

THE BUGLE

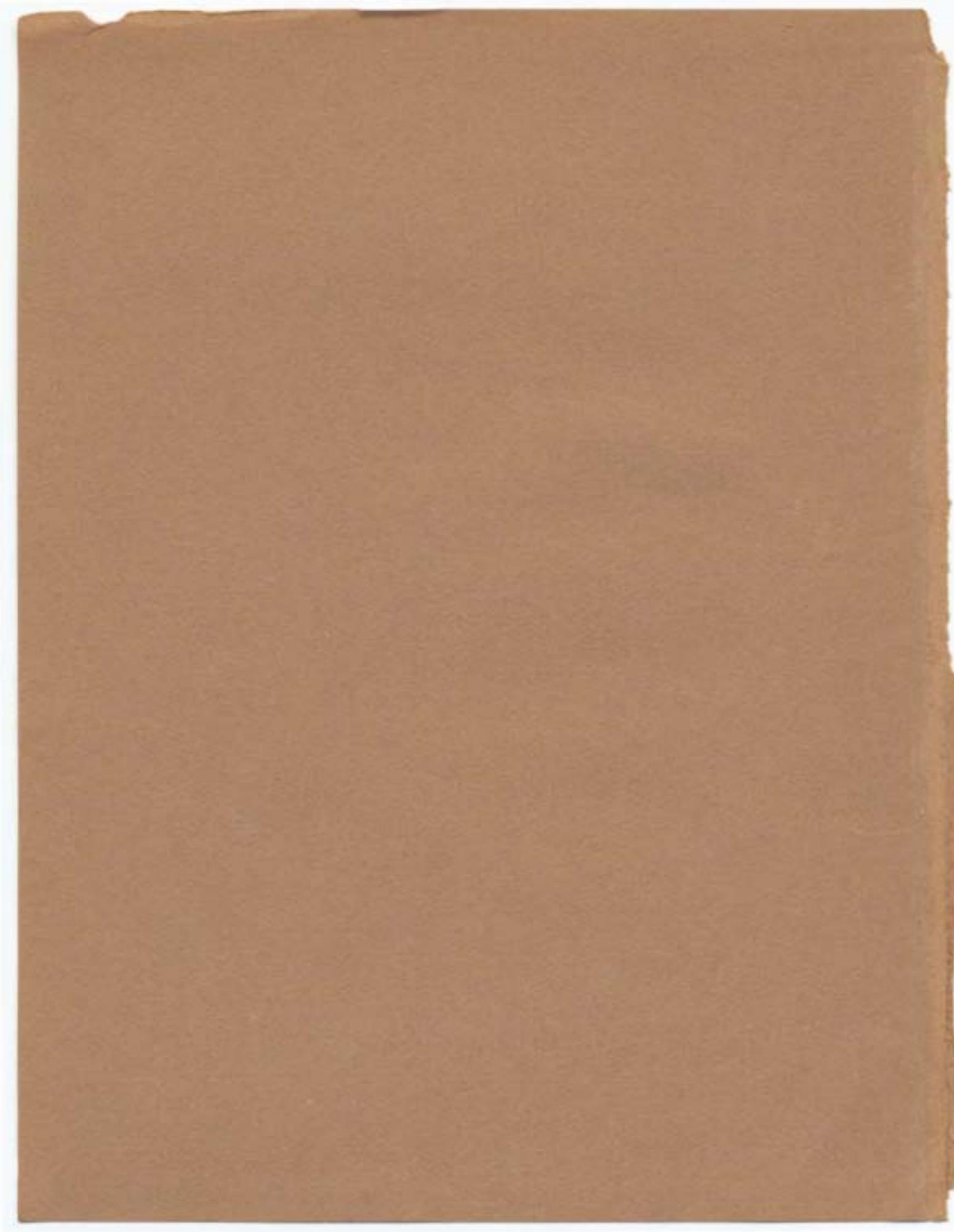


1905

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of
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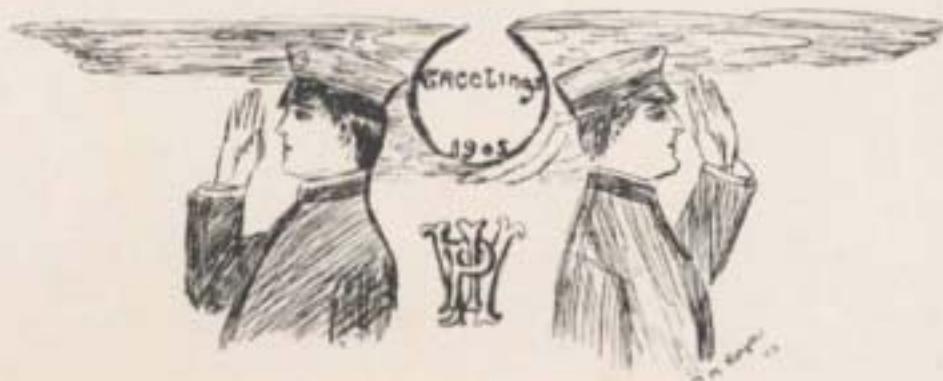
O. H. Johnson.

1915



O M. F. W.





Mark ! from thy bugle's brazen throat strange notes
In rhythmic cadence falling ?
Ring they of arms ? Is it the leuted field
To which they're loudly calling ?

Nay, 'tis not so ; they urge you not to war,
Where hostile hosts are meeting.
There is a gentler mission ; readers all,
To you they sound a greeting.

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Robert C. Prince.



Miller School, Va., March 3rd, 1905.

Mr. R. S. Royer,
Blacksburg, Va.
My dear Mr. Royer,

The desire on the part of the Bugle Staff and Corps of Cadets to dedicate your Annual to me, touches me deeply. For this evidence of your esteem I am profoundly grateful, and in complying with your request, I am honored. Much was added to my life from my association with the Students of the U.P.I., and the memories of the past will be an inspiration for the future. It is a privilege to remember the generous support and encouragement accorded me, always, by the students. From my heart I thank you again for the honor you have conferred upon me.

Faithfully yours,
Robert C. Price.



LOOKING DOWN WALES TO MESS

Echo '05



Bugles

Published Annually by the Corps of Cadets of the
Virginia Polytechnic Institute

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS LOYAL AND LOVING
SERVICE TO OUR ALMA MATER, KINDNESS AND
JUSTICE TO EVERY STUDENT, UNTIRING AID TO
ATHLETICS, CHEERFUL CO-OPERATION IN EVERY EFFORT
OF THE STUDENTS TO ADVANCE THEIR INTERESTS AND
THE INTERESTS OF THE INSTITUTE, WE DEDICATE THIS,
THE 1905 BUGLE, AS A TOKEN OF OUR LOVE AND ESTEEM,

TO

Robert C. Price, F. C. S.,

Chair of Chemistry, Virginia Polytechnic Institute,

from 1890 to 1901



ROBERT M. STERK

EDITORIAL

In this edition of the BUGLE we have put forth every effort to prepare a book which would interest our fellow-students. In endeavoring to accomplish this we have brought forth the phases of our college life, which, in years to come, will bring back memories of our college days.

When the present Board of Editors first met, there existed in the mind of each member a determination to make this issue of the BUGLE surpass any preceding one. We worked faithfully on with this end in view, even up to the time when it is now going to the press; but, as we make a final perusal of the matter which lies before us, it is not without a certain feeling of humility and fear that we, too, have fallen below our ideal.

We have endeavored to portray, by the use of quotations, some marked characteristic of each member of our class. Let no one take offence at what he may consider some personal vengeance wrought upon him by any member of the BUGLE Board. One who has never tried it knows not what a difficult task it is to depict in all cases, in unoffending terms, these characteristics. May he who is offended forgive us, and profit by what is intended to be only for his own welfare. The absence of quotations under the members of the "BUGLE Board" will doubtless attract attention, and not a little adverse criticism: "Why do they avoid criticising themselves?" In our own defense let us say only this: We like not to play the bear and rob the bee of all its honey, nor yet can we bring ourselves to take the role of the wolf, and deprive the fox of his muchly coveted (?) grapes. So, when you are studying with eagerness the face of a member of the Board, think of him as being no worse than the worst and no better than the best of those about him.

EDITORS.

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No. 1



One, two, three, four.
Two, four, three, four,
Who in the h---l are we for?
V.I.-P!!!-I!!!!

INTERMISSION + FOUR SECONDS.

HOKIE, HOKIE, HOKIE, HI !
Techs! Techs!, V. P.I.!
Sola-Rex ! Sola-Rah !
Polytechs - VIR-GIN-IA !!
Rae! Ri! V.P.I.!!!

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No. 2



Bugle Song

As from a slender, gleaming throat,
There comes the silvery bugle note
That calls each warrior from his tent,
And dreamless sleep o' sweet content,

At break of day.

So comes to every soul the call
To be no more oblivion's thrall,
But stand arrayed in armor bright,
To answer, in the morning light,

Life's Reveille.

II.

Hark! hark! Though yet 'tis early dawn,
We must away. The battle's on—
'Tis march and counter-march again,
And fight with all one's might and main,

While life shall last;

And be the conflict short or long,
Each warrior proves he's weak or strong;
And all rejoice when roll of drums
Brings them to camp. Rest only comes
When life is past.

III.

When Night has dropped her sable pall,
Another blast is heard to call
Each weary soldier to his rest,
To dream of those he loves the best,

At setting sun;

So, when Life's battle's passed away,
Life's warrior sleeps in tent of clay,
While vibrant echoes o'er him roll,
As "Taps" is sounded for a soul.

The fight is done.

—J. H.



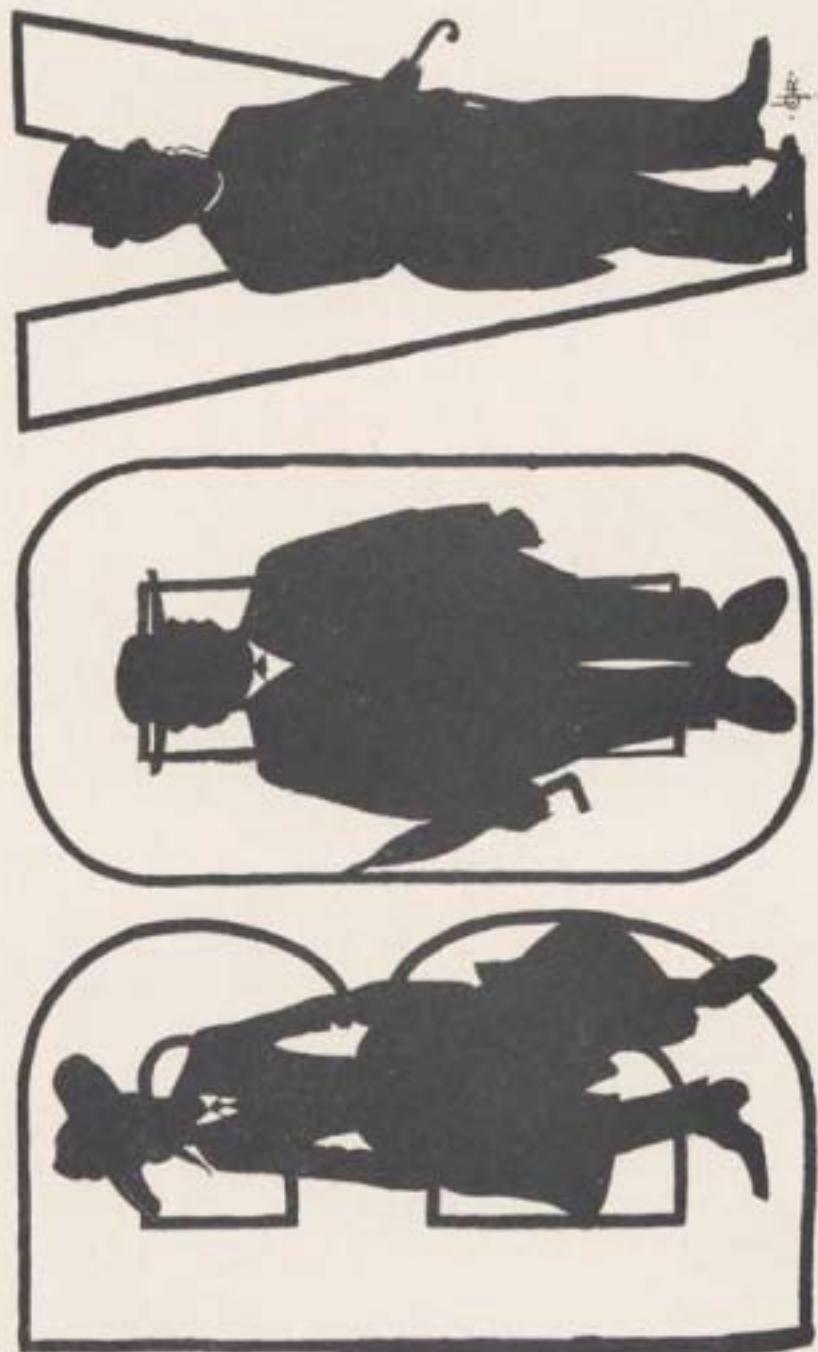
A Toast

Let him, who will, drink to his love,
Or pledge a friend in wine;
Aousing toast I'll give to those,
O valiant clear of home!

We'll think of those, the good old days,
E'en tho' it brings a sigh;
So all your glasses to the train,
Here's to old V. P. L.

Pour forth the amber liquid now,
For merrily we shall be;
Come, with a shout your bumpers raise,
And jolly clink with me!

—H. W.



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Superintendent of Laundry

FRANCES BROCKENBROUGH
Superintendent of Infirmary

Hail and Farewell

Our four eventful years have passed,
We meet to say "Good-bye!"

Friends we have been for many days,
Friends shall we be for aye.

Forgive us all our sometime faults,
Let love blot out them all.

And if a friend have need of friends,
Let's rally to the call.

The kindly memories of these years
Will linger in our mind,
And all our laughter, jests and tears
In fond remembrance bind.

For what is friendship, if it last
But for these few bright years,
The thousand ties of college days
Our future life endears.

The dear old room, the well-known "mate,"
The dear old thumb-worn books,
The familiar aspect of the class,
Our chosen out-door nooks.

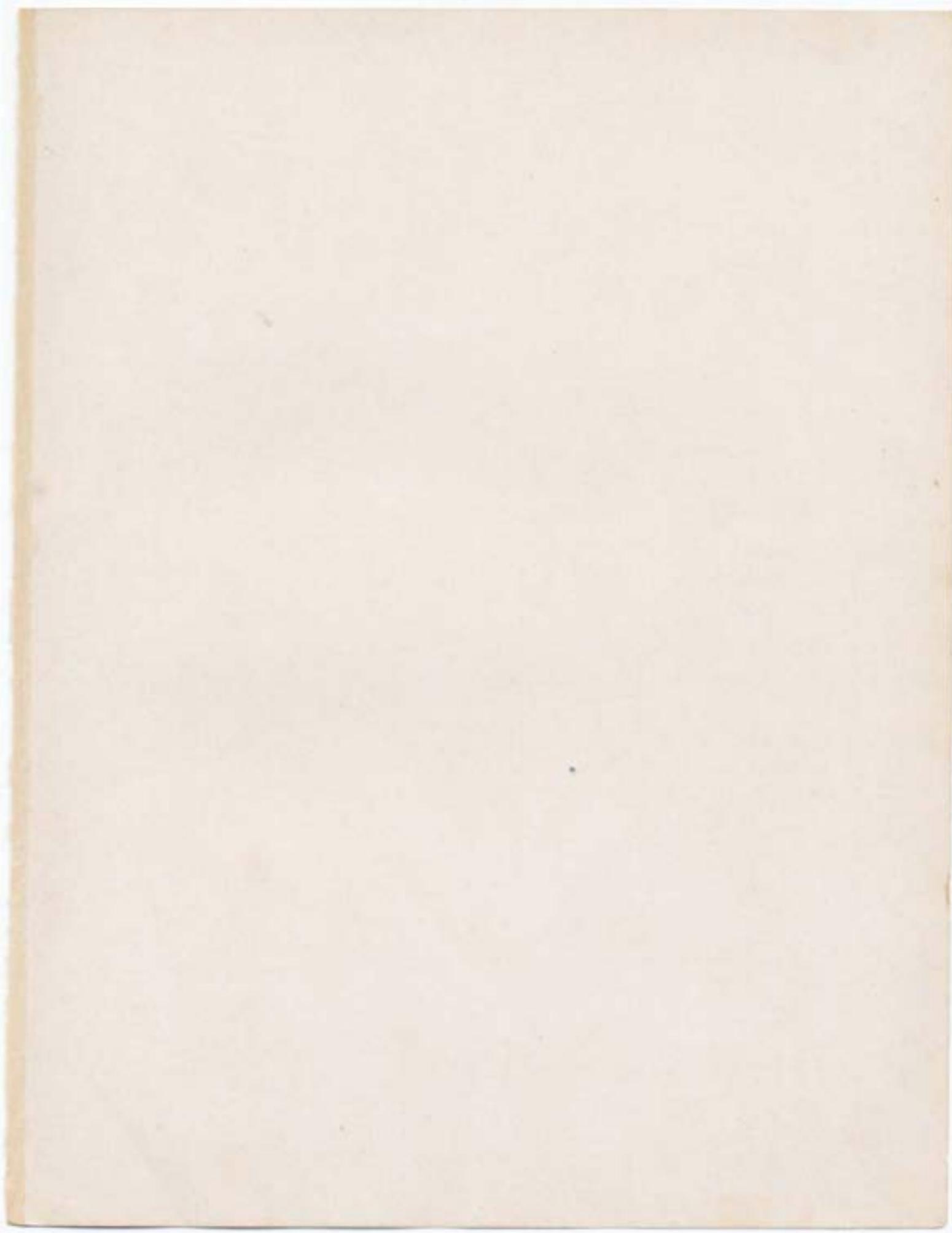
Dearer than ever seen they now,
When seen, to-day, the last,
And to them all our heart-strings cling—
To all the friendly past.

A rainbow light shines through our tears,
As tears spring to each eye,
That sheds a halo now, when we
But meet to say "Good-bye!"

Friendship still links each heart to heart,
With its bright golden chain—
We part, tis true, say not "Good-bye!"
Let's hope to meet again!

The world that lies before is ours;
Let's try to do our best,
Be upright, honest, faithful, true,
And leave to Heaven the rest.

— M. D. D.



1905





Class of 1905

COLORS

Old Gold and Blue

YELL

Wahoo, wah ! wahoo, wah !
S-e-n-i Senior !
Hooray ! hooray ! hurrah !
Senior !

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James Andrew Armstrong

Martinsburg, W. Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A.
Editor Gray Jacket, '04-'05

"Conservative men are like paper weights—
They hold things down but seldom move."



Oleg Matt Anderson

Kent, Wis.

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

"I have learned, in whatever state I am, henceforth to be
content."



Vernon Cramley Barker

Pembroke, Va.

General Science

Second Lieutenant, Staff

Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary Society, '02-'03; Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society, '03-'04; Critic and Treasurer Maury Literary Society, '03-'04; Literary Editor Gray Jacket, '03-'04; Class Historian, '03-'04.

"Pity me not, but lend th' serious hearing
To what I shall unfold."

Charles Geddes Barrett

Portsmouth, Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Company "P"

President Norfolk-Portsmouth Club,
'04-'05.

"Blessings be on him who first invented sleep."



Joseph Edgar Bell
Waukegan, Ill.

Civil Engineering

Captain, Company "C"

Class President, '03-'04; President Wakefield Club, '04-'05; Delmar Club, '04-'05; Art Editor BUGLE, '04-'05.



Walter Stratton Blair
Keokuk, Ia. Ill.

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Company, "A"

Secretary and Treasurer West Virginia Club, '03-'04; Class Secretary and Treasurer, '04-'05; President West Virginia Club, '04-'05; Advisory Board Athletic Association, '04-'05; Vice-President Athletic Association, '04-'05; Advertising Editor BUGLE, '04-'05.



Stuart Bellings, Jr.

Stanton, Pa.

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

"Far from gay cities and the ways of men."

Lewis Bellings Major
Dry Depot, Pa.

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

"Take you, as it were, some distant knowledge of him."



Clayton Hansen Bohman

Lynchburg, Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Vice-President Lynchburg Club, '03-'04;
President Camera Club, '04-'05; President
Lynchburg Club, '04-'05; President
E. H. S. Club, '04-'05; German
Club.

"Stay me with rags, comfort me with words, for I am
sick of love."



John Maessen Bratlie

Coleman's Mills, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Staff

Sergeant-at-Arms Bedford Club, '02-'03,
Secretary and Treasurer Bedford Club,
'04-'05.

"It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as long as it has length."



Robert McGinnis Myers
Knight, Pa.

Civil Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Artillery

Secretary and Treasurer Augusta County Club, '02-'03; Assistant Treasurer Athletic Association, '03-'04, '04-'05; Secretary and Treasurer Musical and Comedy Club, '03-'04; Second Varsity Football Team, '03-'04; Assistant Business Manager BUGLE, '04-'05; German Club.

Womers Lubank Cobell
Barryville, Pa.

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps

Sergeant-at-Arms Nelson Club, '02-'03.
Second Varsity Football Team, '02-'03,
'03-'04; Class Football Team, '04-'05;
President Nelson Club, '03-'04.

"I'll be sorry and fine
I'll be sad for nobody."



Edgar Castro
*Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic
South America*

Mechanical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Artillery

Vice-President Cosmopolitan Club,
'04-'05.

"In rage deal at the sea, hairy as fire."



Richard Kerby Gane
Madison, Pa.

Chemistry

Private, Signal Corps

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



Charles Frederick Courtney
Missale, Va.

Horticulture

Private, Signal Corps

Vice-President Rappahannock Club, '04-'05; German Club.

"You see how simple and bold I am."

William Lee Cables

Williamsburg, Va.

Preparatory Medicine

Private, Signal Corps

Vice-President Maury Literary Society, '04-'05; Class Football Team, '04-'05; President Medical Club, '04-'05; German Club.

"The tongue can no man tame."



Kenneth Ballard Cox

Canton, Ga.

Civil Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Second Varsity Football Team, '01-'02,
'03-'04; Junior Arch. Fiend, Pittsyl-
vania Club, '03-'04; High Arch. Fiend,
'04-'05; Varsity Football Team, '04-
'05.

"Easy to catch, hard to identify."



Charles Elliot Cogner

Bremen, Ga.

Mechanical Engineering

Captain, Company "B"

Delmar Club, '04-'05; Vice-President
Augusta Club, '03-'04.

"The more seriously you take yourself, the less seriously the world will take you."



Henry Newton Day
Danville, Va.

Chemistry
Private, Signal Corps

Secretary Fittesylvania Club, '03-'04; Vice President, '04-'05; Secretary and Treasurer Tennis Club, '04-'05; German Club.

"True to his friends,
Faithful to his enemies."



Clair Albion Fisher
Blacksburg, Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Staff

Secretary and Treasurer Wythe County Club, '02-'03, '04-'05.

"In peace, there is nothing so becomes a man
As modest silence and humility."

John Drummond Fosque
Gloucester, Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Company "A"

Sergeant-at-Arms Class, '03-'04; President
Eastern Shore Club, '03-'04; Vice-President
Delmar Club, '04-'05.

These art as long, and lean, and lank,
As are the rock-cliffed sand.



William Richard Galt
Charlotte, N. C., Va.

Civil Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Sergeant-at-Arms Class, '02-'03; Sergeant
at-Arms C. H. and P. E. Club, '02-'03;
President Charlotte Club, '04-'05; Ger-
man Club.

He is a paralyser of the female heart.



Charles Bernard Gary
Franklin, Pa.

Mechanical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Staff, and Adjutant
Second Battalion

Class Baseball Team, '03-'04, '04-'05

"When he was a boy, he played as a boy; now that he should be a man, he seems unable to put away childish things."

Harry Zimmerman Gibbons
Wytheville, Va.

Civil Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Censor Lee Literary Society, '03-'04;
President Wythe County Club,
'04-'05; Vice-President Lee Literary
Society, '03-'04; Class Football
Team, '04-'05; President Lee
Literary Society, '04-'05; Sergeant-
at-Arms Delmar Club, '04-'05;
Editor-in-Chief Gray Jacket, '03.

"They have heard the voice of the wind for an hour."



Andrew Crawford Gilkeson
Fishererville, Ga.

Civil Engineering
Private, Signal Corps
Class Football Team, '04-'05

"Men of few words are the best men."



Alfred Minor Gossler
Goldsboro, N.C.

Electrical Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Artillery
German Club

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."



Allen Melvin Barretson

Birchmont, Pa.

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Band

Director Mandolin and Guitar Club, '03-'04, '04-'05.

"I look upon the world with approval."

David Arnell Benning

Greenville, S. C.

Electrical Engineering

Captain, Artillery

Manager Class Baseball Team, '02-'03; Sergeant-at-Arms South Carolina Club, '03-'04; Musical and Comesy Club, '03-'04; Vice-President German Club, '03-'04; Leader Junior-Senior German, '03-'04; President South Carolina Club, '03-'04; Class Baseball Team, '03-'04; Secretary Athletic Association, '04-'05; Chairman Invitation Committee, '04-'05; Class Football Team, '04-'05; Advertising Editor BUGLE, '04-'05; Member Arbitration Committee; Class Baseball Team, '04-'05; President and Leader Senior German, '04-'05; Manager Track Team, '04-'05; President Final Ball, '04-'05; Leader German Club.



George Newman Harris
Charlottesville, Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Varsity Football Team, '04-'05; Varsity
Baseball Team, '04-'05.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."



August Conrad Beisser
McGillville, Pa.

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

German Club

Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight?



Clarence Barnes Hildebrand

Wellesville, N.Y.

Mechanical Engineering

Captain and Regimental Adjutant

Class Football Team, '03-'04; Second Varsity Football Team, '04-'05; Vice-President Augusta Club, '04-'05; Delmar Club, '04-'05; Class President, '04-'05.

"A man is worth what he gets, for the simple but excellent reason that he gets it."



John Caleb Nichols

Welles, N.Y.

Mechanical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Company "D"

German Club

"In arguing, too, the person tested his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still."

John Douglas Hudgins
Richmond, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Company "C"

"Blessings on those little men,
Barefoot boys, with cheek of tan."



Robert Scott Derrill
Kensville, Pa.

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Class Football Team, '03-'04; All Class
Football Team, '03-'04; Second Varsity
Football Team, '04-'05

"Things that are past, are done with me."



President of the Board of Directors, Mr. John W. Thompson.
He has a book of hours, a box containing dried fruit, and the proceeds
from his sales will be turned over to the school.

Vice-President Allentown Club, 02-03;
Secretary Allentown Arts Alliance Club, 03-04;
President Allentown Club, 03-04; Class Basketball Team, 03-04.

First Lieutenant, Company "A".

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Editorial.

Master Musician.



Class Football Team, 03-04; Treasurer
Many Literary Society, 03-04; Vice-Presi-
dent Many Literary Society, 03-04; Secre-
tary L. M. N. Club, 03-04; Vice-Presi-
dent Many Literary Society, 03-04.

Private Signal Corps.

Electrical Engineering.

Editor.

Classmate Library.

William Davidson Egle
Williamsburg, Va.

Civil Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Class Football Team, '04-'05.

"For mine own good, all come shall give way."



Dennis Beverley Lamb
Williamsburg, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Fraternity Club; Secretary and Treasurer
German Club, '04-'05; Assistant Leader
Senior German, '04-'05.

"And dances with the messenger of love."



Wallace Weston Kenford
Coppinsterk, Pa.

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps

"That which is worth doing, is worth doing well."

Robert Peachey Katane
Coppinsterk, Pa.

Civil Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps

Literary Editor BULLET, 1905; German Club.



Charles Cumston Lyon

Richmond, Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Company "E"

Treasurer V. M. C. A., '03-'04; Corresponding Secretary V. M. C. A., '04-'05; Assistant Manager Football Team, '04-'05; President Richmond Club, '04-'05.

"How hard it is to hide the spark of nature."



Chester Kee Martin

Philadelphia, Pa.

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Company "H"

Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society, '03-'04; Vice-President Norfolk-Portsmouth Club, '03-'04; Musical and Comedy Club, '03-'04; Vice-President Class, '04-'05; Glee Club, '04-'05.

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool and do that well."



Robert Hugh McNull

Effina, Pa.

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Secretary and Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '03-'04; Vice-President and President Lee Literary Society, '04-'05.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."



William Wyatt Mellon

Gilmer Farge, Pa.

Civil Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Treasurer Allegheny Club, '03-'04; Varsity Baseball Team, '04-'05.

"I am small and little known."

Robert Wrichter Moffett

Montezuma, N.Y.

Agriculture
Private, Signal Corps

"Well, I will forget the conditions of my nature, to rejoice in yours."



Richard Austin Myers

Charlotte, N.C.

Civil Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Company "B"

Sergeant-at-Arms North Carolina Club,
'02-'03; Secretary and Treasurer North
Carolina Club, '03-'04; President North
Carolina Club, '04-'05.

"Hell and destruction are never full; so the eyes of man
are never satisfied."



William Graham Rogers
Burrissburg, Va.

Civil Engineering

Captain, Company "E"

President Rockingham Club, '02-'03; Class President, '03-'04; Class Football Team, '04-'05.

"He was a soldier fit to stand with Caesar."

Frank Nelson, Jr.
Roanoke, Va.

Civil Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

"But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue."



George Edward Nettleton
Lexington, Va.

Civil Engineering

First Lieutenant, Company "C"

Class Baseball Team, '03-'04, '02-'03;
Second Varsity Football Team, '03-'04, '04-'05.

"When you are working, work hard.
When you are playing, never think of work."



Archie Maude Obenshain
Winona, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps

Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary Society, '03-'04; Assistant Business Manager Gray Jacket, '03-'04; Business Manager Gray Jacket, '04-'05; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, '04-'05; Vice-President Hoteltourt Club, '04-'05; President Maury Literary Society, '04-'05.

"Stiff in opinion, often in the wrong."



Kahnie Edward Osborne

Anchorage, Pa.

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Exchange Editor Gray Jacket, '04-'05

"Give every man three wins, but few thy losses."



Robert Cutler Pattison

Keokuk, Ia.

Mechanical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Staff

Delmar Club, '04-'05; Class Secretary and
Treasurer, '03-'04.

"The hardest work an energetic man can do, is to lead."

Robert Edwin Culmage Price
Charlotte, N.C.

Civil Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

Secretary Charlotte Club, '04-'05

"If thou hast any sound or use of voice, speak to me."



Walter Mason Priddy
Bogalusa, N.C.

General Science

First Lieutenant, Company "E"

Chairman Reception Committee V. M. C. A., '04-'05; Secretary Charlotte County Club, '02-'03; Corresponding Secretary M. L. S., '02-'03; Treasurer Maury Literary Society, '02-'03 (3 terms); Critic M. L. S., '03-'04; Winner M. L. S. Orator's Medal, '04; Exchange Editor Gray Jacket, '03-'04; Literary Editor Gray Jacket, '03-'04; Editor in Chief Gray Jacket, '04-'05 (1st term); President Maury Literary Society, '04-'05 (1st term); Vice-President Charlotte County Club, '04-'05; Member Arbitration Committee; Business Manager Brule.



Wilmer Nelson Hobins

Richmond, Va.

Horticulture

Private, Signal Corps

Varsity Football Team, '03-'03, '03-'04, '04-'05; Associate Editor Virginia Tech, '03-'04; Secretary and Treasurer Richmond Club, '03-'04; President of Tennis Club, '04-'05; Literary Editor BUGLE, '04-'05.



David Graham Hobson

Muskeg Creek, Va.

Electrical Engineering

¶

Captain, Company "A"

Vice-President Class, '01-'02; Secretary and Treasurer Augusta Club, '01-'02; Local Editor Gray Jacket, '03-'04; Delmar Club, '04-'05; President Augusta Club, '04-'05.

"A man without a few evil intentions is uninteresting."

Willie Claiborne Rahr
Harrisonburg, Va.

Civil Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Company "E"

Delmar Club

"The way to accomplish a thing is to keep at it."



Robert Stuart Roger
Roanoke, Va.

Civil Engineering. Captain, Co. "F"



Sergeant-at-Arms Class, '01-'02; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '02-'03; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '03-'04; Assistant Manager Football Team, '03-'04, '02-'03; Advisory Board Y. M. C. A., '03-'04; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '03-'04; Manager Baseball Team, '04-'05; Sergeant-at-arms Roanoke Club, '01-'02; Secretary and Treasurer Roanoke Club, '02-'03; Vice-President Roanoke Club, '03-'04; Class Football Team, '03-'04, '04-'05; All Class Football Team, '03-'04; President Athletic Association, '04-'05; Executive Committee A. A., '04-'05; President German Club, '04-'05; President Roanoke Club, '04-'05; Editor in chief BUGLE, '04-'05; Chairman Arbitration Committee; Secretary and Treasurer Senior German, '04-'05; Manager Class Football Team, '04-'05; Manager Junior-Senior German, '03-'04.



Norman Edwin Waller

Wilmington, N. C.

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant Company "C"

President South Carolina Club, '04-'05.
German Club.

"What? Gray hair at twenty? Yes, white if you please."



Duander Harrison Webster

Richmond, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Private Signal Corps

"I have not lived the world, nor the world lived me."

Robert Waskins Weller
Baltimore, Md.

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Staff

"That which you are, we thoughts cannot transgress."



Richard Hellman Scott
Bedford City, Pa.

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

President Bedford Club, '04-'05

"Words spoken in due season, how good they are."



Philip McGregor Wherry

Charlottesville, Va.

Chemistry

Private, Signal Corps

Class Baseball Team, '02-'03, '03-'04; Class Football Team, '02-'03, '03-'04; All Class Football Team, '03-'04; Vice-President Albemarle Club, '03-'04; Vice-President Tennis Club, '04-'05; Secretary Albemarle Club, '04-'05; Varsity Football Team.

"What care I when I can lie in rest and take life at its very best."

Etherbert Walton Smith

Bethesda, Pa.

Mechanical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Company "F"

President Rockingham Club, '03-'04; Sergeant-at-Arms Class, '04-'05; Delmar Club, '04-'05; Class Football Team, '04-'05.

"Doubt, not words."



Donald Douglas Spiller

McGrawville, Pa.

Chemistry

Private, Signal Corps

Sergeant-at-Arms Wythe County Club, '03-'04; Vice-President Wythe County Club, '04-'05; Advertising Manager Athletic Association, '04-'05.

"Brave, not wise, make men."



John Houston Squires

Kensie, N. C.

Agriculture

Private, Signal Corps

Second Varsity Football Team, '04-'05; Critic Maury Literary Society, '04-'05; Literary Editor Gray Jacket, '04-'05.

"Let me implore your rule supreme,
Keep probability in view."



Lawrence Wiers

Baltimore, Md.

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps

"Night after night he sat and烧燭 his eyes with books."



John William Stinespring

Bethesda, Md.

Chemistry

Private, Signal Corps

President Lee Literary Society, '04-'05

"He bears many tales, and smiles not."

Gaither Hunter Sykes

Elliston City, Md.

Civil Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Company "D"

Secretary and Treasurer Maryland Club,
'02-'03; Vice-President Maryland Club,
'03-'04; President Maryland Club, '04-'05.

"I am the very pick of courage."



Thomas Flint Taylor

Berkeleyville, Cal.

Chemistry

Private, Signal Corps

Class Baseball Team, '02-'03, '03-'04;
Second Varsity Baseball Team, '02-'03,
'03-'04; Class Football Team, '03-'04;
Captain and Manager Class Baseball
Team, '04-'05; President Cosmopolitan
Club, '04-'05.

"Let the world slide,
Let the world go;
A fig for care,
A fig for woe."



Robert Smith Cruiser, Jr.

Eastville, Va.

Civil Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps

Vice-President Eastern Shore Club, '03-'04

"Love the sea? I do; open it from the beach."



Buford Eggers

Carrollton, Va.

Mechanical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Staff

Class Representative BUGLE, '03-'04; Secretary Engineering Club, '03-'04; Class Football Team, '03-'04; President Musical Comedy Club, '03-'04; Manager Class Baseball Team, '03-'04; Member Executive Committee of Athletics, '04-'05; Class Baseball Team, '04-'05; Literary Editor BUGLE, '04-'05

William Lawrence Bansant

Wiselet, Pa.

Preparatory Medicine

Third Lieutenant, Company "F"

Class Baseball Team, '02-'03, '03-'04, '04-'05; German Club; Vice-President Medical Club, '04-'05.

"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."



Frank Stringfellow Walker

Orange, Ga.

Agriculture

First Lieutenant, Company "B"

Vice-President, Y. M. C. A., '03-'04; President, Y. M. C. A., '04-'05; Class Historian, '04-'05; BUGLE Historian, '04-'05



Benjamin Cornelius Mathins

Bethel, Pa.

Horticulture

Captain, Company "D"

Treasurer Class, '02-'03; Vice-President Horticulture Club, '02-'03; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '04-'05; President Chesterfield Club, '03-'04; President Horticulture Club, '04-'05; Assistant Business Manager BUGLE.



Robert Burnley Watts

Strong Point, Pa.

Mechanical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps

President Albemarle Club, '04-'05; Class Football Team, '04-'05.

"Now struck thy lungs and split thy braves pipe."

James Campbells Williams, Jr.
Kennebunk, Me.

Electrical Engineering

Captain, Band

"God's mercy is upon the young."



Alfred Randolph Wilson
Richmond, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps

German Club

"I'll just hedge an inch."



Edward Fermen Wilson
Arlington, Va.

Mechanical Engineering
Private, Signal Corps

"Keep the undivided heart of thine way."



Ernest John Fermen Wilson
Arlington, Va.

Mechanical Engineering
Private, Signal Corps

"Thou hast the patience and the faith of saints."

Walter Meesem Wilson
Arlington, Pa.

Chemistry

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps

"The student is a candle to the world."



John Alexander Wilson
Kensington, Pa.

Chemistry

Private, Signal Corps

President Rockbridge Club, '03-'04; Class Football Team, '03-'04; Secretary Delmar Club, '04-'05; Second Varsity Football Team, '04-'05.

"Perseverance conquers all things."



William Mygthe Ellings

Arlington, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Company "D"

"A man may have no bad habits and yet have worse."

Walter Pierce Withers

Arlington, Va.

Civil Engineering

Captain and Quartermaster, Staff

Sergeant-at-Arms Mouse Club, '01-'02; Sergeant-at-Arms Washington County Club, '01-'02; Secretary and Treasurer Washington County Club, '02-'03; Class Secretary, '02-'03; Vice-President Washington County Club, '03-'04; Executive Committee A. A., '03-'04; President Washington County Club, '04-'05; Associate Business Manager Virginia Tech, '04-'05; Class Representative on Virginia Tech, '04-'05; German Club.

Duty, Duty, what a pity, Aberdeen is not a city."



Ezra Parker Wood
Princeton, N.J.

Agriculture

Captain, Signal Corps

Secretary and Treasurer Albemarle Club, '03-'04; Secretary Agricultural Club, '03-'04; Sharpshooters' Medal, '03-'04; Class Football Team, '04-'05; Sub. All Class Football Team, '04-'05.

"I appear a saint, when most I play the devil."



Walter Wallace Wood
Matthews, N.C.

Chemistry

Private, Signal Corps

Captain Class Baseball Team, '02-'03; Sergeant-at-Arms Maury Literary Society, '02-'03; Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society, '03-'04; Class Football Team, '03-'04; Captain Class Football Team, '04-'05; President Botetourt County Club, '04-'05; President Delmar Club, '04-'05.

"Charm wins the sight
But merit wins the soul."





Alexander Barrington

Richmond, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps

Art Editor BUGLE, '04-'05; German Club





Historia Classis Senioris.

Here's to the rat, a hard lot, we all know;
And here's to the Sophomore, who helped make it so;
And now to the Junior, he's better, not best;
But drink, boys, to the Senior, he's worth all the rest.

THE pleasant task of handing down the record of the Class of '05 has fallen to the lot of one wholly incompetent, and, frankly, the Historian feels that he is "up against it." For how can he make this history interesting? To the outsider the events which he recounts must be of little concern, while to the members of the Senior Class it will seem like pawing over old ground. He wishes, therefore, to apologize for this simple narrative, and begs that his readers (if there be any) view charitably its many faults and deficiencies. He will feel that his purpose has been accomplished if, in the future, when other interests engross the attention, a reference to these pages shall help to recall the cherished experiences and beloved faces of the years 1901-1905.

The date, September 21, 1901, is one never to be forgotten by our Class. To most of us it meant the breaking of home ties for the first time. Our frail craft was now pushed out upon the wide and untried sea of College life. Would she weather the storm? Let us see.

We had to adjust ourselves to a new and strange environment, and the first impressions were very lasting, for they were presented in a most forceful way—and not always through the ordinary channels—to the brain and heart. On the campus we were greeted by that affectionate term, "Rat." In fact, no appellation seemed sufficiently degrading to express the perfect contempt in which we were held by the Upper Classman. There was no menial labor that we were too good for. During the early days of college we distributed some several hundred trunks throughout barracks, and learned to appreciate the benefits of the Junior's "trunk exercise." We became skilled bootblacks and clothes-pressers. But every dog has his day, and we knew that our time was coming; next year we would be the ones waited upon.

Our Class was first called together for the purpose of electing officers—these were: J. H. Becket, president; D. G. Robson, vice-president; A. P. Graybell,

historian, and J. E. Cleland, secretary and treasurer. The organization was completed by electing R. S. Royer sergeant-at-arms.

The football practice proved a pleasant diversion from the routine of cadet life. "'05" had out its share of applicants for the first team, but the class team did not become organized in time to make a reputation for itself.

Hardly was the football season over when our thoughts turned to the Christmas holidays, and with much the same feeling as that experienced by persons about to be set free from a penitentiary.

The twelve short days of holiday passed all too quickly, and we soon found ourselves back at V. P. I. Few events of interest broke the sameness of the winter days. The great snow battle on January 20th, however, is worthy of mention. It was undoubtedly a great success from all points of view. If you could have seen the lame and the blind wandering around barracks, you would have said so yourself. And one night, in February, when the "rats" were peacefully resting in the arms of Morpheus, a twentieth-century Ku Klux band went the rounds, armed with the feminine scissors, and left those same "rats" shorn of their superfluous locks.

Baseball and the corps' delightful trip to the Charleston Exposition, made the spring pass pleasantly enough, and June came quickly, bringing examinations that proved "final" indeed for some of us.

September, 1902! "Rats" no longer, but Sophomores, haughty Sophomores! It is now our turn to make the Freshman "feel at home." This "duty" we performed with a peculiar delight. Alas, freakish human nature! What secret joy there is in "taking it out" on somebody, even on the innocent!

At a meeting of the Class, Withers and Watkins were elected to fill the offices of secretary and treasurer, respectively. The other officers for this year were: J. E. Bell, president; L. D. Scott, vice-president; W. A. Bowles, historian.

On the gridiron we had the new stars, McCulloch, Rolins, and Byrd. We were glad of the opportunity that fall to celebrate our victories with bonfires, which enabled us to show our appreciation of the work of the entire team. But our Class was not in for sport alone, for when the first examinations came, we got down to hard work, and showed of what stuff we were made.

The winter was eventful. Great was our regret that the weather denied the "rats" the privilege of a snow battle, the delights of which we had experienced the year before.

Spring and baseball came at last. On the first team our worthy representatives were Freeman and Sinclair. We organized a Class team also, which did good work with the stick and glove; and on Field Day we won the relay race, this establishing our superiority over the other classes in athletics.

At Commencement the Sophomore banquet was a most enjoyable affair, and will linger long in our memories. So another year draws to its close, with

its trials and pleasures, but far more of the latter; for each year of our college life has seemed pleasanter than the one preceding.

On our return to College we did not display the same boisterous delight at becoming Juniors that we had shown the preceding year as Sophomores, but we experienced a keen pleasure, nevertheless. Our membership had now decreased to one hundred and eight, and many familiar faces were absent from our Class meetings, but we felt somewhat compensated by the presence of some creditable new members: Osborne, Lamb, Latane, Gilkeson, and others.

Never before had there been so much interest manifested in football as in the fall of 1903. More men were out for the first team, and they worked harder. Among applicants our Class was splendidly represented. As for the "os" team proper, let it be said that her goal-line was never crossed. Ah! That was a glorious football season all around.

Then Christmas exams., and work again. So it goes; but enjoyable withal, even through the winter months. In the spring many Class meetings were held, with a view to changing our prospective Senior uniform and securing one better than that of preceding classes. Quite a change was made in the style of caps.

The greatest event of all, however, was the trip to St. Louis. The long marches, dress parade, rambles through the grounds, and on "The Pike." Can we ever forget them? We were sorry when the time came to leave, but the "hay" at V. P. I. felt not so bad after all.

The frivolities of "Finals" ended our Junior year. Would that there were many more such years to come!

The fall of 1904 finds us back at V. P. I. sober, serious Seniors. We realize, to some extent at least, the responsibility that rests upon us. It is our Class now that must uphold the honor of the College. In all important student affairs we must take the lead. And have we or have we not done so? We are too modest to say.

As usual, in the fall, football was the center of student interest. Our Class was ably represented on the first team by Robins, Shuey, and "Tubby" Harris. After the season was over there was nothing left for us to do but study; and this we did with good will, until interrupted in December by that



ably represented on the first team by Robins, Shuey, and "Tubby" Harris. After the season was over there was nothing left for us to do but study; and this we did with good will, until interrupted in December by that

unfortunate affair between the Juniors and the Faculty. It was some time before the excitement died down and work went on in a normal manner; in fact, it is still the subject for much talk.

The Christmas holidays afforded a pleasant relaxation, and, best of all, an opportunity for each one to see his family and the girl he left behind. But we were soon back at our work again, and with a vim; for in the vocabulary of the Senior there should be no such word as "fail."

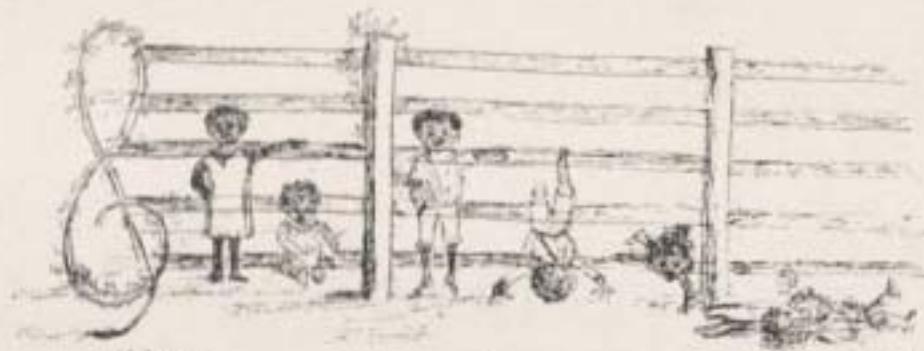
The winter was an unusually cold one, and spring came late; but for the Seniors time passed all too rapidly. We hated to think of the end, when ties that had grown dear must be severed, when we must leave old V. P. I., which seemed so friendless once, but now had become beloved through the spirit of companionship.

But life's battle must be fought, and the time is drawing near when we will no longer be College boys of to-day, but men of the future. To you, my friends of the Senior Class, God speed! May you find no stumbling-blocks on the common highway of life; but may Dame Fortune ever smile on you, and strew your paths with the roses of success; and when at last the final summons comes may it be said of each one,

Farewell! Since never more for thee
The sun comes up o'er eastern skies,
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be
To some fond hearts and saddened eyes.

HISTORIAN.





^{N.Y.D.} ~~Any~~ Look a-way! Dixie Land!

Valediction

Four years of barracks, march, and drill,
Four years of books and chums,
We go, in fancy hearing still
The bugle and the drums.
We can not stay on dress parade,
Or delve in fields of lore,
We must not loll in Learning's shade
The battle looms before.

The day of parting comes at last,
When each must make his way,
Into a busy world, and cast
The die of destiny.
The throb of manhood nerved us, when
We entered in this strife,
We came as boys, we go as men,
Equipped for strenuous life.

These battered walls, this Campus dear,
These Alleghany peaks,
All form a classic souvenir,
Which to our manhood speaks.
The silent message runneth thus,
"Remember who you are."
So, comrades, let each one of us
Guard well the badge we wear.

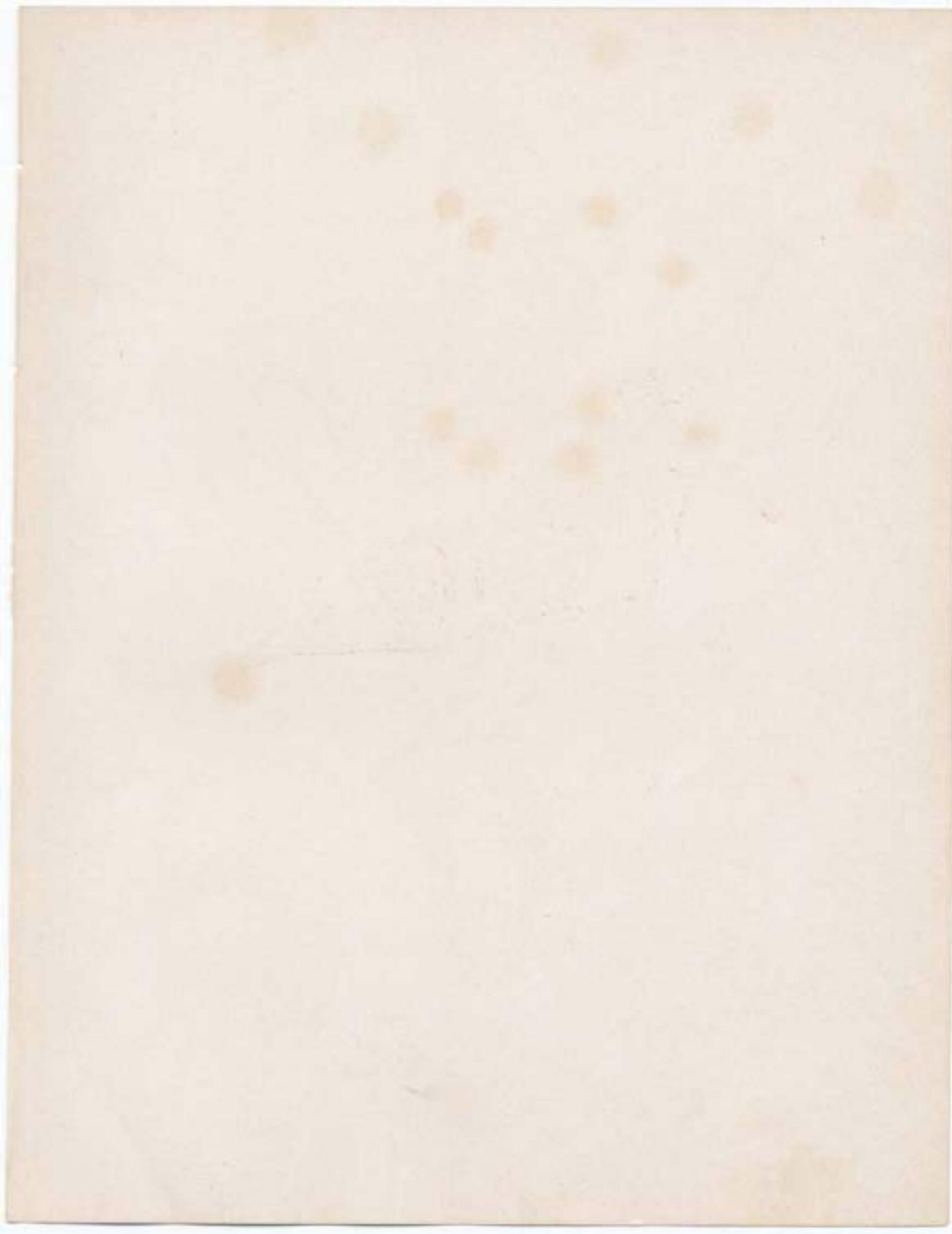
Remember, in life's working line
When we each other greet,
That V. P. I.'s the countersign
With friends whene'er we meet.
And now, at last, "The Bugle's" blast
Proclaims our banner furled,
And bids our Alma Mater cast
Her "Seniors" on the world.

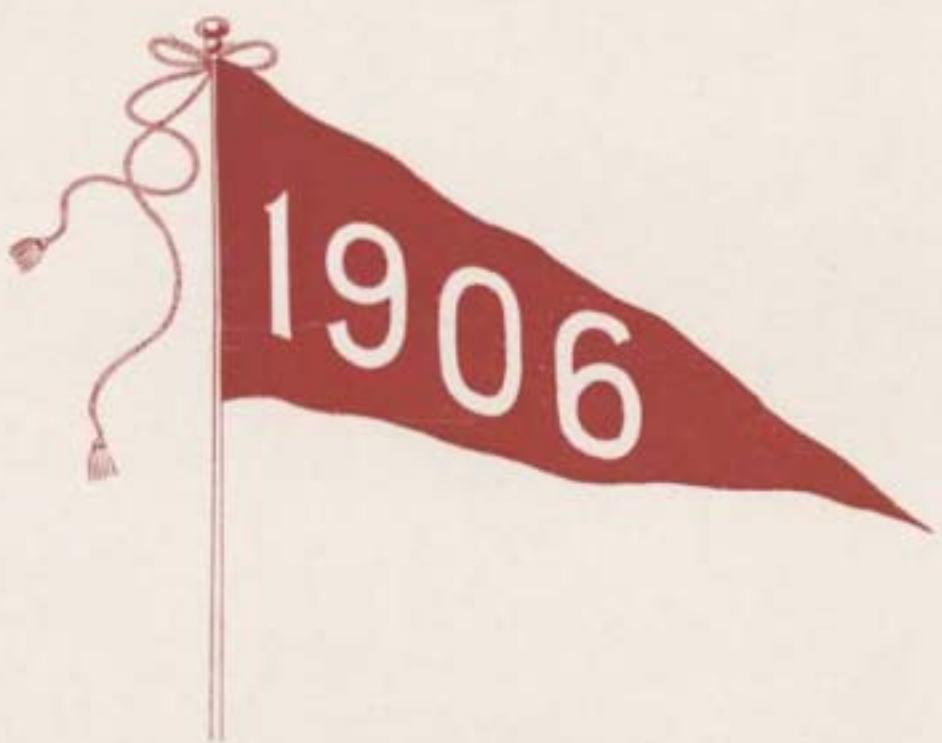
Our Blue, with all its mellow sheen,
Proclaims a power above,
Our Gold, so pure and chaste, I ween,
Is an emblem of our love.
In spirit may we all each year
Return, the ranks to swell,
And when we hear them whoop and cheer,
We'll give our same old yell.

A. W. TRAYLOR.









Class of 1906

COLORS

Maroon and White

YELL

Rickety, Rickety, Hullabaloo
Tip, Boom, Hip-de-do,
Can they beat us? Nixey nix,
We're the boys of Naughty six.

OFFICERS

R. H. TINSLEY	<i>President</i>
S. H. LEE	<i>Vice-President</i>
A. D. WILLIAMS	<i>Treasurer</i>
C. H. MOOREFIELD	<i>Secretary</i>
E. A. MORRIS	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
R. R. HENLEY	<i>Historian</i>

Members of Junior Class

ADAMSON, ARTHUR VINCENT	Bon Air	Henrico, Va.
ANDERSON, BERNARD GUTHRIE	Farmville	Prince Edward, Va.
ASHTON, CHARLES CECIL	Chicago	Cook, Ill.
BAACH, LOUIS	Pocahontas	Tazewell, Va.
BARCOCK, VINTON SAUNDERS	Bay Shore	Norfolk, Va.
BAYLOR, ROBERT EDWIN	Graham	Tazewell, Va.
BEALE, JAMES CHESLEY	Franklin	Southampton, Va.
BELTRAN, ALBERTO	Oviedo	Spain
BISHOP, ARTHUR VAUGHN	Riner	Montgomery, Va.
BLOCKSIDE, GARNETT	Polaski	Polaski, Va.
BOOTH, EDWARD	Ellenville	Ulster, N. Y.
BRIDGES, ROBERT DORSEY	Leesburg	Loudon, Va.
BROOKE, JAMES HUBERT	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
CARPER, BENNIE LYNN	Pearisburg	Giles, Va.
CARY, JOHN BARRY	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
CAVE, ALEXANDER H.	Madison	Madison, Va.
CLAYTOR, WILLIAM GRAHAM	Belford City	Bedford, Va.
COCKE, RANDOLPH PRESTON	Bon Air	Chesterfield, Va.
COULON, GASTON HENRY	Thibodeaux	La Fouche, La.
COULTER, BOLLING WRIGHT	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
COYA, JOAQUIN DE LA	Havana	Cuba
CUNNINGHAM, GEORGE HAMILTON	Carrico	Culpeper, Va.
DAVIS, RICHARD LEE, JR.	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
DEACON, PERCY ALPHONSE	Lexington	Rockbridge, Va.
DESMAN, JAMES	Ellenville	Ulster, N. Y.
DRINKARD, ALFRED WASHINGTON	West Appomattox	Appomattox, Va.
EASON, MARIO ALONZO	Sprigts Bridge	Greene, Va.
EPKS, HENRY BURWELL	Blackstone	Notoway, Va.
EASTHAM, COWAN CHAPMAN	Harrisonburg	Rockingham, Va.

FERRELL, HENRY HASKINS	Chase City	Mecklenburg, Va.
FLATTEN, PETER ALBERT	Lightfoot	James City, Va.
FROST, RALPH JEROME	Washington	Washington, D. C.
FUQUA, LAWRENCE MARYE	Chester	Chesterfield, Va.
GARCIN, FREDERICK RAMON	New York	New York
GARRETT, TAYLOR	William's Wharf	Mathews, Va.
GIBSON, EDMUND HARRISON	Richmond	Hanover, Va.
GILES, THOMAS DE SHIELDS	Natchez	Adams, Miss.
GOODMAN, HENRY GARNES	Waldrop	Louis, Va.
GRANDY, JOHN WALTON	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
GUERET, KEESE THOMPSON	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
GUNNION, ALEXANDER BARCLAY, JR.	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
HARLAN, MURRAY VALENTINE	Barton Heights	Henrico, Va.
HARRIS, EDWIN ROLLINS	Haverhill	Essex, Mass.
HENDERSON, CHARLES FLINT	Johnson City	Washington, Tenn.
HENLEY, ROBERT RAY	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HIGGINS, ROBERT LINWOOD	Orange	Orange, Va.
HIRSCHFELD, GEORGE CATLOW	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
HOBART, THOMAS DUNCAN	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
HODGINSON, HERBERT DAVID	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HOFFMAN, PAUL	Columbia Furnace	Shenandoah, Va.
HOPE, ROBERT DE VERE, JR.	Hampton	Elizabeth City, Va.
HORTENSTEIN, RALEIGH	Ashington	Washington, Va.
HUFFMAN, MICHAEL SILAS	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
HUGHES, SIDNEY SMITH	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HUMPHREY, FRANK MOOR	Parson	Loudoun, Va.
HUNTER, CLAUDE PEPPER	Rutherford Glen	Caroline, Va.
HUNTER, MORRIS	Rutherford Glen	Caroline, Va.
HYNES, BERNARD DAXON	Elgin	Kane, Ill.
JACKSON, GEORGE PERCY	Fentress	Norfolk, Va.
JACKSON, HENRY EDMUND	Olga	Amelia, Va.
JEWELL, WARWICK RIVER	Christiansburg	Montgomery, Va.
KYLE, BEVERARD HEWITT	Buffalo Station	Nelson, Va.
LEATHERBURY, FRED WADDEY	Eastville	Northampton, Va.
LEE, SAMUEL HUNT	Bridgewater	Fauquier, Va.
LEWIS, THOMAS WALKER, JR.	Clemont	Albemarle, Va.
LITZ, GRATTAN ALEXANDER	Tip Top	Tazewell, Va.
LONG, ALVIN PERROUE	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
LUVAS, FRANK MCKAY	Childress	Montgomery, Va.

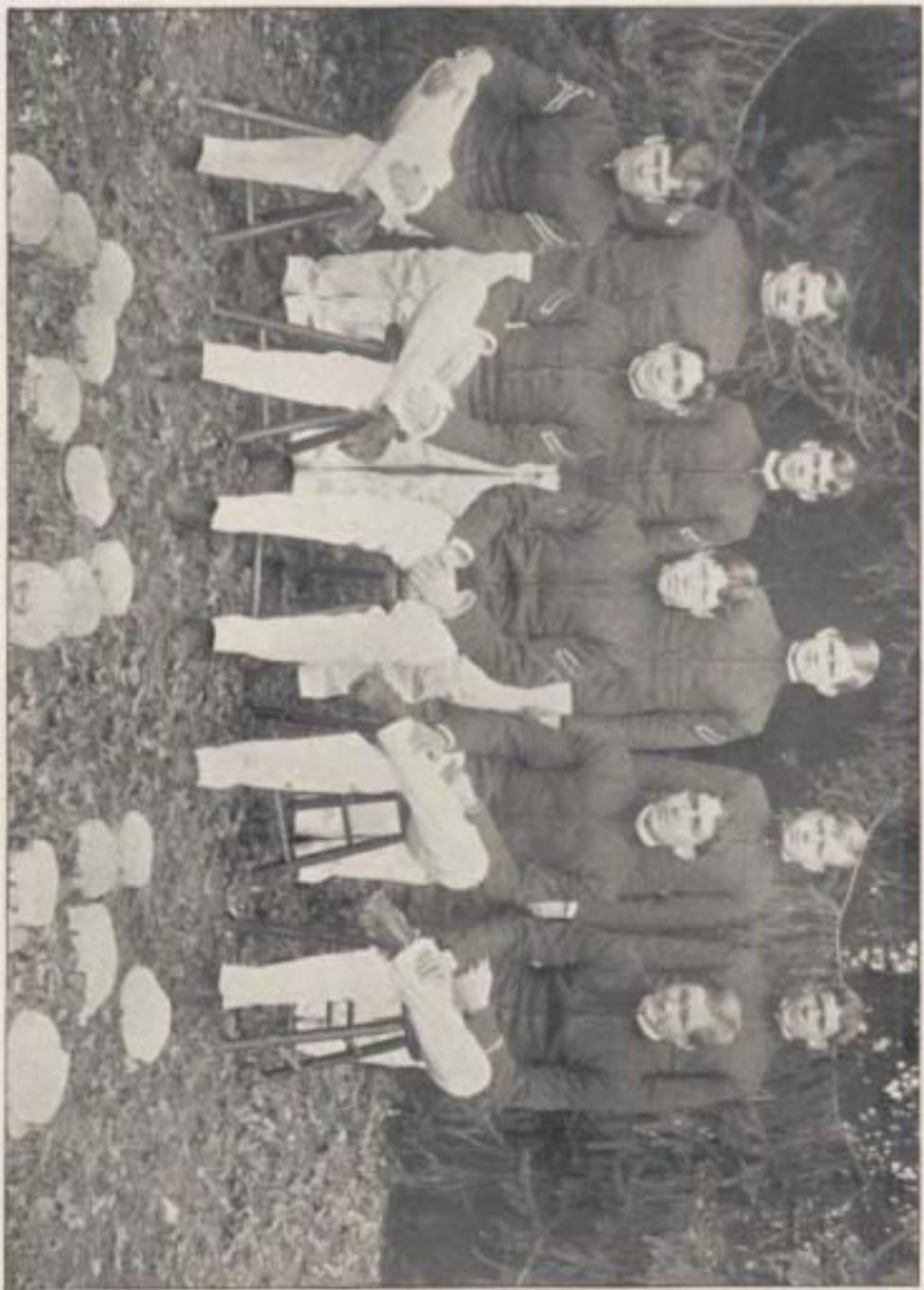
MEERS, WILLIAM EDWARD	Massie's Mills	Nelson, Va.
MELVIN, WILLIAM BISHOP	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
MILLER, THOMAS ARRINGTON	Washington	District of Columbia
MONTAGUE, WILLIAM TRIPLETT	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
MOOREFIELD, CHARLES HENRY	Crystal Hill	Halifax, Va.
MORRIS, EDWARD ARMSTRONG	Lasley	Louisa, Va.
MORRIS, GEORGE WATSON	Poindexter's Store	Louisa, Va.
MOSKLEY, WILLIAM SUMPTER	Vinton	Rosemeade, Va.
MCCHESNEY, MORTIMER JACKSON	Charleston	Kanawha, W. Va.
MCCULLOCH, EDWARD MADISON	Bluefield	Mercer, W. Va.
MCCULLOCH, MADISON	Buchanan	Botetourt, Va.
MCKENNEY, MARION JAMES	Covington	Alleghany, Va.
NEALE, MILTON MERCE	Boulder's Wharf	Essex, Va.
OODES, CHESTER WHITE	Berryville	Clarke, Va.
OOLESBY, WILLIAM BOWEN	Draper	Pulaski, Va.
OLD, HALLIE CARLISLE	Jacksons Landing	Princess Anne, Va.
OSBURN, ARNER HOWARD	Ripon	Jefferson, W. Va.
OSTERLOH, RICHARD MARRIOTT	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
OWENS, WILLIAM LUDWELL	Tuberville	Halifax, Va.
PAGE, FRANK BYRD	Cobham	Albemarle, Va.
PAXTON, WILLIAM MORRISON	Glasgow	Rockbridge, Va.
PRATT, RICHARD TURNER	Port Royal	Caroline, Va.
PRICE, JESSE JACKSON	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
PRINCE, WILLIAM BOLTON	Newsoms	Southampton, Va.
RICHARDS, BURWELL	Knoxville	Knox, Tenn.
ROBY, EDWARD HENRY	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
ROGERS, JOHN GOUGH, JR.	Ellicott City	Howard, Md.
RUGGER, WILLIAM, JR.	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
ROGERS, REUBEN DURRBY	Ellicott City	Howard, Md.
RUFFIN, GEORGE CHAMPION	Garysville	Prince George, Va.
SABHORN, JAMES LIVESTHORPE	Buena Vista	Rockbridge, Va.
SAUNDERS, THOMAS WALKER	Rocky Mount	Franklin, Va.
SCHAFFER, CHARLES MARTIN	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
SEDDON, SAMUEL VENABLE	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
SIMPSON, WALTER WILLIAM CHARLES	Massie's Mills	Nelson, Va.
SMELTZER, JOHN	Gastonia	Gaston, N. C.
SNEAD, CHARLES DARNETT	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
STAPLES, ROBERT TYLER	Harrisonburg	Rockingham, Va.
SGULDEN, ROBERT GREENWOOD	Hampton	Elizabeth City, Va.

TAYLOR, ALFRED WILSON	Knoxville	Knox, Tenn.
TAYLOR, EDWARD HOOKER	Greenville	Greenville, S. C.
TARRY, SAMUEL	Soudan	Mecklenburg, Va.
TERRE, RICHARD HENRY	Leesburg	Loudoun, Va.
THOMAS, WILLIAM HYDE	Greenville	Greenville, S. C.
TINSLEY, ROBERT BRUCE	East Radford	Montgomery, Va.
TIPTON, WILLIAM FRANK	Hillsville	Carroll, Va.
TREADWELL, HARRY A.	Elgin	Kane, Ill.
TURNER, EDWARD CARTER	The Plains	Fauquier, Va.
TURNER, REID ARNOLD	Lynch's	Campbell, Va.
VANDENGRIFT, WAYNE ASPRI	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
VEGA, ANGEL MARION	Santiago	San Domingo
WALLACE, JAMES ALEXANDER	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
WALLACE, WILLIAM ALLEN	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
WAPLES, SAMUEL DRUMMOND	Onancock	Accomac, Va.
WHITE, JOHN KENT	Waynesboro	Augusta, Va.
WHITEHURST, HERBERT CLINTON	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
WHITESIDE, EMERSON OWEN	Keysville	Charlotte, Va.
WHITESIDE, HENRY	Keysville	Charlotte, Va.
WIGGINS, JOHN CARROLL	Suffolk	Nansemond, Va.
WILSON, HENRY HARRISON	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
WILLIAMS, ALPHEUS DANIEL	Winston	Culpeper, Va.
WINKLER, HENRY LAPS	Charleston	Kanawha, W. Va.
WOOD, HORACE RICHTER	Port Walthall	Chesterfield, Va.
WOOD, THEOPHILUS HUGH	Priddys	Albemarle, Va.
WYNN, ALEXANDER CAMPBELL	Jonesville	Lee, Va.
WYSOK, RUFUS JOHNSTON	Dublin	Pulaski, Va.



JUNIOR CIVIL ENGINEERS

JUNIOR MECHANICAL ENGINEERS



JUNIOR ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS



JUNIOR CHEMISTS AND GENERAL SCIENCE MEN





JUNIOR MIDSHIPMEN

JUNIOR



HISTORY

WITH many missing from our ranks, though with a few able recruits, we, the Junior Class of 1906, gathered on the "stoop" of old "No. 1" on September 21, 1904, and there each one resolved to make this session one to be long remembered with satisfaction and with joy. The first sun had just risen after our return, when the nervously unsteady voices of some of our foremost classmates could be heard chanting that familiar strain of, "Company —, Fall In," and then one could easily see that they had practiced the officers' "About Face."

The football season, with all of its excitement, was soon here, and '06 did not then lack in long-haired gladiators of the gridiron—Lewis, Harlan, Tinsley, Montague, Treadwell, Hines, Harris, E. R., all battled nobly for the Varsity. To our joy, Lewis was elected captain of next year's team. As rooters, our Class, led by the Great Hog, "Bill" Melvin, won great fame, even capturing by hideous yells and shouts the pennant offered to the Class making the most unearthly noise.

Our own team, though composed of such linemen as Moorefield, Cunningham, Sugden, Vega, Ligon, Oglesby, and Williams, and possessing such skillful and daring backs as Grandy (Capt.), Grant, McChesney, and Osterloh (not to mention those ever ready "subs"), failed to run up any high scores; nevertheless, every member of it showed by his steadfastness and his pluck that he was a true son of '06, and worthy of wearing the numeral.

After Thanksgiving, and the many turkeys, mince pies, and *butter*, which, after passing through a perilous trip over the N & W., were at last totally annihilated by a flank attack from many mouths, our eyes were set longingly towards Christmas and home. But before that time arrived our beloved flag was to pass through a hard-fought and trying battle, the echoes of which were heard not only throughout the State, but from ocean to ocean, from the poles to the equator. Even many editors in far distant lands were blinded (some have since happily recovered) by the smoke of that great battle.

I would like to give a humorous account of that battle, but fear that if I did it would be misunderstood, so I will content myself by merely referring my readers to the State papers of that time, some of which did publish (to us) humorous accounts of the engagement.

The battle lasted several weeks. After it was over and peace had been restored we joyfully returned to the V. P. I., but, in looking over our list of casualties, we were sorry to find that many of our ablest men had been killed, or, at least, were missing. As a result, Battalion Drill lacks its "Fax," Co. A, its "Length;" nor does "Charity" any more abound in our Class meetings.

On the Varsity nine our Class was represented by Harris, E. R., Lee, and Gibson, who, under the direction of Capt. Tinsley, did much in establishing the "Tech's" baseball reputation among the Southern colleges.

Commencement week passed all too quickly, but when it was over we were no longer insignificant Under Classmen, but full-fledged and *dignified* Seniors.

HISTORIAN.



"REPORT TO THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE AT ONCE, SIR."



NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS







Class of 1907

COLORS

Blue and White

OFFICERS

F. G. HENLEY	<i>President</i>
A. B. CARPENTER	<i>Vice-President</i>
R. W. SMITH	<i>Secretary</i>
H. M. ROBINSON	<i>Treasurer</i>
H. S. STAHL	<i>Historian</i>
H. P. SHEPARD	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

Members of Sophomore Class

ALEXANDER, DAVID.....	Petersburg.....	Dinwiddie, Va.
ALLEN, EDWARD ALMOND, JR.....	Lynchburg.....	Campbell, Va.
ANDERSON, BRUCE.....	Rondo.....	Pittsylvania, Va.
ANDERSON, HILDBRETH VERNON.....	Pinta.....	Cumberland, Va.
ANDERSON, STUART HETZEL.....	Baltimore.....	Baltimore, Md.
ARMSTRONG, MADISON.....	Farmville.....	Prince Edward, Va.
ARMSTRONG, IRVING HARRELL.....	Farmville.....	Prince Edward, Va.
ATLER, FRANK GOODWIN.....	Baltimore.....	Baltimore, Md.
BAHNS, JOSEPH BERNARD.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
BAILEY, ROBERT GORDON.....	Spring Mills.....	Campbell, Va.
BAKER, HARRY WILLARD.....	Clifton Forge.....	Alleghany, Va.
BARKER, ALBERT HENRY.....	Hampton.....	Elizabeth City, Va.
BARKARD, GEORGE SCOTT.....	Norfolk.....	Norfolk, Va.
BARKER, THOMAS LESLIE.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
BAUMAN, ALBERT ROY.....	Fredericksburg.....	Spotsylvania, Va.
BENNETT, FRANK GRAY.....	Buchanan.....	Botetourt, Va.
BICKLE, WILLIAM OWEN.....	Staunton.....	Augusta, Va.
BISHOP, JOHN LUCAS.....	Riner.....	Montgomery, Va.
BLAIR, GEORGE THOMAS.....	Rondo.....	Pittsylvania, Va.
BLANDFORD, PAUL SAMUEL.....	Gary.....	Lunenburg, Va.
BOATWRIGHT, WALTER PUTNEY.....	New Canton.....	Buckingham, Va.
BRADLEY, PAUL TOWNLET.....	Churchland.....	Norfolk, Va.
BRANCH, WILLIAM LEWIS.....	Charleston.....	Kanawha, W. Va.
BRIDGEFORTH, GEORGE BASKERVILLE.....	Tinkling.....	Lunenburg, Va.
BRINE, PHILIP EDWARD PUSEY.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
BRINGMAN, WILLIAM CHESTER.....	Roanoke.....	Roanoke, Va.
BROCK, ARCHER CLINTON.....	Blacksburg.....	Montgomery, Va.
BROWN, LEROY EDWARD.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
BUSHNELL, GEORGE EDWARD.....	Blacksburg.....	Montgomery, Va.
BUTT, VIRGINIUS.....	Portsmouth.....	Norfolk, Va.
CARNAHAN, SAMUEL EDWIN.....	Allisonia.....	Pulaski, Va.
CARPENTER, ARTHUR BLEDSOE.....	Roanoke.....	Roanoke, Va.

CASKEY, WILLIMA EMMORY	Parkersburg	Wood, W. Va.
CASSELL, GEORGE EDWARD, JR.	East Radford	Montgomery, Va.
CLOUD, JOHN ARCHER	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
COFFMAN, ELMER OWEN	Dayton	Rockingham, Va.
COFFMAN, SAMUEL HENRY	Keesdertown	Rockingham, Va.
COLLIER, FRANCIS MARION	Big Stone Gap	Wise, Va.
COLONNA, EDWIN HOLT	Berkley	Norfolk, Va.
CONGER, EDWARD C.	Edenton	Chowan, N. C.
CONNELL, EMMETT TRAYLOR	San Pedro	Los Angeles, Cal.
CONNELL, FRANCIS ALBERT	Bradford	Essex, Mass.
COOK, JAMES ST. CLAIR	Salem	Roanoke, Va.
CORK, JOHN ROLFE	Charleston	Kanawha, W. Va.
CORY, NELSON	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
CORY, PETER GUERRANT, JR.	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
CUNNINGHAM, THOMAS RICHESON	Buena Vista	Rockbridge, Va.
DAVIS, GEORGE MICAJAH	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
DEW, ROBERT GRESHAM	Walkertown	King and Queen, Va.
DILLON, FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM	Indian Rock	Botetourt, Va.
DOWNEY, LEON THOMAS	Alexandria	Alexandria, Va.
DUKE, RICHARD THOMAS WALKER	Charlottesville	Albemarle, Va.
DUMONT, EDWARD GEORGE	Wytheville	Wythe, Va.
DUNBAR, EDWARD MOURAN	Washington	District of Columbia
EARLY, RUFORT NICHOLAS	Hillsville	Carroll, Va.
ELLISON, JAMES AYLETT	Crozet	Albermarle, Va.
EVANS, CLAUDE DONALD	Statesville	Iredell, N. C.
FATILLE, GEORGE CREAMY	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
FIELD, GAVIN LOGWOOD	Gordonsville	Orange, Ga.
FIELD, RICHARD HENRY	Gordonsville	Orange, Va.
FINCH, CHARLES ELLIS, JR.	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
FITTS, HENRY JONES	Byrdville	Pittsylvania, Va.
FONTAINE, SAMUEL COLE	Martinsville	Henry, Va.
FORBES, HENRY LOUIS	Olesko	Cumberland, Va.
FRED, EDWIN BROWN	Middleburg	Loudoun, Va.
GALT, JAMES HENRY	Columbia	Piuvanna, Va.
GILL, HARVEY STRACHAN	Petersburg	Dinwiddie, Va.
GILL, SIDNEY BISHOP	Petersburg	Dinwiddie, Va.
GOODWIN, GROVER CLEVELAND	St. John's	Newfoundland
GOOLRICH, ROBERT EMMETT	Fredericksburg	Spotsylvania, Va.
GRANT, ALBERT WESTON	University of Va.	Albemarle, Va.

GRAY, CHARLES BELL	Warrenton	Fauquier, Va.
GRAY, WILLIAM ALFRED	Vontay	Hanover, Va.
GRATSON, FRANK KENNERLY	Brandy Station	Culpeper, Va.
GRAYSON, JAMES McNUTT	Bland	Bland, Va.
HALL, KING CLIDE	Pulaski	Pulaski, Va.
HANNAH, WILLIAM MORTON, JR.	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HARRELL, CLAUDE WILLARD, JR.	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HARRIS, FRANCIS WALLER	Scottsville	Albemarle, Va.
HART, JAMES GODWIN	Locklies	Middlesex, Va.
HERLEY, FRANK GUS	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HEUSER, GEORGE WILLIAM LOUIS	Haymarket	Prince William, Va.
HOPE, SAMUEL PEEK	Eagle Rock	Botetourt, Va.
HOPE, WILLIAM MC ILROY	Chattanooga	Hamilton, Tenn.
HOLMES, FORREST SHEPPERSON	Pine	Pulaski, Va.
HOLT, IRA TILTON, JR.	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HOLT, NEWTON ORMUND	Spring Mills	Campbell, Va.
HUTCHESON, JOHN REDD	Charlotte C. H.	Charlotte, Va.
JOHNSON, ALLEN BREWLET	Davis Mill	Bedford, Va.
JONES, THOMAS NEVERSON	Carysbrook	Fluvanna, Va.
KENT, HENRY WOOD	Kent's Store	Fluvanna, Va.
KERFOOT, HOWARD MASTERS	Berryville	Clarke, Va.
KIRK, JOHN RUSSELL	Port Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
KNUCK, HERBERT	Collierstown	Rockbridge, Va.
LAMON, JOHN ROBERT	Winston	Culpeper, Va.
LAMON, WALLACE JOHNSON	Winston	Culpeper, Va.
LAWSON, EWING WATERS	Burke's Garden	Tazewell, Va.
LEFTWICH, CLEM SHORTER	Amherst	Amherst, Va.
LICHENSTEIN, LEWIS	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
LIGGETT, SAMUEL COFFMAN	Harrisonburg	Rockingham, Va.
LIGON, GROVER CARLTON	Broadbush	Nelson, Va.
LIVESAY, WALLACE BRIGHT	Fishersville	Augusta, Va.
LOCHER, EBEN HUNTER	Glasgow	Rockbridge, Va.
LUCAS, CYRIL DEAN	East Radford	Montgomery, Va.
LUCAS, CHARLES KEEBLER	East Radford	Montgomery, Va.
MAJOR, JOHN BURKE	Charlemont	Bedford, Va.
MALLORY, FRANK BERRY	Waverly	Sussex, Va.
MARTIN, DAVID RIBBLE	East Radford	Montgomery, Va.
MARTIN, GERALD LYNWOOD	Harborton	Accomac, Va.

MAT, JOHN TAYLOR LOMAX, JR.	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
MAYNARD, JOHN BLACKWELL	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
MATS, SAMUEL SLAUGHTER	Alexandria	Alexandria, Va.
MEAD, ROBERT SHEPARD	Hampton	Elizabeth City, Va.
METCALF, JOSEPH BROWN	Catharpin	Prince William, Va.
MILLER, RUFUS RAY	Saltville	Smyth, Va.
MIXTER, ERNEST CLYDE	Axon	Henry, Va.
MINTON, JUNIUS HARVEY	Smithfield	Isle of Wight, Va.
MONTAGUE, CHARLES DELEVAN	Fredericksburg	Spotsylvania, Va.
MONTEITH, JAMES WATERS	Lowmoor	Alleghany, Va.
MOORE, ALBERT LEE	Lexington	Rockbridge, Va.
MOOREHEAD, JAMES CADDALL	Pulaski	Pulaski, Va.
MORTON, WILLIAM GILLAM	Pamplin	Appomattox, Va.
MOYLER, HARRY LEE	Petersburg	Dinwiddie, Va.
MUNDY, GEORGE ASHBY	Bacoursville	Orange, Va.
MUNDY, JAMES OSCAR	Priddys	Altamaha, Va.
MCBROOK, JOHN HENRY	Abingdon	Washington, Va.
MCCLURE, EARL HAMILTON	Parkersburg	Wood, W. Va.
MCCLURE, JOHN GRISBY	Parkersburg	Wood, W. Va.
McCLOUD, JOHN ALEXANDER	Brownsville	Rockbridge, Va.
McGUIRE, MARTIN HURT	Cedar Bluff	Tazewell, Va.
NEWCOMB, HARRY VERNON	Craigsville	Augusta, Va.
NICHOLS, ROBERT CARY	Bedford City	Bedford, Va.
NUTTER, JAMES ARTHUR	Charleston	Kanawha, W. Va.
OLD, JACOB WISE	Mansfield	Richland, Ohio
O'NEIL, JOSEPH RAY	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
OSBORNE, CLAY	Saddle	Clay, Va.
PARKS, CHARLES ELMA	Cotton Hill	Fayette, W. Va.
PATTERSON, JAMES GUY	Bedford City	Bedford, Va.
PETTIGREW, HARRY KELLY	Fincastle	Botetourt, Va.
PIERCE, CLAUDE COLE	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
PIERCE, JOHN MORPHET	Gainesville	Prince William, Va.
POEHLMAN, ANDREW TRUST	Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.
PREAS, WILLIAM NOELL	Kennett	Franklin, Va.
PRESTON, WILLIAM ALFRED	Amsterdam	Botetourt, Va.
PRICE, JAMES CLARENCE CONWAY	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
PRICE, MERRY MASON	Cambridge	Montgomery, Va.
PRICE, PEMBERTON MORRIS	Haymarket	Prince William, Va.
PUGH, JAMES LESLIE	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
PURCELL, JAMES MICHAEL	Richmond	Henrico, Va.

POWELL, CHARLES BUCHANAN	Fortress Monroe	Warwick, Va.
RIDLEY, WILLIAM GOODWIN	Courtland	Southampton, Va.
ROBERTS, LEONARD PASCAL	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
ROBINSON, HUGH McGARROCK	Wytheville	Wythe, Va.
ROBINSON, ROLAND ROBERT	Wytheville	Wythe, Va.
ROGERS, JOHN DALRYMPLE	Lexington	Rockbridge, Va.
ROGERS, JOHN TERRELL, JR.	Society Hill	Darlington, S. C.
RUSSELL, ROBERT ACHILLES	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
RUSSELL, WILLIAM BURFORD	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
SACHER, JACOB	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
SCOTT, WILLIAM DURE	Riner	Montgomery, Va.
SHEPPARD, EDGAR SEYMOUR	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
SHEPPARD, HITE PORTERSFIELD	Clifton Forge	Alleghany, Va.
SILVESTER, LOGAN WILLIS	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
SIMMERMAN, STEPHEN SAUNDERS	Speedwell	Wythe, Va.
SIMMERMAN, JOHN WALTER	Speedwell	Wythe, Va.
SMITH, BENJAMIN HODGES	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
SMITH, CHARLES MARVIN	Alexandria	Alexandria, Va.
SMITH, ERNIE GORDON	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
SMITH, RODNEY CARLILE	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
SMITH, RUSSELL WILMER	Glen Wilton	Botetourt, Va.
STAHL, CHESTER LEE	Ashburn	Loudoun, Va.
STAHL, HORATIO SEYMOUR	Ashburn	Loudoun, Va.
ST. CLAIR, JOHN CLEAIRON	Bane	Giles, Va.
STONE, HALL KELLY	Godfrey	Culpeper, Va.
TAYLOR, LLOYD CHAMBERLAIN	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
TAYLOR, WILLOUGHBY LEE	Rockville	Henrico, Va.
TENNYSON, WILLIAM EDWIN	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
TUCKER, LANDON CASTELLO, JR.	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
TYLER, GEORGE ALFRED	Houston	Harris, Tex.
ULRICH, WILLIAM HENRY	McDonough	Baltimore, Md.
VAN DOREN, MERRVILLE BRISLEY	Charlottesville	Albemarle, Va.
VARNER, HARRY HOWARD	Warrenton	Fauquier, Va.
WALDRUP, JOHN DOUGLASS	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
WALKER, CHARLES BAYLOR	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
WALTHALL, BASIL MANLEY	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
WARRINGER, WILLIAM ROYALL	Crewe	Nottoway, Va.
WATKINS, CABELE RANDALL	Wytheville	Wythe, Va.

WATKINS, JOHN HILL	Charlotte C.H.	Charlotte, Va.
WELLS, BERNARD BELFIELD	Matouca	Chesterfield, Va.
WEST, JOHN WILLIAMS	Omancesck	Accomac, Va.
WETHERELL, JOSEPH ARTHUR	Parkersburg	Wood, W. Va.
WHITE, RICE WARREN	Savannah	Chatham, Ga.
WHITEHEAD, LEWIS BOOKER	Chatham	Pittsylvania, Va.
WIGGINS, JAMES MIDDLETON, JR.	Suffolk	Nansemond, Va.
WILLIAMS, LLOYD WILLIAM	Berryville	Clarke, Va.
WILSON, JAMES HAMILT, JR.	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
WRIGHT, JAMES PITTIGREW	Penkleville	Bedford, Va.
WRIGHT, JESSE SAMUEL	Winchester	Frederick, Va.
WRIGHT, THOMAS JUDSON	Churchland	Norfolk, Va.
VANCEY, JAMES HUXLEY	Averett	Mecklenburg, Va.
ZIEGLER, LEWIS HARPER	New Market	Shenandoah, Va.



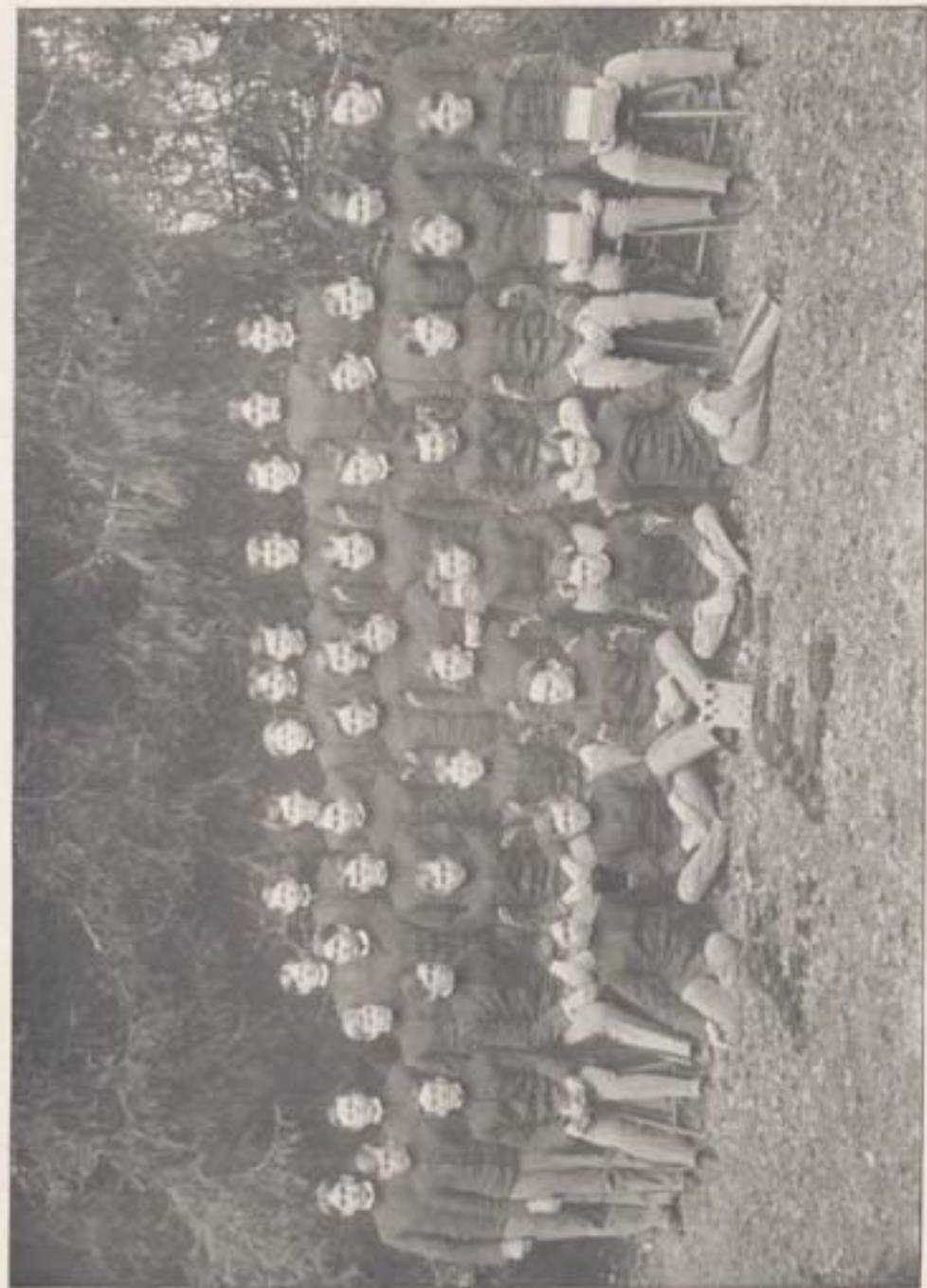
DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL ENGINEERS





WOMEN'S MECHANICAL ENGINEERS

SUPERIOR ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

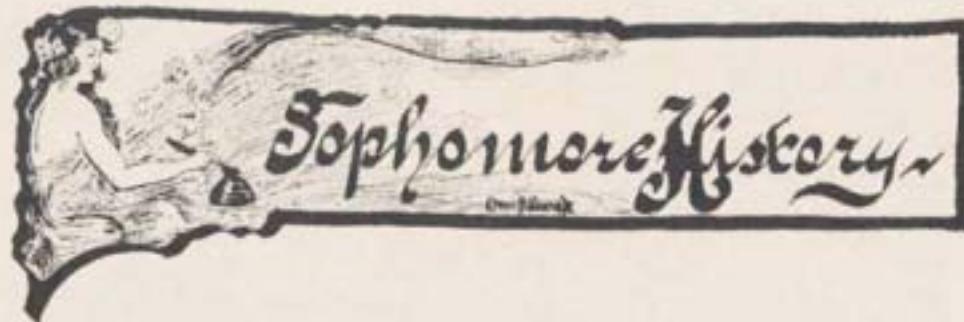


SUPERIOR CHEMISTS AND GENERAL SCIENCE MEN





SUPERIOR & PRACTICULISTS AND AGRICULTURISTS



SOPHOMORE! What a world of meaning is involved in that word! It is a milestone to the collegian, and marks his entrance upon a new and important portion of his educational career. On becoming a Sophomore he experiences a change in feeling almost as great as that undergone by the Chrysalis in its metamorphosis from the despised caterpillar to the gorgeous butterfly of a bright summer's day. He forgets the numerous delicate attentions he received, as caterpillar, from the butterflies of a year before.

That the Sophomore is a large and important factor in College life is plainly manifested by his actions during the early days of the session. His spirit is omnipresent. He is commander in chief of the Freshmen, who are so eager to be useful to their sophisticated brothers to be. It is strange how many errands there are to be run. But the Sophomore does not perform the labor. Oh, no! But, then, he has well earned the privilege of rest and command.

But as the present session got well under way the Sophomore was seen in another light. The majority of the Class lost much of its "rat-hunting" proclivity, and buckled down to real earnest effort to collect as large a constellation of "stars" as possible. And what maledictions were called down upon the heads of the professors who failed to contribute their quota of the coveted stellar ornaments.

On the other hand, the Sophomore Class contained ambitious spirits that desired expression in other fields than those purely academical. Many of the Class required the open air of the football field for their proper development. That their athletic ambition was not a mere phantom is shown by the fact that several of the Class won coveted positions on the "Varsity" team. Nutter and Connor were found among the winners of the V. P., while Cork and Lawson did much to uphold the honor of the second team. It is evident, also, that there was an abundance of other good football material in the Class. After the games for the Class championship the eagle of victory perched on the Sophomore standard and remained there.

But, while the Class is proud of its members who attained distinction on the gridiron, we must not forget that other members were working quietly, but just as earnestly, for more modest and less strenuous honors. The academic records of all the Classes show a commendable number of names that stand

well. But it would be a thankless task to single out individual classes or men for specific mention. If the work done this session is any indication for the future, with the Class of '07 there will graduate men who need not fear comparison with those who, in earlier days, graduated and left the (hardly classic) shades of V. P. I., to enter into the very real struggle for mastery in a hard, unfeeling world.

In more ways than one is the Sophomore Class to be remembered, both by the individuals composing the class and by others at the V. P. I.—the Faculty as well as the student body. Many members of the Class showed wonderful facility in getting into difficulties, difficulties which often taxed the Class officers to their utmost in the attempt to restore peace between the Faculty and the offenders.

The Class meetings developed many amusing incidents. Among these may be recalled some very long and animated discussions, that only touched in high places the questions debated. Oftentimes it seemed as if nature had intended some of the speakers to follow the law, or, perhaps, to spend their abilities as walking delegates, appointed to influence deliberative bodies. These meetings gave the members opportunities to show their power of ready expression, and, just as often, an opportunity to show how easily the Class politicians could carry a point by a well-arranged bluff when the necessary number of votes was not in sight.

The Class was unfortunate in losing officers, three presidents in four months being the record. Blair and Van Doren followed in rapid succession; the third, Henley, controls our destinies at the present writing. Pleasant memories of each president will long remain in the minds of all members of the Class, and no doubt the memory of some Class meetings will endure for a yet longer time in the recollections of these presidents.

When the day for the annual snow battle came around the conditions were favorable for furnishing sport to the onlookers. It is believed that the Sophomores enjoyed the snow battle of January 10, 1905, much more than they did the similar conflict of 1904. The fact is that the Sophomores learned concerning snow battles, as others have found in time of actual warfare, that being a spectator is better than being a combatant.

As we look back over the session of '04-'05 we feel that our time was well spent, not only in gaining knowledge from books, but also in learning the dispositions of our comrades in the days when the barracks held our bodies, but not always our minds. We have learned that others have rights that must be respected, and that often we, as well as others, have queer streaks in our make up.

With this account of our deeds as Sophomores the historian lays down his pen, hoping that each member of the Class of '07 may win credit and honor, not only for himself, but for his class and for his Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN.



WALK IN FRONT OF ACADEMIC



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19 08



Class of 1908

COLORS

Orange and Black

YELL

OFFICERS

C. E. DIFFENDAL	<i>President</i>
R. P. EBANK	<i>Vice-President</i>
Wm. MURRILL	<i>Secretary</i>
C. WALTON	<i>Treasurer</i>
C. H. HARRELL	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
R. McBURNEY	<i>Historian</i>

Members of Freshman Class

ADAMS, MALCOLM GREAME	Scottsville	Fluvanna, Va.
ADLER, LEON MYER	Birmingham	Jefferson, Ala.
ALBERT, LEWIS BOB	Shawsville	Montgomery, Va.
ALEXANDER, ELIAS SCOTT	Charlotte	Mecklenburg, N. C.
ALEXANDER, JAMES PATTON	Fairfield	Rockbridge, Va.
ALLEN, ERNEST BACON	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
ALLEN, GEORGE EDWARD	Shawsville	Montgomery, Va.
ANDERSON, ALDEN SCOTT	Ivy Depot	Albemarle, Va.
ANDERSON, HANISTER	Dareville	Pittsylvania, Va.
ANDERSON, OLLIE LEE	Farmville	Prince Edward, Va.
ANDREWS, WILLIAM LEE	Ronnoke	Roanoke, Va.
ARMISTEAD, JOHN ALEXANDER	Lemig	Halifax, Va.
ARMISTEAD, SAMUEL WILSON	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
ARRINGTON, WISFRED LLOYD	Mountvale	Redford, Va.
AYERS, WILLIAM RUFUS	Lebanon	Russell, Va.
BANK, FRANK ALLEN	Poplar Hill	Giles, Va.
BARRA, NICHOLAS AUGUSTUS	Quito	Ecuador
BARKSDALE, WALLACE	Sutherlin	Halifax, Va.
BARKLEY, WILLIAM HENRY	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
BATTEN, FRANK DANIEL	Smithfield	Isle of Wight, Va.
BAUM, RENAN CARELLE	Fentress	Norfolk, Va.
BEALE, CYRUS WENDELL	Franklin	Southampton, Va.
BEALL, FRANCIE LAUKE	Hedgesville	Berkeley, W. Va.
BEAN, GEORGE EDWARD MCCORMICK	Gala	Botetourt, Va.
BEASLEY, HERBERT CHARLES	Shenandoah	Page, Va.
BESSION, MARLON ADOLPHUS	Ware Neck	Gloucester, Va.
BEST, HARRY DAVIS	Memphis	Shelby, Tenn.
BEVERLY, WILLIAM WILBY	Caret	Essex, Va.
BLOCK, EMANUEL	Gordonsville	Orange, Va.
BONDURANT, HERBERT LOUIS	Rice Depot	Prince Edward, Va.
BONIAC, HUGH GOODWIN	Chilhowie	Smyth, Va.
BOWER, JOSEPH CLINTON	Ruskin	Tazewell, Va.
BOWMAN, MARSHALL CHRISTIAN	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
BREWER, HAYES HOGE	Bristol	Sullivan, Tenn.
BRIDGEFORTH, WASHINGTON MADDOX	Tinkling	Lucenbury, Va.
BROWN, HORACE CARTWELL	Winchester	Frederick, Va.
BROWN, IVAN JOSIAH	Rural Retreat	Wythe, Va.
BISHOP, WYATT	Grottoes	Buckingham, Va.
BUCHANAN, ALLEN THOMPSON	Bembow	Tazewell, Va.
BUTT, ELLIS WARREN	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.

CALK, WILLIAM FISHERBINE	Middlebrook	Augusta, Va.
CALLAHAN, CLESON WILLIAM TYANDER	Timbo	Bedford, Va.
CAMPBELL, JAMES LAWRENCE	Bedford City	Bedford, Va.
CAMPBELL, JAMES W.	Gadsden	Etiowah, Ala.
CAMPBELL, THOMAS BOWVER	Bedford City	Bedford, Va.
CARTER, LEIGH HAYES	Annapolis	Anne Arundel, Md.
CARTY, JAMES WILLIAM	Big Tunnel	Montgomery, Va.
CHAPLAIN, CALEB PAUL	Pungo	Princess Anne, Va.
CHRISTIAN, WILLIAM BRINGMAN	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
CLARKE, THOMAS HENRY	Alexandria	Alexandria, Va.
CLARKSON, JOHN ARNET	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
COKER, SAMUEL PRESSLY	Society Hill	Darlington, S. C.
COLEMAN, JOSEPH EDMUND	Paces	Halifax, Va.
CONQUEST, JOSEPH	Atlantic	Accomac, Va.
COOK, BERNARD	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
COOPER, GEORGE FRANKLIN	Keystone	McDowell, W. Va.
CORDES, CHARLES WILLIAM	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
CORK, WILLIAM ELLIS	Gloucester	Gloucester, Va.
CRALL, EDMUND RUSH	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
CREARY, PERRY McWHARTON	Corinth	Alcorn, Miss.
CUDLIP, FREDERICK OLOF	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
CUNNINGHAM, MARION DOUGLASS	Buena Vista	Rockbridge, Va.
CUSTIS, JOHN CONNER	Eastville	Northampton, Va.
CUSTIS, JOHN WILLIAM	Otiscock	Accomac, Va.
DASHIELL, HARRY WORTHINGTON	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
DAVIES, GEORGE HENRY	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
DAVIS, DAVID EDWARD	Christianburg	Montgomery, Va.
DAVIS, ERNEST KENT	Birch	Halifax, Va.
DAVIS, WILLIAM JAMES, JR.	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
DAYOLOS, CARLOS	Quito	Ecuador
DAY, THURMAN	Blowing Rock	Watanga, N. C.
DEATON, CHARLES HAYNES	Land Graff	McDowell, W. Va.
DICKERSON, JAMES HATTER	Hanoverville	Russell, Va.
DIFFENDAHL, CHARLES EDWARD	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
DIXONIE, EDGAR JOSEPH	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
DIXSEY, ARCHER EDMONDSON	Houston	Halifax, Va.
DUKE, CHARLES HODGES	Charlottesville	Albemarle, Va.
DUNSAM, LAWRENCE MORTIMER	Norton	Wise, Va.
DUVAL, RICHARD ADAMS	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
EAKLE, THOMAS HOWARD	Crimora	Augusta, Va.
EAST, CHARLES HENRY	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
EDWARDS, LEXTON BETTS	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
ELLISON, JOHN WILLIS	Waynesboro	Augusta, Va.
EUBANK, ROLAND PERKINS	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
FACUTER, HARRY SHELTON	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
FIELD, FREDERICK THOMAS	Augusta	Richmond, Ga.
FINCH, HARRY BRIDGERS	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.

FISHER, CECIL HENRY	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
FISHER, CARY STROTHER	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
FITTS, GEORGE BYRD	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
FLEMING, CARL	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
FLOYD, WALTER MILLER	Amherst	Amherst, Va.
FORD, CHARLES JAMES	Rosedale Hill	Loudoun, Va.
FOWLE, JAMES HOSE	Virginia Beach	Princess Anne, Va.
GANS, WALTER JOSEPH	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
GIDDINGS, CHARLES CECIL	Evanston	Cook, Ill.
GILES, EGERT LEE	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
GILLS, OSCAR WATTS	Bedford City	Bedford, Va.
GILMAN, ARTHUR SHERWOOD	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
GLOVER, ROLFE ELDRIDGE	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
GODWIN, ARTHUR MERVIN	Chuckatuck	Nansemond, Va.
GODWIN, BERNARD WHITEHEAD	Chuckatuck	Nansemond, Va.
GODWIN, HOWARD WILKE	St. Louis	Missouri, Mo.
GORDON, WALLACE JAY	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
GRAVES, JOHN THOMAS	Tolson	Pittsylvania, Va.
GRAY, IRA REYNOLDS	Lebanon	Russell, Va.
GUION, ALEXANDER HOPE	Charlotte	Mecklenburg, N. C.
GUY, LUTHER ELLSWORTH	Denbros	Surry, Va.
HALE, CHARLES WILLIAM	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
HALL, CASSELL CLIFTON	Great Bridge	Norfolk, Va.
HALL, THADDEUS CARELTON	Hickory	Norfolk, Va.
HAMLIN, CHARLES THOMAS	Connerville	Indian Territory.
HARMON, JOHN	Vicar's Switch	Montgomery, Va.
HARRIS, CORNELIUS HERBERT	Bristol	Washington, Va.
HARRISON, WILLIAM ALLEN	Crittenden	Nansemond, Va.
HARVEY, JOHN HERBERT	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HAUPT, JOHN WILLIAM	Barton Heights	Henrico, Va.
HELMUTH, WILLIAM FREDERICK	Alexandria	Alexandria, Va.
HENDERSON, ZACK GROGAN	Elliston	Montgomery, Va.
HENRY, JOHN BYRD	Greenville	Greenville, S. C.
HICKOK, MAURICE MONTGOMERY	Christiansburg	Montgomery, Va.
HUFFMAN, RAYMOND SINCLAIR	Alexandria	Alexandria, Va.
HOLLAND, VICTOR BRADSHAW	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HOPKINS, GERARD	Gloucester	Gloucester, Va.
HOUSTON, CLAUDE EDWARD	Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.
HUNTER, THOMAS LANSDORF	Rutherford Glen	Caroline, Va.
IYES, WILLIAM	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
JACKSON, WILLIAM HARRISON	Olga	Amelia, Va.
JAMES, GEORGE WATSON, JR.	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
JENNINGS, CLYDE	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
JENNINGS, WILLIAM ELLIS	Penicka	Bedford, Va.
JOHNSON, ROBERT PILSON ALBERT	Alexandria	Alexandria, Va.
JOHNSTON, MILES CARY MACON	Salem	Roanoke, Va.

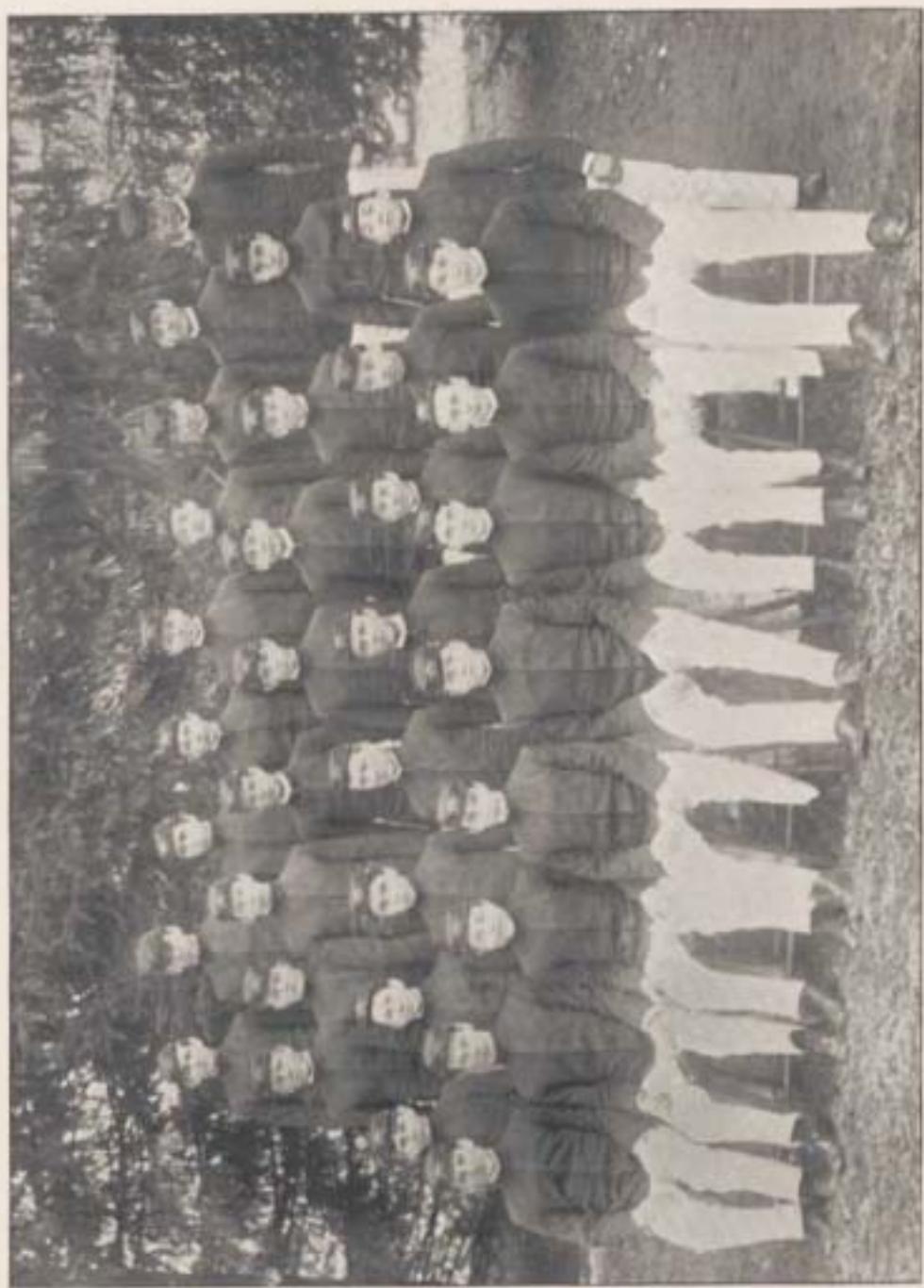
JONES, EDGAR MALCOLM	Columbus	Lowndes, Miss.
JONES, FRED MINSON	Williamsburg	James City, Va.
JONES, FRITZ WILLIAM	Gloucester	Gloucester, Va.
JONES, JOHN HUSTON, JR.	Corinth	Alcorn, Miss.
JONES, LEE OWEN	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
JORDAN, FRANK HERBERT	Draper	Pulaski, Va.
JORDAN, HENRY GRADY	Greenville	Greenville, S. C.
KAYSER, CHARLES BEALE	Lick Run	Botetourt, Va.
KEELER, JOHN DOWLING	Bedford City	Bedford, Va.
KERFOOT, WARREN SIMS	Berryville	Clarke, Va.
KOONCE, LESTER NEWMAN	Woodstock	Shenandoah, Va.
LANCE, PHILIP LA FAYETTE	Charlotte	Mecklenburg, N. C.
LEFTWICH, IRVINE WISE	Williamson	Mingo, W. Va.
LEIGH, NATHANIEL MACON	Petersburg	Dinwiddie, Va.
LONG, BENJAMIN MILLER	Mt. Solon	Augusta, Va.
LUCAS, CROCKETT GRATSON	Cambria	Montgomery, Va.
LUCAS, GEORGE SUMMERHAN	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
MACON, RANDOLPH HARRISON	Williamsburg	James City, Va.
MADDOX, LUTHER ROBINSON	Narrows	Campbell, Va.
MALLORY, WALTER LANGDON	Manchester	Chesterfield, Va.
MALONEY, PHILIP RAYMOND	Madisonville	Charlotte, Va.
MARSHALL, CHARLES VAUN LEPERRE	Jellico	Campbell, Tenn.
MARTIN, ARCHIBALD GRAHAM McILWANE	Petersburg	Dinwiddie, Va.
MARTE, AMBROSE MADISON	Shawsville	Montgomery, Va.
MATYARD, HARRY LEE	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
MISSEAU, WILFORD EGERTON	Abingdon	Washington, Va.
MITCHELL, DANIEL TRIGG	Abingdon	Washington, Va.
MITCHELL, JOHN COLEMAN	Whitwell	Pittsylvania, Va.
MOOREFIELD, JOHN STANDOPPE	Crystal Hill	Halifax, Va.
MOTT, JOHN WILLIAM	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
MURRELL, WILLIAM MCKENNY	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
MYERS, RICHARD PEGRAM	Petersburg	Dinwiddie, Va.
MCBURNEY, RALPH	Alexandria	Alexandria, Va.
MCCLURE, HARRY SCOTT	Fairfield	Rockbridge, Va.
McCULLOCH, JOHN WOODWARD	Bluefield	Mercer, W. Va.
MCREADY, CHARLES CARROLL	Seven Mile Ford	Smyth, Va.
McGHEE, STANLEY RICE	Bedford City	Bedford, Va.
NICHOLSON, JOSEPH	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
NUTTY, ADDISON KING	Abingdon	Washington, Va.
OAST, SAMUEL POINDEXTER	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
PADDERY, HARRY	Coaldale	Mercer, W. Va.
PARSONS, GEORGE LACE	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
PASCOE, CHARLES THOMAS	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
PAUL, CLARENCE LEE	Manchester	Chesterfield, Va.
PIERCE, JOHN HENRY, JR.	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
PLUNKETT, DAVID ADOLPHUS	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.

PLUNKETT, WILLIAM	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
POOLE, ROBERT SHEPPERT	Williamson	Mingo, W. Va.
POWELL, JOHN GOODWIN	Belmont	Spotsylvania, Va.
POWELL, ROBERT LLEWELLYN	Belmont	Spotsylvania, Va.
PRICE, ERNEST HEATH	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
PRICE, SAMUEL JONES	Gladys	Campbell, Va.
PRUNER, EARL GRAY	Lebanon	Russell, Va.
RANGELEY, FRANK FAIRFIELD	Stuart	Patrick, Va.
REYNOLDS, CHARLES ALFRED	Saint Just	Orange, Va.
RICE, ALBERT HANDEL	Tola	Charlotte, Va.
ROGERS, NEVELL KLIESTEN	Alexandria	Alexandria, Va.
ROSS, THOMAS FLETCHER	Elamsville	Patrick, Va.
ROSS, TAYLOR LYBROOK	Elamsville	Patrick, Va.
RUDNER, CHARLES MARTIN, JR	Bland	Bland, Va.
RUFFIN, EDMUND	Williamsburg	James City, Va.
RUFFIN, LEWIS RUTHERFORD	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
SALLEY, JULIAN MCKEEN	Orangesburg	Orangesburg, S. C.
SAUNDERS, HENRY EDWARD	Orange	Orange, Va.
SAUL, ALAN WILLIAM	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
SENKUR, HUGH HILL	Bristol	Washington, Va.
SCHROEDER, LOUIS	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
SCOTT, CHARLES LAMBERT	Abingdon	Washington, Va.
SCOTT, RICHARD CHRISTIAN	Forest Depot	Bedford, Va.
SEAMAN, WILLIAM HENRY	Charlottesville	Albemarle, Va.
SHAMBLIN, JAMES MADISON	Martinsville	Henry, Va.
SHEPPARD, CLEVELAND EDWARD	Overly	Prince Edward, Va.
SHORTER, JAMES FRANK	Tola	Charlotte, Va.
SHUMATE, CHURCHILL	Aspen	Pitkin, Colo.
SIMPSON, FREDERICK	Washington	District of Columbia
SLAYTOR, EDWARD VISTAR	Witt	Pittsylvania, Va.
SMITH, HARRY RICHMOND	Norton	Wise, Va.
SMITH, JAMES MILLER	Petersburg	Dinwiddie, Va.
SMITH, JOHN PERCY	Massaponax	Spotsylvania, Va.
SMITH, WILBUR	Denbigh	Warwick, Va.
SPILLER, ERNEST MCCOMAS	Wytheville	Wythe, Va.
STEAMAN, BIERNE	Stuart	Patrick, Va.
STEELE, DUNN KARL	Keystone	McDowell, W. Va.
STEPHENSON, JAMES MILLS	Patterson	Wythe, Va.
STICKLEY, LONDON CUTLER	Woodstock	Shenandoah, Va.
STICKLING, FRANK HENRY	Elgin	Kane, Ill.
STONE, GEORGE CARTER	Hart	Pittsylvania, Va.
STRINGFELLOW, FRANK	Boydtown	Mecklenburg, Va.
SYRODE, BASIL ELLIS	Amherst	Amherst, Va.
TAYLOR, JOHN WILLIAM	Bedlamsville	King William, Va.
TEAFORD, JACOB GROVES	Denmark	Rockbridge, Va.
TERRELL, JOHN THOMAS	Dowell	Hanover, Va.
THOMAS, WILLIAM NOTTINGHAM	Cape Charles	Northampton, Va.

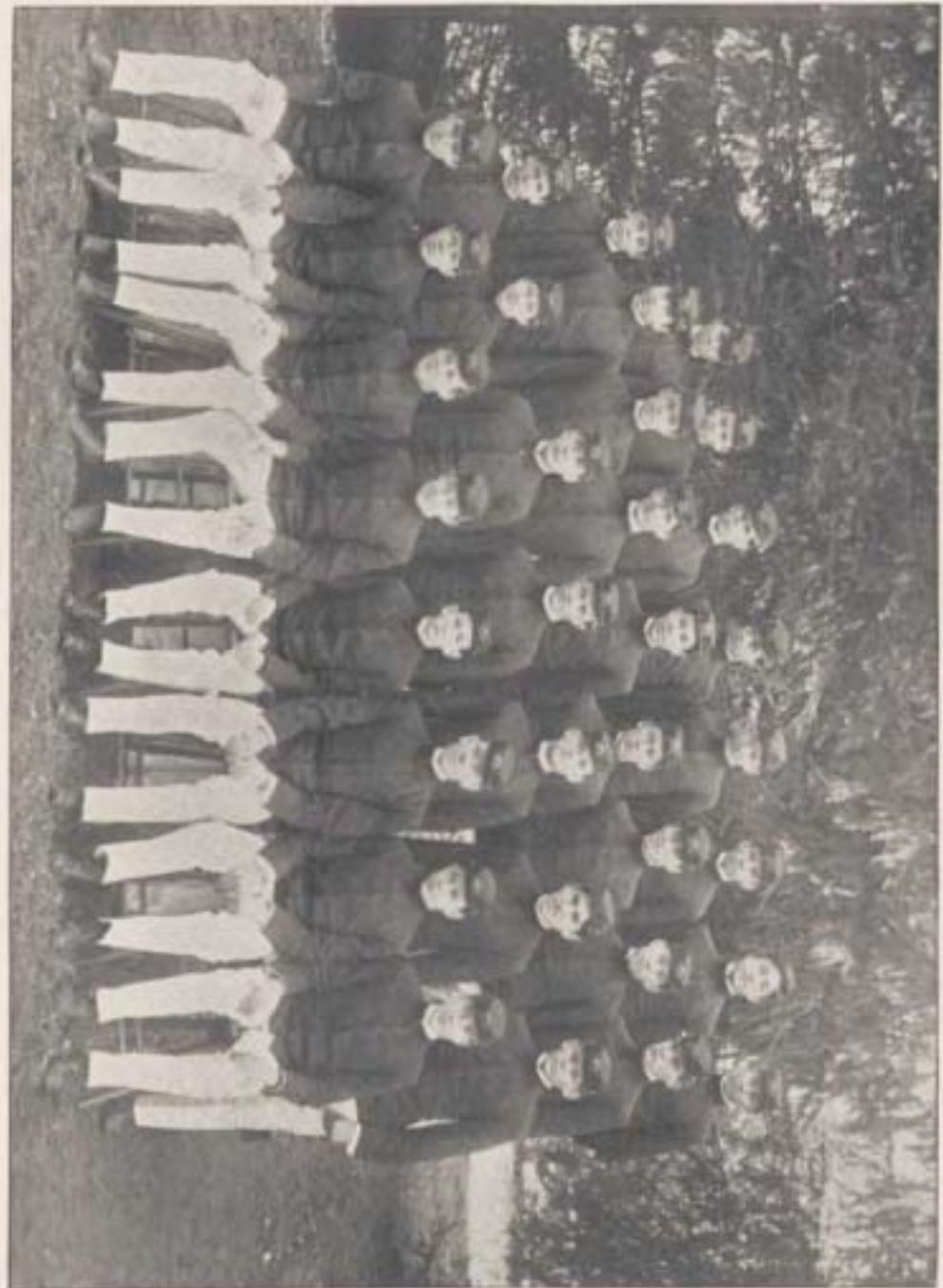
THOMPSON, JOHN HERBERT	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
TODD, JOHN RODGERS	Charlottesville	Fairfax, Va.
TRENT, HENRY MILTON	Summerville	Craig, Va.
TROLINGER, FREDERICK HARVEY	Riner	Montgomery, Va.
TURRIVILLE, FRANK BURTON	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
TURNER, EDWARD McGUIRE	Port Conway	King George, Va.
TURNER, SAMUEL BLOUNT	Emporia	Greensville, Va.
WALKER, CLARENCE GASTON	Bramwell	Mercer, W. Va.
WALTON, CHALMER	Clifton Forge	Alleghany, Va.
WATSON, MELL, HUGH	Lexington	Rockbridge, Va.
WEINER, CHARLES THEODORE	New York	New York
WHITAKER, EDGAR TERRELL	Hollybrook	Hiland, Va.
WHITELOCK, EDGAR JOSEPH	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
WILKERSON, ROBERT MILTON	Chuckatuck	Nassawadox, Va.
WILKINSON, DANIEL WINFREY	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
WILLIAMS, JOHN ROBERT	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
WILLIAMS, THOMAS NOTTINGHAM	Berryville	Clark, Va.
WILLIAMSON, GROVER	Williamson	Mingo, W. Va.
WILLIAMSON, JOHN	Williamson	Mingo, W. Va.
WOOD, JESSE GLOVER	Concord	Campbell, Va.
WREN, WILLIAM HENRY	Chilhowie	Seneca, Va.
YOUKO, CLAUDE LESLIE	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
VOIGT, WILLIAM KOSTOK	Richmond	Henrico, Va.



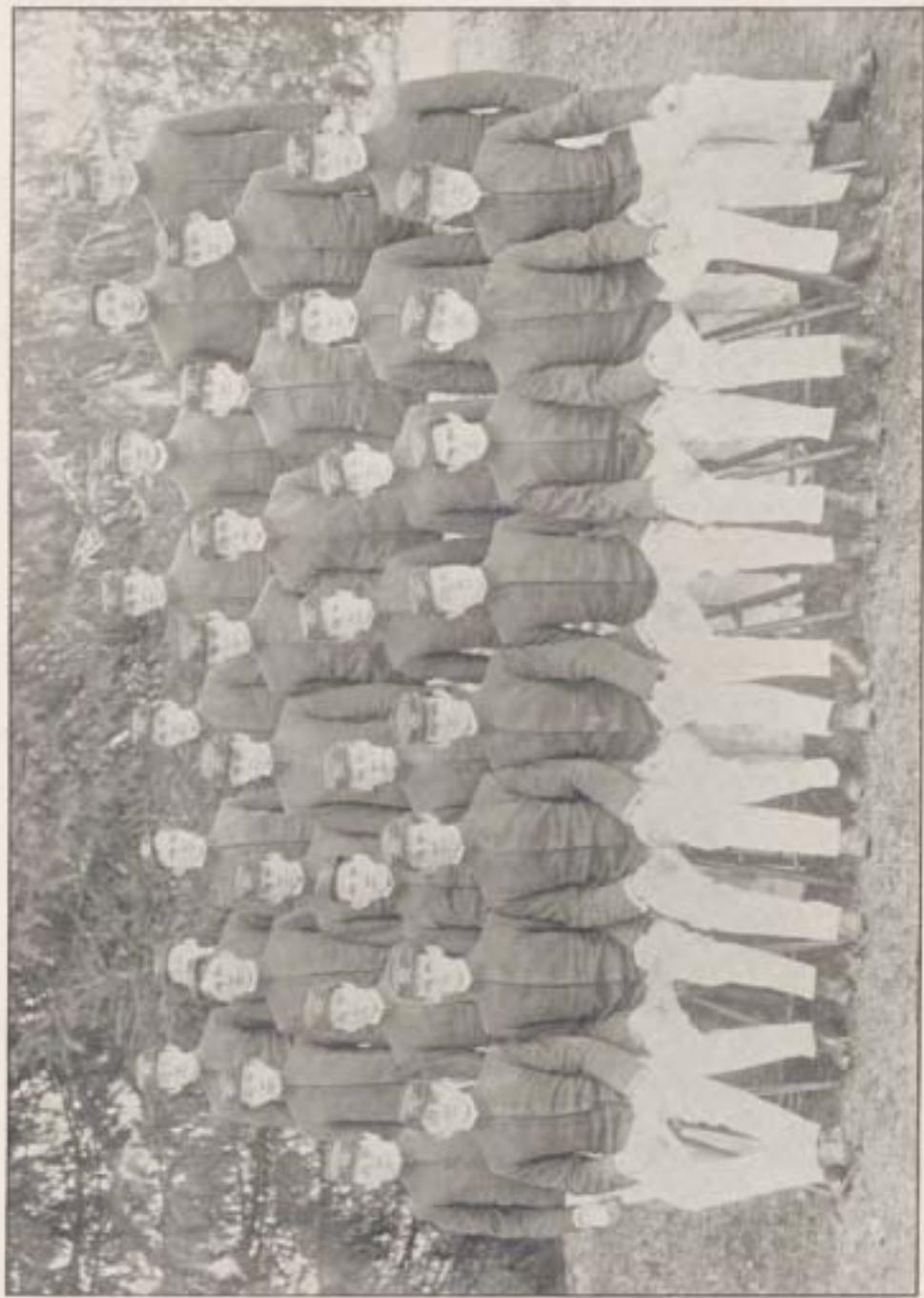
FRESHMEN—FIRST CLASS P



FRESHMEN—1914 CLASS



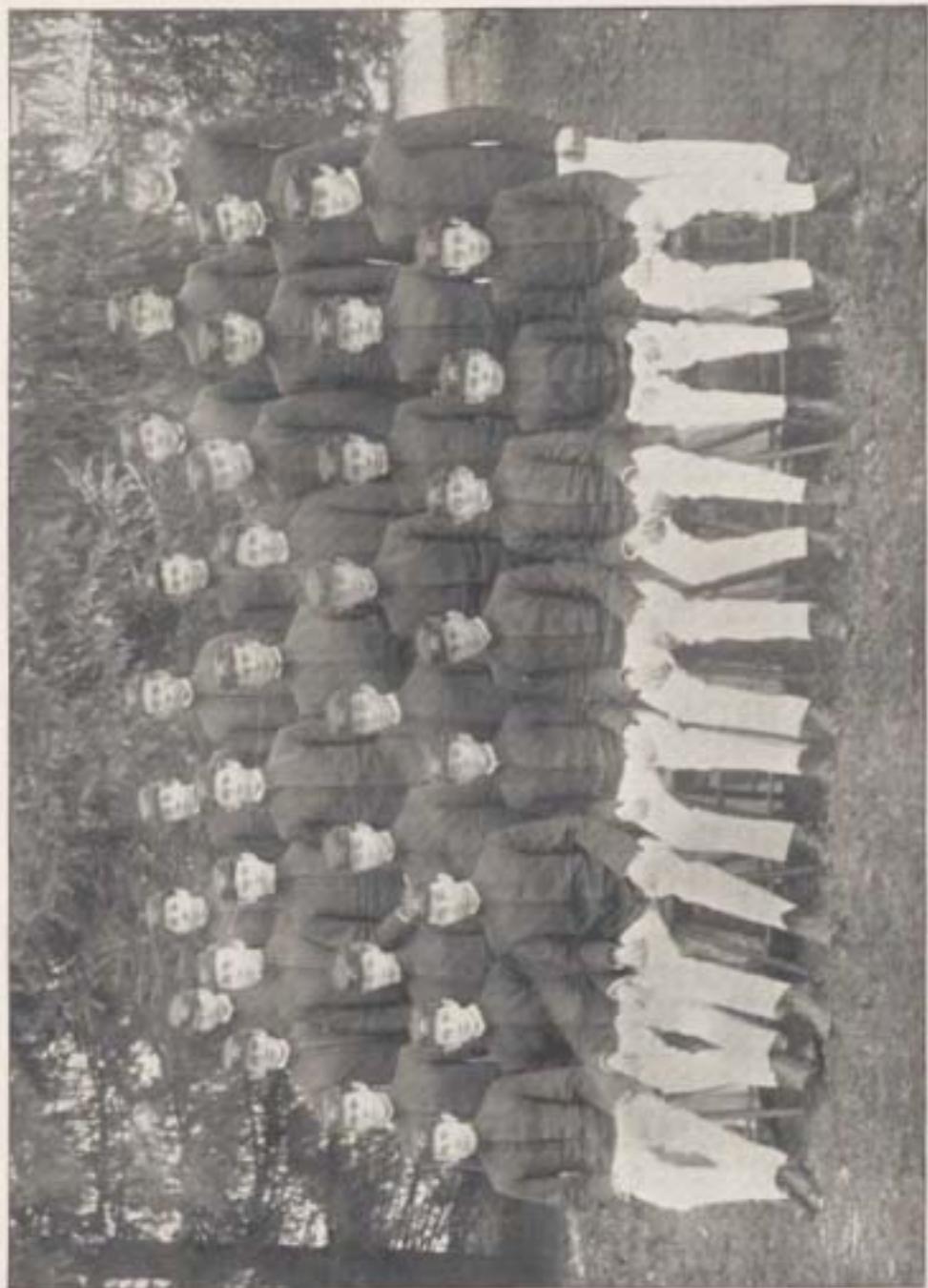
FRESHMEN—THIRD GROUP



FRIENDS—FOURTH GRADE



FRESHMEN - FIFTH CLASS





HOW I sigh for the genius of Herodotus, or Livy, in attempting to impress upon the mind of the reader the doings and experiences of the Class of 1908. That I feel highly honored at having been chosen to write a history of so great importance, is beyond question. My fond hope is that I may do it justice.

We made our debut at V. P. I. on September 21, 1904. Before this we had been "persons of importance," as we thought, but the students of the College looked at us with such an air of superiority and learning that we concluded that we must be very small beings indeed. Early on the morning of the 21st, and, in fact, throughout the day, could be seen "new cadets," more familiarly known as "rats," coming in from all points of the compass. The classes which have gone before were compelled to make the trip from Christiansburg to Blacksburg in overcrowded hacks, while we were afforded the privilege and comfort of riding on the new car line, known as the "Huckleberry," which sped along at a great rate, and in a short time brought us to the place where we were to start a new career; I may well say in one of the most picturesque spots in Southwest Virginia.

Our first thoughts were, what would happen to us upon our arrival at the College? We did not know what joys awaited us. However, we were soon to find out, for as we made our appearance upon the campus we were greeted with the long-drawn cry of "r-r-r-a-a-t," so familiar to us later. Many of us trembled in our shoes as we were hailed thus, but wore a brave look upon our faces.

We first matriculated, and then sought out our professors, who attended to our wants in short order. We were not to be kept idle, for we were soon given work by way of carrying to the old boys' rooms trunks, boxes, beds, slats, "hays," brooms, and buckets that lined the "stoop." We were soon alive to the fact that the "stoop" was no place for us, so we avoided it as much as possible. We were soon settled in our respective quarters, where we were very much gratified by the frequent calls of the various officers to see if we were all in.

About a week after our arrival we were tendered a reception by the Y. M. C. A., which helped us to become much better acquainted with one another, and also made us feel more at home. Professor Newman, responding to the toast of "The New Cadet," delivered quite an interesting address, which tended to raise our hopes, aims, and ambitions. By this time we had become better acquainted with the place, and as we entered upon our duties, both military and academic, our homesickness and timidity soon wore off. We were next organized into a Class, and we feel much indebted to Capt. W. P. Withers for helping us get together. After much strenuous voting, our officers were chosen, and we next set about selecting the Class colors.

Athletics next claimed our attention. Our Class football team did good work on the gridiron, and, though lacking in team work at first, it improved greatly with practice. Captain Pierce played hard, consistent ball, and worked his men with a knack that showed judgment.

On November 4, 1904, we journeyed to Richmond, with the rest of the Corps, and witnessed the game at Broad-Street Park between the University of Virginia and V. P. I.

Thanksgiving came, and with it numerous boxes from home, which filled our hearts with glee, and at the same time filled our stomachs with good things. We next began to look forward to the coming of Christmas and our home-going. Visions of bright-eyed maidens left behind, danced before us upon the pages of our books. Many were the dreams we had of luxuries we would enjoy when that much-looked-for day arrived. "Growley" and "hays" would be forgotten, and we would sit down to feasts and recline upon couches fit for the gods. Finally the day for our departure came, and we set forth with light hearts and in high spirits.

January 4, 1905, found us here again with Intermediates staring us in the face. Many of us burned our lights after "taps" while "boning" for the examinations. Finally, the great trial being passed, those of us who were successful were elated, while those who "flunked" resolved to study harder and do better in the future.

It was during Intermediates that we had our snow battle, which has been the custom since the infancy of the College. Marshalled in two brigades, we were marched to the athletic field, where we were arrayed in line of battle. Being first given time to gather ammunition, at the command over three hundred warriors bold, charged forward into battle, and never did the brave gladiators of Rome fight with such vigor and adroitness as did we. At the cry of "Rats to your holes!" we cast ammunition to the four winds, and "hauled the ball" back to barracks in the midst of a heavy fire delivered at us by the old boys.

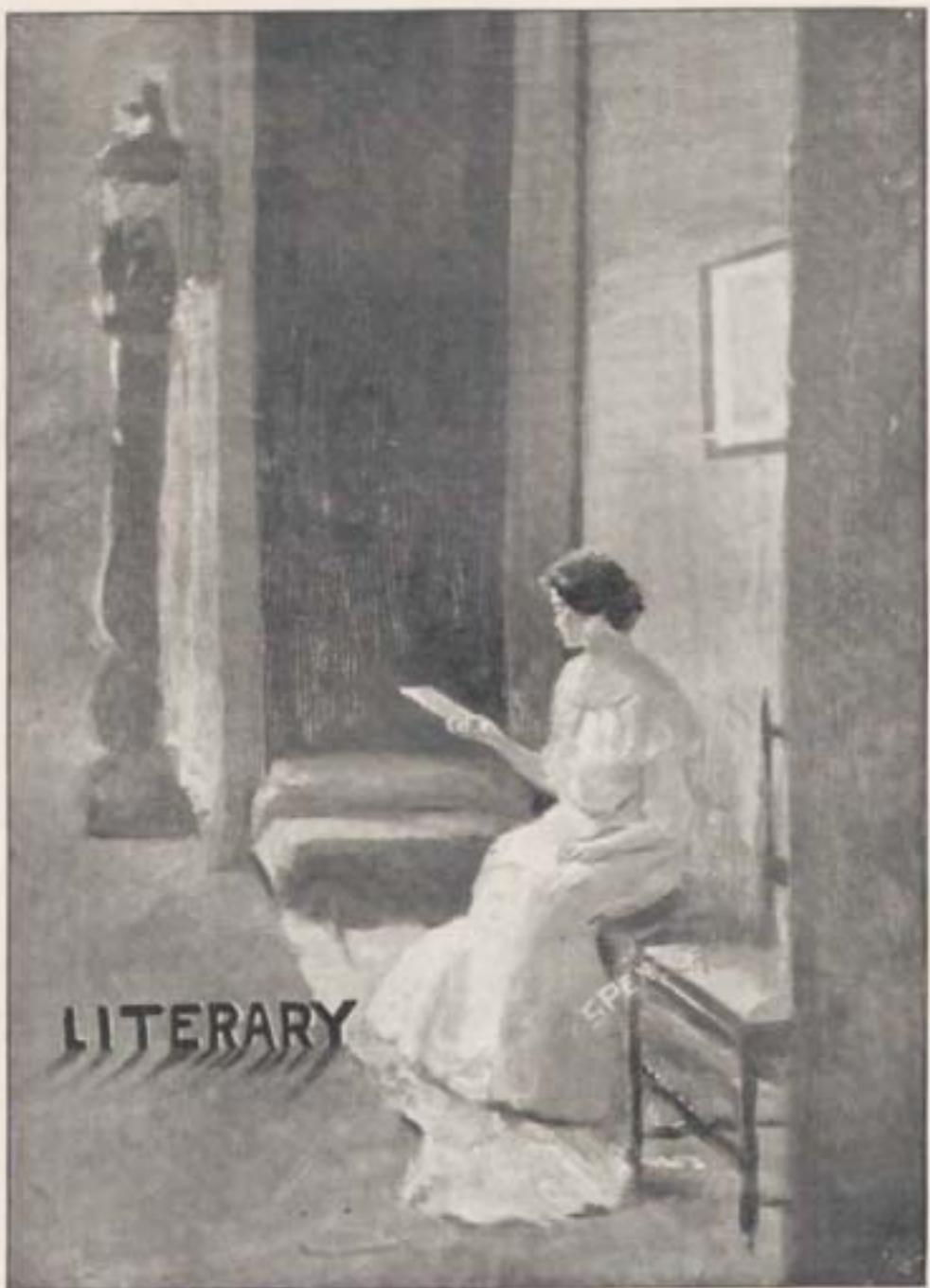
Little did we dream that ere the sun cast its radiant beams upon us again we should be called upon to help fight the mighty conflagration which burned our beloved Science Hall to the ground.

With spring came many drills. It was then that our khaki uniform proved to be a great blessing. After Easter time sped rapidly. Before we realized the fact, final examinations were upon us. They were severe, but soon forgotten, as we plunged forward, heart and soul, into the gaieties which Commencement week afforded us. The session of '04-'05 being then ended, our Freshman days at V. P. I. were no more. We can see many mistakes we have made during the year, but are wiser men, and shall endeavor to profit by them. Our hopes, aims, and ambitions are higher than before.

As we are carried back on the wings of memory, and reflect upon these good old days, now departed forever, but of hopes of even better and more profitable ones to come, we shall not fail to be impressed with the pleasures and delights which we experienced when we were "Rats" at V. P. I.

HISTORIAN.





LITERARY



The Wars of the Roses

For thirty years the Roses' War
Cast England into gloom,
And gory were the pleasant fields
Where English Roses bloom.

The grass was red, the rivers dyed,
With blood by brother shed,
And shadows darkened many a home
Where household love had sped.

Lancastrian Roses paled in death,
In every onset rude,
And York's white Roses crimson grew
Bathed in some kindred blood.

Now white in anger, red in blood,
Their faith by arms had sealed,
Until the flower of England's best
Had perished on the field.

All up and down the forays ranged,
Uncounted were the scars,
Until on Bosworth's fated field
Went down the shield of Mars.

The blended hues of red and white
United in one hour,
Now rosy pink is England's Rose,
Her emblematic flower.

M. D. D.

The Alternative

A WHITE awning was stretched above the veranda, its red scalloped tabs flapping in the wind like so many signals. Warm-hued rugs were laid about, and wicker lounging-chairs with their fat denim pillows invited repose. Miss Pembroke, with a half-open volume in her hand, lay deeply ensconced in a spacious hammock, her beautiful figure in a graceful attitude of ease. She was thoroughly content.

Footsteps crunched the gravel on the walk.

The book slid gently, deliberately, into Miss Pembroke's lap. Simultaneous with its downfall arose a dash of carmine to her cheeks. The pensive eyes were instantly veiled by a pair of lids, and a fringe of dark lashes cast the faintest shadow over the white loveliness of the downcast face.

The man swung himself up lithely, rounded the corner of the porch, and, as the girl made no motion to rise, he paused, then approached on tip-toe, and leaning over the slightly swaying hammock, scrutinized the motionless figure.

"The curtain rises." Act I. Scene I. "Ah, how beautifully you do it!" he hazarded with nonchalance, standing directly before the hammock and raising his eyebrows quizzically.

The figure was motionless; not an eyelash quivered.

"Wanted—a fairy prince."

The flush on her cheek had subsided; the chiffon fichu rose and fell at regular intervals; there was not a suggestion of consciousness to disturb the serenity of her face.

"Now, really," the young man began, "this is badly staged. Curtain rises; Act II.—a repetition. No encore, either; that is positively beastly. Have you forgotten your cue, or has the prompter fallen by the wayside?"

Miss Pembroke was motionless. The heavy lids lay darkly against the fair cheek, the breathing was regular and deep.

He bent over; his face was fanned by warm breath, fresh and fragrant. He noted the delicate blue veins traced in the whiteness of her brow. She was delightfully healthy, delightfully feminine. He studied her critically, as Pygmalion might have studied his Galatea, but he had done that before. He knew every turn of her curly head, every motion of her elastic body. Nothing had escaped his scrutiny; the intonations of her voice, the single ring on her



finger—it was not his—the frou-frou of her skirts, the delicate perfume, which seemed a part of her.

"The sweetest woman out of Paradise," he temporized, "but the embodiment of cool-headed feminine equanimity. Do you know I tramped all the way to church yesterday in a broiling sun in hopes of seeing you? I passed here on my return, my religious ardor considerably cooled. I shook my fist at the house and muttered, 'You pagan.' The perspiration was plunging down my neck like a cataract, and here you were propped up, reading that everlasting book, as cool as a cucumber."

The corners of her mouth twitched ever so slightly, but he saw it.

"The sweetest woman this side of Paradise," he continued, arching his brows with a half-look of defiance.

"O, you silly." Miss Pembroke opened her blue eyes, scowled at the quizzical face before her, then settled down comfortably into the sea of red and nile-green pillows.

"My dear lady, a ready concession of minor points is part of the grace of life," he began; but she silenced him with an imperious wave of her white hand, demanding with feigned resentment: "Can a respectable body not enjoy one moment's repose in this infested spot? Mosquitoes, flies, skippers, and what-not. Haven't I endeavored to read this one book for three weeks?"

"Indeed, I waive all objections and agree with you—it's the last of all places. I strolled up to bid you adieu, but your theatrical setting unpoised me. As I intended saying, I am leaving to-day, so *auf Wiederssehen*." He spoke with effusion, extending his hand.

"Really?" She wrinkled her forehead inquisitively.

"Yes, really," he interpolated, mimicking her irony.

"But, Jack, I thought I understood that the accommodations at the 'Beach' were excellent." Miss Pembroke sat up in earnest now, looking frankly into the strong face before her.

"O, they are," he ejaculated, "for the early and frequent visitors. But a tardy scalawag couldn't expect a decent bunk; lucky I didn't."

"Why?"

"Lord, you should see my bed. It puts me in mind of an old man with the palsy. Physically, I was never more uncomfortable."

"Oh, Jack, what a simile!" She laughed, and pelting her sea of pillows with vigor, she settled back luxuriantly.

"Yes, and what's more, I deserved it," he continued. "I told my mother I would run up to the mountains for rest and solitude, and—well, I landed here, and could not escape; red hot irons could not have pinched me away. So you see I am not undeserving of my hard luck; it is one of the ironies of fate that usually accompany me." He laughed good-naturedly.

"What could have brought you here?" Miss Penbrooke wondered, lifting her retouchee nose higher than was her wont.

"Your good angel, mache prepene, or the devil?"

"The latter, madam," he returned with assumed dignity.

"If you eat with the devil you must use a long-spoon," the girl quoted.

"I will," he said.

"When you are neither glole-trotting nor talking about yourself," she hissed, mischievously snarling.

"The latter is my favorite subject, madam."

"As if I didn't know."

"O, say," he began, but she raised her hand and interrupted him.

"My name is not, say; this is the fifth time I have corrected you."

"My stately Miss Penbrooke, I crave your pardon. I meant merely to attract your attention."

"Well, you have it."

"I am here."

"I came down here to speak to you about an entirely different matter. But I don't know just how to say it, now that you have made the same remark to less than three times. Don't pose on the cut-and-dried order; it is so wearying."

"How amazingly blackened. You have made the same remark to less than three times," he began half-tossingly.

"The sweetest woman this side of Paris, I assure you, has been blackened."

"O Jack, tell me what it is."

"I am here."

"I don't know just how to say it, now that you have made the same remark to less than three times," he began half-tossingly.

"How amazingly blackened. You have made the same remark to less than three times. Don't pose on the cut-and-dried order; it is so wearying."

"Let him stop there," said the girl. Her raised eyebrows expressed concern, but her countenance was incurable.

"He is—well, he is simply killing himself drinking," the man said abruptly.

"He is—well, he is simply killing himself drinking," the man said abruptly.

"Of course not. How should I know, when he ran up to the city this morning?"

"Sternly now, I came to speak to you of my friend De Poe. Do you know what he is doing?"

Miss Penbrooke waited breathlessly.



"That's just it. We had a little *rencontre* in the hotel after he left you last night. He gave me to understand that you had played the wild with his budding heart, and when I offered a few timely suggestions he turned upon me with the impetus of a thunder-clap. I fairly shook in my shoes—I, six foot one; hence you have some idea of his demeanor. He informed me thus: 'Single handed I am fighting the world and the devil, and desire no meddling.' I tell you, Maisee, it's a fearful thing, this that you women call flirting. It is worse than duelling and ought to be a criminal offence. DeFoe is a nice boy; I have known him for years; we were on the Varsity team together. I dislike to intimate such a thing, but he never drank to excess until now, and I am led to believe that the melancholy ending of this *affaire de cœur* with you has thrown him off. He is really the finest kind of a fellow."

"Spare me such rhapsodies. I like him well enough, although he does remind me of a potato."

"A potato?" he said wonderingly.

"You know his best things are under ground."

"Is it a riddle?" He eyed her inquiringly.

She tossed her head like a young filly.

"Not at all. I mean that most illustrious ancestry of his. He has haunted my footsteps with their exploits, until I expected the arrival of their skeletons *en masse*, bearing their grave-stones on their shoulders and dragging the coffins behind."

"O you wretch." He shook his finger at her threateningly.

"But you know he is descended from—Oh, what is the old codger of a king?"

"Who cares about kings? I had rather he descended from a decent man than some old cannibal king, who ate his prisoners after capturing them."

"But De Foe has a splendid lineage; you must make allowance for that, and also, remember that he is a self-made as far as fortune is concerned."

"And proud of the job, too," she interpolated.

"You knot of incorrigibleness."

"But the gentleman in question has risen wonderfully in the world."

"So do feathers."

"I surrender unconditionally," and he held out his hands mockingly. "He is a poor devil, unworthy of your consideration."

"Not at all, Jack; but your interest in your friend's heart is unwarranted. To my certain knowledge he has been desperately in love with three girls at the 'Beach' already, and the season so young. He even had the audacity to offer me the ring that has been the rounds of the hotel."

"Twould have been a superfluous gift," the man said, with a significant glance at the single diamond on her hand.

A dash of carmine shot over her face.

"O, don't take it so to heart. I meant nothing. A recent gift from Papa, I understand."

"Jack, you weren't in earnest about leaving, were you?" The girl ignored his insinuation.

"Not if you say so."

"I—of course I will be—I would miss you uncommonly. You are so good and—" she added mischievously—"interested in your friends."

"I was playing Cupid's chore boy this afternoon, Maisee. I wanted to know if you really cared for him. I'm a true friend, you see. I knew what it meant to him. But I wouldn't have asked you all this but for the very best of reasons. I—"

"Now, Jack"—a dimple crept out beside the girl's mouth—"you don't think I am going to say, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' do you? I never quote poetry."

"No," he said, "a man that can't do his own courting isn't worth having. But when De Foe came to his room last night after seeing you he kicked over an unsuspecting stool, saying: 'Old fellow, if the women won't smile, there's one alternative; the wine flows on.' I knew then that he was done up. Exaltation over his downfall being an ungodly quality and contraband to grace, I withheld remarks; but, Maisee, it lifted a load from my mind. Simultaneously my hopes arose, yet I dare not let them lead me on. I must be sure."

He leaned nearer, drinking in her beauty. As the delicate perfume of her hair, her person, was wafted to him, it intoxicated him.

"You are as far removed from the typical 'Beach' girl as the sky is from the sea," he began.

"They meet," and the girl pointed to the far away mist where the blue sky met the vast sheet of water.

"No, you are so infinitely separated from them, so individual, so unattainable in your beauty and femininity; and we poor fools—" He broke off breathlessly, his eyes gazing into hers with an unmistakable meaning.

The girl's listlessness was gone. She sat upright and scrutinized her companion uncertainly, astonished.

"O, Jack," she cried, really pained. "I never dreamed of such an ending. You seem so thoroughly unloverlike, I did think I had one friend. I truly hope you aren't in earnest; I couldn't bear to think you are."

"I am desperately so. My God! how little you women know. I've eaten my heart out by slow degrees. I—"

"Dear, dear Jack—how—how—Oh, Jack! you are jesting. We have been such comrades, such playfellows. Almost like that." She pointed to a group of small children, with bare feet, buckets, and spades, building the sand fortification for the daily battle. "I was so sure of your regard and goodfellowship. Oh! you men. You don't understand being friends with a woman. You fall

in love without the slightest provocation, then hate us forever afterwards, and—"

"But, Maisee"—he took her hand and kissed the pink palms just where the curled fingers had touched—"Why can't you learn to care? It will blast my cherished hopes. It—"

But she interrupted desperately.

"Don't, Jack."

"But why not, dear?"

"I—O Jack, there is some one else. I have written him of you as my good friend, who helped me while away the hot days. I was expecting him down on the afternoon train when I heard your steps. I thought it was he, and pretended to be asleep."

He was very still, and sat looking at the slender hand in his grasp. Presently he said with a little smile, "It wasn't from Papa, then. How blind I have been."

"I want you to meet," she said hastily.

As he arose to leave, the girl began to speak, but he stopped her.

"It's all right. Don't say anything, Maisee. No one is to blame."

"But I—"

He raised his hand to arrest her words.

"Jack, you—you won't—"

"No, I won't meet him."

"I did not mean that; I mean you won't harbor any hard feelings towards me." She did not like his expression, and in her heart she was intensely sorry for the affair.

He turned towards her with that quizzical look that was one of his greatest charms: "The sweetest woman out of Paradise."

"Don't say that again, or you shall not be even my friend." She tried to say it frivolously.

"Thanks, I have never wanted to be, and don't now," he called from the gate.

A bit down the road he stopped.

"Maisee, there is one alternative," he called.

"What?" She leaned from the porch.

"De Foe's."

"You wouldn't dare, Jack."

"No, not for the sweetest woman this side of Paradise."

She stood watching the tall, well-knit form. He was noble. Nothing could upset the strength of his manhood, the poise of his character. They had been inseparable for six weeks, and to see him no more! A sudden rush of feeling surged over her; a sudden misery seemed to grip at her throat. Never to see him again! She ran to the far end of the veranda. "Jack," she called.

He was some distance away, and she called three times before he heard. There was no eagerness in his step or manner as he returned and faced her on the steps.

"Jack, please lend me your pencil." She spoke hastily, a strange light in her eyes and embarrassment in her manner. He did so wonderingly. Hastily scribbling on a fly-leaf of a book, she tore it out.

"As you pass the office, please send this dispatch for me."

"With pleasure."

"Jack, you may read it." He did so.

"Why do you do this, Maisie?" he asked eagerly.

She blushed furiously.

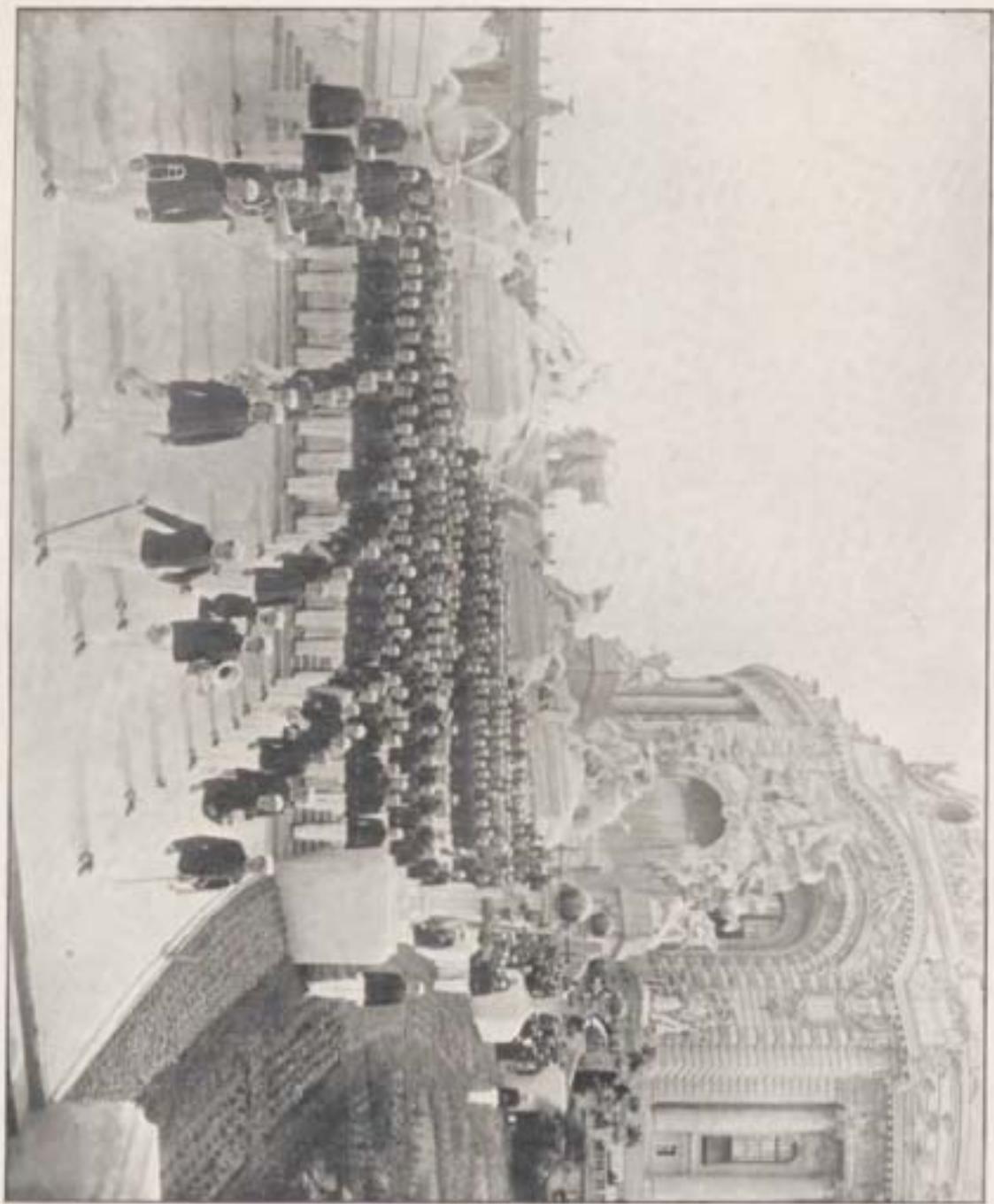
"If, if you have no intuition, you will never know, Jack."

* * * * *

Never believe that a man has no intuition.

PEARL PAYSEUR POORE.





CORPS DE VILLE, ST. LOUIS

Our St. Louis Trip

GLAD we were to hear the sounds of the bugle on that memorable morning when we started for St. Louis, May 31, 1905. About 4 A. M., having had an early breakfast, we were lined up and ready to begin the march to Cambria. The battalion was put in motion, the drums commenced to beat, and we were off. We took it steady. Stopped to rest only once, and arrived at the station about 7 o'clock. Most of our baggage had been forwarded to the station the day before, but, ere the nine miles had been marched, it seemed as if we were carrying the major portion of it ourselves. Now we do not wish you to think that we carried the Majors' part. Far from it. They had all of their's sent on the day before.

After reaching Cambria we had an hour's rest, for, as usual, the Norfolk and Western was late, our special arriving about 8 o'clock. The infantry was assigned to the first section; the battery, band, signal corps, and president's party to the second. To the last section was attached two Pullmans for the accommodation of the ladies of the party. Our trains ran about twenty minutes apart, the first section leaving Cambria about 9 o'clock. To some this meant the beginning of the trip to their first exposition, and their thoughts and expectations tended toward the supernatural.

Shall we ever forget the little town of Bluefield, where we had such a scramble for pies, sandwiches, and other good things to eat? Wild and rugged was the scenery of West Virginia. It was nearly sunset when we reached the Ohio river, and as we traveled down the banks for several miles, we could see the smoke of the many factories slowly rising up into the heavens, and showing us

the vast power of man. We reached Columbus about 11 o'clock that night, and there the restaurant man had to bear the depredation of a hungry corps. The engineer thoughtfully rang the bell at the proper moment and did not give us time to settle up, and consequently we were strengthened physically without being weakened financially by our stop-off.

Early morning found us at Indianapolis, and here, again, we had a chance to appease our hunger, for although our capable steward served lunches *en route*, they were not substantial enough to satisfy the vigorous specimens of



VIEW OF ST. LOUIS CAMP

humanity comprising our corps. Again the engineer was a friend of ours, and signaled that we did not have time to pay for the meals. Boys, if you ever take a

trip like this, stand in with the engineer. We made a fast run across the beautiful plains of Illinois, arriving at the great Mississippi about noon. We skirted the city of St. Louis and reached the exposition grounds an hour later. Then came the march through the gates, up the Pike, and to our camp, where we found that the "nice stone buildings" promised us for barracks were occupied by



offices. Our camp was intended for dry weather, but to make life more interesting we had plenty of rain and mud during our stay.

We were located in front of the Indian Industrial Exhibit, and within half a mile of the Pike. By the time our baggage had been straightened out, night was drawing near, and with it, our first visit to the Pike. Did we "take in" the Pike? Well, I guess we did! On the first night we visited only a few shows, but spent our time parading the Pike and making a general survey of the whole. On the following nights, however, we made up for lost time, found out which were the best shows, and saw as many of them as possible. We visited the scenic railway, I am afraid, oftener than any other show, for every time we met a new girl, we felt that she, too, should enjoy the fun to be derived from this exhibit. Words cannot express the fun we had there. It was more fun than even the "Old Mill" at Charleston. We also fully appreciated the educational advantages to be found in the Streets of Cairo, Fair Japan, and Asia. In these we had an opportunity of studying the foreign girls as well as the foreign languages. The Hale Fire-Fighters, Galveston Flood, Naval Exhibit, Creation, Paris, Temple of Mirth, Hereafter, and Old St. Louis were especially attractive. We were not the only military organization at the Fair, and on several occasions we combined our strength, and demanded reduced prices to many of the shows. In most cases we were admitted free, or, at the most, for half-price.

There were a great many Western girls at the exposition, and especially on the Pike. They were full of fun and enjoyed life to the utmost. There was



NEAR THE FERRIS WHEEL.

no excuse for the boys not having a good time while these girls were there. It is even reported that some of the high military scribes were seen on the Pike with fair companions.

We spent most of the days visiting the various exhibits, the city, and the many parks, flirting with the girls, and having a good time generally. The

"Anheuser-Busch" exhibits were good, both to the eye and to the taste. We "took them in" in both senses of the word. We would mention the pretty girls found at the various booths, but it makes us so homesick every time we think of them that we must refrain from rhapsodizing over them.

To the engineering students the Palaces of Machinery, Transportation, and Electricity were of especial interest, while for the others there were the Palaces of Agriculture and Horticulture, the Govern-



"CREATION"

ment Building, and the various State buildings. At the Horticulture Building we had the pleasure of eating some Blacksburg apples, but we could not get any of the V. P. I. "apple-seed" cider, as there was only enough of it left for the judges, who awarded it the Gold Medal.

For the first three days rain prevented any display of our military training. Saturday morning we attempted to give an exhibition drill, but old Jupiter Pluvius was against us, and the rain washed us into the nearby palaces. On getting back to camp we found that the Mississippi cadets were flooded. They occupied a lower part of the grounds than we, and, consequently found the tops of the tents more healthful than the ground floor. Swimming was the order of the day. It was a funny sight to see grown men wading about in the water building dams, and enjoying themselves as if they were young children. On Monday a short battalion drill was held, after which two large pictures of the battalion were taken—one on the Plaza



PIKE EXHIBITIONS AT NIGHT

of St. Louis, the other on the steps of the Festival Hall. We received many compliments for our splendid exhibition. The *St. Louis Republican*, in commenting, said that West Point had a close rival in the V. P. I. cadets.

Tuesday night we bade the Pike adieu, for we were to leave the Wabash station early the next morning. Sorry were we to feel that our visit to the St. Louis Exposition was a thing of the past. One week of such excitement and pleasure had so wearied us that soon after crossing the great "Father of Waters" we all were willing to sink into the arms of Morpheus. There was little of interest on the return trip, except at Troy, Indiana, where we found quite a number of pretty girls at the station awaiting our arrival. Here we stopped only a few minutes, but this was a long enough time for short conversations and stolen kisses. The remainder of the trip was quiet, only occasional yells enlivening the air at a few of the larger cities.

We pulled into Christiansburg Thursday evening, our pockets so empty that many had to walk to Blacksburg. After a night's rest, however, we entered upon another week of pleasure, but pleasure of a different kind, for Friday night brought the Junior-Senior German.

P. & Y., '05.



GENERAL VIEW OF CAMP



THE PLAZA OF ST. LUCIA

Dainty Miss Dorothy

Dainty Miss Dorothy, proud little queen,
Lived in a college town,
Winning all hearts by her gracious mien,
From learned professors down.

II.

No one was jealous of Dorothy's sway.
No one disputed her power,
Chasing all sadness and shadows away
With laughter and song by the hour.

III.

Even the fond mammas, each planning a match
For her own "ugly ducklings" the while,
Found themselves charmed and were eager to catch
This dainty Miss Dorothy's smile.

IV.

Strange it may seem that this dear little maid,
Sweet and attractive to all,
Never attended a german, nor played
Cards, golf, nor tennis, nor ball.

V.

Now although this maiden decidedly lacked
Arts of the average belle,
Truly she had most unconsciously, tact,
And dimples and ringlets as well.

VI.

Surely you must have discovered ere this
That Dorothy's dimples and curls,
Laughter and graces made that little miss
The sweetest of four-year-old girls.

J. N.





VIEW OF CAMPUS

Mr. Punkin on Chemistry

WHAR is yo' son Willyum now, Mr. Punkin?" asked neighbor Squash, as they swapped chews of tobacco just after church time.

"He's at the Blacksburg Collidge, th' Virginia Puritanical Insti-choot, a studyin' ov Chemistry."

"Ov whatistry?"

"Chemistry. He's going to be a chemist, a Ann Eliza. He takes a piece of fresh meat an' pours a little kerosene ole on it to tell whether it's pizen or not. He kin tear off a sample ov yo' coat an' put it in a little glass bottle an' tell you if it's all wool or not. It's a great bizness. Almost like the X-Ray."

"Well, it does beat all, what some folks will do fer a livin'. How come he to pick out that bizness?"

"Well, I wanted him t' be a Homopathic doctor, an' my wife, his ma, wanted him to be a old school Baptis' preacher, so we sent him t' the Blacksburg Collidge, but when he got thar he tuk up this chemistry idea. Ov co'se he's goin' to have his way. Thar ain't no use in standin' betwixt a boy an' his work. When I tried to argue with him he sez, 'Why, Paw, I kin make big money. When a man dies I kin look in his stumick an' tell whether he's been pizened or not.' 'But,' sez I, 'What difference does it make to the man who's dead whether he's pizened or not? It seems to me a whole lot better bizness to git to the man befo' the pizen does, an' then you won' have to go prym' intu his stumick.' But he sez its all right."

"But he'll fin' very few stumicks 'round hyuh that needs examinin', so he can't do much at that."

"But that ain't all he does. Lemme tell yuh, he kin take a biskit, an' put a little of this medicine on it, an' immediately the biskit will fall apart, an' the flour will be in a pile to itself, the lard, the 'eastpowder, an' everything thar is in that biskit will sep'rate to itsel'."

"Did he tell yuh that, or did yuh see him do it yo'se?"

"He tol' me, but ef he sez he kin do it, I bet he kin."

"I wouldn't bet on that until I seen it, an' ef 'twas my son that tol' me I might b'lieve it, but—"

"More'n that, he has names fuh everything. For instance, he don't call water, water, like you an' me. He calls it H two O."

"Why don't he call it Thomas Jefferson, or Andrew Jackson, or John Quincy Adams, an' be done with it?"

"That's Chemistry fuh water."

"What would he call soup?"

"I dunno, he ain't pronounced that when I was listenin'. Thar is two kinds ov Chemistry, acids an' alkalies. Acids turns litmouse paper red an' alkalies turns it blue; or maybe, acids turns it blue an' alkalies red. I can't remember. Willyum sez he can't allus remember that hisse'."

"Whar do yuh git this hyuh 'titmouse' paper?" inquired Mr. Squash.

"Oh, most anywhere. A fair example ov a' acid is a lemon; an' ov a' alkali is lye."

"What's the use ov goin' t' the trouble ov callin' lye alkali?"

"I'm afraid yuh don't understand, Barney; it's this-a-way: Chemistry is the science ov combinashuns. We larn that the fust great trusts was composed of *elements*. It's easy enuff when yuh see it. Yuh take ox'gen an' nighthrogen an' germs an' mix 'em, an' yuh git air. Yuh take this same ox'gen an' mix it with highdrogen, without the germs, an' yuh git water. Then, wonderful to relate, yuh turn 'round an' take highdrogen and nighthrogen an' mix 'em, an' what do yuh git? Yuh can't guess in a month. Ammonia, by gums! Now comes the mos' wonderful thing of all. Take all three, ox'gen, highdrogen, an' nighthrogen, an' stir 'em up well, an' yuh have limburger cheese."

"Well, them's three things I'll never mix if I can help it," said Mr. Squash very emphatically.

"Did yuh ever see the po'm Willyum sent me?" said Mr. Punkin, drawing out a sheet of paper.

"Naw, let's see it."

"It takes a mighty good chemist t' read that po'm, an' I'll give yuh the horse I drove down to-day if yuh kin do it."

Mr. Squash took the sheet of paper and read very slowly:

"Little Aristides Hopper
Found one day a bright new *Cn*."

"It don't rhyme," said Mr. Squash disappointedly.

"Read on," said Mr. Punkin.

"If all is true that I've been told
This will some day turn into *Au*."

"That may be good chemistry, but it's pretty bad po'try," said Mr. Squash apologetically.

"But what a fix would I be in
If I should find it to be *Su*."

"He left out his 't,'" said Mr. Squash critically. "That's the neares' thing to a rhyme I've seen yet."

"Or worse, it might be yet," he said.
"They sometimes make things of *Pb*."

"Wuy, Tobe, the boy's crazy as a bedbug."
"Read on," said Mr. Punkin, "it's perfectly plain."

"If it was *Ni* I'd feel I ought to,
By a glass of *Na H₂O*."

"It sounds like some football signs I was readin' ov the other night."

I guess I'd better scoot up town,
And take this thing and *Na Cl* it down.

"Now," said Mr. Punkin, "take it altogether."

Little Aristides Hopper
Found one day a bright new *Cu*.
"If all is true that I've been told
This will some day turn into *Au*.
But what a fix would I be in
If I should find it to be *Sr*.
Or worse, it might be yet," he said,
"They sometimes make these things of *Pb*.
If it was *Ni* I'd feel I ought to
Buy a glass of *NaH₂O*.
I guess I'd better scoot up town,
And take this thing and *NaCl* it down."

"Who told yuh how to read it?"

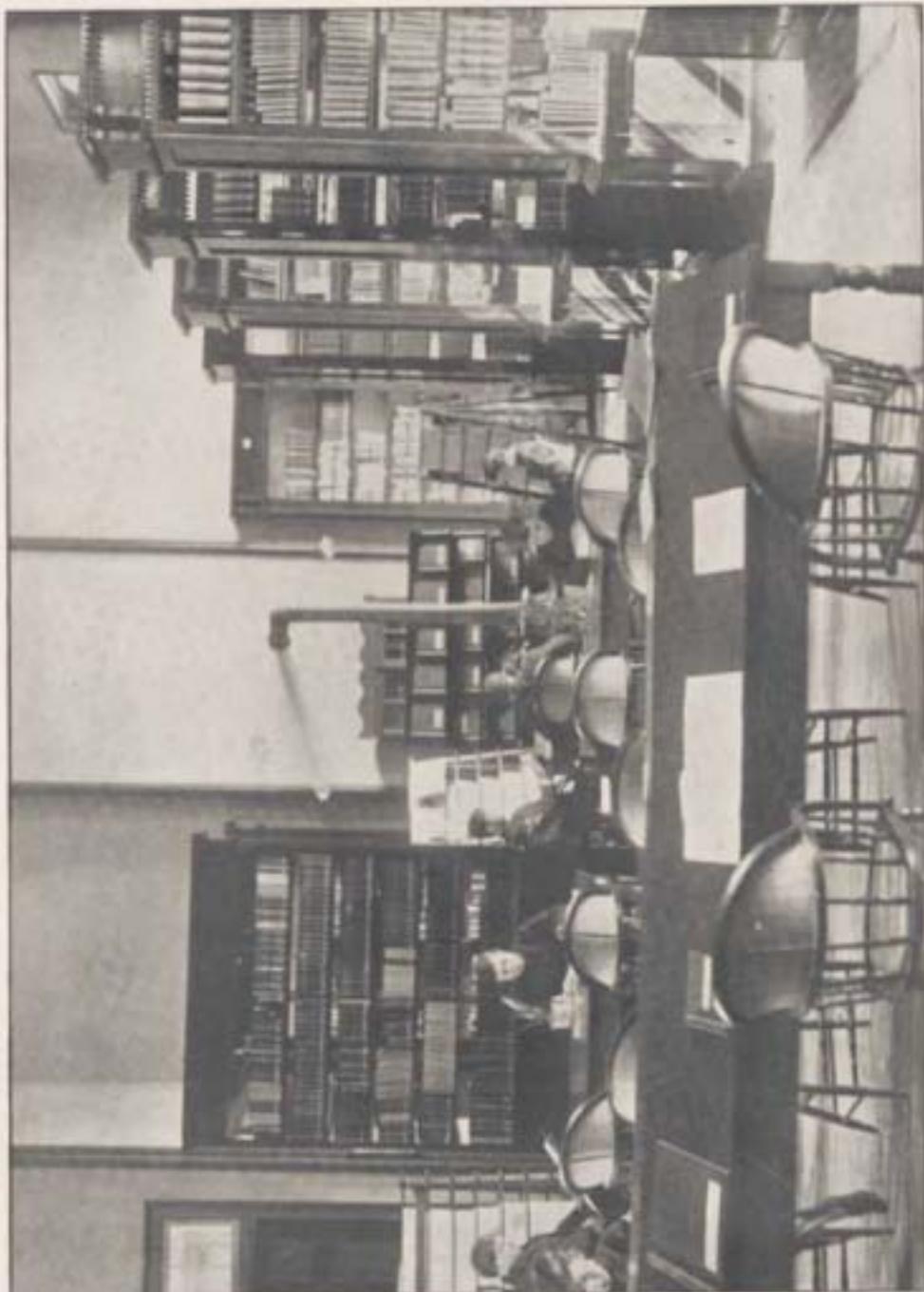
"I've got a key tuh it."

"I sh'd want a crowbar if I had to git on the inside ov it."

The two old friends climbed up into their wagons and started toward home.
Mr. Punkin looked exultant. Mr. Squash was very much subdued.
"That's good po'try," yelled Mr. Punkin.
"Yes," returned Mr. Squash, "it reminds me ov Walt Whitman's."

NAT PRUNE
JOHN WETMOUTH

VIEW OF LIBRARY LOOKING EAST



In which the Fun of Finals is Dimly Depicted

BLACKSBURG, VA., 4 o'clock A. M., June 11, 1904.

Dear Polly.—Though the wee sma' hours have long since passed, I can not succumb to the seductions of Morpheus until I have told you of my first final event. That sounds paradoxical, but the earliness of the hour would excuse even a pun.

I reached Christiansburg this morning (literally yesterday) in a drizzling rain and a great flurry. Jack met me, and after swathing me in a copious Senior cape, we drove to Blacksburg right merrily. We arrived about four, and after a lingering look at the campus, so soon to be fraught with fond memories, I repaired to my room for a short rest. At eight I began to dress for the Junior-Senior german. And oh! Polly, such a german as it was! My first impression as we entered the hall was uniforms, and orange and maroon, and more uniforms; but in a minute the uniforms began to materialize and my trepidation to lessen, as did the staring whiteness of my card, and soon the dance began. The rest of the night is chaos in my brain, save the one distinct memory that Jimmy Castle, the most adorable Adonis that ever used Williams' shaving soap, gave me countless dances. Refreshments were served at once, and, as infatuation had driven all thought of the rain from my head, I tripped daintily to the Mess Hall in pumps and slush! Of course the pumps were too wet for further dancing purposes, so I finished the evening in tan oxfords. The effect was somewhat startling, but I did not care, nor did Jimmy, for he told me—but enough of these ravings.

Yours without a heart,

SUZANNE.

MONDAY NIGHT.

Dear Polt,—I haven't time for more than the chronicling of bare facts. I took a walk all over the campus Saturday morning with an awe-inspiring Senior, and another one in the afternoon with that dear Jimmy, who is entirely too nice to eat at the Waldorf. That night Billy Randolph took me to the hop. A great crowd of stags stood in the middle of the floor, and one could not dance but three and a half steps with the same man.

Sunday morning we attended services in the chapel, and I had callers in the afternoon and at night. This morning Jimmy took me to the Monday morning german, after which we had a nice little stroll. "I find we agree on several subjects." The president's reception tonight was the german given by the president to the graduating class. The Juniors were not there, and though I missed Jimmy dreadfully, I had a glorious time. Just two more days!

Languishingly,

Sue,



"I FIND WE AGREE ON SEVERAL
SUBJECTS."

THURSDAY MORNING, 7 o'clock.

Polly, it's done.

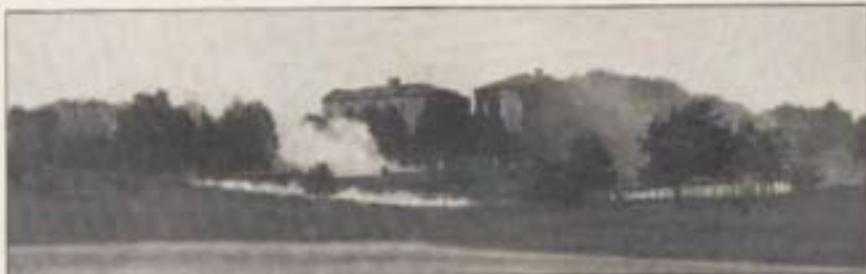
Tuesday afternoon I went to the sham battle, and that night to the german. The battle was very thrilling, though bloodless, and the german was a delight in which Jimmy figured largely. Wednesday morning we went to the closing exercises and Jimmy was made a captain, and that night came the grand, heart-breaking final ball. We danced, and danced, and danced, and when we finally—"in the cold, grey dawn of the morning after"—wended our way homeward, there was many a sad heart at the thought of the partings so soon to be.

It is seven now, and I am waiting for breakfast. I will be home tonight, and Jimmy is coming very shortly to interview papa.

Of all sad partings, on land or sea
This is the saddest parting for me.

SUZANNE.

L. B.



SHAM BATTLE



Drawing
Anne Spencer

Anne
Spencer



The Unknown Dead

MONTGOMERY WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

And who lie here? The dead,
Unknown to thee and me,
But sleeping a last calm sleep,
Unto Eternity.

Bravely our Southland fought,
As all the world can tell;
But not before a dreaded foe
These buried heroes fell.

Not on the battlefield,
Where men are proud to die,
But in a hospital's bare walls,
Without a loved one nigh.

Sisters of Mercy closed their eyes,
'Mid grief and wounds and pain;
These lives passed out in suffering,
Martyred, alas! in vain.

Perchance their children never knew,
Perchance their wives yet mourn
For those who blithely bade farewell,
And might no more return.

Perchance some mother seeks to kiss,
In dreams of bygone days,
The boy who sleeps beneath this stone
By stranger-pity raised.

Yet sleep they calm and well,
Beneath Virginia's sod;
We need not grieve for souls at peace,
And spirits with their God.

Spread flowers on their graves,
While glory wreathes their name,
"The Unknown Dead!" These soldiers brave
Belong to us and fame.

M. D. D.

LOOKING UP FACULTY ROW





Walter

Biggs

J



General Athletic Association

OFFICERS

R. STUART ROYER, '05	<i>President</i>
WALTER S. BLUE, '05	<i>Vice-President</i>
DAVID A. HENNING, '05	<i>Secretary</i>
PROF. H. L. PRICE, '97	<i>Treasurer</i>
R. M. BYERS, '05	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>
JAMES H. GIBBONKEY, '01	<i>Graduate Manager</i>

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B. C. TYKES, from Class '05

R. B. TINSLEY, from Class '06

E. S. SHEPPARD, from Class '07

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R. STUART ROYER, Manager

R. B. TINSLEY, Captain

TENNIS DEPARTMENT

G. C. WILLSON, Manager

TRACK DEPARTMENT

DAVID A. HENNING, Manager





PLATE HALE TEAM

Foot Ball Department

OFFICERS

G. C. WILLSON.....	<i>Captain</i>
JAS. H. GIBBONEY.....	<i>Graduate Manager</i>
H. H. GARY.....	<i>Assistant Manager</i>
C. L. LYON.....	<i>Assistant Manager</i>
JOHN C. O'CONNOR (Dartmouth).....	<i>Coach</i>

TEAM 1904

NETTER, Full-Back	STICKLING, Right Guard
CONNER, Right Half-Back	McCULLOCH, Left Guard
G. N. HARRIS, Left Half-Back	HYNES, Right Tackle
E. R. HARRIS, Quarter-Back	WILLSON, Left Tackle
STILES, Center	LEWIS, Right End
	ROBINS, Left End

"SUBS"

COX TREADWELL HARLAN SHUEY

1904 RECORD

October 1—At Blacksburg—V. P. I.	16	Richmond College.....	0
October 8—At Blacksburg—V. P. I.	24	W. & L. University.....	0
October 12—At Blacksburg—V. P. I.	32	Univ. of Nashville.....	0
October 22—At Blacksburg—V. P. I.	28	W. & M. College.....	0
October 29—At Blacksburg—V. P. I.	0	Univ. of N. C.	6
November 5—At Richmond—V. P. I.	0	Univ. of Va.	5
November 19—At Annapolis—V. P. I.	0	Naval Academy.....	11
November 24—At Roanoke—V. P. I.	17	V. M. I.	5

Second Varsity Foot Ball Team

1904-1905

W. T. MONTAGUE	<i>Captain</i>
J. DE LA COVA	<i>Manager</i>
C. P. MILES, '01	<i>Coach</i>

LAWSON, Center

WILLIAMSON, WILLIAMSON, Guards

HILDEBRAND, DIFFENDAL, Tackles

FISHER, WILSON, Ends

MONTAGUE, Quarter-Back

TINSLEY, Full-Back

SQUIRES, Right Half-Back

STEENE, Left Half-Back

GAMES

October 22—Randolph-Macon Academy V. P. I. 33





GEO. A. H. J.



BASE BALL, 1911

BASE BALL DEPARTMENT

OFFICERS 1905

	<i>Captain</i>
JAS. H. GIBBONEY	<i>Graduate Manager</i>
R. STUART ROYER	<i>Manager</i>
W. T. MONTAGUE	<i>Assistant Manager</i>
H. C. WHITEHURST	<i>Assistant Manager</i>

"V. P." MEN OF 1904

WALSH	NEELEY	TINSLEY
BAACH	FITZPATRICK	ROSE
MILES	SHAFFER	LEE
GIBSON	SINCLAIR	

APPLICANTS FOR TEAM OF 1905

LEE	E. R. STEELE	MELTON
GIBSON	CHASE	MEERS
COOPERS	SQUIRES	FORD
SHEPHERD	KELLY	HARRIS
G. N. HARRIS	TREADWELL	





Tennis Club

W. N. ROBINS.....	<i>President</i>
P. McG. SHUEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. F. DAY.....	<i>Sec'y and Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

BAKER, H. W.	GALT, W. R.	PRIDDY, W. M.
BLUE, W. S.	HEUSER, A. C.	PRATT, R. T.
BOWMAN, C. M.	HARRIS, F. W.	RORY, E. H.
BRIDGES, ROBT.	HUNTER, M.	ROBSON, D. G.
COURTNEY, C. F.	HOUSTON, C. E.	RUEGER, WM.
COWLES, W. L.	HENNING, D. A.	ROBESON, P. R.
COX, L. B.	JONES, T. N.	RUFFIN, G. C.
CUNNINGHAM, G. H.	LYON, C. L.	SPILLER, D. D.
ELLISON, J. W.	LANCE, P. L.	STAPLES
FUQUA, L. M.	LATANE, R. P.	TAYLOR, T. F.
FOSQUE, J. D.	MONTAGUE, W. T.	TAYLOR, E. H.
GOODLOE, A. M.	McCHESNEY, M. J.	VANSANT, W. L.
GRANT, A. W.	OWEN, W. L.	WHITEHURST, H. C.
GUIGON, A. B.	O'KEEFFE, J. G.	WATKINS, B. C.
GARY, C. B.	OGLESBY, W. B.	YONGE, W. K.

An Evening in Electrical Laboratory

(A Tragedy in One Act)

Dramatis Personae

PROF. P.	<i>Prof. of E. E.</i>
JUDGE L.	<i>Assistant</i>
BLUE.	<i>A Scribe</i>
"WILLIE".	<i>A Hopeless Case</i>
SINKER.	<i>Another Scribe</i>
SAL.	<i>A Worker</i>
FRITH	<i>Other Workers</i>
WEE	
GUS	<i>Who Ask Questions</i>
ALECK	
DAVE.	<i>A "Workless"</i>

(Class Gradually Assembles)

PROF. P.—"Let's see if we are all here." (Calls roll.) "What are you doing, Mr. Martin?"

WILLIE (sitting on the scales).—"I'm going away, Professor."

Class proceeds to get comfortable while Gus goes to the blackboard to figure the cost of a half dozen roses.

PROF. P.—"Mr. Yarrington, you and Mr. Blue had better—What's the matter now, Mr. Martin?" (As Willie rushes in the door.)

WILLIE—"I'm so excitation I'm sparkin at the brushes."

JUDGE L.—"Did you ever study geometry?"

WEE—"Oh, so many geometries."

Silence is unbroken, except for the snores of the workers.

ALECK—"Professor, what does that Gainer armature weigh?"

PROF. P.—"About 1,200 pounds."

WEE—"As much as that? Quite a quantity."

PROF. P.—"As I was saying Mr. Yarrington, you and Mr. Blue had better try to fix up that Gainer, although I do not think we shall gain a thing (at this point Sal. falls off the window seat where he has been dozing). What's the matter with Mr. Salley?"

SAL—"I studied Electricity so hard last night I don't feel well today.

PROF. P.—"Did you look over it, Mr. Martin."

WILLIE—"Yes, sir."

PROF. P.—"Then look a little lower next time, and probably you will learn something about it."

WILLIE—"Certainly."

ALECK—"I studied it, Professor."

JUDGE L.—"Did you ever study arithmetic?"

Cries of "Choke him," "Short-circuit him," etc. Prof. P. starts to explain the working of an induction motor, only to be interrupted by Judge L. burning up a voltmeter and blowing three fuses.

Gus and ALEX (eyeing the damage)—"Professor, what caused that?"

FRITH—"Judge Lee."

(Chorus from the Class).—"Did you ever study geometry?"

PROF. P.—"Where is Mr. H——?"

SAL—"Outside catching ball with Willie."

PROF. P. (as the missing ones appear).—"Mr. H——, how are you getting along with that auto-transformer?"

DAVE—"I haven't finished it yet, Professor."

PROF. P.—"You ought to have it finished."

Groans from Class.

WILLIE—"Oh, Professor, I don't believe me."

Wee and Gus begin to argue as to whether Bedford or Kentucky has the prettiest girls. Blue wakes up and tries to convince Frith that West Virginia went Republican by 15,000 majority.

WILLIE (throwing a coil-spring in the air).—"Look out Sinker, spring is coming."

ALEX—"Professor, did the General Electric Company make this Gainer machine?"

JUDGE L.—"Did you ever study algebra?"

ALEX—"Yes, sir."

JUDGE L.—"Then you ought to know"—but here the "release bell" rings, and the Class exits singing, "We'll Hang Judge L—— to a Sour Apple Tree," while the "Shunt Wound Quartet" renders, "Sammy, Oh! Oh!! Oh!! Sammy," as they trudge cheerfully to their rooms.

THE END

H., '05.

Further Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

(HIS SECOND VISIT TO V. P. I.)

A T last came the knock that "Prexie" had so long expected. "Come in," he said.

"Doctor, I understand you wish to see me at once."

"Yes, Steve, at once, for a very serious thing has happened. Last night some one actually threw a bomb on the Parade Ground, and the perpetrator must be caught; not only caught, but placed on strict probation for the remainder of the term. I have deemed it advisable to send you to Roanoke to-day, and request Sherlock Holmes, who is visiting his friend, Mr. B——, to come here and assist you in running to earth the scoundrel that committed this great misdeed."

* * * * *

Steve called on Mr. B—— that night, and requested to know of Sherlock Holmes's whereabouts. He was informed that the famous detective could be found at Suite 18, St. James Annex, but upon reaching the St. James he learned that Mr. Holmes had retired for the night; so, taking the key to No. 17, he went up to bed, hoping to dream of some solution to the great problem he was to face on the morrow.

Early the following morning, after a very restless night, Steve knocked at the door of No. 18.

"Come in," said a deep voice.

Steve entered hastily, and without preliminaries began, "Mr. Holmes, Brodie is my name, and while I am a total stranger to—"

"But you are not," interposed the great detective, smiling at his now thoroughly astonished visitor. "I perceive that you are a brother detective," said he. "You are from Blacksburg, Va., and you occupy the position of Major at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. You reached here either yesterday or last night, and—" But Steve had fallen limply into a chair, and was staring with astonished eyes at Holmes, his face pale as V. P. I. mess-hall coffee.

"Mr. Holmes," he gasped, "you are indeed wonderful. While I have often heard of your powers of deduction, I never dreamed them to be anything like this. How did you guess my identity?"

"That was very easy indeed, Major Brodie. I knew who you were by simply noticing little but important things that are so frequently overlooked by followers of our profession." Here Steve produced a notebook and pencil, while Holmes continued. "Just listen now, and you will see how really simple it all is. The reason I knew you to be a brother detective is that I see peeping from your pocket a book called, 'How to be a Detective,' by Pinkerton. Fur-

thermore, you have that clear, cool eye, immobile countenance, and fearless manner peculiar to all members of our profession. I knew you were from Blacksburg by the raindrops on your coat, the sunburn on your cheeks, and the snow on your coat collar. Blacksburg is the only place in the world you will find rain, sunshine, and snow all in the same day. As you came through the door you pulled a handkerchief from your pocket; it was badly torn and covered with iron rust; this tells me that your washing is done at the V. P. I. laundry. From your uniform I gather that you are a Major, and your shoulder straps also denote your rank. Last night in your sleep you yelled, 'O. D., inspect No. 2 at once; some one cut church formation.' This further convinces me that I am right. Now you are wondering why I said you reached here last night or yesterday, are you not? Very simple again. On your trousers I see the remnants of a 'Budweiser' label. As the day before yesterday was Sunday, you must have gotten that beer while on the 'rounds' either last night or yesterday. Again, you did not reach here before that time, because no one ever stays in Roanoke more than one day. See how easy it is after all."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" said Steve, as they walked down to board the train for Christiansburg. While they were getting seated Holmes remarked, "I am going to take a nap, and you can explain why you desire my services on the way over from Christiansburg to Blacksburg."

Christiansburg was soon reached, and a transfer to the "Huckleberry" hurriedly effected.

"Mr. Holmes," said Steve, as soon as the train had fully started, "I was sent to Roanoke to secure your services for the most mysterious of all mysteries. In fact, an unusually difficult and unprecedented affair is to be solved by us. On the night of March 8th some wilful miscreant fired a bomb in the rear of No. — barracks." Sherlock Holmes paled visibly, and his brows were drawn together as in deep thought.

"The affair is a peculiar one," continued Steve, "and we are at a loss how to begin on the case. I, for my part—" "M-E-R-R-I-M-A-C- next stop. All out for M-E-R-R-I-M-A-C," called a sonorous voice, arousing the great detective from his meditations.

"This seems to be a more serious affair than—" At this juncture a number of frantic "toots" from the engine whistle, accompanied by perceptible increase of speed, interrupted him. Holmes started up thoroughly alarmed, and half rose in his seat.

"There is nothing wrong," said Steve, pulling him back, "the train is only speeding up to keep some cows from running us down. As soon as we outdistance them everything will be all right again."

A look of relief passed over the great detective's face, and as he was again endeavoring to get comfortable Blacksburg was announced and he stepped from the train to the platform. He had hardly touched the ground, however,

when he made a wild dash behind the depot, and as Steve approached, he pointed to a young man with a cap set on the back of his curly head, and a pad and pencil in his hand.

"I must not be seen," cried Holmes, "my coming must remain a secret."

"Oh, don't worry," said Steve; "he is only the Virginia Tech. reporter. He will never find out that you are here; and, besides, he never puts anything in his paper except 'Huckleberry' and class schedules, with an occasional mention of the city fire-alarm boxes."

The Hotel Tutwiler bus was waiting, so they stepped into it and were whirled rapidly across street-car tracks and around corners to the hotel. "Call for me to-night, Major, and I will be ready at nine o'clock to begin work," said Holmes, as he went up in the elevator to his room.

* * * * *

"That is No. 3 barracks, from which the bomb was fired," said Steve, as he and Holmes secreted themselves behind a pile of bottles and an empty beer keg, under the window of room 13, Y. M. C. A. building. Through the open window above their heads came the sound of shuffling cards and the clicking of poker chips.

Suddenly a series of heart-rending cries broke upon the stillness of the night air. Sherlock Holmes drew his revolver in an instant and placed himself in readiness to ward off an attack from any quarter.

"Don't shoot," said Steve, striking up the weapon. "That is only 'Tow-head' Robins trying to sing tenor." But Holmes was not to be pacified so easily, and cast frequent, nervous glances in the direction of the "Midway," until the awful sound died away.

It seemed that their vigilance was at last to be rewarded, for a loud, thumping sound from the direction of the mess-hall greeted the ears of the waiting sleuths. Holmes, with Steve at his heels, immediately started on a run across the Parade Ground. As they passed No. 1 Academic the sounds grew louder and louder, until the ears of the two detectives were almost deafened. Holmes stopped at the kitchen door of the mess-hall, and yelling into Steve's ear to have his revolver ready, burst through the door and rushed to the kitchen, holding his nose with his left hand. But, after all, they were doomed to disappointment. The racket was caused by Major Shultz's new Norfolk & Western pile-driver beating up beefsteak for the morning meal. So, sidestepping a restless cheese and a barrel of "butterine," Holmes and Steve wended their way back to the bottle pile beside the Y. M. C. A. Hardly had they again seated themselves when a figure with a peculiar gait passed down the walk toward the spring. Steve was on his feet in an instant, and started to follow, but a cloud uncovered the moon, revealing the outlines of the mysterious personage. He returned to his seat beside Holmes.

"Who is that?" asked the great detective.

"Just one of the Seniors," replied the pride of V. P. I.

"But he might be the bomb-thrower on mischief bent," suggested Holmes.

"Oh no," said the Colonel's Favorite, "that is only Clayton B—, on his way to the spring; he goes there almost every moonlight night to gaze at the moon. He's in love. There is no harm in him," he added, "and I recognized him at once by your process of deduction. One of his legs are shorter than the other. This is caused from walking around the hills of Lynchburg. All the boys from there walk that way. Then he is a Senior, and there is only one Senior here from Lynchburg. Consequently, putting two and two together, it certainly must be Clayton."

"Happy is the soul that loves," said the man at his side musingly. He was recalling to his memory the various experiences of one "Ditty" Withers. Holmes smoked thoughtfully. His train of thoughts were not to be interrupted by the droning sound coming from 180 "Midway," as the occupants of that room prepared their lessons for the morrow.

"ON BENDED KNEE I COME BEFORE YOU THIS—" The pipe had dropped from the great detective's nerveless fingers.

"Who is that?" he whispered frantically, rising to his feet, as Steve, with a look of dejection on his features, began stuffing his fingers in his ears.

"AS PHIDIAS CARVED FROM THE GRECIAN MARBLE, SO SHALL I CA—" But Sherlock Holmes could stand it no longer. "Who is that?" he again cried wildly. His face was of an ashen hue, his eyes were protruding from his head.

"Fear not," whispered Steve, "tis only one of the boys on second D rehearsing his speech before the Maury Literary Society for next Saturday night."

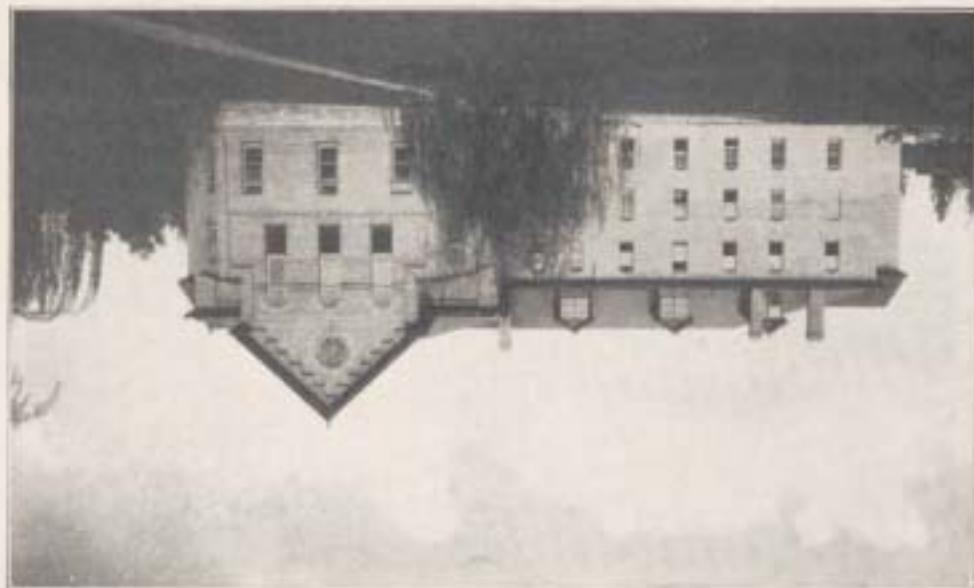
"But who is the man?" yelled the now frantic detective.

"It is no one but Rip Prid—" But Steve got no farther. No sooner had the name left his lips than Sherlock Holmes cleared the bottle pile at a single bound, and dodging the beer keg raced madly across the campus toward the hotel. Steve walked slowly in the direction of No. 1 barracks, his head bowed on his breast and a look of disappointment clouding his face.

The next morning by his plate at the breakfast table he found a note in a strange handwriting that puzzled him. Upon opening it he read to his astonishment the following hurriedly written lines:

MY DEAR MAJOR.—Pardon my unseemingly haste in leaving you last night but a matter I had overlooked caused me to hurry from the scene. I depart for London on the 7.15 "Huckleberry," never to return to Blacksburg. Any communication from you will reach me at 22 Baker St., London, E. C.

Last night when you mentioned the name of a certain party I was startled beyond measure and completely lost all self-control. In fact, I was not aware that the above party was in Blacksburg, or I would never have undertaken to be of service to you.



H., 55

"Well," said Steve, "it must have been Al (Goodloe) who threw that bomb, because he looks bum. And smilng wilely at his success with the recently acquired power of destruction, he started for "Prairie," office to obtain a warrant for Al's arrest. On a N. and W. train about the same time, Sherriff Holmes with a bagged and worn look on his face, pulled a hypodermic syringe from his grip and staggered toward the smoking compartment.

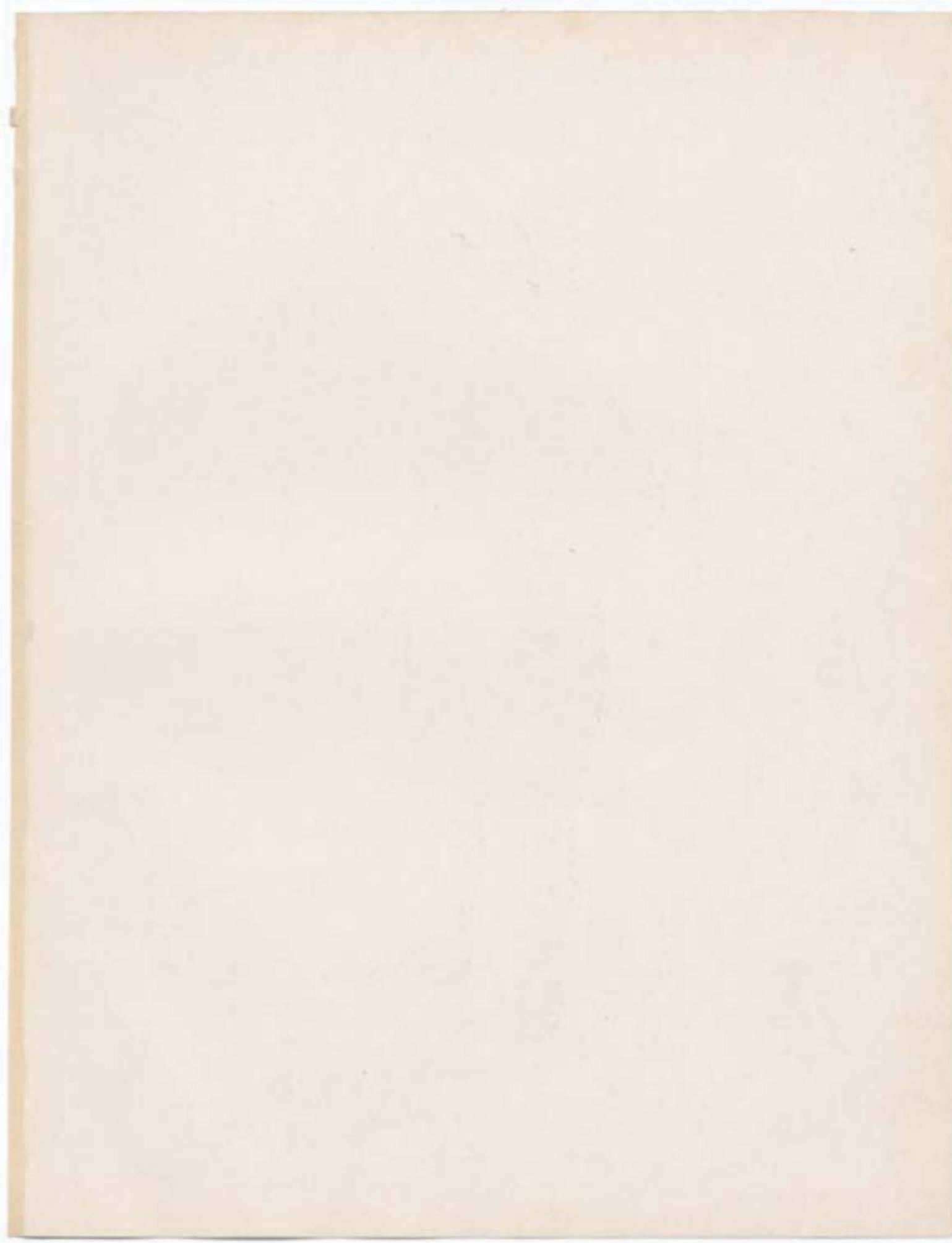
Sheriff Holmes
Fraternally yours,

I hope to secure a much-needed rest. I now hasten to my quiet home, where I now hasten to my quiet home, where awaiting the coming batch was to cure my memory to forget the awful cramps of that dreadful experience. My reason for the complete wreck of my nerves, while listening to this oration, and you the anguish I suffered, the awful strain my mental system underwent, and gentlemen" by this same Kip Pridy. It would be impossible to describe to while there lasted for three hours and forty minutes to a speech on the "Boutin mess, I was forced to hide in a closet at the Mainer Literary Society Hall, and

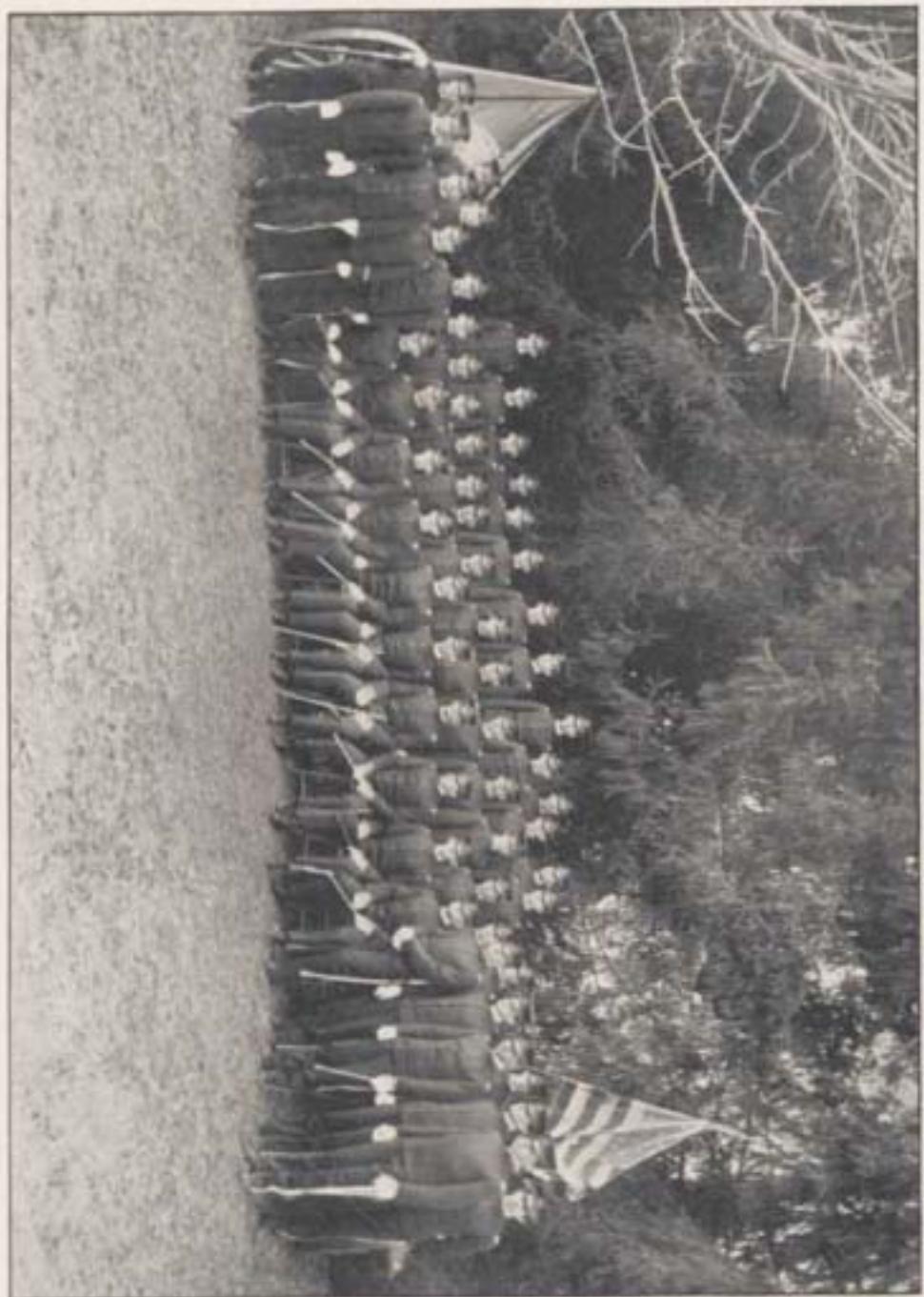




M.S. TOWNSEND OS







BANDA DE MUSICA



Miss Willberson
Spasser

THIRD LIEUTENANT GARY
Adjutant of First Battalion
THIRD LIEUTENANT SCLATER
Quartermaster
SERGEANT-MAJOR TURNER
SERGEANT GIBSON
Special Duty

Battalion Officers

General Staff

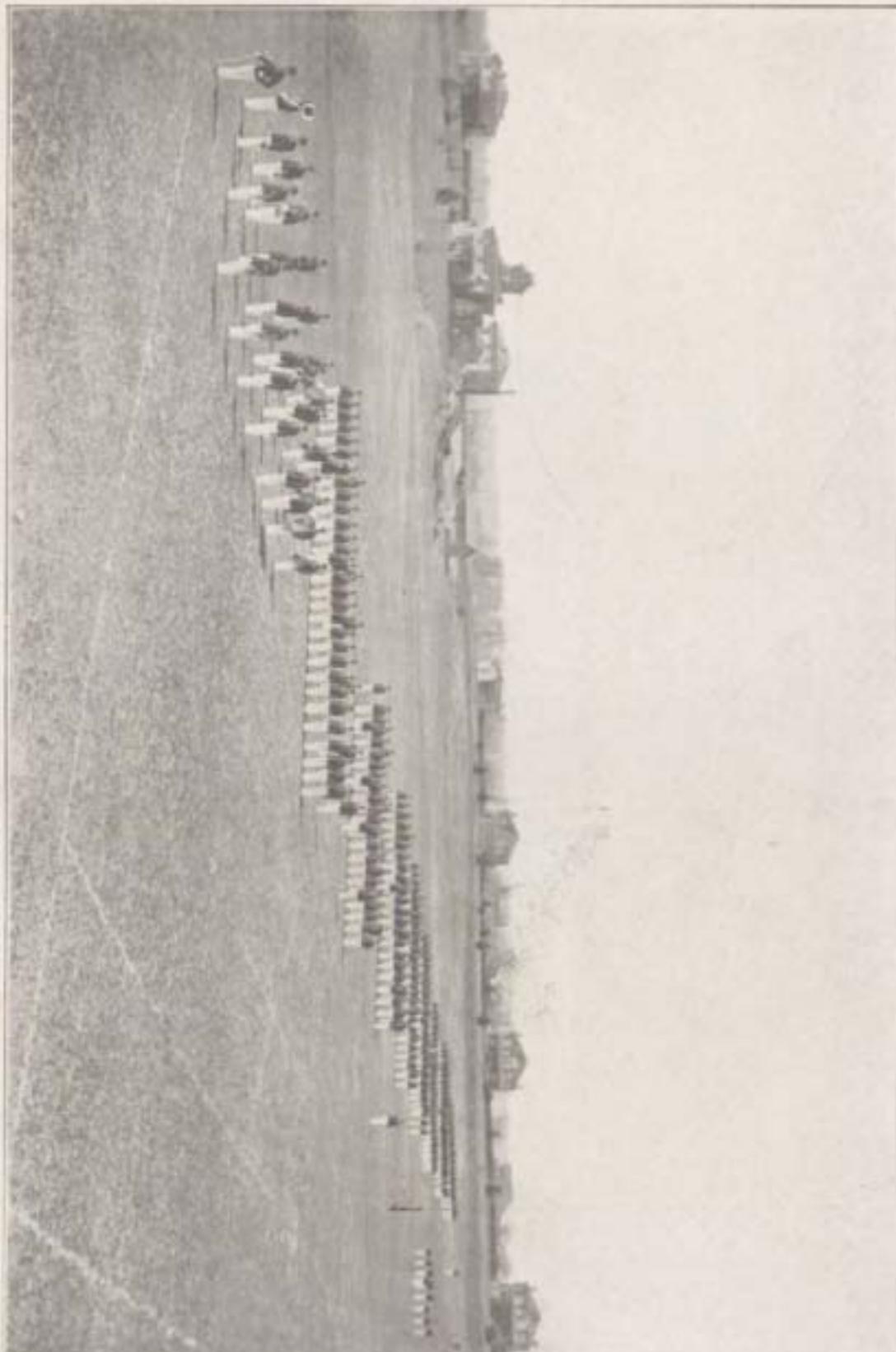
COL. J. S. A. JOHNSON
Commandant
LIEUT-COL. W. M. BRODIE
First Assistant Commandant
MAJOR T. G. WOOD
Second Assistant Commandant
MAJOR G. H. SCOTT
Third Assistant Commandant
MAJOR D. M. CLOUD
Fourth Assistant Commandant

Cadet Staff

CAPTAIN HILDEBRAND
Regimental Adjutant
CAPTAIN WITHERS
Quartermaster
FIRST LIEUTENANT PATTISON
Ordnance
SECOND LIEUTENANT TYNES
Ordnance
SECOND LIEUTENANT BRODIE
Quartermaster
SECOND LIEUTENANT BARKER
Special
SECOND LIEUTENANT FISHER
Special



CADET STAFF OFFICERS





Miss Davis
Sponsor

Artillery

D. A. HENNING
Captain

E. CASTRO
First Lieutenant

R. M. BYERS
Second Lieutenant

A. M. GOODLOE
Third Lieutenant

Sergeants

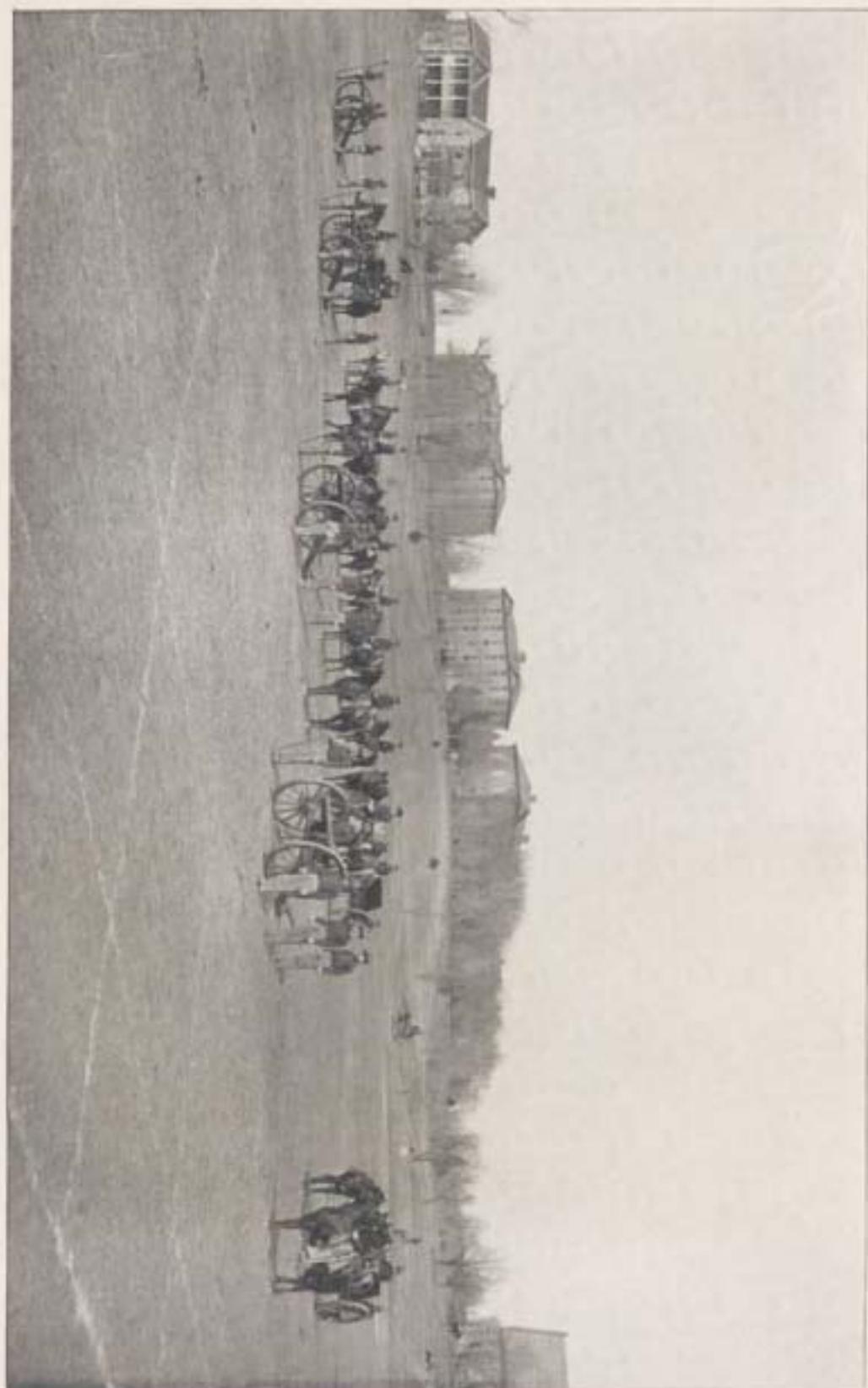
R. G. SUGDEN, First Sergeant
E. A. MORRIS W. E. MEKES
R. B. TINSLEY T. D. GILES
F. M. HUMPHREY A. W. TAYLOR

Corporals

L. T. DOWNEY
H. H. VARNER
E. B. FRED
F. G. HENLEY



ARTILLERY OFFICERS





Miss Wilson
Sponsor

Company "A"

D. G. ROBSON

Captain

M. R. JOHNSON

First Lieutenant

J. D. POSQUE

Second Lieutenant

W. S. BLUE

Third Lieutenant

Sergeants

W. F. TIPTON, First Sergeant

P. HOFFMAN

A. V. BISHOP

T. GARRETT

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L. W. WILLIAMS

W. P. BOATWRIGHT

H. V. ANDERSON

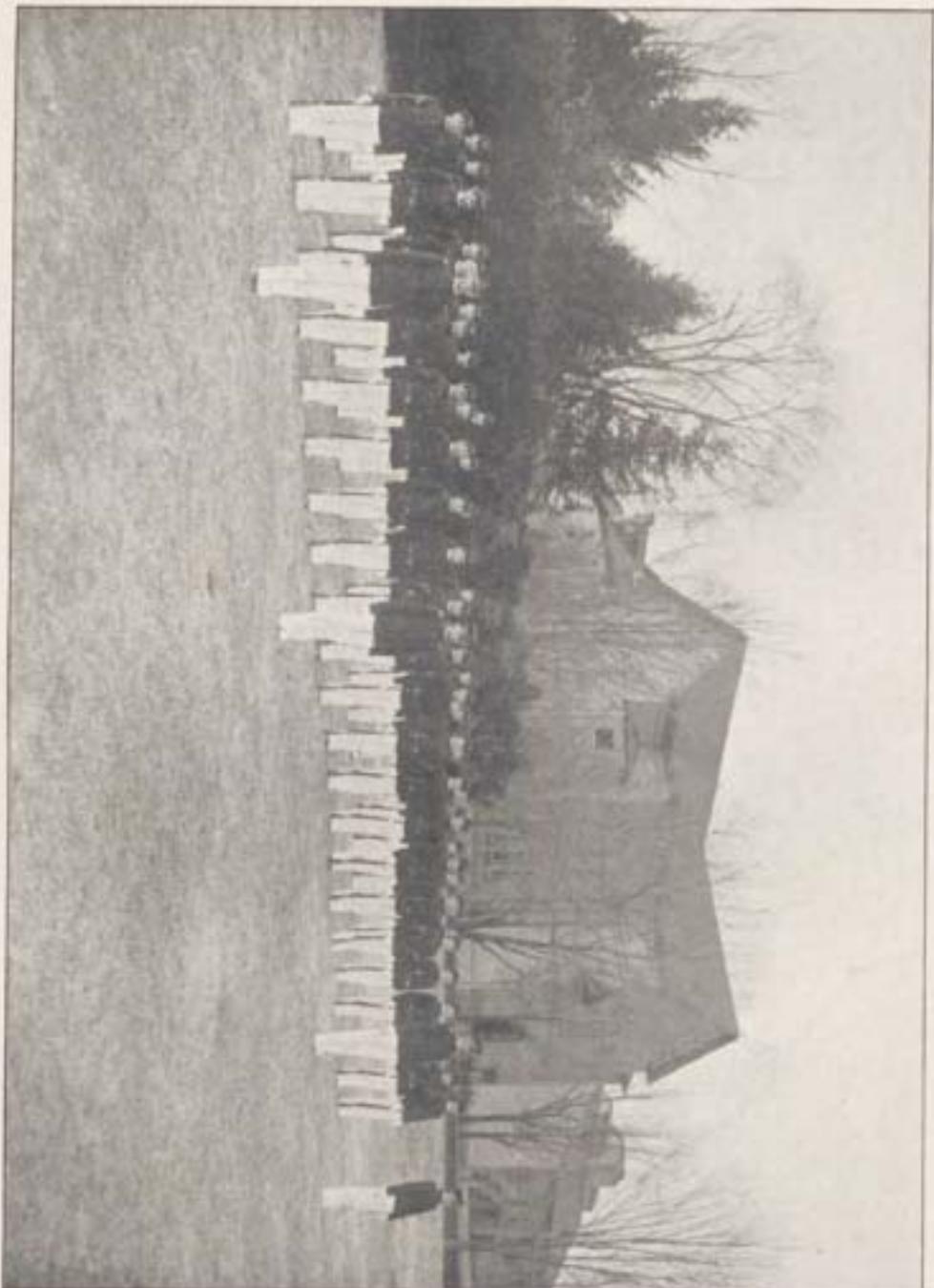
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Miss Eakle
Spouse

Company "B"

C. E. COYNE
Captain
F. S. WALKER
First Lieutenant
C. L. MARTIN
Second Lieutenant
R. A. MYERS
Third Lieutenant

Sergeants

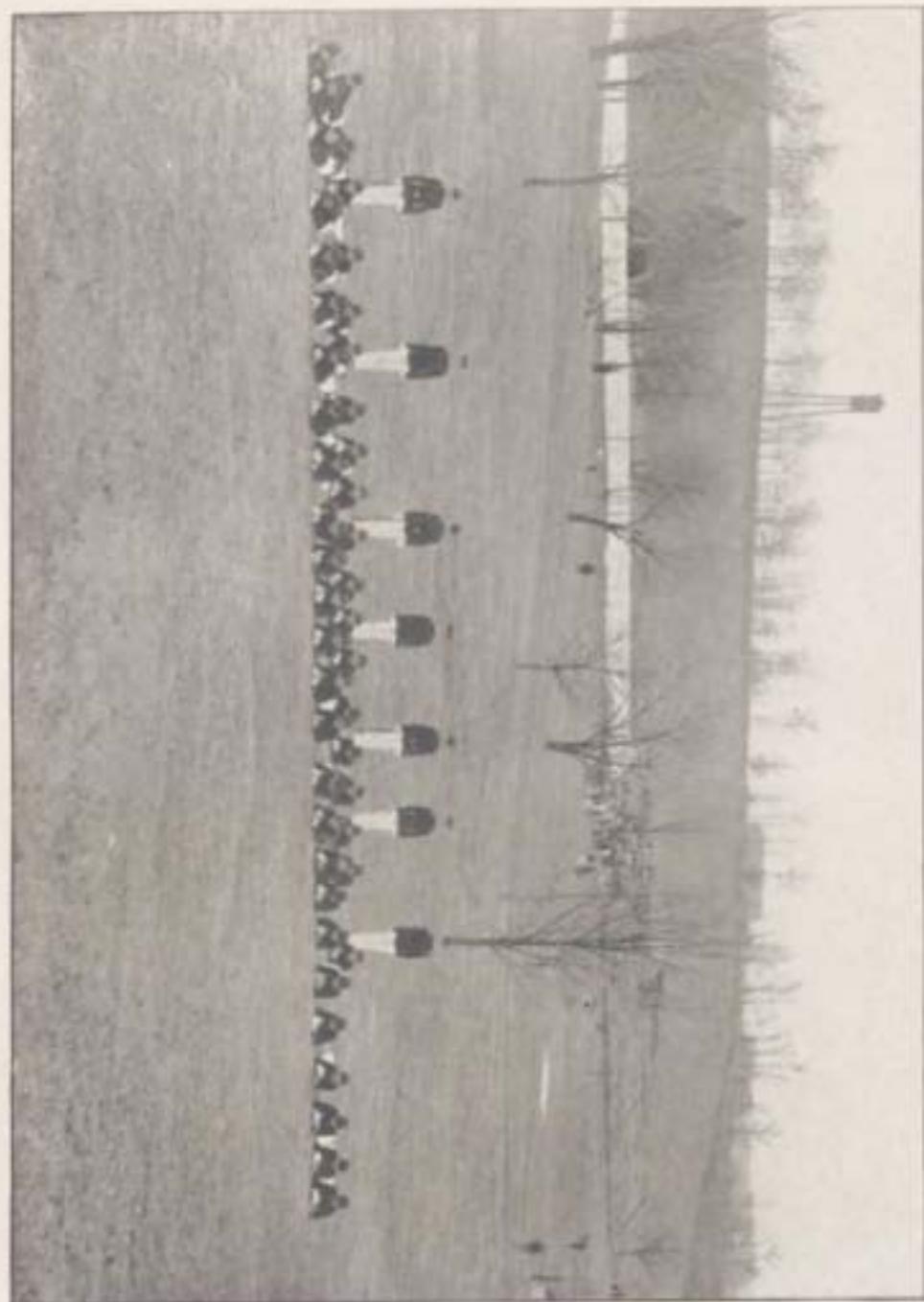
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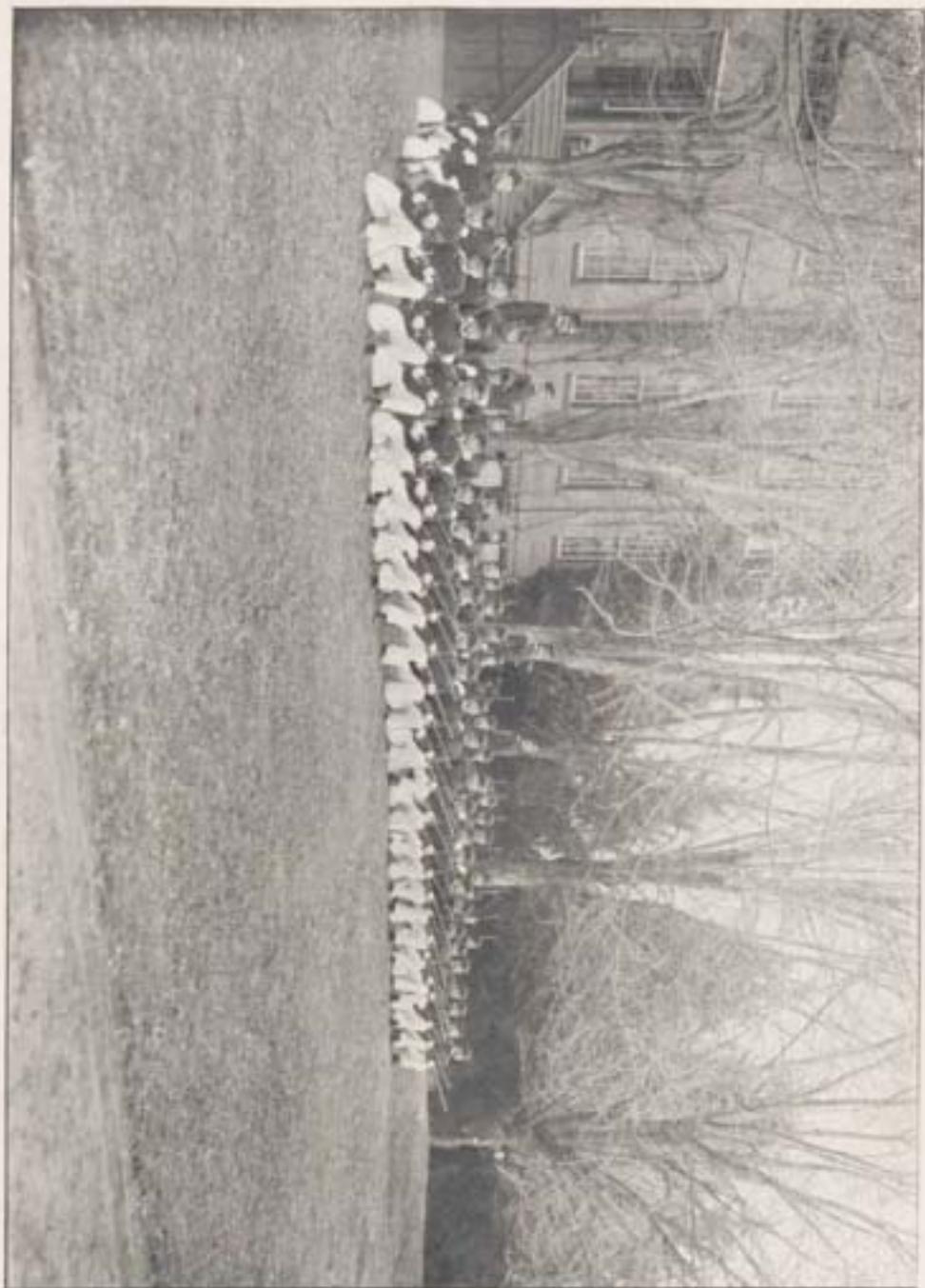
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Third Lieutenant

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T. A. MILLER

F. W. LEATHERBURY

J. W. SAUNDERS

Corporals

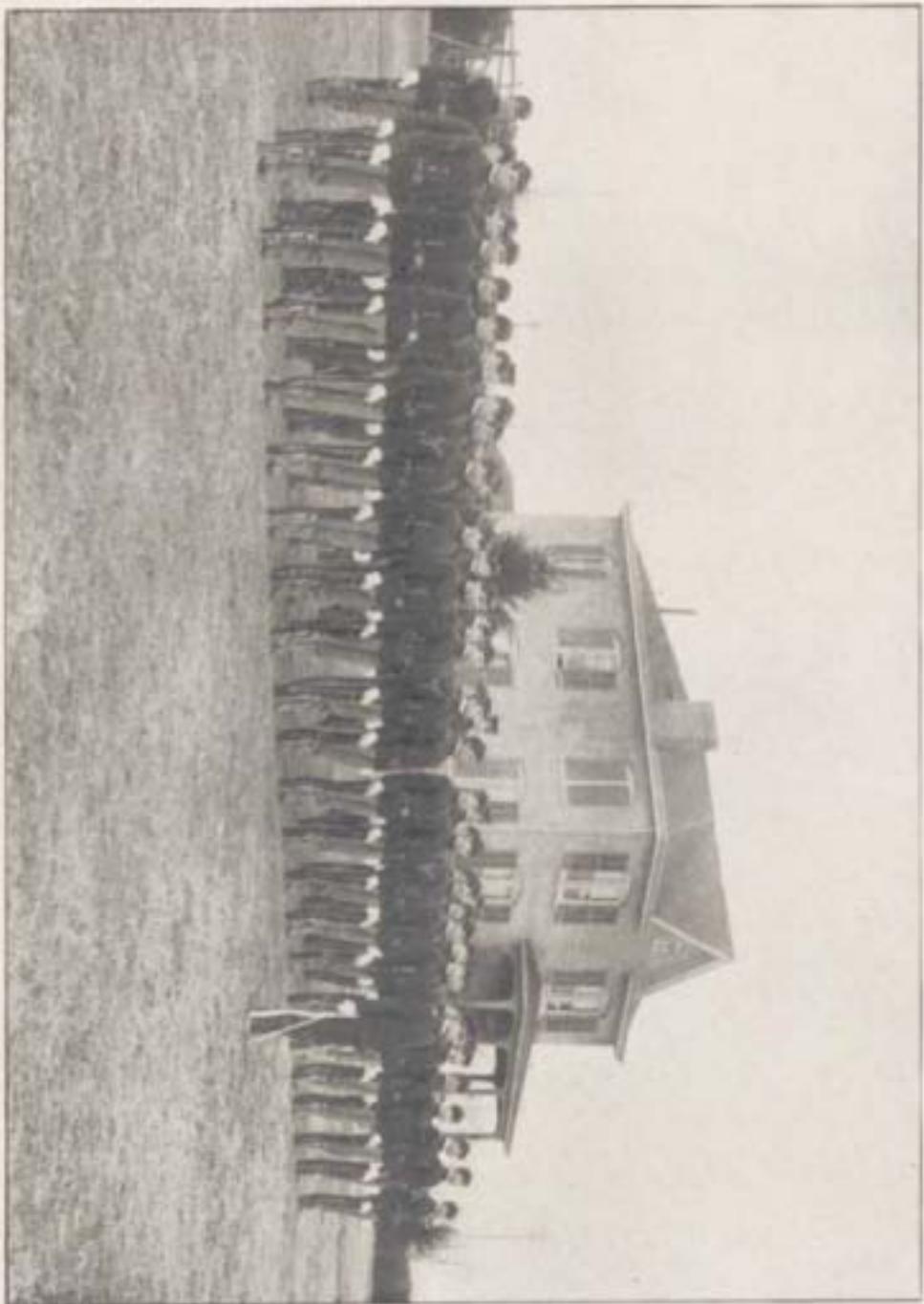
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A. H. CARPENTER H. P. SHEPARD

C. K. LUCAS R. R. MILLER



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Sponsor

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R. S. TROWER
Third Lieutenant
R. P. LATANE
Third Lieutenant
A. R. WILSON
Third Lieutenant
W. F. WILSON
Third Lieutenant
R. B. WATTS
Third Lieutenant
A. W. OBENSHAIN
Third Lieutenant
ALEX. YARRINGTON
Third Lieutenant
W. B. LANFORD
Third Lieutenant



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Spouse*

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(Director)
Solo Bb Cornet

MAJOR J. H. SHULTS
First Trombone

MAJOR L. M. HALE
First Trombone

MAJOR J. EOFF
Baritone

CAPTAIN J. T. WILLIAMS
E♭ Clarinet

LIEUTENANT A. M. HARRELSON
Solo Bb

FIRST SERGEANT E. M. McCULLOCK
Solo Bb Cornet

SERGEANT T. D. HORART
Bass Drum

SERGEANT E. H. TAYLOR
First Bb Cornet

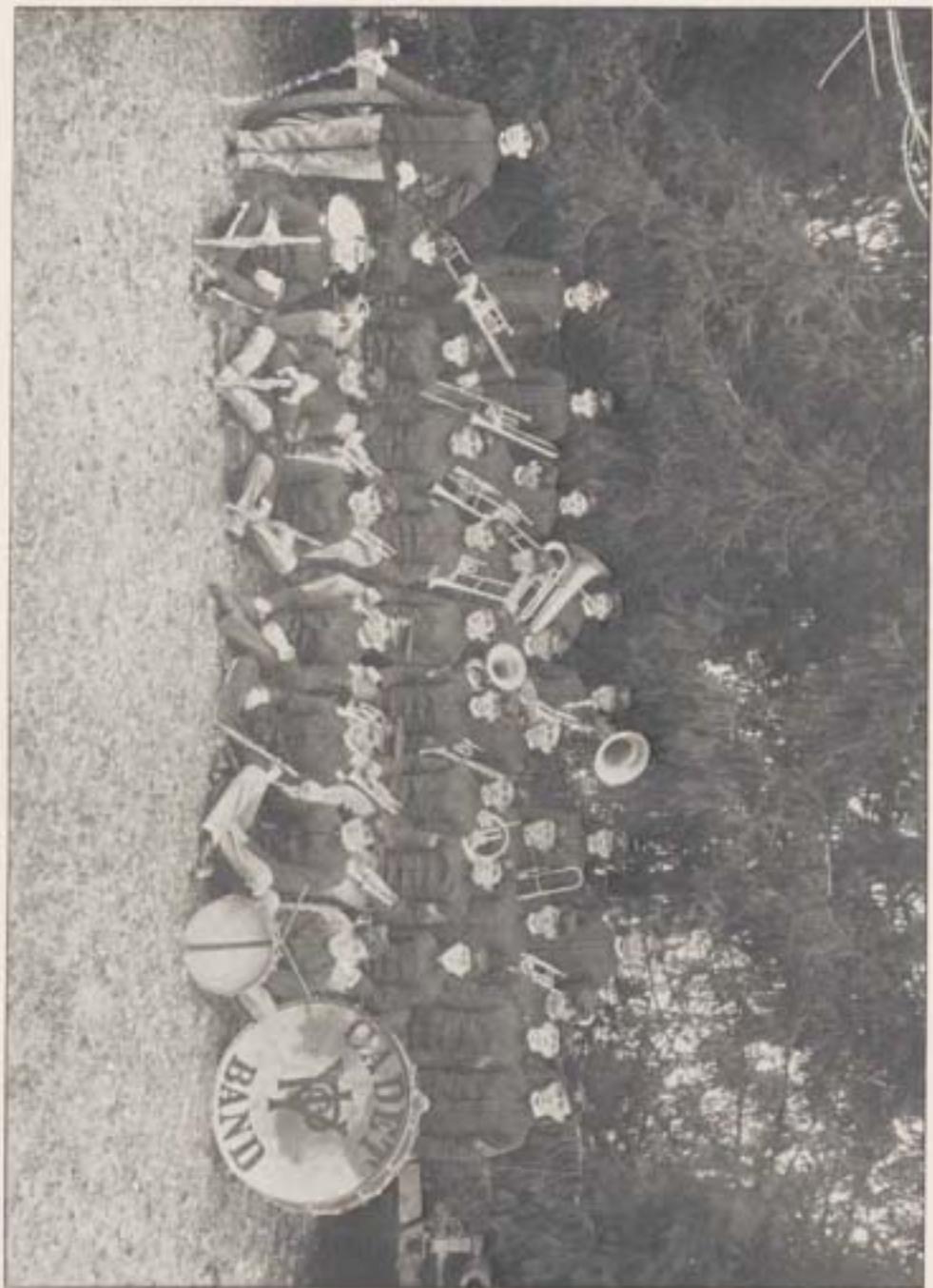
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Second Bb Cornet

CORPORAL H. W. BAKER
First Bb Clarinet

PRIVATE

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ATLEE, F. G., Snare Drum
BAKER, A. H., Trombone
COSBY, P. G., Cymbals
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DAVIS, G. M., First Cornet
GUY, L. E., Second Alto
GOODWIN, H. G., Tuba
HENRY, J. B., Librarian
HENDERSON, C. F., Second Trombone
HALE, C. W., Tuba

HOLLAND, V. B., Second Alto
JORDAN, H. D., Second Bb Clarinet
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OLD, J. W., Drum Major
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POOLE, R. S., Helicon
SEAMON, W. H., Solo Bb Cornet
SMELTZER, J., Second Bb Cornet
VEGA, A. M., Piccolo
WHITE, J. K., First Alto



Military Report

BLACKSBURG, Va., April 1, 1905.

BARRETT.....	In bed at A. M. i.
BARRETT.....	In bed at C. I. and Tatoo.
BARRETT.....	Continually in same.
BOWMAN, A. R.....	Not using sterilized language in Commandant's office.
CAVE.....	Conducting fire sale without authority.
COYNER, C. E.....	Studying Tactics after Taps.
COX.....	Practising jin jitsu on College officer.
FOSQUE.....	Peeping in third-story window.
GALT, W. R.....	Rolling wheelbarrow in ranks.
GIBBONEY, H. S.....	Wearing curl papers to B. R. C.
GOODLOE.....	Creating gross disorder after C. Q.
HEUSER.....	On wrong part of campus after Taps.
HOBSON, J. C.....	Loud talking during C. Q.
MARTIN, C. L.....	Singing "Alexander" during C. Q.
MYERS, W. G.....	Unnecessary noise in giving commands.
NETTLETON, G. E.....	Inspecting shoes at Tattoo.
ROBINS.....	Milking College cow.
SCLATER, R. H.....	Loafing on Sub-Faculty.
SAME.....	Continually doing same.
TYNES.....	Tantalizing College officer.
VANSANT.....	Refusing to stop playing base-ball when ordered (by S. Robson).
WILLIAMS, J. T.....	Carrying teething ring and rattle in ranks.
WINGO.....	Continually absent from S. G. I. and C. G. I.
WILSON, J. A.....	Singing in room during C. Q.

Blackburg, Va.

Military Report, April 1st 1905

REPORT

On wrong part of campus after
Taps

EXPLANATION: I would respectfully state that

one "playing" "My Old Kentucky Home" and once went out for
a few minutes to gaze at the
moon

Respectfully submitted,

A. C. Hines

Cadet Priv. S.S. Corps of Cadets.

Blackburg, Va.

Military Report, April 1 1905

REPORT:

Singing in Room during C. D.

EXPLANATION: I would respectfully state that I was only heating some
water and it was the crackling of the steam
in the water that you heard. I can not
sing

Respectfully submitted,

J. A. Wilson

Cadet Lieu. Signal Corps

The cadets then turned to another point of danger. Number Four Barracks, standing only twenty-five feet from the Hall, subjected to intense heat

to recognize the inevitable doom of the Institute's grandest building.

themselves defeated in this fight for the preservation of the Science Hall, and were their hearts as with reluctance will, they were forced to acknowledge the explosions. The spirits of the fire-fighters began to fail then. Saddened by the stronger gale the wind, more unquenchable the fire; more terrible fleet of the dangerous building.

housemen do their duty, stamping firm, like Roman sentinels, within but a few hours now directed from many points against the Science Hall. Nobly did the brought into service by a brigade from without. Strong streams of water

dearly paid the lines of hose and the hook-and-ladder equipment had been

they forced back exhausted. Resolutely they did their best in the oppressive

gaseous darkness, biting on till the sorrowful fact, "Too late," was painfully

left by all.

Many times repeated were their

attempts, and as many times were

by dense waves of suffocating gases

found there, only to be swept back

previous pieces of apparatus to be

doors, hoping to save the upper

then made bold dashes to the upper

first door had been removed. Many

till most of the valubles on the

but the students fought on bravely.

Explosions were almost incessant,

urged on by a mortal gale.

considerable headway, were driven

the gables, which had already made

in which they were to fight was one containing many chemical laboratories, and

efforts, to save at least some of its valuable equipment. But alas! the building

to the burning building, purposing, if possible, by desperate and determined

tragedies and hastening to different posts of duty. One brigade rushed bravely

the College, was in despair, they lost no time in forming themselves into several

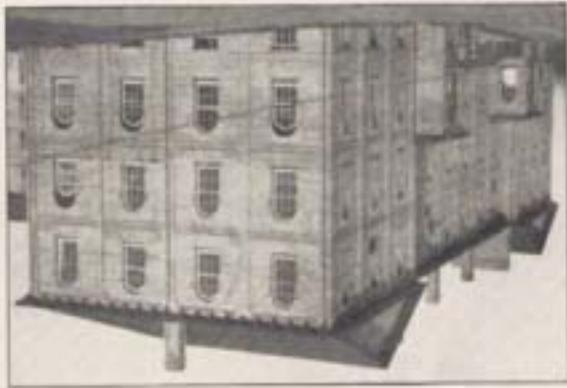
Kushing got from barracks, and seeing that the Science Hall, the pride of

sounded on the Polytechnic campus.

hastily summoned to duty by the most appealing "long-toll," ever

Virginia Polytechnic Institute were awaked from their sleep, and

On the night of the twenty-second of February the corps of cadets at the



SCIENCE
HALL

The Fire

and enveloped in clouds of sparks, was already smoking. But a moment, and that, too, would be in flames!

Hurriedly shifting their positions, the cadets conducted the fight for Number Four with a fierceness scarcely equalled by that of the first struggle. Hosemen took their stations between the two buildings, thus exposing themselves to the perils of explosions and the probability of being caught by falling walls. Other members of the corps placed themselves in rooms facing the Science Hall, and preserved the wood-work from flames by water furnished to them from the buckets of the faithful and gritty "Bucket Brigade" without.



DESTRUCTION
BY FIRE

And now, with the steadily increasing fierceness of the fight, the demand for hose became greater than could be supplied; the water-pressure, moreover, seemed to grow weaker. Then to the eyes of the fire-fighters it became plain that part of the battle must be waged from the barracks roof. Even among a corps of cadets, who are trained to think and act boldly and quickly as a body, there are those who perceive quickest the points of advantage in all conflicts. And so it was in this case. For when most of the students were turning their eyes to the roof, trying to determine the best way in which to

mount so high into such fiery clouds of flames and sparks, they saw one of the well-known football players, Hynes, actually alive and already moving to and fro upon the barracks. One comrade seen upon the roof! In a moment several had found their way to his side, dragging with them two hose-pipes.

And now the fight was conducted from the roof, from within, and from the ground. Still, chiefly because of the weakening of the water-pressure, it was impossible to protect all parts of the building. Presently the flames broke forth from under the eaves, a spot which could not be effectually reached by water from any of the hose.

Then there was performed the most daring deed of the entire night. Realizing that these flames must be extinguished by some extraordinary means, Cadet Hynes crawled down the side of the steep, slippery roof, to the very edge of the eaves; and leaning over the edge, supported only by his breast, held a bucket full of water in one hand, and with the other applied wet towels to the burning wood, and thus smothered the flames. Meanwhile, his faithful companions upon the roof sprinkled him with water from the hose to protect him from burning. A few minutes later the fury of the fire grew less, and the safety of Barracks Number Four was assured.

After another hour of fighting, no longer hopeless, the battle was won beyond all doubt, and the cadets dragged themselves wet to their rooms, to gain an hour or two of rest before reveille. Well had they earned their repose.

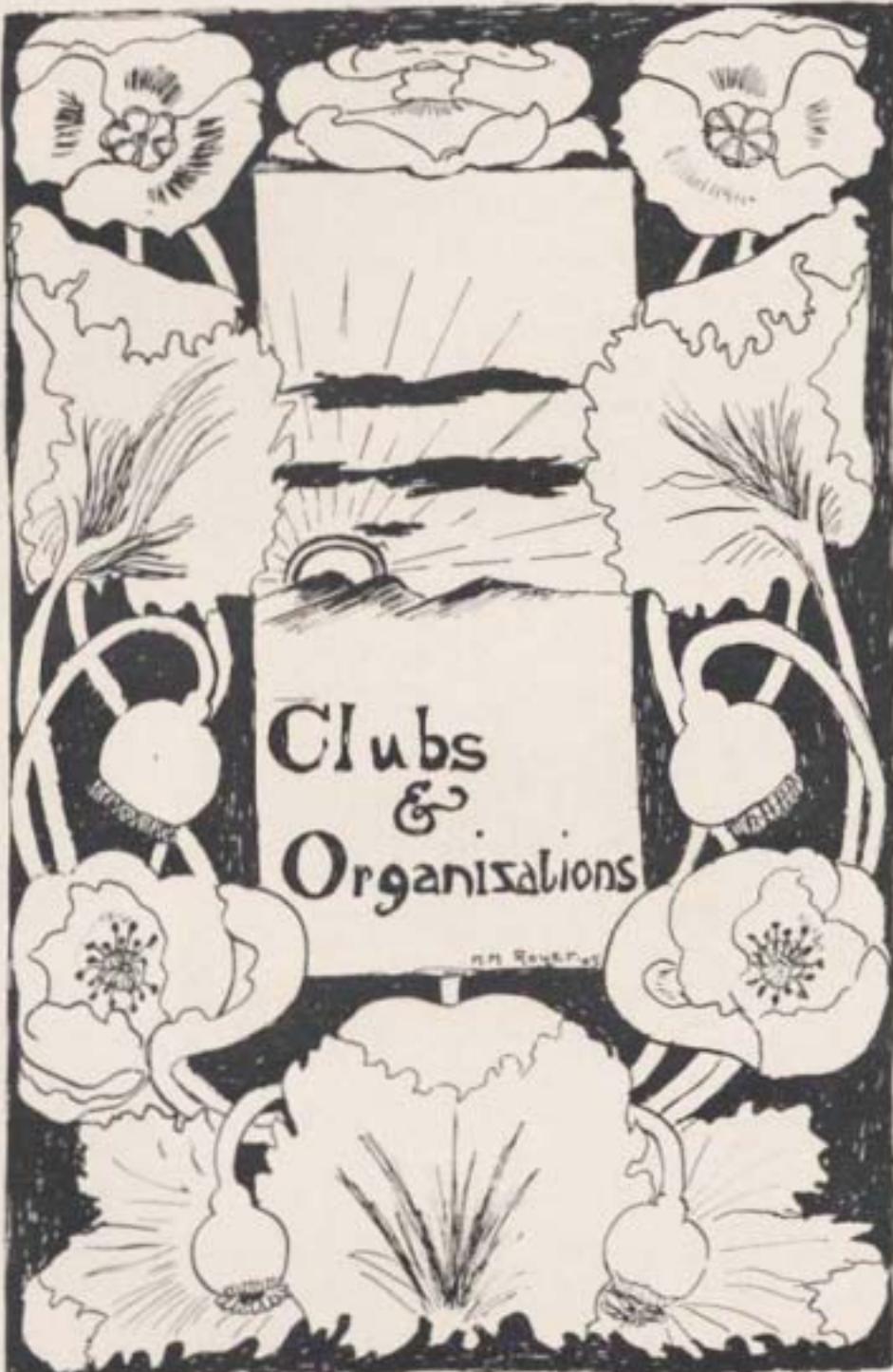
The work of the entire corps that night would be a credit to the best trained fire-department in the land. And Virginia may well be proud to know that the spirit of dauntless courage still lives in such numbers of her sons.

With the beat of reveille awoke a sad battalion, and it was in sorrowful tones that "Here" was said at roll-call. For where once had stood the Science Hall, the pride of the campus, now rose but a heap of smoldering ruins.

RANDOLPH ROSEWELL PAGE, '04.



VIC REINA



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&
Organisations

H.H. ROBERTS

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CHARACTER-building is the broad work of the Association. Bible principles are the basis of all true Christian character, so Bible Study has a large part in the work.

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Virtus suos coronat

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INTERMEDIATE TICKET

*Declinatio*n

R. H. SLATER

*Ora*tor

C. B. POWELL

Debate

Resolved, That nature has more to do with the forming of character than education.

Affirmative

H. S. STAHL

Negative

R. T. W. DUKE



German Club

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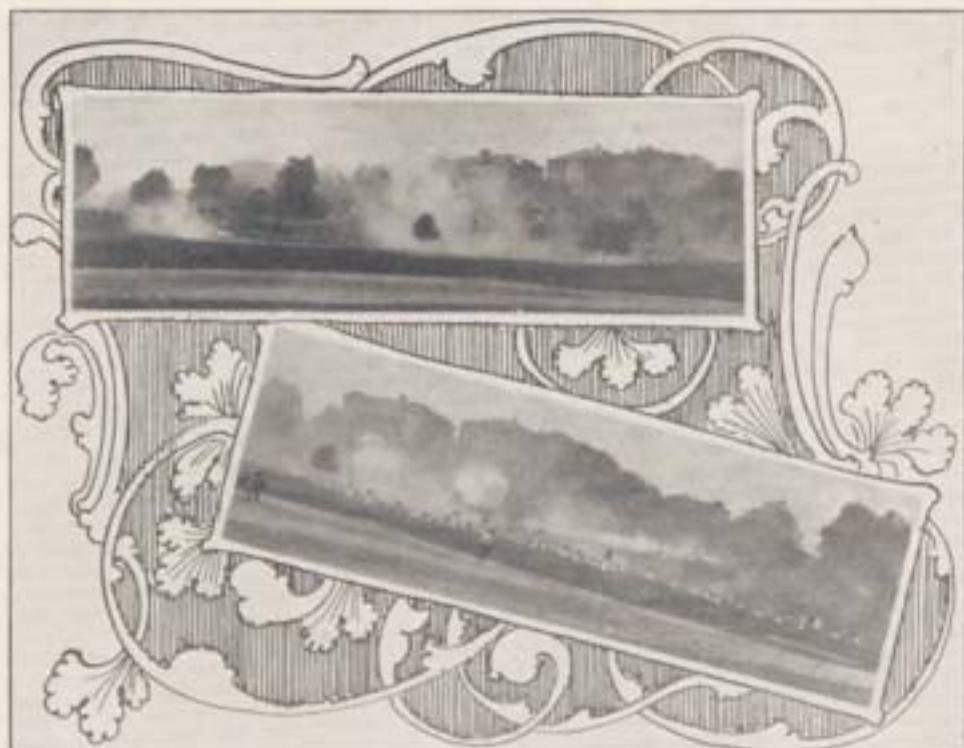
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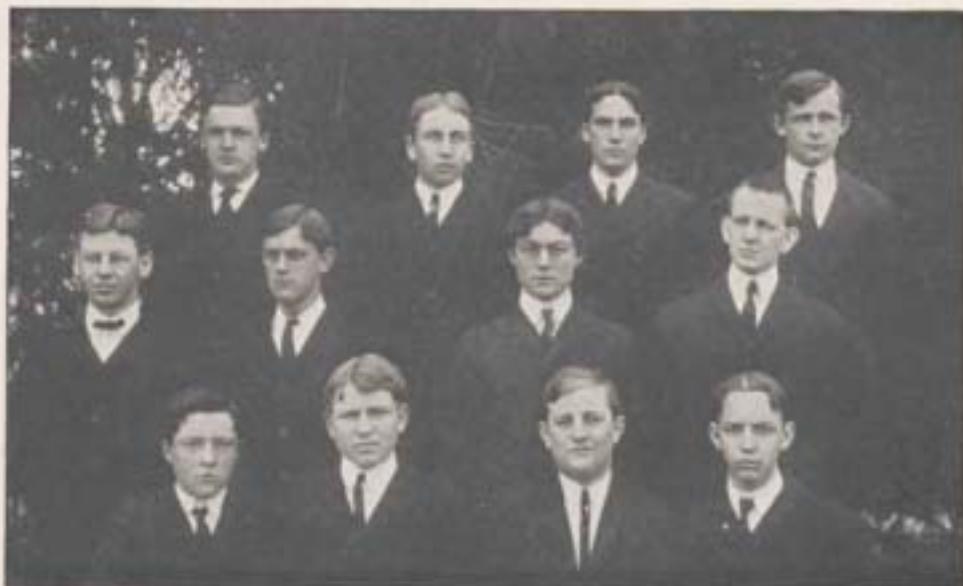
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J. D. FOSQUE.....	<i>Connecting Rod</i>
C. A. FISHER.....	<i>Steam Chest</i>
C. K. HILDEBRAND.....	<i>Governor</i>
C. E. COYNER.....	<i>Crank Pin</i>
J. A. ARMSTRONG.....	<i>Eccentric</i>
E. CASTRO.....	<i>Crosshead</i>
E. F. WILSON.....	<i>Stuffing Box</i>
E. J. F. WILSON.....	<i>Piston</i>
O. W. ANDERSON.....	<i>Cylinder</i>
R. B. WATTS.....	<i>Slide Valve</i>
L. E. OSBORNE.....	<i>Condenser</i>
S. BOLLING.....	<i>Fly Wheel</i>

"ENTROPY QUARTET"

M. R. JOHNSON.....	<i>Exhaust</i>
C. G. BARRETT.....	<i>Isothermal Compression</i>
B. C. TYNES.....	<i>Adiabatic Expansion</i>
C. M. BOWMAN.....	<i>Clearance</i>

(Selections "rattled" three hours per day.)



MOTTO
Omnia ex terra

COLORS
Green and Straw

OFFICERS.

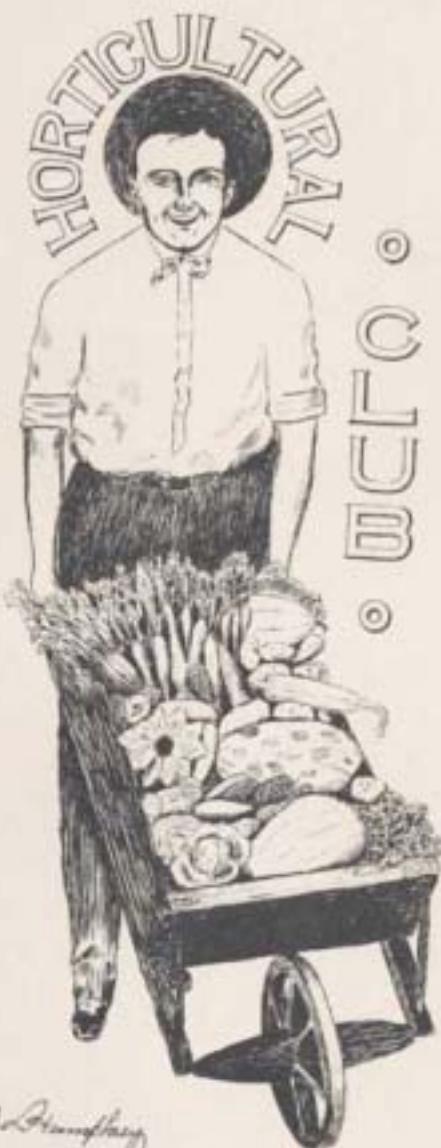
E. P. WOOD, '05	President	F. S. WALKER, '05	Vice-President
T. H. WOOD, '06	Secretary	E. C. TURNER, '06	Treasurer
E. M. McCULLOCH, '06 Sergeant-at-Arms			

MEMBERS.

B. ANDERSON, '07	E. W. LAWSON, '08	A. M. GODWIN, '08
G. E. ALLEN, '08	J. O. MUNDY, '07	B. W. GODWIN, '08
M. A. BENSON, '08	R. S. MOFFETT, '05	W. E. HUBBERT, '08
J. L. BISHOP, '07	J. W. McCULLOCH, '08	F. S. HOMEN, '07
G. B. BRIDGFORTH, '07	N. L. MALLORY, '08	J. R. HUTCHESON, '07
P. S. BLANDFORD, '07	W. L. OWEN, '06	T. B. HUTCHESON, '07
L. H. CARTER, '08	R. T. PRATT, '06	J. H. JORDAN, '08
S. P. COKE, '08	C. M. RUDDER, '08	J. R. LAMON, '07
J. A. CLARKSON, '08	R. R. ROBINSON, '07	A. W. TAYLOR, '06
J. E. COLEMAN, '08	J. H. SQUIRES, '05	J. G. TERRELL, '08
R. P. COCKE, '06	S. S. SIMMERMAN, '07	J. H. YANCEY, '07
E. B. FRED, '07	C. L. STAHL, '07	HALL, K. C.
N. M. FLOYD, '08	W. N. THOMAS, '08	T. L. ROSS
	J. W. SIMMERMAN, '07	

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. J. M. McBRYDE	PROF. W. D. SAUNDERS	DR. MEADE FERGUSON
PROF. R. J. DAVIDSON	PROF. A. M. SOULE	DR. J. G. FUNNEYHOUGH
PROF. D. O. NOURSE	MAJOR T. G. WOOD	PROF. W. A. P. MONCURE
PROF. E. A. SMYTH, JR.	PROF. J. R. FAIR	PROF. A. P. SPENCER
PROF. H. L. PRICE	DR. JOHN SPENCER	PROF. P. O. VANATTER



W. Humphrey

OFFICERS

B. C. WATKINS	<i>President</i>
C. F. COURTNEY	<i>Vice-President</i>
F. M. HUMPHREY	<i>Secretary</i>
B. G. ANDERSON	<i>Treasurer</i>
J. S. WRIGHT	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MEMBERS

B. G. ANDERSON	
H. C. BROCK	
C. F. COURTNEY	
A. W. DRINKARD, JR.	
J. W. GRANRY	
S. J. HOLT, JR.	
F. M. HUMPHREY	
F. M. JOKES	
J. J. PRICE	
J. F. ROGERS	
B. C. WATKINS	
J. S. WRIGHT	

HONORARY MEMBERS

HARPER DEAN	W. A. P. MOXCURE
H. L. PRICE	



Fraternity Club

COMPOSED OF COLLEGE MEN INITIATED WHERE GREEK LETTER FRATERNITIES
ARE REPRESENTED

KAPPA ALPHA

- J. D. JONES, Eta, Richmond College, Va.
R. P. LATANE, Zeta, Randolph-Macon, Va.
W. A. P. MONCURE, Alpha-Zeta, William and Mary, Va.

Pi Kappa Alpha

- TAYLOR GARNETT, Gamma, William and Mary, Va.
H. S. GILL, Omicron, Richmond College, Va.
S. S. HUGHES, Gamma, William and Mary, Va.
A. F. JACKSON, Upsilon, Alabama Polytechnic Inst., Ala.
J. B. LAMB, Gamma, William and Mary, Va.
A. W. TAYLOR, Zeta, University of Tennessee, Tenn.

PHI GAMMA DELTA: R. C. POINDEXTER, Rho-Chi, Richmond College, Va.

PHI KAPPA SIGMA: J. B. CARY, Phi, Richmond College, Va.

KAPPA SIGMA: C. J. FORD, Beta-Beta, Richmond College, Va.

E. R. RUFFIN, Nu, William and Mary, Va.

DELTA TAU DELTA: H. S. WORTHINGTON, Beta-Iota, University of Virginia, Va.

CHI PHI: W. B. CHRISTIAN, Epsilon, Hampden-Sidney, Va.

PSI UPSILON: E. R. HARRIS, Upsilon, University of Rochester, N. Y.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA: F. H. ABBOTT, University of Virginia, Va.





Mouse Club

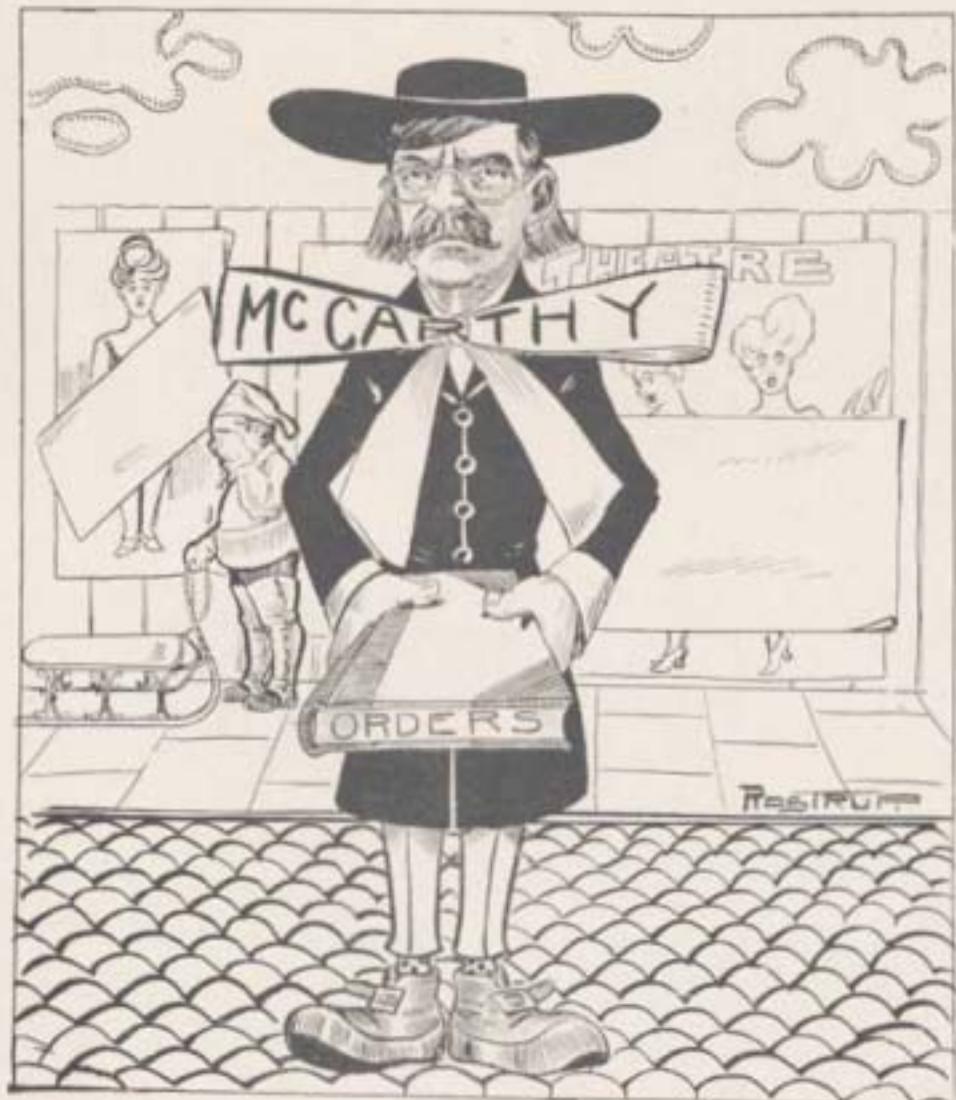
COLOR: Baby blue and baby pink

OFFICERS

CARL FLEMING	<i>President</i>
L. M. KOONTZ	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. W. ELLISON	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
E. M. JONES	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MEMBERS

D. ALEXANDER	R. H. MACOX
H. H. BREWER	C. V. L. MARSHALL
F. O. CUDLIPP	H. L. MAVNARD
G. C. FAVILLE	E. RUFFIN
H. B. FISCH	J. W. TAYLOR
G. B. FITTS	J. R. WILLIAMS



"THIS IS OUR MAYOR OF GREAT RESTS
WHO WOULD MAKE OF RICHMOND A SPOTLESS TOWN."



OFFICERS

CHAS. L. LYON, '05.....President
W. TRIPLETT MONTAGUE, '06 Vice-President
LEROY E. BROWN, JR., '07 Secretary and Treasurer
CARL FLEMING, '08 Sergeant-at-Arms

HONORARY MEMBERS

PROF. C. P. MILES	JAS. BOLTON
W. H. DEAN	JAS. WERTH
G. C. WILLSON	H. C. FROEHLING



Miss Emma Clark
Wynona



MEMBERS

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| J. H. BAUER, '07 | C. L. PAUL, '07 |
| T. L. BARKER, '07 | G. L. PARSONS, '08 |
| J. B. CART, '06 | J. M. PURCELL, '07 |
| W. H. CHRISTIAN, '07 | W. N. ROBINS, '05 |
| E. J. DONAHUE, '08 | WILLIAM RUGGER, JR., '06 |
| L. B. EDWARDS, '08 | E. S. SHEPPARD, '07 |
| R. P. EURANK, '08 | I. H. SLATER, '05 |
| C. S. FISHER, '08 | L. F. SCHROEDER, '08 |
| R. E. GLOVER, '08 | L. STERN, '05 |
| E. L. GILES, '08 | S. V. SEDDON, '06 |
| W. J. GANS, '08 | L. C. TUCKER, '07 |
| E. H. GIBSON, '06 | A. R. WILSON, '05 |
| A. B. GUIGNON, JR., '06 | H. H. WILSON, '06 |
| A. M. HARRELSON, '05 | E. J. WHITLOCK, '08 |
| J. D. HUGGINS, '05 | B. M. WALTHALL, '07 |
| J. W. HAUPP, '08 | W. W. WINGO, '05 |
| W. D. KYLE, '05 | J. R. WILLIAMS, '08 |
| L. LITCHENSTEIN, '07 | H. C. WHITEHURST, '06 |
| R. M. OSTERLOH, '06 | W. K. YONGE, '08 |

ALEX. YARRINGTON, '05



IT WAS HERE THAT PATRICK, HENRY MADE
HIS LAST SPEECH, AND JOHN RANDOLPH
MADE HIS FORT

Charlotte County Club

YELL: Hu-ra!! Hu-ra!!!

Charlotte, Rha!

Randolph-Patrick

Henry—Ra!!

MOTTO: Make hay while the sun shines (Get your fruit during the Fall)

FAVORITE DISH: Quail on toast

FAVORITE AMUSEMENT: Courting the many pretty girls

COLORS: Long-green watermelon and winesap apple

OFFICERS

W. R. GALT, '05	<i>President</i>
W. M. PRIDDY, '05	<i>Vice-President</i>
R. E. PRICE, '05	<i>Secretary</i>
T. B. HUTCHESON, '06	<i>Treasurer</i>
E. O. WHITESIDE, '06	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MEMBERS

W. R. GALT	R. E. T. PRICE
T. B. HUTCHESON	A. H. RICE
J. R. HUTCHESON	J. B. SHORTER
P. R. MALONEY	J. H. WATKINS
C. L. V. MARSHALL	H. WHITESIDE
W. M. PRIDDY	E. O. WHITESIDE

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. J. E. WILLIAMS	J. C. CARRINGTON
LAWRENCE PRIDDY	C. L. PROCTOR
GUY A. CHALKLEY	G. H. WATKINS



Roanoke Club

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: "Going Home"

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: "When did you hear from the College?"

OFFICERS

R. STUART ROYER.....	<i>President</i>
T. DUNCAN HOBART.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
A. B. CARPENTER.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
R. C. PATTERSON.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MEMBERS

W. L. ANDREWS, '08	T. D. HOBART, '06
W. C. BRINGMAN, '07	G. S. LUCK, '08
A. B. CARPENTER, '07	J. W. MOSS, '08
J. H. DAVIES, '08	R. C. PATTERSON, '05
R. STUART ROYER, '05	



Wythe County Club

MOTTO: Keep your Rep. going.

FAVORITE DISH: Turnips and squash

FAVORITE SAYING: Going to town

FAVORITE OCCUPATION:

Studying girlology

OFFICERS

H. S. GIBBONEY, '05 - - - President
D. D. SPILLER, '05 - - - Vice-President
C. A. FISHER, '05 - - - Secretary
R. R. ROBINSON, '07 - - - Treasurer
H. M. ROBINSON, '07 Sergeant-at-Arms
A. C. HEUSER, '05 - - - "Chaplain"

MEMBERS

H. S. GIBBONEY	J. W. SIMMERMAN
D. D. SPILLER	S. S. SIMMERMAN
C. A. FISHER	E. M. SPILLER
A. C. HEUSER	C. R. WATKINS
H. M. ROBINSON	R. H. POOL
R. R. ROBINSON	J. M. STEPHENS
I. J. BROWN	

DECEASED MEMBERS

W. H. OGLESBY E. DUMONT

HONORARY MEMBERS

J. H. GIBBONEY JACK RICHMOND



C. H. MOREFIELD The Brainiest Cadet	H. H. FERRELL Best Line Sergeant
W. J. WYSOR The Hardest Student	T. J. WRIGHT Best Corporal
WALTER M. PRIDDY The Most College-Spirited Cadet	WM. RUEGER Best Drilled Private
C. D. SNAAD The Most Dignified Cadet	A. C. HEUSER The Greatest Ladies' Man
R. STUART ROYER The Most Popular Cadet	W. R. GALT The Greatest Heart-Smasher
W. S. BLUE The Best-All-Round Cadet	J. T. WILLIAMS The Greatest Lady-Hater
C. F. COURTNEY The Handsomest Cadet	W. P. WITHERS The Most Fickle Cadet
D. A. HENNING The Best Officer	MISS ARCHER The Most Popular Young Lady
A. D. WILLIAMS Best First Sergeant	COL. W. M. PATTON The Most Popular Professor

R. B. TINSLEY
The Best-Natured Liar

R. T. W. DUKE
The Biggest Goat

A. B. GUIGON
The Biggest Kicker

H. W. BAKER
The Greatest Bore

R. T. W. DUKE
The Biggest Sissy

R. T. STAPLES
The Most Conceited Cadet

BRIDGPORTH
The Laziest Cadet

R. T. W. DUKE
The Cheekiest Cadet

W. D. KYLE
The Tightest Cadet



P. McG. SHURY
The Most Sleepy-Headed Cadet

J. H. PIERCE
The Bluff

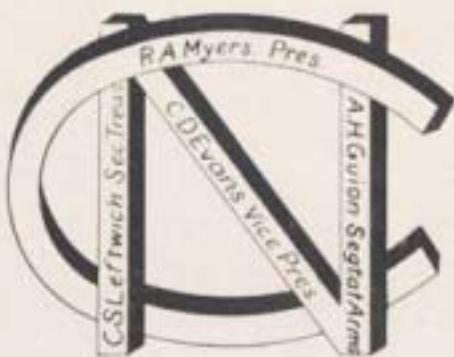
BLOCH
The Freshest Rat

W. D. KYLE
The Professor Lover

We wish to say to those whose names appear on the above list, do not feel that you are the only ones famed for what you were elected for, as there were some close seconds; a difference in some instances of only a very few votes, and we would like to give the full list of seconds, but space will not permit.

We have endeavored to put the 1905 Bugle Election before you in the shortest way, sifting the wheat from the chaff, and giving you just what you want. We hope that some of you will be awarded a niche in the real Hall of Fame.

North Carolina Club



MEMBERS

E. S. ALEXANDER, Charlotte

C. D. EVANS, Statesville

A. H. GUION, Charlotte

J. H. SQUIRES, Lenoir

P. L. LANCE, JR., Charlotte

M. A. EASON, Speights Bridge

R. A. MYERS, Charlotte

C. S. LEFTWICH, Greensboro

HONORARY MEMBERS

W. A. DUNN, Wilmington

R. R. PAGE, Edenton



ESSE QUAM VIDERI

"Carolina, Carolina, heaven's blessings attend her,
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her."





Washington County
Club

OFFICERS

W. P. WITHERS *President*
C. H. HARRELL *Vice-President*
R. L. HORTENSTINE *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

W. K. NUTTY	H. H. SENEKER
W. E. MINGA, JR.	C. L. SCOTT
R. L. HORTENSTINE	J. M. McBROOM
C. H. HARRELL	W. P. WITHERS
V. C. BARKER	

HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. C. D. NEWMAN L. L. KELLY



Lynchburg Club

MOTTO: Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow

COLORS: Lemon and black

FAVORITE PASTIME: Climbing hills

FAVORITE DRINK: "Steptoe's Choice"

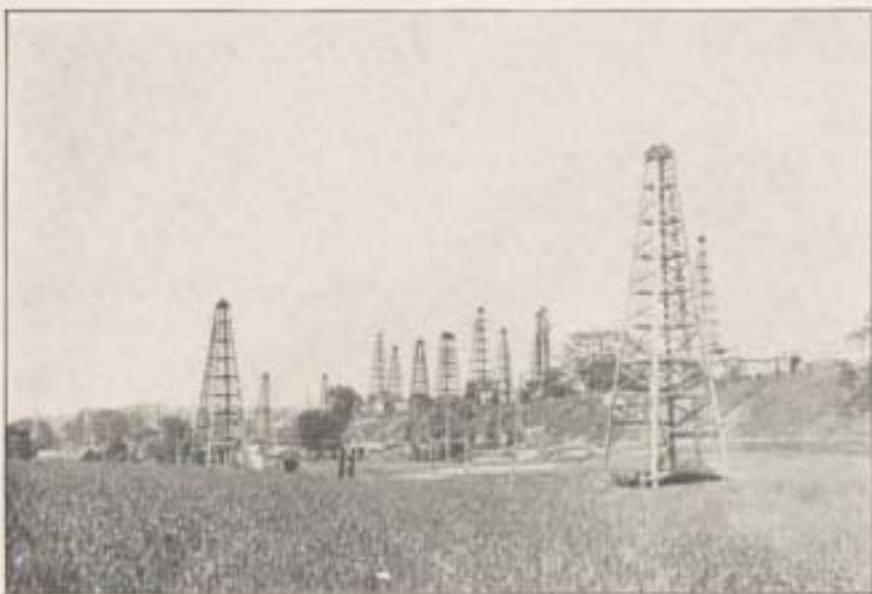
CLAYTON M. BOWMAN	President
CHAS. M. SCHAEFER	Vice-President
P. G. COSBY	Secretary and Treasurer
LEE O. JONES	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

J. T. WILLIAMS	J. SACKS
C. M. BOWMAN	DUVAL
G. DAVIS	C. JENNINGS
C. M. SCHAEFER	L. O. JONES
C. D. SNEAD	W. M. MURRELL
P. G. COSBY	D. A. PLUNKETT

HONORARY MEMBERS

R. C. POINDEXTER	C. WILLIAMS
------------------	-------------



West Virginia Club

OFFICERS

W. S. BLUE, '05	President
W. L. BRANCH, '07	Vice-President
J. A. WETHERELL, '07	Secretary and Treasurer
C. E. PARKS, '07	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

W. S. BLUE, '05	E. M. McCULLOCH, '06
W. L. BRANCH, '07	J. W. McCULLOCH, '08
J. R. CORK, '07	J. A. NUTTER, '07
G. F. COOPER, '08	R. S. POOLE, '08
I. H. LEFTWICH, '08	H. PADBURY, '08
E. H. MCCLUER, '07	C. E. PARKS, '07
J. G. MCCLUER, '07	D. K. STEELE, '08
M. J. MCCHESEY, '06	C. G. WALKER, '08
J. A. WETHERELL, '07	

MOTTO: Montani Semper Liberi

South Carolina Club

OFFICERS

N. E. SALLEY	<i>President</i>
E. H. TAYLOR	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. T. ROGERS	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
J. B. HENRY	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MEMBERS

S. P. COKER	N. E. SALLEY
D. A. HENNING	E. H. TAYLOR
H. G. JORDAN	J. T. ROGERS
J. M. SALLEY	J. B. HENRY
M. H. WATSON	

HONORARY MEMBERS

PROF. S. R. PRITCHARD	PROF. R. J. DAVIDSON
DR. J. M. McBRYDE	PROF. E. A. SMYTHE



Miss Wanamaker
Sponsor



"THE LAST MATCH"

Pittsylvania Club

MOTTO: Kill your own game and let others do the same.

COLORS: Peacock green and yellow.

FAVORITE DISH: Quail on toast.

FAVORITE DRINK: Persimmon beer.

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Working to keep the county dry.

FIRST DEGREE

Imps

SECOND DEGREE

Devils

THIRD DEGREE

Demons

OFFICERS

L. B. COX	High Arch Fiend
H. F. DAY	Junior Arch Fiend
L. B. WHITEHEAD	Recording Angel
C. E. DIFFENDAL	Judas, the watch dog of Treasury

IMPS

B. ANDERSON	J. T. GROVES	G. C. STONE
C. E. DIFFENDAL	J. C. MITCHELL	F. B. TUBERVILLE
	L. B. RUFFIN	

DEVILS

O. W. ANDERSON	B. ANDERSON	H. F. DAY	L. B. WHITEHEAD
G. T. BLAIR	L. B. COX	J. L. PUGH	J. H. WILSON
	C. B. WILKES		

DEMONS

C. LEE	DR. T. L. WATSON	DR. F. D. WILSON	J. T. WHITE
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Episcopal High School Club

MOTTO: *Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter*

COLORS: Maroon and black

FAVORITE SONG: *Hica, Hica, Hica*

C. M. BOWMAN
E. W. LAWSON
F. D. C. DILLON
W. H. SEAMAN
C. G. SMOOT

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

CLAYTON M. BOWMAN
FRANK D. C. DILLON
EWING W. LAWSON
WILLIAM H. SEAMAN
CALDER G. SMOOT

HONORARY MEMBERS

DOUGLAS M. BORUM

PROF. H. WORTHINGTON



Delmar Club

WATCH WORD: Always ready

MOTTO: Shuffle your cards and have your fun, run like — when the Majors come

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: He! Haw! And her name was Maud

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Buck jumps after "Taps" and rising the water-wagon

W. W. WOOD	President
J. D. FOSQUE	Vice-President
J. A. WILSON	Secretary
W. G. MYERS	Treasurer
H. S. GIBBONEY	Sergeant-at-Arms
D. G. ROBSON	Chaplain

MEMBERS

R. C. PATTISON	W. W. WOOD
E. W. SMITH	A. W. ORENSHAIN, JR.
C. K. HILDEBRAND	W. G. MYERS
J. A. WILSON	C. E. COYNER
J. D. FOSQUE	W. C. ROHR
H. S. GIBBONEY	D. G. ROBSON
J. E. BELL	



MOTTO: Eat, drink, and be merry

FAVORITE DISH: V. P. I. "growley."

COLORS: Orange and blue

FAVORITE DRINK: Monticello port

OFFICERS

R. B. WATTS.....	<i>President</i>
E. P. WOOD.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
P. McG. SHUEY.....	<i>Secretary</i>
T. H. WOOD.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
G. N. HARRIS.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MEMBERS

R. B. WATTS, '05	C. H. DUKE, '08	P. McG. SHUEY, '05
J. O. MUNDY, '07	T. H. WOOD, '06	M. V. ADAMS, '08
M. R. JOHNSON, '05	R. T. W. DUKE, '07	R. H. FIELD, '07
G. N. HARRIS, '05	A. S. ANDERSON, '08	T. W. LEWIS, '06
F. W. HARRIS, '07	J. A. ELLISON, '07	F. B. PAGE, '06
E. P. WOOD, '05	W. H. SEAMAN, '08	A. W. GRANT, '06
R. W. WHITE, '06	M. B. VAN DOREN, '07	W. R. HARRIS, '05

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. J. M. McBRYDE	PROF. C. E. VAUTER	COL. J. S. A. JOHNSON
PROF. W. H. RASCHÉ	MAJ. T. G. WOOD	PROF. S. B. ANDREWS
	PROF. J. M. JOHNSON	



R. SELLMAN SCOTT, '05

President

S. H. LEE, '06

Vice-President

J. M. BRODIE, '05

Secretary and Treasurer

A. B. JOHNSON, '07

Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

W. L. ARRINGTON

J. D. KEELER

J. L. CAMPBELL

S. H. LEE

T. B. CAMPBELL

S. R. McGHEE

W. G. CLAYTOR

J. B. MAJOR

J. M. BRODIE

R. C. NICHOLS

O. W. GILLS

R. C. SCOTT

A. B. JOHNSON

R. S. SCOTT

W. D. WATTS

HONORARY MEMBERS

COLONEL W. M. BRODIE

PROFESSOR F. H. ABBOTT

J. T. BROWNS

G. T. LEE



L.F.C. CLUB

HIGHEST AMBITION: To have good horses

F. M. HUMPHREY, '06	<i>President</i>
A. H. OSBURN, '06	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. H. VARNER, '07	<i>Secretary</i>
C. W. OGDEN, '08	<i>Treasurer</i>
H. M. KERFOOT	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MEMBERS

R. B. BRIDGES	H. M. KERFOOT	H. H. VARNER
H. C. BROWN	W. S. KERFOOT	J. S. WRIGHT
E. M. DUNBAR	A. H. OSBURN	L. W. WILLIAMS
E. B. FRED	C. W. OGDEN	T. N. WILLIAMS
C. J. FORD	E. G. SMITH	H. S. STAHL
C. B. GRAY	R. H. TERBS	C. L. STAHL
F. M. HUMPHREY	E. C. TURNER	



**Augusta
County
Club**

ORGANIZED
September 28, 1901.

D. G. ROBSON
President

H. V. NEWCOMB
Vice-President

W. B. LIVESAY
Secretary and Treasurer

J. H. CLARKSON
Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

R. M. BYERS, '05	B. M. LONG, '08
S. BOLLING, '05	N. H. LIVESAY, '07
C. E. COYNER, '05	R. S. MOFFETT, '05
J. H. CLARKSON, '08	N. V. NEWCOMB, '07
J. W. ELLISON, '08	D. G. ROBSON, '05
T. H. EARLE, '08	J. A. WALLACE, '06
A. C. GILKESEN, '05	W. A. WALLACE, '06
C. K. HILDEBRAND, '05	J. K. WHITE, '06

HONORARY MEMBERS

Class of 1904

G. W. COOK W. E. WINE W. O. PRALE



"TWO CENTS," OUR MASCOT



Pulaski County Club

FAVORITE DISH: New River cat

COLORS: Old gold and royal purple

R. J. WYSOK	<i>President</i>
G. BLOCKSTIDGE	<i>Vice-President</i>
F. S. HOLMES	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
J. C. MOREHEAD	<i>Master of Ceremonies</i>

MEMBERS

G. BLOCKSTIDGE

F. S. HOLMES

S. E. CARNAHAN

F. H. JORDAN

J. A. CLOYD

J. C. MOREHEAD

K. C. HALL

R. J. WYSOK

Botetourt County Club

MOTTO:

The brave may fall but cannot yield.

COLORS:

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MOTTO:

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A quick death and a happy one,
A good girl and a pretty one,
A cold bottle and another one.



Our Last Roll-Call

The reveille, the last roll-call,
The evening dress parade,
The dread tattoo, unwelcome taps,
From our remembrance fade.

No longer shall we answer "Here,"
To each familiar name,
We go to write our names elsewhere,
Perhaps on scrolls of fame.

Whatever fate may us befall,
Let's carry in each breast
The love of country, home, and friend,
And try to do our best.

We are to make the history now
Of the next coming age,
That other men may read our lives
On some well-honored page.

Let all be proud to call us friends,
And trace our standards high;
Let all be proud to welcome us,
Who say with grief, "Good-bye."

M. D. D.



Auf wiedersehen

Till next year.

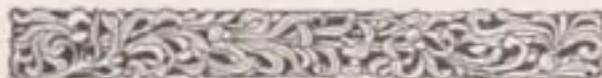




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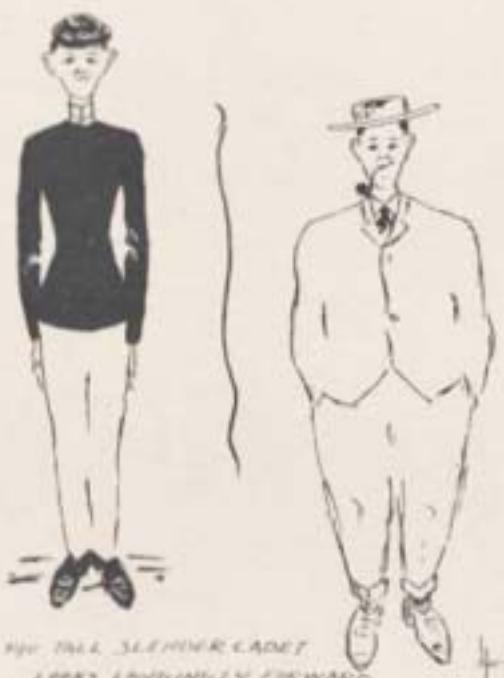


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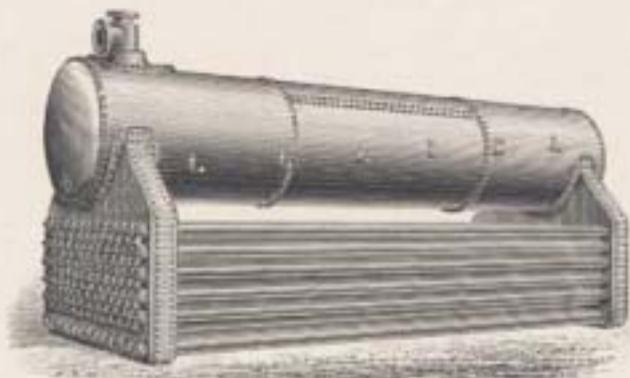
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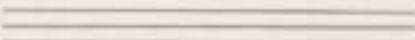
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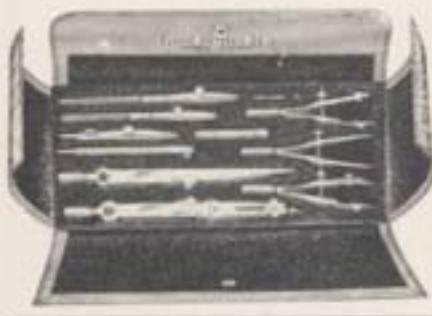
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AWFUL MURDER

FOULLY DONE TO DEATH IN THE DARK IN PURSUIT
OF HIS DUTY

MR. MATHERS WOULD GIVE UP LIFE AND FRIENDS TO KEEP CADETS
FROM FIRING FROM DIVISION WINDOWS

BLACKSBURG, VA., May 5th.—Last night Mr. Mathews, in pursuit of his duty, and incidentally in pursuit of the man that fired the bomb, bumped his head into the division wall, and for a few minutes "joined the angels."

His story is that a great big man knocked him down, and then stamped on him.

He said: "I had drawn my pistol, and had prepared to kill the man who had struck me, when a vision of Dr. McBryde, white-haired and with tears in his eyes, came before me and said, 'Please don't kill that cadet,' so I put up my pistol. The man then kicked me in the solar plexus."

In spite of the fact that Mr. Mathews swore that he had been murdered, it is thought that his only injury is a small bump on the back of his head. As for the "great big man," he turns out to be cadet who weighs exactly 135 pounds with his clothes on.

The pistol with which he was going to kill was a murderous flash-light.

Just after the so-called murder was committed, Mr. Mathews was conscious enough to grab everybody that came around and swear, "I seen you when you done it."

EXTRACT FROM MILITARY REPORT OF MAY 5TH.

WITNESSES.	OFFENSES.
A. R. WILSON.	Getting meal ticket punched too often.
GREGOR.	Burdening the mail carrier unnecessarily.
C. L. MARTIN.	Continually talking in ranks.
S. HUEY.	Not wearing best trousers to Reveille.
SAME.	In bed at A. M. I.
J. S. A. Johnson.	In same at C. Q. I.
T. G. WOOD.	Continually loafing on campus after Taps.
J. S. A. JOHNSON.	Carelessly losing cap on campus.
J. S. A. JOHNSON.	Inspecting barracks ahead of B. O. on May 5th.
	Continually inspecting Senior's rooms.

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ROOMS WITH BATH AND EN-SUITE

BLACKSBURG, VA., Oct. 15, 1905.
MILITARY REPORT.

REPORT: In orchard after Taps.
EXPLANATION: I would respectfully state that had been away and got lost on my return. I never swipe apples.

Respectfully submitted,

W. M. PRIDDY,
Cadet Lieut., Co. E., Corps of Cadets.

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for all kinds of hardware.

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rect of both Steam and Gasoline Engines

BLACKSBURG, VA., MILITARY REPORT, JUNE 4, 1905.

REPORT: Creating gross disorder during C. Q.

EXPLANATION: I would respectfully state that I was only playing the
"Marking Bird" on my violin. Respectfully submitted,

A. M. GOODLOR,

Cadet Lieut., Co. Bat., Corps of Cadets.

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BLACKSBURG, VA., May 5, 1905.

MILITARY REPORT.

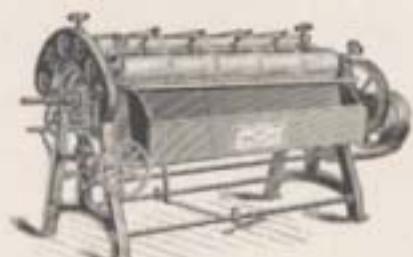
REPORT: Allowing cadets to escape after same had been caught.

EXPLANATION: I would respectfully state that I threw one down and could have held him until the sun rose in California, but they tried to foully murder me in the dark.

Respectfully submitted,

D. OLIVER MATTHEWS,
Marshal.

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PROF. WALKER: "Mr. Moyler, give the principal parts of the verb to 'accept.'"

HARRY (aside to Gill): "What is it, Gill?"

GILL (aside): "Darn if I know."

HARRY: "Darnifino, are, avi, atum!"

PROF.: "What verb are you giving?"

HARRY: "Darnifino."

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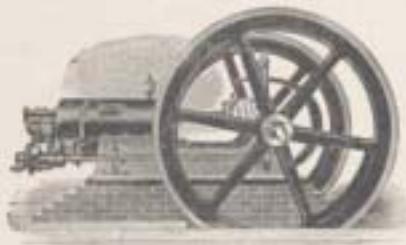
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Principal

BLACKSBURG, VA., May 5, 1905

MILITARY REPORT.

REPORT: Intentionally destroying College property.

EXPLANATION: I would respectfully state that the report is correct. I was trying to get into "C" Devision.

Respectfully submitted,

T. GILBERT WOOD,
Second Assistant Commandant



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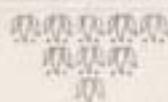
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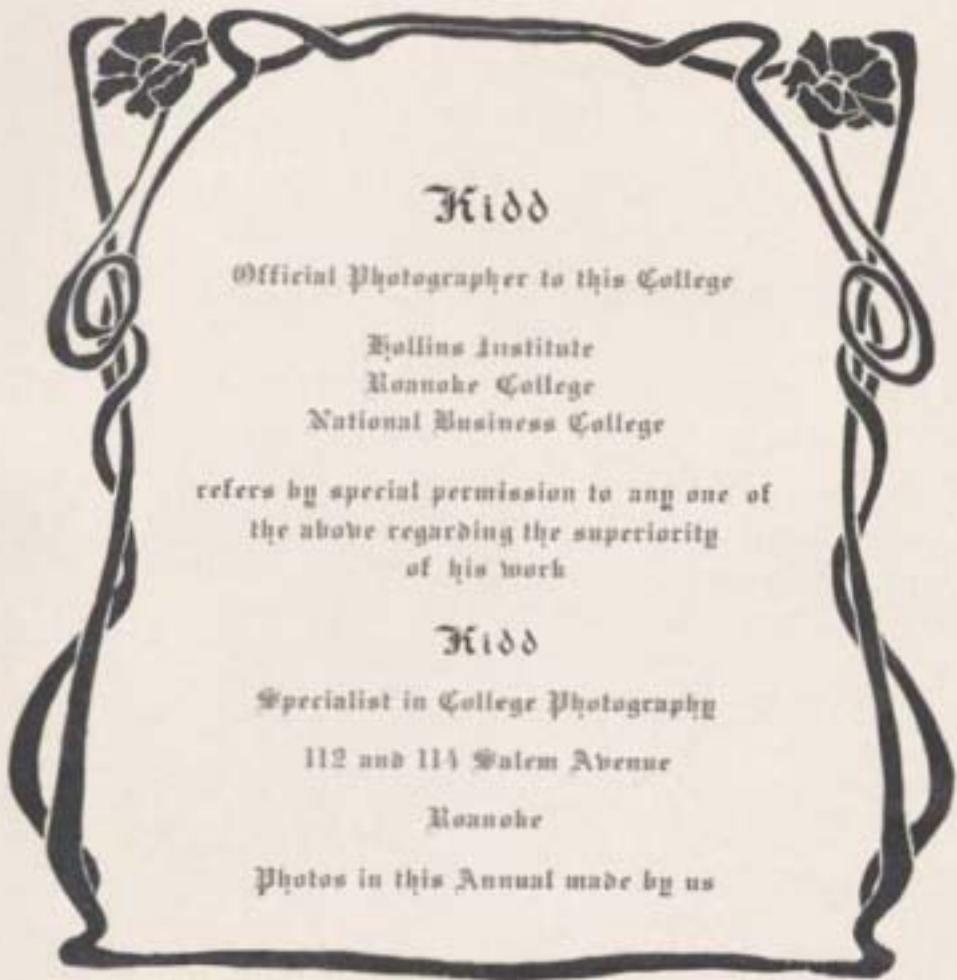


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Harwood Brothers, Old, Richmond, Va.
Hains Safety Razor Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Heinz, H. J. Co., Food Products, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Henderson-Arms Co., The, Uniforms, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Hirsch Bros. & Co., Food Products, Louisville, Ky.
Horstmann, Wm. H. Co., Military Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.
Hotel Roanoke, Roanoke, Va.
Hotel Ranger, Richmond, Va.
Huff, Andrew & Muller Co., Grocers, Roanoke, Va.
Hull Coal and Coke Corporation, Red Jacket Coal, Roanoke, Va.
Tresson, Chas. J., Belting, Boston, Mass.
Jeffrey Mfg. Co., The, Machinery, Columbus, Ohio.
Jenkins Bros., Vultee, New York.
Johnson, Arthur & Co., Athletic Goods, New York.
Koster's Restaurant, Blacksburg, Va.
Kellam Cancer Hospital, The, Richmond, Va.
Kidd, Photographer, Roanoke, Va.

Ladies, Photographers, Roanoke, Va.
Liley, M. C. & Co., The, Fallston, Columbia, Md.
Lumsden, C. & Son, Jewelers, Richmond, Va.
Lyon & Brown, Stationery Supplies, Blacksburg, Va.
Mary Baldwin Seminary for Young Ladies, Staunton, Va.
Masie's Pharmacy, Drugs and Candies, Roanoke, Va.
May, Moses, Willits-Green Shoes, Richmond, Va.
McAfee, W. N., & Co., Oysters, Norfolk, Va.
McGill Brothers, General Store, Blacksburg, Va.
Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.
Miller Lock Company, The, Philadelphia, Pa.
Murphy's Hotel, Richmond, Va.
National Business College, Roanoke, Va.
Nelson Hardware Co., Roanoke, Va.
Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company
Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va.
Ravel's Jewel Store, Fairmount, Philadelphia.
Regal Shoes
Richmond Engine and Pump Co., Richmond, Va.
Ross & Company, Tailors, Chicago.
Royal Tailors, The, Chicago.
South Courtney Co., Mechanical Supplies, Richmond, Va.
Southern Stamp and Stationery Co., Oliver Typewriter, Richmond, Va.
Strangler, W. J., General Importer, Richmond, Va.
Sturtevant, L. & Co., The, Taunton, Mass.
Stern & Co., Books and Shows, Richmond, Va.
Summer School in Mechanic Arts, Lexington, Ky.
Stilzer & Hanley, Furniture, Richmond, Va.
Taylor & Brown, Shoots and Trunks, Richmond, Va.
Taylor, F. B. Co., The, House Furnishing, Richmond, Va.
Towle-Bidford Electric and Mfg. Co., Amperes and Volts, Richmond, Va.
Tool Laundry Machine & Co., New York.
Underwood Typewriter.
Voughan, Henderson, Painter, Blacksburg, Va.
Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co., Druggists, Richmond, Va.
Virginia Female Institute, Staunton, Va.
Virginia Leather Company, The, Belvoir, Richmond, Va.
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
V. P. I. Construction Co.
V. P. I. Cemetery
V. P. I. Safety Deposit Company
Wadley Everett Co., Stationery and Printers, Richmond, Va.
Walker, Henry Co., The, Hardware Supplies and Hardware, Norfolk, Va.
Washington Dairy Co., Washington, D. C.
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.
Webb, A. H. & Co., Grocers, Lynchburg, Va.
Whitcomb Portland Cement Co., The, Philadelphia.
Whitcomb, W. J., Building Material, Richmond, Va.
Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.
Wood, T. W. & Sons, Seeds, Richmond, Va.
Yerington, & Bell, Attorneys, Blacksburg, Va.

NEW ADDITION TO SHOPS

