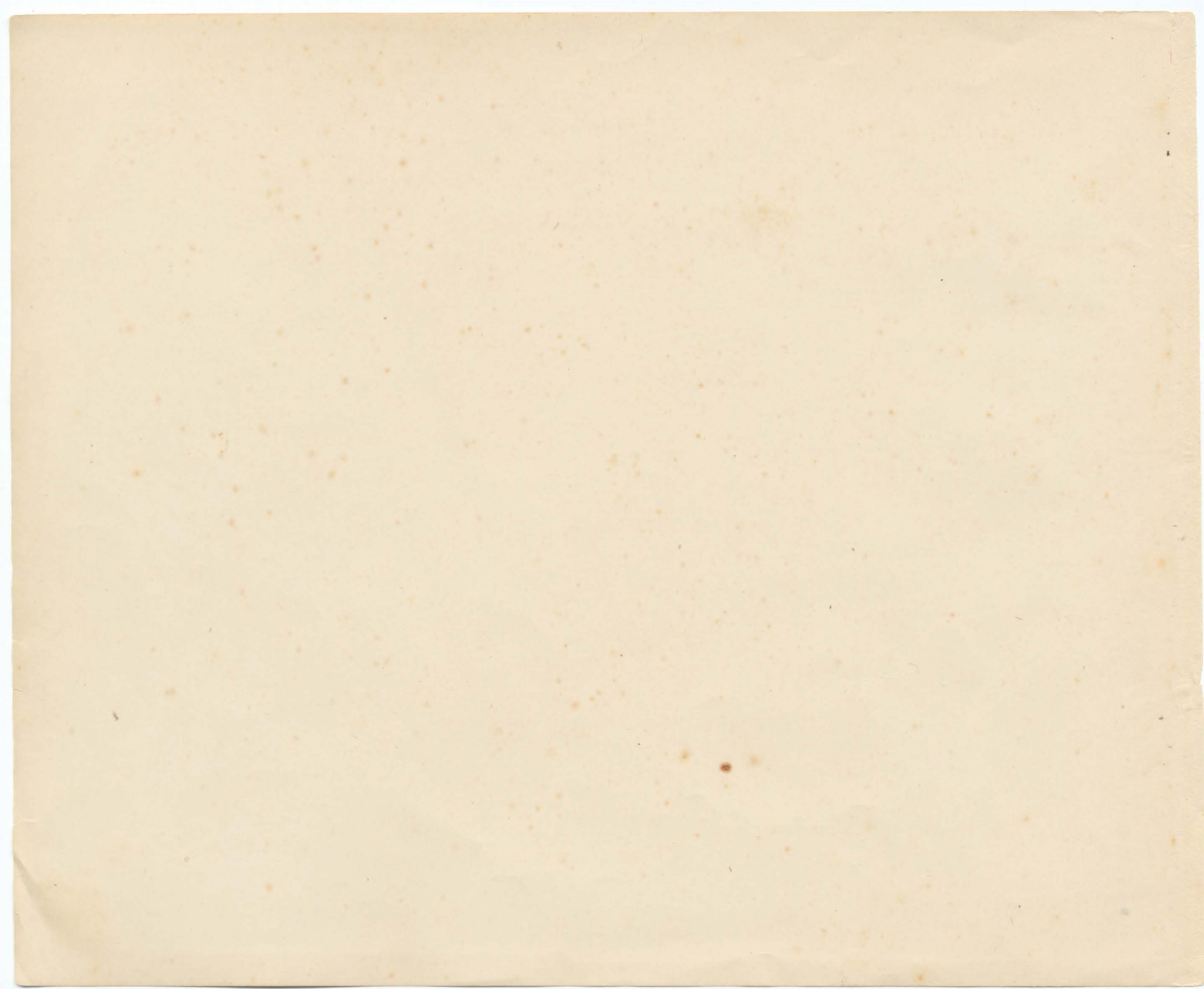
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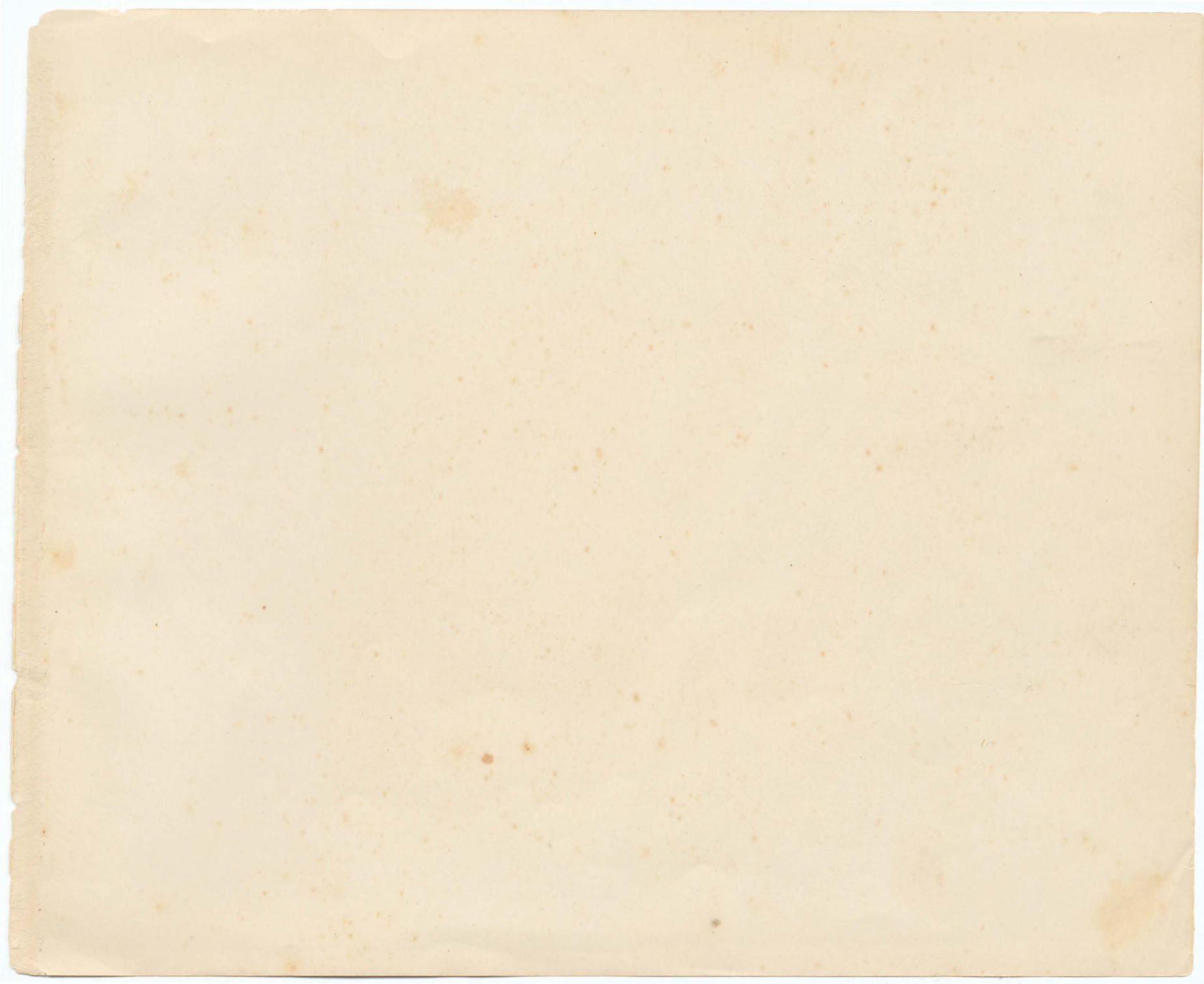
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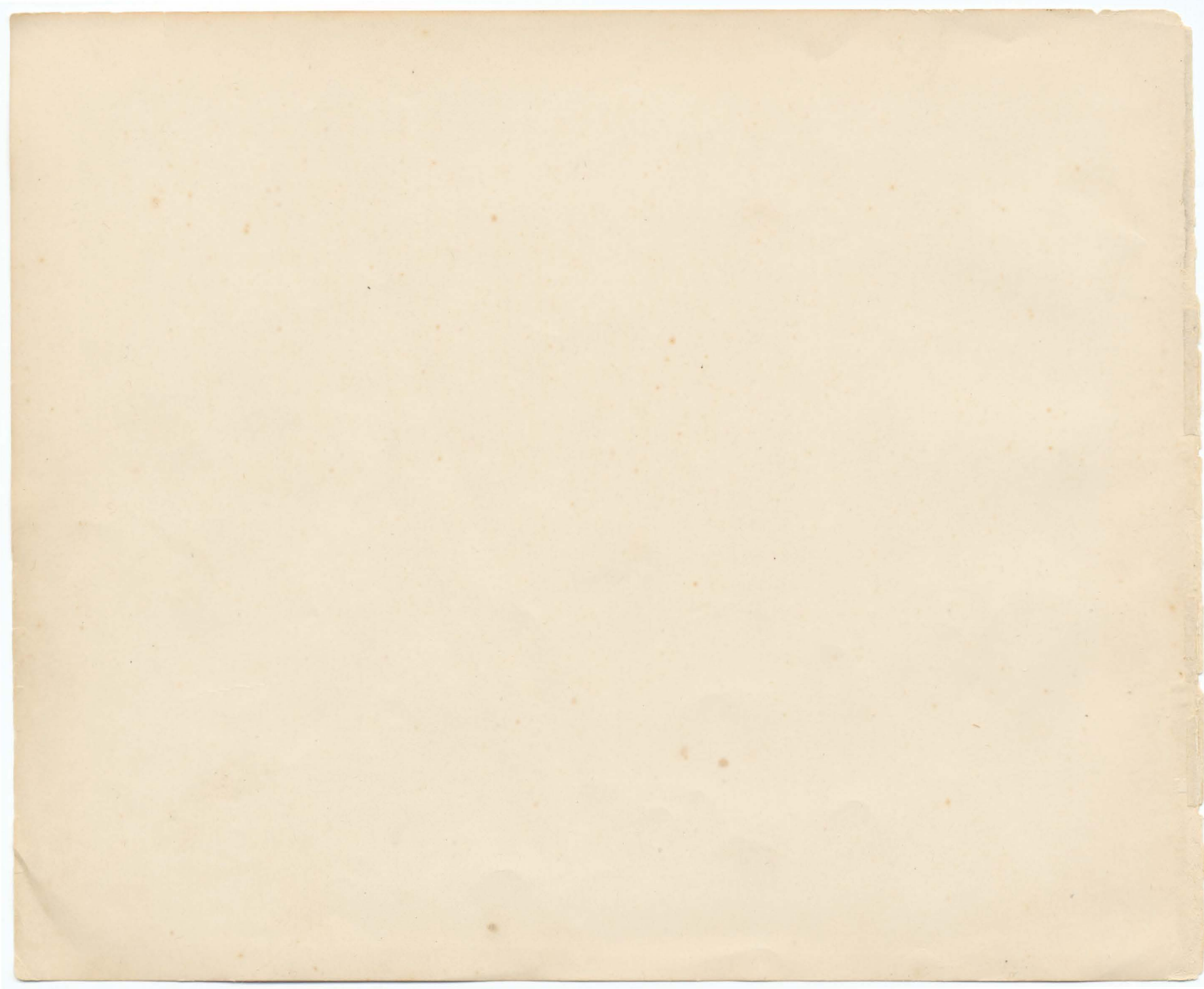


Rudolph C. Campbell









.. THE . BUGLE ..

VOL. I.

... PUBLISHED BY THE ...

SENIOR



CLASS.

Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College.

1895.

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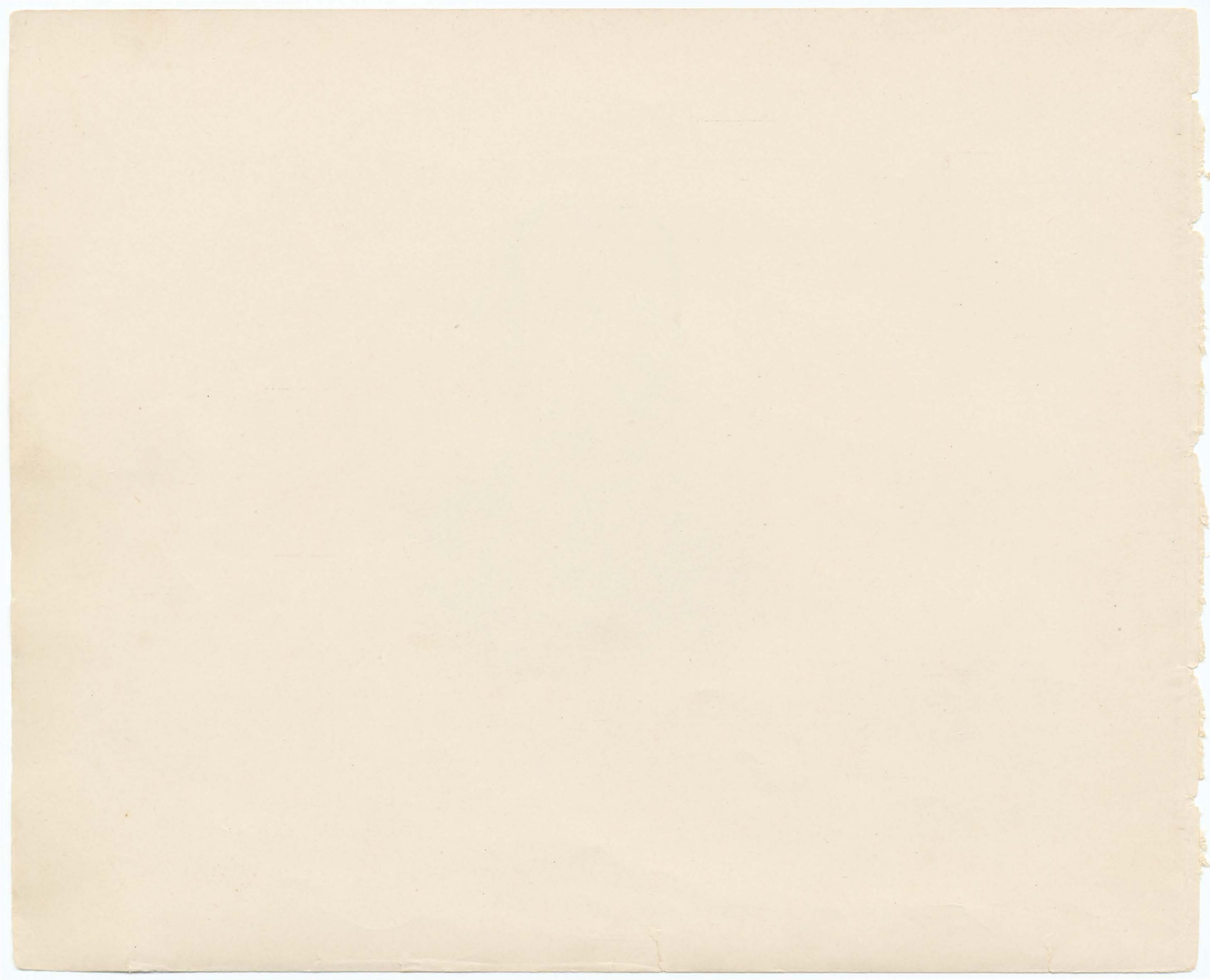
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Prof. Jno. E. Christian.



To
Professor John E. Christian,
this volume
is affectionately dedicated,
with regard for his ability as a professor,
appreciation of his labors in
the interest of the
College,
and
the esteem for
him as a man by all with
whom he came in
contact.



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TO the readers of The Bugle, the editors and managers extend a most hearty greeting in presenting the first volume. We have labored hard to produce a book that would be of interest, and that would reflect credit on the College and Corps of Cadets it endeavors to represent. In consideration of the fact that it is the first volume and of the consequent lack of a sufficient guide in compiling it, we ask that you be mild in your criticisms and make allowances for our frailties.

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Calendar

1894

26th SEPTEMBER, WEDNESDAY,

Beginning of First Term

21st DECEMBER, FRIDAY,

Christmas Holidays began

1895

3d JANUARY, THURSDAY,

Christmas Holidays ended

30th JANUARY, WEDNESDAY,

Intermediate Examinations ended

1st FEBRUARY, FRIDAY,

Beginning of Second Term

14th JUNE, FRIDAY,

Final Examinations end

16th JUNE, SUNDAY, 11 A. M.,

Baccalaureate Sermon

16th JUNE, SUNDAY, 8 P. M.,

Sermon before Y. M. C. A.

17th JUNE, MONDAY, 11 A. M.,

Address before Literary Society

17th JUNE, MONDAY, 8 P. M.,

Celebration of Maury Literary Society

18th JUNE, TUESDAY, 11 A. M.,

Alumni Address

18th JUNE, TUESDAY, 8 P. M.,

Celebration of Lee Literary Society

19th JUNE, WEDNESDAY,

Commencement Day

19th JUNE, WEDNESDAY, 10 P. M.

Final Ball

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Annual Meeting during commencement of each year at Blacksburg, Va.



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H. S. GORMLEY,	Cartoonist	WOODSON P. WADDY,	Statistician
R. I. ROOP, Presentation Orator			

Allons, là bas, marchons au pas
Avec cette allure guerrière,
Est-ce vraiment un régiment d' heros
Qui composent la classe superieure
Bravo!!

Introduction

IN this brief history of our class, fellow-members, space is not allowed me to give a full account of everything that has happened during the four years of our sojourn here. You all must remember that I do not pose as a historian and even if I were one, it would be impossible to give what should be given and omit what should be omitted when I have to write it all in such a short time with no data whatever at hand.

Perhaps some have not been made as prominent as they would like, and others more so than they wish. To the first class I would say that it is not my intention to withhold any noble deeds of theirs, but it is on account of my not knowing them that I do not give them a prominent place. Those, if any, who are too conspicuous, need not censure me ; I record their acts and if they did not wish it, they should have been more careful. Nothing but the kindest spirit has impelled me in my feeble attempts to recall those incidents in which we have taken part in common. It has not been my intention to write of any particular cadet. Only such things that will be of equal interest to all have I sought out and recorded here.

I feel that there are many in the class who could have written a more interesting and elaborate history, but for some reason they were not disposed, and if they are not pleased with this I hope they will write another one and send me a copy. Good will has characterized all our actions and may none be disposed to murder me after reading this short history.

Your affectionate fellow-classman,

R. I. ROOP.

“The Raving”

Once upon a midnight dreary, having passed my last “zam” weary,
I was building airy castles which into the clouds did soar;
While busy in this direction, there came a recollection
That changed my thoughts’ direction to the fading days of yore,
To the time, when as a rat, I passed within these college doors,
In days of yore.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in a bright September,
When every separate member of my body felt so sore,
For o’er miles of roadbed stony I had rode behind a pony
Of our friend who keeps a tony livery just behind his store ;
Friend Grissom who still keeps livery just behind his store
As of yore.

In my room each slight uncertain rustling of the window curtain,
Thrilled me quite with terror as I looked toward the door,
For the fact was, some one told me that the old boys fast would hold me,
And over a trunk would fold me and on me they would pour
Blows with slab and shingle where my pants could stretch no more.—
Say no more !

Next day my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
I “freshened” up a little which soon I did deplore,
For the old boys quite surprised me, by the swiftness they capsized me,
And not gently they chastised me in the manner said before ;
Head and heels held tightly in the manner said before,
Ask no more.

In this comfortless condition, long I waited for remission,
Yelling yells no mortal ever yet had yelled before;
But my captors were untiring, for with rythm quite inspiring
On me they kept their firing, till they thought I'd need no more;
And one may well imagine I did not ask for more!
Nevermore!

Back to my room returning, neath my coat-tails sorely burning,
Ever wishing that to college thicker breeches I had wore;
"Surely," said I, "that is something that to any rat is
Rather hard, and he should satisfied be and need no more."
But soon I found the mess had worse for me in store,
Not for once but for evermore.

For there I took some butter, when with many a spit and sputter
I hastened for a gutter that I saw outside the door;
Not a moment stopped or stayed I, not a single response made I
To a little "corp" who said I should not leave before the corps;—
To the "corp" who said he'd stick me if I left before the corps
Any more.

New scenes were soon beguiling my sad soul into smiling,
And now I fondly fancied that my troubles all were o'er;
But that night when all was silent, I was wakened by a violent
Noise of voices, while went blows upon my chamber door,
Noise of voices and loud blows upon my chamber door,
More and more.

I told myself, but vainly, that no danger was quite plainly,
For the noise without meant mischief, meant deviltry in store;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being,
Except he had been spreeing, would knock upon a door;
Yell and knock at twelve o'clock upon a chamber door,—
Yell and knock and nothing more.

To the summons seemed no denying, to the portal I went flying;
And I nearly came to dying when I saw before the door
An adjutant who with accents stern all, informed me that the colonel
Ordered that a watch nocturnal I must keep before the door ;—
Up and down, to and fro before the barrack door
I must pace o'er and o'er.

Angry at my slumber broken by command so rudely spoken,
“Doubtless” thought I, “what he utters is a falshood o'er and o'er,
But my feeling I will master lest unmerciful disaster
Follow fast and follow faster than did it once before,”
And I wanted no experience as I had had before,—
No, nevermore.

* * * * *

But the time is near for parting, and soon I shall be starting
Out on life's rough journey far from these college doors,
But memory will keep as token, a chain to be not soon broken,
And those links with the hardest strokes on, and must amid the forges
roar,
Will last while others fail, binding the soul forevermore,—
Aye, forevermore.

Thus I'm sitting, idly sitting, and memory is ever flitting
To the petty pains and trials of my college days of yore ;—
In the midst of my rosy dreaming, amongst my castles upward gleaming,
They come as a halo streaming from my college days of yore,
Days of joy and pleasure that shall return no more,—
Never, nevermore.

NINETY-FIVE.

NAME	Commonly known as	HOME	Graduated in the Course of	Politics	Relig. Denomination	REMARKS
JOSEPH BUHRMAN CARPER	"Old Joe"	Gala, Va.	Mech. Eng.	Dem.	Pres.	Length of foot from centre to extremity of front projection, 9 inches; from centre to extremity of rear projection, 5 7-8 inches; total, 14 7-8 inches.
JOHN CHARLES DABNEY	"Q"	Chatham, Va.	App. Chem.	Dem.	Epis. F.	
WILLIAM EDWARD DODD	"Billy"	Clayton, N. C.	Gen. Sci.	Dem.	Bap.	Proposes to edit a Southern Journal in which he will advocate a triple division of the union.
SAMUEL SIDNEY FRASER, JR.	"Sid"	Georgetown, S. C.	Elect. Eng.	Dem.	Epis.	"How often, oh how often, In the days that have gone by, I've stood before the faculty And wished that I might die.
HERBERT SANTOS GORMLEY	"Dieser"	Charlotte, N. C.	Elect. Eng.	Dem.	Epis. F.	
CHRISTOPHER GADSDEN GUIGNARD	"Guinea"	Columbia, S. C.	Mech. Eng.	Dem.	Epis.	
JAMES GRANT HEAVENER	"Jimmy"	Cowon's Mills, Va.	App. Chem.	Rep.	Meth. F.	
LESLIE DUNCAN KLINE	"Monsieur"	Vaucluse, Va.	Gen. Sci.	Dem.	Epis.	Opposed to "Woman's Rights," but would vote for the devil if he got the Democratic nomination.
WARREN ANDREW PERRY	"Dr. Cox"	Wylliesburg, Va.	Mech. Eng.	Pro.	Bap.	"Miss———at home this evening" "Humph! that makes no difference to me. At home's just where she ought to be."
CHARLES JOHNSON RICHARDSON	"C. J."	Hot Springs, Va.	Civil Eng.	See Rem.	Meth.	Formerly a Dem., later a Populist, at present a Prohibitionist Greenbacker and advocate of woman's rights.
REDMOND IRA ROOP	"Baby"	Childress, Va.	Gen. Sci.	Rep.	Meth.	Believes in co-education of sexes.
JOHN WILLIAM SAMPLE	"Jack"	Charlotte, N. C.	App. Chem.	Dem.	Pres. F.	
FREDERICK WILLIAM SIMPSON	"Scotchy"	Glasgow, Scotland.	Ag'l.	Liberal	Epis.	British Citizen.
FREDERICK WILSON SMITHER	"Freddy"	Hampton, Va.	App. Chem.	Dem.	Epis. F.	A Misogynist.
ROBERT CROCKETT STUART	"Jeb"	Rutal Retreat, Va.	Gen. Sci.	Dem.	Pres.	
GEORGE THOMAS SURFACE	"Herr"	Blacksburg, Va.	Gen. Sci.	Rep.	Meth.	Opposed to women wearing short sleeves, low necks, divided skirts or riding bicycles.
WOODSON PINCKNEY WADDY	"The Lord"	Richmond, Va.	App. Chem.	Dem.	Epis. F.	
CHARLES AUGUSTUS WHEELER	"Cholly"	Patterson, Va.	Mech. Eng.	Dem.	Meth. F.	

History of the Class of Ninety-Five

FRESHMAN YEAR

THE opening of the session of '91-'92, on the 21st of September, 1891, was a very important epoch in the history of the Va. A. and M. College. It marked the beginning of a new era destined to be laden with rich fruits. In the summer of 1891 the college put off its old threadbare garments and donned new apparel.

A new president together with an almost entirely new corps of professors took charge of the institution with new methods and new ideas.

It was the good fortune of the class of '95 to enter college when this able faculty took charge. The opening day was one not soon to be forgotten by any of us. It was one of those good old Indian summer days which are not found so cheerful elsewhere as in Southwest Virginia.

At 8:30 A. M. we assembled in the college chapel for morning prayers, which were held by the Rev. G. T. Gray, senior chaplain of the college. We were all strongly and very favorably impressed with this venerable minister of the Gospel from the beginning. Since then we have learned to love him and are pleased to show him any courtesy whenever an opportunity shall present itself. Long after we quit the walls of the college will we cherish pleasant memories of him, and we feel assured that we shall not be soon forgotten by him. After prayer President McBryde stepped to the front of the rostrum to deliver his address and to welcome the new students. Until this moment some of us at least had felt like we would most as soon be at home as here, but now we felt entirely welcome, and had the assurance of the advice of a father whenever needed. The rest of the day was devoted to matriculation and assignment to classes. "Freddie" said he was going to take the mechanical course, but it was not long before he came to the conclusion that he had missed his calling. "Cliffie" Anderson was also enthusiastic over mechanics, but after he had hammered his hands all out of their original shape he considered himself fortunate to get an "honorable discharge" from the shops. After leaving the machine shop he goes to the Chemical Laboratory to try his skill there. After he had had a few weeks' experience testing for metals he explained very clearly to "Baby" that if he mixed the contents of two test tubes which he held in his hand he would get a bright yellow precipitate. "Baby" did not understand all the chemical reactions which "Cliffie" said

would take place, but he saw him mix the contents of the two test tubes and get his precipitate, but it was not the bright, orange yellow, but more the color of the *ace of spades*. Sam. Gunst, "Cat," "Kitty" and "Jack" also began to take the mechanical course, but soon gave up in despair.

About 11 o'clock most of us were scared almost speechless by the unearthly yell of "*Rats!*" "*Rats!!*" "*Rats!!!*" from a hundred throats on the east end of the stoop. The hacks were just coming in sight, bringing the cadets from the station eight miles distant. Some were "rats," and some were old cadets. The old cadets received a very cordial handshaking, but the poor "rats" did not seem to be "in it," and consequently kept themselves at a safe distance. It was the good fortune of the writer to arrive a few days early and at an hour when there was very little activity around the Barracks, thereby escaping much humiliation, but suffering great mental agony all the while. The rest of the day was spent quietly in arranging our rooms, most of the cadets, however, practicing pitching and catching ball in rear of barracks.

About 4:30 P. M. the drummers struck up a lively note, which almost startled some of us, when the old cadets began to yell "*long roll!*" for that was something new to us. Many of us had not even heard a drum before. We now for the first time began to realize that we were at a military school. It was the signal for the cadets to assemble in chapel, where Colonel Harman would explain the existing rules and regulations to all of us. It was the first instruction we had ever received from a military standpoint, and many of us thought we would be shipped in less than a month, but happily such was not the case.

All during the day we could see groups of old cadets together, which seemed rather suspicious to us. After supper we found that our suspicion was well founded. The moment we broke ranks the old boys began to yell, "rats, to your holes!" Of course the "rats" almost broke their necks to get to their rooms, and some of them were even imprudent enough to lock their doors. Soon the hideous yells of the old cadets and rattle of bayonet scabbards was heard abroad in the barracks. No rat was neglected that night. There was no call to quarters and the old cadets were in their glory while us poor "rats" were suffering intense agony. Everyone had to make a speech, sing, dance, whistle, kiss his roommate, no matter how ugly he was, and do every other ridiculous thing imaginable. Some refused, but afterwards wished they had not. Others begged to be excused from dancing as it was against their religious principles, but religious principles did not excuse them. No rat was allowed to leave his room to see the "fun" going on in any other room. By accident "Charlie" Wheeler saw "Cliffie" Anderson and "Jack" Sample standing on a table with their noses touching and each whistling a different tune. Of course "Jack" had to stand on a stool. All of us were attended to in great shape and given a receipt for our "buckings." We thought that one "bucking" was all we were to receive, and were disagreeably surprised to learn that the worst had not yet come, that we were to receive two more, one for our uniform and one for a Christmas present. We were quite willing to take one "bucking," but when it was to be three we thought it was time to call a halt, so we resolved that we would take no more. The old cadets, especially the sophomores, hooted at the idea of a "rat's"

refusing to take what was due him. "Cat" and a few others had received their uniforms, and "Lord," who then counted himself as a sophomore, thought they should be attended to at once. We were told that our initiation was not to be compared with what we were now about to receive. Portlock, "Uncle Simon" and several more influential members of our class began to organize and prepare for resistance. We were assailed and succeeded in repelling our enemies, much to their chagrin and disgust. This barbarous principle died, and died hard, but died so dead that it will never again be resurrected at this place. Those who opposed its abolition now see their mistake and are glad it was abolished.

To the class of '95 is due the honor of inaugurating the movement to abolish "hazing." At no other college in the union has the abolition so quickly followed the first steps taken in that direction. Before this time there had been very little drilling except in the "setting up exercises," but now the "rats" got their guns and were all striving to become expert in the manual of arms. "Charlie" was yearning after military glory, and he was soon pronounced to be the best drilled "rat." "Joe" was another one of those who were aspiring for a "corp." and one could hear "Rat" Rosser drilling him during all his spare moments. Thomas Russell and "Wobbie" did not take so much interest in the military department and regretted it very much afterwards.

The college dismissed for Christmas holidays on the 22d of December, and nearly every one of us returned home to spend them with our parents and friends, but we were more anxious than anything else to display the brass buttons. For nineteen years had the "rats" departed on their journey home feeling quite sore from the effects of their third "bucking," but we departed from the general rule and left college without having this blessing administered to us.

After we returned from home we had something to go through which many of us dreaded almost as much as a "bucking." This was the Intermediate Examination. We had never gone through anything of the kind, and the very thought of it made some of us wish we had not returned after Christmas. However, we braved the storm and most of us pulled through with a few "stars" and got on the "Honor List." The next thing to be looked forward to was the spring promotions and appointments in the battalion. As yet no "rat" had received any office, although some of them thought they should have been appointed as a corporal even before Christmas. Everyone knows it is the height of a "rat's" ambition to receive a "corp.," and sure enough many of us reached that goal while others had to wait till—no one knows when. The names of those who were fortunate enough to get "corps." were Steele, Wheeler, Ware, Roop, Stuart, Carper, Guignard, Anderson and Beverly. It was not long before we had an opportunity to display our military skill in drilling "awkward squads."

The college had a base ball team (?) in the field this spring, but luckily did not succeed in arranging any games with other colleges. However, they played the "Goose Creek" and Newport nines several games, winning all of them by heavy odds.

Our year's work was now drawing to a close, some of us had done good work and others had not done so well. We now had to undergo the much dreaded final examinations. We went into these examinations somewhat reluctantly, but the result was about what it was at intermediate, "Jeb" leading the class on both occasions. On the evening of June 17th the corps departed for Roanoke to take part in the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the chartering of that city. The trip was quite a pleasant one, and although our body was quite small yet we elicited very favorable comment on account of our gentlemanly conduct. Some of the "rat corps" took advantage of this occasion to display their military bearing, and truly they looked like Napoleons. We returned to college on the night of the 18th and our Baccalaureate sermon was preached on Sunday morning, the 19th. Many of us had never attended a college commencement before and we were very much delighted with the exercises. Notwithstanding all our joy on account of our year's work being ended there was a feeling of sorrow gathering over us. We had spent a very pleasant year together with few, if any, animosities among us, and now that we all were to separate, with the prospects of some not to return, it made many of us feel sad. At 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, June 22d, the entire school, and the board of visitors, formed in front of the college buildings and made the final march to the commencement tent. Our class formed on the extreme rear of the column, but we did not feel any the less important on account of that as we had the satisfaction of knowing that we would not occupy this place next year, we would hold a little higher, if not more honorable position. The final exercises were held after we reached the tent, which consisted in the oration to the senior class, graduating essays, awarding of diplomas, farewell address by the president and the announcement of the close of the session. The sham battle was fought in the afternoon. It was a hard fought but bloodless conflict and the little "corps" thought they had been through a battle equal to Manassas. Our guns were now returned to the armory and we immediately began to depart for the station on the hacks which were waiting for us. Thus closed our first year at college. Our class numbered sixty, larger by far than it would be the next year. Our class ties were very strong, and we were almost as sad on departing as if we had been brothers. May the memory of this year live long in our breasts.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

EVEN before the opening of the session of '92-'93 the cadets began to arrive, and none were more prompt in returning than the sophomore class. We felt perfect ease in returning, for we would not be yelled at as "rats." If there is anything a cadet detests it is the name of "rat," and we could hardly realize that the name had forever passed from us. We were now not only old cadets, but what was more important, still, to us, was the fact that we are full fledged sophomores! The school opened with an increased attendance, though the sophomore class was not

quite half so large as the previous year. Many bright students failed to return, but we gained some strong members in the persons of J. C. Dabney, J. G. Heavener and C. J. Richardson. This year our class held its first class meeting and elected "C. J." president. In our freshman year, although the class ties were very strong, yet there was very little class spirit and no organization whatever. We had now made the first step in the right direction and we should let nothing turn us from our course.

This year saw the first football team in the history of the college. Under the management of Prof. W. E. Anderson, a graduate of the University of Virginia, a very fair team was organized and won its first game on the 21st of October (Columbus Day), St. Albans being the opposing team. The game was exciting from the beginning, and the sophomore class was specially interested in the game, though we had but one of our class men on the team yet he was a "star player." Fifteen minutes before the game closed "Guinea" was retired on account of a sprained ankle. The sophomore class was now in a very anxious state of mind, but the end was so near that we won in spite of "Guinea's" accident. The score stood, St. Albans 10, V. A. M. C. 14. At the next and last game of the season our colors did not come out so victorious. The game was stopped before it was finished on account of some disputed point in the rules. Thus closed the first season of football.

In our freshman year there were but two companies, but this year, owing to the increase in the number of students, an additional company was formed. A large majority of the non-commissioned officers were taken from the sophomore class. The first sergeants of the three companies were Steele (C), Wheeler (B) and Roop (A). In addition to the third company a band of sixteen pieces, the first in the history of the college, was also organized. Under the efficient leadership of "Cliffie" Anderson, ably assisted by "Jack" Sample, the band was soon able to play many of the most difficult pieces. With a band and three companies in good trim there was much more interest taken in the military department by the cadets than ever before.

On the 27th of November the junior class suffered a severe blow in the death of its ablest member, Cadet First Lieutenant R. L. Wright. The sophomore class also felt his loss very keenly, for to know him was to love him, and he was a special favorite of ours. His genuine Christian example was well worthy of imitation and no one could but admire him. His remains were interred in the village cemetery with military honors. His pall bearers were selected from his own class and the coffin bearers from the sophomore class, and were Cadets Steele, Roop, Stuart, Guignard, Carper and Dodd. The burial ceremony was solemn and impressive, and we returned to college feeling that we had buried the one fellow student whom we could least afford to lose.

Just before the college dismissed for the Christmas holidays the two literary societies held their annual public debates. It is seldom that a sophomore is brought before the public on one of these occasions, but this time the old custom was broken and sophomores were in the majority. The members of our class who spoke on this occasion were cadets Portlock, Dodd, Richardson, Dabney, Kline and Roop, the first three representing the Lee

and the last three the Maury society. Every speaker did credit to himself and honor to his society, and the sophomores were in no respect inferior to the higher class men. The two societies never considered that they made any mistake in placing these men on their tickets, and only wished they would always have such to select.

After the Christmas holidays our class acquired a new member in the person of "General" Ousley. "General" said the board got too tough for him at the Davis School, so he decided to cast his lot with us. We were glad to have him in our midst as a member of our class, but if he came here with the expectation of getting better board he simply "jumped from the frying pan into the fire."

In our intermediate examinations, although a few of us "flunked" on French, the majority passed on everything, and again the "Honor List" was adorned with several members of the sophomore class.

The entire corps of cadets had been anticipating a trip to the World's Columbian Exposition in the spring, but it was learned early in March that we would not be able to attend. It was regretted by all, but by none more than the sophomore class. However, we were consoled to a great extent by the promise of a trip to Norfolk to witness the naval rendezvous in the harbor there during the latter part of April. For several weeks before the trip the companies were drilled several hours extra each day, and there was a picked company formed to enter the competitive drill on the 19th of April. Under the captaincy of A. T. Finch, with "Johnnie" Steele as first sergeant, this company was soon quite efficient, both in the manual and field movements, and we were satisfied that it would do credit to itself and honor to the college in Norfolk. "Lord" was second lieutenant in this company and did good service. "General" was another conspicuous member of this company, but he was an "honorable private." Our trip to Norfolk was a very pleasant one as the weather was superb, and we were very hospitably received by the good people of the beautiful city by the sea. In the street parade we received many cheers by the thronging multitudes lining the streets and smiling maidens crowding the windows. Our young band headed our column, and though it was on exhibition for the first time yet "Cliffie" and "Jack" acquitted themselves like old band masters. In the competitive drill "A" company walked off with the first prize, though it had some very strong opponents. "The smile on "Lord's" and "Johnnie's" faces did not fade away for many weeks afterwards. The memory of this trip will live long in our minds.

After our return to college we were worked very hard for six weeks, then came our much dreaded final examinations. Most of us again managed to get through on everything, though a few fell by the wayside on one or two studies. The commencement exercises were even more attractive this year than last as we had more conveniences. Our class had three representatives to speak at this commencement, one of whom, "C. J.," "downed" his opponent, a junior and carried off the best orator's medal.

The sham battle this year was also much better than last as we had more men and everything was carried out much better.

Our class parting this year was much more regretted than the year before, made so from the fact that we were to lose some of our best members. "Cliffie," "Johnnie" and "Shappy," three of our most highly honored classmates told us they would not return and we bade them an affectionate, but sad farewell. Our class this year was small in number as compared with our freshman year, but the ties of friendship and esteem for each other grew stronger. We had toiled side by side through the whole year, "each striving to outstrip the other in doing good and getting good," but there was very little if any unfairness resorted to in order to accomplish this end.

We parted "with good will towards all and malice towards none," trusting that all might spend a pleasant vacation at home and return ready for another year's work in September. In after years it will be a pleasure to any of us to recall the many pleasant incidents in which we all participated in our sophomore year at the Va. A. and M. College.

JUNIOR YEAR

OUR third year at college opened on Thursday, September 21st, 1893. There was still an increased attendance at College this year, but the class was a few smaller than in the sophomore year. However much we regret losing some of our best members, yet we feel that what we lack in number we make up in name; we are juniors and must be respected as such! How strange does the name sound, yet how gladly do we throw aside our old name and welcome the new.

The sophomore class covets our position, but we are more charitable towards them. Study hard dear young friends and in just one year you will occupy our position, but we will not keep you company, we will have "gone up higher." "Sid" Fraser and "Herr" Surface joined our ranks this year and did much to heal the breach made by the loss of "Cliffie," "Johnnie" and "Shappy" Blackmore. We heartily welcomed them into our midst and wished them abundant success. It is sometimes the case that a "rat" enters the sophomore class, but seldom does one enter the junior.

The junior class missed one member of the faculty on returning this year. It was Prof. J. H. Fitts, who was killed in a railroad wreck at Welch, W. Va., on his way to the World's Fair. He was loved by the whole junior class, especially those in the engineering department. The college sustained its heaviest loss in many years in the death of this able professor.

On the 18th of October the entire college was called upon to mourn the death of the senior member of the faculty, Professor J. E. Christian. He had been professor of Mathematics here for fourteen years, and no student ever came under his care who did not leave college with the highest regard and love for him. The junior

class especially, felt his loss very keenly. President Richardson called a meeting of the class and appointed a committee to draw up resolutions of esteem and respect. After the resolutions were drawn up and adopted, Messrs. Dabney, Guignard and Richardson were elected as members from our class to escort the remains to their final resting place in Chatham, Virginia.

During the latter part of the session of '92, '93, the war department furnished us with two 3 inch rifles and during the summer Col. Harman purchased two more in Washington, thus giving us four pieces of field artillery, enough to form a good sized battery. The officers of this battery were A. H. Apperson, '94, Captain; W. B. Ellett, '94, 1st Lt.; "Jeb." Stuart, '95, 2d Lt.; J. C. Dabney, '95, 1st Sgt.; "General" Ousley, '95, "Monsieur" Kline, '95, Sgts. The battery was a great addition to the military department and everybody wanted to join it, but old cadets only need apply, "rats" were not eligible.

In the foot-ball games this fall our record was not one to be proud of. We had the material but not the trainer. Only two match games were played. One with Emory and Henry College, and the other with Randolph Macon Academy. In both of these games we were "licked" badly. "Sid" and "Guinea" did all in their power to uphold the dignity of the team and the class they represented, but the odds against them were so heavy that it was all in vain.

In the public debates this year which were held December 20th, 21st, our class again furnished the majority of the speakers. Those who represented the oratory of the class were Messrs. Dabney, Simpson, Surface, Roop, Ousley, Richardson, and Spiller. The first four were the champions of the Maury Society and the last three appeared under the banner of the Lee. This was the largest number of speakers any class has ever furnished at a public celebration. Well may our class be proud of the large number of speakers it has produced.

After the debates most of the cadets returned home to spend the holidays. About half of the junior class remained in Blacksburg thinking they would have no end of sport. Those remaining were, "Charlie," "Cat," "Kitty," "Freddie," "Jack," "General," "Doctor," "Lord," "Herb," "Sid," and "Guinea,". Judging from their looks when we returned, the rest of us did not consider that we missed much by not staying. "Joe," however, returned a few days before the holidays ended and spent some pleasant evenings with his dear—not cousin, in town, thus very considerately dividing time between his girl here and the one at home. "C. J." reported a great deer hunt when he returned. He said he succeeded in bringing down two, but as he did not bring any vension back to the junior class we hardly know what to believe. None of us doubted that he broke some little *dear's* heart which is what we thought he really meant.

At the intermediate examinations this year our class did better than ever before. Very few made condition, most all of us passing on everything and came out with flying colors, although we felt "all broken up" for many weeks after examinations were over.

There was no change in the fare at "Starvation Hotel on All Fools' Day," much to our surprise. One member of our class was more fortunate than the rest of us; his best girl invited him to tea that evening. He accepted the kind invitation, but did not take tea, much to the young lady's surprise (?)

Everything pointed to a successful season in base-ball this spring, but we were destined to be sadly disappointed. We could beat "Goose Creek" very easily, but when we met any other team we had to succumb in spite of "Sids" great coaching. Randolph Macon Academy and Alleghany Institute "licked" us on our own grounds. Christiansburg did the same thing, but we got even with them on their grounds by winning the game by only one run.

Early in May it was definitely decided that we would visit Richmond to take part in the unveiling of the soldier's and sailor's monument on the 30th. We left here on the morning of the 29th, and arrived in Richmond at 5 o'clock the same evening. Our four companies were formed immediately after we got off the train and we proudly marched up Franklin Street, viewed by admiring hundreds lining this fashionable thoroughfare. After thirty minutes we reached our tents, which had been previously pitched, where we immediately went into camp. In the parade the next day we acted as escort to Gov. O'Ferrall, which high and honorable position had been secured for us by our worthy commandant. The Governor expressed himself as highly pleased with our high standard of efficiency in military maneuvers. Our school did not have a very envious reputation in Richmond previous to this trip, but we came away with a name that few military schools could win in so short a time. Our stay was prolonged one day on account of our remarkably good conduct. We gave battallion parade in the Capitol Square on the last evening we were there. Several thousand had gathered here some time before we arrived, and when we entered the square we were greeted with tremendous cheering which made us step prouder than ever before. We felt that it was a high honor to be a cadet of the Va. A. and M. College, especially when we were under such a gallant leader as Col. John A. Harman. On Saturday morning, June 2d, we broke camp and marched down Franklin Street to the Union Depot where our special train was waiting to carry us back to college to resume our duties there. This trip was enjoyed by us even more than the one to Norfolk last year, made so from the fact that we had won for ourselves a name that will reflect honor upon us and credit upon the college.

Our collegiate work had been finished before we left for Richmond, and the first thing we had to face on our return was examinations. What a contrast! From extreme pleasure to the most horrid thing in one's college life. However, when duty's voice calls, the junior class is not one to shirk. Too much class pride and self respect exists among us for any of us to "sign up," and very few failed to get through. The "Honor List" at the finals was even larger than at the intermediates. "Scotch" led the class on both occasions, but "Fred," "Jimmie," and "Herr," gave him a close race for first place.

On the day that examinations closed, the class held a meeting to adopt their uniform, shoulder straps, etc.,

for the senior year. The U. S. regulation fatigue uniform with silver letters, V. A. M. C. (old English style) on collar. There had been very little uniformity in the shoulder straps, so we decided to adopt the variegated fine gilt, black field U. S. regulation size. Before the meeting adjourned we elected officers for the coming year. "Scotch" was elected president; "Herb," vice-president; "Fred," secretary; "Lord," treasurer.

The commencement far exceeded any previous one held here. Everyone looked his best in the neat uniform which was the one object of interest to the many smiling maidens who always attend our commencements. This year an unusually large number attended and none of them seemed to regret it, at any rate we did not. May a still larger number attend this year. Hon. Meade Haskins of Richmond, Va., delivered the address before the two Literary Societies and we felt that a better choice could not have been made.

Our class placed five speakers before the public at this commencement. The names of those put forward were, Messrs. J. C. Dabney, C. J. Richardson, R. I. Roop, F. W. Simpson, and G. T. Surface. "C. J." was our lone representative in the Lee Society and he failed to receive the medal. In the Maury Society we had four representatives, and of course some of them were bound to carry off the glittering gold. The judges awarded the medals for best debate and best orator to Messrs. J. C. Dabney and G. T. Surface.

The sham battle this year also far exceeded last year's, as we had more cadets and four cannon, which did their share in making noise. Bravely did we go into this battle, thus proving to the cheering thousands that we were not afraid of powder, provided no lead was mixed up in it.

While the graduating class were enjoying their reception given them by the president, where was the junior class? Ask "Fred," "Jack" or "Lord." We were not the kind that envy the good time the seniors were having. If one could have peeped into Hotel de la Ricks, he would have seen as jolly a set of fellows as ever assembled together under similar circumstances. It was the junior class banquet. The seniors may have been enjoying themselves better, but it is to be doubted very much. It was "Cats" last time to be with us and he made the best of it. "Fred" sat by baby and relieved him of his refreshments occasionally. "Charlie" was a little late coming, but he was not slow in getting down to business. "Lord" presided and he acquitted himself in grand style. "Herb" did not say much, but what he lacked in speech he made up in other ways. "C. J." did justice to the occasion in every respect. "Jeb" repeated, "We are the class of '95" about forty-four hundred times. A few members of the class were conspicuous by their absence. One of them came to the door and said he would be back in a few minutes, but he was like "the letter that never came." At twelve o'clock we departed from the scene of our feast and after singing college songs for about an hour we all proceeded to "Baby's" room. When we had remained with him two hours, we bid him good night and repaired to our respective rooms to enjoy the few hours that remained in quiet(?) repose. Some of us remember that banquet to the present day, but with others, it is a question of serious doubts. There were some little incidents connected with it, which we regretted, but everybody was cheerful and good

will prevailed. Next day was commencement day and some of us may have had "that tired feeling," but none of us looked any the worse from the effects of the night before.

After the diplomas were awarded, the graduating essays read and the president had delivered his farewell address to the class of '94, he declared the session of '93-'94 closed. Now comes the final ball and after that we bade each other an affectionate "good bye," every one saying: "on to '95." Truly our junior year was a glorious year and it will be long before it is forgotten by a single one of us. We separated for a few short weeks, when we were to resume our studies, not to be separated till we get our "sheepskins."

SENIOR YEAR

OWING to the new barracks not being ready for occupancy, the session did not open till September 26th. Long before that time, however, the "Rats" began to pour in and by the opening day the campus was lined with them, of all sorts and sizes. The senior class was the first to arrive, and although it is the largest in the history of the college, yet out of our freshman class of sixty only nine of us entered the senior year. The names of that famous "nine," are Carper, Guignard, Kline, Perry, Roop, Sample, Smither, Stuart, and Wheeler. The other "nine," Dabney, Dodd, Fraser, Gormley, Heavener, Richardson, Simpson, Surface, and Waddy, have entered since then. Most of us had gotten our senior uniform before the opening of the session and those who had not were not long in ordering them, for what is it to be a senior without the uniform? He does not wish to be classed as a lower classman, and the uniform is his only safeguard under many circumstances. Our class had to furnish the officers for the five companies composed of three hundred cadets. Upon our shoulders fell many new responsibilities and we shall endeavor to acquit ourselves in the manner that has always characterized our actions. May it never be said that one of our members shirked a duty, no matter how distasteful it may appear. Our class is not composed of that sort of material.

In a very few days after the school opened, there seemed to be an unusual interest taken in athletics. Through the influence of Mr. Lovenstein, a graduate of '94, Mr. Jos. A. Massie, who had played on the team at the University of Va. for two years, was engaged as trainer of our foot-ball team. Mr. Massie was no stranger to us for he graduated here in '92, we then being freshmen. Under his energetic and efficient management, the team was soon in good trim and won its first game on our grounds against Emory and Henry College. The score being, V. A. M. C., 16; E. and H., 0. The next game was played here against Roanoke College, and proved very disastrous to them, the score being 36 to 0 in our favor. St. Albans came over here thinking they would "learn us a trick or two" but they went away a sadder but wiser set of fellows. In this game we reached the "high water

mark," piling up 42 to 0 in our favor. "Guinea" made the "star" play of this game; he broke through the line making an eighty yard run and touch down in less than two minutes after the teams lined up at the beginning of the second half. The ovation he received was something grand. "Sid," did his part in this as well as in the other games. On the following saturday our team accompanied by about one hundred cadets, went to Radford to play the return game. The day was rainy and disagreeable, but the game was played, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. It was impossible for either side to make any fair show of their prowess, but we won by a score of 12 to 0. After this game the team went into practice for ten days, so as to be in trim for the thanksgiving game. On several occasions we had proven ourselves to be the equals of the Virginia Military Institute cadets in drilling, and now we were to meet on the gridiron. Our team left here for Staunton on the morning of the 28th of November, and that night two hundred more of us left on a special train, arriving there at at four o'clock, Thursday morning. The team was up and gave us a hearty welcome at that early hour. The team from V. M. I. arrived in Staunton about eight o'clock that morning and immediately both elevens began to prepare for war. Betting began to run high. It was even money and take your choice. The senior class was there in full force, wearing the black and gray in grand style. The game was called at 10.30 A. M., and at the end of the first half the score stood 6-6. The second half opened up greatly in our favor, and we would have won the game but for rank decisions from the referee, who gave the game to our opponents by a score of 10 to 6. Thus ends the season; the most successful in the history of athletics at our college. "Sid" and "Guinea" played fine ball and all praise be theirs for it. "Lord" did not play, but no one was more interested in the sport than he. We took our thanksgiving dinner at the Virginia Hotel and enjoyed it highly, notwithstanding our defeat(?) At half past two o'clock we boarded our train and returned, not feeling the least humiliated over our defeat, for we all vowed that a day of reckoning should come and that with a vengeance.

Our class furnished seven speakers for the public debate this year, Messrs. Carper, Dodd, Kline, Richardson, Roop, Simpson, and Surface, all of whom acquitted themselves with credit.

This year most of the senior class spent the holidays at home. "Fred," remarkable to relate, has spent every Christmas here since he has been a student of the college, but he says he will never spend another one here. "Lord" and "Jack" also spent theirs here (?) this year. Now we come to the intermediate examinations, which was a matter of "life or death" with us. "Scotch" again leads the class, closely pushed by "Fred," "Jimmie," and "Herr George."

When "Lord's" birthday arrived he was imprudent enough to tell it, thinking the senior class would vote him some very costly present. President Simpson called a meeting of the class and "Lord" unsuspectingly attended. Without a dissenting voice the class decided to give him a present and each one proceeded to administer his share. "Lord" was ungrateful enough not to thank us for this kindness.

Early in the year it was decided that our class should publish a college annual, as one had never been published by any previous class. We also elected J. C. Dabney as valedictorian at commencement. "Monsieur" was unanimously elected as poet laureate for the class.

It seems out of place to mention the weather in this history, but this winter was such a remarkable one that it demands a place here. Until the Christmas holidays, the weather was exceptionally mild, but on the 26th of December it began to snow, and for eleven weeks the ground was mantled in white, and the weather was intensely cold. About the middle of February the heaviest snow of the season fell and it drifted so badly that we were in great danger of a coal famine, as the roads to the mines were blockaded and our supply was about exhausted. Dr. Sheib asked for volunteers to open the roads, and a hundred able bodied cadets immediately responded. Some might think the senior class too dignified to shovel snow, but in this they are much mistaken, for our class had more than one representative in the brigade. This was the first time in the history of the college that classes had to be suspended on account of the cold weather. It was impossible to heat the lecture rooms, and it was with difficulty that our own rooms were made at all comfortable with the steam radiators and grates combined. The cadets endured all this without murmuring, thus proving that they had the qualities of true soldiers.

A few more weeks of our college days are before us and may they be as pleasant as those of the past. One more examination and our work is over—did I say over? No, only begun. With the close of our college life we separate to fight life's battles alone. We have been together four years and now that we are about to separate, we are made to feel sad. May we all meet with unbounded success in whatever we may undertake. It is a sad thing to part, but it is gratifying to us all to know that we can part "with good will towards all and malice towards none." When we gather here to the reunion in 1900, may there not be a single face absent, but may all come back with a good report after having five year's service in the warfare of life's battles. We cannot restrain tears at the thought of our early parting, but if God spares us, what a happy meeting that will be in 1900. We came here when it looked as if the college would go down under the burden which it then bore, but now it seems as if it has reached the noon-tide of its glory. However, we do not expect to see her remain where she now stands, but continue to rise in glory and usefulness till she will be the leading college in Technology in the South, and her graduates numbering thousands and filling the most responsible positions wherever they may be found.

Among the honored graduates of this institution, the class of '95 will be found in the foremost ranks. Fellow classmen, one and all, I bid you God speed in your future life. May it be as successful then as it has been pleasant here, and may honesty and uprightness ever abide with us. This is the parting wish of

REDMOND IRA ROOP, alias "BABY."

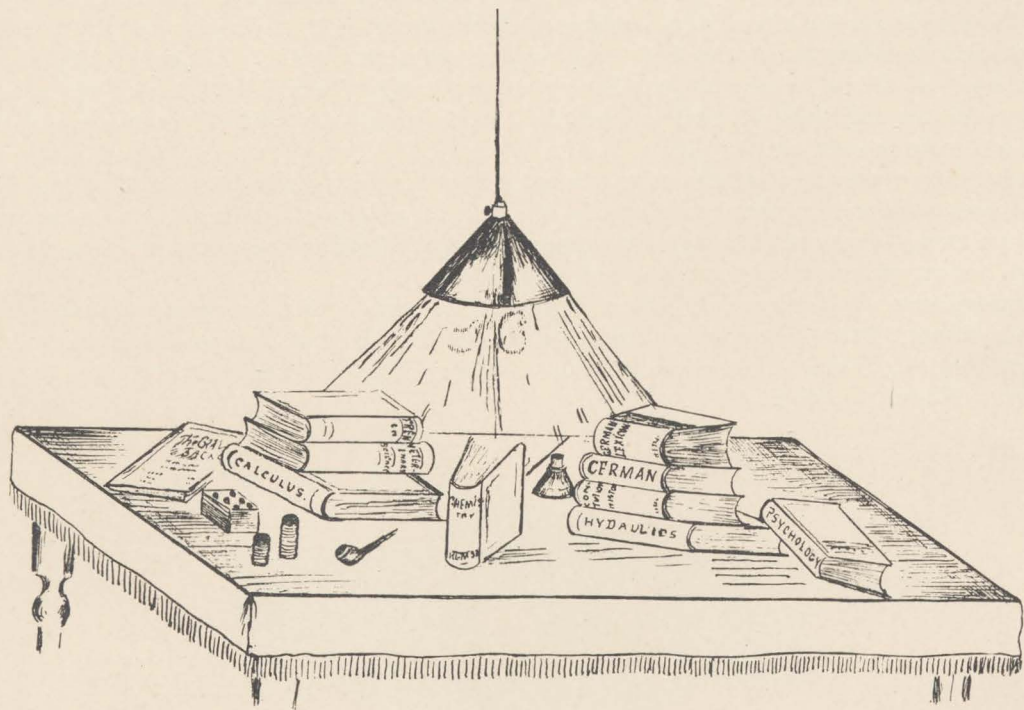
Four years of unremitting toil brings us to the end of our college life. For the class of '95 this work is almost finished. The last page in our college history is nearly completed. A turning point in our lives is about to be noted. Whatever the motives or incentives that have directed our work to the end of this period may have been, will not be questioned hereafter.

The success that came to us in our college work, will not make us exalted in the different battle that now presents itself. How well our work has been performed here, the world will seldom ask; from hence the battles with new elements and in different surroundings, will require different tactics. Judgments will be passed on what we do and not on what we did while at college. Here we have fought the mimic battles of life, in college hall and on campus, we now go into the field of real action, the world for our campus, all vocations with the experiences of the successful and unsuccessful on our side.

Practical problems involving interests of vastly more importance to us and in which we are vitally interested, will replace those presented in our text-books, and if we did not master all these, yet the most negligent of our number learned one thing—that only through close unremitting application comes the solution of difficult problems, and only through honest effort comes permanent success.

Our recommendation and release will soon be signed by our youthful benefactors and sealed by the ever cherished emblem of our *Alma Mater*, a recommendation of which we may feel justly proud, and a release which to us means everything,—free and equipped to act a part in this Drama of life: Ponder its significance. What part shall we play? We must answer.





'96 Junior Class

OFFICERS

CLAUDIUS LEE, VA.,	<i>President</i>
C. M. CHRISTIAN, MD.,	<i>Vice-President</i>
T. D. MARTIN, VA.,	<i>Sec'y. and Treasurer</i>

COLORS:

OLD GOLD AND GARNET

MOTTO:

"NEVER LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG"

FAVORITE SONG:

"WE WON'T COME HOME TILL MORNING" (On the night of the Banquet)

FAVORITE STUDY:

GERMAN

YELL:— Drei mal mein !
Und drei mal dein !!
Und drei mal noch !!!
Macht jünger vereine !!!!

The Banquet takes place in the *dim* future.

Class History

A. C. CALDWELL.

BEAUTIFUL as a dream, tinged with romance, consecrated by tradition, glorified by its historical events, rising from the very wilds of the forests of many States of the union, stands our noble junior class, the class of 1896, who will in one short year wave the flag of victory (made of sheep's skin) high above their heads and exit from the arched portals of their Alma Mater, to surprise and astound the whole civilized world with their genius and knowledge in the various branches of science, which the grand old V. A. M. C. has given unto them and imbedded into their fertile brains.

They are the type of culture, the amateur of all sciences and events. There is nothing they have no right to know; there is no weapon in the army they will not be able to take in hand. So thinks the junior.

But they are not so bad off, that they are not able to see their own vices, miscomings, and errors of the past. Therefore, we will, to the best of our knowledge, begin at our lowest endeavors and end at our highest achievements; that is, from the time we placed ourselves shoulder to shoulder in 1892 until 1895, when our shoulders became so heavily loaded with bars and decked with chevrons, that we became men enough to work individually for the class of '96. We hate to recall those days of yore, but nevertheless it is necessary.

FRESHMAN YEAR

THE first of a freshman's life at college seems to be a blank; you may go to any cadet here and ask him to relate his first month's experience, and you will not find three that can (?) tell you a single incident. Why this is, we do not know; but we are sure, for we speak from experience that a good many of us were very forcibly and lastingly impressed (with a paddle), by the actions of some of the old cadets.

Oh! Martin, don't you remember the hunt you had on that beautiful moonlight night? You may not remember all of it, but the first part ought to be very forcibly impressed on your mind, for we can recall every incident of the last part.—The old boys, a few senior classmen, had got it into their heads that shooting *Bee Martins* at night, would be fine sport. But you did not enjoy it. Why, I do not know. But I think you left in quite a *rush* before the best part of the sport began.

The old boys seemed to be very fond of dancing and singing. But we do not think they were very good judges of music. I have seen them listen for an hour at a time to some poor, miserable, new boy who sang in a cracked and scared voice, not even knowing himself

what he sang. And then they wanted countersigns; everybody had to have at least a bucket full. Show me the man here now, who has never gone down to the dynamo room, for a basket of electricity. All this and more too, is what the poor freshman had to contend with. At last we had (been) buck(led) down to work, and began to dream of an office in military, of being a Corp. and even counting the chances of getting a "Sarg." But still we were not free from our tormentors. They called us "Rats," a vulgar name, and made us feel mighty uneasy. Besides, there was a "Cat" and a "Kitten" in two of the higher classes which caused us considerable alarm. How we wished and prayed that the next session would come, and bring something that we could make dance and sing and call it—"Rat."—Christmas broke at last this terrible state of affairs, and we left Blacksburg, each swearing softly to himself, that he would bring a "Rat" back with him or die in the attempt. Many were the threats never to come back after the holidays, but few were carried into effect. It is true we lost a "Fish" (Turner), but we had two left—"Trout" and "Big Fish.") We thought we had been treated terribly at college; but, when we got home and began to relate our experiences to an audience of friends and others, we did not realize until then, what a fine time we had had and all resolved not to miss a year at A. M. C. as long as it was in our power to continue. The holidays over, once more we (the class of '96) gathered on the college campus. This time under different circumstances than before. We were rats then; now we were, although still called so by the "Soph's" and higher classmen, no longer rats, but freshmen, and the class of '96. And the rats, they were here—those who arrived during the holidays and were still coming in every day, for the second term. "Revenge is sweet"—yes, to the avenger, but the avengees suffered terribly. These poor rats went through all the ordeals that we had gone through, after being improved and added too by the inventive brains of "Sweety," "Schakey Einstein," "Bridget," and others. It was about this time the class of '96 began first to make itself known. After being asleep, or, rather buried for three months, it was like a lion when awakened. "Sweety" got out his drum corps and beat reveille and long roll, making the poor rats roll out before time, only to be bucked and sent back to bed. "Fatty" got his "Schake" and gave exhibitions and lectures on this wonderful piece of mechanism. "Girly" had fallen in love with "Big Eye," a senior, and tickets were out for their marriage. Things seemed to be working admirably and everybody was enjoying it. But, alas! as we strolled by the bulletin one afternoon there appeared posted:—

.....
 INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATIONS
 BEGIN JANUARY 21, 1893

As if by magic, everything became quiet, all doors were locked immediately after the officer of the day inspected, and on the outside you would find such notices published:—

.....
 ——— NOTICE ———
 MY ROOM-MATE HAS A VERY BAD CASE
 OF ITCH. DO NOT COME IN. OR
 ——— N. B. ———
 VISITORS ARE REQUESTED TO PUT ALL COM-
 MUNICATIONS UNDER THE DOOR; THE ROOM
 ACROSS THE HALL WILL FURNISH ALL YOU
 WANT TO BORROW.

Many such notices appeared; some of which we would blush to repeat. But think not hard of the authors, for they had heard of the *French Examinations*, and were driven to desperation. Examinations arrived and with them the times for cussing, scratching of heads,

and slinging of ink. It was then that the old saying became more plain to us than ever before, "A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer." Examinations over. What a relief! It was a burden lifted from the shoulders of all; and all felt remarkably good for a few days, and then again the voice of the bulletin was heard; "and there was wailing and gnashing of teeth" among those that had "flunked," while those that received the honors, whistled and sang merry tunes to the wail of the miserable, "Big Fish," or just "Fish" as he is now called, led the class. "Old Lady," the "Bull," and many others followed, while "Girly," although badly in love, was by no means behind. To name all that received honors would take much time and space, but the world will know them before long, without our introduction.

Things went as well as could be expected during the cold weather that followed. Everything froze up and all had to keep moving in order to keep warm. It was a terribly cold winter. The thermometer pointed to *Zero* for a month or more. We could not account for this unless it was a warning to the class of "'95," for "'96" had raised the average and I'm sure that no *Zeros* were made (?) on their examinations. The cold weather broke at last; and spring reigned supreme in all her glory.

Everything was in a state of excitement over the proposed trip of the Battalion, to the World's Fair. We were going one day, but the next, something would turn up and knock all our schemes in the head. So we decided not to go to the Fair, but to the Norfolk Naval Rendezvous. Even this was a doubtful trip, and we were not sure of going until about ten days before we started. But through the untiring efforts of our Commandant, Lieut. J. A. Harman, the trip was arranged and everything put in order for the start. Thursday morning, April 17, reveille sounded one hour earlier than usual, and everything was in readiness by seven o'clock, at which time the battalion was formed in front of barracks and marched off through the City of Blacksburg, with colors flying and band playing, to the railroad station, Christianburg, eight miles distant. The march was a long one, but we all enjoyed it. We arrived at the station in about two hours, boarded the train and were soon spinning along towards Norfolk, at which place we were welcomed by a large crowd of citizens. It was about seven o'clock when we arrived at Norfolk, but everything had been prepared for us. We were marched to headquarters and soon had supper. It was shortly after supper, that a squad from the Fourth Virginia Regiment, marched up to headquarters with an invitation to attend the grand Military Fair. We proceeded at once to attend. The entrance fee cost us nothing, but for the exit, it was something enormous. We had hardly gotten inside before we were attacked by no less than two or three hundred of the other sex, who requested that each cadet should take a chance on each of the two hundred articles they had for raffle. If any of our readers will figure this up at twenty-five cents per chance, they will find, I think, it to be quite a neat little fortune. We managed to escape by a side door, and although we received several pressing invitations to come again, we did not afterwards go within three blocks of the building during our entire stay in Norfolk. The next morning when we awoke, you may imagine our disappointment on finding a gentle rain falling; this was the great day appointed for the competitive drill, the day of all others for us, and we were not to be outdone by the rain. It stopped raining about nine o'clock and we thought we would have a clear day for the drill. Two companies were entered and came out victorious,—Company "A," Capt. A. T. Finch, '93, winning the first prize of \$200.00. We had a few green cadets along, and many strange and comical things were said and done by them. "Bull," who is from Christianburg, after hearing of the Hampton Roads, asked if they were macadamized. A laugh arose among those present, and "Trout" laughed louder than any, then turning to "Bull," exclaimed, "Of course not; don't you know Hampton Roads is an island?" There is one told on Dr. Tatum. It is said, that he was in a restaurant and ordered fish; "what kind ob' fish will you hab Sor?" asked the waiter; "Water Fish!" cried "Doc," "What kind do you think, you black fool!" Now "Doc" is quite a sport and quite a number of tales are told about him while in Norfolk; but we won't publish them "Doc." Don't be uneasy. A large volume could be written on the adventures and happenings of our cadets in Norfolk. Here we can only call to view a few incidents; the others will follow in the minds of all those that were present on that memorable trip. Our stay lasted three days. How they flew. It seemed as if we had just arrived and gotten goodly wet in the rains, when we were told that the hour of departure had

come. Things were gathered up and once more on board the train. It was with heavy hearts that we heard the engine hiss and puff, felt the train move, and realized that Norfolk would soon be left behind. It is only with pleasure that we can think of this trip, of the enjoyable times that we had and with thanks to the citizens of Norfolk, for their hospitality, and geniality towards the corps during its brief stay in their city. Blacksburg again, and what a welcome we received. The citizens were all out to meet us, and cheer after cheer arose, as we marched through the streets, while the distant boom of cannon from the campus hill, revived us from the fatigue of our long march.

And now for the final examinations; they were upon us before we realized that our Norfolk trip was over. But we set to work at once to gather laurels from this field, and as we always do, came out of the big end of the horn. All were now waiting for commencement day and the hour when the promotions in the battalion would be announced, and all would be set free. Commencement day here at last; and as Dr. McBryde arises to make the announcement, the heart of every freshman is in his mouth to hear himself declared an *officer* in the corps of cadets, some were disappointed, as always is the case; although the promotions were numerous, "Schakey," "Squaw," and others were entirely forgotten. "Bridget" got his "Corp," and Corp. Guy his Sargt. But the announcement that pleased all most, was from the president:—"I hereby officially declare the session of '92 and '93 at a close."——And we were "SOPHS,"

SOPHOMORE YEAR

IT was in September of 1893 that this honorable body, the class of '96, returned to college full fledged "Sophs." Oh! what a glorious thing it was to be a "Soph."—yes a "Soph." of the V. A. M. C.

After greeting our fellow students and yelling Rat! R-a-a-a-t! R-a-aaa-t! at the incoming hacks, we proceeded to inspect barracks in order to locate for future reference, that specimen of humanity known as a "Rat," which at this season of the year infested our barracks; this being done pillows were loaded with old shoes, cabbages, etc.; bayonet scabbards long unused and mouldy, were oiled and made supple. When this was finished, it was time for retreat, after which all hands repaired to the mess and the inevitable—!!!! "Growley." When supper was finished there was another inspection of barracks under arms, (bayonet scabbards) for the purpose of teaching the "Rats" the manual of arms, or I should have said the manner in which arms are used at the V. A. M. C.; how to stand at attention, how to salute with and without arms, how to cure homesickness, where to go for countersigns, how to obtain water from the "pump" in rear of barracks, and in short all manner of things pertaining to their lives as cadets at this institution of learning.

This instruction lasted until taps; when taps inspection was over, another inspection was made by the "Sophs," with loaded pillows, to teach the "Rats" to awaken easily, (as there might be a long roll at any time) and to let them know how it feels to be struck by a shot from a light field gun. The above was gone through with nightly, until all the "Rats" were well instructed in the before mentioned duties. As the session wore on the instruction of the "Rats" was finally finished, except the occasional extra lesson to some one unusually fresh; and we now had time to mingle, (strictly) among ourselves, talk of the days gone by and prospects for the future.

At an informal meeting in "Sweety's" room, he gravely informed us that he had decided to take an irregular course, mainly agriculture and military, (marching to the mess); a shudder passed through the crowd and some one said, "another one of us gone." "Sweety" then asked, "What has become of 'Christian Duty?'" "Doc Tatum" answered, "he has turned missionary or cannibal, I have forgotten which, but it is certainly one or the other." Poor fellow, must his name be put down on the list of departed spirits, along with "Juicy John," "Fish Trout," and others, or will he return arm in arm with "McGinty?"

Before the meeting adjourned the walking-for-"Corp's"-men, (Fatty and the man that made such a quick trip from New Town to barracks in September '92); were notified that further strutting and behaving in ranks was useless as "Jin'l" was going to get the vacant "Sargt.," and the corp's were to be given to the ugliest men in the battalion.

The next informal gathering was held with "Cinque," who announced that the South Carolina Dispensary XXXX, was not up to the standard and that it had been too wet to go to Newport. What a disappointment. The crowd gradually filled up the room and "Old Lady" mounted an empty cracker box to make a speech, but just as he was about to begin, a blast from a trombone came out of a window of the 4th division; this caused an adjournment for the purpose of extinguishing either the trombone or the "cow" that was playing it. The 4th division was empty when we got there.

By and by, the end of the first month draws near and a long line of "Sophs" are seen standing at the door of the commandant's office, (expecting corp's probably), they enter one by one and leave the same way; just as "Greasy Bill" was leaving, a "Rat" who chanced to observe his sorrowful countenance asked, "Why, what's the matter with you?" the expectant corp. answered, "flunked on military." "Little Jack," (he was a corp.) went in; when he came out he said, "I am a private in C company;" at retreat the "Lord" verified this utterance.

Every month until intermediates was nearly a repetition of the first, except "Capt. Peeling" of the Battery, reported a "Soph" sargeant absent from reveille one cold morning in December.

At the "Intermediates" we all passed (?); some changed their courses, others concluded that they had learned enough and went home, soon after the grades were posted; then we all learned many things very new and strange; the would be corps walked straighter than ever before, but alas for fond hopes, "Fatty," "Big Johnson," "Cinque," "Nubbin," and a few others realized their hopes, but "Dido" and the "Swift Runner" were still privates. What a shame! The newly made officer's heads being duly rubbed, the several "Rats" that entered at the beginning of the second term instructed in regard to their duties, which were the same as those enumerated at the first of the session with the addition of guard duty; every Soph settled down to study(?). This uninterrupted study continued until spring opened and with it the resumption of military duties. The fine weather and drill caused a peculiar ailment to break out among the cadets; there being so many on the sick list at one time, that the battalion was commanded by a lieut., (Joe) and what was left of some of the companies by corporals. The "Sophs" fared unusually bad, as every one of us suffered terribly from the above mentioned complaint, but I am glad to say that none died; although "Jakey Einstein" intended to do this at first, but he found his chance for getting a corp. was one in 235 so he took this chance instead of dying. After a while everybody got well; everything went on as usual, the informal gatherings were resumed, and all was well until the first spring inspection of the battalion. At this inspection some of the members of the class of '96 were accused of wearing dirty gloves, others nor wearing any at all, having rusty rifles, wearing trousers without patches on them where patches should be, and one gunner of the battery was threatened with death by his chief of section, who was a dignified (?) junior, because this chief of section was reported for having a certain part of the anatomy of his gun very dirty; the gunner declared it was a true bill, that the gun smelt like burnt powder, was unsafe; that he had seen a premature discharge brought about by a "boss" from the mess being rammed into it, and it was so foul that it would take a stronger man than he was to get a sponge into the bore.

When the excitement incident to the first spring inspection had died out and maledictions had ceased to be heaped upon the heads of "Peeling" and "C. J.," it was rumored at the informal gatherings that the battalion of cadets would soon be taken to Richmond, to the unveiling of the confederate soldiers and sailors monument. What an excitement this caused; what a chance for the corps to parade themselves and their stripes before an admiring multitude; what a factor we would be when the girls lined the pavements waving handkerchiefs as we marched—books for the time being were forgotten. All Corp's ordered new chevrons, cut off their too abundant mus-

taches, and got themselves in the best possible condition to make an impression on the ladies. At last the 29th of May arrived and we started for Richmond, arriving there that night—Oh! what a glorious thing it was then to be a “Soph,” (and an officer.) “Squaw” was not on duty, but he did his *duty* as far as the ladies were concerned, with a devotion that would have probably won him shoulder straps had he stayed with us another year,—but alas! he has joined the departed spirits, the alumni of the class of '96. We had a royal good time during our stay; voted Richmond the most hospitable city in the world, her girls, save one, the prettiest, and the rains there the wettest. We returned on June 2d, “busted and corrupted” but not disgusted; dried our clothes, and commenced cramming up for the “finals.” While this preparation for exam's. was going on, “Jakey” was released from arrest to join our alumni, and the “Old Man” resigned the secretaryship of the Y. M. C. A. The “Finals” came; most of us passed. Commencement was upon us; the girls came in from every direction; “Squaw” reported for duty, this time assisted by Corp. G. and a special detail; they did their duty nobly. Many others gave good promise, even “Snawte” was seen talking with a girl.

Commencement was over; the class of '96 had distinguished itself during the year, in foot-ball, base-ball, and balls in general in everything they undertook, and last but not least, all made not less than IV on French. What a glorious record; what an honorable sophomore class.

It was with sadness that we had our chevrons ripped off and sewed on again upside down, realizing full well that we would never again be “Sophs;” but joy again overcame us when we thought of the next session, how we would be juniors distinguished for owl-like dignity, the main stay of the college.

We parted, some of us forever; others will take irregular courses, some will desert us for the pleasure of again being “Sophs,” but we will grow on like a well pruned tree bearing greater fruits each year.

JUNIOR YEAR

TO see the tall, stately and dignified junior burdened with shoulder straps and chevrons, one could hardly realize him to be the trembling and terrified “Rat” of '92. Loaded pillows, bayonet scabbards and rat inspections are far below his notice. The sophomore and the senior are welcomed by him with head erect and shoulders thrown back and the welfare of the rat no longer bothers him. His head is full of wonderful ideas, schemes with which he intends to raise the college standard and show the commandant how to conduct the military department. His studies do not trouble his well trained mind. He has heard the talk of juniors before as to hard lessons, but *he* will have no trouble in mastering these. Calculus is a beautiful study, the deduction of McCauley's and Taylor's formulae are simple, while the cycloid and catenary equations are no trouble at all to deduce. Hydraulics is nothing and the steam engine, why, it's more interesting than one of Rider Haggard's books of fiction. And then Geodesy, it will be so nice to make observations of stars and establish meridians and draw maps of the campus. Such is the average junior, as he makes his debut into the third year of his college life. But it is not long before he finds that his schemes are all air castles and soon fade and vanish away. He tackled calculus; is thrown by this sturdy fellow, and the yell of d-o-w-n-n is soon heard from the junior. He next tries hydraulics, with no better success, and the interesting book of fiction has proven to be a conglomeration of both calculus and hydraulics. The pretty maps lose all their beauty and the observations on stars are entirely *two* (o'clock) early in the morning. He is awakened as if from some horrible dream. He realizes that a heavy burden rests on his shoulders and he must go to work if he wishes to accomplish

anything at college or outside; but alas, some realized this too late, for after the intermediate examinations, some of these young Archimedians, were sadly disappointed in their *calculating* abilities and in unison quote:—

“ The life of calculus reminds us,
We can lead a life of shame
And departing leave behind us,
Many a ‘O’ to our name.”

They claim that this beautiful quotation was taken from Longfellow, who composed it when he got to the *Binomial Theorem* and could not get any farther. Of course Claudius would never take part in this, for he thought it was not right to mention this “cussed” book of curves any more than necessary. Those that have chanted the above are few in comparison with those that composed the honor list, the “Fish” leading as usual, closely followed by Claudius. We heard that “Fish” made a clear hundred on hydraulics. Well he ought to, as all “Fish” take to water. If we had more “Fish” or better still, if more of our class would take to the water, our professor would not mark us so coolly (O) in class. We fear that some of our classmates resort to other than water, or we have been misrepresented, for recently this sketch of a full junior was presented to us. We do not know whether this was meant for one of the class of '96 or not, but we have no right to insinuate or even think it was intended for any preceding (?) junior class. Before closing this article we must not fail to record the fact that “Dug” has his “Sargt.” at last and “Dido” is also wearing the chevrons; “Old Lady,” “Bull,” “Less,” and “Girly,” are Lieuts., and a more noble and military commissioned quartet cannot be found in the battalion. “Dido” has given up *cussin* and gone to singing; he and “Dug,” have been accepted in the college Glee Club as first alto and soprano respectively. They have been trying to teach the class how to sing, which may be heard in the steam engine class room every Tuesday and Thursday morning before the professor arrives. These songs are all of the latest publication, but we are sorry to say they will all stick to the same old tune of “Come thou fount of every blessing,” substituting any words they may see fit.

Necessarily, in such a brief sketch, much has been omitted, both in the historical as well as the descriptive elements of our class, which may have proven interesting to our higher classes, and instructive to our lower ones; but our chief object will have been accomplished, if we shall have succeeded in merely indicating the various types of our classmates as freshmen, sophomores, and lastly in their highest element as Juniors of the V. A. M. C., and we would ask before bidding our readers and juniors a cheerful *au revoir*; that if any have been left unmentioned; not to feel offended, as we were dealing with the class as a whole and only noted those who made themselves most prominent to your humble compliant.

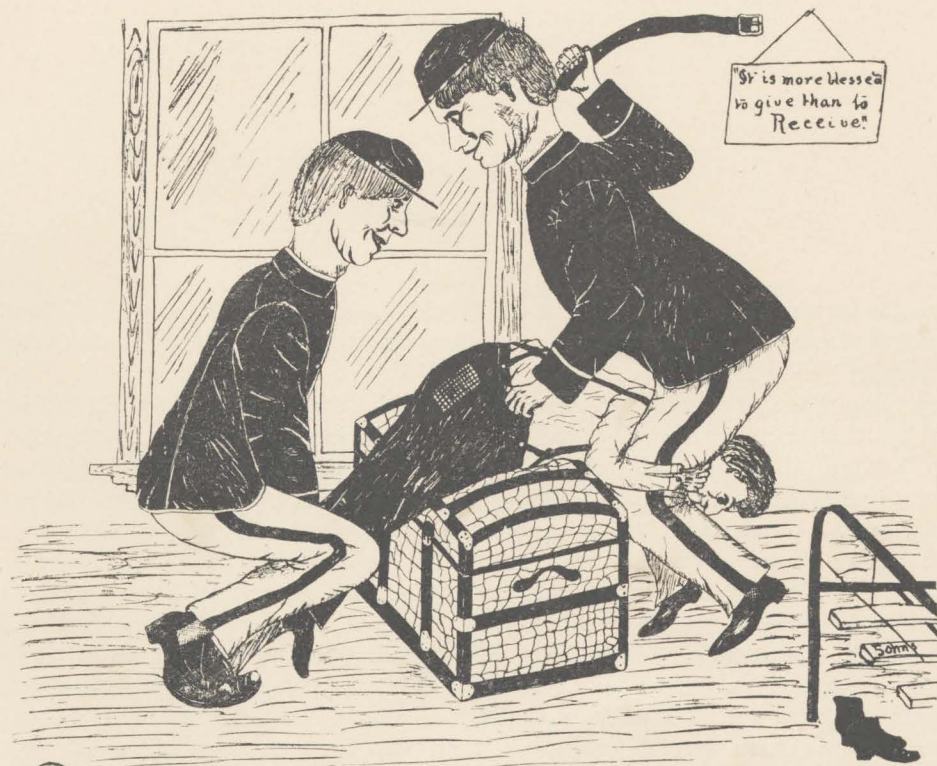
Such is the history of the class of '96, in all points. Its early records; almost perished, are of the poor dying, diluted *rat*, bringing back to our minds faint recollections, all the dreams that such unkempt barbarians participate in; a confusion of crude notions and ideas, and their gradually drifting into our “seventh heaven, (The Soph. Class), resting there for a while, coaxing the *Rats* to be less green and more ambitious, and lastly realizing the full dignity and ability of the never-to-be-forgotten junior, who is ever thinking of what a fine looking fellow he will be in a senior class uniform, and always casting a disgusting look on the present senior class.

Hoping to make the hillsides of the Old Dominion ring out with the crystal notes of a new BUGLE in '96, we leave you to the reverie of your thoughts concerning us, until that time—THE END.



Members of the Class of Ninety-Six

NAMES	STATE	COURSE
WILLIAM ERNEST BARTON,	<i>Virginia,</i>	Mechanical Engineering
EUGENE HARRISON BENNETT,	"	Electrical Engineering
CHARLES MERIWEATHER CHRISTIAN,	<i>Maryland,</i>	Civil Engineering
ANDREW CALHOUN CALDWELL,	<i>Georgia,</i>	Mechanical Engineering
WILLIAM HENRY DAVIS,	<i>Virginia,</i>	Horticulture
ALEXANDER PARKER ESKRIDGE,	"	Mechanical Engineering
JAMES HAMILTON FRASER,	<i>South Carolina,</i>	Electrical Engineering
MEADE FERGUSON,	<i>Virginia,</i>	Agriculture
JAMES RINGOLD GUY,	"	Mechanical Engineering
HOWARD ARCHER JOHNSON,	"	Electrical Engineering
EDWARD JUDSON KERFOOT,	"	Civil Engineering
ROBERT RHETT LEWIS,	<i>South Carolina,</i>	Electrical Engineering
CLAUDIUS LEE,	<i>Virginia,</i>	Electrical Engineering
ROBERT WAYNE LINKOUS,	"	Mechanical Engineering
LESLIE HELMS LANCASTER,	"	Electrical Engineering
BREVARD DAVIDSON MILLER,	<i>North Carolina,</i>	Electrical Engineering
ROBERT EUGENE MOORE,	<i>Virginia,</i>	Mechanical Engineering
TARPLEY DOUGLAS MARTIN,	"	Applied Chemistry
EDGAR PRICE,	"	Electrical Engineering
NORBON ROBERT PATRICK,	"	Mechanical Engineering
OSCAR MEADE STULL,	"	Applied Chemistry
ROBERT KENT SPILLER,	"	Electrical Engineering
WILLIAM MOORE SCOTT,	"	Horticulture
SURL HENRY SHEIB,	<i>Maryland,</i>	General Science
FRANKLIN PEIRCE TURNER,	<i>Virginia,</i>	Mechanical Engineering
THOMAS ARNOLD THOMPSON,	"	Mechanical Engineering
OSCEOLA CLAIBORNE THOMPSON,	"	Civil Engineering
CLIFFORD SMYLY TOMPKINS,	<i>South Carolina,</i>	Mechanical Engineering



The Sophomores

The Sophomore Class

Rah, rah, rah,
Zys, boom, bah,
Ninety-seven, ninety-seven,
Wah, hoo, wah.

IT is a glorious thing to be a soldier, but it is far more glorious to be a sophomore,—at least our class thought so at the beginning of the session. “If the freshman was then the most miserable of human beings, the Soph. was the most supremely happy.”

No longer occupying that low round, the freshman, where he was restrained by all, (professors not excepted); no longer tormented by that cringing dread of the bayonet scabbard, but now at liberty to enter fully into the joys (and sorrows) of hazing, pillowing, clubs, organizations,—college life in general. He has as yet no thought of study, only of having a good time and making himself felt, and quite naturally he exercises his newly fledged privileges to their farthest limit. There is no hazing party, no student meeting, no organization in which he is not a leading factor; he is active in everything but studying. It was thus in the morning of the session, while still in for anything but study, that the idea of an annual was brought before our class. How eagerly was the new venture embraced, and how enthusiastically was the undivided support of the class pledged, and lo! to his surprise the writer of this sketch was elected class historian. His bosom swelled with pride and his face beamed with pleasure as he thought of the great honor, and he smiled as he thought how easily he could write something bright and original, something worthy of even such a class. But alas! As studies, drill, and other duties pressed hard upon each other, the honor of my position was forgotten, and for a time even the idea of a history was lost. Not until just after intermediate examinations, with its attending two weeks of sleepless nights and futile cramming, did I awake to the fact that I was expected to record the deeds and honors of my class. Then I was reminded that the history would soon be required, and that it was full time I was “up and doing.” Now a different phase begins to appear; we now realize the magnitude of our undertaking. We are travelling ground as yet unexplored and at the very onset a difficulty presents itself.—What shall be the style of this history? Shall we endeavor to illustrate the

superiority of the present Soph. class to any previous ones, or shall we allow the class to stand upon its own brilliant reputation and seek only to depict the usual course of a Soph?

After "thoughtful and prayerful" consideration, the writer decides to adopt the latter course modestly assuming the present Sophs. are similar to the former members of this class, and seeking only to present in systematic order the various phases in the life of a sophomore at V. A. M. C. This we shall do under four heads.

THE SOPHOMORE

First Division

AS there are two distinct elements in this class we shall make two divisions of this heading. First, we shall observe that order of Sophs. each individual of which feels that he is not only a model student, but every inch a soldier as well, (an opinion which no one shares). This is a small, rather harmless, and altogether unimportant factor, consisting solely of such Soph. "corps," or "would-be-corps," who aspire to hold a sargt. or even lieut. next year.

They are distinguished from the sophomore body by their devout attention and their knowing air in the class room; their profound respect for superiors and their reverence for the terms, "honor" and "duty" in military; by their fear of a demerit, and their stiff and unnatural bearing, (which they think graceful). In short, by their aping the manner of the juniors. Quite naturally the juniors regard them as interlopers; the Sophs. and the remaining student body, with but little less than contempt. But as they are only a minor element which is sadly out of place in the sophomore class, we shall, with this mere introduction, pass them into history, and next observe

THE IDEAL SOPHOMORE

Did you ever observe him carefully? Did you ever try to satisfy yourself as to why the mighty question propounded itself to your mind—"Why should I so like to be a Soph?" If not, you do not fully realize his superiority over all others of the different classes. Let me picture him to you, and explain why he holds such an exalted position in our college. On any beautiful, sunny day, you will see him lounging against a post on the stoop, his hands in the pockets of his last year's trousers, his cap cocked over his right eye at an angle of 45°, while the smoke of a cigarette issues in graceful rings and curls from the southeast corner of his physiognomy. Notice his

easy swagger as he semi-unconsciously moves off towards the next post, which he supports in a beautiful and graceful manner. We have seen one man who claimed this is no symptom of industry. However that may be, compare his condition with that of the freshman looking timidly in his direction, whose valor is easily restrained by the wholesome dread of the bayonet scabbard which the Soph carelessly carries under his arm. Compare him with the junior, who presents a picture of faded smartness, but who is possessed with the idea that he is a walking specimen-copy of the latest edition of Encyclopedia Britannica, gilt-edged, patent-clasped, and full-morocco binding. Compare him with the senior in his braided blouse with stand-up collar. Were there ever such efforts at the grand and magnificent? Oh! that he had a little more landscape and a few more doors off their hinges! What a majestic old ruin he would make. You can see why to be a Soph. is such a worthy ambition.

The sophomore is peculiar to himself. His likes and dislikes are above the ordinary. Everything he does is feebly imitated by the other classes. If he were to fall into a well, all the seniors, juniors, and freshmen would jump in forthwith, thinking it great sport. The men depend upon him for witticisms, and when he favors them, they literally tear it to pieces in their talons. He is first in every project. Even when the noon-day sun glories in his resplendence, and all nature awakens to the touch of spring he is the first to go to sleep under the touch of the spring-fever.

The Soph. is quite a musician. At night when all is still, he gently runs through the halls drawing after him twenty-seven old tomato cans on a string. He is also a vocalist; and, while the hours are "wee and small," you are awakened by his rendition of "The Demon's Pursuit of a Lost Soul," which chills the marrow in your bones and causes the division inspector to grow black in the face. We heard a senior attempt this selection once, but it sounded to us like a Babylonian horse fiddle on a protracted "jag," and it retarded our digestion for a week. Some hard things have been said about the Soph., but no one can accuse him of "burning out" a division oftener than once a week.

The Soph. is much devoted to massage as a remedial agent, usually using a bayonet scabbard, or the business end of a trunk strap for daylight operations, and a pillow at night. He is very poetic, and loves to listen to the mountain stream as it plunges over the rocks, in lieu of which, he dashes the water terrifically out of his water bucket, which, haplessly falls upon the head of the unoffending barracks orderly. In ranks, he inadvertently causes the man in front to plow deep furrows in the parade ground with his proboscis,—a trivial matter when we consider that there are three inches of cinders to ease his fall.

At the mess he curses both "loud" and "deep," yet he eats the adamantine beef-steak in a manner that would do credit to a half-famished, bob-tailed Numidian lion, and he disposes of "bosses" as though they were made to eat.

At the end of the first month of the session, he thinks of buying books, and, at the expiration of several more

weeks, he is fairly well supplied with the necessary texts, which he diligently—allows to remain in the press from day to day. He always sleeps three-fourths of the class hour, and, when awakened by the professor's kind offer of a pillow, he hears the oft repeated advice that he ought to put more time on his books. After scratching his head near the bump of "self-preservation" and giving the matter mature deliberation, he decides not to study at all. A laudable determination to which he adheres in the most praiseworthy manner.

Second Division

CONTAINING THE DUTIES OF A SOPHOMORE

a. His obligations to the rat.—To visit said rat's room the night after his arrival and stamp U. S. upon his person by means of a bayonet scabbard. To repeat the above when the rat dons his first uniform, and at any time during the term that such may be deemed necessary. To kindly advise the rat as to the whereabouts of the commandant's office, and the regulations requiring countersigns. To drill the said rat in the manual of guard duty at about 11.30 P. M. To teach the rat the mysteries of snipe hunting by moon-light. In short, he is to remove from the person of said rat all symptoms of that disease so common to youths just entering college,—“The enlarged head.”

b. His military duties.—To cut reveille at least three mornings in a week. To break the window panes of the officer of the day's room. To throw water on the barrack orderly. To startle the midnight slumbers of barracks by discharging a deadly Springfield rifle. To find fault with the new commandant. To create all the disorder possible in ranks. To treat all officers with great contempt. In general, to endeavor honestly to get the largest number of demerits which will allow his presence here.

c. The Academic duties of a Soph.—To report sick when not prepared on the morning's lessons. To cut evening work at least twice a week. To put cayenne pepper on the stove of draughting room. To raise loud protestations against the amount of class work. To change his course three times during the session. To go to sleep in the chemistry lecture room. In brief, to waste as much time as possible. And lastly, to visit the president's office at the end of each month.

Third Division

IN WHICH IS RELATED A FEW OF THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF THE SOPHOMORES

Let not the gentle reader who has followed us thus far, conclude that the entire course of a Soph. is over flowery beds of ease. The old adage that there is a thorn to every rose, is true in the case of the sophomore class,

as anyone who has ever run across Spherical Trig., or has ever tackled D. Carhart, or worried over Conic sections, will bear heart-felt testimony.

Hailing, as it were directly from the freshman, the Soph. soon discovers that his previous ideas of study were altogether erroneous. For the first time, he realizes the import of that old maxim: "There is no Royal road to knowledge."

As a freshman he was probably taking many studies which he had previously studied at some high school. But now a Soph., everything is new to him; he must begin at the bottom and explore every inch of the way. Moreover he now finds that each professor assigns class work as though his was the only course taken and answers all remonstrances by saying that "a sophomore is expected to do a Soph's. amount of work". Such is the price he is expected to pay for the honor of being a member of this class.

He formerly could learn a lecture by an hour's study, but now he might spend from three to five hours on each lecture and still be sadly deficient in each department. He might study at night until the "cock proclaimed morn;" he might study each spare moment during the day (and be "habitually late at military formations"); he could utilize also, the hour and a half designed for evening recreations, and—fall short on monthlies, not to speak of examinations.

Observe the Soph. dear reader, as when seized with a fit of unusual industry, he attempts some night to master lessons. Notice him struggle for hours with problems involving the "intersections of projections projections of intersections;" "the locus of given equations, the equations of given loci;" only to give all up in despair at last. When the hours are growing small again, observe him by the light of a smoky lamp wrestling with difficult passages of "Le Duc De Beaufort." Is he to be blamed if he wakes only in time to hear the last bell for breakfast? Observe him in class that morning as he seeks explanation on some more difficult point only to hear this reply from the smiling professor: "that is just what I want you to tell me." Observe him at retreat the following evening as the mighty voice of the adjutant proclaims him as reported for "lights burning after twelve o'clock," "absent from reveille," "in bed and asleep at police inspection." Lastly, observe his careless swing as he marches to supper as well as his ringing laugh in the mess. Do this and you cannot fail to appreciate him. Could any but his jovial elastic nature bear up under such trials? It is here that his judicial training as a freshman stands him in good stead. It is here that he applies that valuable lesson which he learned while a freshman, (but not in a text book) "to make the best of all situations, and to accept with good grace what is inevitable."

Fourth Division

SOME OF THE RENOWNED CHARACTERS OF THE CLASS

Every class in this and all other colleges has some distinguished characters and the class of '97 particularly abounds in them. It is not the wish of the writer to slight these members who hold such honorable positions

among their fellows, and therefore even in so brief a history, as ours of necessity must be, we take pleasure in mentioning some of the many renowned characters of our class.

No class is without a roll-call, and though to many this may not mean much, to us it does, for "Roll Call Adams" is now at the head of the class and appearances are that he will be such (in name at least), at the "great and final" day. There is "Billy Big Eyes," who in the beginning of the session tried to learn the art of "blowing his own horn," but he gave that up in disgust, saying that "someone else might 'toot for him.'" When last seen he had two brass pans strapped to his hands, and was clapping them together like some Zulu warrior. Billy will make a racket in one way or another. Such an account would not in the least be complete without a word to "Baby Rat," the pet of the class. "For him who toils there lies reward." So "Baby" you have at last gotten your corporal. We congratulate you "Baby," and if you study as hard as you walked for a "Corp." you may rest assured that you will land in the starry goal. Surely our class should be proud of "Parson—E.—" and we doubt not that such would be the case if it were not for his fondness for military, which amounts almost to a mania. He walked an entire year for a "Corp." and at last "got there." It is rumored that he is attempting to sprout a mustache; just think of it! We don't know whether to credit the rumor or not; coming events usually cast some shadows before, and as yet the shadows cast by Parson's mustache is so faint that we cannot tell whether it is the mustache or the effect of the sun-light on his blooming visage. It is with great pride that we refer you to our friend "Jesse James," who came here it is said to take a special course in foot-ball, and he became a Soph. in order to pass away his time more pleasantly. "Jesse" distinguished himself on the ball field if not in the lecture room. With equal pride we mention "Preacher J.—" who "would do very well indeed if he did not ask so many questions." Indeed we fear that he will some day become a veritable interrogation point. Being greatly concerned about his military standing just before intermediate promotions, he was heard to ask the commandant: "Colonel would you mind telling me my nu-mer-i-cal mark on Mil-i-ta-ry science and tactics?" Whether he learned his mark or not is not known, but he did get a "Corp." Then there is "Kirk" who is a great favorite with his classmen, as may readily be seen by stopping in his room any night. Indeed, we fear that some of our honorable professors will have to resign if "Kirk" continues his "good work" among the boys. There is also "Lengthy," who occupies quite a lofty position among his fellows. It is said that "Lengthy" expected a "Corp." at the intermediate, but he did not get it. "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed "when they get it." As one of the class sports it would be impossible to recall a better example than "Doctor L.—" To see him treading daintily over the campus "dyked" in a citizen suit of the latest style, with his number eight feet encased in a pair of No. five tooth-picks, one would take him for a typical senior. "Doctor L.—" is truly a "Duck." Among the irrepressible, our class can doubtless claim the most marked specimen in college,—in the person of "Rip." Why even when advised by Dr. Cocke of Hollins, "that his carriage was waiting for him," "Rip" managed to misconstrue the

Doctor's meaning and prolonged his visit to the institute. However, he has lately suffered one defeat; he attempted to force his uninvited presence upon the members of the band and failed,—failed ingnomiously. Those who have been so unfortunate as not to hear of our friend "Strap" in the literary columns, could not have failed to hear of him on the ball-field. "Strap" is a promising pitcher, but his promising curves are all on the sixty-day plan without interest; in fact, they seldom mature. As the last character introduced, we take great pleasure in presenting "Sweetie." "Sweetie Dear" is without doubt, one of our most distinguished characters, and, although we are afraid that his health will rapidly fail if he continues studying so hard, we recommend him as the best news reporter in college. Indeed, without him we know not what we would do. He is present everywhere and his record for being present at every rat's box, is yet to be broken.

But now our task is finished; the sophomore year of the class of '97 passes into history. Recognizing the many faults and short comings of our article, we ask the indulgence of the reader and lay down our pen.

May each and every sophomore return to grace the junior and senior, and finally at that memorable commencement—'97, stand clothed with glory and a B. S.

CLASS OFFICERS

D. F. MORTON,
H. H. HURT,
J. L. JOHNS,

President
Vice-President
Secretary

MEMBERS OF CLASS

NAMES	POST OFFICE	COUNTY
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BRALLEY, EDWARD JAMES	<i>Walton Furnace,</i>	Wythe
BLAIR, JNO. CALDWELL CALHOUN	"	Wythe
BROWN, NORMAN STUART	<i>Petersburg,</i>	Dinwiddie
BOYKIN, RICHARD MANNING	<i>Boykin's,</i>	Kershaw, S. C.
BRODIE, WALTER UPSHUR	<i>Coleman's Falls,</i>	Bedford

NAME	POST OFFICE	COUNTY
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CHAPMAN, FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS	Salem,	Roanoke
CABELL, POWHATAN ALGERNON	Danville,	Pittsylvania
CORSON, BLAKE WILSON	McRae's,	Cumberland
DAVIS, WILLIAM KINKLE	Lynchburg,	Campbell
DASHIELL, THOMAS EDWARD	Portsmouth,	Norfolk
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EARHART, WILLIAM ANDERSON	Snowville,	Pulaski
EAKIN, WILBUR CLYDE	Blacksburg,	Montgomery
ELLETT, HARRY CAPERTON	Christianburg,	Montgomery
EPES, TRAVIS HARRIS	Nottoway, C. H.	Nottoway
FRASER, SAMUEL	Georgetown,	Georgetown, S. C.
FRAZIER, RALPH EDWARD	Charlotte,	Mecklenburg, N. C.
GUERRANT, JNO. GIBSON	Pilot,	Montgomery
HARDY, CARL EARNEST	Rome,	Floyd Co., Ga.
HURT, HENRY HICKS	Chatbam,	Pittsylvania
HAYNES, JAMES MINOR	Cambria,	Montgomery
HALL, KENNETH GUY	Norfolk,	Norfolk
INGLES, NATHAN HARVEY	Radford,	Montgomery
JONES, EDWARD VALENTINE, JR.	Bowlesville,	Albemarle
JORDON, RICHARD HENRY	Hay Market,	Prince William
JUNKIN, COLLIN BASS	Christianburg,	Montgomery
JAMES, WILLIAM LEWIS	Cedar Springs,	Wythe
JOHNSTON, HARVEY GREENE	Radford,	Montgomery
JOHNS, JULIAN LUTHER	Millersburg,	Dauphin Penn.
JOHNSON, HOWARD ARCHER	Cotman's,	Henrico

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KINZER, JNO. MARION	<i>Blacksburg,</i>	Montgomery
LUCAS, WILLIAM ANDREWS	<i>Patterson,</i>	Wythe
LINKONS, MAURY BURGESS KERNS	<i>Blacksburg,</i>	Montgomery
LANDRETH, SAMUEL CLOYD	<i>Etter,</i>	Wythe
LYBROOK, SAMUEL	<i>Blacksburg,</i>	Montgomery
MILLER, WILLIAM WALKER	<i>Wytheville,</i>	Wythe
MCBRYDE, JNO. MCLAREN, JR.	<i>Lexington,</i>	Rockbridge
MORTON, DAVID FLOURNOY	<i>Eureka Mills</i>	Charlotte
MAYER, WILLIAM LAWRENCE	<i>Norfolk,</i>	Norfolk
MINOR, FRANK WELLFORD	<i>Richmon ,</i>	Henrico
NORFLEET, PAUL JUDSON	<i>Franklin,</i>	Southampton
NASH, CAMILLUS ALBERT	<i>Norfolk,</i>	Norfolk
OLIVER, FREDERICK LANSING	<i>Charlotte,</i>	Mecklenburg, N. C.
PHILLIPS, JNO. LLOYD	<i>Massey,</i>	Accomac
POPE, BENJAMIN ASHBY	<i>Newsoms,</i>	Southampton
PERKINS, CARTER	<i>New Port News,</i>	Warwick
PRIDDY, LAWRENCE	<i>Keysville,</i>	Charlotte
PRICE, WILLIAM RUFUS	<i>Blacksburg,</i>	Montgomery
REED, ROBERT CARTER	<i>Portsmouth,</i>	Norfolk
RICHARDSON, LEROY LANGDON	<i>Croaker,</i>	James City
SAMPLE, FRANK BARRY	<i>Charlotte,</i>	Mecklenburg, N. C.
STAKES, JNO. WILBUR	<i>Norfolk,</i>	Norfolk
STRAW, EDWIN EPHRAIM	<i>Rural Retreat,</i>	Wythe
STIREWALT, JACOB PENDLETON	<i>Luray,</i>	Page
TURNBULL, ROBERT, JR.	<i>Lawrenceville,</i>	Brunswick

NAME	POST OFFICE	COUNTY
TOLLEN, HARRY	<i>Norfolk,</i>	Norfolk
URQUHART, JAMES BURWELL	"	Norfolk
UMBERGER, BASCOM LEONARD	<i>Wytheville,</i>	Wythe
WOOLWINE, JNO. HOGE	<i>Pilot,</i>	Montgomery
WHEELER, WILLIAM JOSEPH	<i>Patterson,</i>	Wythe
WARD, JAMES BROWNE	<i>Noble,</i>	Wythe
WAINWRIGHT, ROBERT AUCHMUTY	<i>Norfolk,</i>	Norfolk
WOOD, NOBLE WALTER	<i>Washington,</i>	D. C., U. S. A.
WALMSLEY, ROBERT MILLER	<i>Natchistoches,</i>	Louisiana





"Rats" first experience of College life.

The Freshman Class

THE history of this class is not unlike other class histories; therefore, by no means, should we omit the statement that it is the largest, the most popular, the most interesting of all classes, and worthy of all the praise which one, through benevolence, is liable to bestow upon it. But, perhaps a doubting Thomas will question the veracity of this statement, therefore, it is perhaps, best to give a very brief and correct account of a freshman's experience, and then if anyone cares to doubt it, he has our permission.

The class has at last awakened to a sense of its own importance and influence. It is organized for the first time, and has been equalled by no class of former years. It has advanced admirably along the first part of the stony path of knowledge, and thus, paved the way for a higher education. Should you have listened with credulity to those who have now ascended to this sphere, and should you not have pursued the history of this wonderful class, it is probable that you have never heard of us. This is quite natural; for those superior beings (?), who, in a number of cases, are gentlemen of "rank," are subject to the painful (to others) malady of the "swell head," and they consider it a degradation to their dignity to mention the "rat" in their conversation.

When the freshman first enters college, he finds it hard to go in classes suited to his ability; thus, it sometimes happens that he enters a class a little too far advanced, but it is usually just the reverse. This makes him feel very independent, and it causes some to have brazen effrontery to term the work of this class a "snap." But, later on, it is hard to appreciate the "snap," when you try in vain to convince your mind of the statement, that an equilateral polygon will never become a circle, no matter how many times the number of its sides are increased; when you are compelled to be sick on account of that zero you expect in French, and when you have to sit up till the hours begin to grow large again, studying by a candle, with the constant fear of being "stuck," in order to make one or two stars on physics.

Do not suppose for a minute that the term freshman signifies that the "rat" is a very "fresh" person. He has long since learned by his experience and the experience of others that it is useless to be "fresh" among such overwhelming numbers of "old boys." Why, what do they gain by such boldness? The "buckings" vary, directly as his "freshness," and inversely as his size. But frequently, all the "rats" receive visits which are inevitable. The visitors urge the "rats" to sing or to dance a lively jig. Should he fail to comply with his visitors'

commands, the only alternative is to receive with firmness and dignity the imprint of the brush, belt, or bayonet scabbard. However painful and annoying these visits may be, they have several good effects. First, they afford vast amusement to the "old boys," who, at all times prefer participating in these sports to studying. Secondly, they act splendidly in expelling home sickness, a disease common to the "rat." Thirdly, it improves them in the art of singing and dancing. Nearly every "rat" that has any voice at all, is made to sing so often that his vocal powers are wonderfully improved. Likewise, they make just as rapid progress in the art of jig dancing. Fourthly, it awakens a spirit of revenge. This smouldering flame does not break forth until the freshman is no longer recognized as a "rat," but a sophomore. The summer with its charms partly quenches this blood-thirsty desire; but still the "rats" are as mercilessly dealt with as were their tormentors.

With the exception of those facts stated in the beginning, there is no great difference between the freshman class and the other classes. Perhaps, at first he performs his duty with more diligence than an "old man;" but soon to a certain extent, neglects it.

It is a source of great enjoyment to the "rat" to enumerate the number of classes and roll calls he has "cut" without being caught; and especially does he pride himself on having "cut" church, which is done, not because he is not religiously disposed, but because he is delighted in having accomplished such a difficult feat. The freshmen are also loyal to their teachers; neither do they bear any malice or hatred in their hearts against them. Like nearly everyone else, they are given to complaining, and especially do they hurl their maledictions at the mess with all its equipments and delicacies of the season, such as "strap," "growly," etc. This fact is well illustrated in a prayer common among the "rats." One person who overheard a "rat" make this entreaty with all the fervor of a divine, considered the prayer a great slander upon the mess. But, as it is an important clause, this *history* requires that it be included. The prayer is nearly like this:—

"Oh! God of Love look from above
Upon my discontent,
And give me meat that's fit to eat,
For this *ain't* worth a cent.
The bull was found upon the ground,
(Left there by uncle Noah)
Stuck in the mud just after the flood,
And filled with salty water.
Mrs. C. bought this carcass, fraught with incense rare and sweet;
And then 'twas boiled until 'twas spoiled,

And given us to eat.
But do not think, oh! Lord of Hosts,
My own stone I am grinding.
I wish the corps to have good roasts,
But I am not fault finding."

But space will not permit me to eulogize longer on the merits of this great and glorious class; and, were I to write more, I were certain to incur the mortal hatred of the seniors, who hold the "rat" in as great abhorrence as do the ladies. Oh! ye "rat!" ye handsome, dashing "rat!" How proud I am to class myself among ye—who, with haughty mien, march gallantly across the sunny campus—the envy of all the "old boys," and the pride of all the girls. Surely these old walls will hang their heads for very sadness, when ye are no longer freshmen.

And in the dim vista of the coming years, when floating down the stream of time, may fond recollections of your first college year be like a spring in your hearts; and may the battle of life find you safely ensconced behind the bulwarks of knowledge. Be hopeful always; and, when the adverse winds assail, then flaunt defiantly the banner of "Nil desperandum."

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Suffolk, Va.
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Crewe, Va.
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Washington, D. C.
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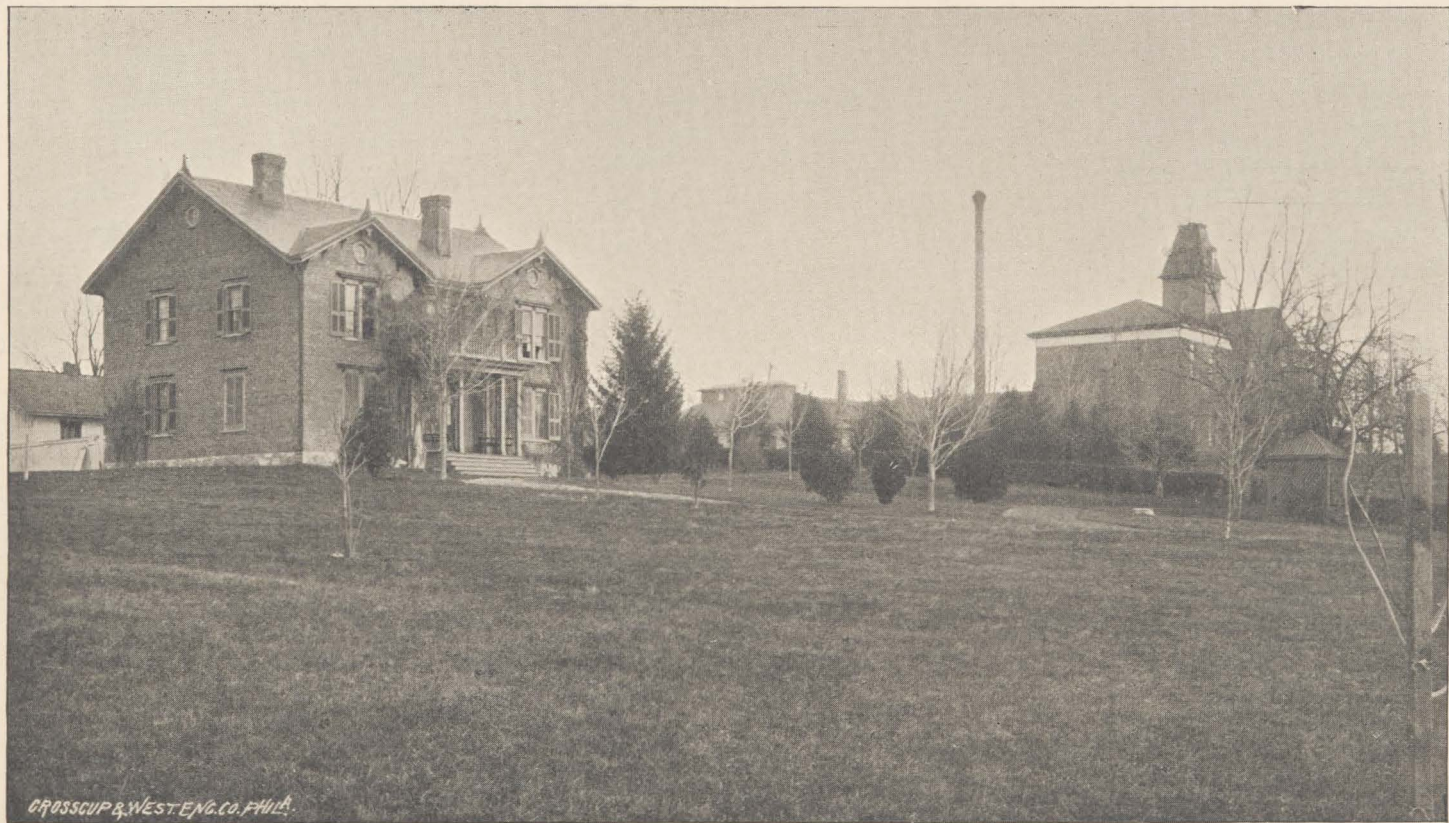
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Wilbur Payne Goodwin,
Edward Graham,
John Hortenstein,
David Cloyd Houston,
Mahone Hume Haig,
Brainerd Mathews Hines,
Paul Archer Hobday,
Joseph Leonard Hileman,
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Calhoun Merriwether Hill,
James Lewis Ingles,
Roberts Painsett Johnson,
Thomas Fraser James,
Walter Nelson Jones,
James Irvin Jordan,
James McCutchen James,
Meriken Dameron Jennings,
Joseph David Klepper,
Alexander Dalton Kennedy,
George Hild King,
Edward Bane Kinzer,
Lawrence Manning,
Fredrick Lee McGinn,
George Thomas Myers,

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Saltpetre Cave, Va.
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Grafton, Va.
Iron Gate, Va.
Waterloo, Va.
Christianburg, Va.
Petersburg, Va.
Arcanum, Va.
Newnan, Ga.
Radford, Va.
Charleston, S. C.
Darlington, S. C.
Petersburg, Va.
Michaux, Va.
Cheran, S. C.
Backbone, Va.
Norfolk, Va.
Camden, S. C.
Charlotte, N. C.
Blacksburg, Va.
Camden, S. C.
Charlotte, N. C.
Norfolk, Va.

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Meade McBryde,
Frank Charles McCall,
Carter Perkins, Jr.,
Harvey Lee Price,
William Montgomery Perry,
George Henry Poehlman,
John Ingles Palmer,
William Henry Price,
Edgar Lafayette Perry,
William Rufus Price,
George Thomas Parker,
Blair Dabney Preston,
Robert Edgar Priddy,
George Edwin Ross,
Ion. Lawndes Rhett,
William Rosenfeld,
William Bandom Rudd,
James Taylor Scutter Ried, Jr.,
George Cornelius Ried,
Benjamin Claiborne Rosenstock,
George Robert Richardson,
William Harvey Smith,
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Fleming Saunders, Jr.,
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Dillon's Mill, Va.
Lexington, Va.
Blacksburg, Va.
Suffolk, Va.
Seven Mile Ford, Va.
Keysville, Va.
Lynchburg, Va.
Charleston, S. C.
Radford, Va.
Hampton, Va.
Norfolk, Va.
Norfolk, Va.
Petersburg, Va.
Hot Springs, Va.
Riner, Va.
Blacksburg, Va.
Evington, Va.
Baltimore, Md.
Boykin, S. C.
Danville, Va.

Aubrey Randolph Smith,	<i>Greenville, Va.</i>
Charles Yancey Steptoe,	<i>Raccoon Ford, Va.</i>
Warren Ashby Thornhill,	<i>Glennfall, Va.</i>
Edward Colston Taylor,	<i>Radford, Va.</i>
Howard Wilford Turner,	<i>Roanoke, Va.</i>
John Crit Umberger,	<i>Wythville, Va.</i>
George Dennis Vaughan,	<i>Amos, Va.</i>
Charles Thomas Womack,	<i>Nyle, Va.</i>
Hugh Goodson Wills,	<i>Lexington, Va.</i>
Roger Williams,	<i>Granite, Md.</i>
Davis Whitehurst Wood,	<i>Land of Promise, Va.</i>
Fletcher Bogs Watson,	<i>Chatham, Va.</i>
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Hunter Williams,	<i>North Garden, Va.</i>
John Wilson Williamson,	<i>Darlington, S. C.</i>
John Egerton White,	<i>Ivey, Va.</i>
Harry Garret White,	<i>Ivey, Va.</i>
Richard Nottingham Watts,	<i>Bowling Green, Va.</i>
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Historical Memorabilia.

IN the year 1862, while our country was in the throes of a bitter civil war, the Congress of the United States passed an act, by which a liberal appropriation of the Public Lands was given to each state for the endowment and maintenance of at least one college, where the leading branches taught should be those relating to the agricultural and mechanical arts, but not to the exclusion of the classics, or any scientific studies, and including military tactics, for the promotion of the practical and liberal education of the industrial classes.

No sooner had the Old Dominion assumed her proper place in the reconstructed Union than she hastened to comply with the provisions of the act, and in 1872 the legislature of Virginia notified the general government of its acceptance of the proposition. A spirited race then followed as to what section and county should secure the coveted prize. Judge Walker R. Staples, ever loyal to his state, section and county, nobly aided and seconded by others, threw himself, heart and soul into the fight, and finally succeeded in locating the institution where it now stands. Through the donation of the Preston and Olin Institute (our present splendidly equipped Machinery Hall), and the voluntary contribution on the part of the county of \$20,000, the college was placed in Blacksburg. The magnificent farm known as "Solitude," and owned by the late Col. Robert Preston, was purchased and is now owned by the college. The residence of Prof. Nourse is the identical house in which Col. Preston entertained with a princely magnificence in the days gone by.

Making use of the old Institute Building for lecture rooms and offices, the college opened in 1872 with Dr. C. L. C. Minor as President, Gray Carroll, Professor of Mathematics, Dr. Charles Martin, a ripe scholar and man of broad culture, Professor of English, and General James H. Lane, of North Carolina, a hero of Manassas, Commandant and Professor of Physics. There was, my dear fellows, in those days, no mess (Alas), and no barracks. The students roomed and boarded at that time in the town, and this occasioned the construction of the "Lybrook Row," in which the Richmond Club, during the present session had itself so handsomely photographed, for it was there that for some years a number of cadets roomed, while they took their meals in what is now known as Luster's hotel, though at that time it did not enjoy the reputation which it subsequently acquired for itself. History does not say what those boys did for that town, but one may be sure that it was a plenty, for it has never grown an inch since, nor does she say where the professors lived, though it may be that the Honorable President of that day dom-

iciled in the same house which today rejoices in the very expressive, if not attractive soubriquet of "Buzzard's Roost," and which is administered by the jolly fellows of the Montgomery Club.

The year 1873 brought some changes. Mr. G. W. C. Davis was called to the Chair of Mechanics, and Dr. M. G. Eelzey to that of Chemistry and Agriculture. In those days the session extended through the summer, and vacation was given in winter, and this practice was continued until September, 1882. In 1874, Prof. Davis was removed by the Board, and Mr. Jackson was elected in his place. This gentleman very soon resigned and was succeeded by General Boggs, in the Chair of Mechanics. In this same year, the buildings known as academic buildings one and two were begun, and the houses now occupied by Dr. McBryde and Prof. Campbell, and about the same time the houses of Colonel Shanks and Professor Alwood. These buildings were built with money appropriated by the legislature for this purpose. The whole amount appropriated was about \$60,000, and about 60 per cent. of it was applied to these buildings.

But a short time after its organization, the faculty was divided into two cliques or factions on the policy, discipline and management of the school. This resulted in a personal difficulty between the president and commandant, which is, I think still a matter of tradition in the barracks. Recognizing that under the existing conditions the college could not succeed, the board of visitors removed President Minor and Professor Martin in November, 1879, and Thomas N. Conrad was elected as professor of English. On the 10th of December, 1879, Dr. Jno. L. Buchanan was elected president. General Lane does not seem to have been so summarily dealt with, since he remained in office until July, 1880. The legislature of 1879-80 removed the whole of the board of visitors of the college. Not until late in the session did the Governor name a new board, so late that it failed of confirmation. They acted, however, without confirmation, and continued thus in office until 1881-82.

Believing it to be for the best interest of the college to have a re-organization of the faculty, they met in Blacksburg in 1880, and declared all the chairs and offices of the College vacant. Thus was Dr. Buchanan's term of office limited to six months, for at the next meeting, held in August, a totally new faculty was elected. Col. Scott Shipp, at present the distinguished superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, was made President; Dr. M. P. Scott, Professor of Chemistry and Agriculture; J. E. Christian, Professor of Mathematics and physics; Col. W. W. Blackford, Professor of Mechanics, and later, superintendent of buildings and grounds; and to him more than all others we owe the lovely campus, which is the admiration of all visitors to our college; and Mr. John Hart was elected Professor of English. General Lane left at this time and the position of commandant was not filled until 1885, when Lieutenant John C. Gresham of the 7th Cavalry, U. S. A., was detailed by the Secretary of War for service here. A Captain Clark performed the duties appertaining to that position. However, very little stress was laid upon the military feature since; the board of visitors passed a resolution requiring the faculty to reduce this feature to the lowest possible figure within the meaning of the law.

Col. Scott Shipp accepted the office of president, and came to the college, but remained only one day, and

offered his resignation, which was accepted. The college being without a President, Mr. Hart acted in that capacity for the session of 1880-81. In a meeting held in June, 1881, Dr. Jno. L. Buchanan was again elected President; Dr. Buchanan was already well and favorably known as an educator, and is a gentleman of comprehensive mind and liberal culture. If he had been elected at a more propitious time, he would unquestionably have exerted a marked influence for good on the future of the college. He was, however, the creature of unfortunate circumstances. The board which elected him, and which he would have naturally expected to support him, was removed by the Legislature of 1881-'82, Governor Cameron who had been elected by the Coalition-Re-adjuster Party appointed an entirely new board which unfortunately conceived it to be the proper thing to again re-organize the College. They met in Richmond, in January 1882, and again all the chairs and offices were declared vacant, with the exception of that of treasurer. At this meeting Captain Thomas N. Conrad was made President. In February of the same year, the Board met again and re-elected Professors Scott and Christian. A Mr. Grim was elected professor of English, and Mr. J. I. Morton, Professor of Latin and Primary English.

Mr. Grim was not acceptable to the students owing to certain peculiarities of person and manner, and *they* it is said, *induced* him to leave. Mr. Morton succeeded him as Professor of English and Latin.

At a later date Mr. Shepherd was selected to give instructions in the modern languages, and was subsequently chosen to a professorship. Colonel Wm. Ballard Preston was also, later, requested to deliver lectures on agriculture and to give instructions in Military Science and Tactics.

In 1884 the Board of Visitors made a formal request of the Secretary of War to detail an army officer as Commandant of Cadets and Professor of Military Science and Tactics. The choice fell on Lieutenant John C. Gresham of the 7th cavalry, who reported for duty in July, 1885. Lieutenant Gresham was a native of Virginia and rendered himself very popular with both the students and faculty while here. He did not remain, however, the full length of his detail, resigning in 1887, since he preferred work in the field. Col. Wm. Ballard Preston was elected to fill out the unexpired portion of his term as Commandant. Upon the election of Governor Fitzhugh Lee, another Board of Visitors was appointed, who at once proceeded to re-organize again the college. General L. L. Lomax, a distinguished officer of the Confederacy was elected President. Professors Scott, Morton, Christian and Preston were re-elected. This Board also elected Mr. Jas. H. Fitts, formerly an ensign in the navy and a graduate of Annapolis to the Chair of Mechanics and Manager of the Shops, and Mr. Fielding P. Miles, Professor of Chemistry. These gentlemen assumed charge of their departments in July, 1886. Lieutenant John T. Knight of the 3d United States cavalry, but a native of Prince Edward county, Va. was detailed by the Secretary of War as Commandant of Cadets, and reported for duty in August, 1887. During the ensuing three years Lieutenant Knight remained at the College, discharging the duties relative to his position efficiently and conscientiously. The high esteem in which he was held is evidenced by the fact that when his detail expired the Faculty of the College and the Board of

Visitors united in a petition, endorsed by the Governor of the State that his detail be extended. Much to their regret, the Secretary saw fit to refuse their petition, and Lieutenant Knight accordingly left in 1890. The Faculty of the College and the Board of Visitors, having succeeded in securing the establishment of the agricultural station here in connection with the college, in 1888 elected Colonel Preston Director of the Station and Professor of Agriculture in the College. In the same year, from money appropriated by the State Legislature, a new and handsome barracks building was erected at a cost of about \$20,000, with accommodations for nearly 200 students. This building was heated by steam and provided with commodious and comfortable rooms, and equipped with furniture made at the college shops. This is what is known to the students of today as the "Old Barracks." Up to this time the students were quartered in the building that was afterwards remodeled by General Lomax and converted into the machine shop.

At their meeting in June, 1889, the Board of Visitors established the Chair of French and German, and elected Mr. Theo. P. Campbell, of Nottoway County, to fill the same. He reported for duty in September, 1889, and is still in discharge of his duties, being at present, in point of service, the oldest member of the faculty.

The college in the spring of 1890, sustained a severe loss in the death of its brilliant young Professor of Chemistry, Mr. Fielding P. Miles. The year 1890, saw a great many changes in college; Col. Preston tendered his resignation as Director of the Station and Professor of Agriculture. In the summer of this year, Mr. R. C. Price, of the University of Virginia, was elected to the Chair of Chemistry; Mr. F. A. Gully, of Texas, to the Chair of Agriculture; and Mr. W. E. Anderson, of Virginia, to be Superintendent of the Shops. Messrs. Price and Anderson assumed charge of their departments. Mr. Gully having declined, Mr. D. O. Nourse was in the fall of this year elected in his stead. Messrs. Price and Nourse are still in discharge of their duties. In the summer of this year, Lieutenant Jno. A. Harman of the 7th U. S. Cavalry, was detailed as Commandant of the Corps; Colonel Harman, whom so many of us loved and admired, and of whom we have and will always have such pleasant recollections. His best efforts were unceasingly directed toward the upbuilding of his department. As to how well he succeeded let Richmond and Norfolk and the bearing of the corps speak. Nor did his efficiency stop with his department, for he was equally successful as a teacher of mathematics. We congratulate him on his last detail to Fort Myer and the corps feels almost as if an honor had been conferred on it, when he was honored. His detail lasted for four years, and he left us in September, 1894. In the spring of '91, in addition to his duties as Superintendent of the Shops, Mr. Anderson was given the Chair of Electricity and Physics, but in 1893 he resigned both positions.

Owing to the numerous, far too numerous changes in the faculty and to internal dissensions, the college retrograded from the time of Dr. Minor's departure, until the election of General Lomax and his faculty. They did a great deal toward the upbuilding of the college, enlarging its scope of instruction and elevating its standard. All

honor to them. But honesty compels us to add that much, very much, remained to be done. The Board of Visitors realizing this, and feeling that under the existing conditions the college would not make the advance it should, decided in the spring of 1891, on a thorough re-organization. On April 7th, 1891, General Lomax tendered his resignation to the Board of Visitors, then in session in Richmond. They removed Professors Morton, Scott, and Graham. Quite racy and stirring scenes are said to have followed their action; some of which were comic, some dramatic, and yet others highly tragic. The writer, however, knows nothing of this personally. From this time until their meeting in June, Professor Christian acted as president. On May 7th, 1891, Dr. J. M. McBryde, recently president of the University of South Carolina, was unanimously elected President of the College and Director of the Station. At the meeting of the Board in June, Dr. McBryde made his report to the board, embodying his views, and ideas as to the needs of the college and a thorough re-organization of the courses of study. He assumed charge of the institution in July. His faculty was as follows: Messrs. Fitts, Campbell, Price, Anderson and Christian were re-elected to their former positions. Dr. E. E. Sheib was elected Professor of English and Psychology; Mr. R. J. Davidson, Professor of Analytical Chemistry and Chemist of the Station. Professor E. A. Smith, Professor of Biology and Botanist of the Station. Mr. D. O. Nourse was elected Agriculturist of the Station and Professor of Agriculture, and Mr. W. B. Alwood in addition to his duties at the Station was elected to the Chair of Mycology, Entomology, and Horticulture. Dr. W. B. Niles was elected to the Chair of Veterinary Science and Veterinarian of the Station. Dr. Niles refused, however, to accept this position for personal reasons, and later, his brother, Dr. E. P. Niles was elected to the same position. M. W. W. Hurt was elected Instructor in Mathematics and Secretary of the Faculty. Mr. T. L. Watson was elected as Assistant Chemist to the Station, and later, Instructor in Geology and Mineralogy in the College. Mr. W. N. Cunningham who had been employed since the preceding spring by the executive committee as Instructor in Iron Work at the Shop, was permanently elected to this position. Mr. R. T. Bray was re-elected Instructor in Wood Work, and Lieutenant Harman Assistant Teacher in Mathematics.

From this time forward new life and new zeal was thrown into the college, through the instrumentality in a very large degree of the personal influence, remarkable ability, and clearness of insight into the needs of the college, of its President. Indeed it is not too much to say that had the Board gone through the length and breadth of our land, they could not have selected a man better fitted for the important and responsible position, which he holds. The history of the college since that time has been a glorious and continued success. And yet, though this was but four years ago, the student of today does not find the same faculty present. Some sad events have occurred to cast their dark shadows over our College. As indicated above, Professor Anderson resigned in June, 1893. In August of this year, Professor Pritchard of South Carolina was elected to the Chair of Electricity and Physics. This position he now retains.

In July of the same year, Professor J. H. Fitts, who had been connected with the college for eight years, met

with a fearful death in a railway accident near Welch, W. Va., while en route to the World's fair. Prof. L. S. Randolph of West Virginia, was elected to fill his chair, and is still in charge of the department of Mechanical Engineering. On the 18th of October, 1893, death again invaded the ranks of the Faculty; this time claiming as its victim Professor J. E. Christian, Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering, and so universally loved and admired by all of his students. Professor Christian's illness had been a protracted one and his classes were assumed by his brother professors for more than a session. In June, 1894, Dr. S. M. Barton was elected to this Chair and is at present its able occupant. In 1893 the Messrs. Bray and Cunningham, having received offers of more lucrative positions, resigned as Instructors in the Shop, and Messrs. W. R. Parrott and P. C. Hubard were elected in their stead. The board of visitors in June, 1893, established by the President's recommendation, certain fellowships which were filled by the post-graduate students of the college. This new departure has proven a wise move and beneficial both to the college and students. As to the material improvement, why almost nothing is the same as it was in 1891. The hand of a master is visible everywhere, and all is stamped with progress. The shops and laboratories have been re-equipped, the halls and lecture rooms have been remodeled and refurnished. The mess of today is so superior to that of the past, that the two are not comparable. A steam laundry is in full operation; an electric light plant lights our buildings and town, water from a delicious spring is brought to our houses, and the college grounds have been improved and beautified.

In the winter of 1894, owing to the exertions of our President, our Rector Captain, C. E. Vawter, Judge Waller, R. Staples, and others, the legislature made an appropriation of \$24,000 to build a new barracks, and a Mess and Commencement Hall. The new barracks are now occupied and our Commencement this session will take place in the new hall. Six Professors' houses have been built out of brick, giving us ten Professors' houses. Our number of students has grown from 116 in 1891-2, to 320, in 1894-5. In 1895, Lieutenant D. C. Shank, of 18th U. S. Infantry was detailed by the Secretary of War as Commandant of Cadets and Professor of Military Tactics. Colonel Shanks is a native of Virginia, as were Colonels Gresham, Knight, and Harman. We could not, we think, have been more fortunate in the matter of Commandants than we have been. Lieutenant Shanks has already by his ability, zeal and fairness recommended himself in the highest degree, both to the Faculty and students, and we deem ourselves fortunate that this is but the first year of his detail.

Still another barracks building, larger accommodations in lecture room, laboratory, and shops are demanded by the ever increasing number of our students. The State's youngest child has far outgrown the measure of her provision, and would she be a true and wise mother she must at once provide other and more ample.

The writer is fully conscious of the imperfectness of this sketch, but his sources of information were meagre and the space too limited to admit of greater detail.

The Gray Jacket

RE-ESTABLISHED 1892

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

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Athletics

VIRGINIA INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

ORGANIZED FEBRUARY 22^d, 1895, AT LYNCHBURG, VA.

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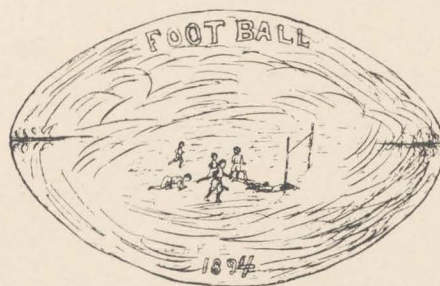
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Base-Ball Department.—R. A. WAINWRIGHT, T. E. DASHIELL, A. P. ESKRIDGE
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J. W. STULL, C.
W. L. JAMES, L. G.

H. A. JOHNSON, L. T.
M. T. HART, } R. T.
R. N. WATTS, }

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J. A. MASSIE

Half Backs

U. HARVEY, L. H., C. G. GUIGNARD, R. H.

Full Back

T. D. MARTIN

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A. P. ESKRIDGE
J. W. SAMPLE

L. W. JERRELL,
Captain of the "Scrubs"

ATHLETICS—Continued

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT
M. T. HART, - - -	18 yrs.	5 ft. 9 "	171 lbs.
T. E. DASHIELL, - - -	18 "	5 " 7 "	146 "
J. A. MASSIE, - - -	23 "	6 "	170 "
U. HARVEY, - - -	21 "	6 "	167 "
C. G. GUIGNARD, - - -	20 "	5 " 9 1-2 "	142 "
T. D. MARTIN, - - -	18 "	5 " 9 "	145 "
R. N. WATTS, - - -	21 "	5 " 11 "	163 "
Average,	20 yrs. 8 mos. 5 ft. 9 1-2 in.		157



BASE-BALL

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 J. Mc. JAMES, - Trainer

WOODSON P. WADDY, - Manager
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NINE OF 1895*

*Went to press before team was organized





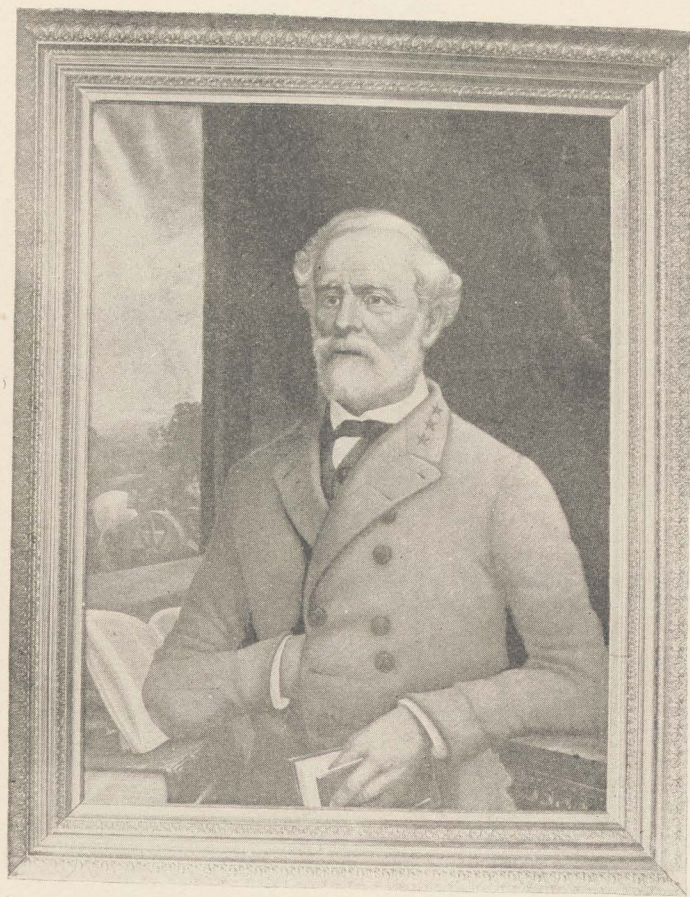
"VIRTUS SUOS CORONAT"

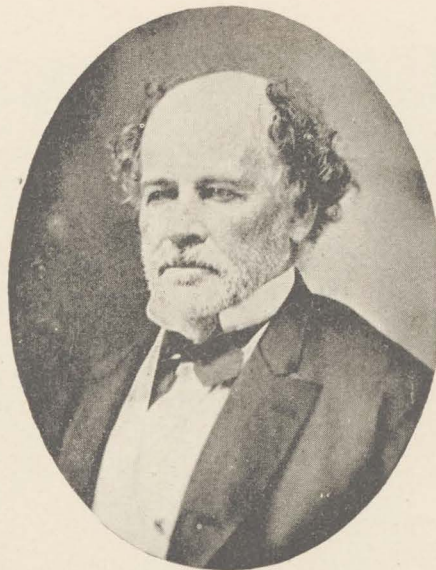
The Bee Literary Society

ORGANIZED 1873

Following are the Medalists from 1884 to 1894

June, 1894	{	Orator's Medal,	-	-	W. L. PIERCE,	-	-	Christianburg, Va.
	{	Debater's "	-	-	W. M. PIERCE,	-	-	Christianburg, Va.
June, 1885	{	Orator's Medal,	-	-	A. J. GRYMES,	-	-	King and Queen Co., Va.
	{	Debater's "	-	-	C. J. BARNES,	-	-	Tazewell Co., Va.
June, 1886	{	Orator's Medal,	-	-	E. J. ROWAN,	-	-	Alleghany Co., Va.
	{	Debater's "	-	-	R. L. PAYNE,	-	-	Roanoke, Co., Va.
June, 1887	{	Orator's Medal,	-	-	J. T. HEARD,	-	-	Henry Co., Va.
	{	Debater's "	-	-	F. H. COUCH,	-	-	Hamilton, Va.
June, 1888	{	Orator's Medal,	-	-	J. H. COX,	-	-	Manchester, Va.
	{	Debater's "	-	-	J. R. SHEFFIELD,	-	-	Farmville, Va.
June, 1889	{	Orator's Medal,	-	-	H. T. TURNER,	-	-	Buckingham Co., Va.
	{	Debater's "	-	-	H. T. HALL,	-	-	Blacksburg, Va.
June, 1890	{	School was suspended before Commencement.						
June, 1891	{	Orator's Medal,	-	-	J. P. HERBERT,	-	-	Portsmouth, Va.
	{	Debater's "	-	-	SHEPHERD MALLORY,	-	-	Charlotte, N. C.
June, 1892	{	Orator's Medal,	-	-	C. W. PORTLOCK,	-	-	Knoxville, Tenn.
	{	Debater's "	-	-	R. E. WRIGHT,	-	-	Essex Co., Va.
June, 1893	{	Orator's Medal,	-	-	C. J. RICHARDSON,	-	-	Hot Springs, Va.
	{	Debater's "	-	-	ABSENT	-	-	
June, 1894	{	Orator's Medal,	-	-	A. T. ESKRIDGE,	-	-	Montgomery Co., Va.
	{	Debater's "	-	-	T. G. LEWTON,	-	-	De Land, Fla.





Mary Literary Society

MOTTO:—Τὸ Καλόν

FOUNDED MAY 11TH, 1873

Pres'ts. at Final Celebrations

1891, C. L. FINE
1892, J. A. MASSIE
1893, A. W. DRINKARD
1894, S. V. LOVENSTEIN

Winners of Orator's Medal

1891, A. W. DRINKARD
1892, W. O. FRITH
1893, W. M. WATSON
1894, G. T. SURFACE

Winners of Debater's Medal

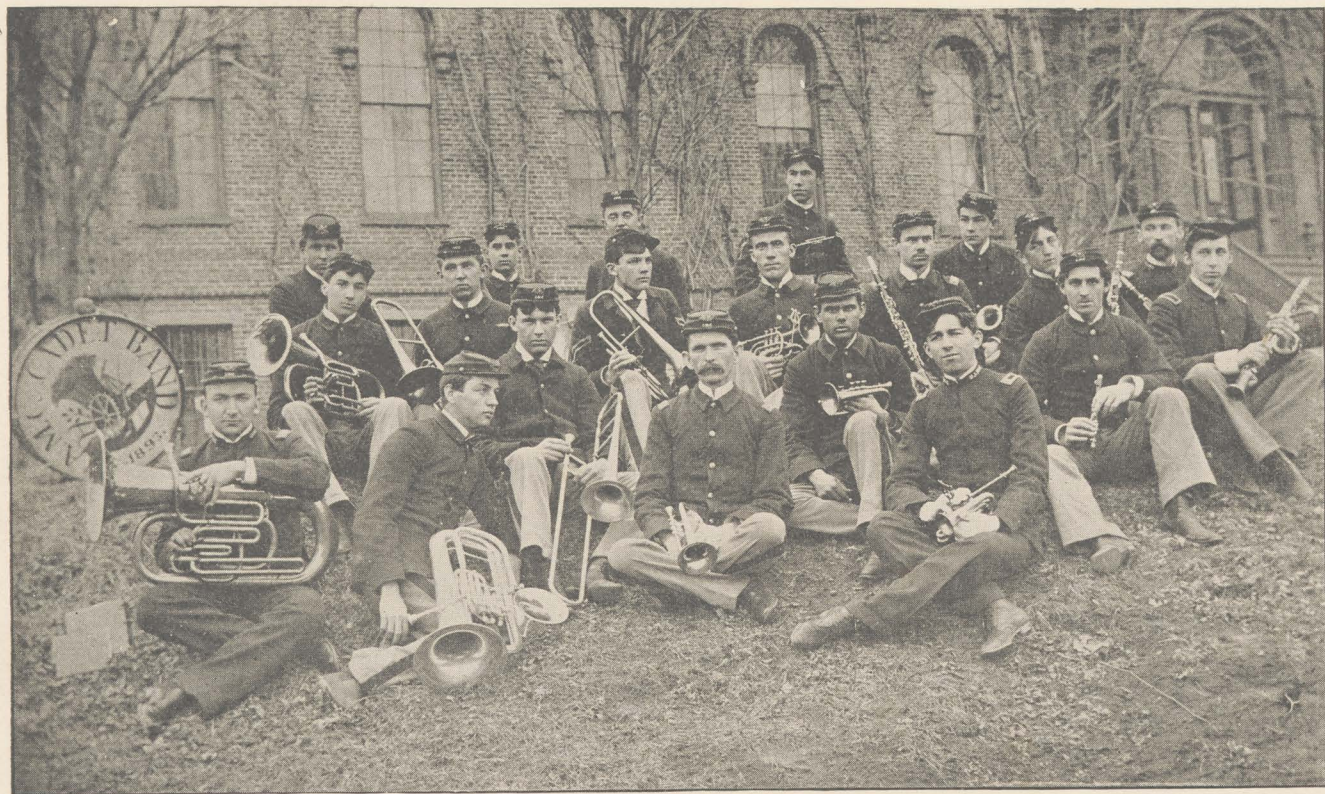
1891, J. A. MASSIE
1892, A. T. FINCH
1893, F. D. WILSON
1894, JNO. C. DABNEY

Winners of Declaimer's Medal

1891, S. V. LOVENSTEIN
1892, L. D. KLINE
1893, F. J. GREGORY
1894, L. PRIDDY

THE Society which now bears the name of Maury, during the first days of its existence, was known as the Virginia Literary Society. This name was short-lived however, having been changed to the Philomathean Literary Society. The first meeting of this Society was held on February 21, 1873, and its last, which was a meeting called for the purpose of again effecting a change of name, was held May 11, 1873. At this meeting, after a number of lively speeches, the proposition to adopt the name of Maury was unanimously accepted. The works of this eminent naval officer were yet fresh in the minds of the people, and the idea of these college students, that no Virginian's name was more deserving of perpetuation than that of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, was in every sense admirable. Commodore Maury was a man of rare and exceptional abilities. He was not only a sailor, but a scientist of the deepest dye. His researches extended to the land, the sea and the heavens. The astronomical observations conducted under his direction at the U. S. Naval Observatory were watched and admired by the civilized world. His wind and current charts were veritable God-sends to the mariner, and as the founder of our efficient and admirable weather service, his name has become endeared to the agriculturist. As a military man, an engineer, an agriculturist, lecturer and author, it would have been hard to have found a name more fitting for a literary society in an agricultural and mechanical college, than his.

The first meeting of the Maury Society was held May 16, 1873, with President E. D. Gallion, former President of the Philomathean Society, in the chair. The first election of officers under the new name was held at this, its first meeting, and resulted as follows: President, Kent Black; Vice-President, T. W. Evans; Recording Secretary, C. B. Francisco; Corresponding Secretary, E. D. Gallion; Treasurer, M. F. Brown; Censors, Reynolds and Sears. The regular night of meeting up to December 11, 1874, was Friday night, when it was changed to Saturday night. The society is now, with a total membership of one hundred and sixty-one, in a prospering condition, and is accomplishing good work.



V. A. M. C. Cadet Band

J. P. HARVEY, SOLO B FLAT CORNET LEADER

J. W. SAMPLE,	Solo B flat Cornet	E. A. SMYTH,	1st B flat Clarinet
C. W. PEDIGO,	1st B flat Cornet	C. G. PORCHER,	2d B flat Clarinet
M. R. PRICE,	2d B flat Cornet	O. C. THOMPSON,	2d B flat Clarinet
E. B. KINZER,	E flat Cornet	J. M. MCBRYDE, JR.,	3d B flat Clarinet
		T. G. LEWTON,	E flat Clarinet

J. L. JOHNS, PICOLO

H. H. HURT,	Solo E flat Alto	A. C. CALDWELL,	Euphonium
R. M. WALMSLEY	1st E flat Alto	C. S. TOMPKINS,	1st B flat Tenor
L. C. COVINGTON,	2d E flat Alto	F. B. SAMPLE,	2d B flat Tenor

R. E. FRAZIER, SOLO TROMBONE

EDGAR PRICE,	B flat Bass	F. D. WILSON,	E flat Bass
H. W. TURNER,	Snare Drum	N. H. INGLES,	Bass Drum

B. KEISTER,	Cymbals
W. R. KARR,	Drum Major



V. A. M. C. Thespian Club

FOUNDED SESSION '92-93

OFFICERS

H. S. GORMLEY,	:	:	:	:	<i>President</i>
J. L. JOHNS,	:	:	:	:	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
C. G. PORCHER,	:	:	:	:	<i>Manager</i>
PROF. E. A. SMYTH,	:	:	:	:	<i>Advisory Manager</i>

MEMBERS

P. A. CABELL	H. S. GORMLEY	R. E. MOORE
A. C. CALDWELL	H. H. HURT	A. F. MORRISSETTE
C. M. CHRISTIAN	J. L. JOHNS	J. W. STULL
JOHN C. DABNEY	PAUL KERNAN	H. W. TURNER
R. E. FRAZIER		R. A. WAINRIGHT

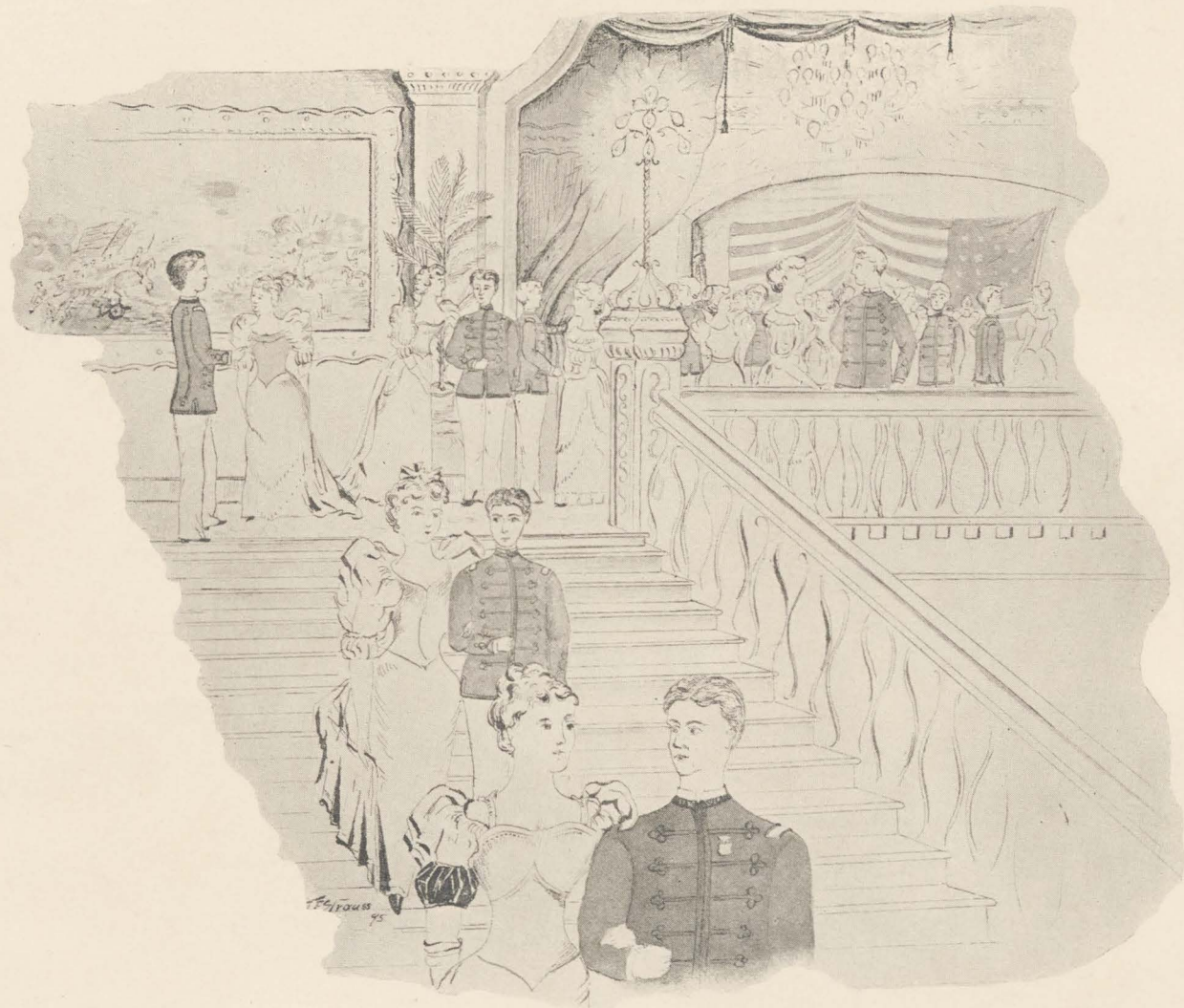
FIRST OFFICERS OF CLUB

JOHN W. STULL,	:	:	:	:	PRESIDENT
JOHN C. DABNEY,	:	:	:	:	VICE-PRESIDENT
ADAM T. FINCH,	:	:	:	:	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
C. G. PORCHER.	:	:	:	:	MANAGER

ENTERTAINMENTS

March 24th, 1893—Minstrel and Farces
June 19th, 1893—Minstrel and Farces

May 18th, 1894—Farces
December 14th, 1894—Farces



The V. A. M. C. German Club

OFFICERS

Cadet CAPT. JOHN C. DABNEY,
Cadet SARGT. T. DOUGLAS MARTIN,
Cadet 1st LIEUT. JOHN W. SAMPLE,

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY AND TREASURER

COMMITTEES

Committee of Invitation

Cadet CAPT. and ADJT. WOODSON P. WADDY, Chairman
Cadet 2d LIEUT. LESLIE D. KLINE
Gadet 2d LIEUT. JAMES R. GUY

Committee of Arrangements

Cadet CAPT. HERBERT S. GORMLEY, Chairman
Cadet CAPT. C. GADSEN GUIGNARD
Cadet SGT. B. DAVIDSON MILLER

MEMBERS

APPERSON, A. H.
DABNEY, JOHN C.
GORMLEY, H. S.
GUIGNARD, C. G.
GUY, JAMES R.

HALL, K. G.
JERRELL, L. W.
KERFOOT, E. J.
KIRNAN, PAUL
KLINE, L. D.

LEWTON, T. G.
LOVENSTEIN, S. VANCE
LUCAS, W. A.
MARTIN, T. D.
MILLER, B. D.
MAYER, W. L.

MCBRYDE, MEADE
NASH, C. A.
SAMPLE, JOHN W.
STULL, J. W.
WADDY, W. P.



In Faculty

P. C. HUBARD
C. G. PORCHER
L. S. RANDOLPH
T. L. WATSON

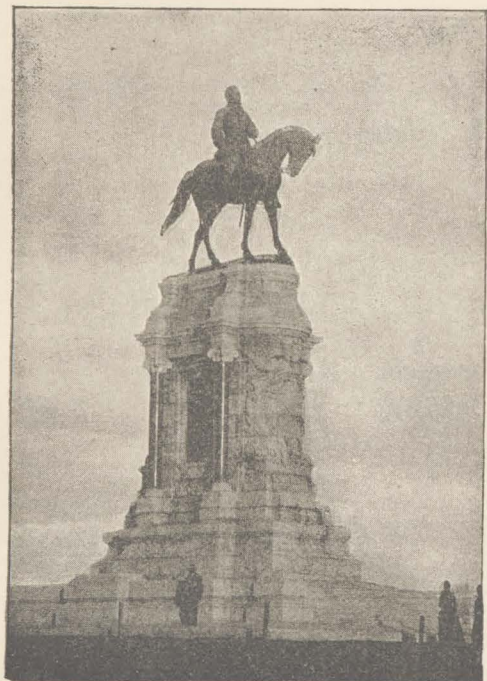
The Richmond Club

ORGANIZED JANUARY 6TH, 1894



THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL

V. A. M. C. 1894-1895



... LEE ...

WOODSON PINCKNEY WADDY,
SOLOMON VANCE LOVENSTEIN,
JULIAN ASHBY BURRUSS,

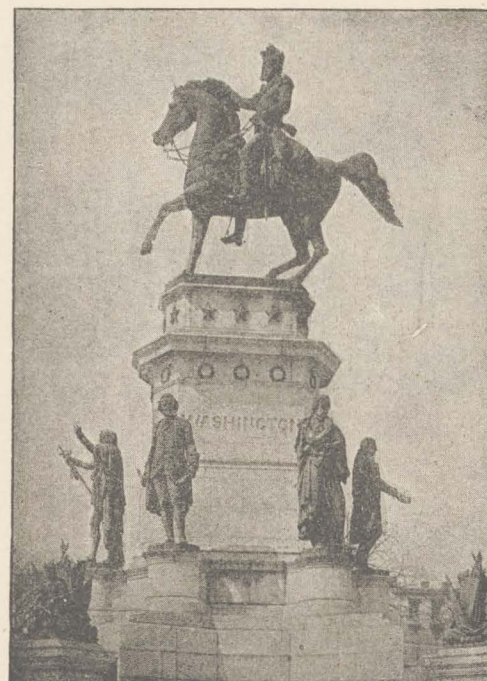
YELL

Boom, boom, boom,
Give us room,
Ro, hi, hub,
Ro, hi, hub,
Rub, chub,
Richmond Club.

COLORS

CHERRY
AND PINK

OFFICERS



... WASHINGTON ...

President
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

MILTON LEE BLOOMBERG
JULIAN ASHBY BURRUSS
ARTHUR MIDDLETON CANNON
JOHN BUCHANAN DANFORTH

THOMAS WILEY DAVIS, JR.
GUS FARIS DELARUE
ALBERT SIDNEY DENOON
EDWARD GRAHAM

WILLIAM FIELDING GREENWOOD
SOLOMON VANCE LOVENSTEIN
JAMES FORBES SKINNER MANN
WILLIAM MCDOWELL

AMBROSE PAGE
PRESTON RIDER
WOODSON PINCKNEY WADDY
NATHANIEL CLAIBORNE WINGFIELD



Pittsylvania Club 1894-'95

DEVILS AND ORDER OF DEVILTRY

FOUNDED OCTOBER 1893

Yell—Rip-rah-ree
Rip-rah-ree
Pittsylvania Club
A. M. C.

Favorite Game—Push Pins
Favorite Beverage—'Simmon Beer
Favorite Food—Tobacco
Favorite Song—" 'Far you well 'ole Joe Clark"

Motto—Hang 'em

1st Term

T. D. MARTIN
P. A. CABELL
JOHN C. DABNEY
CLAUDIUS LEE

2d Term

CLAUDIUS LEE
J. M. COLES
T. D. MARTIN
C. T. WOMACK

HIGH ARCH FIEND
JUNIOR ARCH FIEND
RECORDING ANGEL
JUDAS THE WATCH-DOG OF THE TREASURY

IMPS

P. A. CABELL
S. H. CREASY
JOHN C. DABNEY
H. H. HURT

J. E. LANIER
E. S. SMITH
J. P. WATKINS
F. B. WATSON

A. L. WITCHER

Demons in the Faculty

F. D. WILSON

T. L. WATSON

W. W. HURT

The Norfolk Club

YELL

Norfolk—Norfolk—Norfolk,
Ree, raw, ra,
Ra, raw, ree,
We are from the city by the sea,
N-o r-f-o-l-k.

OFFICERS

R. A. WAINWRIGHT,
J. R. GUY,
C. A. NASH,
W. H. BIGIL,

President
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

R. BRINKLEY
H. B. CALDWELL
J. C. CARROLL

H. FERRETT
K. G. HALL
H. TOLLEN

G. MYERS
G. C. REID
J. T. TRICE,
J. W. STAKER

W. L. MAYER
R. N. WATTS
S. BRANDT

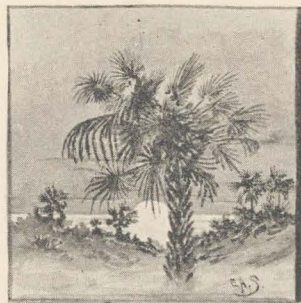
Colors
Blue

Favorite Dishes
Oysters and Clams

Cork Puller
Reed, G. C.

Historian
Guy, J. R.

Motto
Pretty Girls



The Palmettoes.

COLORS:—White, Old Gold, and Brown

YELL:—Incomprehensible as written and yelled only in Sanscrit

SONG:—“Home Sweet Home”

FAVORITE OCCUPATION:—Bumming

FAVORITE STUDY:—Devilment

Banquet on February 29th

Our Dish is Rice

Our Drink is XXX Old Velvet XXX

RULERS

KING COTTON,
PRINCE RICE,

C. G. GUIGNARD, (95)
S S. FRASER, (95)

LORD HIGH CORN,
PHOSPHATE “ROCKS”

M. H. HAIG, (98)
J. H. FRASER (96)

SUBJECTS

B. H. BOYKIN, (98)
R. M. BOYKIN, (97)
S. FRASER, (97)

J. Mc C. JAMES, (97)
R. P. JOHNSON, (98)
A. D. KENNEDY, (98)

R. R. LEWIS, (96)
L. MANNING, (98)
M. McBRYDE, (98)

J. J. RHETT, (98)
A. H. SANDERS, (98)
C. S. TOMPKINS, (96)

JOHN W. WILLIAMSON, (98)

Honorary

PRES'D T J. McBRYDE, Abbeville

PROF. S. R. PRITCHARD, Aiken

PROF. E. A. SMYTH, Charleston

PROF. R. J. DAVIDSON, Georgetown

PROF. C. G. PORCHER, Eutawville



YELL—Buzz, buzz, buzz,
Zip, zip, zee,
Look out for the "Hornets,"
From Charlotte, N. C.

OFFICERS

H. S. GORMLEY,
B. D. MILLER,
J. W. SAMPLE,

President
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

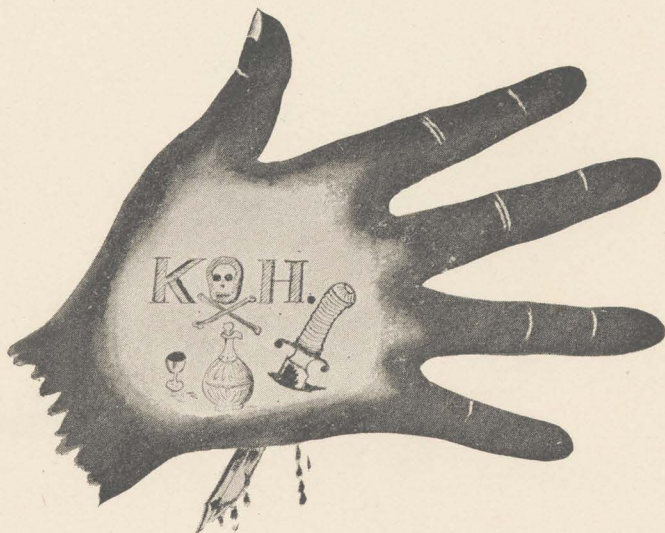
W. H. BASON
R. E. FRAZIER
G. H. KING

F. L. MCGINN
FRED OLIVER
F. B. SAMPLE

J. H. VAN NESS

F. WILSON SMITHER

A. CALHOUN CALDWELL



T. DOUGLAS MARTIN

B. DAVIDSON MILLER

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
LIBRARY
AT ANN ARBOR

College Glee Club

OFFICERS

J. C. DABNEY,

H. W. TURNER.

PROF. E. A. SMYTH, Honorary Member,

H. H. HURT,

President

Secretary and Treasurer

Instructor

Leader

VOCAL

1st Tenor

W. H. BASON

J. W. SAMPLE

2d Tenor

S. FRASER

A. F. MORRISSETT

1st Bass

J. L. JOHNS

F. ROLIN

2d Bass

R. E. FRAZIER

H. W. TURNER

R. N. WATTS

Alto

C. G. GUIGNARD

B. D. MILLER

A. PAGE

Soprano

J. C. DABNEY

H. H. HURT

T. D. MARTIN

INSTRUMENTAL

Banjo

H. W. TURNER

Guitar

H. H. HURT

J. L. JOHNS

Mandolin

F. ROLIN

Violin

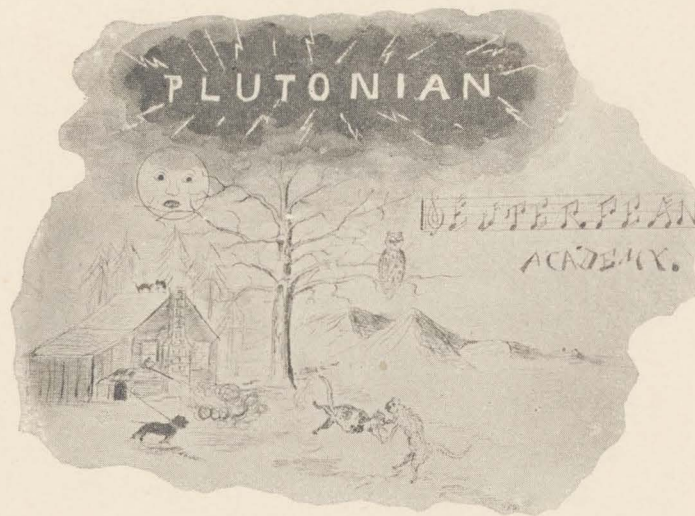
W. H. BASON

Flute

J. W. SAMPLE

Trombone (slide)

R. E. FRAZIER



NOTA BENE:—Those wishing to become members of the V. A. M. C. Glee Club, will be required first, to take a preparatory course under the direction of this Academy, and present a certificate officially signed by the Board of Instructors, and approved by the Board of Officers of the above institution.

BOARD OF OFFICERS

C. M. CHRISTIAN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	PRESIDENT
LESLIE D. KLINE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	VICE-PRESIDENT
A. C. CALDWELL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	SECRETARY
R. E. MOORE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	TREASURER

BOARD OF INSTRUCTORS

H. S. GORMLEY,	-	-	CAPTAIN	JAMES Mc C. JAMES,	-	-	PITCHER
J. G. GUERRANT,	-	-	CATCHER	J. F. STRAUSS,	-	-	TOATER

PLUTONIAN DEP'T.—Continued

FEELERS

{ D. G. CUNNINGHAM
F. W. SMITHER
W. P. WADDY

BASSMEN

{ 1. C. LEE
2. S. V. LOVENSTEIN
3. N. R. PATRICK

STUDENTS

AVIS, J. L.
BROWN, N. S.
CABELL, P. A.
CAMP, R. C.
CAMP, C. J.
DAVIS, W. K.
DASHIELL, T. E.
ESKRIDGE, A. P.
GUERRANT, R. A.

GUY, J. R.
GREENWOOD, W. F.
HARDY, C. E.
INGLES, H.
INGLES, J. L.
KERFOOT, E. J.
KERNAN, P. J.
LUCAS, W. A.
LEWIS, R. R.

LANDRETH, S. C.
MCDANNALD, C. E.
MCBRYDE, J. M., JR.
NASH, C. A., JR.
NORFLEET, J. P.
ROSENSTOCK, B. C.
RUDD, W. B.
SHEIB, S. H.
SIMPSON, F. W.

STRAW, E. E.
SMITH, W. H.
TOMPKINS, C. S.
THOMPSON, O. C.
VAN NESS, J. H.
WALMSLEY, R. M.
WAINWRIGHT, R. A.
WHEELER, C. A.
WARREN, H. B.

HISTORICAL:—On a cold and frosty night, in the year of our Lord, 1895, a number of thin, pale and terrified individuals met in an unoccupied room of one of the buildings of the V. A. & M. College. To have seen them, no one could have guessed what the object of such a meeting under such circumstances could mean. The room was lighted with a single candle. The cold wind whistled through the broken glass and cracks of the door, making all within shiver as it encircled them in its cold embrace. No word of complaint was heard, but all eyes were directed toward a determined looking fellow who thus addressed them: "Fellows," he said, "You all know the object of this meeting. I shall not go into detail and describe the suffering which we have endured during the last four months. It would take long and cause much pain. Pain more intense than the chilling of the winter's wind and more oppressive than the hottest summer's sun that ever drew perspiration from the brow of man.

We all realize that something must be done and that it must be done quickly. I speak in reference to the howling match, that takes place daily in and about barracks and lecture rooms, under the assumed name of the

V. A. M. C. Glee Club Meeting. We have all stood it bravely for some time, but we can stand it no longer. We meet to-night to agree upon some plan, by which we might exterminate the above named organization."

The cheers that followed this speech rose high above the roar and whistle of the wind; the doors and windows creaked and rattled under the applause. Many spoke on the subject and at last, it was decided not to destroy the Glee Club, but to invent means to improve it, for, as it was stated by one: "the angels are required to sing according to scripture, and these mortals would have a poor show if not taught better before knocking at the Golden Gate."

Several suggestions followed as to what course to pursue. After much debating it was decided to form a singing school and a committee was at once appointed to draw up a scheme for such an institution. The following constitution was submitted and unanimously adopted:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as the Plutonian Euterpean Academy.

ARTICLE 2.

Section 1:—The officers shall consist of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer.

Sec. 2:—The officers shall serve during life or good behavior.

ARTICLE 3.

Section 1:—There shall be a Board of Instructors consisting of Captain, Catcher, Pitcher, Toater, three Bassmen, Short Stop and three Feelers.

Sec. 2:—The members of this Board shall be elected at every eclipse of the moon.

ARTICLE 4.—DUTIES OF INSTRUCTORS.

Section 1:—The Captain shall act as Leader.

Sec. 2:—It shall be the duty of the Catcher to catch popular airs and submit them to the Board of Instructors for adoption or improvement.

Sec. 3:—It shall be the duty of the Pitcher to pitch the tune and,

Sec. 4:—It shall be the Toater's duty to toat the tune after being pitched by the Pitcher.

Sec. 5:—It shall be the duty of the Bassmen to hold down 1st, 2d and 3d basses, respectively.

Sec. 6:—It shall be the duty of the Short Stop to collar any man having incorrect tune and submit him to the College Glee Club for membership. (This is a very important office and the Short Stop must always be on the alert).

Sec. 7:—It shall be the duty of the Feelers to feel for the effects produced by the music and report their feelings to the Instructors immediately after each class.

ARTICLE 5.

Section 1:—The time for meeting shall be on the 2d and 5th days of each week at midnight.

Sec. 2:—The place of meeting shall not be within the limits of 3 miles from the College Campus and no less than fifty feet below the surface of the earth. (Kanode's coal-mine being the place adopted for meeting this session.)

ARTICLE 6.

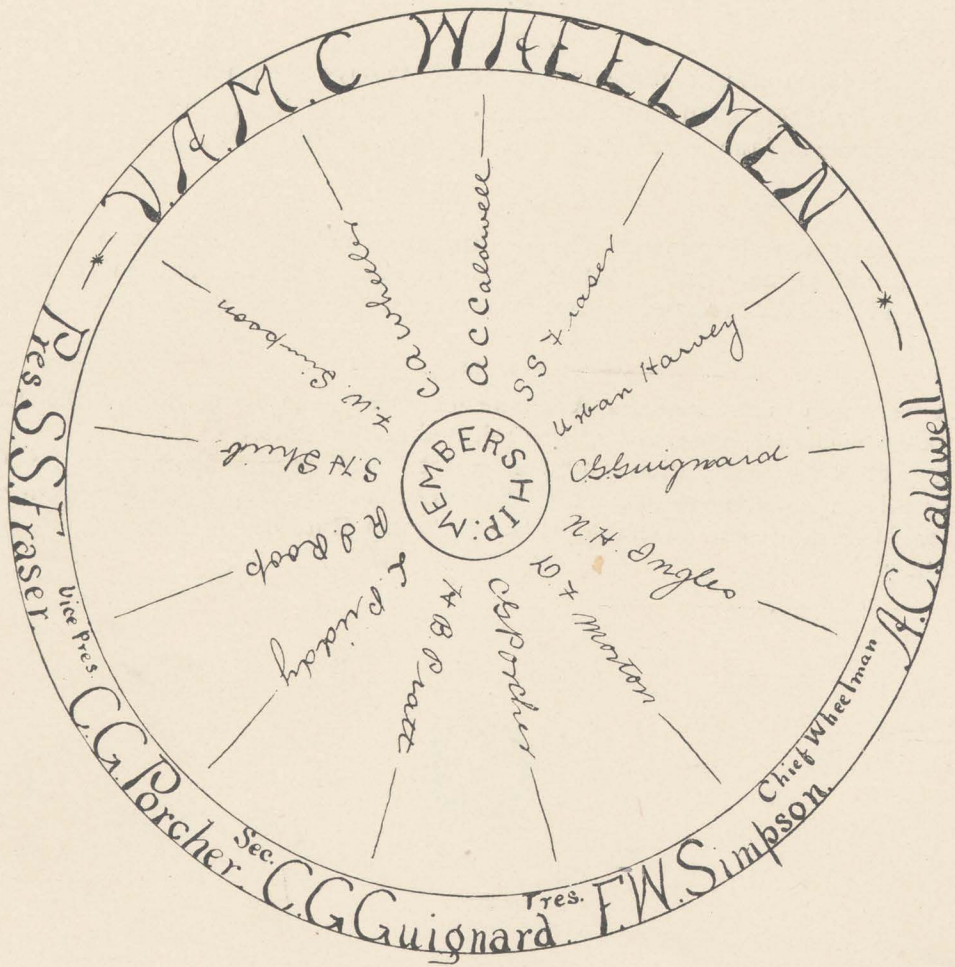
Any member absenting himself from any class of this school and not being able to give excuse satisfactory to Board of Instructors, shall be mercilessly condemned to attend no less than three consecutive meetings of the College Glee Club and endure all of the agony consequent upon attendance of such meetings. (No absentees have been noted up to date.)

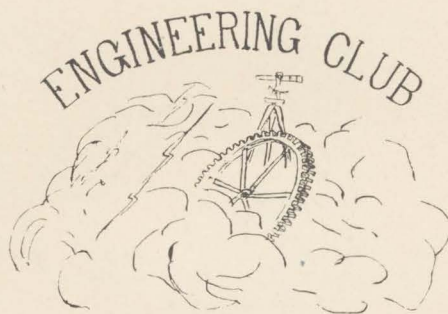
ARTICLE 7.

No person can become a member of this Academy unless rejected by the College Glee Club. (All persons having any musical talent whatever, have, so far, been rejected by this Club.)

The remaining part of the constitution is a "dead secret" to all except members of the Organization. The penalty for divulging this part of the constitution is far worse than absenting one's self from class. I fear such results, but any one wishing to become a member of the Plutonian Euterpean Academy, may obtain circulars by addressing the Secretary.







OFFICERS

H. B. PRATT, B. S., 94,
CLAUDIUS LEE, 96,
C. M. CHRISTIAN, 96,
R. E. MOORE, 96,

President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

PROF. L. L. RANDOLPH, M. E.
R. R. LEWIS, 96

O. C. THOMPSON, 96
H. B. PRATT, (Ex officio)

R. E. MOORE, (Ex-officio)

MEMBERS

APPERSON, A. H., B. S., 94
BARTON, PROF. S. M., Phd., C. E.
CALDWELL, A. C., 96
CARPER, J. B., 95
CONNOR, G. W., B. S., 92
ESKRIDGE, A. P., 96

FRASER, S. S., 95
GUY, J. R., 96
GUIGNARD, C. G., 95
HUBARD, P. C., M. E.
KERFOOT, E. J., 96
PATRICK, N. R., 96

PERRY, W. A., 95
RICHARDSON, C. J., 95
SHANKS, LIEUT. D. C., U. S. A.
TOMPKINS, C. S., 96
THOMPSON, T. A., 96
TURNER, F. P., 96
WRIGHT, R. E., B. S., 93



MOTTO—Long Live old Oirland and down with the Lexow Committeee

COLORS—Emerald Green

ANNUAL PARADE—March 17th,—St. Pathrick's Day.

MEMBERS

CONNOR, W. G.
KIRKPATRICK, W. R.
MCBRYDE, J. M., JR.
MCBRYDE, M.

MCCALL, F. C.
MCCONNELL, F. H.
MCCREADY, C. B.
MCDONNALD, C. E.
MCDOWELL, W. C.

MCGINN, F. L.
MCNEIL, B. F.
MOORE, R. E.
PATRICK, N. R.

Young Men's Christian Association

WAS organized some ten years ago. It has since been an acknowledged factor in the college. Its object is to promote a wholesome religious influence among the cadets. Since its organization, there has been constant work in this direction, with a reasonable degree of success.

Members are active and associate. Meetings in which all may participate, are held twice a week. Occasional lectures and addresses are given by professors and visitors.

It superintends all Bible study in the institution, and in addition, assists in the State work among the destitute, to the amount of thirty or forty dollars annually.

The officers for the present year are:—

WILLIAM E. DODD,

C. G. GUIGNARD,

LAWRENCE PRIDDY,

W. A. PERRY,

C. J. RICHARDSON,

PRESIDENT

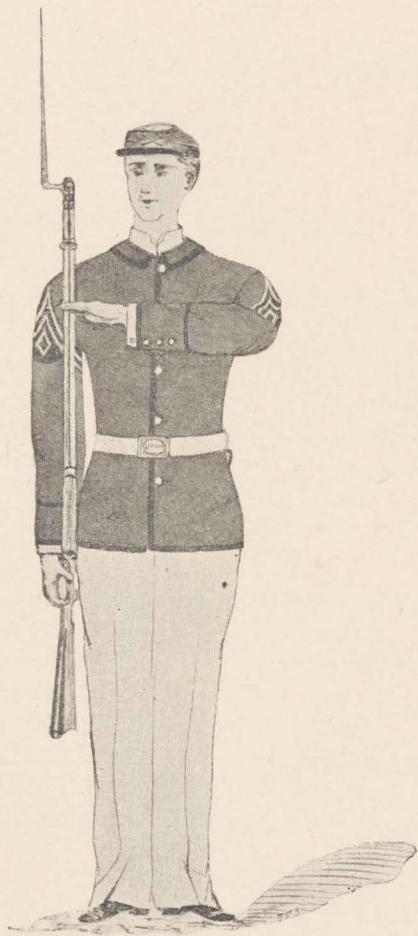
VICE-PRESIDENT

RECORDING SECRETARY

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

TREASURER





Military Organization

1st LIEUT. D. C. SHANKS, Eighteenth Infantry, Commandant

Cadet Staff and Non-Commissioned Staff

W. P. Waddy, Cadet Capt. and Adjutant
 C. A. Wheeler, Cadet Captain and Ordnance Officer
 R. I. Roop, Cadet 1st Lieutenant and Quartermaster
 L. Priddy,

W. A. Perry, Cadet 2d Lieutenant and Signal Officer
 Meade Ferguson, Cadet Quartermaster Sergeant
 D. F. Morton, Cadet Sergeant Major
 Cadet Color Sergeant

Line Officers

H. S. Gormley, - Captain Company C
 John C. Dabney, - " Battery E
 F. W. Simpson, - " Company A
 J. B. Carper, - " " D
 C. G. Guignard - " " B
 R. C. Stuart, - 1st Lieutenant Battery E
 W. E. Dodd, - 1st " Company B
 J. R. Guy, -

F. W. Smither, - 1st Lieutenant Company A
 R. E. Moore, - 1st " " D
 G. T. Surface, - 1st " " C
 L. D. Kline, - 2d " Battery E
 A. P. Eskridge, - 2d " Company C
 L. H. Lancaster, - 2d " " A
 S. S. Fraser, - 2d " " B
 2d Lieutenant Company D

Band Officers

J. W. SAMPLE, 1st LIEUTENANT

O. C. THOMPSON, 2d LIEUTENANT

MILITARY ORGANIZATION—Continued

Non-Commissioned Line Officers

C. E. Hardy,	-	1st Sergeant Battery E	W. R. Kirkpatrick,	-	Sergeant Company A
O. M. Stull,	-	1st " Company D	H. S. Driscoll,	-	" " B
F. P. Turner,	-	1st " " C	R. C. Reed,	-	" " D
N. R. Patrick,	-	1st " " A	B. F. McNeil	-	Corporal Battery E
R. R. Lewis,	-	1st " " B	H. E. Adams,	-	" " E
W. M. Scott,	-	" " A	N. S. Brown,	-	" Company C
C. Lee,	-	" Battery E	W. A. Lucas,	-	" " C
C. M. Christian,	-	" Company C	K. G. Hall,	-	" " D
T. A. Thompson,	-	" Battery E	C. A. Nash,	-	" " C
H. A. Johnson,	-	" " E	R. A. Wainwright,	-	" " B
J. H. Fraser,	-	" Company C	W. A. Earheart,	-	" " D
W. E. Barton,	-	" " A	B. A. Pope,	-	" " B
W. J. Wheeler,	-	" " B	R. H. Jordan,	-	" " D
J. L. Phillips,	-	" " A	J. B. Urquheart,	-	" " A
T. E. Dashiell,	-	" " B	F. L. Oliver,	-	" " A
S. C. Landreth,	-	" " D	E. V. Jones	-	" " A
J. G. Guerrant,	-	" Battery E	J. M. Baldwin,	-	" Battery E
M. B. K. Linkous,	-	" Company D	F. J. Chapman,	-	" " E
T. H. Epes,	-	" " D	J. M. Haynes,	-	" Company A
T. D. Martin,	-	" " C	R. Turnbull,	-	" " B
B. D. Miller,	-	" " C	R. M. Boykin,	-	Corporal Company B

Non-Commissioned Band Officers

		W. R. Karr,	-	Drum Major		
E. Price,	-	Sergeant		H. W. Turner,	-	Corporal
H. H. Hurt,	-	Corporal		C. S. Tompkins,	-	Sergeant
		J. C. C. Blair,	-	Corporal		

MILITARY ORGANIZATION—Continued

SUMMARY

	Commissioned Staff	Non-Commissioned Staff	Unassigned	Band	Battery	Company				Total
						A	B	C	D	
Officers	4	2	3	3	3	3	3	21
Non-Commissioned Officers	3	...	3	9	9	9	8	8	49
Privates	12	13	28	42	44	42	46	227
Grand Total	4	3	12	18	40	54	56	53	57	297

ADDITIONAL OFFICERS

Lieutenant Colonel, E. A. Smyth

Major J. P. Harvey

Major C. G. Porcher

Lieutenant Colonel, John W. Stull, Ass't Commandant

Major F. D. Wilson

Major A. H. Apperson

U. S. A. Commandants

Captain John T. Gresham, 7th U. S. Cavalry

1st Lieutenant John A. Harman, 7th U. S. Cavalry

1st Lieutenant John T. Knight, 2d U. S. Cavalry

1st Lieutenant D. C. Shanks, 18th U. S. Infantry

MILITARY ORGANIZATION—Continued

Companies holding for past five years the battalion medal for best drilled cadet company in Virginia, won over the V. M. I., at Richmond, Va., by Company C, Captain E. A. Roads.

1889-'90, Company A,	-	-	Captain G. H. DERRICK
1890-'91, Company B,	-	-	Captain J. A. MASSIE
1891-'92, Company B,	-	-	Captain R. E. WRIGHT
1892-'93, Company B,	-	-	Captain J. W. STULL
1893-'94, Company C,	-	-	Captain S. VANCE LOVENSTEIN



With Stella at the Play



UPON the stage the queen of song
Shines, in her costly gems resplendent,
A queen that boasts a thousand slaves
Enraptured by her charms transcendent.
Yet still I turn away, to where
Sweet, simple Stella sits beside me,
Who marks my roving eyes desert
The brilliant scene, and feigns to chide me.

I glance at all the sparkling throng
That tread, far off the mazy measure,
But Stella's face can thrill my heart
With keener, closer, subtler pleasure.
I watch her cheek's soft curve, and lips
Half parted in her breathless gazing—
She sees the beauty of the stage,
And Speaks with sweet, unenvious praising.

She bids me note the graceful arm,
One perfect curve from wrist to shoulder:
I look, to please her—then turn back
Where love still draws me, growing bolder.
There is her own sweet hand, unglowed,
So close—its softest touch is thrilling.
In the dim light it lies at last
In mine, unmarked, but not unwilling.

So let the crowded house go wild,
When the stage queen her love embraces—
My eyes see naught but Stella's charms,
The changing scene of Stella's graces.
The curtain falls; the play is done—
For me 'tis only now beginning,
That old, old drama, ever new,
The wooing of my love, and winning.

FRANCIS EDMUND LESTER, *Peterson Magazine.*

Statistics

THE construction of this word is very significant of the labor in compiling the facts it is intended to cover. Many were the feverish headaches and "Sunday-school words" occasioned by this laborious occupation, and if the result does not prove satisfactory to its readers, the writer of this begs a single favor,—that you refrain from adding to his miserable moments spent in adding long columns, computing averages and counting votes by hurling harsh criticisms at the facts found below.

The total number of matriculated students at this writing, is 324, of whom there are 16 post-graduates, 18 seniors, 27 juniors, 69 sophomores, 111 freshmen, 29 special students, and 54 sub-freshmen. Total, 324.

The representation from Virginia is 273; from South Carolina, 18; from North Carolina, 12; from Georgia, 5; from Maryland, 4; from Florida, 2; from the District of Columbia, 2; from Louisiana, 1; from Kentucky, 1; from West Virginia, 1; from Texas, 1; from Pennsylvania, 1; from California, 1; from Cuba, 1; and from Scotland, 1. Total, 324.

The range of ages was found to be wide and is as follows: 14 years, 5; 15 years, 20; 16 years, 44; 17 years, 71; 18 years, 52; 19 years, 41; 20 years, 29; 21 years, 28; 22 years, 13; 23 years, 7; 24 years, 7; 25 years, 5; 32 years, 2. The average age,—18 years, 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ months.

By church affiliations the families represented are: Methodist families, 86; Episcopal families, 78; Presbyterian families, 74; Baptist families, 47; Lutheran families, 16; Disciples families, 11; Catholic families, 6; Jewish families, 5; Unitarian family, 1.

Of the whole number of students, 144 are members of some church.

By courses, the students are classified as follows: Electrical Engineering, 64; Mechanical Engineering, 55; Sub-freshmen, 54; Elective course, 49; Applied Chemistry, 23; Agriculture, 21; Post Graduates, 16; Civil Engineering, 16; General Science, 14; Practical Mechanics, 7; Practical Agriculture, 3; Horticulture, 2.

Mr. L. D. Kline having received the largest number of votes, is declared the handsomest cadet in college. Mr. John C. Dabney, having received the second largest number of votes, occupies second place.

As the ugliest cadet, Mr. J. R. Guy won his laurels in the election with Messrs. W. R. Kirkpatrick and W. A. Perry, who received about the same number of votes, as his principal opponents.

Captain John C. Dabney received the largest number of votes for the best officer in the battalion, Captain H. S. Gormley following close behind.

The most popular professor is declared to be Professor Smyth, who was followed by the next largest number of votes by Dr. Sheib.

For the best looking "rat," the race was close and interesting. Mr. Avis, however, won the day with Mr. Craighill not far behind.

The hardest student was evidently hard to decide upon, but Mr. F. P. Turner was adjudged most fitted for this position and Mr. F. W. Smither, was declared the next ranking man.

For the enviable position of the college dude, it was clear before many votes were cast, that Mr. W. P. Waddy would be the successful candidate, Mr. A. C. Caldwell, however, made a noble run and is entitled to second place.

In the race for the most popular cadet, Mr. F. W. Smither was chosen for first place, and Mr. C. M. Christian his next-door neighbor.

Mr. F. W. Simpson received the largest number of votes for the most intellectual cadet, Mr. F. W. Smither followed with the next largest vote.

For the laziest man in college, the candidates were few. The corps seemed to be almost unanimously of the opinion that the following gentlemen, in the order in which their names occur, are the laziest and next laziest of our number. Mr. W. L. Mayer and Mr. F. Cunningham.

Messrs. T. E. Dashiell and H. A. Johnson, were adjudged best and next best foot-ball players respectively.

Some of the votes for the greatest need of the college were witty in the extreme, and showed that we have some quite original minds in college. The prevailing opinion, however, seems to be that the greatest need is a gymnasium with baths and the next greatest, a better mess.



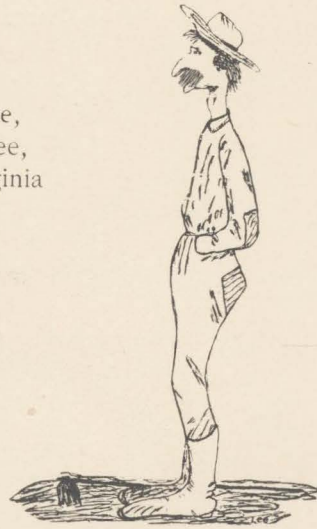
Reactions

Long Yell

Rip, Rah, Ree,
Vah, Vah, Vee,
Vir-gin-i-a
A. M. C.
Vir-gin-i-a
Vir-gin-i-a
Ree, Ree,
A. M. C.

Short Yell

Rip, Rah, Ree,
Vah, Vah, Vee,
Virginia, Virginia
A. M. C.



Are we in it?
Yes we are
We're from Blacksburg,
Ha, Ha, Ha.

O me, oh my,
How we (will) Hoodo
V. M. I.
(If we ever get a
chance.)

To the tune of John Brown, dedicated to St.
Albans, during the 42 to 0 game:

Send St. Albans back to Radford,
Send St. Albans back to Radford,
Send St. Albans back to Radford,
To teach them to play ball.

The College Foot-Ball Song

1

Big Johnson worked the centre
And Harvey worked the end,
But Guignard took the ball o'er the line.

Chorus: A touch-down we want,
A touch down we'll get,
And Martin will kick the goal.



2

Stull showed up his strength,
Patrick made his length,
And Massie threw them both o'er the line.

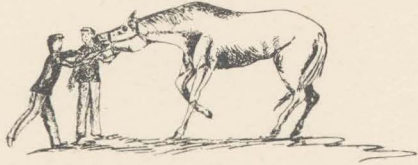
Chorus:

3

Sid and Dash played for a kick,
James and Watts got in their trick
And "Rooster" crowed the same old tune.

Chorus:

REACTIONS—Continued



Practising Dental Surgery in the Stable

My, my, that's rank!! that's rank!!!

A fair damsel's remark from the side lines just after a tackle, "Oh, I don't like that Mr. Massie, I think he is horrid, he is so *rude*."

To "Daisy Bell."

Guin-ey, Har-vey,
Give us a touch-down, do.
We are half cra-zy
Just to see you go through;
It won't be a very hard matter,
For Johnson will make them scatter
And you will look fine,
Be-hind the line,
When Massie has guided you
through.

"We are the team of Ninety-four that fears no harm."

Well, well, well,
Who can tell,
All but the Berry Club
Are going to h—

Zwei mal, zwei sind vier,
Zwei mal, zwei sind vier,
Bier für zwei, Pretzels zwei,
Pretzels und zwei Bier.





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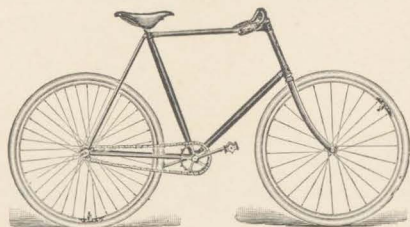
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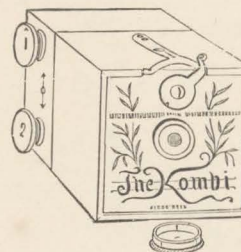
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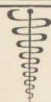


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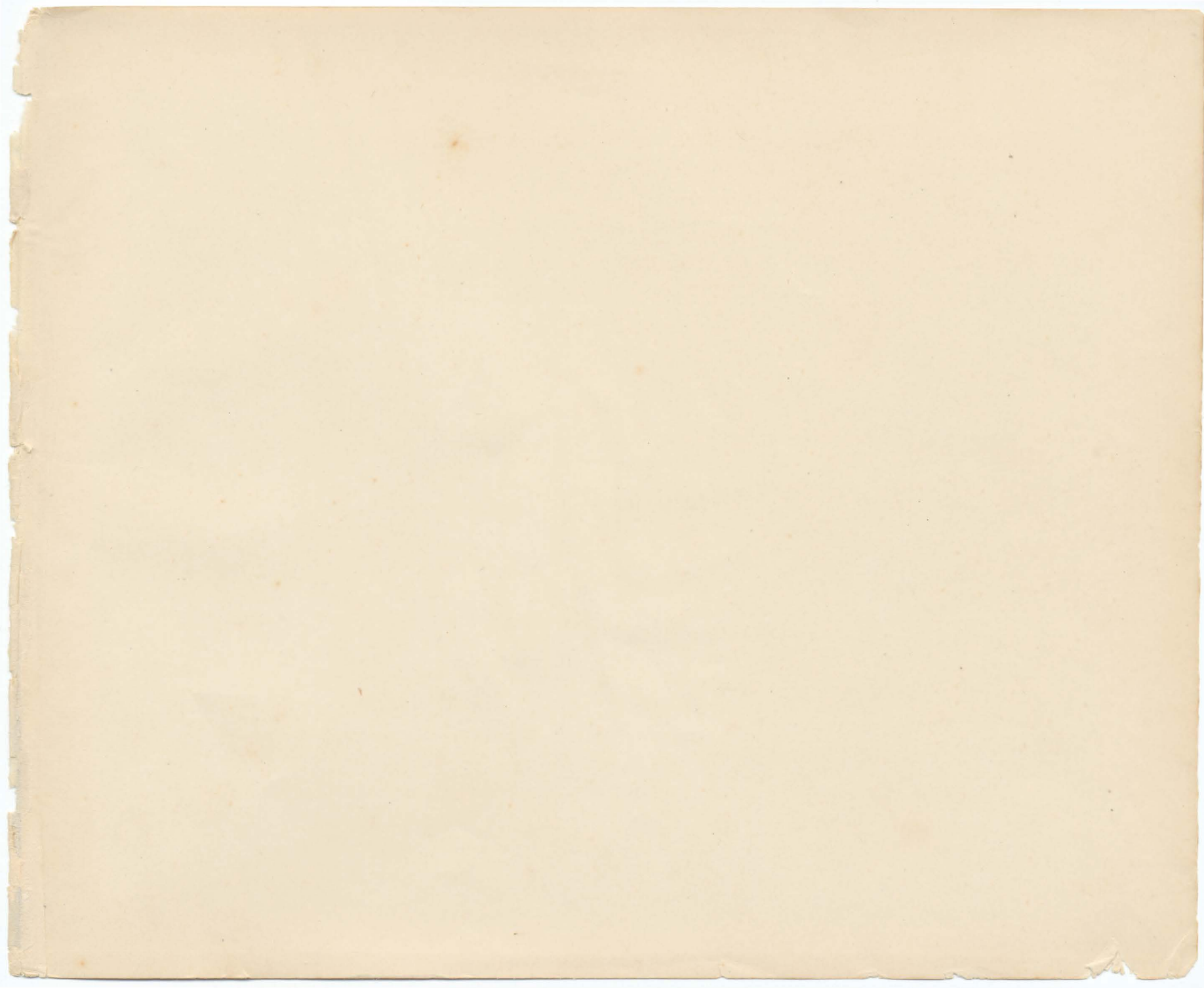
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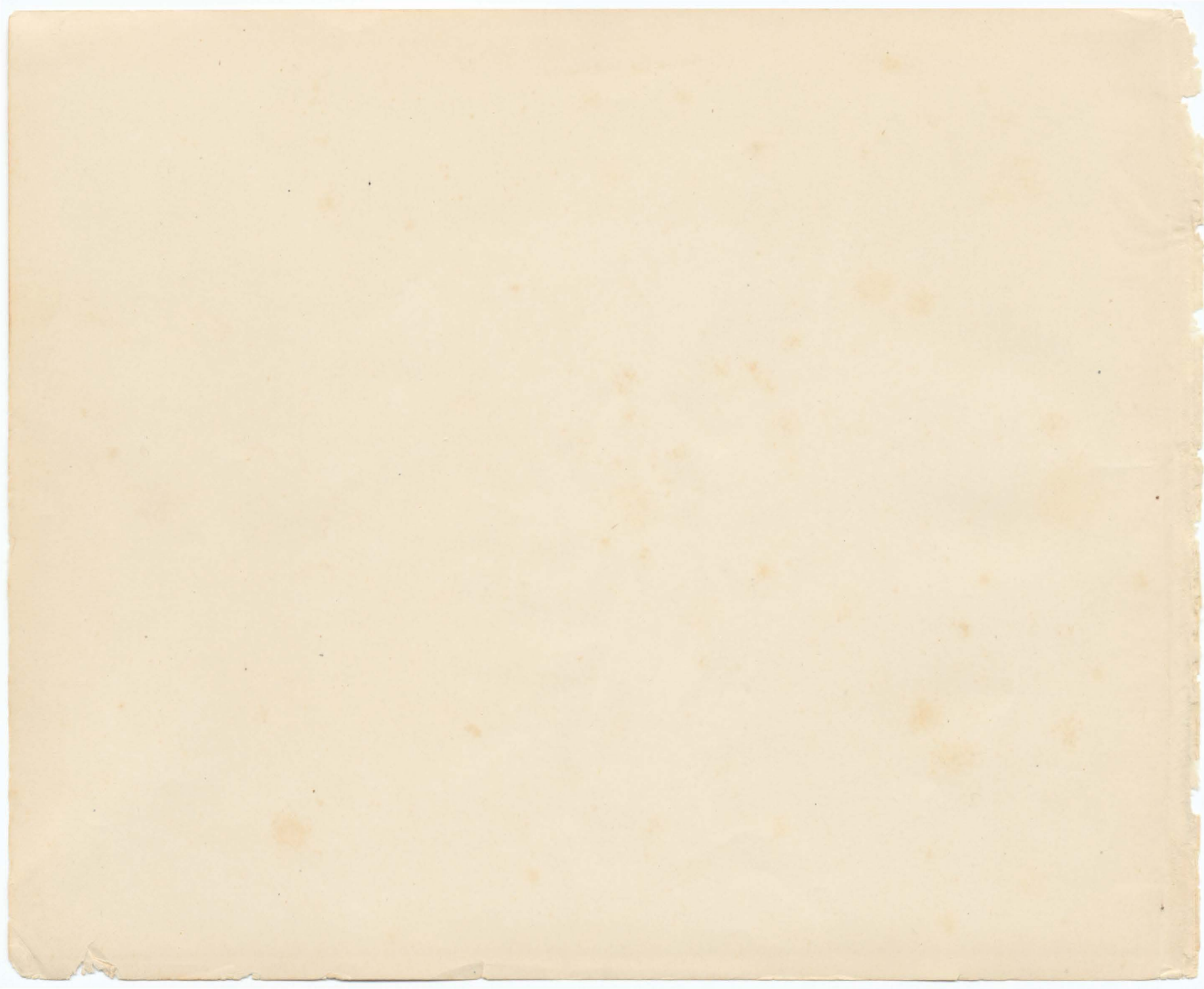
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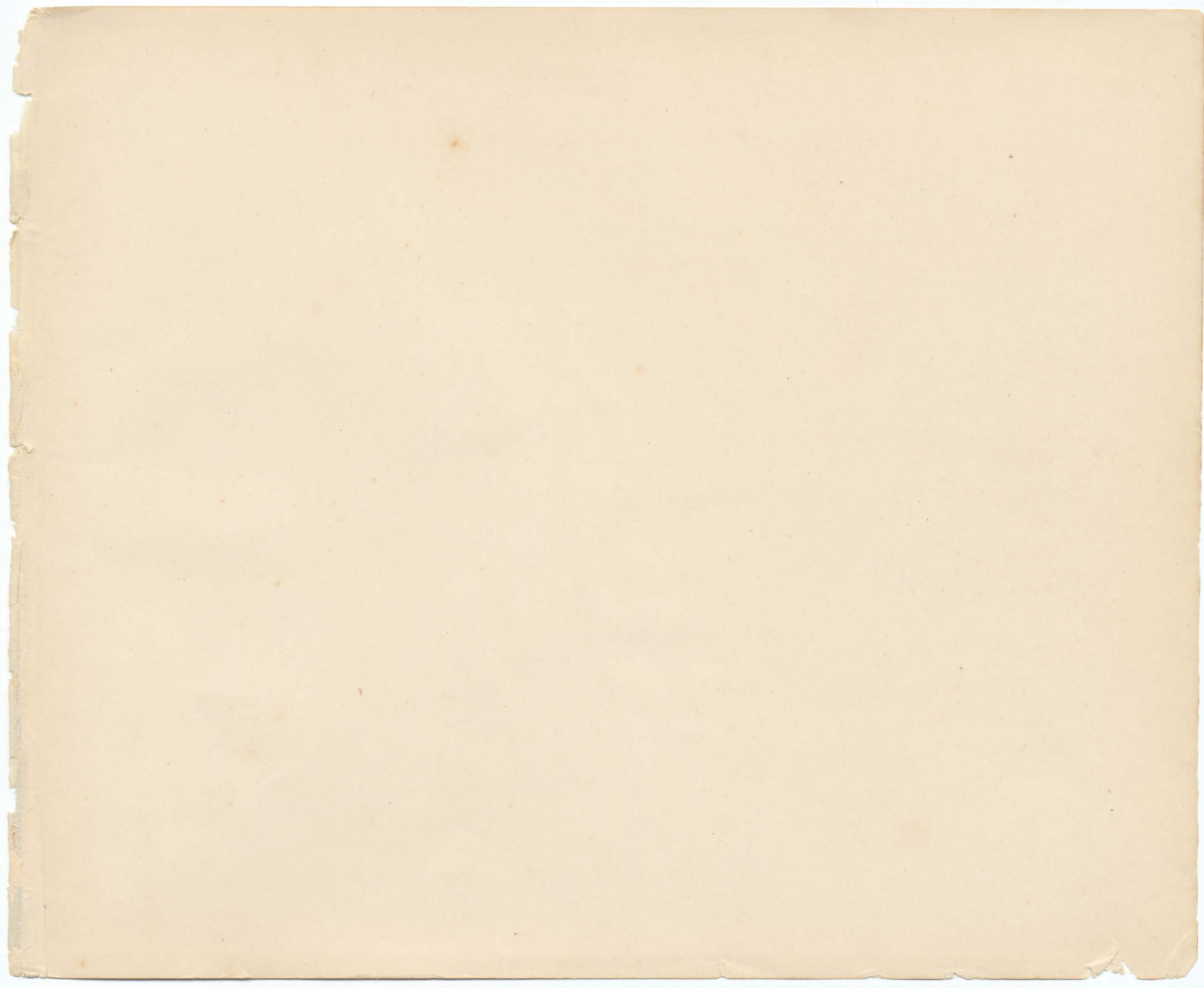
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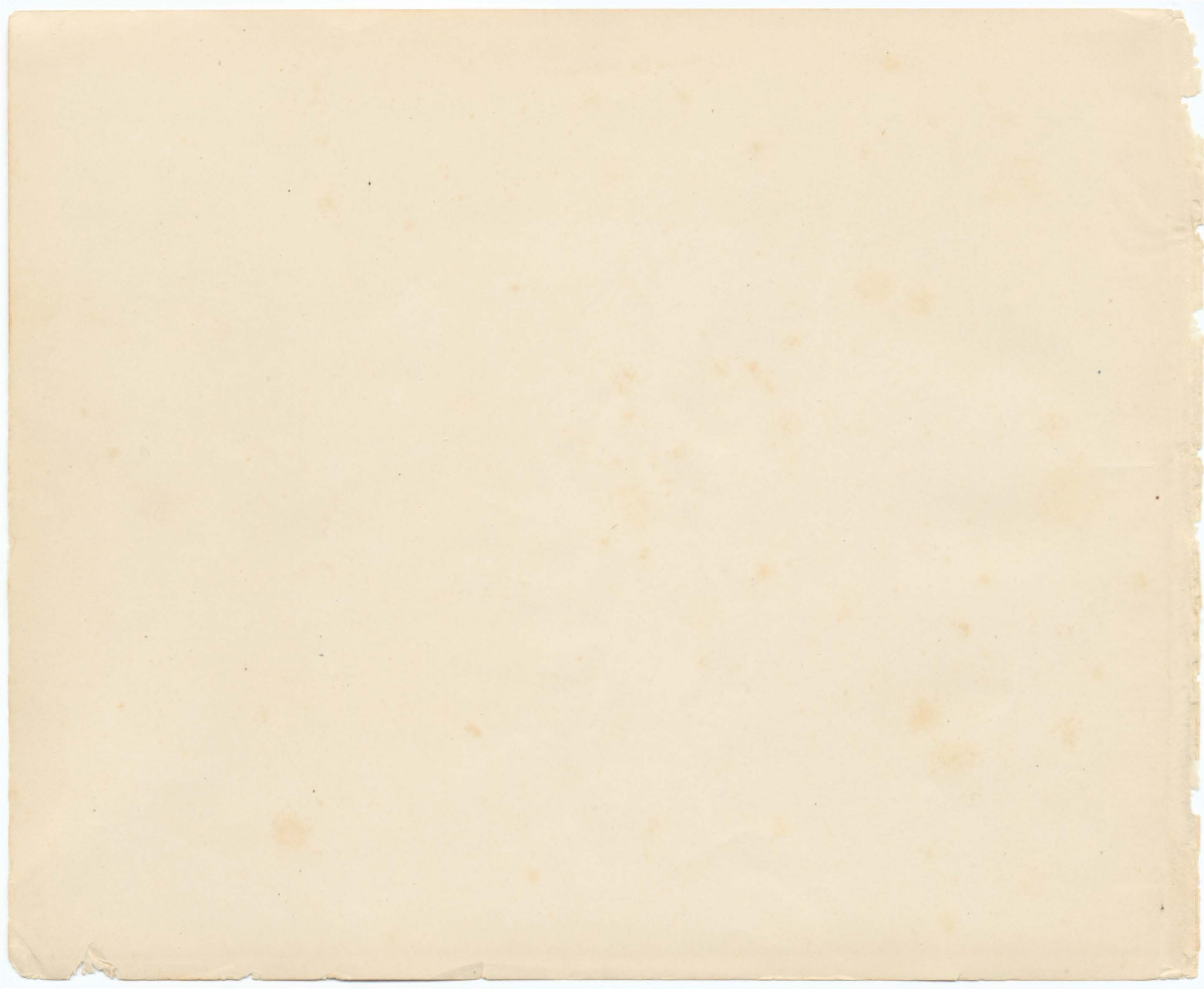
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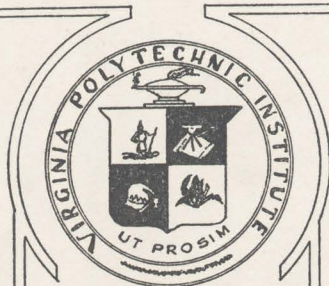
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