

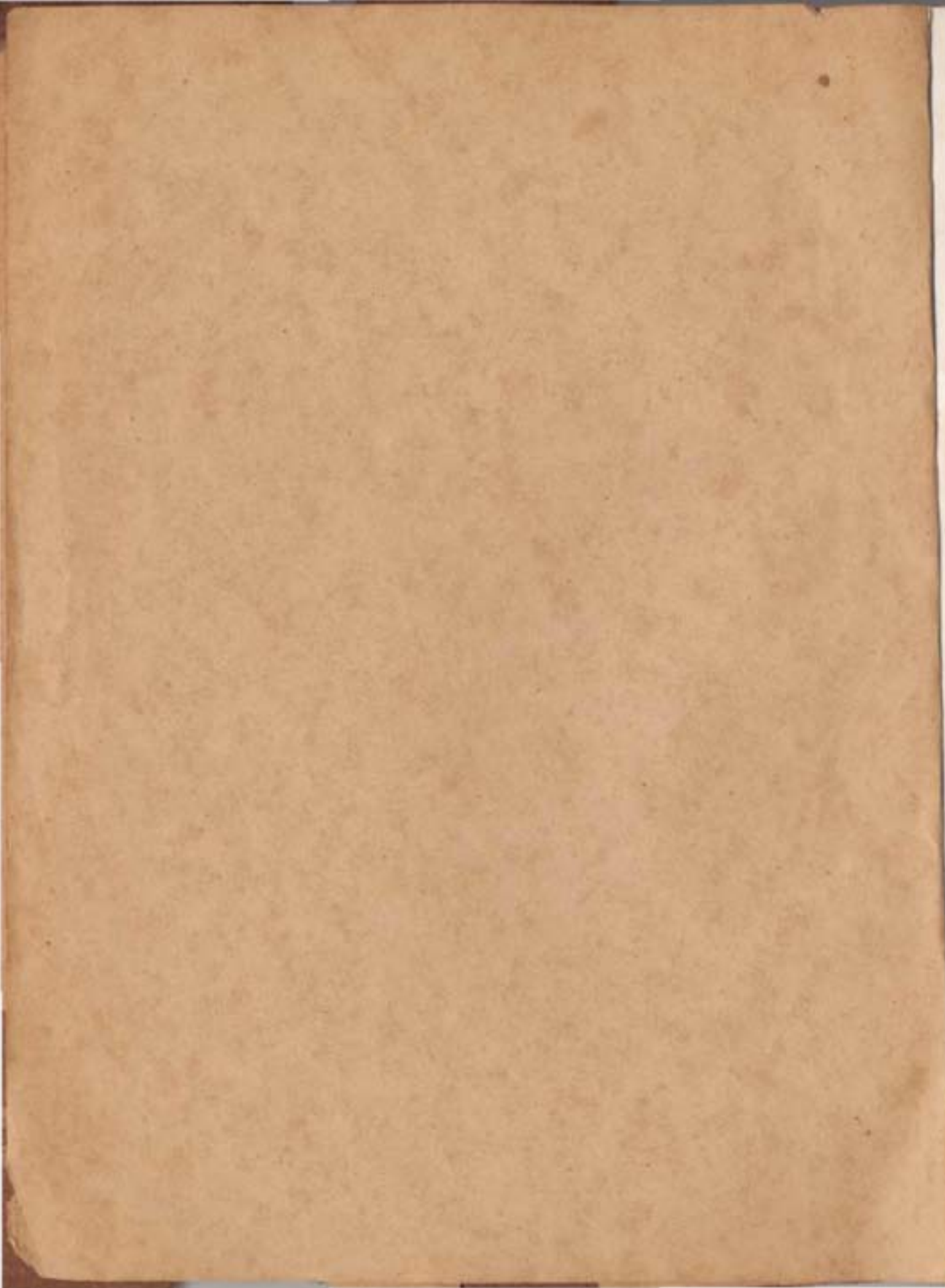


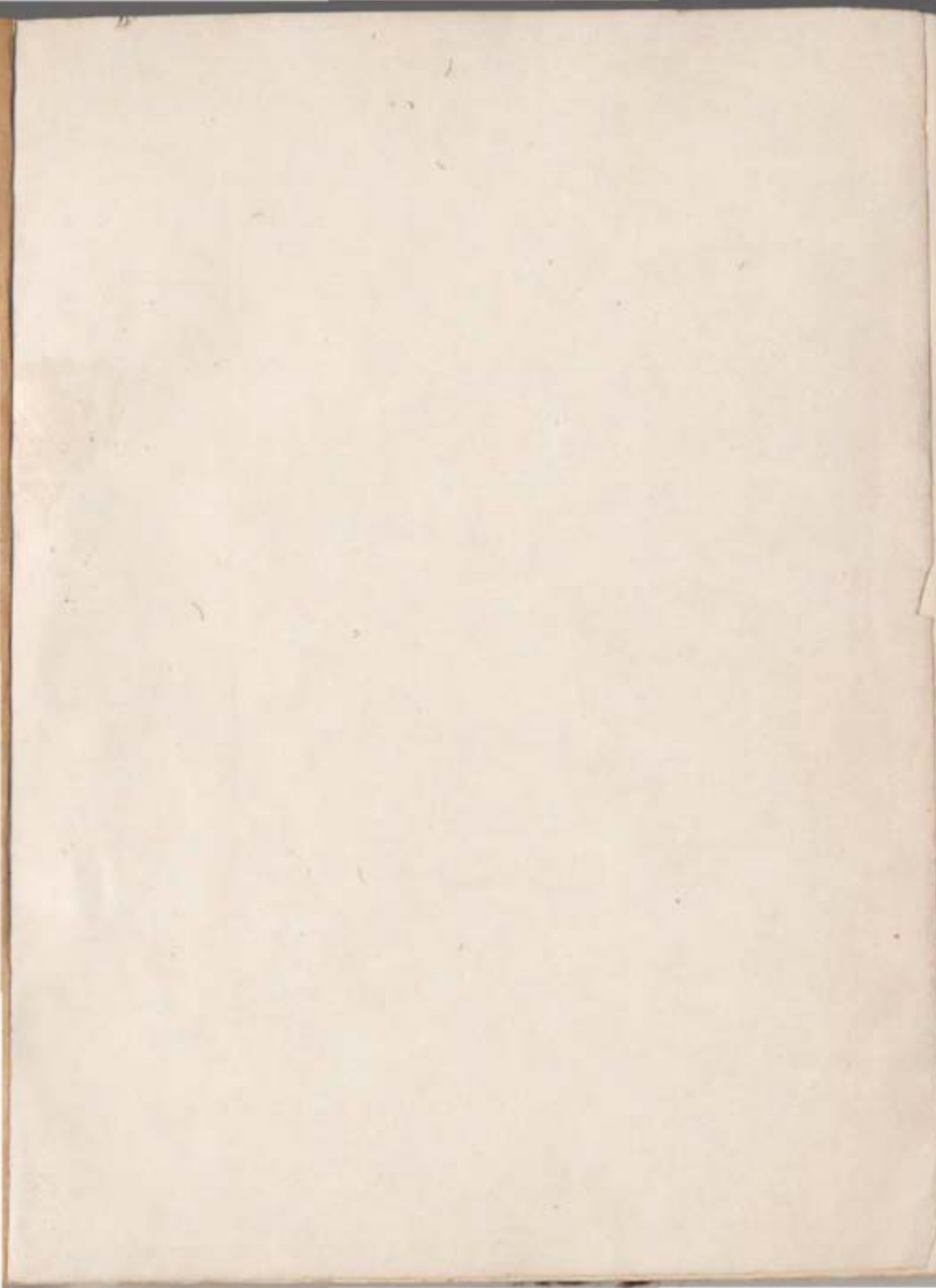
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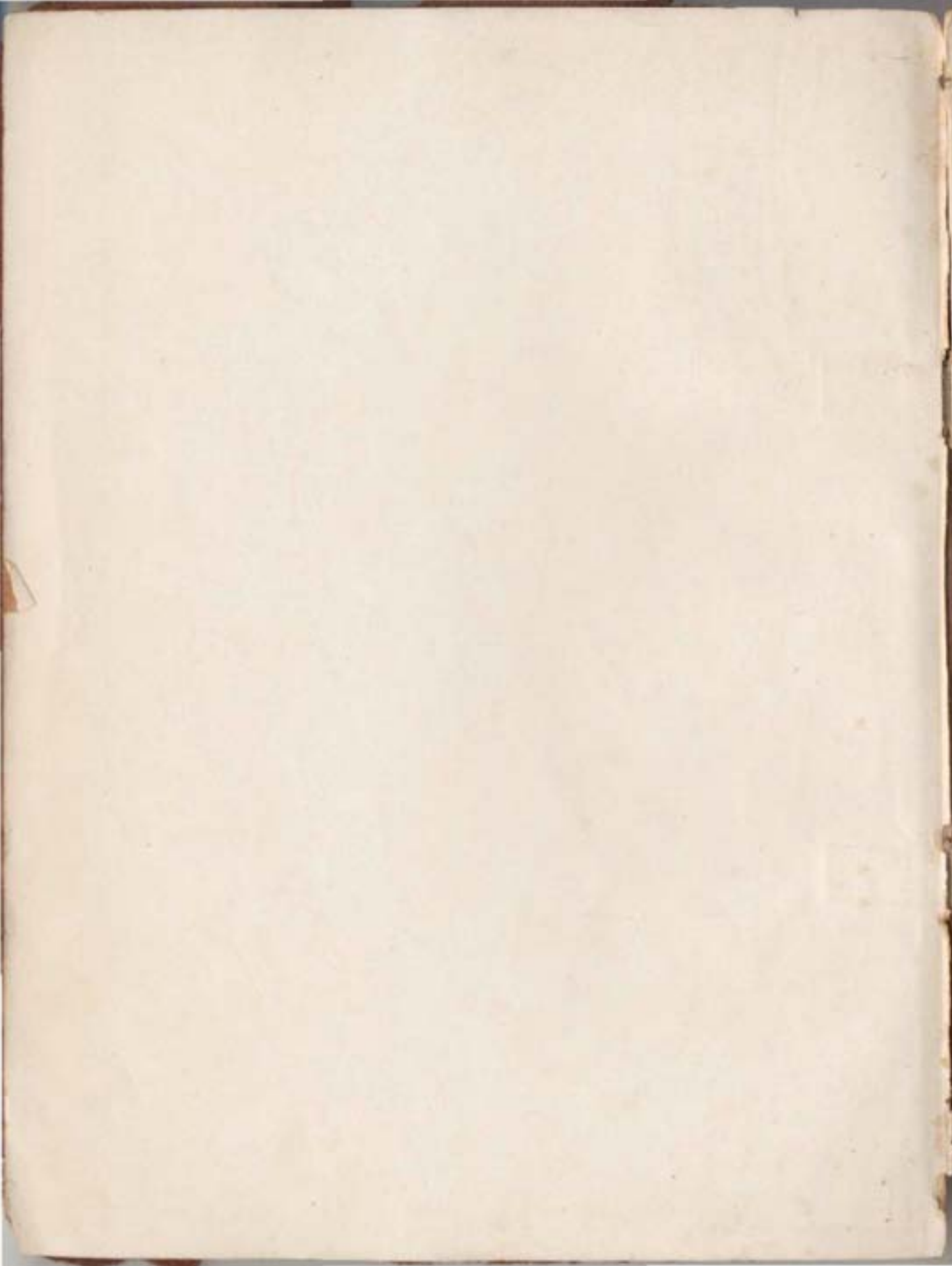
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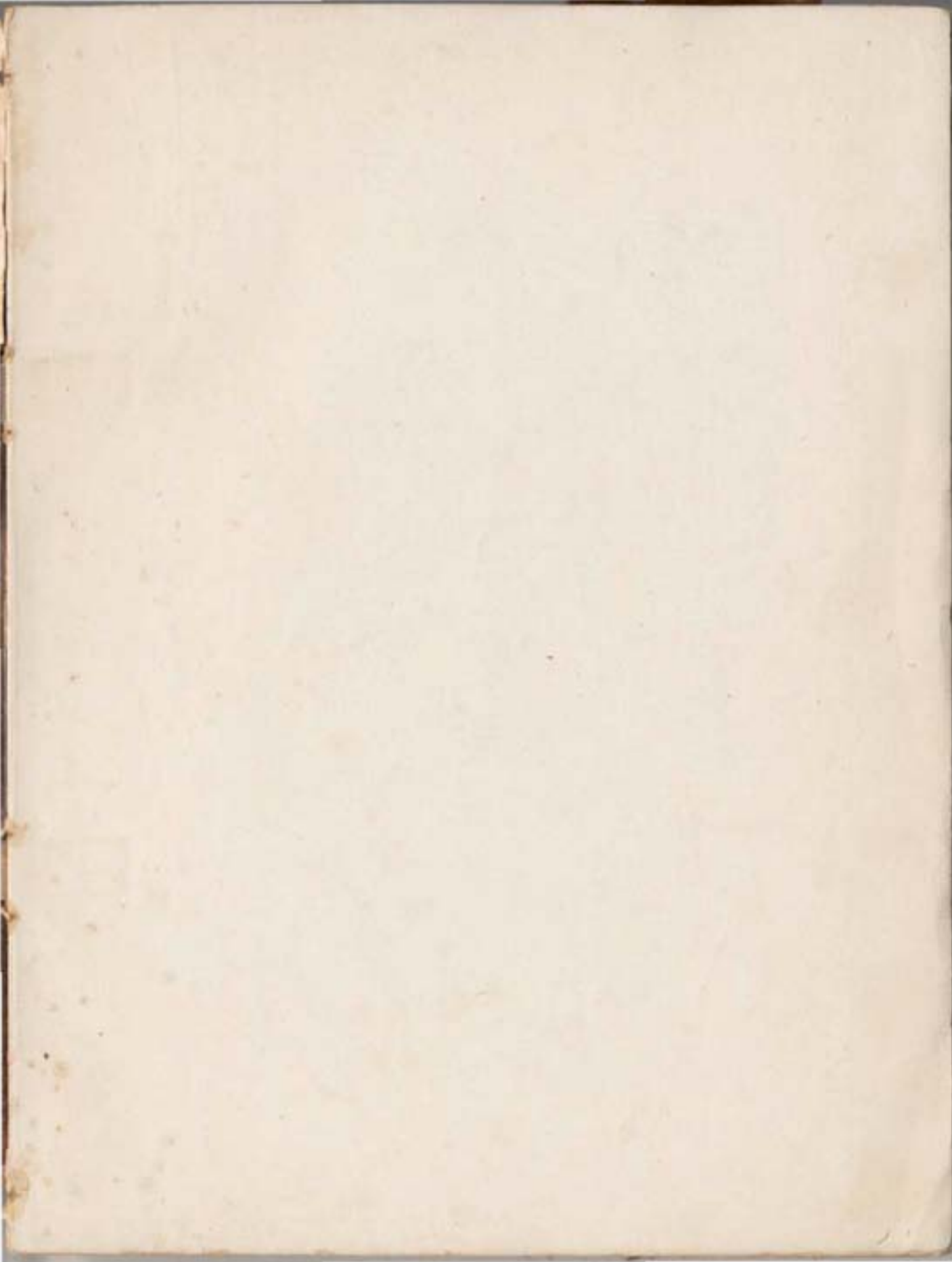


^{sup}
Mr W. F. Henderson
Compliments of
"The Board"











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of
"The Cowboy"

THE BUGLE.



Published Annually
By the Corps of Cadets
of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Dedication

TO OUR ALUMNI AND FORMER STUDENTS, WHOSE SUCCESS IN VARIOUS PATHS OF LIFE—SUCCESS AS DESERVED AS IT HAS BEEN COMPLETE—HAS DONE SO MUCH TOWARDS UPHOLDING THE REPUTATION OF OUR ALMA MATER AND PROMOTING ITS RAPID GROWTH, THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED WITH ESTEEM AND AFFECTION

BOARD OF EDITORS.

Some of Our Alumni and Former Students

- H. L. MAYNARD, '80, member of Legislature.
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F. WILSON, '99, Assistant Chemist, Carnegie Steel Co.
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E. V. JONES, '97, Draftsman in Trigg Ship-Building Offices.
W. C. BERNETT, '00, Assistant in Road Material Laboratory, Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.
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- J. E. BOSSACK, '99, Chemist at Bessemer, Ala.
 R. H. PRICE, '88, Professor of Horticulture and Mycology, Texas A. & M. College.
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 J. R. SHEFFIELD, '88, Manager Baker-Vawter Co., New York.
 J. G. GUERRANT, '97, Lawyer in Christiansburg.
 J. H. TABB, left in '97, is with the Illinois Central R. R.
 J. F. WHITE, Class of '98, is at Montgomery, W. Va.
 H. O. LOCHER, Jr., is engaged in building an immense dam in the Nassau River,
 Massachusetts.
 R. H. JORDAN, '97, Lieutenant, Artillery, Fort Slocum, N. Y.
 BENJAMIN COUSINS is Cashier in Bank at Lynchburg.
 J. R. PAGE, Class of '00, in charge of Electric Plant, Christiansburg, Va.

[NOTE.—We had intended to have a full and complete representation of the alumni and former students; but, through the failure at the last moment of one of the alumni who had promised to prepare this representation for us, we have been forced to substitute what we realize to be totally inadequate and insufficient.]

Greeting

We are men of warlike training,
And of manners somewhat brusque;
We are taught that things worth gaining
Are the grains and not the husk;
Therefore we salute you, reader,
With the hand and not the bow;
But will give you (as a leader)
Smile for smile in "how d'ye do."

Scan our lines with lavish feelings,
For 'tis youth that speaks to you;
Censure not our crude revealings,
Since at least our aim is true.
Give us your large heart and we will
Empty all our life in it;
Yet—and yet, oh, keep your free will—
No one pleads for Holy Writ.



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BUGLE BOARD

EDITORIAL

WE have endeavored in this issue of "THE BUCKLE" to get out an annual that differs as much as possible from all previous "Buckles." Not because we were dissatisfied with the old, but because we believe in Progress. Also, "variety is the spice of life." Holding to our policy of differing from old methods, we refuse to offer the customary apology for our work; but present it, O, readers, plain and unvarnished. We do not even express the hope that it may find favor in your eyes; for, if it does not, we pity your lack of taste. It has been our aim to publish a volume which will please our friends, the Faculty, who have always so liberally supported college athletics and publications; and we trust we have done it. We have also endeavored to provide military officialdom with the means of passing a pleasing hour; and we believe we have done it. We have tried to correct certain faults in different members of the student body by gently calling their attention to those faults; and we hope we have done it. And lastly, we wished to provide a "Children's Page" at the end for the amusement of the "minnows;" we are very sorry to state that lack of time prevented us doing it. We have presented our purposes in writing this volume; and have stated that we believe we have accomplished those purposes. Now, we leave the book in the hands of its readers. Not "with fear and trembling," but with justifiable pride we present you the work of our hearts and hands. May it be as pleasing to you as it is to us; and may it be as profitable to you as the experience of human nature we have gained in preparing it has been to us.

THE EDITORS.



YELLS

Hokie, Hokie, Hokie, Hi,
Techs! Techs! V. P. L!
Sola-Rex, Sola-Rah,
Polytechs—Vir-gin-i-a!!
Rae! Ri! V. P. L!!!

We buck their line, we do,
We buck their line, we do,
When the line is weak we buck
very well,
When the line is strong we buck
like hell,
We buck their line, we do.

BENEATH THE OAKS

How dare you ask me if 'tis solitude
To wander in the many-peopled wood,
And that alone! This wide ancestral hall,
Where roamed the giants of old, though musical
No more save by the woodthrush and the wind,
Is full of echoes that the subtle mind
Can feel, and doth contain a quickened soul,
Towards the morning and the human goal
Groping blindly. Oh, to be alone
And with a heart to catch the voiceless tone
Of the deep underworld, and know and feel
That we are one with God's great Commonwealth!
Then will we sink our petty jealousies,
And, as the mighty oaks and mountains rise,
With elbow-room a-plenty, jostling not,
When we with God unite in this deep thought.

DR. MURRYDE'S RESIDENCE







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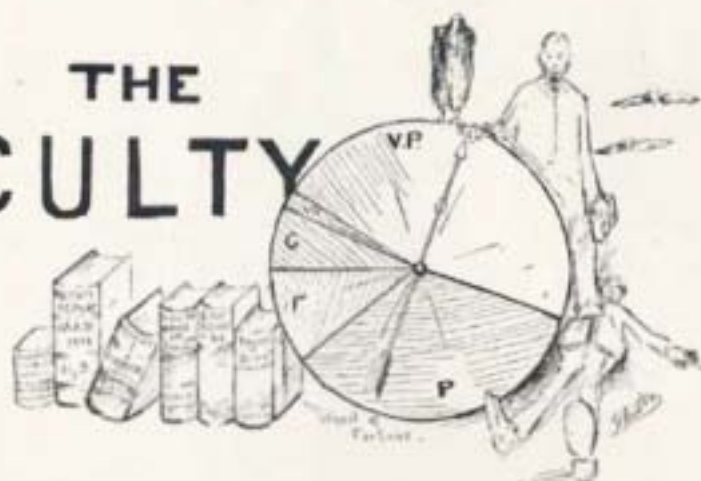
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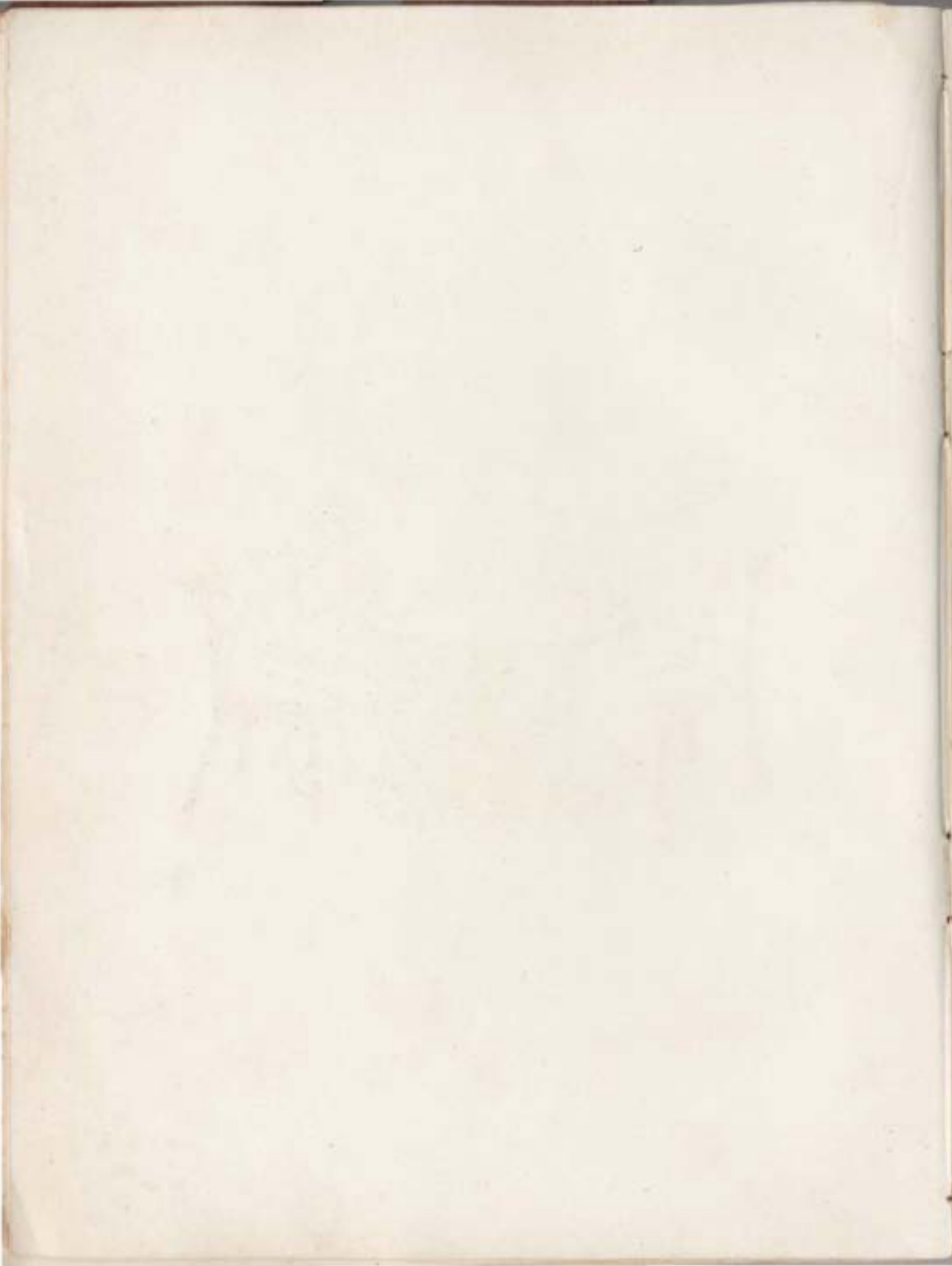
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Assistant in Foundry Work.

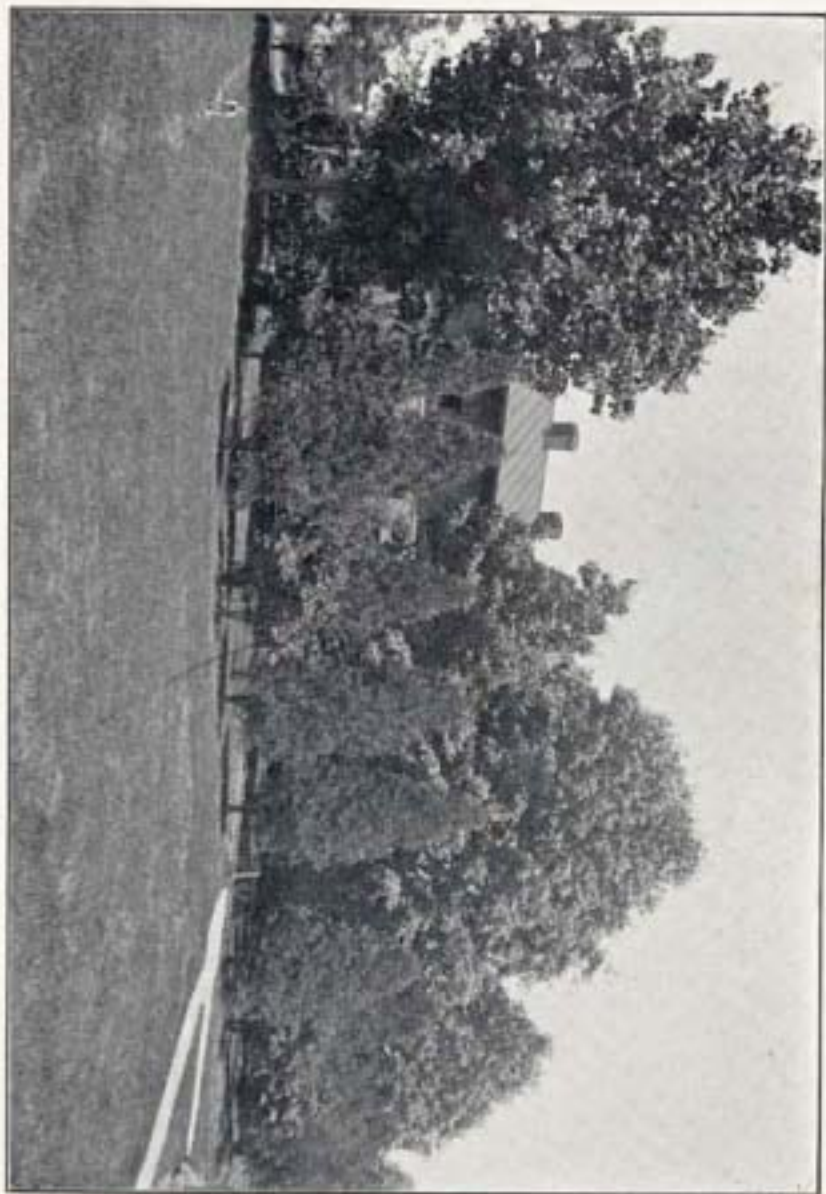
H. S. FAULKNER,
Assistant in Forge Work.

T. G. WOOD, B. S.,
Assistant in Botany and English.



ASSISTANT PROFESSORS, INSTRUCTORS AND ASSISTANTS





ADMINISTRATION BUILDING





NAUGHTY TWO



Homer Arvidson, Jr 1902 —

SENIOR GIRL

THE SENIOR GIRL

The Senior Girl! We know her;
We know her winsome smile,
Our life lies in her favor,
And life is worth the while.

We know her and we love her;
We revel in her glance;
For her we play with fortune,
And love is worth a chance.

Her heart is pure and tender,
Her innocence makes ours.
How cunning as she deftly
Plays tricks with "hearts and flowers"!

I know her, yes, this Senior,
Her eyes are deep and true;
Her laugh is oh! so charming!
E'en when it is on you.

Her head is crowned with glory;
Fair locks, where sunbeams play,
Make merry with those tresses,
And softly float away.

O, if I could but clasp her,
And breathe this heart's desire!
For her my yearning spirit
Hath braved love's living fire.

Yes, Senior Girl, we greet you,
Adorn you while we may,
For life hath many changes,
And evening follows day.

Then, Senior Girl, dear fairy,
Speak! That I hear your voice;
In it lie "joy and gladness."
Then I, too, can rejoice!

E. C. H.

Class of 1902

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WILLIAM THOMAS YOUNG	Secretary and Treasurer
FRANK DONALDSON BROWN	Sergeant-at-Arms
WILLIAM FRAZIER TAMS	Historian

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Garnet and Black.

MOTTO

Primus Inter Pares.

YELL

Rip, Rap, Ri! Ripety, Rapety, Roo!
Graduating Class, Naughty Two,
We are the stuff! Win or Bust!
To keep our Rep, try we Must.

MEMBERS



ARVIN, ADRIAN OTIS.....DORMEX BROWN
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Staff.

"No man has a right to be idle if he can find work to do."

BARTON, RANDALL McGAVOCK.....DORMEX
Civil Engineering.

Captain, Company A.

"He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar and give direction."





BEVERLEY, ROBERT BLAND.....Carter

General Science.

President Rappahannock Valley Club, '01-02.

"We live to eat, not eat to live."

BLAND, JAMES MOSCURE.....Stachelronis

Prep. Medicine.

Captain, Company D; Local Editor *Gray Jacket*,
'01-02; President Lee Literary Society, '01-02;
Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '01-02.

"They always talk who never think."





DOLTON, JAMES..... *Richmond*

Civil Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Battery E; Manager Football Team, '01; Secretary Maury Literary Society, '01; Treasurer Maury Literary Society, '01; Executive Committee Athletic Association, '00-01.

"Make not such extravagant statements and thou wilt be more believed."

BROOKE, ROBERT THOMAS..... *Scruggs*

Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company A; Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Secretary and Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '00-01; Exchange Editor *Gray Jacket*, '01-02; President Pittsylvania Club, '01-02; Vice-President Pittsylvania Club, '00-01; Treasurer Pittsylvania Club, '98-99.

"Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up."





BROWN, DAVID TUCKERBusiness

Electrical Engineering.

Vice-President Bedford Club, '01-02.

" 'Tis the voice of the sluggard,
I hear him complain,
You have waked me too soon,
I must slumber again."

BROWN, FRANK DONALDSON, Baltimore, Md.

Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company A; President Maryland Club, '01-02; Secretary and Treasurer Thespian Club, '00-01; Local Editor *Gray Jacket*, '00-01; Secretary Manry Literary Society, '00-01.

"His looks do argue him replete with modesty."





BROWN, HENRY PERONNEAUBaccalaureus
General Science.

Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps; President Bedford Club, '01-02; Secretary and Treasurer German Club, '01-02.

"Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy."

BROWN, JOHN THOMPSONBaccalaureus, M.S.
Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Signal Corps; Editor-in-Chief *Dagbladet*, '02; Associate Editor *Dagbladet*, '01; Class Historian, 1900; President Engineering Club, '01-02.

"Silence is wisdom—at the proper season."





BRYANT, JOSEPH MORTIMER...MARTINSVILLE

Civil Engineering.

Assistant Manager Football Team, '01.

"Ich bin schon da."

BUCHANAN, ROBERT HUTCHESON,

BUSINESSMAN

Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Staff; President Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Secretary Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Historian Rockbridge and Augusta Clubs, '00-01.

"If you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies."





BURRALL, JOHN DICKINSONRichmond

General Science.

President Class, '00-00; President Richmond Club, '00-01; Vice-President Athletic Association, '00-01; Captain Baseball Team, '01; Baseball Team, '00, '00, '01, '02.

"Happy alone is the soul that loves."

CARPENTER, CAIUS HUNTER, Clarks Fork
Civil Engineering.

Full-back on All-Southern Team, '01; Substitute on All-Southern Team, '00; Captain Baseball Team, '02; Baseball Team, '00, '01, '02; Football Team, '00, '00, '01; Best Athlete, '00-01; President Alleghany Club, '00-01; Vice President Alleghany Club, '01-0 ; Captain Football Team, '02.

"Self-contemplation is apt to end in self-conceit."





CHEWING, WALTER LEWIS.....Richmond
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps; Associate Editor
Eagle, '02; Vice-President Richmond Club,
'01-02.

"In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too."

COOK, CLARENCE LA FAR.....Box A-10
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Company C; Vice-President Maury Liter-
ary Society, '02; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '00;
Y. M. C. A. Editor *Gray Jacket*, '02.

"Let us have power."





DAVIDSON, ARCHER.....FARSVILLE

Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Band; Assistant Business Manager *Waggle*, '02; Football Team, '01; Chairman Field Day Exercises, '02.

"I am not at all frightened, you understand,
But if I am called on to fight for the land,
I want to be ready to play in the band."

"There is no use arguing with him."

DAVIDSON, HARRY LEMUEL, FOSDICK, MD.

Chemistry.

Captain, Staff; Literary Editor *Gray Jacket*, '01-02.

"Pride makes some men ridiculous."





DANTZLER, JULIUS CLARENCE,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Electrical Engineering.

Captain, Band; President South Carolina Club,
'01-02; Vice-President Camera Club, '01-02.

"And I pray you let none of your people stir me;
I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."

FRENCH, CHAPMAN JOHNSTON, Jr.,
BLUFF CITY

Civil Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company B.

"A jest loses its point when he who makes it
is first to laugh at it."





HARRISON, CHANNING WILLIAMS,
CARTERSVILLE

Chemistry.

"Some have found thee stubborn."

HASKELL, ADAM LEOPOLD, COLLETON, S. C.
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Staff.

"Behold the child by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."





HOLLISTER, REGINALD EARL,
HILDBURN, N. Y.

Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Band; President Class, '00-01;
President Camera Club, '01-02; Literary Editor
Gray Jacket, '01-02; Second Vice-President
Engineering Club, '00-01; Vice-President Cam-
era Club, '00-01.

"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

JOHNSON, ARCHER PHILEGAR,
CHRISTIANBURG

Special.

"Who called these lunsbeens?"





JONES, PAUL TUDOR, Jr. CORINTH, MISS.
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company C; Assistant Business
Manager *Bugle*, '02; President Maury Literary
Society, '01; Exchange Editor *Gray Jacket*, '02;
Secretary Maury Literary Society, '00; Chap-
lain Maury Literary Society, '00; President
Y. M. C. A., '01-02

"We love peace as we despise profligacity."

KEY, JAMES FRANCIS LEONARDTOWN
Mechanical Engineering.

"Many things have I invented."





MILLER, BOYCE..... GREENVILLE, S. C.

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Band; Editor-in-Chief *Gray Jacket*, '01.

"Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right."

MILLER, GEORGE COLEMAN..... LASCHEW:

Electrical Engineering.

Football Team, '01; Secretary and Treasurer Lynch-
burg Club, '01-02.

"For ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinese is peculiar."





MISH, HARRY BELLMountainbrook

Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Staff; Secretary Leo Literary Society, '99-00; Vice-President Augusta and Rockbridge Club, '01-02.

"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
Bye and bye it will strike."

MURRILL, PITT SAMUEL.....Blackstone

Chemistry.

Second Lieutenant, Band.

"Flatterers are but the shadows of professors'
bodies."





McANGE, WILLIE SORMAN, JR.SERRICK

General Science.

"But still his tongue run on."

McCORMICK, HERBERT GRANVILLE,
FARRMAN

Civil Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Battery E; Tackle on All-Southern Football Team, '01; President Class, '01-'02; President Athletic Association, '01-'02; President Final Ball, '02; Baseball Team, '00-'01; Football Team, '98, '99, '00, '01; Leader German Club, '01-'02; Assistant Leader German Club, '00-'01; Vice-President Class, '00-'00; President Rockledge and Augusta Club, '00-'01; Secretary Athletic Association, '00-'01.

"He hath a soldier's swagger."





NEALE, WILLIAM WIRT.....Bowling Wharf
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps; Secretary and
and Treasurer Rappahannock Valley Club,
'01-02.

"Curiosity is lying in wait for every secret."

NEWMAN, CLARENCE DEARBORN,
Machinist
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Company B; Vice-President Class, '00-01;
Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '01-02;
President Final Celebration, '02; Business
Manager *Gray Jacket*, '01-02; Assistant Busi-
ness Manager *Gray Jacket*, '00-01.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness;
and some have greatness thrust upon them."





NEWSHAM, EUGENE..... COLUMBIA, S. C.
Electrical Engineering.

"And still he sayeth naught."

OBENSHAIN, SCHUYLER ANTHONY,
FISCASTLE

Civil Engineering.

"Won by waiting."





PALMORE, JULIAN IVANHOE..... CARTERSVILLE
Chemistry.

First Lieutenant and Adjutant; Local Editor *Grey Jacket*, '01-02; Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '00-01.

"I have done the State some service and they know it."

NOE, NELSON CARTER, Jr..... GREENVILLE, S. C.
Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps; President German Club, '01-02; Vice-President German Club, '00-01.

"I have thee in my power;
Thou canst not resist me."





PROCTOR, CARROLL LEIGH... DEARIS BRANCH
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Battery E; Business Manager *Dagle*, '02;
Vice-President Athletic Association, '01-02;
President Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Local
Editor *Gray Jacket*, '00-01; Secretary and
Treasurer Class, '00-01; Vice-President Lee
Literary Society, '00-01; Treasurer Final Ball,
'02.

"Deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat and public care."

SAYERS, ANDERSON HOWARD,
BARNEY SAYSOR
Applied Chemistry,
(Modified Course.)

First Lieutenant, Battery E; Football Team, '00-01;
President Wythe County Club, '01-02; Secre-
tary Athletic Association, '01-02.

"Stern was his look and dignified."





SEAGLE, CUSTIS BROWNWYTHEVILLE

Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff.

"I pray thee, be not so satirical."

SPILLER, FRANK MARKHAM.....WYTHEVILLE

Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company D; Director Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well, craves wit."





SPILLER, STUART MAGRUDER... WYTHEVILLE
Electrical Engineering.

Secretary and Treasurer Wythe County Club,
'01-02.

"Crowned with a flaming aureole."

TALCOIT, GEORGE RUSSELL.....Box A18
Civil Engineering.

First Lieutenant Company C; President Maury
Literary Society, '01-02; Vice-President Maury
Literary Society, '01-02; Corresponding Secre-
tary Maury Literary Society, '03-04; Secretary
and Treasurer Camera Club, '00-01.

"Perseverance conquers all things."





TAMS, WILLIAM FRAZIER.....STANTON

Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company B; Historian of *Boyle*; '02; Vice-President Engineering Club, '01-02; Secretary and Treasurer Mandolin and Glee Club, '01-02; Secretary and Treasurer Stanton Club, '00-01; Vice-President Stanton Club, '01-02.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

TAMS, WILLIAM PURVIANCE, JR., STANTON

Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff; Vice-President Class '01-02; Associate Editor *Boyle*, '02; Historian of Class; '00-01; Vice-President Stanton Club, '00-01; Secretary and Treasurer Engineering Club, '01-02.

"Know when to speak—for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to kings."





TURNER, RICHARD CARTER.....THE PLAINS
Mechanical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

"You Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."

WEST, JOHN WILLIAM CASPER, PORTSMOUTH
Civil Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company B; Local Editor
Gray Jacket, '01-02.

"But heaven defend me from the friend who
comes—but never goes."





WILLIAMS, COURTNEY Lynchburg
Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company A; Class Historian,
'98-99; Vice-President Lynchburg Club, '00-01;
Secretary and Treasurer St. Andrew's Brother-
hood, '00-01; President Lynchburg Club, '01-02.

"Humanity is constitutionally lazy."

WILSON, WILLIAM THOMAS, WILLIAMS MILL
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company D, Secretary Lee
Literary Society, '01-02.

"Be silent always when you doubt your sense."





YANCEY, THORNTON McDUFFEY,
BUFFALO JUNIOR

Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff.

"I would the gods had made thee poetical."

YOUNG, WILLIAM THOMAS.....CONSERV, MISS.
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company D; Secretary Y. M.
C. A., '00-01; Vice-President Manry Literary
Society, '01; President Manry Literary Society,
'01-02; Local Editor *Gray Jacket*, '01-02; Editor-
in-Chief *Gray Jacket*, '02; Class Secretary and
Treasurer, '01-02.

"Such a person can no more see his own folly
than he can see his own ears."





YOWELL, WILLIAM ANDREW..... Colonel
Civil Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff.

"Thy wit might pass in a crowd."



Senior Class History

IT is often observed that a class history forms the most uninteresting part of a college annual. The reason is obvious. To the outsider it does not commend itself, because it deals with events which do not concern him, and with a phase of life with which he is unfamiliar. To the class itself it means nothing more than a narration of events in which they participated, and recalls scenes in which they were the principal actors, and of which they are, therefore, already as well informed as they would be after reading the history.

To the former class of readers the historian does not deem any apologies due, since the history has not been written for their criticism. But to those of us of the class of '02, who, for four long years, have worked together in the class-room, struggled on the gridiron and diamond—nor has it been in vain—to uphold the reputation of the Institute; who have drilled side by side and have experienced the pleasures as well as the hardships of cadet life, the historian apologizes for the many faults and deficiencies of this narrative. If in the future, when the cares of business shall have driven from our minds many of the events of our life at the V. P. I., we may, by reading this history, recall once familiar scenes and friendly faces, and in imagination live again the years of '98-'02, the historian will feel that he has in part, at least, accomplished his purpose.

When we arrived in Blacksburg, which was during those never-to-be-forgotten days from the 20th to the 25th of September, 1898, the welcome we received was demonstrative if not as reassuring as might have been wished. The harsh, long drawn out cry of "r-r-rat," coming from a hundred old boys, as they crowded around the backs to inspect the new-comers, is not apt to make the freshman feel instantly at home. Nor does he then fully appreciate the benefits derived from "trunk exercise" and such services as the upper classmen may require him to perform.

During the day we were sent on errands after imaginary articles and at night were pillowed, turned over and made to realize that it was indeed of no importance what became of us. However, we learned rapidly many things not included in any of the courses of study in the catalogue, and in a short while some of us were regular attendants at sick call and proficient in the arts of dodging inspectors and bluffing professors.

Our class was soon organized, with "Nig" Thurman as president, Chadwick, vice-president, Bean, secretary and treasurer, and "Beast" Williams, historian. Better officers could not have been chosen, and we regret to record that only one returned to college the next session.

Foot-ball practice was begun on the opening day of the session, and '02 had its share of applicants for the team. Hardaway, McCracken and Montgomery were chosen for substitutes and added much strength to the team, as the record of the season's games will attest.

After Thanksgiving we looked forward to the Christmas holidays with much the same feelings as those who have been exiles in "Darkest Africa" await the time of their return to civilization. At last the 22nd of December came and we departed in spirits far different from those of our arrival three months previous. All things come to an end, however, and before we realized that we had been at home twelve days, we had to return to Blacksburg to resume the duties and hardships which the pleasures of a Christmas at home rendered only more painful.

Intermediate examinations were now upon us, and the honor list for that term records with what success the class acquitted itself. Spring came on apace and baseball became the main topic of conversation. "Come on, June," accompanied by the explosion of bombs, could be heard on all sides; and at last June came, and with it final examinations, which proved final indeed for some of us.

Our return to college as "old boys" in September, 1899, was marked by a benevolent desire on our part to do all we could towards making rats feel at home, and right well did we perform the duties of sophomores in this as well as other respects. At this time about thirty new members joined the ranks of '02 and were initiated into the class in a very thorough and effective manner. In vain did we look for the faces of some of our last year's most promising class-mates, for many did not return that fall.

This season, as usual, we were ably represented on the gridiron by Carpenter, McCormick, Montgomery and Hardaway. Christmas holidays over, intermediates for a second time stared us in the face. At this point, sad to relate, many met their Waterloo who had, like the "Old Guard," hitherto been considered invincible. Descriptive Geometry and English, especially, claimed a large number of victims.

On field day we won the class relay race, and most of the prizes went into Sophomore hands, easily proving our superiority to the other classes in athletics. On the diamond this year Burrall and Carpenter did good work on the first team, while many others obtained a position on the second team.

A realization of the uncertainty of life was forced upon us when, on May 1st,

death took from us our friend and class-mate, Hall. He was a faithful, patient worker, a credit to the Institute, and an honor to his class.

Our trip to the Richmond carnival will be recalled with pleasure by us all, and the splendid impression which the corps made did much to quicken the growing interest taken in the V. P. I. by the people of Virginia. Our Sophomore banquet, which was held during Commencement week, was a most successful and enjoyable affair, and will long linger in our memories as one of the most pleasant events of the year.

On our return to college as Juniors we found our roll had decreased to about seventy. Quite a number whose loss we could ill afford did not return, and many familiar faces were absent from our class-meetings that session.

Again we find McCormick, Carpenter and Hardaway on the foot-ball team, while many substitutes were chosen from our class. The success of our class foot-ball team must be noted, and also our glorious victory over the Sophomores, whom we defeated by a score of 11 to 0. This year intermediate examinations did not catch many of us napping and the class came off with greater honor to themselves than ever before, though calculus and mechanics proved too difficult for a few.

Once again, the heavy hand of death was laid upon one of our most beloved classmates, Wylie Pope Hill, who died April 2, 1901. We had learned to love him and esteem him for his true worth. To say that he was a conscientious and devoted worker, an unselfish and generous friend, cheerful, though a great sufferer, were indeed an insignificant tribute to such a character as his. His death left a void which time has not been able to fill, and we mourn his loss as irreparable.

During the spring we held many class meetings to decide the style of uniform which was to ensnare the hearts of the fair sex during the ensuing summer and Christmas vacations. We succeeded, after much deliberation and debate, in devising what we consider is a great improvement on the old style Senior uniform; but whether feminine hearts have proved susceptible or not is another matter.

After the final examinations came the trip to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, where we were quite an attraction, as is evidenced by the press notices of that date. "The great cadets from Virginia"—as we were called—gave either a dress parade or battalion drill every evening, which was witnessed by large and appreciative crowds. Of course we all took in Niagara Falls and the far-famed power plant. At the end of a week's stay we were all loath to leave, the whole corps being unanimous in proclaiming it a most instructive and enjoyable trip.

As Sophomores we returned to college with thoughts only of exercising our authority over the rats, cutting classes, putting up class flags, and giving the commandant and his assistants as much trouble as possible; as Juniors, with an over-

estimated idea of the importance of our position; but as Seniors—how different. We realized, to some extent at least, that upon us lay the responsibility of seeing that the military department was run in the proper manner. We have been granted many privileges, hitherto denied Seniors, which we fully appreciate and for which we are duly grateful.

This fall we find our class again ably represented on the famous foot-ball team of 1901 by Carpenter and McCormick, who also made the all-Southern team, while "Military" Davidson, "Son George" Miller and Sayers proved themselves worthy of wearing the V. P.

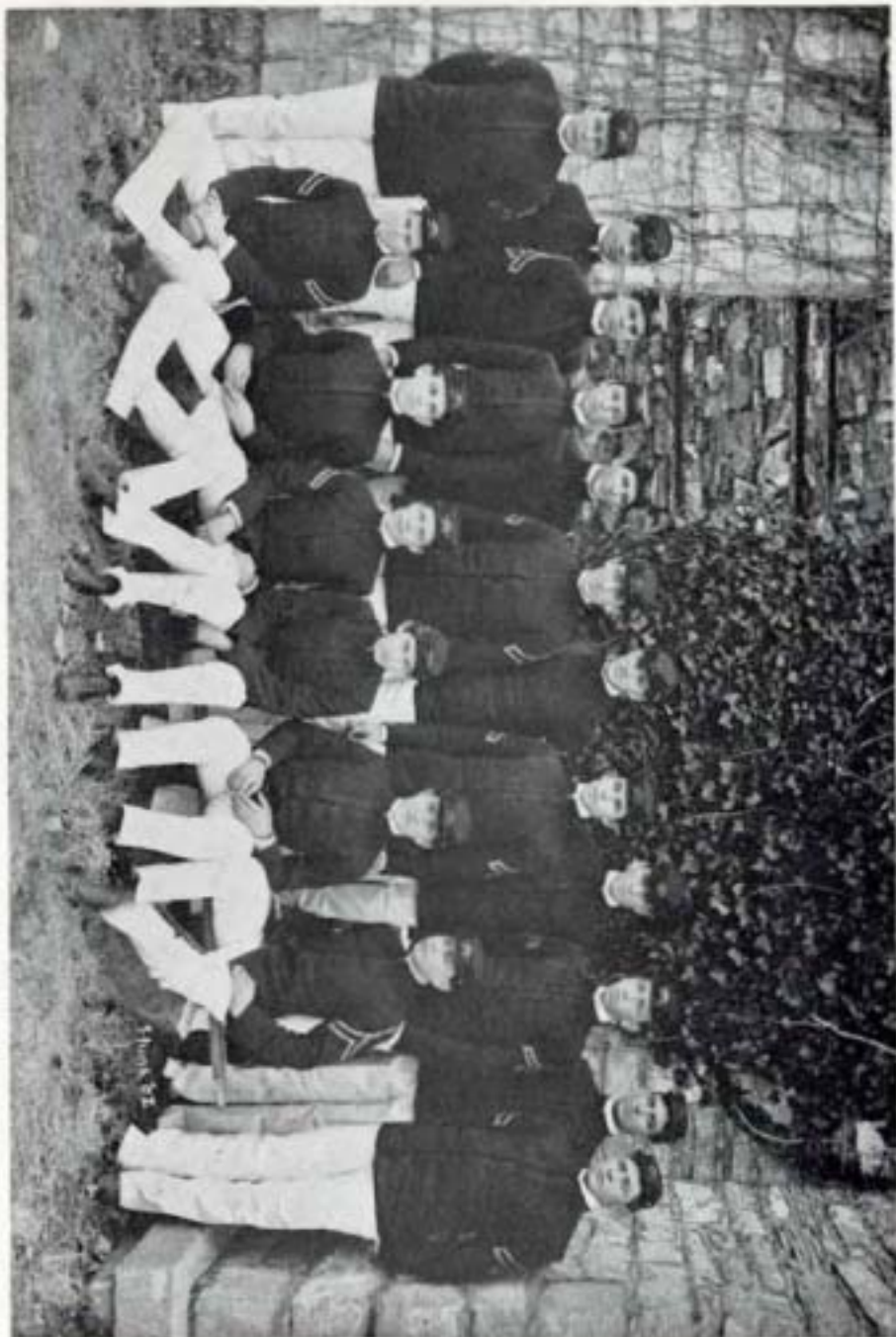
After the intermediates it was noticed that the rats had grown exceeding "fresh," and on the night of February 18th they were relieved of such superfluous locks as they possessed. Strange to say, the faculty did not fully appreciate the kind intentions of the upper classes, and were greatly grieved, and demanded that the Senior class investigate the charges against certain of their number. However, all were triumphantly acquitted from lack of charge or evidence, and peace reigned once more.

Our trip to Charleston was looked forward to with great expectations, which were fully realized. The Citadel cadets, who did much toward making our visit a pleasant one, gave a dance in our honor, a courtesy appreciated by us all. Since our return to the Institute we have settled down to hard work for finals, which is interrupted now and then by free concerts given by the "sub-marine band," whose motto seems to be, "Discords make the sweetest airs." Though such a rare aggregation of musical talent is seldom found, strange to say the "minor (and major) officials" regard these concerts as a nuisance.

It is with mingled feelings of thankfulness and regret that we see our four years' work slowly drawing to a close; with thankfulness because we have accomplished our purpose in coming here; with regret, because bonds of friendship, closely knit during four years of college life together, are about to be severed. We have stood together for four years, through trouble and through pleasure, through failure and through success, and have come out with honor. And though we are about to part, some of us never more to meet, if that same spirit of comradeship that has caused us to stand together through the trials of college life pervades and prompts our actions during after life, our success is assured; and some day, not so far distant in the future, maybe, we shall be proud to say "I was a member of the class of 1902 of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute."

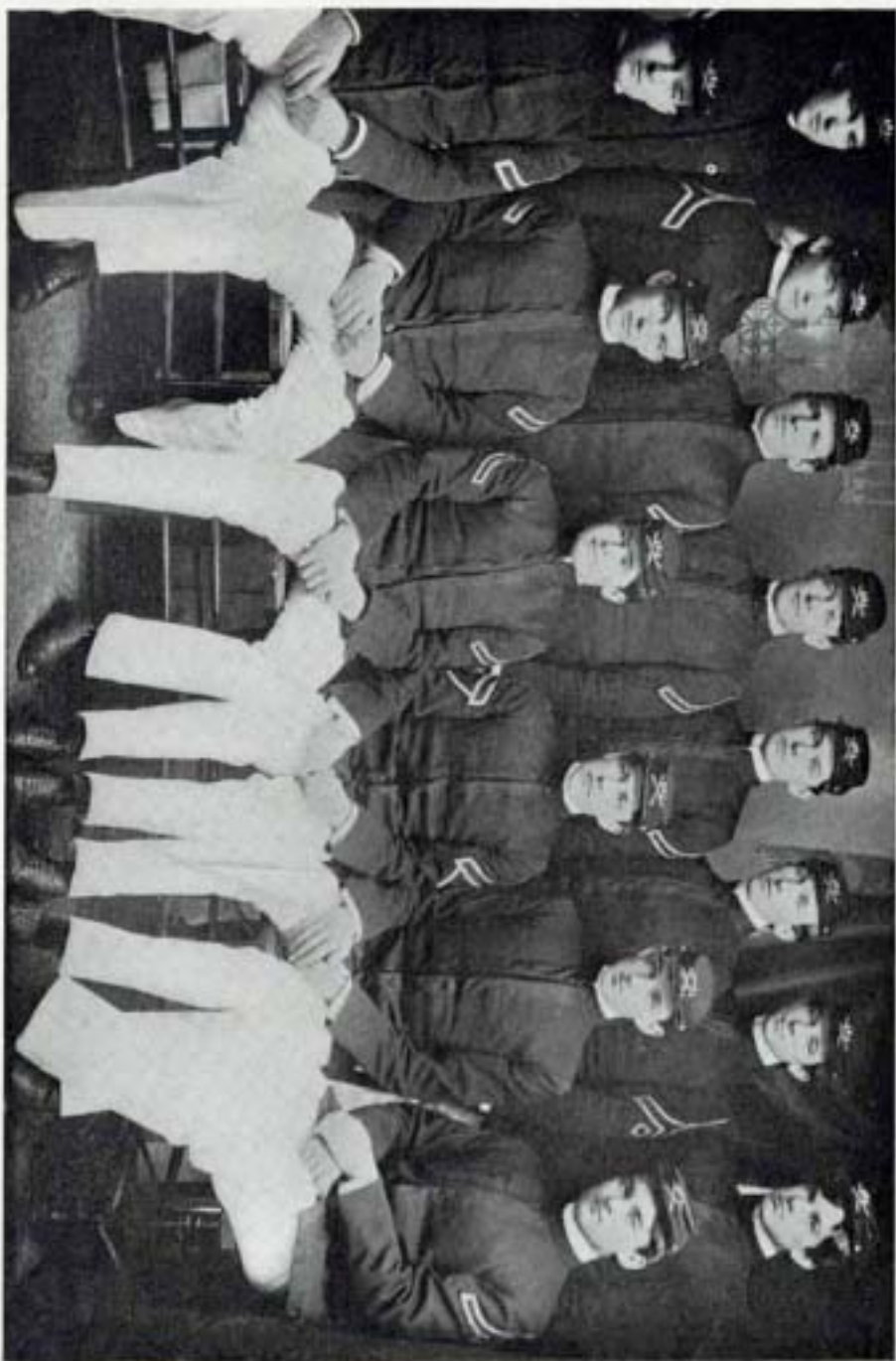


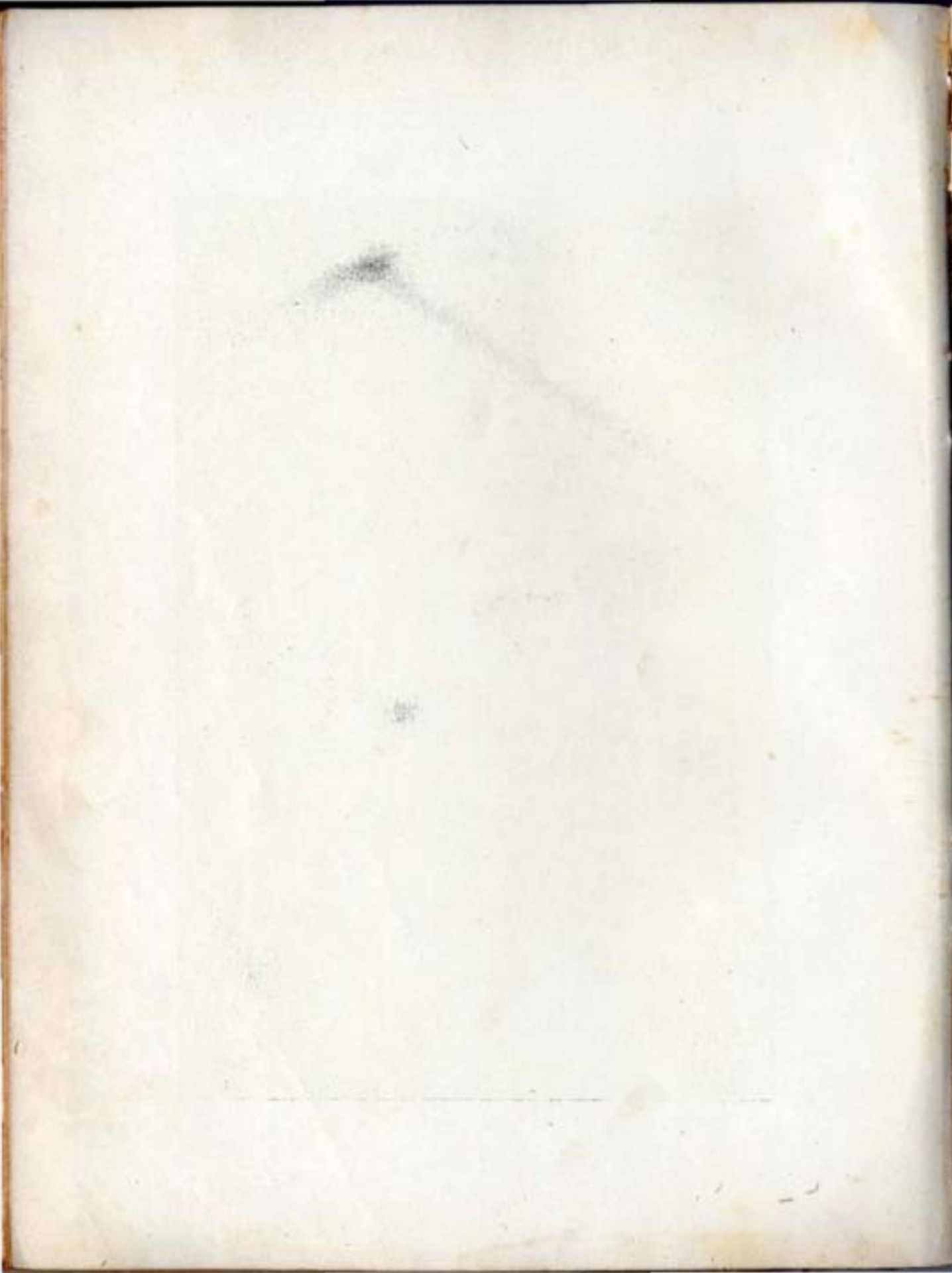
JUNIOR MECHANICAL AND CIVIL ENGINEERS





JUNIOR ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS





JUNIOR CHEMISTRY AND GENERAL SCIENCE MEN



Class of 1903

OFFICERS

W. R. CRUTE.....	President
H. B. GOODLOE.....	Vice-President
E. W. WHEENANT.....	Secretary and Treasurer
W. J. WALSH, JR.....	Sergeant-at-Arms
L. O'SHAUGHNESSY.....	Historian

COLORS

Navy blue and white.

MOTTO

Age Quod Agis.

YELL

Chee! Chee! Chaw!
Chaw! Chaw! Chee!
Chucker, bucker rat,
Nineteen three.

Members Class of 1903

NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.
ABBOTT, ALVIS LEE	Nentbery	Halifax
ARCHER, RALPH IZARD	Richmond	Henrico
ADAMS, HENRY CLARENCE	Tiptonville	Lake, Tennessee
ALMOND, SAUNDERS MANN	Lynchburg	Campbell
BATES, WILLIAM BERNARD	Richmond	Henrico
BUCK, JOSEPH ETNA	Ceres	Bland
BALL, CHARLES LEE	Leesburg	Loudoun
BLAIR, WILLIAM LEONARD	Burwellville	Pittsylvania
BOLLING, BARTLETT, Jr.	Charlottesville	Albemarle
BUHEMAN, GRAHAM McLUNG	Gala	Botetourt
CHALKLEY, GUY AUBREY	Big Stone Gap	Wise
CHOWNING, LE ROY CHURCHILL	Millenbeck	Lancaster
COBBS, JOHN JAMES	Callands	Pittsylvania
COLE, ERNEST FRAZIER	Flint	Floyd
COUNSELMAN, JOHN SAUNDERS	Graham's Forge	Wythe
COX, JAMES THOMAS	Cascade	Pittsylvania
CRUTE, WILLIAM BOWZIE	Farmville	Prince Edward
CUTHERELL, MILTON	Great Bridge	Norfolk
DAVIDSON, WILLIAM WATSON	Middletown	Frederick
DAWSON, ARTHUR MANLY	Baltimore	Baltimore, Maryland
DOBIE, ERNEST WILLIAM	Petersburg	Dinwiddie
POWLKES, WILLIAM THOMAS	Kara	Lansburg
FARMER, RAYMOND LUCAS	East Radford	Montgomery
FROST, WILLIAM SINCLAIR	Richmond	Henrico
GILL, DAVID FRANKLIN	Norfolk	Norfolk
GILMER, GEORGE WALKER, Jr.	Howardsville	Albemarle
GIRAULT, ALEXANDER ARSENE	Annapolis	Ann Arundel, Maryland
GOODLOE, HENRY BOYNTON	Alton	Nelson
GRABER, JOHN	Lodore	Amelia
GLENN, JOHN WILSON	South Boston	Halifax
HOBSON, JULIUS LYNN	Bristol	Washington
KARNES, FRANK WOODS	Staunton	Augusta
KEARFOTT, CLARENCE BAKER	Martinsville	Henry
KIESTER, HOWARD RUCKER	Blacksburg	Montgomery
LYBROOK, RAYMOND	Blacksburg	Montgomery
MICHIE, HENRY CLAY, Jr.	Charlottesville	Albemarle
MOODY, WILLIAM CLARENCE, Jr.	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
SEELY, JOHN THOMPSON	Portsmouth	Norfolk
NELSON, PHILLIP PROSSER	Richmond	Henrico

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
O'SHAUGHNESSY, LOUIS	South Solon	Madison, Ohio
OSTERBIND, CARTER CLARKE	Richmond	Henrico
PEED, HUGH DOUGLAS	Portsmouth	Norfolk
PRICE, WILLIAM JACKSON, Jr.	Price's Fork	Montgomery
PRITCHETT, ALBERT GALITAN	Broncille	Pittsylvania
SALE, RITCHIE	Chance	Essex
STABLER, ROBINSON RYLAND	Baltimore	Baltimore, Maryland
STOKELY, GEORGE SUSONG	French Broad	Jefferson, Tennessee
SYKES, GROVER CLEVELAND	Portsmouth	Norfolk
STEELE, JOSEPH CLYDE	Covington	Alleghany
WALSH, WILLIAM JOHN, Jr.	Norfolk	Norfolk
WARE, JOSEPH FULTON	Fortson Monroe	Elizabeth City
WEITH, JAMES ROBERT, Jr.	Richmond	Henrico
WHISNANT, EUGENE WILLIAMS	Handlet	Richmond, North Carolina
WILCOX, LALOR ROMAINE	Blair's	Prince George
WILSON, WILLIAM	Cascade	Pittsylvania
WOLTZ, MAXWELL FARRAR	Gala	Botetourt
VAUGHT, WARREN EARLY	Newport	Giles



Junior Class History

THE time-worn expression that "history repeats itself" is never more true than when applied to a class history.

The courses of study, coupled with the military duties, create a ceaseless routine; a digression from which is most heartily welcomed by the most studiously inclined.

Happily, we of the V. P. I. have had the pleasure of two very enjoyable excursions during the past year.

Our trip to Buffalo, last June, was both entertaining and instructive; while the side trip to Niagara Falls will remain as an occasion long to be remembered; for the ride around the Gorge route, and the view of the mighty falls, can but leave the most lasting impressions.

Our second trip, in April, 1902, to the Charleston Exposition, was much more enjoyable from a social standpoint, and quite as instructive from a technical view; the trip down the bay, our successful part in the Presidential escort, and the very exciting adventures on the Midway, must remain as important incidents of the session of 1901-1902.

Because of the success of these visits, we are anticipating another treat in the way of a trip to the St. Louis Exposition, which, owing to its magnitude, will doubtless eclipse both the Pan-American and the Charleston Expositions.

With the exception of these diversions, the occurrences of the year, as regards the class, have been much the same as for former years.

Of course we felt some little pride in being Juniors, in September, but as time wore on the pride gave way to the realization that a Junior's life is not altogether easy.

The various contests with π , the problems of bodies on frictionless planes, the innumerable slide valves to be studied, and the electricity with which we had to contend, made the approach of intermediates the foreboding of bad results to many.

Luckily the majority of the class were successful, and as a class we can stand a very favorable comparison with past records.

As is usually the case, many familiar faces were missing at the opening of the session; Clagett, Dickerson, Richmond and Van Doren were unable to return; and since then we have lost Abbott and Newland, while Adams, Jones, Knepp, Roop and Wilcox were with us for but a very short time.

These losses have been greatly lightened by the new members whom we have with us. Davidson and Osterbind, who had been out of school for a year, returned, and were most heartily welcomed as members of our class.

Several new faces greeted us, Campbell, Girault and Nedy being new members by whom the welfare of the class will always be promoted, and of whose membership we are justly proud.

After the opening excitement had subsided, the military authorities made many well deserved promotions.

The new Sergeants were: Ware, Osterbind, Archer, and Werth; being followed very soon by Graber, then Cobbs, Wilson, Nelson, Sykes, Stabler, and Karnes were promoted, until the first of April found the roster complete.

By the withdrawal from college of first Sergeant Cuthrell, the genial Whisnant was promoted from the line to the list of first Sergeants.

In athletics the class has been very successful, winning the baseball championship in the spring of 1901, and having many members who made excellent showings in the field-day contests.

To our class, as much as to any, belongs the credit of furnishing good men for the victorious foot-ball team of the past season.

With "Rusty" Steele at center, and Abbott a guard, the opposing team never came through the line; and, with Ware and Campbell at the ends, the opposing backs were downed in their tracks, while with Counselman at full back, the number of our touch-downs was limited only by Mr. Shultz's pastry supply.

Among other occurrences were the pleasures of the always-welcomed holiday vacation; and the happily concluded incident of the night of February the nineteenth.

The saddest thing of the session has been in the matter of holidays, which always fell on either Saturday or Sunday; and it is believed by many that the Julian calendar would have been better suited for this session; however, we do not doubt but that the apparent mistake will be righted next year.

In college as well as in private life the social adventures of many create excitement for the casual on-looker, and during the year we have had several who very suddenly came to the conclusion that a change of habitation would be for the better, and consequently by some mysterious (?) means their personal effects were conveyed some distances; the chief trouble with such arrangements is that the many fail to see the joke.

Altogether, from the time the inquisitive Freshman makes his debut until the calm (?), dignified Senior gives his parting greetings, the way is difficult.

The endeavors of the faculty to make student life more pleasant is highly appreciated by all, and we can have no better news than the notice of the coming of Mr. Roberts Harper, whose two visits have given us the opportunities of hearing lectures, the value of which cannot be over-estimated, and we only hope that his visits may become annual occurrences.

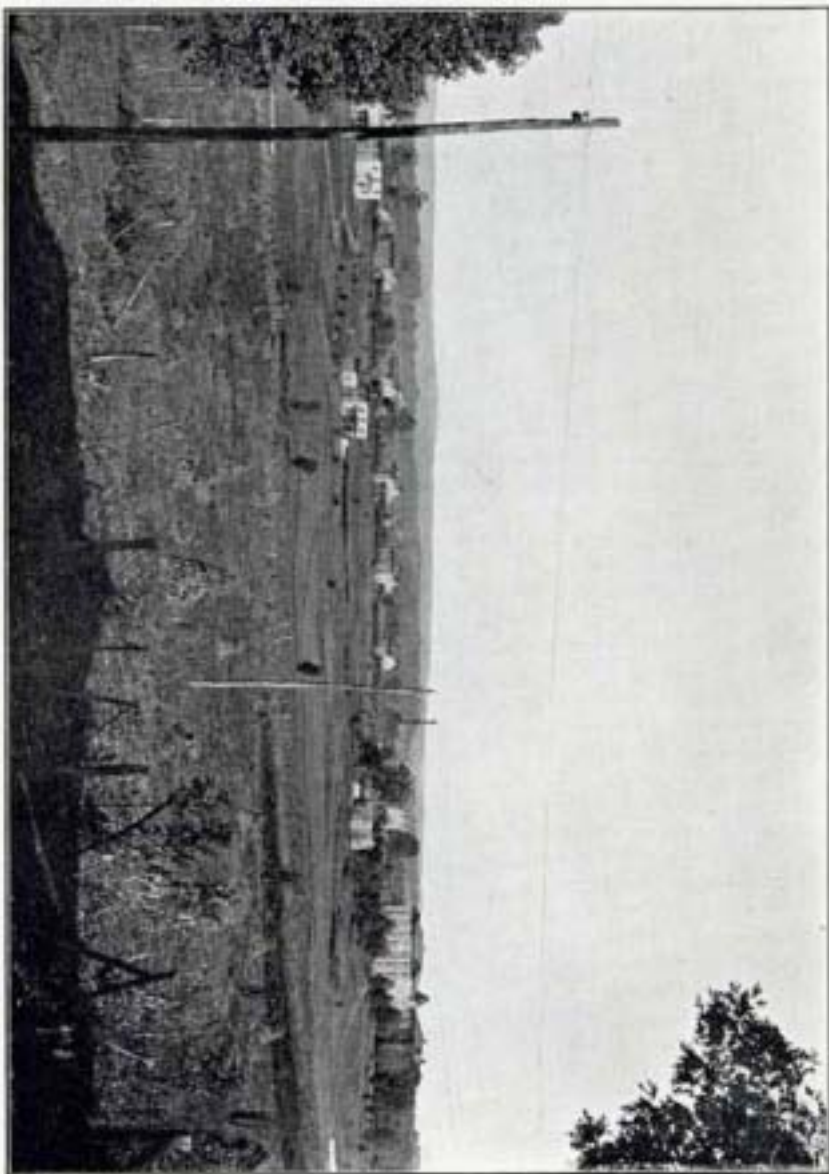
To add to our gratification at the last visit of Mr. Harper, Dr. McBryde notified us that our annual appropriation has been increased \$10,000, and a special sum of \$25,000 given for extraordinary expenses. Now, we all know what this means—needed improvements, the endowment of new chairs, and the general advancement of the Institute.

We, as Juniors, and coming Seniors, must do our utmost towards making ourselves deserving of these benefits, for to us the other classes will look for the initiatory in every new step tending to the betterment of the college.

So let us be up and doing, realizing all the time that in helping the college we are helping ourselves, by the upbuilding of an Alma Mater of which we shall ever afterward be proud.

And now as nothing but the thought of finals can mar the pleasant anticipations of vacation, we should bear in mind that next year's work is our most important session's work, and endeavor each for himself, and all for the class, to make next session the most profitable of all the pleasant, well-spent sessions at the V. P. I.

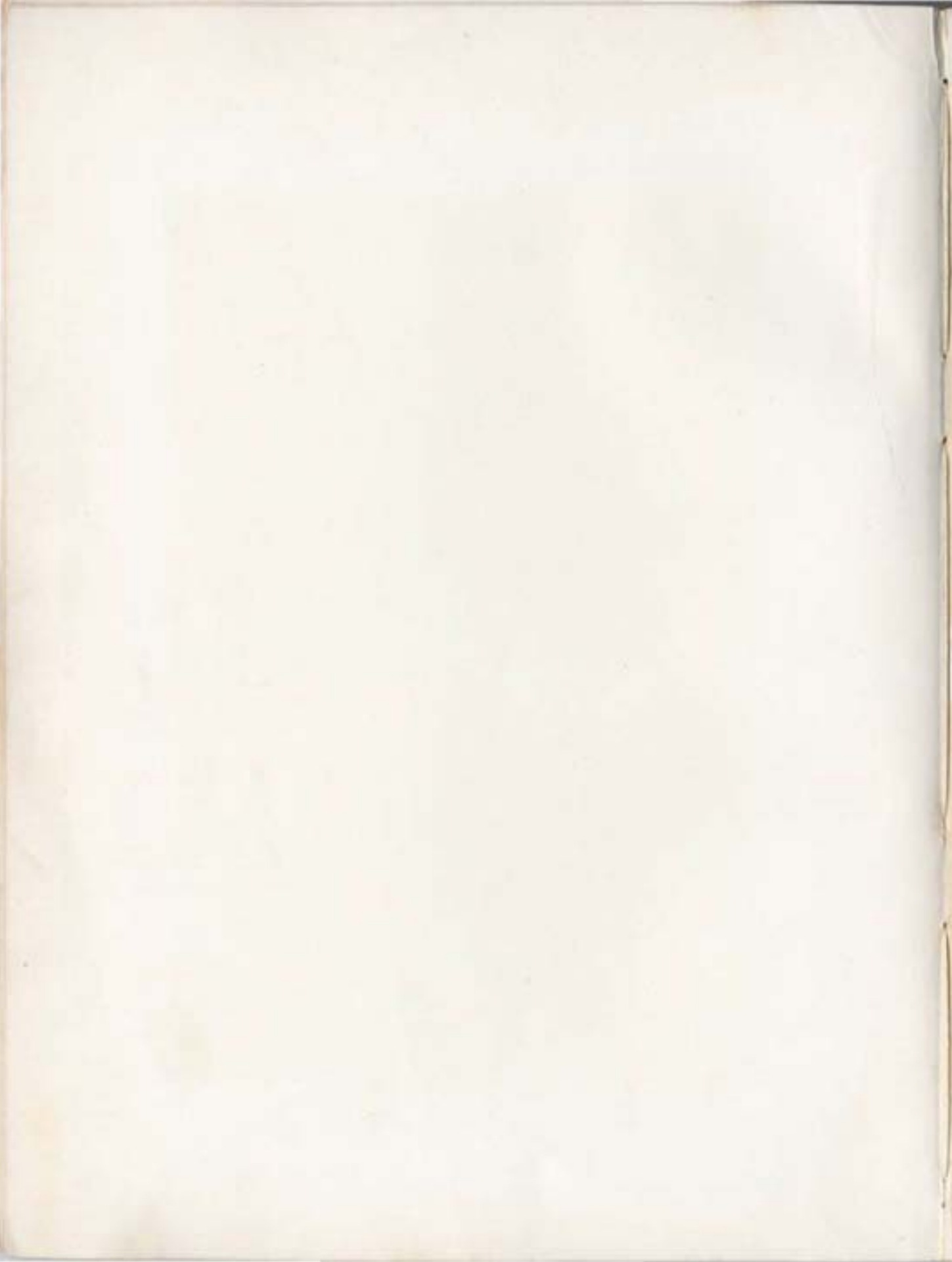
VIEW OF CAMPUS

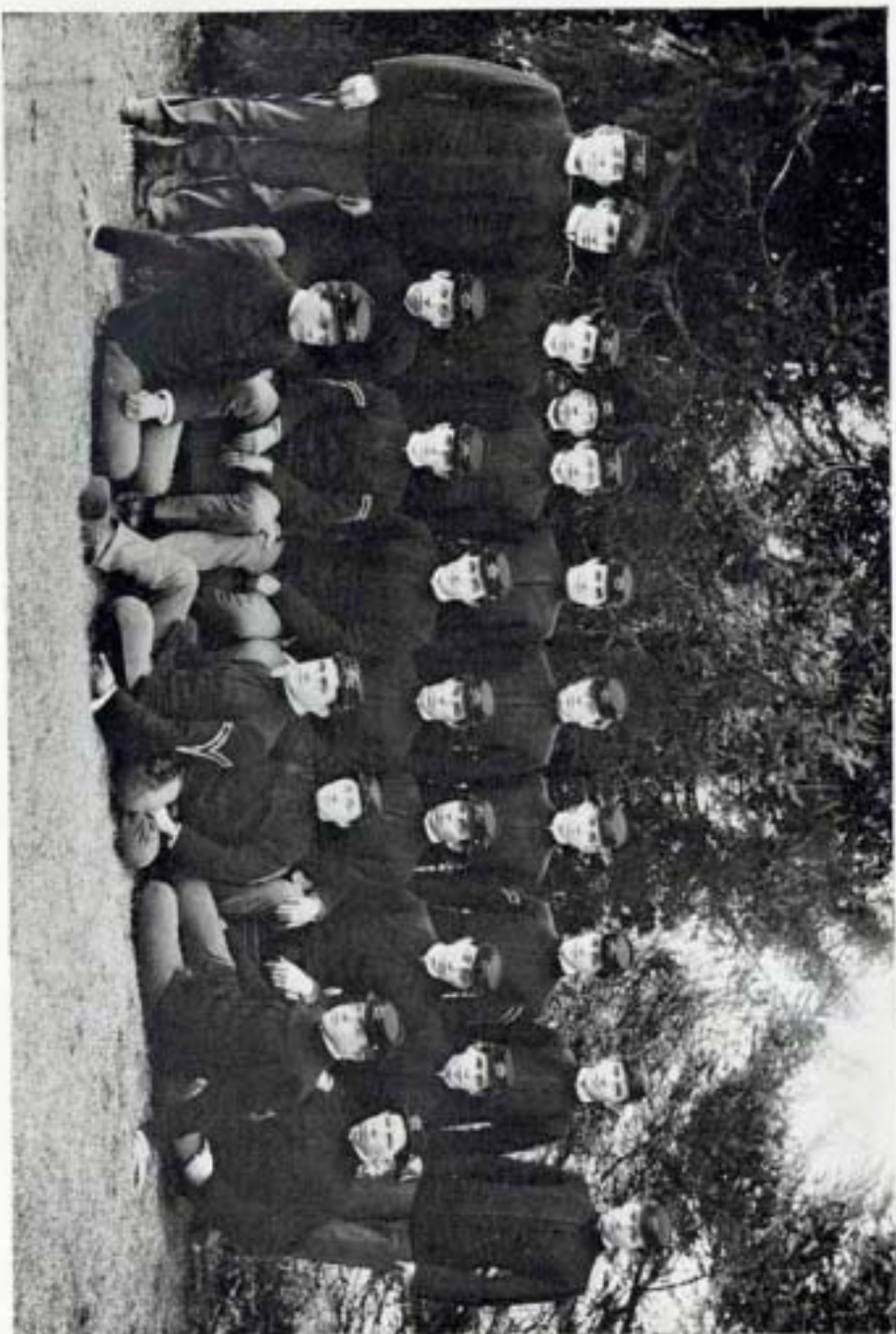




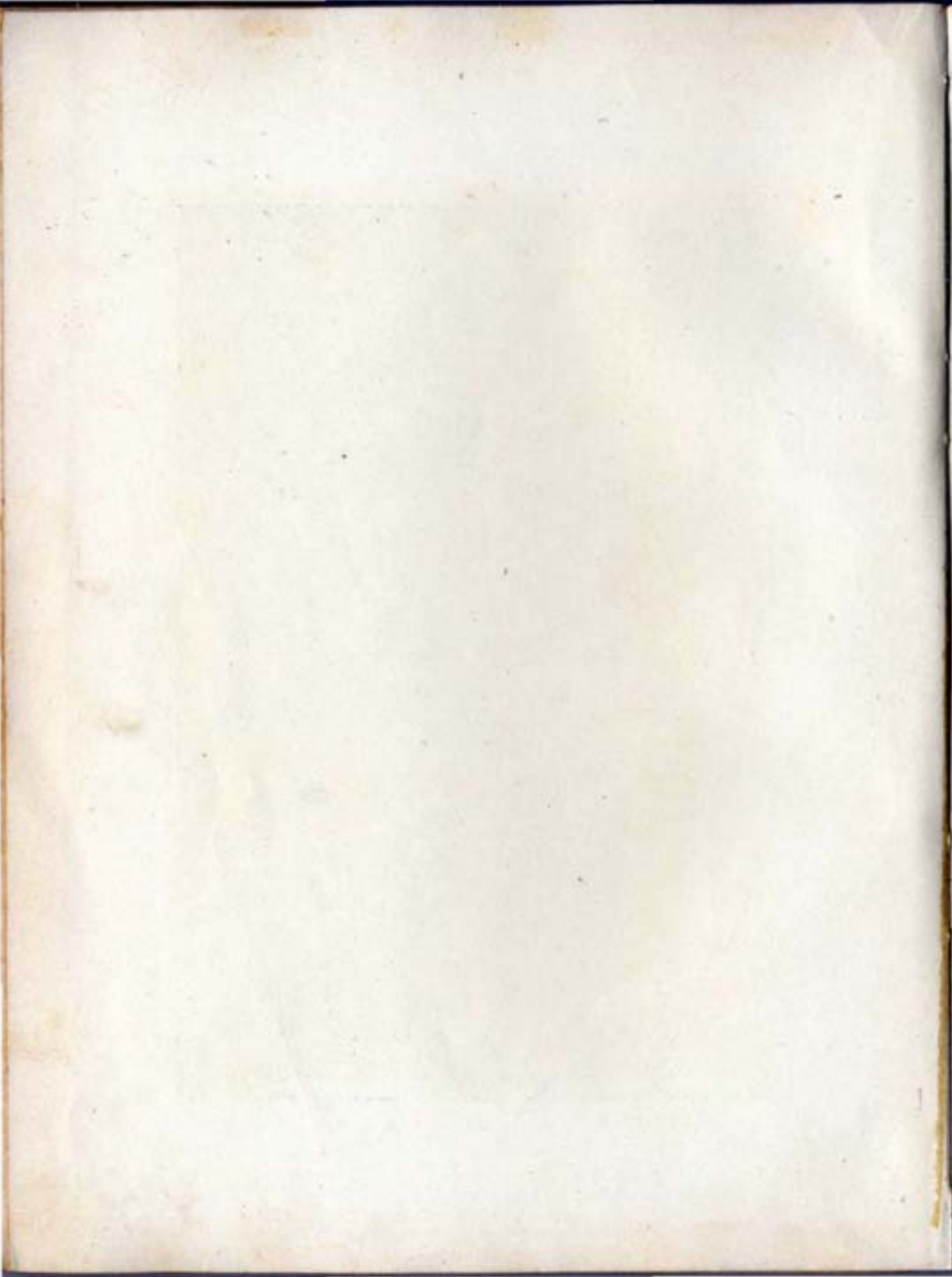


SOPHOMORE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS





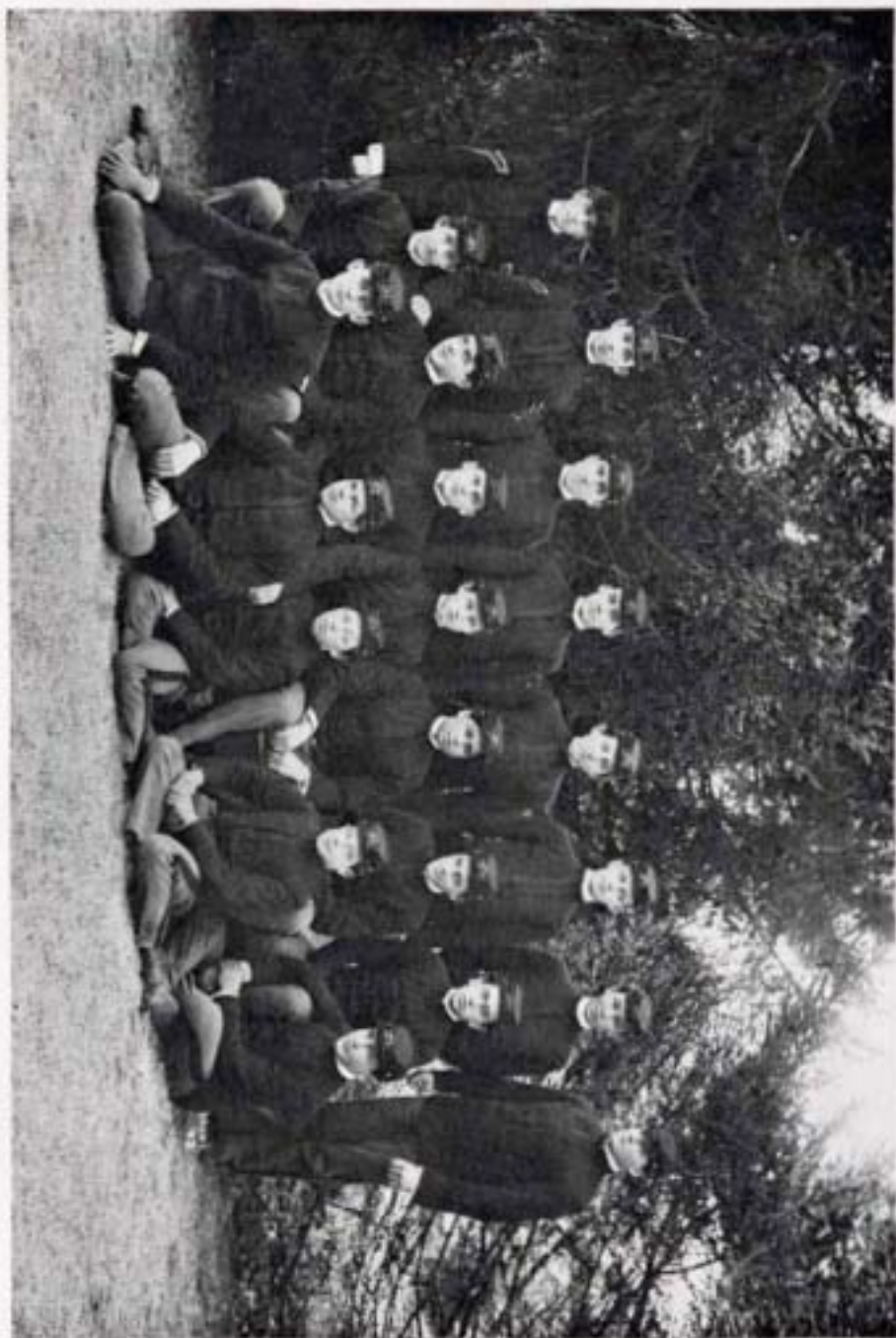
SOPHOMORE MECHANICAL ENGINEERS



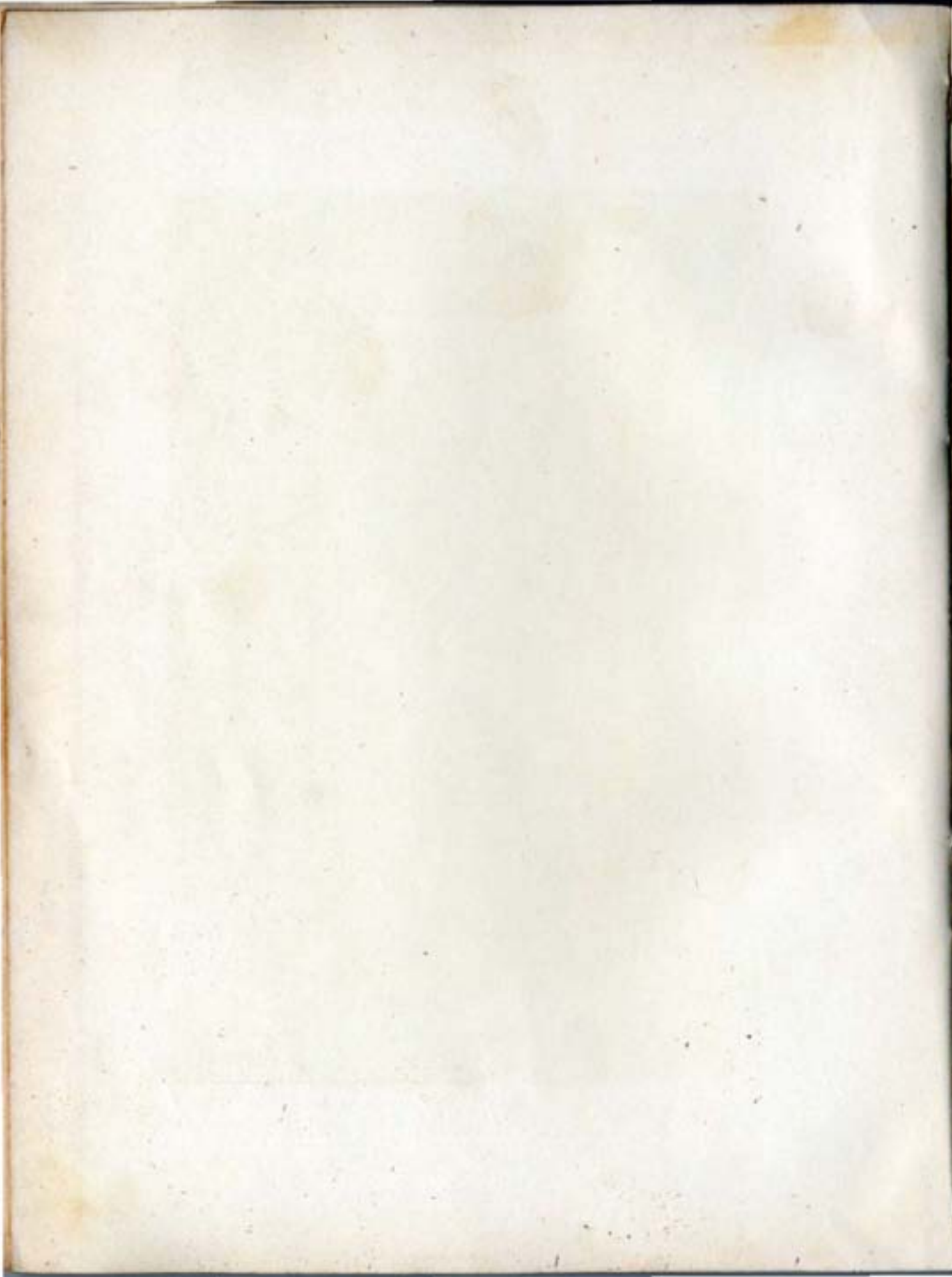


SOPHOMORE CIVIL ENGINEERS





SOPHOMORE CHEMISTS



SOPHOMORE SPECIAL STUDENTS



Class of 1904

OFFICERS

E. A. HALSETT	President
B. CHAMBERS	Vice-President
H. TIFFANY	Secretary and Treasurer
V. P. PAULETT	Sergeant-at-Arms
R. L. LINDSAY	Historian

COLORS

Navy blue and gray.

MOTTO

"Upward, Onward."

Members Class of 1904

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
ANDERSON, WILLIAM ANDREW, Jr.	Lexington	Rockbridge
ANDERSON, OTEY WATT	Tomahawk	Pittsylvania
BALDWIN, ROBERT FREDERICK	Elizabethtown	Hardin, Kentucky
BAKER, GEORGE LUKENS	Accotink	Fairfax
BARKER, CLARENCE HILL	Mendota	Washington
BAUMAN, CHARLES FREDERICK	Fredericksburg	Spottsylvania
BAXTER, DOUGLAS MITCHELL	Stanton	Augusta
BELL, LEWIS PORTERFIELD	Stanton	Augusta
BERKELEY, HENRY PARK FARLEY	Amelia	Amelia
BERKELEY, MAURICE FITZHARDINGE	Covington	Alleghany
BRADBURY, WILLIAM LOWELL, Jr.	Nasens	Orange
BRAGG, FRANK	Richmond	Henrico
BROWN, TERRY LINWOOD	Churchwood	Pulaski
BURTON, LESLIE CLYDE	The Falls	Nottoway
BUSSELS, BONNER IRVING	Irrington	Lancaster
BUTLER, EDWARD WALTER	Covington	Alleghany
BUTLER, FRANK ROBERT	Covington	Alleghany
BYRNES, JOSEPH WADE, Jr.	Falls Church	Fairfax
CAMPBELL, GREIGHTON CHILDS	Roanoke	Roanoke
CASTRO, EDGAR	San Juan	Argentine Republic, S. A.
CHAMBERS, BENJAMIN	Dovesville	Darlington, S. C.
CHASE, WILLIAM WINTHROW	Waynesboro	Augusta
CHILTON, WILLIAM MERRIMON	Lancaster	Lancaster
CHOWNING, VIVIAN RANDOLPH	Millenbeck	Lancaster
CLOYD, DAVID McNUTT, Jr.	Dublin	Pulaski
COCKERILL, SAMUEL	North Fork	Loudoun
CONEY, WILLIAM FRANKLIN	Wilmington	Newcastle, Delaware
CONEY, HENRY ELLIS	Wilmington	Newcastle, Delaware
COOK, GEORGE WALTER	Mount Sidney	Augusta
CORDLEY, WILLIE LESTER	Richmond	Henrico
CORELL, HARRY LEE	Vinton	Roanoke
COOK, PATRICK KEMPTON	Jonesville	Lee
CROWDER, FRED FRAYSER	Belleville	Powhatan
CROWGEY, HORATIO BOYNS	Wytheville	Wythe
DAVIS, JOHN JAMES	Norfolk	Norfolk
DAVIS, WILLIAM HENRY, Jr.	Norfolk	Norfolk
DAVIS, THOMAS BURRUSS	Stanardsville	Greene
DEAN, WILLIAM HARPER, Jr.	Richmond	Henrico
DeLOATCHE, HENRY KINDRED	Boykins	Southampton
DRINKARD, ROBERT URIEL	Dinguid	Campbell
DUNN, WALLACE ADAIR	Wilmington	New Hanover, N. C.
EICHAUM, HERMAN WILLIAM	Newcastle	Lawrence, Pennsylvania
BOFF, JOHN RAVENSCHROFT, Jr.	Christiansburg	Montgomery
FERNEYHOUGH, ROBERT EDWARD	Washington	District of Columbia
FLEET, BEVERLEY	Asbland	Hanover
FONTAINE, WILLIAM HALE	Martinsville	Henry
GANTT, FREDERICK VOWLES	Lynchburg	Campbell

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
GARY, HARTWELL HENRY	Franklin	Southampton
GIBBONEY, FRANK LINCOLN	Wytheville	Wythe
GILKESON, WILLIAM ESKRIDGE	Muse	Augusta
GLASS, EDWARD CHRISTIAN, Jr	Lynchburg	Campbell
GRAYSON, FRANK KENNERLEY	Hobart	Kiowa, Oklahoma
GRIFFIN, CHARLES DICKINSON	Fork Union	Flyvanna
GUY, HENRY IRVINE	Bedford City	Bedford
HAINSLIP, RICHARD ALLEN	Staunton	Augusta
HALSEY, EDWIN ALEXANDER	Washington	District of Columbia
HARDESTY, FRANCIS DeGROTTÉ	Berryville	Clarke
HAY, WILLIAM	Madison	Madison
HEARD, JOHN BRYANT	Lynchburg	Campbell
HEATH, MICHAEL YOUNGER	Narans	Campbell
HETH, CLEMENT CRAIG	East Radford	Montgomery
HILL, HENRY HARRIS	Roanoke	Roanoke
HINES, LeROY OKESON	Bowen	Isle of Wight
BOWELL, CARROLL SUMNER	Franklin	Southampton
HUGHES, STEPHEN TILLMAN, Jr	Trenton	Edgefield, South Carolina
HYDE, JOHN NEWTON	Winchester	Fredrick
JOHNSON, BRADLEY TYLER, Jr	Amelia	Amelia
JOHNSTON, JAMES AMBLER	Salem	Roanoke
KABLE, JOHN LOBBAN	Staunton	Augusta
KELLEY, LOOMIS LOOK	Glade Spring	Washington
KIE, JOHN WILLIAM	Fork Union	Flyvanna
KIRKWOOD, OTHELLO KIMBALL	Churchwood	Polaski
LANE, WILLIAM HENRY	Nasser	East Baton Rouge, La.
LATANE, WILLIAM CATESBY, Jr	Oak Grove	Westmoreland
LEE, GILMER THOMAS	Bedford Springs	Campbell
LEWIS, HARRY CALLOWAY	Laurel Grove	Pittsylvania
LIGON, PERCY GARLAND	Broadbus	Nelson
LILLEY, WILLIAM FRANCIS SMITH	Greeneville	Augusta
LINDSAY, RICHARD LEE	Allsonia	Polaski
LYON, MONCURE NELSON	Mount Wilson	Baltimore, Maryland
MARTIN, FRANK LYSANDER	Portsmouth	Norfolk
MILLER, CHARLES EDWARD	Richmond	Henrico
MORRIS, MARION McDONALD, Jr	Glade Springs	Washington
MOSCHETTI, RICHARD LEWIS	Richmond	Henrico
McCORMICK, HAROLD	Fairfield	Rockbridge
NEWMAN, WILLIAM TRIGG	Wallace	Washington
OTEY, ROBERT GRAHAM HANSON	Bristol	Sullivan, Tennessee
PAGE, RANDOLPH ROSEWELL	Boyer	Clark
PAULETT, VERNON PICKETT	Fareville	Prince Edward
PEALE, WALTER ORVILLE	Hilo	Augusta
PERKINS, CHARLES JETER	Carysbrook	Flyvanna
PIEISON, JOHN BOLLING	Summit	Spottsylvania
POINDEXTER, ROYAL CLYDE	Lynchburg	Campbell
PRATT, FRANK CUSHING	Montethersville	Stafford
PRICE, CHARLES PARHAM	Brookneal	Campbell
PRICE, WALTER ALEXANDER	Price's Fork	Montgomery
RANDOLPH, ARTHUR LEE	Tallahassee	Leon, Florida

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
RICH, JOHN ROBERT	Wytheville	Wythe
ROBESON, FRANK LEIGH	Farmville	Prince Edward
ROSENFELD, ARTHUR HINTON, Jr.	Bedford	Montgomery
ROYER, DONALD ROSSITER	Roanoke	Roanoke
ROYALL, WILLIAM SPENCER	Trenholm	Powhatan
SAUNDERS, CARTER TEMPLE	Evington	Campbell
SCOTT, GEORGE HOBSON	Gordonsville	Orange
SHELDON, THOMAS BALDWIN	Norfolk	Norfolk
SMITH, JAMES EDWIN, Jr.	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
STALEY, DAVID DENTON	Marion	Smythe
STEWART, ARCHIBALD MITCHELL	Columbia	Richland, South Carolina
STILES, JOSEPH CLAY	Elliston	Montgomery
STRAUS, PERCY JULIUS	Richmond	Henrico
TALBOTT, JOHN WILSON	Elliot City	Howard, Maryland
TALCOTT, NATHAN EDMONDSON BERRY	Bon Air	Chesterfield
TAYLOR, HENRY LEIPER	Oak Grove	Westmoreland
TAYLOR, THOMAS FLINT, Jr.	Geyserville	Sonoma, California
TALLECHIEA, FRANCISCO YABIER	Granabaca	Cuba
THIBODEAUX, ERNEST AUGUSTUS	Thibodaux	Lafourche, Louisiana
THORPE, RALPH BRINK	Richmond	Henrico
TIFFANY, HUNTON	Landmark	Fauquier
TINSLEY, JOSHUA MARVIN	Crooked Run	Culpeper
TURNER, JOHN DANIEL	Covington	Alleghany
TURNER, OSCAR RAYMOND	Covington	Alleghany
VEST, JAMES MARSHALL	Bedford City	Bedford
WADDELL, JOHN AITKINS	Garth	Albemarle
WADE, GUY WALTER	Christiansburg	Montgomery
WALKER, TERRELL HAMILTON	Newport News	Warwick
WATKINS, WARNER MERRIWEATHER	Milton	Caswell, North Carolina
WEBB, DAVID STUART	Staunton	Angosta
WEBB, LEWIS WARRINGTON	Norfolk	Norfolk
WHITE, FRANK LESLIE	Richmond	Henrico
WHITE, JOHN THOMAS, Jr.	Danville	Pittsylvania
WHITMAN, EUGENE PIERCE	Palaski City	Palaski
WHITMORE, JOHN CAMPBELL	Petersburg	Dorchester
WHITTEKER, ROBERT DOFF	Charleston	Kanawha, W. Va.
WILLIAMS, SAMUEL WHITLOCK, Jr.	Wytheville	Wythe
WILLSON, GEORGE CRALLE	Elmont	Hanover
WILSON, JOHN WALTER	Lewisburg	Greenbrier, W. Va.
WINE, WILLIAM EDWARD	Bridgewater	Rockingham
WRIGHT, DANIEL	Rest	Frederick
WRIGHT, RANDOLPH EARLE	Curtis	Bedford
YOST, FRANK MARSHALL	Staunton	Angosta

History of the Class of 1904

THE pathway of life is not strewn with roses, nor the tasks thereof accomplished without much labor. To the class historian especially is this truth evident after spending many weary hours trying to dodge the rocks of repetition, and to present at least some slight degree of originality. But to write the history of the class of '04 should be indeed a pleasure—a pleasure because it is the largest sophomore class ever enrolled at V. P. I.

Not large in numbers only—for that would mean nothing unaccompanied by the necessary qualities of manhood—but large in that noble spirit which tends to elevate the standard of college life. It should be a pleasure, because no class ever had a more complete record, or one more worthy of remembrance.

It is with a feeling of genuine pride that we review the work done in the short period of time which we have been at V. P. I.

The first year passed in the customary manner—our trials being somewhat less severe than those of Pharaoh, but they were borne patiently (for had not all members of the class read the book of Job?) and we came out pure gold tried in the furnace.

This training developed us wonderfully, and created that spirit of humble obedience which is rarely found nowadays. After finals, and the summer vacation, almost all of the old members returned, together with several new members. These were heartily welcomed into the class, and given the full benefit of all its many advantages. The status of the class was very much increased on passing from the state of "rat-hood" to something more desirable. No longer did we seek for some one "to show us the back way" to our rooms, but walked boldly up the front way. It is needless to say that the spirit, "it is more blessed to give than to receive," pervaded the very atmosphere. Strange to say, the old adage, "one stitch in time saves nine," was changed by some mischievous fellow into "one lick in time saves nine."

But we cannot linger longer with such trivial things. Mixed with this amusement came work in earnest. The easy work of the first year was replaced by hard work. "The milk of childhood" had indeed become "the meat of manhood." Those who had won promotion were somewhat engaged in military duties for some weeks. However, the entire class soon realized that all fond fancies of "snaps" were but air castles, and hard work supplanted idleness. We had now arrived at the period where

study is pursued because of the love for it. Each man seemed to realize that now his success or failure depended upon his own efforts; for Emerson says, "There is a time in every man's education when he realizes that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or worse for his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, 'no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil, bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till.'"

Early in the season it became evident that the class of '04 was to be well represented in athletics. Several members of the class made either the "varsity" or substitutes on the football team. We cannot soon forget the magnificent work of Wilson, who, as guard, won the praise of all. Turner also did some excellent work as substitute. Those who took no active part contributed loyally—with their influence, with their presence on the field, and also with their financial support.

Soon the Xmas holidays broke the monotony, and how pleasant it was to be home again, where "the girl I left behind me" lives! With dancing and other pleasures the two short weeks passed all too rapidly, and, ere we realized it, the conductor "put us off at Christiansburg." But no time was now to be wasted idly dreaming of the past, for intermediates were drawing near. "In time of peace prepare for war," hence all possible preparation was made for the ordeal. The "midnight candle" burned in many a room whose occupants resolved not to be caught "napping." How glad we were when at last the grades were posted! Tiffany, as usual, Hardesty, Robeson, Cordley and others too numerous to mention, deserve hearty commendation for their good work. Such was highly gratifying to the class as a whole, for we like to see the standard high intellectually, morally and every other way.

Our class, like all others, has its full quota of "ladies' men." Foremost among these comes Grandpa Drinkard, who seems especially susceptible to the charms of the fairer sex, followed by Coney and Fernyhough, with Grandpa Cordley a possible rival in the near future. We cannot but commend them in this.

Early in the spring baseball became the subject of our thoughts. In this, as well as football, the class of '04 did not fall behind. Howell, "the boy pitcher," and Kelly as substitute, did good work. Poindexter's work was admirable. Perhaps the most notable event in the history of the class was the delightful trip to Charleston. The beautiful exhibits, buildings and grounds of the exposition occupied our time profitably for ten days. The pleasure of the trip was greatly increased by the presence of several "female college" students. But everything must come to an end, and once again we returned to take our respective places in the play of life at V. P. I. better prepared than ever before for work, which, after all, is the only way to contentment. But a few short days had been spent in work when we experienced the

saddest period in our history. This was occasioned by the death of our classmate, Benjamin Chambers. His gentle ways, manly bearing and strength of character had won the love and esteem of all with whom he was associated. Though but entering the threshold of manhood, we feel that no words could better describe him than those of Shakespeare: "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, '*This was a man.*'"

So fully did his class trust him, and such confidence had it in his abilities, that it chose him as its chief officer—president. No one ever discharged his duties in a more conscientious, straightforward manner. His death left a vacancy which cannot be filled. Though he has been taken from our midst, yet his memory will ever remain as a shining light.

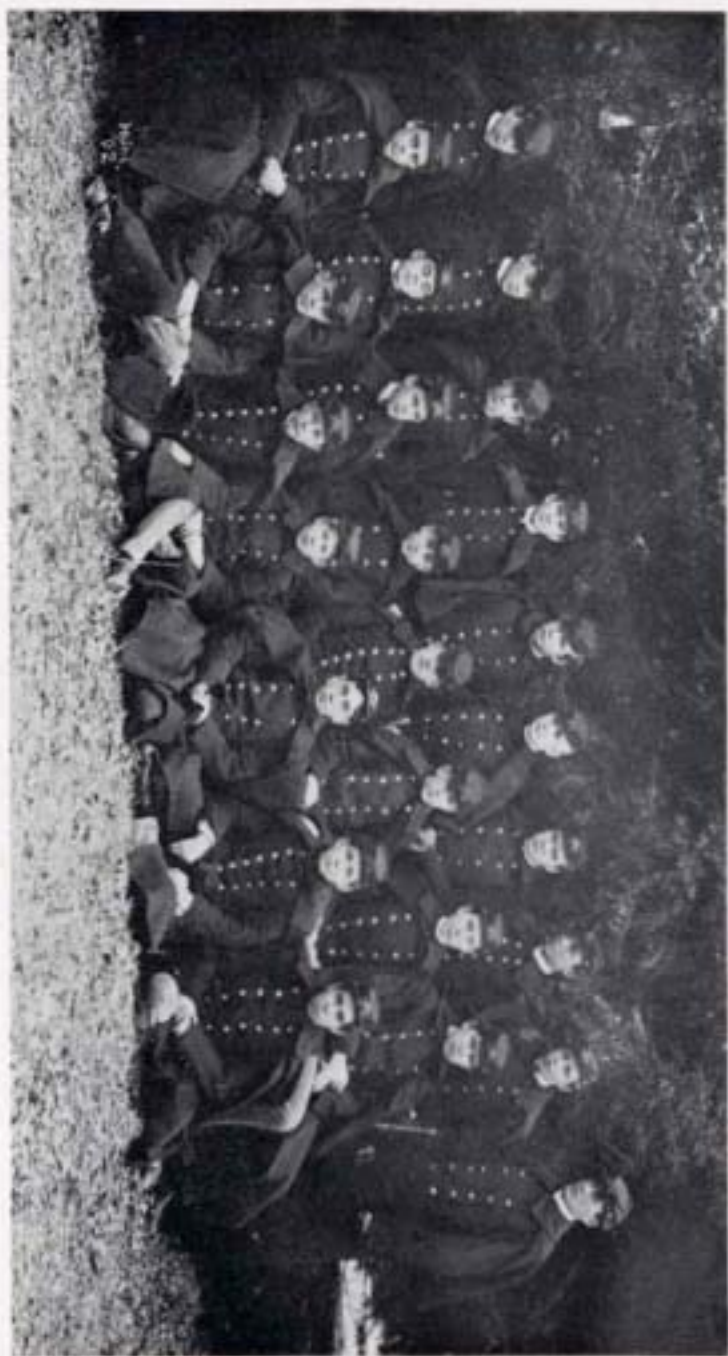
As the year is drawing to a close we begin to think again of examinations, and after they are over, vacation. How happy will we be when the year's work is finished! Although the time has not been spent as profitably as it might have been, yet it is with a feeling of satisfaction that we contemplate the closing of our labors. With pardonable pride may it be said that no class ever did better. As the years go by may each member of the class realize more and more his calling in life; and may each one attain the highest degree of success. May we realize that only he who does most good in life is truly successful.

HISTORIANS.

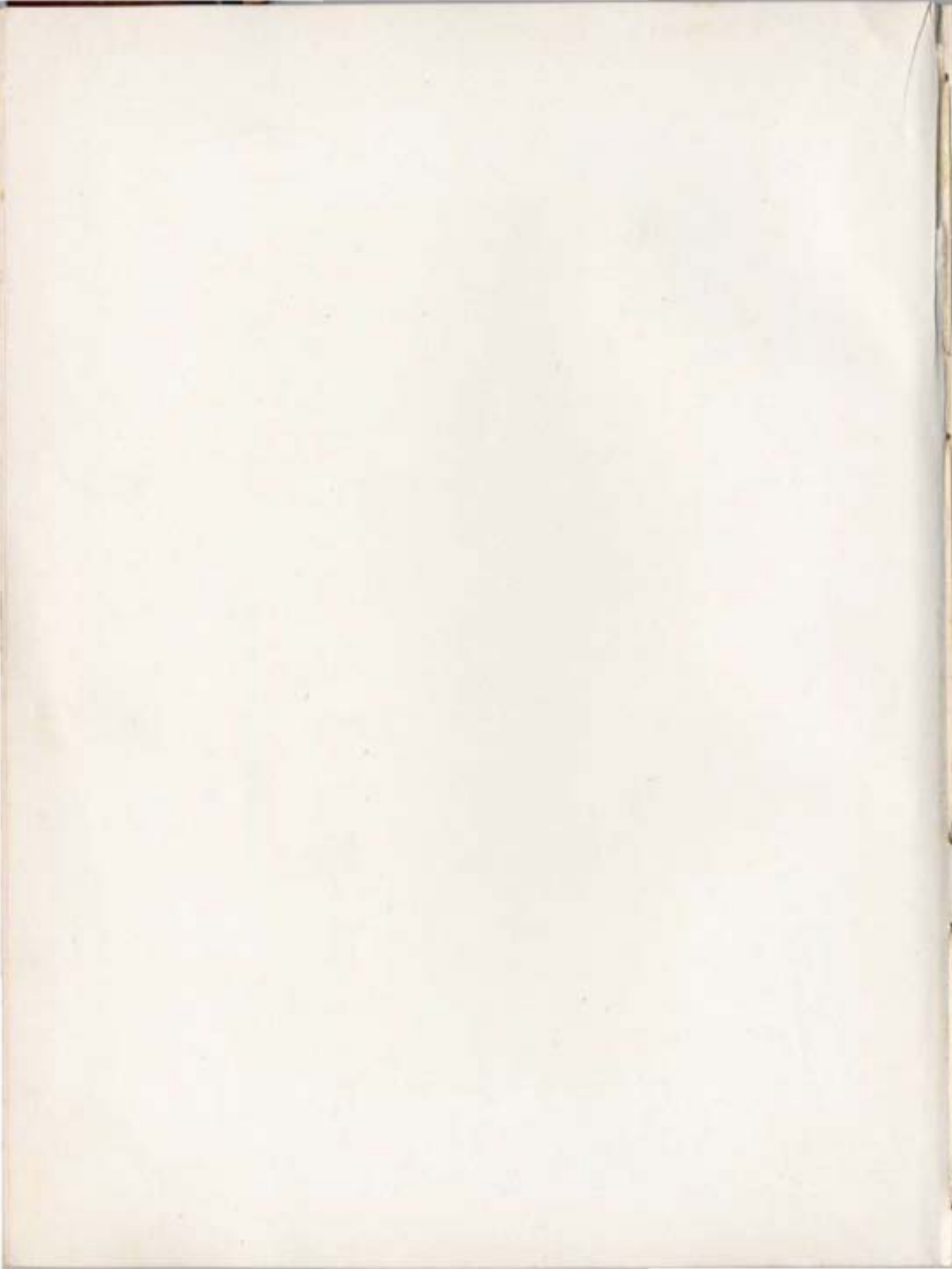


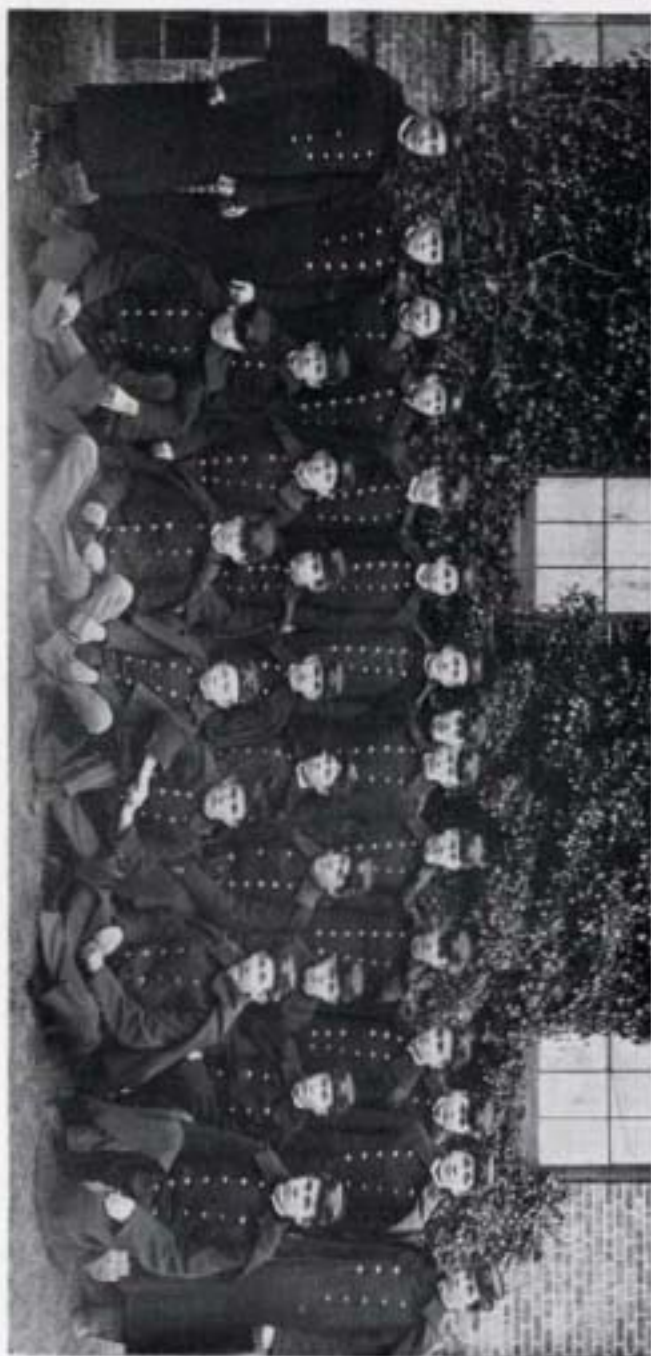




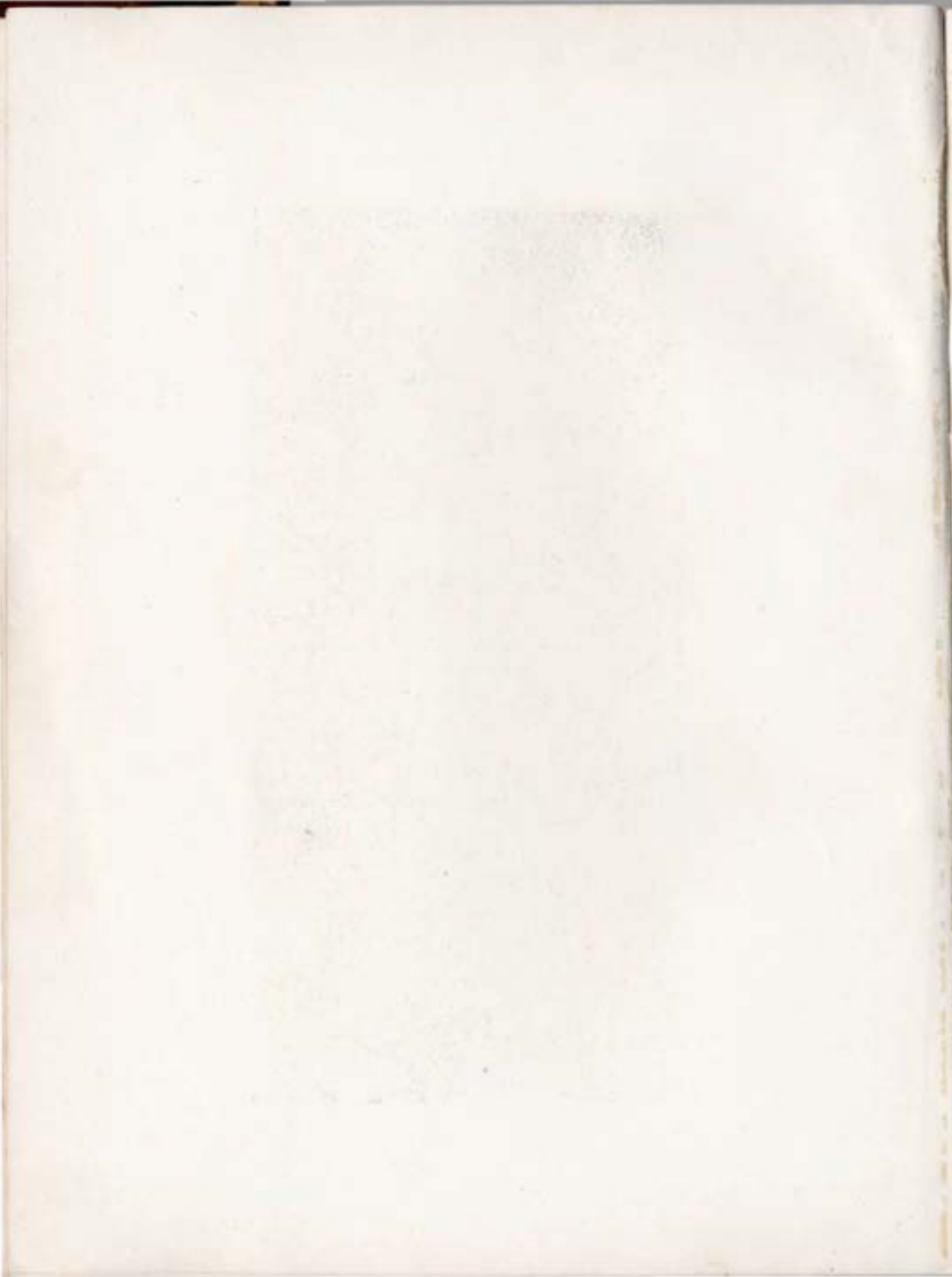


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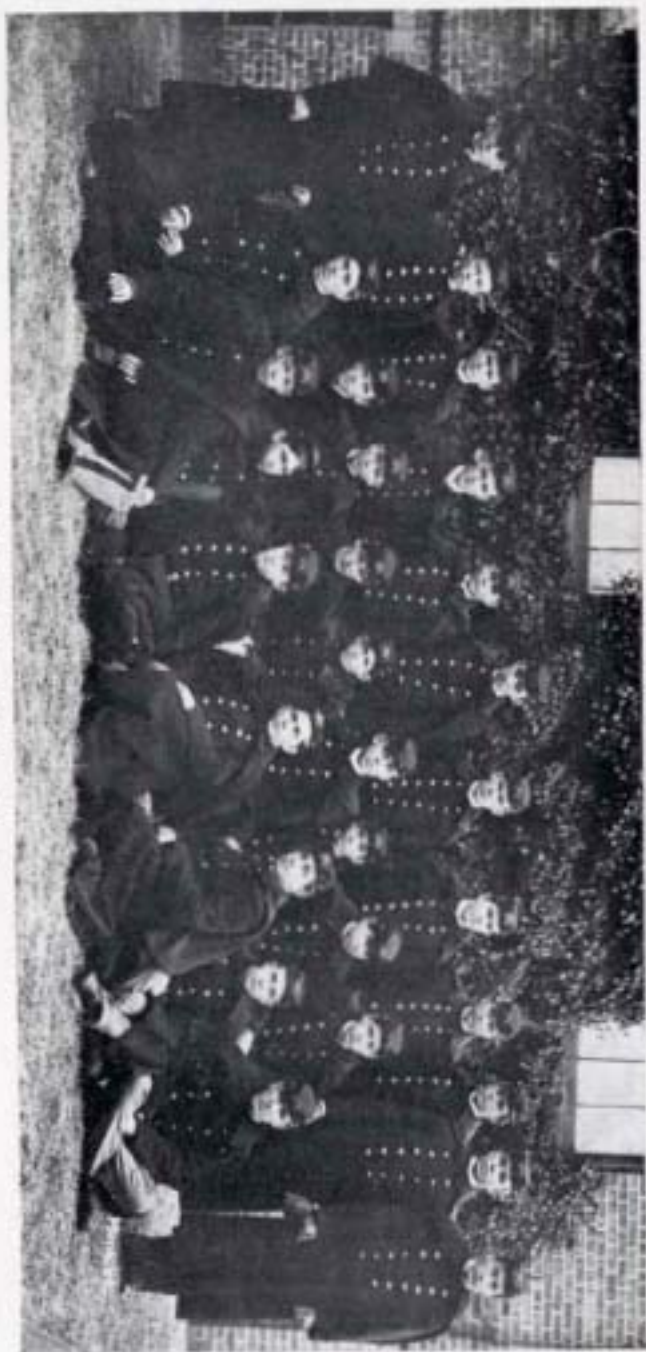




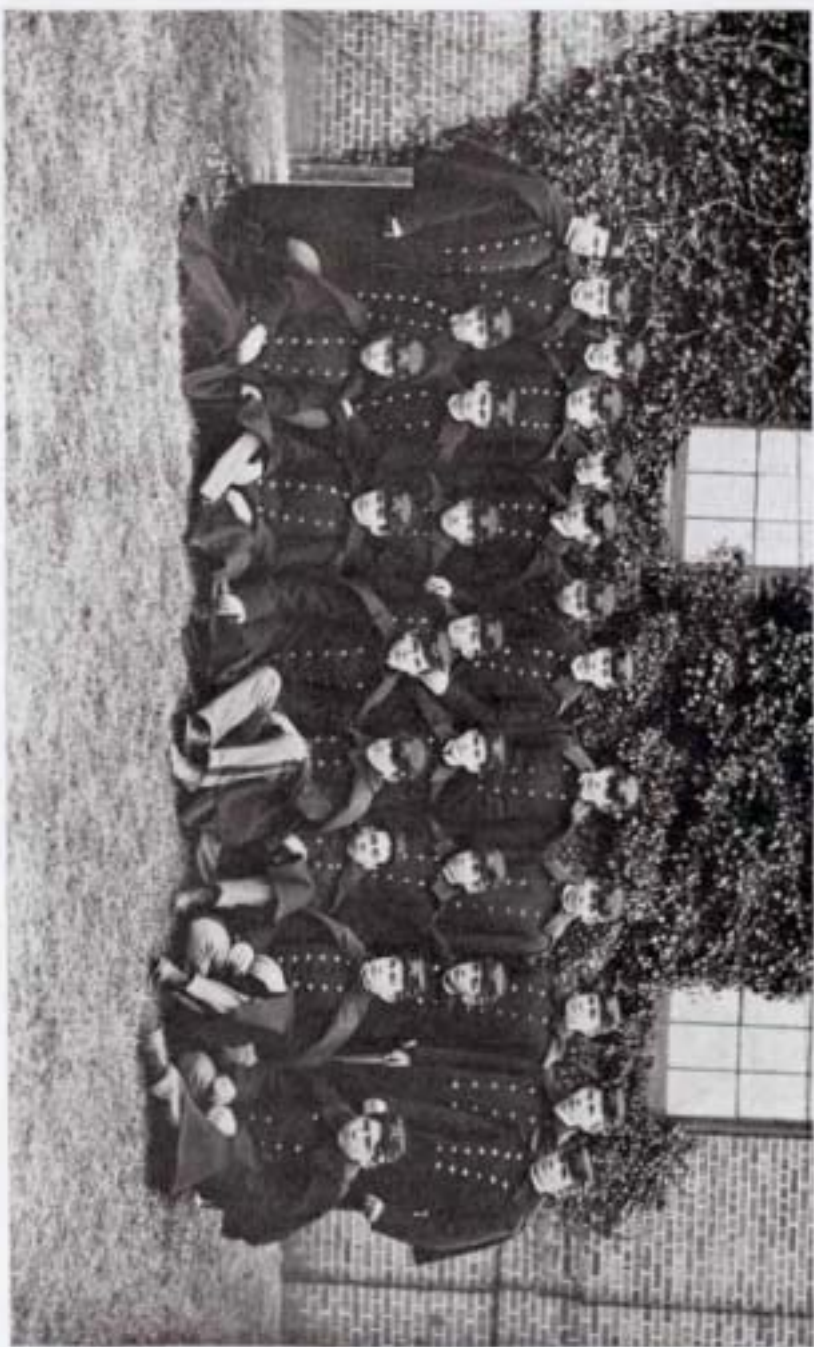
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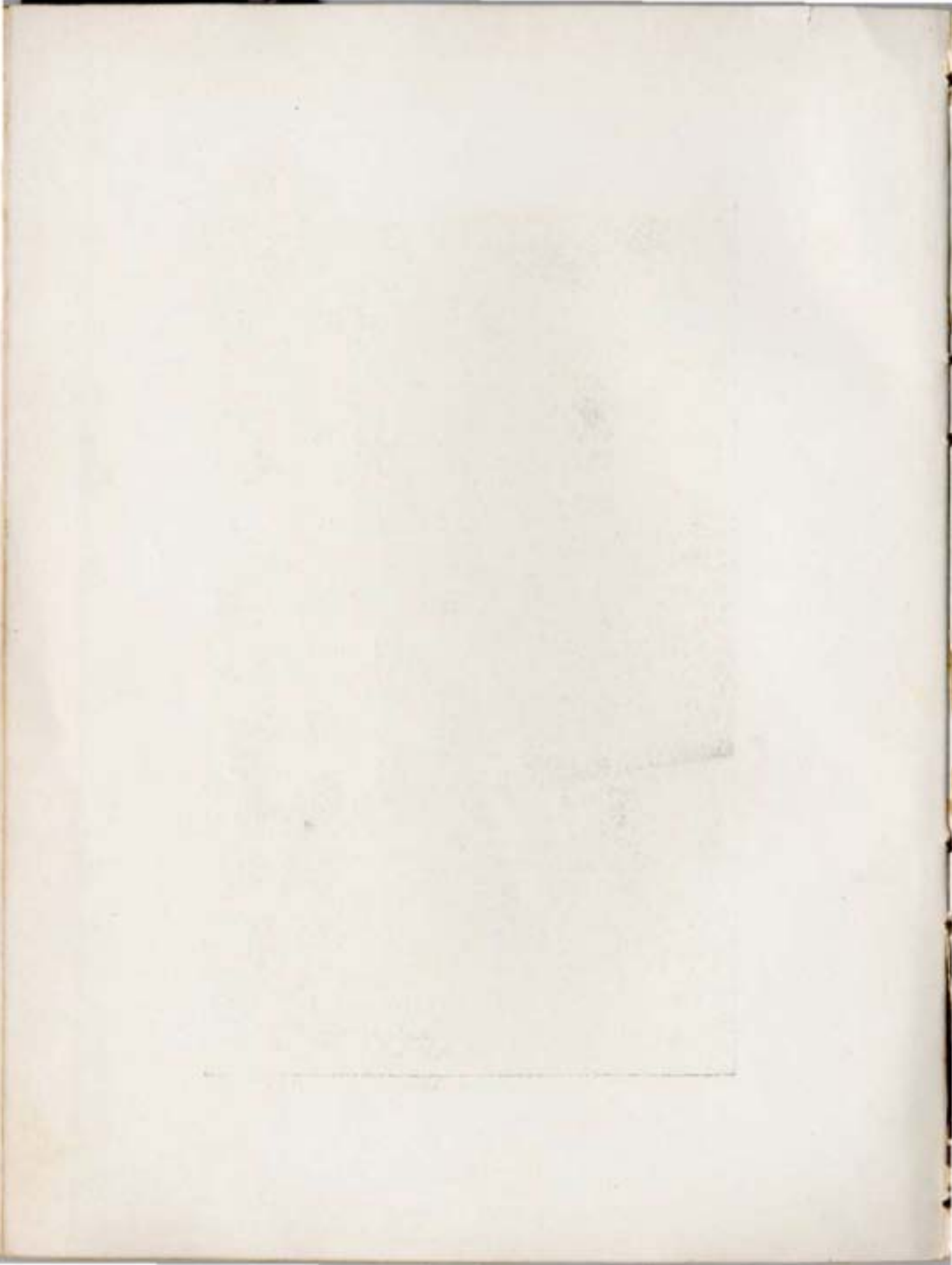
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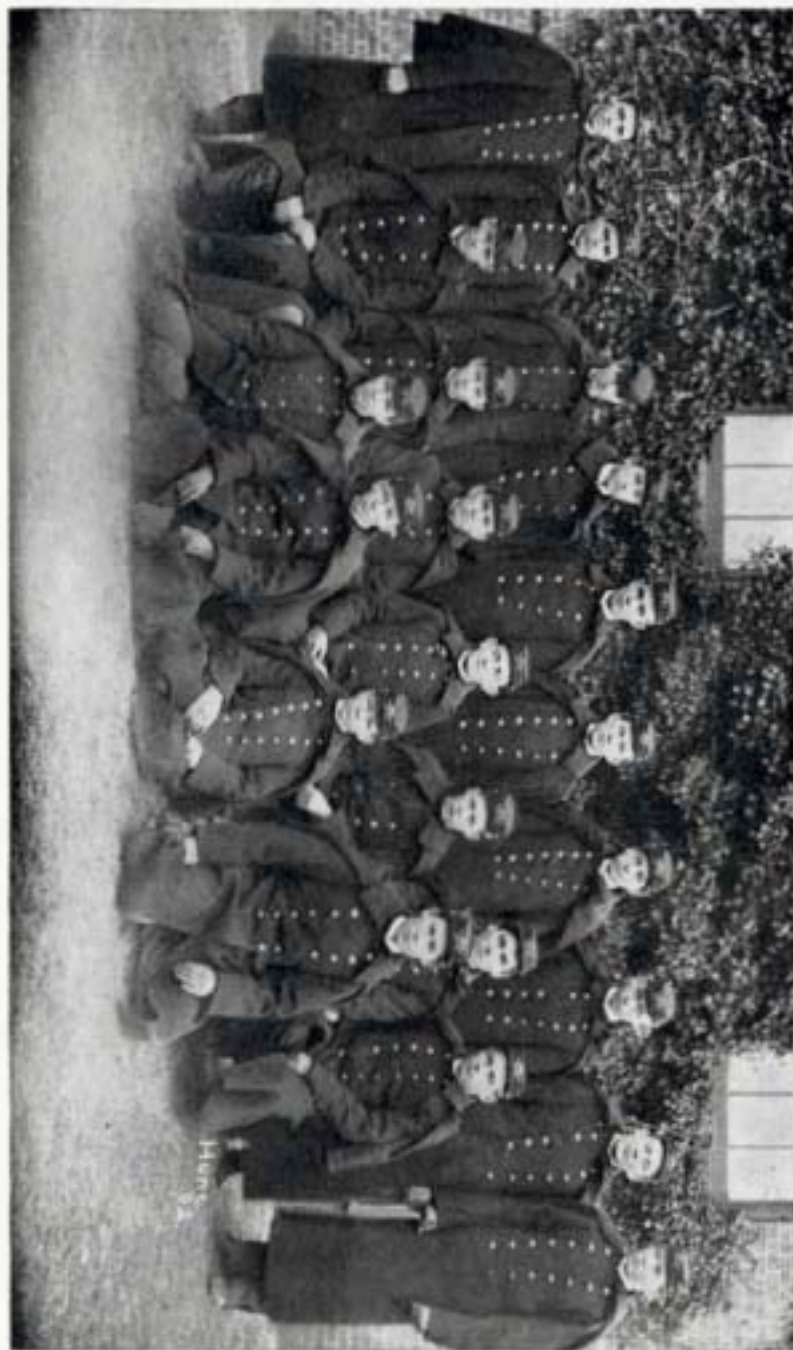




FRESHMAN GROUP NO. 4



FRESHMAN GROUP NO. 3



Class of 1905

OFFICERS

J. HARRY BECKETT	President
D. GRAHAM ROBSON	Vice-President
J. E. CLELAND.....	Secretary and Treasurer
A. P. GRAYBILL.....	Historian
R. S. ROYER	Sergeant-at-Arms

COLORS

Old gold and royal purple.

YELL

Rickety! rex! rex! rex!
Rickety! rex! rex! rex!
Hullabaloo! Howdy do?
We are well! How are you?
Long thrive, naughty five!

Members Class of 1905

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
ALWOOD, HUBERT JACKSON	Blacksburg	Montgomery
ADAIR, HUGH HENDERSON	Cashmere	Monroe, W. Va.
ALVIS, FRANK	Calno	King William
BALDWIN, ERNEST GIBBONEY	Ronoke	Ronoke
BARKER, VERNON CRUMLEY	Mendota	Washington
BARKSDALE, ROBERT BANNISTER	Brooklyn	Halifax
BARNES, BENJAMIN CARSON	Chesconnewex	Accomac
BECKETT, JOHN HARRY	Wilmington	Newcastle, Delaware
BELL, JOSEPH EDGAR	Wakefield	Sussex
BIDAUX, SYLVAN RALPH	Saugertown	Crawford, Pennsylvania
BLAIR, HARVEY	Richmond	Henrico
BOLLING, ROBERT BUCKNER	Charlottesville	Albemarle
BOLLING, STEWART, Jr.	Staunton	Augusta
BOWLES, WILLIAM ANDERSON, Jr.	Staunton	Augusta
BOWLES, GEORGE EDWARD	Frederick	Frederick, Maryland
BOYD, CLINTON CARROLL	Richmond	Henrico
BRIDGES, ROBERT DOBNEY, Jr.	Leesburg	Loudoun
BRODIE, JOHN MOLLISON	Coleman's Falls	Bedford
BROWN, JOHN WILLCOX, Jr.	Brierfield	Bedford
BRYARLY, WILLIAM ALLEN	Boyes	Clark
BURTON, HODGES MANN	The Falls	Nottoway
BURTON, OTIS MACON	Daleville	Botetourt
BYERS, ROBERT McCLUNG	Fort Defiance	Augusta
BARTON, WILLIAM STROTHER	Dublin	Pulaski
BUCHANAN, WILLIS RUFUS	Ellendale	Smyth
BURWELL, ARTHUR HOWARD	Chincoteague Island	Accomac
CAMERON, JAMES BLACKWOOD	Richmond	Henrico
CLARK, JOHN ROBERT	Lynchburg	Campbell
CLELAND, JAMES EDWARD	Lynchburg	Campbell
CLEMENT, SAMUEL AVERETT	Callands	Pittsylvania
COLBERT, WILLIAM McCORMICK	Portsmouth	Norfolk
COLEMAN, CHARLES WARREN	Charlottesville	Jefferson, W. Va.
COOK, DOUGLAS JAMES	Richmond	Henrico
COURTNEY, CHARLES FREDERICK	Kinsale	Westmoreland
COX, LEONARD BALLARD	Cascade	Pittsylvania
COYSER, CHARLES ELLIOTT	Doans	Augusta
CRIST, JOSEPH HUGHES	Lynchburg	Campbell
CROCKETT, ARTHUR JAMES	Shawsville	Montgomery
CUNNINGHAM, GEORGE HAMILTON	Kelly's Ford	Culpeper
ELLETT, FRANCIS BEVERLY	Christiansburg	Montgomery
EISENMAN, ARTHUR MARX	Charlottesville	Albemarle
FISHER, CLAIR ALBION	Wytheville	Wythe
FORBER, DAVID HENRY	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
FREEMAN, JOHN OVEY	Bedford City	Bedford
FULTON, DAVID	Charlottesville	Jefferson, W. Va.
FIELD, WILLIAM MEADE, Jr.	Petersburg	Dinwiddie
FOSQUE, JOHN DRUMMOND	Onancock	Accomac

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
GALT, WILLIAM RICHARD	Norfolk	Norfolk
GIBBS, JAMES FRANKLIN	Roanoke	Roanoke
GOODLOF, ALFRED MINOR	Gordonsville	Orange
GRAHAM, GEORGE ELMER	Christiansburg	Montgomery
GRUBB, EDWARD STUART	Norfolk	Norfolk
GRAVES, WISTAR WALLACE	Belmont	Spottsylvania
GRAYBILL, ARCHER PHLEGAR	Salem	Roanoke
HANSBROUGH, GARLAND MORTIMER	Winchester	Frederick
HARRELSON, ALLEN McRAE	Richmond	Henrico
HARRIS, THOMAS JAMES, Jr.	Wakefield	Sussex
HARRIS, WILLIAM TIMOTHY	Washington	District of Columbia
HARRISON, WATKINS LEIGH	Talleyville	New Kent
HARVIE, JOHN BROCKENBROUGH	Richmond	Henrico
HILDERRAND, CLARENCE KARNES	Hildebrand	Augusta
HOBSON, CHARLES MACON	Belona	Powhatan
HOBSON, JOHN CALER	Belona	Powhatan
HOPE, LYELL ANDERSON	Covington	Alleghany
HUDGINS, JOHN DOUGLAS	Richmond	Henrico
HUNTER, CLARENCE CECIL	Newcastle	Craig
HARDRARGER, JOHN HUNTER	Waskey's Mill	Botetourt
HARPER, GEORGE ALEXANDER	Staunton Draft	Augusta
HENNING, DAVID ARNOLD	Columbia	Richland
IRVING, FRANK HERSEY	Cartersville	Cumlerland
IVES, FITZHUGH LEE	Hickory	Norfolk
JACOBS, JAMES JOSEPH	Ahala	Orange
JERRELL, ROBERT SCOTT	Devele	Spottsylvania
JOHNSON, BENJAMIN	Richmond	Henrico
JOHNSON, PERCY LUCIAN	Kenova	Wayne, West Virginia
JOHNSON, MORRIS RICHARD	Cismont	Albemarle
JORDAN, PERCY SHELBY	Newbern	Pulaski
KAYSER, WILLIAM FLOURNOY	Lick Run	Botetourt
KEPPER, JOHN LUTHER	Blacksburg	Montgomery
KELLER, LOWRY LAWRENCE	Ablington	Washington
KENNEDY, DAVID TINSLEY	Tinkling	Lunenburg
KINDRED, ALEXANDER THREADGILL	Roanoke	Roanoke
KING, THOMAS CARSON	New York	New York, N. Y.
KUNKEL, RICHARD COOPER	Pulaski City	Pulaski
KENT, ANDREW MARTIN	Charlottesville	Albemarle
LANFORD, WALLACE BROWN	Carysbrook	Fluvanna
LIPPETT, BOWLES FONTAINE	Berryville	Clark
LOYD, LEWIS GALE	Covington	Alleghany
LOVE, JAMES HUNTER	Oral Oaks	Lunenburg
MYERS, GEORGE ALEXANDER	Roanoke	Roanoke
MCCAULEY, JAMES EDWARD	Blacksburg	Montgomery
McNUTT, ROBERT HUGH	Elma	Bland
MARTIN, CHESTER LEE	Portsmouth	Norfolk
MARTIN, ROBERT DARST	Salem	Roanoke
MATTHEWS, WILLIAM JAMES	MacFarlands	Lunenburg
MELTON, WILLIE WYATT	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
MINNIS, ROY BURNETTE	Del Rio	Cocke, Tennessee

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
MORRISSETTE, TUCKER	Rice Depot	Prince Edward
MYERS, WILLIAM GRAHAM	Ottobine	Rockingham
MCCULLOCH, MAT	Waskey's Mill	Botetourt
MACDOWELL, WALTER GARDNER	Roanoke	Roanoke
MCKENNEY, PAUL WESLEY	Iron Gate	Alleghany
NELSON, FRANK, JR.	Rustburg	Campbell
NETTLETON, GEORGE EDWARD	Covington	Alleghany
NEWLAND, DAVID ELBERT	Fitter	Wythe
OLIVER, WILLIAM PALMER	Blacksburg	Montgomery
OPENSHAIN, ARCHIE WOODS, JR.	Fincome	Botetourt
OGBURN, ALPHUS CARELL, JR.	North View	Mecklenburg
PACK, ARCHIE EARL	Pear'sburg	Giles
PATTISON, ROBERT CUTLER	Roanoke	Roanoke
PAYNE, EDWARD ERWIN	Atoka	Fauquier
PAYNE, JOHN LeROY	Greystone	Henry
PENN, GEORGE EDWARD, JR.	Abington	Washington
PRETLOW, ROBERT WHITLOCK	Richmond	Henrico
PRICE, ROBERT EDWIN TALMAGE	Smithville	Charlotte
PRIDDY, WALTER MASON	Keysville	Charlotte
PRINTZ, ROBERT LEONARD	Luray	Page
PURCELL, CHARLES WILLIAM	Greenwood	Albemarle
PAUKER, NATHAN	Mount Landing	Essex
PERROW, TAZE JULIAN, JR.	Lowville	Campbell
PRICE, JAMES CLEVELAND	Smithville	Charlotte
REGESTER, SAMUEL PARKE	Richmond	Henrico
REID, LESLIE WALTON	Roanoke	Roanoke
ROBSON, DAVID GRAHAM	Missy Creek	Augusta
RODRIGUEZ, MIGUEL	Dajan, Coahuila	Mexico
ROHR, WILLIE CLAUDORNE	Harrisburg	Rockingham
ROGERS, CALEB DORSEY	Elliott City	Howard, Maryland
ROUTTEN, WILLIAM WEST	Newport News	Warwick
BOYER, ROBERT STUART	Roanoke	Roanoke
RUCKER, LUCIAN BRUCE	Stuart	Patrick
SALLEY, NORMAN EDWIN	Orangeburg	Orangeburg, S. C.
SCHULTZ, THOMAS RAY	Buchanan	Botetourt
SCLATER, ROBERTSON HOSKINS	Hampton	Elizabeth City
SCOTT, CHARLES SCOTT, JR.	Amherst	Amherst
SCOTT, JOHN WALTER, JR.	Gardonsville	Orange
SCOTT, SAMUEL	Howardsville	Albemarle
SCOTT, SAMUEL DAVIS	Amherst	Amherst
SHUEY, PHILIP MACGREGOR	Charlottesville	Albemarle
SISKRON, FREDERICK THOMAS	Darlington	Darlington, S. C.
SVITER, FREDERICK CLEVELAND	Danville	Pittsylvania
SMITH, ETHELBERT WALTON	Clarksburg	Harrison, W. Va.
SPITLER, CARROLL MARMION	Luray	Page
STEPHENS, RICHARD FRANTZ	Cambria	Montgomery
STERN, LAWRENCE	Richmond	Henrico
SYKES, GAITHER HUNTER	Elliott City	Howard, Maryland
SALLEY, GEORGE ELMORE	Orangeburg	Orangeburg, S. C.
SEGAR, JOHN CASON	Lewiston	Spottsylvania

NAME	TOWNS	COUNTY
SMITH, FOSTER	Saluda	Middlesex
STEPHENSON, WILLIAM CURRY	Boykins	Southampton
STRAVER, HARRY VENABLE	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
TIMBERLAKE, ROBERT SEATON	Clear Brook	Frederick
THOMAS, CHARLES BENTON, Jr.	Coveton	Wythe
THOMAS, RICHARD ALLEN	Lynchburg	Campbell
THOMPSON, FREDERICK CLEVELAND	Washington	District of Columbia
THORNE, EUGENE GRAHAM	Austinville	Wythe
TYLER, EDWIN KEMP	Washington	District of Columbia
VANSANT, WILLIAM LAWRENCE	Kinsale	Westmoreland
VAUGHAN, JOSEPH ALLEN	Roanoke	Roanoke
VEGA, ANTONIO CATALA	Guanabacoa	Cuba
WHITE, WILLIAM BAXTER	Lexington	Rockbridge
WATKINS, BENJAMIN CORNELIUS	Hallsboro	Chesterfield
WATKINS, TUCKER CARRINGTON, Jr.	Watkins	Halifax
WATTS, ROBERT BURNLEY	Stony Point	Albemarle
WILKINS, WILLIAM WYCHE	Mount Carmel	Halifax
WILLIS, WALTER NEALE	Willie	Floyd
WILSON, ERNEST JOHN FREWEN	Arrington	Nelson
WILSON, FRANK CORNELL	Great Bridge	Norfolk
WILSON, JOHN ALEXANDER	Lexington	Rockbridge
WILSON, WALTER FREWEN	Arrington	Nelson
WINFIELD, COURTLAND SCOTT	Sperryville	Rappahannock
WITHERS, WALTER PIERCE	Abington	Washington
WOOD, EZRA PARKER	Priddys	Albemarle
WOOD, THEOPHILUS HUGH	Priddys	Albemarle
WOOD, WALTER WALLACE	Baldwin	Botetourt



Freshman Class History

THE date of September the 21st brought to many of us the breaking of home ties for the first time. It was then that we launched our little craft on the wide and untried sea of college experience. Then it was that life began to face us as a reality, and new problems and conditions presented themselves for our solution. And it was very natural, too, that our first impressions should have been so lasting, and especially as they were presented in such a forcible manner. When we first found ourselves on the campus we were greeted by that affectionate and endearing term of r-a-t. That word means so much to every new boy. After being catechized as to who we were and from whence we came, and after passing through several new experiences, we were formally received into the barracks and college life. The next day we were ushered into the portals of academic precincts, where we were introduced to a pleasant pastime known as entrance examinations. And while surprised and delighted with this, we were at the same time informed that on the following Thursday all new boys would report for regular academic and military duties.

Gradually after this, our timidity began to wear off as we became more accustomed to our new environments.

About three weeks after our arrival we were invited to a reception given by the Young Men's Christian Association in their new building. At this time a welcome was extended to us in behalf of the Y. M. C. A., and by representatives of the faculty of the College and citizens of the town. Also, in this connection, mention might be made of the consideration always received at the hands of the military authorities, even thoughtful enough to often call at our rooms to see if we were in, and if all was well.

By this time we were becoming more familiar with the geography of the place, and finding the "Old" orchard very inviting, volunteered to assist in gathering the fall apples (for our rooms, however). Realizing how pleasant as well as profitable this work promised to be, practical experiments were soon undertaken in the vineyard and with very satisfactory results. Thus almost unconsciously the year's work was begun.

Realizing the fact that we were no longer school-boys, but young men and the material out of which the dignified Seniors of '05 were to be formed, we decided to organize ourselves as a class. A meeting was called for this purpose on the night of October 11th, resulting in the election of J. H. Beckett, President, D. G. Robson, Vice-President, and J. E. Cleland, Secretary and Treasurer. This election of officers was completed by electing R. S. Royer Sergeant-at-Arms.

Thus it was that the organized class of '05 came into existence, the largest class that ever matriculated at the V. P. L. We trust, however, that in this fact does not lie our chief characteristic. But because of the hundred and twenty-eight men represented in our class, we cannot deal with them individually. In fact, the great deeds accomplished by our men as individuals have not as yet been very numerous. Time alone will reveal the latent energies and lofty aspirations. There are, however, many little instances that would doubtless be edifying to the reader, but in this brief sketch we must withhold much of this interesting and useful information.

We venture, however, a few remarks. Being encouraged by the brilliant playing and splendid achievements of the first foot-ball team, a class team was organized. The close of the foot-ball season, however, prevented a test of their skill on the gridiron.

Our college has no fraternities, but the two literary societies, the Maury and the Lee, took many of our class within their walls, and assisted much in smoothing over the rough places in the aspiring freshman's oratory. And so it was that, with our collegiate duties and these other things to do and think about, the fall days came and went as a dream. Almost before we knew it the "old boys" were reminding us with an emphasis that was clearly heard and distinctly realized, that the Christmas holidays were at hand. And, as a spring in a desert and a fountain by the wayside, Xmas came, with all of its home goings. Thus our drooping spirits were revived and we took hope again, only to come back and find those long-looked-for and much-talked-of intermediates presenting themselves as a reality.

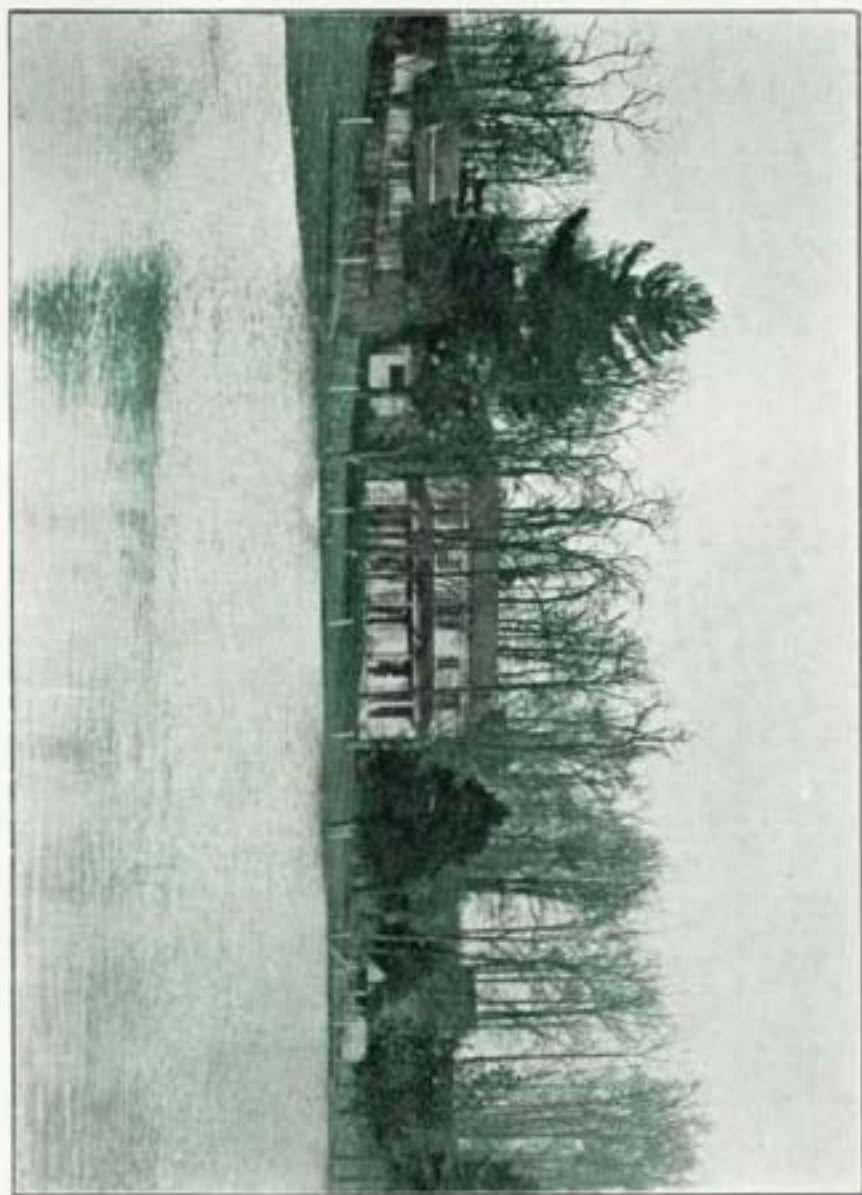
The next occurrence of special interest to us was on January 20th. This was the day on which the famous snow ball battle was fought. It was declared to be a great success by the many onlookers. And, from the number of halt, lame and blind that wandered around the barracks for the next few days, it evidently was.

Another date long to be remembered is February 18th. It was on that night, while all were resting peacefully in the arms of "Morpheus," there appeared to each of us a terrible nightmare, culminating in a surprising reality. It was that of a body of men, not armed with flaming swords and terrible banners, but with a woman's weapon, the scissors. This was the little instrument that proved in this case to be mightier than either the pen or the sword. Thus was the foundation laid for what might be known as the second story of the "Rape of the Lock."

Then it was not long until our attention was turned to the trip to Charleston, with its many plans and preparations. And certainly the days of April 1st to 10th will always be connected with one of the most pleasant and profitable trips of our college days. Upon returning we soon realized the fact that our freshman year was rapidly drawing to a close. And, while we see mistakes as we look back upon the closing session, yet we trust that next year's work may be a revelation of good seed sown. So let us enter upon our Sophomore year with a new zeal and ambition to make it even a greater success than the past year has been.

However, as we undertake its arduous duties, we may often say:

"Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in thy flight,
Make us a 'rat' again just for a night."







*A ribbon girdles my lady's waist,
And the world it weareth a zone more free,
Yet were my arm for that ribbon placed
'Twould compass the world for me.*

*So mine is a grasp that could zone the world
(A marvelous reach hath the arm of a man!)
Yet only a ribbon so daintly curled
Holds all of my world in span.*

C. W. COLEMAN.

My Grandfather's Christening

T was spring time, and Easter with its joys and tenderness had come to gladden mankind. Each tree was ready to burst forth into leaf, each bud was burnished and glistening in the soft spring air, while a shimmer lay silently over all nature, tinting the yellow twigs along the water ways, and deepening the blood-red tassels of the maple. Among the velvet blossoms of an aspen could be seen the nest of the robin red-breast, but lately come to haunts of other days, and now brooding over her five blue eggs in silent hopefulness. There are sounds distant and near, over meadow and hill; sounds that come on the evening air when wild geese seek a camping ground, and cattle slowly loiter home. Along the water's edge comes the soft, low lapping of the tide, and on its receding wave the placid fisherman steers toward his nets, far out in the deep. His morning haul depends upon his evening labor, and, lingeringly, the sun goes down. Its last rays light up the pillared house upon the water's edge, making the small window panes to glisten in the western light, and speaking of that hope, the very same that told of the lifting of the cloud which hovered over the ark when the dove was the messenger.

It was on Easter Sunday morning, long, long ago, when the nursery door opened and Mammy Jane entered, bearing a bundle of something very queer in appearance. She took her seat before the big log fire, and rocked from side to side her new-born treasure, mumbling all sorts of blessings on its head. "At last, at last, Marster done have his wish—yes, sir—as fine a boy as ever I done see. Come here, chillun, an' see yo' baby brother, what done come dis Easter morning. He gwine to put you all to shame, gwine to break yo' noses and yo' heads, too, I say, fore you done. Hi, Mary, what de matter? Look here, what I got for you. Is Mammy's baby's nose broken dis mornin'? Come here, lemme kiss it for you. Mammy's lap is big enough for two. Don't cry; I kin hol' you and brother too. Mammy's little lamb musn't cry."

There was a mighty jubilee that morning when the good news spread from kitchen to quarters, that Richard V. was born to inherit his father's name, acres, and silver porringer. The bright-eyed daughters, one by one, had been loved and appreciated; for there were three, all sweet tempered and lovable. But the father's heart longed for an heir, for he had the old Englishman's desire, and his acres were entailed. So when the eventful day came, and this heir was born on Easter Sunday, the servants counted it a happy plantation.

"The babe that is born on the Sabbath day,
is bonny, and lucky, and wise, and gay."

They knew he would be bonny, and lucky he already was, and as to the wisdom, surely it would come with years; for his father was counted as one of the statesmen of the colony, and a Burgess, and a member of everything. So Richard's star was in the ascendant, and no child ever began life under brighter skies. Mammy had the piece of fat bacon ready for his tiny mouth. She had the steelyards brought from the store-room, and there, with father and children and servants, they saw the scale move down to twelve pounds! What a splendid child! His head was broad and full of brains, "as an egg wid mecat," they all said. His eyes were blue, of course, for all the Richards had deep blue eyes, wide set, betokening honesty. Already Mammy had measured his length of limb and pronounced him a "six footer." Elizabeth and Jane were silent admirers, wondering, thinking and adjusting circumstances, feeling a little resentful that Mary should cry at seeing her Mammy's lap monopolized; and yet the situation was new, so they only *looked*. Mary still clung to her mammy's other knee, and tears still rested on her fat little cheeks as she leaned her curly head on Mammy's ample bosom. Her little bare toes peeped out from the long gown and held themselves up to the blazing fire. She wanted comfort, and found it just here, lingering, sobbing in her own place, to be contended for inch by inch.

Ah! mystery of mysteries,—a child's thoughts—as yet instinct only, but instinct striving to reach to understanding.

Another grief came to the tiny maiden when she was laid to sleep in a rockerless crib, while the little brother was soothed to rest in the family cradle. Many human frailties had been brought to light by this disastrous advent, and it seemed *she* bore the whole weight of woe, for all others rejoiced. Such is the misery of a jealous nature; even in baby form 'tis misery genuine and deep. This brother had stolen, unconsciously, her Mammy, her parents, her cradle, her very nature, from her. Poor little heart!—but Mammy's love is strong, and equal to greater emergencies than this, and so she clings for comfort where she knows she will find it. Is this instinct?

Never was fairer baby head laid upon downy pillow; never had the ancestral cradle rocked a more precious morsel of humanity. He seemed as the flower upon the century plant, the union of family graces, the fulfilment of ages of hope. And they loved him. Unconsciously he lay upon his Mammy's lap, and little cared that on the spoon that pressed his tiny lips the hall-mark of a nation, king and century were stamped. His grateful senses discerned not the honor, as the ancient porringer was again brought out, to minister to his frequent needs. Contentedly he dreamed the days away.

York river is deep and wide, but only forty miles long. Upon its banks cluster the early homes of many illustrious men. Beautifully situated were these homes, with green lawns sloping down to the water's edge.

From the top of the house, about which I write, could be seen, long before it touched at the wharf, the vessel which brought the year's supply of goods and chat-

etls. This vessel was the bearer of wealth, and of news from the old world; and wide was the welcome as the neighbors learned of its arrival. Masters and servants, ladies and children, flocked to the landing to see the vessel unladen. There were boxes of glass and fine china; there were silks, fine fabrics, and dresses; there were high-heeled slippers for the ladies, and gay dress-coats and ruffles for the gentlemen. Each planter was his own importer, and kept his account across the water. Chests of tea and good coffees; barrels of wine and strong drinks; supplies of spices and sugars; of linen and clothing; of bonnets and books. Few libraries existed, but with each cargo came something to add to the collection. All things came direct to the homes along the river, and great was the occasion of the ship's arrival. We can readily picture the anxiety about dresses and bonnets, and the flutter and delight of the first opening and "trying on."

The store room of a country home would put to shame the minute affair of to-day, with its little bags of flour and sugar, and small round box of table salt! A room of goodly proportions was lined with shelves up to the ceiling. There were great tin boxes for coffees and teas, holding bushels. There were big red canisters, all in a row, labeled "mace," "nutmeg," etc. There were barrels and boxes and china innumerable—all carefully arranged upon the store-room shelves. Days and weeks were necessary to store, and properly arrange, the ship's load, to await necessity. When we think of the foresight and labor with which such treasure had to be procured, we do not wonder at the excitement and joy "when the ship comes in." The improvident housewife of to-day sends a penny with which to purchase a box of matches, or a cake of yeast. Had she lived two centuries ago what perplexity would have been hers!

Among the sundries this ship-load bore across the seas, were bolts of fine lace and nainsook, with which to make young Richard's christening robe. The time of his baptism drew near, and the deft fingers of the colored seamstress worked lovingly upon the long garment for the baby master. The little girls had each in their turn worn the same dress on such occasions, but now things were changed. Nothing was quite good enough for this little one, and all knees bent to do him homage. In the House of Burgesses, which sat in the quaint old town of Williamsburg, near by, the members gathered round the squire to offer their congratulations. Proudly he bore his honor, and no child in the colony was watched with greater interest.

And now the christening day drew nigh, and the neighbors gathered from far and near. This was a grand occasion. A dinner of state was served, and the grey-headed negro butler stood ready to fill and refill the glasses of the visitors. The highest in station came, with ladies of rank and beauty. The coach and four deposited its burden before the door, while the smiling master greeted them all with welcome. The parlors were thronged with visitors who moved their fans in stately dignity to stir the heavy summer air. At last the family party entered, Elizabeth and Jane leading the way in their long, quaint dresses and caps, the father proudly holding his beloved son and heir, and at his side the radiant mother. Next followed the sponsors, and last, but not least, came Mammy Jane, bearing upon her arm little Mary,

still jealous, still clinging, still unreconciled. Her arms were locked closely around her Mammy's neck, and the high white turban was bent and twisted out of shape. Her large hand rose and fell with soothing power upon the little one's head, as baby eyes glanced furtively from beneath the yellow curls. No one dared speak to her for fear of rousing the old Adam, supposed to be dead in her—but only sleeping. Upon a table in the center of the room stood the silver bowl from which each member of the family, for ages past, had been christened. The minister came forward and received the laughing child, pure, innocent, and beautiful, his liquid blue eyes full of surprise and joy when he looked up into the minister's face. As the water touched his snow-white forehead, a sudden wail filled the room, and Mammy's voice rose above all,—“Thank de Lord, thank de Lord, dis chile gwine live to be de honor of dis house and country.” The servants in the hall took up the cry,—“De best sign, de onliest sign; yes, honey, true as de gospel.” And now followed a scene, as Mammy bore the two wailing infants from the room, and in the mystery of the nursery, soothed and crooned them both to sleep, signing her orders to the other servants.

In the parlor congratulations still went on, and Elizabeth and Jane sat in dignified silence upon the knees of great men, and studied their greatness with demure satisfaction. The baby's health was drunk; and master, mistress, and children, all in their turn, were the subjects of countless toasts, all drunk from the great punch bowl; for wine flowed freely. In the soft summer daylight, with heavy green blinds placed ajar, and vines clinging lovingly about each window, and the air filled with the breath of roses, great bowls of which adorned each spot and corner, the company sat and discussed the affairs of the colony. They spoke of the coming dissatisfaction; of England's overbearing attitude towards the colonists who once, in rash sympathy, had offered a home and a kingdom, fair to see, to that country's wandering monarch, Charles II. Here was the Old Dominion, offered him before he became king of the New. But English cavaliers, transplanted to Virginia soil, needed not a century in which to change from loyal royalists to independent thinkers. Their fealty was strong, but their pride and self respect were stronger. The Virginian's soul rebels at oppression and injustice now, as then. The 18th century was rich in statesmen for this new world. Many homes were gladdened by the childish prattle of tongues soon to sway and form a nation. Whence their wisdom, who shall say, but drawn from the channels of England's proudest blood?

In thinking of their greatness, we do not attribute to these statesmen a very common failing of mankind, but one peculiarly Virginian; and this is the love of “dining.” Owen Meredith tells it powerfully in his lines, that we may live without poetry, music, and art,—but where is the man who can live without dining? Surely this man was not to be found in colonial Virginia. The baptism of the young heir was but an excuse to call the neighbors in. Appetites were whetted by waiting and discussion, and soon the grey-headed butler swung wide the folding doors, when followed the entrance of the company.

The great mahogany board groaned beneath its weight. Tidewater Virginia has always furnished its people with high living for the seeking. There was game then, as now, and oysters fit for kings grew along its water's edge. Rich bowls of roses, placed upon silver waiters, adorned the table, set with India china everywhere. Silver and cut glass glistened in the soft summer light, and the clink of the glass was heard above the rich, deep voices of the guests. Wine, laughter, and good cheer flowed as the hours went by, and evening settled softly, silently, upon a company whose names are nameless, but whose deeds are done. The nation owes a debt to such dinings, and fancy hangs a picture in halls where history dares not tread.

MARIA PENDLETON DUVAL.

THE BROKEN HARP

*Oh, touch not the harp when 'tis broken!
Oh, let not the hand sweep it o'er!
That its sorrows may still be unspoken,
Oh, leave it alone as before!*

*Hang it not on th' sad weeping willow,
But give it full gently to me,
And I'll take it down by the billow,
And bury it there by the sea.*

*For memory hath fingered too often
This harp and its sensitive strings,
And now I shall take it and coffin
It here where the sea mew sings.*

*Oh, touch not the harp when 'tis broken!
For, O world, it belongeth to me!
And I'd rather its griefs were unspoken,
So I bury it here by the sea.*

THE UNIVERSALIST

Why do ye rivet on the past
Such reverential eyes?
Do not the mountains rise as vast
To westward, and the skies?
If this be evening, aren't they fair
As when Aurora lit the air?

If prophets were, then prophets are,
And many more shall be ;
If Christ be God, man has his share,
For Christ was man as we.
Do ye not know that human creeds
Are children all of human needs?

Oh! purge your faith of all its crudeness
And worship nothing said ;
Let your hebdomadary goodness
Go with the passing dead,
And footstool all the things that are
That ye may see the things afar.

The sparrow and all creeping things,
The maple and the man,
Alike in their dull sufferings
Do share the largest plan.
We have no fear ; we feel and trust
That what'er is, is right and just.

The Mystery of Britton Ranch

I



STOOD on the veranda of Britton Ranch, waving my handkerchief with questionable cheerfulness, as my husband turned in his saddle, bowed a last good-bye, then passed from sight. The road stretched white and dusty before me, and unspeakably lonely! A heavy stillness pulsed and throbbled about me, broken only by the harsh cry of the grasshopper, or an occasional sound from the farm yard at the back of the house. Early morning on a lonely Texas ranch, with a fortnight before me in which to enjoy the delights of solitude! Small wonder that I felt slightly depressed and verging on tears! Then Mammy's voice broke the stillness, rich, full and melodious yet, in spite of her fifty-odd years, but words and tune were alike dirge-like and mournful to a degree:

"This time nex' year,
Good Lord, whar shall I be!
In some konesome grave yard,
Good Lord, remember me."

Over and over she sang, with evident relish and good cheer, until the entire situation "got on my nerves," as Harold would express it, so I turned and entered the dining room, where Mammy was moving softly back and forth, timing her movements to her music, as she washed and put away the breakfast dishes.

"Miss Lil," she said, as her eyes fell upon my rather woe-begone visage, "you ain't gwine ter mope, is you? I hear you tell Mars Harold you got sech a heap o' work you didn't have no time to mope, but you look powerful sad and sorrowful jes' now."

"What's the matter with your eyes, Mammy? Mope, indeed! Not I, bless you!" I said briskly, as I picked up a tea-towel, and began to assist at the solemn function of "washin' dishes" after two people not blessed with abnormal appetites. However, it was something to do for a little while, and, therefore, served its purpose.

I had been married just six months, but the first had been spent in "ole Virginny," where, visiting among our numerous relatives, the time sped by all too rapidly, until the day came when I bade farewell to home and loved ones, and came with Harold to his Texas ranch which was a recent purchase, and one in which he had ventured many hopes, and also much good coin of the realm!

Four months spent in the heart of the Texas prairies had taught me the priceless value of congeniality between those thrown together in remote places. I could imagine a very frenzy of boredom, but I had not experienced it. No! Harold and I had many tastes in common—we read and studied together—discussed the prospects of "The" Ranch, took long, delicious gallops over the limitless prairies on our tough little Texan steeds, and altogether lived a wholesome, rational, cheerful life, and not devoid of joys, by any means.

Naturally, there were hours when Harold had to leave me, in the interest of his business, and then I was thrown for companionship chiefly upon my old nurse, who had come with me to Texas, largely imbued with the sentiments of Ruth, with a secret belief that she had come to die in the land of the stranger. But the dear soul never lost her placid cheeriness—loving me best in all the world. She was staunchly fortified to live or die with me, as the case might be. She taught me much of the housekeeping lore of my mother, and told by the hour stories

of "de good ole times, befo' de war," in the dear home, so many weary miles away. I would close my eyes, while Mammy's voice droned peacefully on, and see once more the stately pillared house on the tree-crowned hill—the vivid green of the lawn, the silver glint of the little stream that crossed it, and smell the fragrant mint growing thickly on both sides—then open my eyes to the vast immensity of the prairies with a heavy sigh and a great heart-hunger for the home we had forsaken. But I did not tell Harold of these dreams, and they did not prevent my being a happy and contented woman.

The usual round of morning duties accomplished, Mammy betook herself to her various avocations in the back portion of the house, where she reigned supreme, "giving out" supplies to farm hands, attending to the poultry, overseeing the meals—in short, her days were perfectly rounded periods of work faithfully and capably performed.

After Mammy's departure, I settled myself in the cool, shady parlor, to write home letters. It was a task I dearly loved, and one in which I was soon happily absorbed.

Britton Ranch was a long, low, rambling building, quite old, additions having been made by various inhabitants, until it presented a rather incongruous appearance. Vines covered the long, wide veranda, however, and Harold had expended taste and money in furnishing it attractively before our marriage. Cool matings, green and white, covered the floors of the large rooms, wicker chairs and sofas, plenty of potted plants and books, served to make it such an attractive "Lodge in the Wilderness" as any one might enjoy. It was a sweet, restful spot, and one that grew daily dearer to me.

I wrote on, in peaceful enjoyment of the task, oblivious to outside things, until my mind was brought back to the present by a singular, whispering noise, that seemed to pervade the whole room. The sound was unusual and rather eerie. I sat quiet, waiting for its recurrence, and it came directly, a shivering, ghostly sort of rattle. I could imagine piles of dead leaves were drifting, wind-swept, across the floor. But the polished glare of the matting was all I could see. Again, and again, I heard it, sometimes more positive, more as if some stately dame were dragging her stiff brocade across the floor. It seemed everywhere, yet nowhere. It pervaded every nook and corner of the room. Yet nowhere was there any apparent cause. To say that I felt decidedly uncomfortable is to own to weakness, yet I must plead guilty. There was something inexpressibly weird in continuous sound of such a strange, intangible nature. I stood it for a while, then fled precipitately to the kitchen, where among its comforting prosaic surroundings I was able to cast aside the disagreeable impressions made upon me by the noise.

I decided not to tell Mammy anything about the strange sounds, but late in the afternoon, I asked her to look into the parlor for a missing handkerchief. After a few minutes absence she returned to the kitchen, and looking at me rather strangely she said,

"You been in de parlor near all day, Miss Lil?" "Why, yes, Mammy, you knew it," I replied.

She looked at me very earnestly, "You ain't byvard nothin' in thar, Miss Lil?"

"Why, Mammy, what *should* I hear that I don't hear every day?" I asked cautiously.

"I don'no, honey, I don'no, but I tell you dis, *right now*, dis here place *ain't right*, deed it ain't."

She spoke with unusual solemnity, and I saw she was deeply agitated by *something*, of course I knew by *what*.

I hesitated a moment, and then said to her soothingly:

"I know what you mean, Mammy, I heard the noises in there to-day, but you could see as well as I, that there was nothing there, absolutely nothing. This is an old house, and it may be rats and mice or a hundred commonplace things. Don't let it frighten you."

Mammy looked but half convinced.

"Mebbe tis and mebbe taint, but I done tole you dis place *ain't right*. Mars Harold knows I done tole him so."

"'Mars Harold,' I said, in surprise, "why, what do you mean? He has never heard these noises, has he?"

"'Deed no, Miss Lil, taint that. I don' know *within*, ceptin this place *aint right*.'"

I could not help laughing at the dear old woman's tragic utterance, and the pomposity with which she repeated again and again that the place "aint right," but I did my best to dispel all superstitious fancies, and after an early tea, decided upon an equally early retiring. While my situation was an extremely lonely one, there was in reality quite a large number of farm hands, with their families, near the house. The ranch was built to form a hollow square, the house forming the front side, the barn and stabling the back, and on either side was a row of small houses for the laborers—six each side. In the centre of the square was an artesian well, and some attempts at flower-raising had been made, but beyond the grass, which was kept green by constant watering with hose and spray, the square could boast few flowers beyond some orange and lemon trees, and a superb passion flower vine which almost covered the entire wall of the house on the back side.

Mammy and I had protections galore should we need them, all of which I did not fail to bring to her remembrance, and feeling mutually comforted, we made our simple preparations for the night. These consisted in the removal of Mammy's bed or pallet to the floor of my room, together with a great pretence of collecting silver, locking doors and the like, after which labors we quietly went to bed.

It must have been an hour or two later that I was awakened by a sense of oppression, of terror, and the consciousness that I had been roused by some sound. I lay quite still, my hand clasping my throat, which throbbed so violently I could scarcely breathe. Then there came a slow, heavy, labored, dragging noise, such a sound as would be produced by the dragging of a soft, heavy body across the floor. It continued for what seemed to me ages, then ceased. Then, as I lay there trying to quiet the fierce throbbings of my laboring heart, there came again the mystery of the morning—light, rustling, evanescent, shining, whispering—such a sound as I never heard before that dreadful day, and pray God I may never hear again. I bore the horror as long as I could, then called Mammy. She was at my side in a moment.

"'For Gawd's sake, chile, what's de matter?"

I clung to her, hysterically, too filled with abject terror to command myself.

"'Oh, Mammy, I am so *horribly* frightened. Those sounds—those dreadful sounds'—"

"'Like them we hyeard to-day, honey, in de parlor?"

"'Like that, and worse—oh, ten thousand times worse! Like a heavy body being dragged straight across the floor, while I, *looking* at the sound, could see nothing on earth—' I giggled in sheer, nervous demoralization, and clung to her as tho' I could never let go.

"'Dar now! I done tole Mars Harold he better tar down de haunted old place, and he jes' don' listen to nuffin.'"

"'Haunted, mammy? But why haunted?' I asked with a very shaky attempt at a laugh.

Mammy looked excited, as she said, "Why, Miss Lil, ain't you never hyeard 'bout the ranchman what got kilt heer in dis very room?"

"'No, indeed!' I cried. "What nonsense! I don't believe a word of it."

"'Its true all de same: but I done tole too much now. Mars Har'ld allay say my tongue go too far.'"

"'You *have* told too much not to finish, Mammy,' I said, with authority. "Go on, please, I want it all."

"'Law, Miss Lil, all I knows is, de man what owned de place befo' Mars Har'ld boughten it was a low-dife, no-'count somebody what jest set here and kep' all his money hoded up, and wouldn't give nothin' to nobody. He was a mighty mean nuss, and one time somebody broke in and kilt him and got all de money. Why, ef dis maddin' was tore up you c'n see de blood, whar dey drug him 'cross de floor.'"

Mammy was warming to her subject! I shuddered. In spite of my up-to-date and com-

man sense education, superstitious fears were fast taking hold of me. I resolutely sprang from bed, and "This will never do!" I cried. "Why, Mammy, we'll scare each other to death! Let's go the rounds once more, and if there seems the least thing wrong I'll ring the bell for Baker." Harold had had a large bell fitted to the stable, and it was connected with the house in order that it might be used as an alarm in case of an emergency. The remembrance of this fact braced me up tremendously. All the while we were making our useless and essentially feminine hunt in all sorts of impossible places, I was doing my best to rally my reserve force of courage and self-possession. Consequently, when we were once more in my room, I turned to Mammy. "Go to bed, Mammy," I said resolutely. "Leave the lamp burning, and try to sleep. You see there's nothing to hurt us."

Mammy replied, *not in words*, but her silence was sufficiently eloquent. However, she obeyed with alacrity, and once again quiet reigned. I nestled back in my luxurious bed with a weary sigh, feeling too tired for even fright. Bright moonlight flooded every nook and corner of the quiet room. The air was full of the fairest, sweet odor of the yellow jessamine, the shadows casting a delicate tracery over the snowy matting. A fair and peaceful place—fit temple for the goddess of sleep and rest. If a flitting remembrance assailed me of the red terror lying so darkly underneath the fair exterior, I put it firmly aside, and with grim determination "counted sheep jumping through a hedge," repeated poetry—resorted, in fact, to all the time-worn methods of beguiling downy sleep. Gradually Mammy's snores lost their poignant sharpness—became lower and lower, seemed to blend with all the simple, restful voices of the night, then ceased. I slept. How long I cannot tell; only waking this time meant horror unspeakable. The threatened danger was upon me. I felt it—knew it. The air palpitated with that awful sense of an unknown, living presence near you, and malignant. I lay there panting—waiting—for what? It seemed to me for some horrible fate that had been creeping upon me all day. Upon the deadly darkness came again that sound—that awful, awful sound. A heavy body was being dragged over the floor slowly, relentlessly, and ever nearer to me. I could not speak. I could only lie there with fainting heart and dying breath, to await my coming doom, shrouded as it was in a horror of great darkness. For the moon shone no longer, and even the lamp had died out. I was alone and in the power of Evil. Another drag, a dull thud, the bed shook and shook again; *something* was mounting one of the tall posts at the foot—*what* it was, whether man or ghost or devil, I knew no more than did I dream of any hope of succor. What was that light?—brilliant, scintillating, sharp as a lightning flash above my head? My eyes fastened upon it, as it grew nearer and larger and ever more brilliant. Then the light seemed to move in a rhythmic way, to sway in gradual, graceful waves back and forth, back and forth, yet ever with my own eyes fastened to it with resistless force. Nearer yet, and then—oh! then, I saw what froze the very life blood in my veins. I saw that I was gazing into living eyes, and in those lambent, luminous, deep orbs glowed the very essence and embodiment of all *Evil*! What it was I knew not, nor did I strive to. All my soul was drawn into the gaze which drew me surely, surely nearer and yet nearer, until the awful eyes, blazing like flaming worlds, scorched my very face. I gave one mortal gasp—one cry of anguish—and I knew no more.

When I opened my heavy eyes, they fell upon Harold's face, but so strangely changed and drawn, I scarcely knew it to be his. I tried to speak, but he shook his head, and smiled. I was too weak to resist, and presently, when he held a glass to my lips, I drank its contents unquestioningly, and gradually drifted off to quiet, restful sleep.

I woke feeling so strengthened and refreshed that Harold felt he could let me hear the terrible story without risk, and after wheeling my couch in a cool and shady place, he said:—

"I left home feeling perfectly satisfied, knowing you to be amply protected; but the farther I rode, the more I regretted not having taken you with me. The arguments that had seemed imperative when we discussed the matter, seemed trivial and valueless now; once, I even turned my horse's head to go back, but the urgency of the case forced me on, and I went

ahead, fully determined to make my stay as brief as possible. After reaching town, attending to business matters, etc., I went back to the hotel for supper. As I entered the lobby, I found it crowded, and evidently an excitement of some sort was on hand.

"What's the row?" I said to the clerk.

"These circus folks are in trouble," he said. They just got in, and on going to the cages to feed, they found their most valuable and *most dangerous serpent* had escaped—a huge python. They came here from Ft. W. Why! they must have passed your place, Captain Britton?

Like a flash came the remembrance of something the boys were talking about at the stables just before I started. A circus had passed, of unusual size, with a great number of animals.

I went at once to Mr. Montichi, the proprietor of the show, and asked him if they had anything to help them guess what time the snake escaped.

"None in the world, sir." I remember passing the ranch they say 's your place—good and well, I do—because those dogs of yours kept up such an infernal barking they had the animals all wrought up. The python was safe *then*; I saw him. By George!" he said, reflectively, "I'll bet my bottom dollar that's just when the thing happened while we were quieting the beasts. If any of your folks find him, just say I'll pay a big reward if he's brought back to me alive. Captain Britton, sir."

Ten minutes later I was in the saddle, and I lost no time. I *swear* there was something wrong. I reached here just as day was breaking, and I ran into your room, to see the vile beast all turned about the bed post, his evil looking eyes within a foot of your face. I whipped out my pistol and shot twice as quickly as I could, though I really think the wretched thing was so intent upon you, that my entrance did not alarm him. The first shot finished him, he fell slipping and crushing down, the biggest thing I ever heard of in the snake line. Ugh! I can hear him yet."

Harold looked white and shaken, the shock had been great to him as to me, and he had the additional trial of the long, anxious ride. Harold explained to me that the snake had mounted by the great passion vine and found a hole somewhere near the roof, which let him into the attic, which was unfurnished, and very rude. It was his great body moving over my head which caused the dragging sound I heard, and Harold saw where he had entered between the walls, where moving among the shavings and other litter created the curious, shivering, ghostly noise. How he entered my room we never knew. The hands were much disgruntled because Harold had not managed better, and so given them an opportunity to try for the offered reward.

It took many long weeks to restore me to my usual vigor; mind and body had been alike shattered; but Harold took me home, and surrounded by the dear familiar scenes and sweet home faces, the horrors that so nearly engulfed me passed away, and I am once again my strong and active self. Britton Ranch is still dear to me, as the scene of many happy hours, but it is no longer my home. Harold concluded after the snake episode that old Virginia was "good enough for him," and we are happy and prosperous in the fairest spot in all God's universe—our old Virginia home.

Sometimes I see in dreams the long, low vine-clad house, and wonder if the large, bright rooms are empty, but I never care to go back. When mention is made of Britton Ranch (which is but seldom), Mammy tosses her head with an audible sniff—

"Snakes! Call it snakes ef you please. You can't fool *dis* nigger. I knows de debbil when I sees him, *dat* I do. *Dar* now!"

C. B. PRESTON.

A PLEDGE

*"Je vous aime
Je vous adore—
Que vous'ez vous encore?"*

By thy dimpled cheek I swear,
Lady mine, no chains I wear
Save thine own—then do not blame
If I whisper soft "Je t'amie!"

By thine eyes so deep and blue,
Dear! believe I will be true!
When suns shine or tempests roar—
For, dear heart, "Je vous adore!"

All I am and own are thine;
Wilt thou, sweetheart, then be mine?
Since I worship, love, adore,
Ah! "Que voulez vous encore?"

I WOULD FORGET

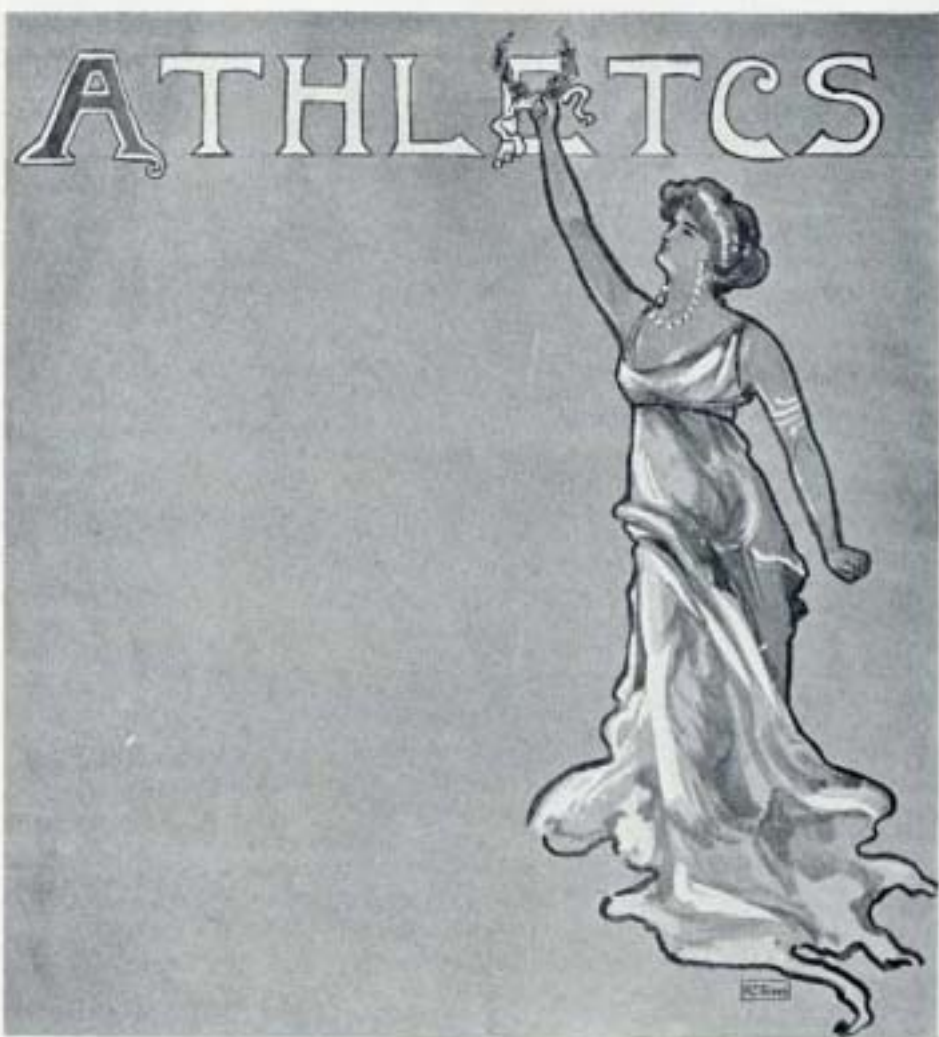
Oh, why's the past a part of us,
All thoughts but strangers that have met?
For memories multitudinous
I would forget!

While in the bird-enchanted wood,
Where Spring to Winter pays her debt,
I hear a name that, if I could,
I would forget.

Down where the river gushes blue
In chrysoberyl channels set,
There often comes a dream of you
I would forget.

And when beneath a holy night,
The stars the firmament do set,
There shines of other days the light
I would forget.

Oh! when my heart is sore distressed,
And longs for sympathy as yet
Unfound—ah, love, by you caressed,
I would forget.



V. P. I. Athletic Association

OFFICERS

H. G. McCORMICK, '02.....	President
C. L. PROCTOR, '02.....	Vice-President
A. H. SAYERS, '02.....	Secretary
G. A. CHALELEY, '03.....	Treasurer

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

C. E. VAWTER, JR., from the Faculty.	J. M. SAMPLE, from the Post-Graduates.
A. DAVIDSON, from the Senior Class.	
J. F. WAKE, from the Junior Class.	H. McCORMICK, from the Sophomore Class.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

C. E. VAWTER, JR., Football.	J. M. SAMPLE, Tennis.
J. F. WAKE, Baseball.	
H. McCORMICK, Gymnasium.	A. DAVIDSON, Field Day

Field Day Department

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE, 1902

A. DAVIDSON, '02, CHAIRMAN.

W. R. CRUTE, '03.

J. R. WERTH, JR., '03.

BEST ALL-ROUND ATHLETES

F. SAUNDERS	1896
J. L. INGLES	1897
C. G. ROREBECK	1898
C. C. OSTERBIND	1900
C. H. CARPENTER	1901
C. H. CARPENTER	1902

Field Day held in May of each session.



C. E. VAWTER, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE IN CHARGE.

OFFICERS

A. B. MORRISON, Jr., Cornell, '01	COACH
C. J. B. DE CAMPS, '01	CAPTAIN
JAMES BOLTON, '02	MANAGER
J. M. BRYANT AND G. A. CHALKLEY	ASSISTANT MANAGERS

TEAM OF 1901

COUNSELMAN	FULL-BACK
DE CAMPS	QUARTER-BACK
CARPENTER	RIGHT HALF-BACK
HUFFARD	LEFT HALF-BACK
STEELE	CENTER
ABBOTT	RIGHT GUARD
WILLSON	LEFT GUARD
McCORMICK	RIGHT TACKLE
MILES	LEFT TACKLE
WARE	RIGHT END
RAMEY	LEFT END
CAMPBELL	

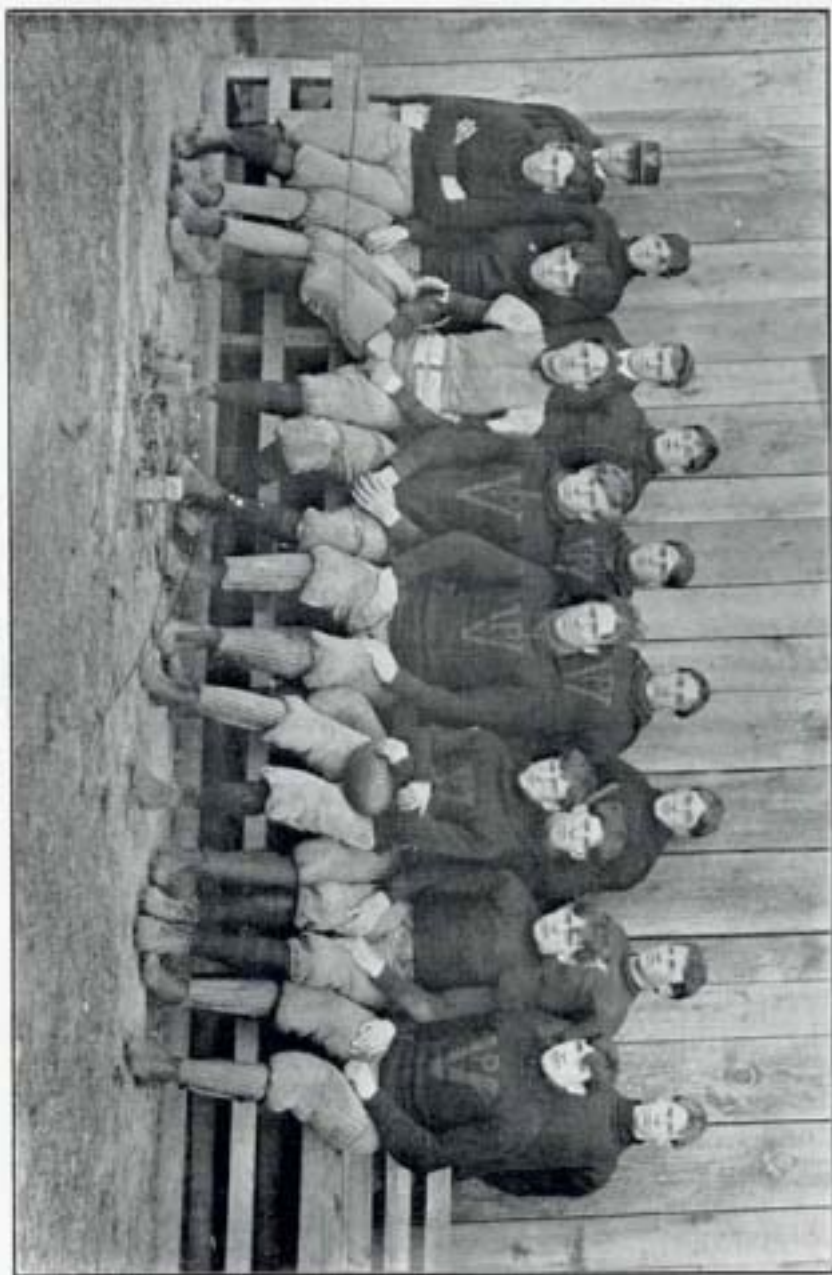
SUBSTITUTES

DAVIDSON	MILLER	SAVERS	TURNER	WILLCOX
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RECORD OF 1901

September 28	At Salem	V. P. I., 16;	Roanoke College,	0
October 12	At Blacksburg	V. P. I., 11;	W. and L. University,	0
October 19	At Georgetown	V. P. I., 32;	Georgetown	6
October 26	At Blacksburg	V. P. I., 0;	U. of Va.,	16
October 31	At Columbia, S. C.	V. P. I., 17;	Clemson College,	11
November 16	At Richmond	V. P. I., 18;	U. of Maryland,	0
November 28	At Norfolk	V. P. I., 21;	V. M. I.,	0

FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1901





Baseball Department

J. F. WARE, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE IN CHARGE.

OFFICERS, 1902

C. H. CARPENTER	CAPTAIN
J. M. SAMPLE	MANAGER
S. M. ALMOND	ASSISTANT MANAGER

TEAM OF 1902

MILES	FIRST BASE
WARE	SECOND BASE
GLENN	THIRD BASE
HUFFARD	PITCHER
CARPENTER	SHORTSTOP
POINDEXTER	LEFT FIELD
SHAFER	CENTER FIELD
FREEMAN	RIGHT FIELD
WALSH	CATCHER

SUBSTITUTES

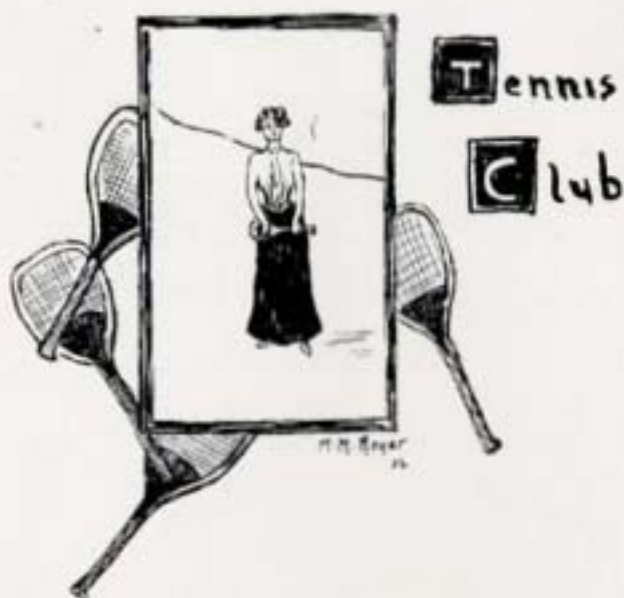
CAMPBELL

KELLY

HOWELL

BASKETBALL TEAM OF 1902





J. M. SAMPLE, '01, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE IN CHARGE.

WINNERS OF CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES

<i>May, 1900</i>	
J. R. BROWN	SINGLES
J. R. BROWN, C. E. VAWTER, Jr	DOUBLES
<i>May, 1899</i>	
P. B. BELCHES	SINGLES
FRED WILSON, C. F. BROWN	DOUBLES
<i>May, 1898</i>	
C. F. BROWN	SINGLES
C. F. BROWN, FRED WILSON	DOUBLES
<i>May, 1896</i>	
J. R. CRAIGHILL	SINGLES
J. M. McBRYDE, Jr., F. SAUNDERS	DOUBLES
<i>May, 1895</i>	
U. HARVEY	SINGLES
U. HARVEY, A. T. ESKRIDGE	DOUBLES

DR. McREYDER'S OLD HOUSE.



LOVE REJECTED

I've given heart and soul and word,
Yet art thou passionless;
Oh! nothing I have said hath stirred
Thy wonted quietness.

Why dost thou seem subdued with me,
When others light thine eye?
Give back, give back what I gave thee,
Oh, thou sweet passerby.

I do not wish thee harm in this,
Mine is the fault, not thine;
For others be the perfect bliss,
For me—ah! what is mine?

The Acts of the Haircutites

CHAPTER II.*

1. And lo, during the night of the eighteenth day of the second month, of the year nineteen hundred and two, there again arose, in the peaceful land of the Polytechna, the mighty band of Haircutites.†

2. Arose did they, as do the locusts, and they smote upon their breasts and cried out in voices loud and in great tumult, saying:

3. "Are not the Rhats again growing as Freshwell, as did they in the time of our forefathers?"

4. And forsooth with one accord they did make answer, "Yllyes," which is, "Truly, they wax as thou sayest."

5. Straightway after these marvelous words had been uttered, a council was called, and the Cutites went nigh unto their temple to worship, which is hard by the Cave of Death.

6. So it came to pass that the secret council was held, the owl did screech, the bones of the dead arose, the earth trembled, but the Elders, Mates, Drakens, Stephens, and Musins slept, for they knew not what was to be, and Adolphus the Magnus turned upon his couch and yawned.

7. And in the castle of the great ruler the watch dog barked, but the moon did shine bright.

8. Now while these sages slept, the gigantic host of the worshippers of the scissors were active.

9. Yea, active were they as are the fires of the lower regions.

10. From tent to tent went they, and did visit the damourhats, which is the new students, which had waxed fresh, into the soul of the old boys.

11. For it was said in the cave that the hair was to be cut from the heads of the Rhats, and truly was this stunt done.

12. The Cutites went unto the tents, and entered therein, and awoke the Rhat and spake unto him, so that his bones did tremble.

13. But truly he had been bad and fresh, and now had his time come, and he did yell and yell like hell, that the pledge of the Rhooters might be fulfilled.

14. Thus as the Rhat did yell, the worshippers of the scissors came upon him and took from his head thrice three scors and twenty hairs.

15. And as he lay prostrated before the Cutites a wee small voice spake unto him, saying words of wisdom.

16. Such as, "Let calmness upon you come or Hellfirewewillcutyourearsoff," which is, "I will comfort you."

17. Thus spake the Knights of the Clippers unto the Rhats, and verily did they come to rest.

18. And verily did it come to pass that the hair was cut and the old boys did rejoice.

19. And as a sacrifice to the goddess Sisorva, did they heap upon the parade ground the sandals of the Rhats.

20. When the humbled children saw these things they did call on the prophet Mates, but he was asleep, and heard not their cry and came not.

21. Neither came the Corporal of the Guard, as he was chained, and the Sergeant of the guard was sick, nigh unto death, and came not.

22. So were the unwise Rhats made humble—humbled were they as age maketh man's hair to fall out, and he doth proceed among his fellows baldheaded.

23. And about this time the moon hid her face and darkness settled upon the land.

24. So passed the eventful night and with it did vanish the Haircutites.

25. And the morning of the next day did dawn, the sun arose in his glory and yea verily was the land in uproar.

26. And upon the parade ground, the Rhats did scrap with each other in order to find their sandals.

27. But according to the law, all strife was laid aside, because unto the temple of Polytech or the chapel they were marched, and there they did worship.

28. Now it came to pass that Prexie and his elders knew not what had taken place, and when his new children came before him and his men they were amazed, and among themselves did they grow sad.

29. Prexie wept.

30. But as they were in the temple naught was said, so after the ceremony each and every man did leave the synagogue and did return unto his tent.

31. Now about this hour, which was the seventh or the 9th hour, Mateo, Drakous and others of the watch did wake.

32. And when they saw that which had during the night happened they grew afraid and had, and sad did they feel.

33. For verily they were like unto stringed instruments that had been played upon at night.

34. And when they were fully awake and did find that they had been played upon did they hold a council.

35. And the chief of the watchers spake to his followers, saying, "I know them all, a clue have I," which is, "verily the Hairentites have worked upon us a trick, but we must punish them."

36. Then they held a secret meeting and they did think of many clues, and Museus, who was wise, looked unto Stephens and he unto Drakous and he unto Mateo, but they could find naught.

37. Then disheartened, they went unto the tent of the great Militarius Scribus, and they did find him seated before his desk, and he, too, was red with anger.

38. Then did Adolphus assemble unto him his assistants, and they were at sea, as unto them the trick of the night appeared aslickenshell.

39. And when he heard that his Sergeant of the Guard was sick and the Corporals chained, he did to himself call them, and did say, "Inustgetevenwithsomeone for this," and then did he humble these just ones.

40. So it came to pass that Sallius and Lionus were humbled, and from them was cut their insignia, which was of gold.

41. After this was done did Adolphus again speak unto his "Majors and Minors" in a voice full of compassion, for he pitied them, for 'twas seen that the worshippers of the Clippus had outwitted them.

42. And after gaining what knowledge he could from these, which was nigh unto naught, he then arose and went unto the King Prexie.

43. And when Prexie saw him, he commanded his servant to approach; he became calm, and together did they reason.

44. And Adolphus did bring many clues unto Prexie as gifts, and upon these clues were the names of many old boys.

45. But our king was a just man and he thought naught of the clues, as he knew that his watchers had slept during the night and knew nothing.

46. So he caused himself to be alone. Then did he call unto him his servant, a "barrack orderly," and had him to go forth and summon unto him the different rulers of the different classes of the land.

47. And when these Presidents did appear before him he did speak unto them, telling them to have meetings, and to investigate these men to know if among them were Cutites.

48. And the study of Academic was put aside and all did look for Cutites, but they found none in their midst.

49. Then were the guards, Mateo and all, questioned, but they were laying in the night before, and were dumb.

50. So after all these things were done, and many other such affairs, were there four large committees appointed, representing the four tribes that inhabit the land of Polytechs.

51. And unto Prexie did they send men-

sages assuring him that not again during this year would the hair be cut.

52. Then when the Faculty and all heard these things they did rejoice, and the old bboys did make merry and cry Selah.

53. And so it came to pass that the god and goddess Clippi became satisfied, as well had they feasted upon the hair of the Dam-rhat, and they went again for a season to rest.

54. So was freshness again put away in

the kingdom of Polytech, and so were the unwise rhats punished and humbled, and again peace did reign.

55. And many of the old bboys did cry, Selah, "verily will we cut it next year," which is, "the will of Clippi and Scissors shall be done."

56. And among all there was rejoicing, because of the success of the reign of the mighty Cutites.

57. So endeth the second lesson.

*NOTE: Chapter I. of the Acts of the Haircutites did appear in the '97 issue of the *BROOK*, and here we may remark *ex postfacto* that other chapters will appear in the future issues, but no authentic date can be given, as the worshippers of the god Clippi or Scissors scorn the Gregorian and Julian calendars, their feasts being celebrated according to the Plutonian scale or calendar delivered unto them by the prophet Selah.

† A secret order of scribes, the meeting place being in Skeleton Cave.



A BLACKSBURG WINTER DAY

[WITH ANNOTATIONS TO KIRKWOOD.]

Dim dawn beneath a leaden sky,—the wind is cold and hissing—
With the companies falling in at break of morn,
And the sergeants calling o'er their rolls to find poor devils missing,
Shows that day, the chilly Blacksburg day, is born.
Oh, the white drifts in the highway! Oh, the frosty, sleety byway!
Oh, the snowy pall that's lying o'er the earth!
And at home they're making merry, by the fire so warm and cheery—
What part have Blacksburg's exiles in their mirth?

Full day beneath a leaden sky—the scene is one of hurry—
As the student to his classes takes his way,
There to wrestle with his problems and to study and to worry
O'er the things which fill the cheerless winter day,
And when sounds "release from classes," from the "labor of the masses,"
From the toil that makes the muscle and the bone,
In the afternoon so dreary, when our work has left us weary,
Comes the solitary hour we call our own.

Black night beneath a starless sky—the wind still cold and hissing,—
As the bugle echoes fall and die away,
And as taps' sad notes are sounding, let us hail the call with blessing,
For it ends the toil and labor of the day.
Then we seek our rest so gladly,—though the day has passed so sadly—
Though the reveille is coming in the morn,
For if daylight brings us sorrow, when it ushers in the morrow,
We are richer by one Winter day that's gone.



Battalion Organization

COL. J. S. A. JOHNSON	Commandant of Cadets
MAJ. JOSEPH A. WADDELL, Jr.	First Assistant Commandant
MAJ. J. M. HICKS	Second Assistant Commandant
MAJ. W. M. BRODIE	Third Assistant Commandant
MAJ. J. P. HARVEY	Musical Director

CADET OFFICERS

STAFF

CAPTAIN H. L. DAVIDSON	Quartermaster
FIRST LIEUTENANT J. I. PALMORE	Adjutant
FIRST LIEUTENANT T. M. YANCEY	Ordnance
FIRST LIEUTENANT C. B. SEAGLE	Range Officer
FIRST LIEUTENANT W. A. YOWELL	Quartermaster
FIRST LIEUTENANT W. P. TAMS, JR.	Quartermaster
SECOND LIEUTENANT C. M. DUNKLEE	Color
SECOND LIEUTENANT H. B. MISH	Ordnance
SECOND LIEUTENANT A. L. HASKELL	Quartermaster
SECOND LIEUTENANT A. O. ARVIN	Special Duty
SECOND LIEUTENANT R. H. BUCHANAN	Hospital Steward
W. R. CRUTE	Sergeant Major
W. T. FOWLKES	Quartermaster Sergeant
C. L. BALL	Ordnance Sergeant

COMPANY A

R. M. BARTON	Captain	W. WILSON	Fifth Sergeant
R. T. BROOKE	First Lieutenant	P. P. NELSON	Sixth Sergeant
C. WILLIAMS	Second Lieutenant	R. L. LINDSAY	First Corporal
F. D. BROWN	Third Lieutenant	C. C. HETH	Second Corporal
E. W. WHISNANT	First Sergeant	R. A. HAINSLIP	Third Corporal
G. S. STOKELY	Second Sergeant	P. G. LIGON	Fourth Corporal
J. GRABER	Third Sergeant	W. H. LANE	Fifth Corporal
J. J. COBBS	Fourth Sergeant	D. M. CLOYD	Sixth Corporal

COMPANY B

C. D. NEWMAN.....	Captain	M. WOLTZ.....	Fourth Sergeant
W. F. TAMS.....	First Lieutenant	E. A. THIBODEAUX..	First Corporal
J. W. C. WEST....	Second Lieutenant	G. H. SCOTT.....	Second Corporal
C. J. FRENCH....	Third Lieutenant	J. W. BYRNES.....	Third Corporal
H. B. GOODLOE....	First Sergeant	F. L. MARTIN.....	Fourth Corporal
J. T. COX.....	Second Sergeant	R. R. PAGE.....	Fifth Corporal
J. W. GLENN.....	Third Sergeant	C. F. BAUMAN.....	Sixth Corporal
		J. A. JOHNSTON..	Seventh Corporal

COMPANY C

C. L. COOK.....	Captain	J. R. WERTH.....	Fifth Sergeant
G. R. TALCOTT....	First Lieutenant	M. V. HEATH.....	First Corporal
P. T. JONES.....	Second Lieutenant	W. M. CHILTON....	Second Corporal
G. H. WATKINS....	Third Lieutenant	F. R. BUTLER.....	Third Corporal
G. M. BUHRMAN....	First Sergeant	M. N. LYON.....	Fourth Corporal
G. W. GILMER.....	Second Sergeant	O. K. KIRKWOOD...	Fifth Corporal
W. S. FROST.....	Third Sergeant	W. O. PEALE.....	Sixth Corporal
R. I. ARCHER.....	Fourth Sergeant		

COMPANY D

J. M. BLAND.....	Captain	C. C. OSTERBIND...	Sixth Sergeant
F. M. SPILLER....	First Lieutenant	B. CHAMBERS.....	First Corporal
W. T. YOUNG....	Second Lieutenant	G. W. WADE.....	Second Corporal
W. T. WILSON....	Third Lieutenant	F. V. GANTT.....	Third Corporal
W. L. BLAIR.....	First Sergeant	W. A. ANDERSON..	Fourth Corporal
B. BOLLING.....	Second Sergeant	D. WRIGHT.....	Fifth Corporal
R. SALE.....	Third Sergeant	L. L. KELLY.....	Sixth Corporal
L. C. CHOWNING..	Fourth Sergeant	C. J. PERKINS....	Seventh Corporal
J. S. COUNSELMAN	Fifth Sergeant	J. N. HYDE.....	Eighth Corporal

BATTERY E

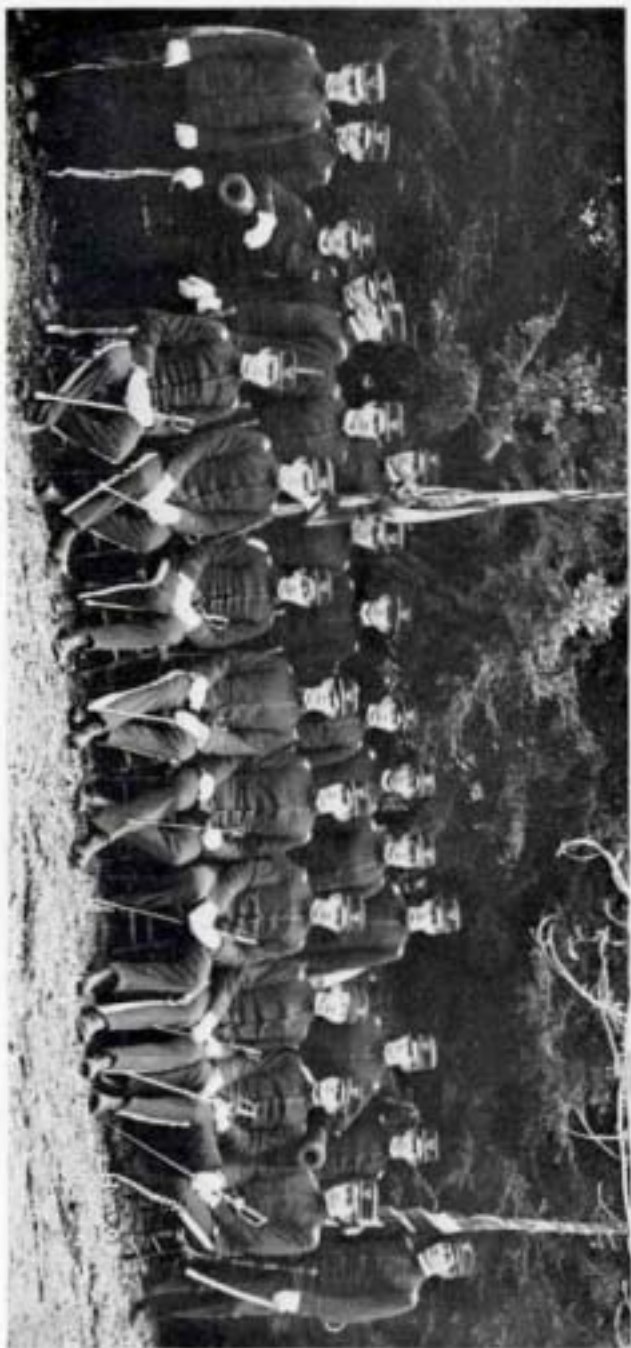
C. L. PROCTOR.....Captain	J. F. WARE.....Fifth Sergeant
A. H. SAVERS... First Lieutenant	R. R. STABLER.....Sixth Sergeant
J. BOLTON.....Second Lieutenant	F. W. KARNES.....Seventh Sergeant
H. G. McCORMICK... Third Lieutenant	H. L. CORRELL.....First Corporal
G. A. CHALKLEY... First Sergeant	H. TIFFANY.....Second Corporal
L. O'SHAUGHNESSY, Second Sergeant	S. T. HUGHES.....Third Corporal
R. L. FARMER.....Third Sergeant	F. M. YOST.....Fourth Corporal
J. C. STEELE.....Fourth Sergeant	

BAND

J. C. DANTZLER.....Captain	W. E. VAUGHT.....Third Sergeant
A. DAVIDSON.....First Lieutenant	C. B. KEARFOTT.....Fourth Sergeant
R. MILLER.....Second Lieutenant	G. C. SYKES.....Fifth Sergeant
R. E. HOLLISTER...Third Lieutenant	H. H. HILL.....First Corporal
H. C. MICHIE.....First Sergeant	C. D. GRIFFIN.....Second Corporal
H. R. KEISTER....Second Sergeant	R. B. THORPE.....Third Corporal

SIGNAL CORPS

J. T. BROWN.....First Lieutenant	W. L. CHEWNING...Third Lieutenant
N. C. POE.....Second Lieutenant	W. W. NEALE.....Third Lieutenant
R. C. TURNER....Third Lieutenant	H. P. BROWN.....Third Lieutenant



LINE OFFICERS

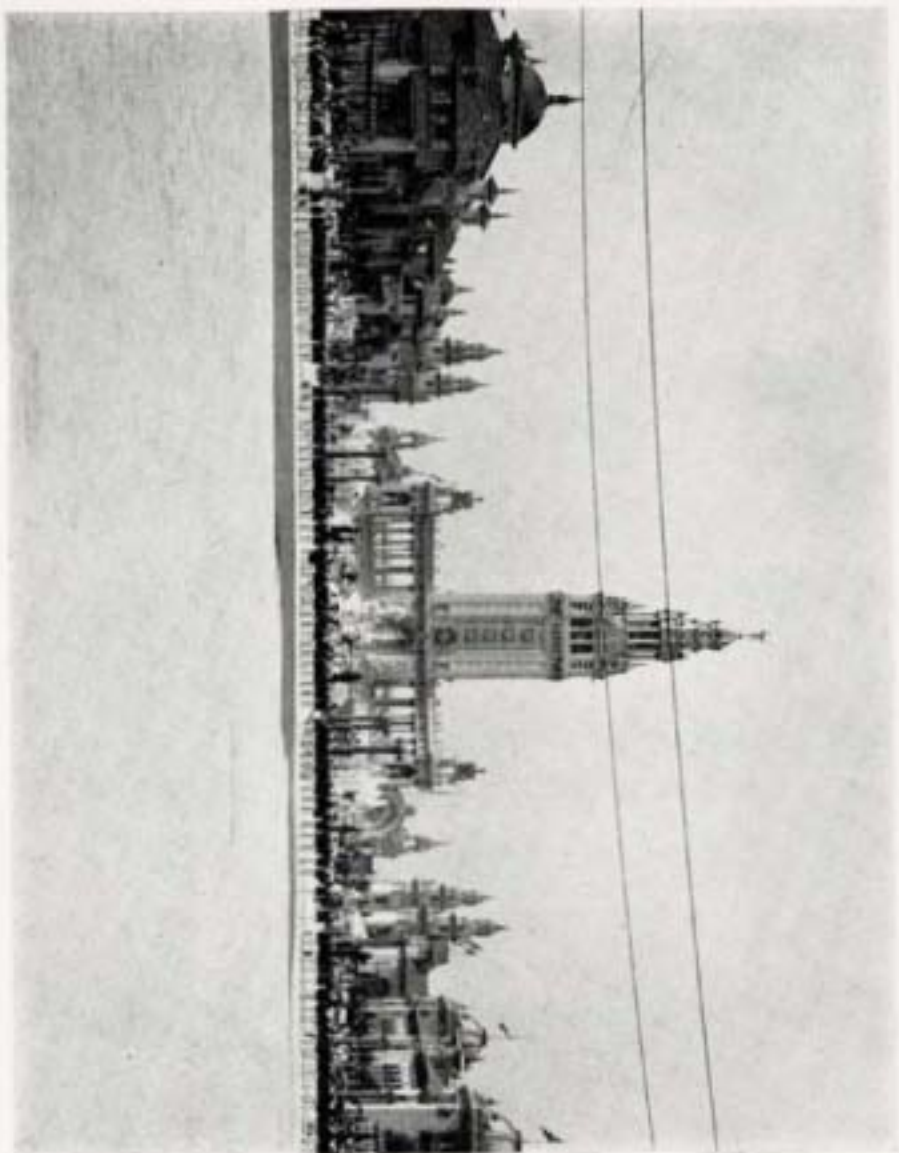


STAFF OFFICERS





BATTALION AT THE PAN-AMERICAN



Our Charleston Trip



BELIEVE that the idea of the Charleston trip dates back to our visit to Buffalo, where we were such an attraction to the crowds at the Pan-American. Remembering the stentorian voices of the program-sellers, as they announced the daily "grand dress-parade this afternoon by the great cadets from Virginia," and knowing what a drawing card we had been for the Exposition, we looked forward with pride to what we hoped would be—and what did prove to be—a repetition of our former success. To be sure, Charleston was not



Buffalo, the exposition was not as large or as varied, and the megaphone men proclaimed not our praises to the awe-struck crowds—because there were no crowds. The News and Courier did not herald our military exhibitions, but they praised them afterwards. In short, they did not confuse us with applause when alive, but erected tombstones to our memory when we were gone. But to begin at the beginning.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, April 1st, there was a migration towards Christiansburg. From noon on might be seen groups of three or four ploughing across the



country, knapsacks on back, and carrying gun or saber. All reached Christiansburg safely, and then we proceeded to wait for the train. After a two hours' delay, which forms part of a Norfolk and Western schedule, our special arrived. We were told that it was just out of the shops. This may be so; at any rate, when we left it ten days afterward it ought to have gone back to the shops again.

The trip was uneventful, except for the stop at Lynchburg, where a large and enthusiastic crowd was waiting to greet us. After a night of very doubtful rest we awoke—those who had been able to sleep—to find ourselves near the South Carolina boundary, and proceeded to look in vain for the fields of snowy white cotton. Later we heard that cotton did not bloom until fall. About 11 o'clock the conductor announced Charleston. After backing and filling for some time around the station, and then running through a portion of the city where, for ten blocks, we didn't see a white man, the train ran into the Exposition grounds. We were then formed, checked off and passed in—through the cattle gate. When we had been assigned tents, and the guard posted, we were at liberty to go where we pleased, and most of us proceeded to inspect the city and hunt for restaurants. That afternoon we held dress-parade in front of the Mines and Forestry building. Everyone in the grounds assembled to witness it, and, according to our press representative, who accompanied the corps, the crowd numbered fully five thousand, an item of information which must have astonished the Exposition authorities. The News and Courier immortal-



ized us the next morning by the statement that we were "cheered to the echo;" upon reading which a member of the corps inquired, "where was that echo building?" adding that it couldn't have been far, or else the cheering he had heard couldn't have reached it.

Though the crowds were thus rather small, yet it seemed that after our arrival they increased largely. Modesty prevents us assigning the cause, but our friends on the Midway assured us that we deserved the credit. Did not the peanut men amass a fortune by advertising V. P. I. peanuts and popcorn? Were not many souvenirs of Egypt purchased in the streets of Cairo, where the visitor to the Exposition could, at any time, see numbers of the cadets studying the ancient history of Egypt in the light of its modern representatives? We were there for educational purposes, and tried to improve our knowledge of ancient languages by conversations with the retiring, modest women of the mysterious East. We also learned the mysteries of the broadsword combat; learned by seeing the wild, untamed, savage Bedouins (back niggers in disguise) scrapping in "the Streets."

Thursday afternoon we played the Citadel baseball. According to the usual Charleston procedure, the game was not advertised until the day after, so that very few people witnessed the contest. This, however, proved fortunate, as we were beaten by a score of 11 to 5. We revived our drooping spirits by Saturday and went out to play Clemson. Let us draw the curtain of charity over the rest. The score may be found on a baseball in the Clemson exhibit in the South Carolina building; we are trying to forget it. Here endeth our baseball lesson.

That same morning the Citadel cadets gave the Winthrop College girls a boat ride

around the harbor, and invited our Senior class to accompany them. This was one of the many courtesies shown us by the Citadel boys; courtesies which we heartily appreciate. Monday found us again preparing—the whole corps this time—for an excursion around the bay. We were pretty nearly “strapped” by now; but our wise and thoughtful commandant, with characteristic foresight, saved us much embarrassment by reminding us, after announcing when the steamer would leave the wharf, to “be sure and,—er-r-r keep,—that is, not exactly *keep*, but save,—er-r-r save a nickel to ride down town with.” The Citadel cadets and many Charleston girls accompanied us and added to the pleasure of the occasion.

On Thursday night we were given a hop by the Citadel, which was, to all of us, the crowning event of the trip. Too much cannot be said in praise of our hosts, or of the Charleston girls, who treated us in such a way that we forgot we were strangers. President and Mrs. Roosevelt were given a reception the same night at the St. John; but, compared to our dance, it was a secondary affair.

Next morning the corps was marched down to the St. John, where the President was staying, and formed for the street parade which was to escort him to the Exposition grounds. Upon reaching the grounds the troops were reviewed by the Presi-



dent and party. As our corps approached the reviewing stand, our band struck up Dixie, and the crowd (for there was a real crowd then; not a News and Courier crowd) went wild. The ladies of the Presidential party waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands, and the Presidential mouth expanded to a hearty smile. When the corps had passed, Mrs. Roosevelt remarked, “That certainly was nice.” We agree with her. For the remainder of the day the Presidential party shared with us the curiosity of the crowds. That evening at 5 o'clock the President's special left the Exposition grounds; and fifteen minutes later our corps marched down to the station, knapsacks on back, with the band playing, the people cheering, and the girls crying and waving farewell. So we left, trailing clouds of glory,—and broken hearts. And our hearts were heavy, but our pocketbooks were light.

We will omit the description of the journey back to Blacksburg, for there was little pleasure in it. However, we have become reconciled to fate, and are looking forward to the gigantic St. Louis Exposition.

“But we'll not forget old Charleston,
Be it fifty times as fair.”





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A literary magazine published monthly
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GRAY JACKETS STAFF



Scene in Literature Class

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DR. H-D-I.....	Our popular professor
TOWHEAD BROWN.....	Leader of the snoring gang
BEAST WILLIAMS, McANGEL, MISH, THOMPSON BROWN, SCRIBE NEWMAN.....	Members of the snoring gang
MILITARY.....	Another sleeper
REX.....	Who sleeps (when present)
REDDY.....	Sleeper
TOM YOUNG.....	Who asks questions
OGRE PAUL.....	Who tries to answer questions
H. L. DAVIDSON.....	Who admires the Doctor
SHORTY MERRILL.....	Who robs the berry patches
Other sleepers and snorers.	

PLACE—Dr. H-d-I's lecture room. TIME—8:30 A. M. Monday.

Curtain rises. DR. H-D-I seen sitting by stove. Windows closed. Temperature 95° F. As the first ten men enter their names are written down and they are called on later. Second bell rings. Doctor calls roll.

DR. H-D-I.—“Gentlemen, for next time we will go as far as line 32, page 98.”

(Several members enter late. Doctor eyes them with disapproval as they take their seats in a dead silence, broken by preliminary snoring.)

“Now, young gentlemen, I want to say a few words in regard to this habit of coming in late. Three men come in late. There are fifty men in the class. These three take a minute to seat themselves. Three times fifty is one hundred and fifty. Thus one hundred and fifty minutes are wasted.”

(Continues to gasp for twenty minutes. The snoring gang is asleep.)

“But to proceed with our recitation. Mr. Brown, when was *Julius Caesar* written?”

TOWHEAD (juddered and punched, awakes confused).—“About 55 B. C. He then came to Rome, and —”

DR. H.—“That will do, sir.”

(Towhead again slumbers.)

“Young gentlemen, this won't do. We must remember dates. It is very easy to remember dates. (Groans. “D—n dates,” from back of room). For example, Shakespeare was born in 1564. Add one, five, six and four. Sixteen is obtained. Add another sixteen and we have 1616, the year of his death. Could anything be

simpler?" (*H. L. Davidson, Murrill and a few lads hastily take notes, exchanging admiring glances. Groans from those of the opposition who are awake.*)

"But before we go farther, let us treat of poetry in general. Poetry may be divided into lyric, didactic, epic and dramatic poetry. Mr. McAnge, was Shakespeare a lyric poet?"

McANGE (*Confidently*)—"Yes, sir."

Dr. H. (*with superior smile*)—"Name one of his most famous lyrics."

McANGE (*not so confidently*)—"Er, aw, er—" (*Chorus from rear*)—"They have shifted Willie's grave to dig a sewer."

Dr. H.—"Mr. Davidson, H. L., will you answer the question?"

DAVIDSON—"Shakespeare was not what would be called a lyric poet, sir; although with his great genius he probably would have rendered himself famous in any field of intellectual effort; but I would consider him, so to speak, more of a dramatic poet." (*Punctuated with groans, from the rear.*)

Dr. H.—"Very good, indeed, sir. Mr. Williams, give the evidence that *Julius Caesar* was written in 1601."

BRAY—"Doctor, I was sick Saturday night, and yesterday I had to study electricity."

Dr. H.—"On Sunday, Mr. Williams?" (*Stops, amazed. Bray knows he has failed for the term and goes to sleep. Doctor lectures on the Sabbath for fifteen minutes. Quiet reigns, broken by snores.*)

"But to return to our recitation. Mr. Davidson, A."

MILITARY—"Here, my lord." (*Voice appears to come from under the floor.*)

Dr. H.—"Mr. Davidson, give the dramatic personæ of *Julius Caesar*."

MILITARY—"Julius Caesar and, er, Julius Caesar, and, er—"

Dr. H.—"Mr. Hollister."

REX—"Julius Caesar and Brutus and Ben Jonson and Macbeth, and—"

Dr. H.—"Mr. Spiller."

REDDY—"I believe that's all, sir."

(*Dead silence, except from the snorers.*)

TOM YOUNG—"Weren't there some more, sir?"

Dr. H.—"Can anybody give them?"

OM PAUL—"I believe he left out Cleopatra and Queen Elizabeth and—"

Dr. H.—"Nonsense."

(*Om Paul looks squelched. Prospective volunteers hesitate. Snoring gang stumbles peacefully.*)

"Mr. Mish, will you answer the question?"

MISH (*stares at the doctor for some time and then asks question*)—"Who was Julius Caesar, doctor?" (*Chorus of laughter, in which everyone but Dr. H. joins.*)

Dr. H.—"Gentlemen, this is terrible. I won't have it. There must be an improvement. Mr. Mish, this ignorance is inexcusable in a senior classman of the V. P. I. (*Applause, led by Mish*). Young gentlemen, I am deeply touched and gratified to see that, in the stand I take in this matter, I am seconded by the sentiment of the class. (*More applause. Whispers of "get him started going"*). It is a source of pride to me to see how—" (*while continuing in this strain, the bell rings. Fervent "thank God" from rear benches. Sleepers come to life.*)

Dr. H.—"Young gentlemen, I hope that Wednesday's recitation may be even better than today's. That will do for this morning."

(*H. L. Davidson and Shanty Murrill hasten to the doctor's desk. The rest go out.*)

CHORUS FINALE—"Good bye, doctor, we must leave thee; tho' it breaks our heart to go."

CURTAIN FALLS.

Mr. Dooley: On D. O. Matthews.



R. DOOLEY put down his newspaper and wiped his glasses.

"Hinnisy," said he, "'tis wunnerful how th' brain iv wan ma-an can, be th' procissies iv logical ra-asonin', as Hogan says, pinitrate th' wickedness iv so many schoundrels."

"What ar-re ye talkin' about?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"What is the civilized wur-ld discussin'?" said Mr. Dooley. "Ye've heard me spake iv that gra-ate detective, Sherlock Homes, and maybe ye've seen me frind Gillette act him—"

"But he was murdered in th' last par-rt," interrupted Mr. Hennessy.

"'Tis only wan more proof iv th' devilish injinuity iv thot ma-an," said Mr. Dooley. "I'll tell ye how 'twas. His inimies were on his tra-ail an' th' ma-an was disperate. No choice was left him but total distruction, or th' town iv Bla-acksburg. He was just about to commit suicide, whin his logical ra-asonin' suggested to him that in Bla-acksburg he wud be safe. Not even his wur-est inimies wud come there f'r him. But janius, Hinnisy, ca-an't be hid. Whin he ra-ached Bla-acksburg, he was at wance made chief detective an' Lar-rd High Watch dor-rg iv the V. P. I., with his na-ame-plate ingrav'd D. O. Matthews, an' th' hon'rary title of Old Sleuth. Since thin, Hinnisy, he has pr-roved a blissin' to the Institoot; but, iv coorse, bein' a detective, 'tis a blissin' in dishguise. His procissies is different fr'm th' rist iv th' sleuths. Ye remember th' gra-ate Burrell case iv several years ago. There was a shrill whistle in the second division, followed be a tremendous explos'n. Gra-ate was th' damage. Wan fly an' wan big mushquiter was murdered. Iv coorse there was an inquest. The gra-ate Matthews inspected th' fly an' th' mushquiter. Thin he inspected th' rooms. An' thin he began to ra-ason. 'The fly was big, an' was on th' floor whin mur-dered; th' mushquiter was on th' window; therefore some wan in th' second division done it. Th' explos'n follered th' whistle; therefore th' whistle was a signal. Be means iv me ears I recognized that whistle; it was Mr. Burrell's. Furthermore, he rooms in th' second division. Th' villun is caught. Major Johnson, arrist thot ma-an.' It was dishcovered afterwards that th' distruction was done be means iv a whistlin' bum, an' Burrell pr-roved an alibi; but th' ra-asonin' Hinnisy,

was all r-right. So gra-ate is the terror he inspires that he is called be th' la-ads, th' Matthews Express. He is posted on th' bulletin board, 'Due to arrive at 4:30 a. m.; expected to arrive at 6:30 a. m.'

"Ye recollect th' gra-ate V. M. I. football game iv last fall. Some iv th' la-ads calibrated th' vict'ry be paintin' th' score on th' buildin's. Th' Old Sleuth was turned loose on th' tra-ail iv the sbcondrils. He followed the trail with all shpeed. At th' Mess Hall the tra-ail run into th' wall, an' so did th' sleuth. Then he ra-asoned as follows: 'Th' paint is red, so 'twas a battery man; therefore Mr. Richardson done it. Mr. Willcox has always tra-ated me with dishripict; so in coorse he helped. Dr. McBryde, expil those two men.'

"Some years since, whin the cannons was fired at 2:00 o'clock, th' sleuth was in bed. In tin minutes the Matthews Express was on th' scene. But, be that time, he was the only thing that was on th' scene. Again that wunnerful ma-an used his logical ra-asonin': 'There was sivin echoes, an' I was tin minutes late; therefore sivin men brought th' guns, an' tin fired them. I know ivery ma-an that was in it, an' didn't nobody tell me nothin,' says he; 'but I feel sorry f'r the poor, misguided la-ads,' says he, 'an' I'll not rayport thim.' The ginivosity iv th' ma-an, Hinnessy, is ashtoundin'.

"An' so it goes. Nothin' is done that he don't know all about before 'tis planned. But he's ginivous, an' contints himself with catchin' th' rogues. An' he's not a bit conceited, though Hivins knows, he's cause to be. 'Tis th' height iv his ambition to be what he is, a model detective officer. Dr. McBryde says, 'He had his faults, but he's a fine ma-an, whin you take him all around.' 'Tis a pity, Hinnessy, that th' la-ads don't take him all around more. But thin, if they did, they wud sure drop him somewheres, an' lose him. He's a gra-ate ma-an, an' deserves to be pop'lar."

"But," objected Mr. Hennessy, "how can he be pop'lar whin he catches so many iv th' la-ads?"

"That's th' sacret iv his success," said Mr. Dooley; "he's niver caught the right ma-an yit."

Latest Dispatches from all Parts of the World

(PRINTED BY COURTESY OF OUR SPECIAL NEWS CORRESPONDENT, No. 7—B.)

BERLIN.—Professor Blasche, of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, reports having seen a bevel gear-wheel moving with such relative angular velocity that it resembled a comet. He has gone in pursuit.

PARIS.—It is currently reported here that Dr. R. H. Hudnall while at work yesterday in the laboratory of his literature manufacturing establishment discovered a new "date." Reporters have been sent to interview him on the subject.

LONDON.—A man looting near Goldsmith's jewelry store last night was arrested as a suspicious character. When taken to station house he gave his name as Waddell and stated that he was in the detective business. Has not yet been released, as he tells too many conflicting stories.

VERONA, April 10th—2 A. M.—Man passed through to-day on Orient express, carrying safe of Bank of Blacksburg in his suit case. Several hours later, Mr. Matthews, of the Lane Star detective agency, arrived in pursuit. Excitement intense.

Later—6 A. M.—By an unfortunate accident, Mr. Matthews took wrong train, and is now at Paris instead of Constantinople. Robber has escaped.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1st—4:30 P. M.—Professor

Pritchard has been arrested for riding bicycle over four miles an hour.

Later, 6 P. M.—Upon explaining that he was riding down hill when arrested, Professor Pritchard has been released.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Papers have been filed in the breach-of-promise suit brought against Col. J. S. A. Johnson by a young lady from the Streets of Cairo. The case has aroused great indignation in the Streets, and it is feared Colonel Johnson will be lynched.

St. PETERSBURG.—The great inventor, Francis Key, was blown up this morning by the explosion of a new form of dynamite with which he was experimenting. His assistant, George C. Miller, has been arrested by the Imperial police as an anarchist.

CHICAGO.—A man was discovered this morning in Springfield who could tell a bigger lie than Mish. He has been preserved in spirits of alcohol and shipped to the national museum.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28th.—A youth, who gave his name as Pitt Merrill, residence Blacksburg, Va., fell down the elevator shaft of a hotel in Mott street and sustained severe injuries. An exploring party went down into his right shoe and found that his ankle was sprained. It has been set, however, by means of a derrick, and the verdant youth from the South is recovering rapidly.

Young Men's Christian Association

Organized in 1873

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OBJECT

The salvation of our students through faith in Christ, and the promotion of their welfare by furnishing mutual support and encouragement in well doing and correct living; the stamping out of vice and the development of higher morals.

STATISTICS

Membership, Active	75
Membership, Associate	91
Bible Classes	5
Number of Members of Bible Classes	60
Tri-Weekly Gymnasium Classes	2
Night Classes in Gymnasium	1

DELEGATES

To Summer School	4	To State Convention	3
To Toronto	4		



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ST. ANDREW'S DAY—NOVEMBER 28TH.

PERIODICAL—ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.

CONVENES—SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

HYMN—"JESUS CALLS US O'ER THE TEMPLE."

OBJECT

The sole object of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men, and to this end every man desiring to become a member thereof must pledge himself to obey the rules of the Brotherhood as long as he shall remain a member. These rules are two: The Rule of Prayer and the Rule of Service. The Rule of Prayer is to pray daily for the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men and for God's blessing upon the labors of the Brotherhood. The Rule of Service is to make an earnest effort each week to bring at least one young man within hearing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the services of the Church and in the young men's Bible classes.



"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
SHAKESPEARE

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* Died April 24, 1900.



Mechanical Engineers

MOTTO

Always use the slide-rule

COLOURS

Coal black and iron gray

SONG

"Shovel in a little more coal."

PLACE OF EATING

Steam table

UNIFORM

Steam jacket

FAVORITE DRINK

Feed water

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J. F. KEY—ECCENTRIC. Thesis: "Riding on the R. & O. Cow-Catcher."

C. L. COOK—CRANK-PIN. Thesis: "Design of a Cold Storage Plant for the V. P. L. in Which Turkeys May Be Preserved for Half a Century."

R. C. TURNER—VALVE-STEM. Thesis: "Superheated Steam for the Manufacture of Porous Plasters."

W. W. NEALE—CRANK CASE. Thesis: "Relation of Hirn's Analysis to Dumont's Flying Machine."

A. O. ARVIN—STUFFING BOX. Thesis: "Carnot's Cycle for Riding Purposes."

W. T. YOUNG—"D" SLIDE VALVE. Thesis: "Advantage of Gray Jacket Over Steam Jacket."

W. T. WILSON—EXHAUST. Thesis: "Adiabatic Lines for Driving Mules."

T. M. YANCEY—CONDENSER. Thesis: "Design and Patent of Machine for Grinding Out Gray Jacket Poetry."



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J. BOLTON	W. L. CHEWNING	D. E. GILL
B. T. JOHNSON	A. P. JOHNSON	C. D. NEWMAN
R. E. HOLLISTER	C. L. PROCTOR	M. F. WOLTZ



The Norfolk-Portsmouth Club

OFFICERS

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T. B. SHELDON, '04	L. H. WILLIAMS, '04

PORTSMOUTH

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C. L. MARTIN, '05	J. W. C. WEST, '02
F. L. MARTIN, '04	E. W. WHISNANT, '03



Albemarle Club

MOTTO

No palms without labor.

FAVORITE DISH

Roast pig with apple sauce.

COLOURS

Orange and Navy Blue.

FAVORITE DRINK

Pippin cider.

OFFICERS

H. B. GOODLOE.....	PRESIDENT
H. C. MICHIE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
R. BOLLING.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURY
M. R. JOHNSON.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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M. R. JOHNSON	C. W. PURCELL	S. SCOTT
G. W. GILMER	A. M. KENT	R. B. BOLLING
H. H. HILL	P. M. SHUEY	

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PROF. C. E. VAWTER	MR. H. S. PEYTON
PROF. W. H. RASCHE	MR. T. G. WOOD
COL. J. S. A. JOHNSON	MR. S. B. ANDREWS

THE EVENING LEADER



THE RICHMOND CLUB



THE RICHMOND DISPATCH

The Richmond Times

THE RICHMOND NEWS

Published by the Richmond News Company

RICHMOND, VA., TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1912

RICHMOND, VA., FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1912

THE EXPOSITION WINTHROP GIRLS ENJOYABLE BANQUET EXPLOSION AT CALHOUN A BREEZY SPEECH DEMANDS

THE U.S. AT CALHOUN

The Richmond Club

MEMBERS

OSTERBEND, President	BOLTON	DEANE	PRETLOW
CHEWNING, V. President	BLAIR, H.	FLEET, B.	STRAUS
MILLER, Sec'y. & Treas.	BATES	HARVIE	STERNS
THORPE, Serg't-at-Arms	BLAND	JOHNSON, B. T.	ROUTTEN
WERTH, Historian	CAMERON	MILES	REGISTER
ARCHER	COOK, D. J.	MOSSCHETTI	WILLSON, G. C.
BURRALL	CORDLEY	NELSON, P. P.	WHITE, F. L.

HISTORY

On October the third, '01, the first meeting of the Richmond Club of '01-'02 was called to order. A representation in our annual was discussed, and rat-members were initiated, the great honor being impressed upon certain parts of their anatomy by means of a healthy looking paddle.

Since three years previous this had comprised almost everything done in the Club, from the opening of the session to finals. But this year, due mainly to the efforts of Osterbind as president and Miller as secretary and treasurer, our organization began to boom.

A certain hungry rat member suggested that we have "suppen good to eat," and the idea of a banquet was immediately adopted. It took place in the spacious dining hall of Shades Inn, decorated for the occasion with V. P. I. pennants and orange and maroon bunting. The banquet was voted a great success in every way, especially the after-dinner speeches of Mosschetti, Osterbind and Chewning, which were cheered to the echo.

But the relations between the members of our Club were not always happy. Owing to the death of his father, "Billy" Bates was withdrawn from College Xmas. He was always popular, both with his college and classmates and it was a sad blow to us to see his hopes of graduating destroyed.

When our corps decided to attend the Exposition everybody approved of another banquet in Charleston, but before it took place we had to decide on the question of colors. A lady friend of our president thought that "violet and white would be real sweet," and of course everybody else thought so, too, so they were adopted.

For the first part of the evening the Charleston event appeared to fall short, owing to the absence of Cameron, Register and Johnson, who had fallen off the water wagon and as a result could not find the hotel. However, the presence of Joe Ware, invited guest, more than made up for their absence.

Although the members were slightly embarrassed by the superabundance of nigger waiters (half nigger to each cadet), it did not affect their appetites, and after the fourth "boss" had been devoured we betook ourselves to the parlor of the Calhoun to have our pictures taken by a photographer, hired for the occasion.

After grouping us in a most artistic manner he placed on top of a step-ladder about five times too much powder for flash-light purposes. The little excitement of an explosion which knocked him off his ladder and set the parlor on fire was a fitting close for the history of the Richmond Club for 1902.

HISTORIAN.



Motto: "Avoid doing today what can be done tomorrow."

Occupation: _____ ?

Hangout at Moose's Fountain

"MEET ME AT THE FOUNTAIN."

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	COURTNEY WILLIAMS, '02
VICE-PRESIDENT	SAUNDERS M. ALMOND, '03
SECRETARY AND TREASURER	FREDERIC V. GANTT, '04
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	EDWARD C. GLASS, JR., '04

MEMBERS

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J. ROBERT CLARK, '05	GEORGE C. MILLER, '02
JAMES E. CLELAND, '05	R. CLYDE POINDEXTER, '04
JOSEPH CRIST, '05	RICHARD A. THOMAS, '05
FREDERIC V. GANTT, '04	COURTNEY WILLIAMS, '02
EDWARD C. GLASS, JR., '04	

HONORARY MEMBER

PROF. A. H. FLEET



The Bedford Club

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 VICE-PRESIDENT.....D. TUCKER BROWN SERGEANT-AT-ARMS. J. OVERTON FREEMAN

MEMBERS

H. PEDONNEAU BROWN	D. TUCKER BROWN	J. WILLCOX BROWN, JR.
JOHN M. BRODIE	J. OVERTON FREEMAN	HENRY I. GUY
GILMER T. LEE	J. MARSHALL VEST	R. EARLE WRIGHT
HONORARY MEMBER.....	MAJ. W. M. BRODIE	



The Virginia Polytechnic Society

OFFICERS

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C. E. VAWTER	Vice-President
F. D. WILSON	Secretary and Treasurer
J. W. JACOBS	Assistant Secretary and Treasurer

GOVERNING BOARD

E. A. SMYTH	D. O. NOURSE
J. B. McBRIDE	W. H. RASCHE

Program of Lectures 1901-1902

"Fermentation of Fruit Juices," Prof. Win. B. Alwood; "The Military Duty of Engineering Schools," Rear-Admiral Geo. W. Melville; "Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty," Prof. E. A. Smyth; "The Place of Physical Culture in Education," Mr. H. J. McIntire; "Modern Methods of Manufacture," Prof. L. S. Randolph; "The Process of Mining and Manufacture of Nitrate of Soda," Prof. R. J. Davidson; "Food Values," Prof. D. O. Nourse; "Growth of the Steam Engine," Mr. J. M. Hicks; "Experimental Medicine," Dr. E. P. Niles; "Purification of Sewerage," Col. W. M. Patton; "Agriculture Among the Romans," Prof. G. W. Walker; "The Strength of Spur and Bevel-gear Teeth," Prof. W. H. Rasche; "History of the Development of the Art of Military Science and Tactics," Col. J. S. A. Johnson; "History of Plant Breeding," Prof. Harvey Price; "Water Supply in Relation to Public Health," Prof. R. C. Price; "Some Recent Achievements in Economic Entomology," Mr. J. L. Phillips; "A Method of Determining the Mechanical Equivalent of Heat," Prof. C. E. Vawter; "The Atmosphere," Dr. F. D. Wilson.



'02
THEY WHO ARE

D. T., the Towhead
F. D., the Thespian
J. T., the Bugleite
H. P., the Perk
JOE, the Schweinige!
JONNIE, the Pot
HUNTER, the Captain
WALTER, the Dago Turner
MILITARY, the N. Y. Barber
HARRY, the Hired Man
W. F., the Woeze

'03
THEY WHO WILL BE

SCRIBE
MICK
JIMMIE
SIM
MR. MUCKINFUSS
ANGELO
BILL

'04
THEY WHO ARE YET TO COME

WINTHROP
BUNKER
LITTLE MAC
J. D., the Bluff
G. C.
JAKEY
SKINNEY
H. P. T. B., deceased

PRESS CORRESPONDENTS

WILLIAMS C., for the Bugle

MATHEO, for the Faculty

HONORARY MEMBERS

Appointed by "Minor Officials"

WOLTZ

LYON

TIFFANY

SPILLER, F. M.

O'SHAUGHNESSY

DESCRIPTION OF ARMS

CREST—A ratte, skynnye-headed.
SHIELD, FIRST AND SECOND QUARTERS—Three obble boys rampant about a ratte dormant.
THIRD QUARTER—On a field frosty over a sandal dirty, two rattes scrappient.
FOURTH QUARTER—Regarding a pile of foode-ware, a major cussant.
[NOTE—The canton sable in the first quarter represents the condition of our Marshal's mind the morning after, *i. e.*, nothing in it.]



MANDOLIN — GLEE CLUB

J. L. HOBSON Manager
 R. C. POINDEXTER Musical Director
 W. F. TAMS Treasurer

First Mandolins

POINDEXTER HOLLISTER TAMS PAULETT CLELAND

Second Mandolins

PEED HARELLSON MICHIE

Violin

EDDY

Guitars

BELL SCOTT LEWIS ANDERSON

Quartette

FIRST TENOR HEARD
 SECOND TENOR GRIFFIN
 FIRST BASS FREEMAN
 SECOND BASS FULTON





ORGANIZED
1894

OLDEST OF
THEM ALL

PITTSYLVANIA CLUB

MOTTO
Steal for a living

FAVORITE TRIP
Across the line to Pelham

FAVORITE AMUSEMENT

Not drinking and joking,
But chewing and smoking

YELL

Yell! yell! yell like hell!
Pittsylvania is doing well

FIRST DEGREE

Imps

SECOND DEGREE

Devils

THIRD DEGREE

Demons

OFFICERS

HIGH ARCH FRIEND.....	R. T. BROOK
JUNIOR ARCH FRIEND.....	W. T. FOWLKES
RECORDING ANGEL.....	A. G. PRITCHETT
JUDAS, THE WATCH DOG OF THE TREASURY.....	W. L. BLAIR

IMPS

G. W. ANDERSON

S. A. CLEMENT

L. B. COX

F. C. SIVITER

J. T. WHITE

DEVILS

R. T. BROOK

W. L. BLAIR

J. J. COBBS

J. T. COX

H. C. LEWIS

A. G. PRITCHETT

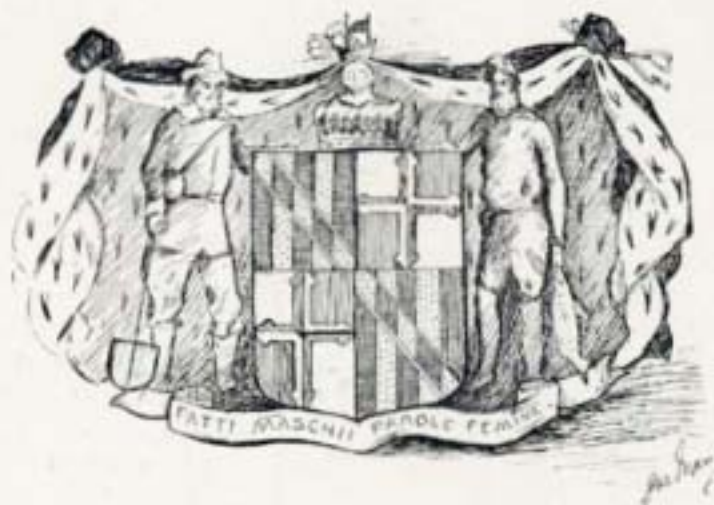
W. WILSON

DEMONS

Dr. F. D. WILSON

C. LEE

J. T. MARSHALL



The Maryland Club

COLORS

Orange and black

In former "Bugles" no tribute has been paid to the much loved and admired State of Maryland. Therefore, we, a small body of V. P. L. students, have mutually decided to present to the "Bugle" of 1902, in honor of our State, this little memento.

OFFICERS

F. D. BROWN	PRESIDENT
R. R. STABLER	VICE-PRESIDENT
J. W. TALBOTT	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
M. N. LYON	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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VICE-PRESIDENT	J. C. DANTZLER
TREASURER	D. T. BROWN
SECRETARY	C. E. MILLER
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	G. C. WILLSON

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D. T. BROWN	R. E. HOLLISTER	D. G. ROBSON
J. B. CAMERON	H. C. MICHIE	R. B. SLOAN
J. E. CLELAND	C. P. MILES	G. R. TALCOTT
J. C. DANTZLER	C. E. MILLER	C. WILLIAMS
J. J. DAVIS	C. C. OSTERBIND	G. C. WILLSON
C. J. FRENCH	W. O. PEALE	









The STAUNTON CLUB.

COLORS

Pea Green and Turkey Red

MOTTO

Get all that's coming to you

FAVORITE EXPRESSION

Deck on that Ham

YELL

Hobble gobbie, turkey gobbie,
Hobble gobbie grub!
We are the members of
The Staunton Club.

OFFICERS

F. W. KARNES	PRESIDENT
W. F. TAMS	VICE-PRESIDENT
F. M. YOST	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
F. D. WEBB	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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L. P. BELL	F. W. KARNES	D. S. WEBB
W. A. BOWLES, Jr.	J. L. KABLE	F. D. WEBB
W. E. GILKESON	W. F. TAMS	F. M. YOST



Mouse Club

FAVORITE DISH

Sour Grass and Peppermint

CAUTION

Beware of the Bayonet

YELL

Pussy is on a spree,
 Don't you see,
 She don't know what to do,
 For we're the mice of 1902.

COLORS

Turkey Red and Gosling Green

OFFICERS

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G. E. NETTLETON	Vice-President
F. H. IRVING	Secretary
R. B. MINNIS	Treasurer
W. A. BOWLES	Sergeant-at-Arms

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G. T. LEE	R. S. BIDEAUX	J. D. HUGHES	L. G. LLOYD
W. W. MELTON	C. D. ROGERS	H. V. STRAYER	R. B. MINNIS
A. H. ROSENFELD	J. A. WILSON	G. E. NETTLETON	L. B. RUCKER
	F. C. WILSON	L. STERN	



The Midway

Inhabited by tribes gathered together from the four corners of the earth, the *doors* of many streets and their tents are respectively:

The Streets of Cairo	{	MCCORMICK, H. G.—Master of Ceremonies.
	{	KARNES, F. W.—Keeper of the White Elephant.
Pabst	{	BERRALL, J. D.—Guardian of the Dispensary and Samples.
	{	MISH, H. B.—Most Mighty Assistant and Bottle Washer.
Darkness and Dawn	{	CHICKENS, W. L.—Master of the elevator to the Lower Regions.
	{	WILLIAMS, C.—Guide of the Plutonian Domain.
Dreamland	{	TAMM, W. F.—Most Wonderful Worshipper of the Mandolin which prodooth slumber.
	{	TAMM, W. P.—Most Mighty Conservator and Sage of the Land.
Darkest Africa	{	BROWN, F. D.—Animal Trainer and Chief Coconut Gatherer.
	{	BROWN, J. T.—Most Mighty and Potent Protector of the Great Desert.
Trip to the Moon	{	CHUTE, W. R.—Stoker on the Airship "Luna."
	{	DAVIDSON, A.—Sky Pilot and Bell Boy of the ship.
House Upside Down	{	BROWN, D. T.—Creator of the condition of the shack.
	{	BROWN, H. P.—Most Elaborate Gigantic Component.
Moorish Palace	{	PROCTOR, C. L.—Grand High Lord of the Palace.
	{	CHALKLEY, G. A.—Treasurer and Keeper of the Gate.

KLW KLUX KLAN

ANGELO ♪ INNOCENT ONE &
ALWAYS ACCUSED.

JIMMIE ♪ DINGBAT.
BIRD FANCIER.

SALLYE ♪ FALLEN ANGEL

DOCK ♪ DISPENSER
OF POISONS ☠

SIMIVS ♪ K.K.K. MUSIC BOX.

SCRIBE ♪ FLAGMAN ON
K.K.K. LTD.





Alleghany Club

MOTTO

Do others or they will do you

BY-WORD

Me first

COLORS

Gray and black

OFFICERS

J. C. STEELE	PRESIDENT
W. C. MOODY, Jr.	VICE-PRESIDENT
E. R. BUTLER	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
J. E. SMITH	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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J. E. SMITH, Jr.	P. W. McKENNY	
L. G. LLOYD	W. W. MELTON	E. W. BUTLER
G. E. NETTLETON	W. C. MOODY, Jr.	
	J. C. STEELE	



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W. P. TAMS, JR., '02	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
J. C. STEELE, '03	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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W. R. CRUTE, '03	J. F. WARE, '03	

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J. M. BRYANT, '02	G. M. BUHRMAN, '03	C. L. COOK, '02
G. A. CHALKLEY, '03	J. C. DANTZLER, '02	J. GRABER, '03
A. L. HASKELL, '02	P. T. JONES, '02	B. MILLER, '02
G. C. MILLER, '02	H. B. MISH, '02	N. C. POE, JR., '02
C. L. PROCTOR, '02	G. R. TALCOTT, '02	W. T. WILSON, '02
	C. WILLIAMS, '02	



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R. SALE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. W. NEALE.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
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W. M. CHILTON	C. F. COURTNEY	W. H. LATANE
F. C. PRATT	S. PARKER	F. SMITH
H. L. TAYLOR	W. L. VANSANT	



OLD STONE CHURCH ERECTED 1740

Augusta County Club

MOTTO

Go way back and eat

FAVORITE DISH

Turkey and Pickle

COLORS

White and Purple

FAVORITE DRINK

Lithia Water

OFFICERS

W. F. S. LILLEY	PRESIDENT
WILLIAM E. WINE	VICE-PRESIDENT
D. G. ROBSON	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
W. O. PEALE	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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R. M. BYERS	S. BOLLING	G. W. COOK	C. E. COYNER
G. A. HARPER	C. K. HILDEBRAND	W. F. S. LILLEY	
W. O. PEALE	D. G. ROBSON	WM. F. WINE	





The Bugle Election

THE Bugle election has become an established institution and the Annual would seem incomplete without it. It seems to be the opinion of the whole school that, once a year, we should "see ourselves as others see us," and certainly, if taken the right way, the results of the election ought not to produce any hard feelings. We have only one objection to make, and that is that the "old boys" have left most of the voting to the "rats." Of course, the members of the election committee are duly thankful for having less votes to count, but some of the contests were very close and we feel as though the results may not voice the sentiment of the whole corps. However, we submit the results of such votes as were turned in, and assure the voters that they were given a perfectly square deal, and that the contest was characterized by none of the frauds which Mr. Depew ascribes to most Southern elections.

Popularity is not always deserved, nor does it always reflect credit on its possessor, but in college life it can safely be said to be merited, and the "most popular cadet" must possess many good qualities ere he receives such an overwhelming majority as Burrell's. This is the second time the honor has fallen to him, so it must be deserved.

The honor of "best officer" is one particularly valued at a military school. In this line Captain Barton is the lucky—and deserving—man. Among the other candidates Captain Bland made the best showing.

The college-spirited cadet is not always appreciated, so we are glad to see that G. A. Chalkley's efforts in behalf of various college organizations are fully recognized by all, as is evidenced by his large majority.

The "most conceited cadet" brought forth several candidates. South Carolina carried off the day, however; Hughes, fortified by last year's good race, winning, with Miller second and T. C. Watkins third. This contest was very close.

We have several "beauties" among us, and so the race for "ugliest man" was neck to neck. Bryarly won, followed by Hughes and R. C. Turner.

There seemed to be a universal consensus of opinion as to the "laziest man." "Si" Graves and C. E. Miller were the only candidates who received any votes worth mentioning. "Si" won.

E. G. Baldwin was found to be the "bore" of the school, with B. T. Johnson second.

The largest majority attained by any candidate fell to Mish as "biggest liar." His vote was to the next candidate's as the sun to some star. We refrain from publishing the next man's name, as he must necessarily feel bad at having fallen so far behind his leader.

There were fifty-one candidates for the title of "greatest growler," and the winner received only twenty-seven votes. Therefore the more credit is due Walsh for his victory.

The reputation of being the hardest student is an honorable one, and Robeson is to be congratulated on his election to this position. Lindsay comes second.

Page easily won the title of "most dignified cadet," having, like Napoleon and other "little great men," much dignity in a small body.

There were a great many candidates for the honorable position of "biggest bum," and the voting was close. B. T. Johnson won, with Gill one vote behind, and Chilton one vote behind Gill. The fifth division must be a bad place to live in.

E. G. Baldwin heads the list of cheekiest men, with Priddy, who inherits it from his brother "Rip," second, and Gibbs third.

The title of "best-all-round" cadet falls to Ware. This is sure to prove a satisfactory choice to everyone.

Turner, J. D., was a lone star as "biggest bluff," his vote nearly equalling Mish's as "biggest liar."

The cadet who shows the greatest fondness for professors was found to be Corell. Almond, who was heralded by his backers as a wonder and record breaker, made a rather poor second.

Among the fifty-four candidates for "growley snatcher," Glenn stood first, with Barnes second. An honor, indeed.

As "most sleepy headed cadet," Pack laid all rivals low. We hope he will awake long enough to rejoice over his victory.

O'Shaughnessy is honored by the title of "most intellectual cadet," with W. P. Tams as his close second.

Whitmore is the "freshest rat," and it is to be hoped that he will be dealt with in the same manner as his predecessors.



"Hoo! Hoo! Taking indicator cards on pilot
of locomotive and —"

"Who burned out that (d)ammeter?"



"Come here, Doc."



"Make twenty inspections—that is, not exactly twenty—maybe nineteen, maybe twenty-one, etc., etc."



"I've got 'em on my list."

Wanted to Know

- Why "Big Mac" was detailed for duty down town?
- Why the Colonel and Staff moved out of their quarters?
- Why "Wee" was kicked out of the Home of the Orient?
- Why White, F. L., didn't get off at Lynchburg.
- Why "D. O." didn't report "every man that was in it"?
- Why Joe Steele prefers swimming at night?
- Why Anderson, W. A., took vaseline for la-grippe?
- The address of the director of the "Submarine Band"?
- Why the minor majors were late at (A. M.) dress parade?
- Why Davidson, H. L., doesn't wear a mackintosh while on O. D.?
- What "Military" meant by the "Ideas of March"?
- Whether Poe's theory of hypnotism is superior to Moschetti's.
- What Rev. Groseclose thinks of the Staff?
- Why "Fish" didn't win the hurdle?



FAREWELL

Not in the spirit write we,
As we wrote our "greeting" proud;
But with a tear-dimmed sight we
Pen these lines and sigh aloud
Now old College we must leave you
And the happy years behind;
May we never, never grieve you
In the battle with our kind.

Thou hast taught us many lessons,
And we take them all to heart—
All the things we learned from comrades,
All the things we learned from art.
Oh! how many are thy teachings,
And how potently they tell
On the workings and the reachings
Of the soul—but now farewell.

Larger is the life and broader
That we enter manfully;
Stretches far the world before us,
And we go with thoughts of thee.
We shall fight for the ideal,
And the vision that leads on,
And shall spurn what is not real,
Though we live and die alone.

Though of all the words the saddest
Is now mixing with our hope,
We have faith, believing all things
To the fearless bosom 'ope.
Shines the glorious sun before us,
Memory rings the college bell,
Blue spreads heaven's beauty o'er us—
Alma Mater, fare thee well.





AFTER TAPS.



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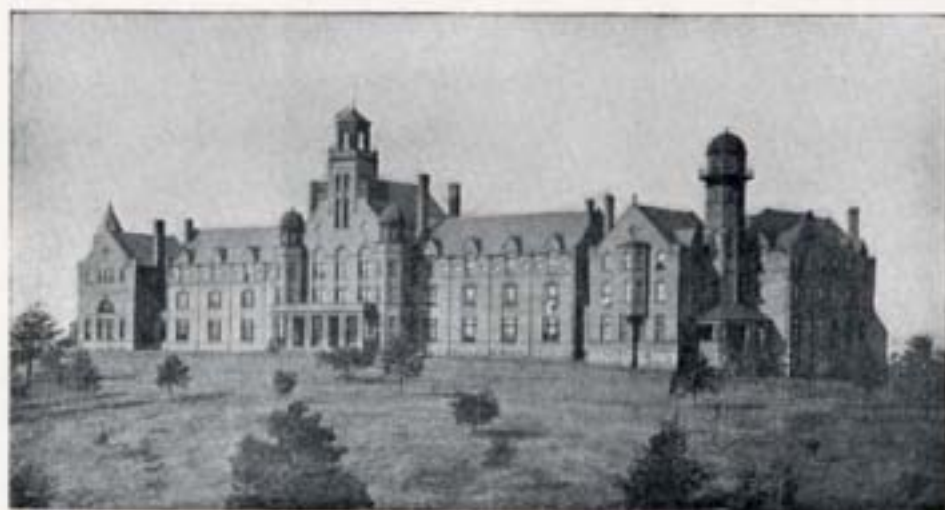
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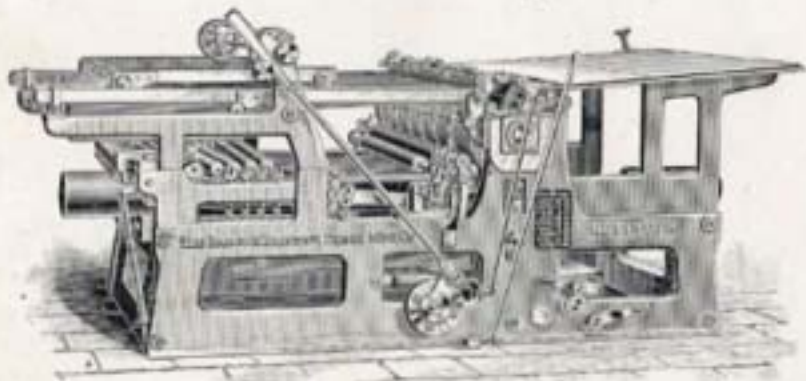
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