

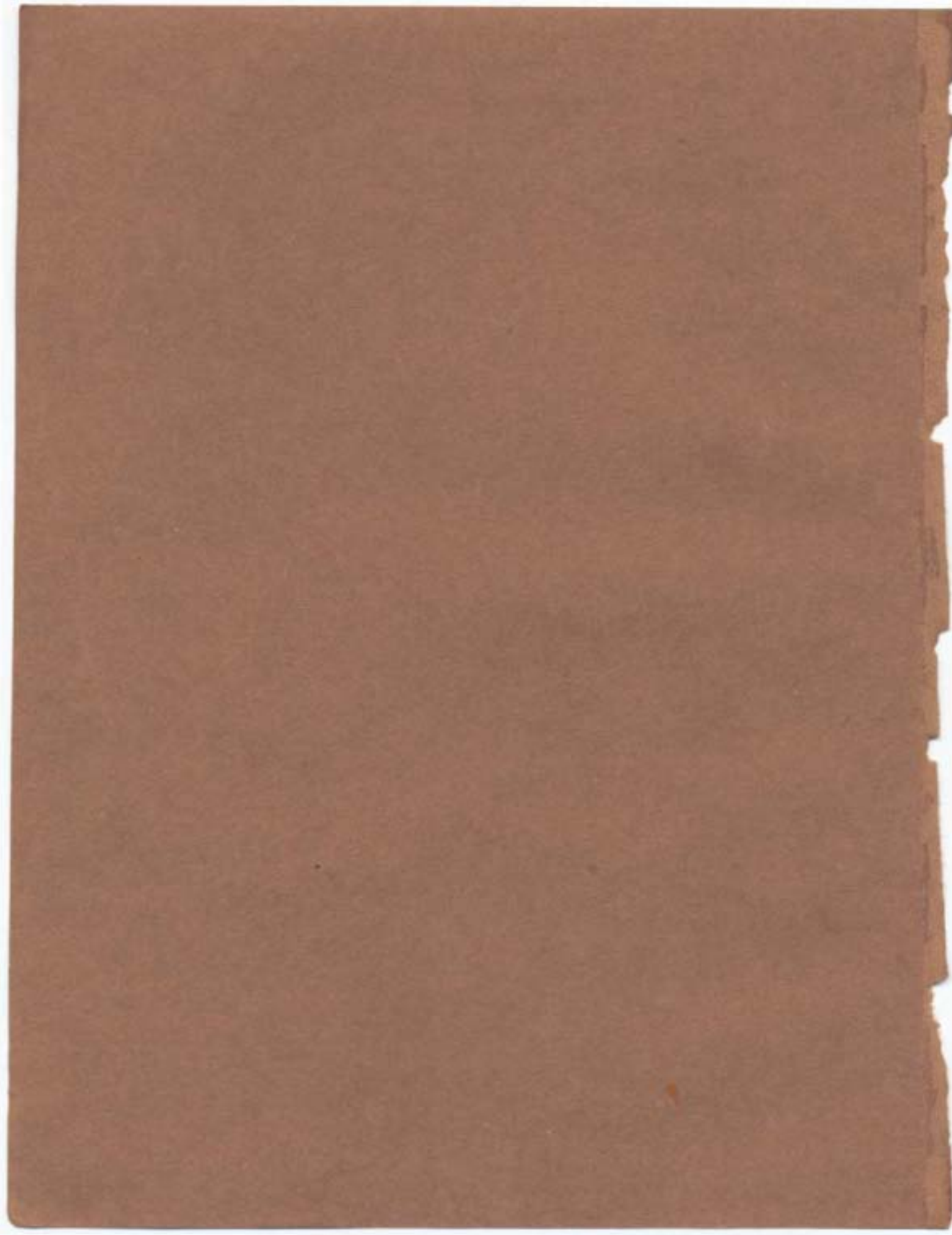
THE  
BUGLE  
1908



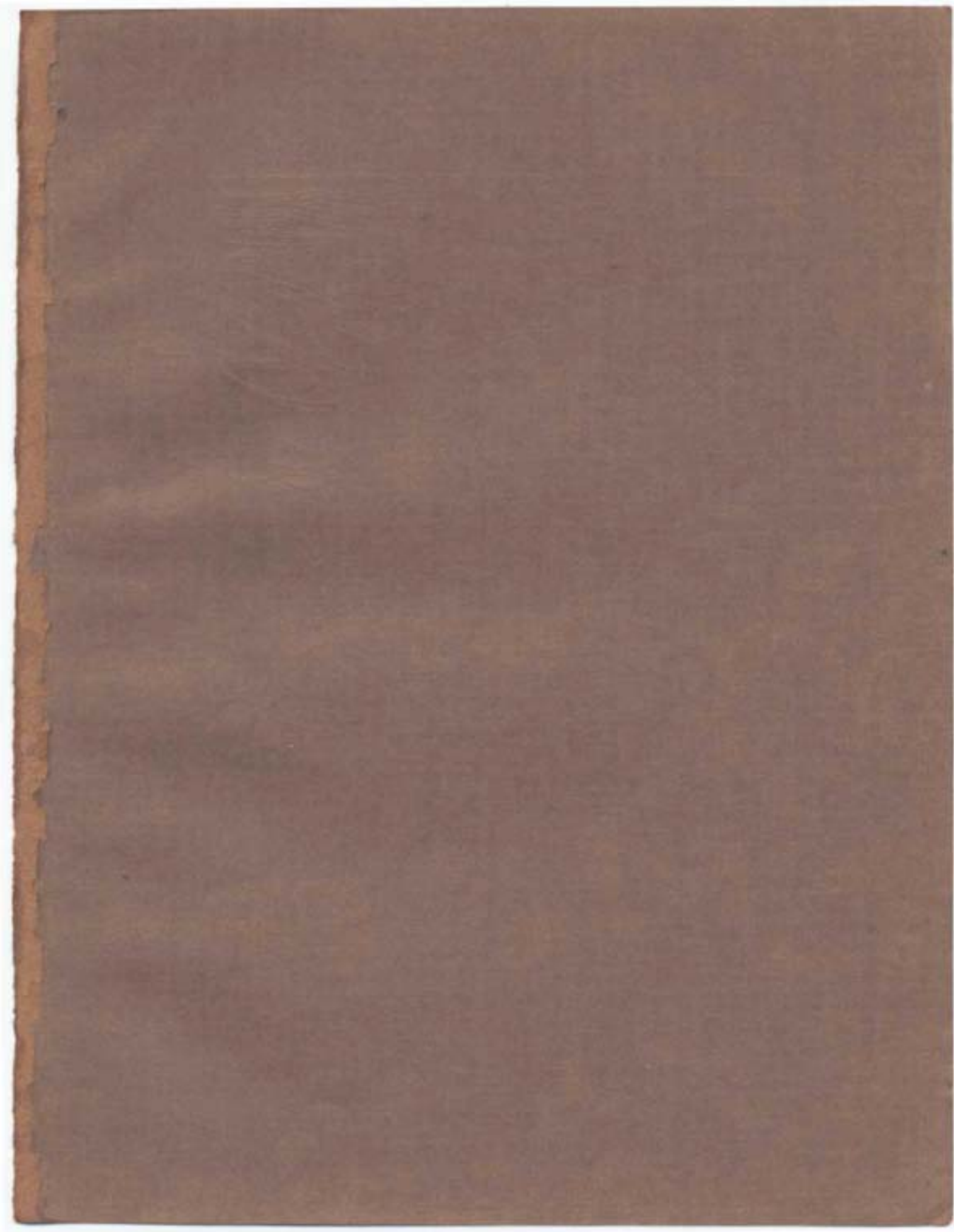




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# THE BUGLE

1908



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE CORPS OF CADETS  
OF THE  
VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE,  
BLACKSBURG, VA.



Volume XIV

Number 1

To

John Edward Williams, M. A., Ph. D.,

Professor of Mathematics,

a scholar whose ability is unquestioned :

a friend whose advice and aid are the more valued since so freely given :

a leader in college life whose efforts to promote the welfare of

the Institute and its students are as untiring as they

are effective : a man whose modesty cannot

hide his many merits, whose character

'stands four-square to all the

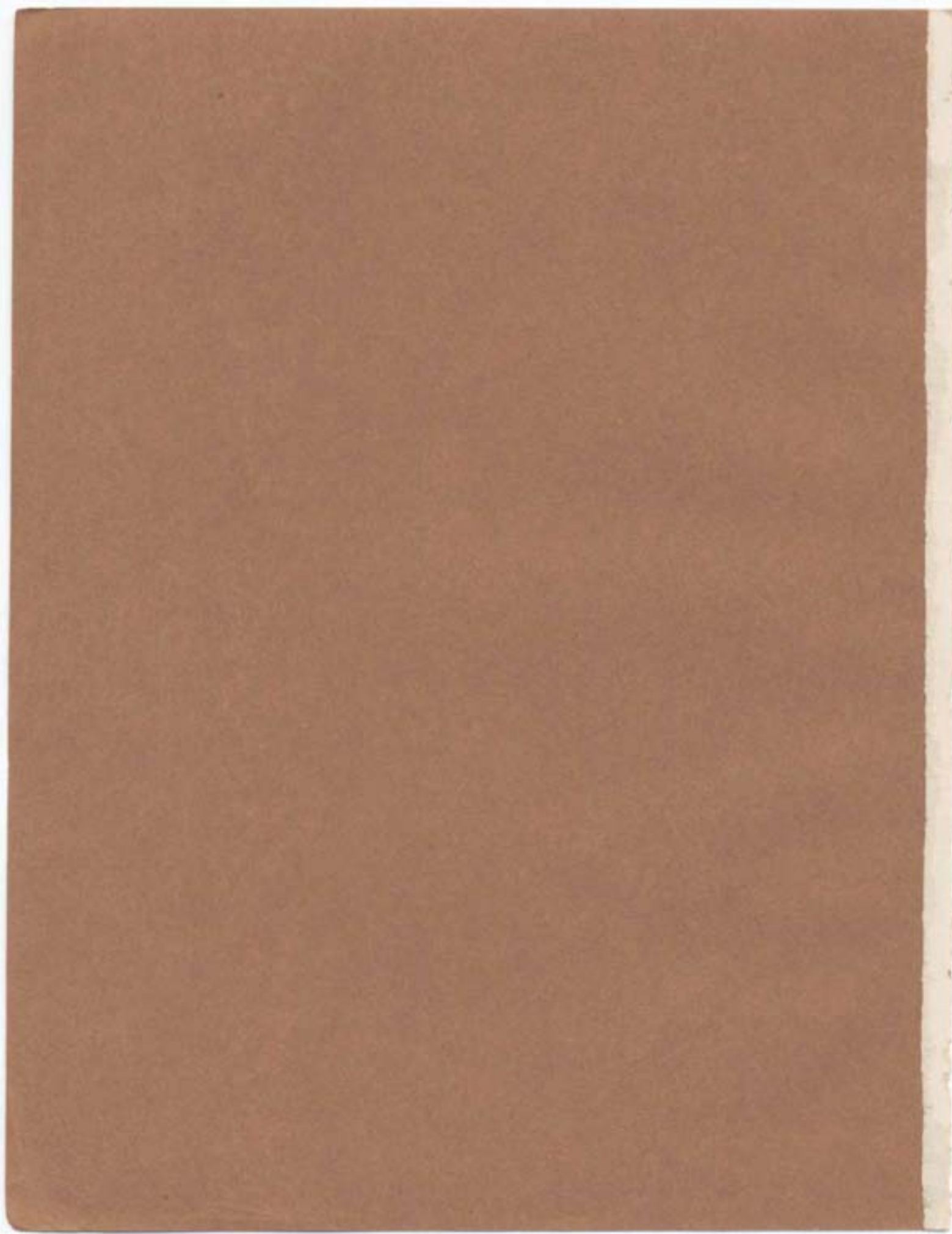
winds that blow.'

this volume is dedicated





Very truly Yours.  
J. E. Williams.





Blacksburg, Va., Feb. 7<sup>th</sup> 1908.

Mr. R. M. Burrey, Editor-in-Chief,  
Boyle Board,  
P. O., Blacksburg, Va.

Dear Mr. Burrey,

I have received your letter of the 5<sup>th</sup>, in which you inform me of the recent decision of the Boyle Board to dedicate the 1908 Boyle to me.

Allow me to thank you for the kind expressions contained in your letter and to express through you to the Board the feeling of gratitude with which I accept the honor that has been conferred upon me.

There is no source of happiness so fruitful for a teacher as the assurance that he enjoys the good will and the respect of those students with whom he has been associated.

Again thanking you and your Board, I am

Most truly yours,

J. E. Killianus.



Bein' as I'se de fust to see yo' when yo' come,  
And as I says Good-bye to every one,  
And since I takes most painful care  
Of all my boys throughout de year,  
It seems to me most sartin sure  
Dat I should be right here befo'  
De folks of all dese friends of mine  
And gib' a greetin' which dey'll find,  
Dat dough dey lib' to be past forty,  
Will make dem tink of "Uncle Sporty."

J. D. P., '08.





## Editorial

---

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this volume to grow until its magnitude reached infinity, yet its broad pages could still contain but part of that which history shall charge itself with making known to all future times. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; therefore, we have striven to make of this, not merely a history, but a work of art as well, which shall appeal to the reader both for what it represents and for what it is.

Our object is, by this *BOGLE*, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our predecessors, to keep alive similar sentiments for the Class of 1908, and to establish a constant memorial of the years we spent at V. P. I. Let it not be supposed that our object is to accentuate class distinction, or even to cherish a mere boasting spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We would that this result of our labors might be to every student a reminder of college life, especially of the joys, pleasures, achievements, and friendships which have been his during the session of 1907-8.

But, O reader, do not expect to find, even in this volume, a masterpiece. We are but mortals and possess, like other men, our failings and weaknesses; so if this book should fall below your high ideal of what a *BOGLE* should be, overlook its little faults, we beg of you, in the kindlier consideration of its many virtues.

To the many friends who have helped to make this *BOGLE* what it is, the Board of Editors returns thanks. To others who so kindly offered their assistance, but whose offers were, for various reasons, not accepted, thanks are due also. The Board is especially grateful to Drs. Hudnall and Newman, and Professor Worthington for their invaluable services; and to Mrs. Shultz, and Misses Hannas and Garrison, who assisted in every way possible. The V. P. I. Orchestra and Mr. W. C. Ellett did much to insure the financial success of *THE BOGLE*. To our friends who contributed drawings and literary articles we are grateful beyond words, for without their assistance our work would have been naught; and we can but regret that it is not in our power to express our appreciation in more tangible form.

We consecrate our *BOGLE* to the upbuilding of college spirit, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever.

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\*Resigned January 12, 1908.









BEFORE



YELLS



Hokie! Hokie! Hokie! Hi!  
Teehs! Teehs! V. P. L!  
Sole-Rah! Sole-Rah!  
Polytechs—Vir-gin-ia! !  
Rae! Hi! V. P. L.

One, two, three, four,  
Two-four, three-four,  
Who's the h—— are we for?  
V. ! P. ! L. !

(TUNE: "Because I'm Married Now")  
Well, your team may be strong,  
But ours is stronger;  
Play with us, and you'll have a team no longer.  
Well, you would if you could, but you can't;  
Why?  
Because it's V. P. L. !

(TUNE: "School Days")  
Hike 'em, Blacksburg,  
Dear old Blacksburg, hike 'em,  
Hooking and pointing 'most all the time,  
We'll carry the pigskin right over their line,  
They cannot play football, we see;  
We'll hand them lessons and twenty-three,  
And they will be sore for evermore,  
From their rub with old V. P. L.

(TUNE: "I was Never Introduced to You")  
We're going to win this game and 'aint no lie,  
'Taint no use for you to moan and sigh;  
Our ends and our backs,  
They'll down you in your tracks,—  
We're going to win this game and 'aint no lie,  
  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rae! Rae! Rae!  
V. P. L! V. P. L! V. P. L!

**EVERYBODY WINS BUT (OPPOSING TEAM)**

(TUNE: "Everybody Works But Father")  
Everybody wins but ——  
They don't win at all,  
Something is the matter,  
They can't play football,  
Yell like h—, good fellows,  
There's going to be some fun,  
To see those jolly "Tech Boys"  
Put —— on the bun.  
  
Genek! Genek! Genek!  
Genek! Genek! Genek! Rah!  
Virginia Polytechnic! Ha!  
(Clap hands once)  
V. P. L! V. P. L!

(TUNE: "Grand Old Flag")  
You're a grand old team, and in football a  
dream,  
You're the best ever pointed a ball,  
Making scores you're great, kicking goals 's your  
fate,  
Winning games to you 's nothing at all,  
You're the best beyond a doubt,  
And for you we'll shout:  
We'll win or I don't know why!  
"Should old acquaintance be forgot,"  
Keep your eyes on old V. P. L.



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\*Resigned in November, 1907.

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REVS. D. J. WOODS, E. B. JACKSON, J. M. KILLAN, W. H. H. JOYCE AND E. B.  
NELSON, CHAPLAINS.



# SENIOR

1908



## SENIORS' FAREWELL

---

To V. P. I. we say good-bye—  
We'll hope to meet again.  
We leave a sigh, for days gone by  
Of sorrow, joy, and pain.

The days we spent, on pleasure bent,  
Shall come among the first;  
Our joys went, when exams sent  
The hours we called the worst.

At time to leave, each one will grieve  
That those old days are o'er,  
Friendship will weave what heart will weave,  
For some will meet no more.

Before we part, down in each heart  
Let each name written be,  
For friendship's dart will always smart,  
For that's fidelity.

To V. P. I. raise to the sky  
Our glasses, do not wait;  
When days go by, for o'er and aye  
We'll drink to you, "08."

L. F. H., '08.

## Class of 1908

---

### COLORS

Old Gold and Black

### OFFICERS

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*"Scub"*

Mechanical Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY D

*"Happy am I; from care I'm free!  
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

President North Carolina Club '05-'06; Class Football Team '06-'07; Sergeant-at-Arms Cosmopolitan Club '06-'07; Treasurer Class '07-'08; Manager Class Football Team '07-'08; Manager Varsity Basketball Team '07-'08; Member Athletic Council '07-'08; President North Carolina Club '07-'08; German Club.

Alexander will be a strong socialist. He will be a leader of men and become powerful in politics, but some of his theories will be anarchistic.







*"Ollie"*

Mechanical Engineering

FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY F

*"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hale."*

Class Football Team '07-'08.

The future promises much for Anderson. Among other things from which he will derive fame, his mathematical abilities will be foremost. The fourth dimension will be to him easy fruit.





"Nip"

Civil Engineering

THIRD LIEUTENANT, COMPANY D

*"Thou seest an undisputed thing in such a  
sublime way."*

Class Football Team '06-'07; Sergeant-at-Arms of Class '07-'08; President Randolph-Macon Club '07-'08.

Armistead is destined to be an engineer of the first class. He will be a Professor in the Department of C. E. of V. P. L., and will be Consulting Engineer for the "Huckleberry" Railroad. His hair will always be golden.





"Bill"

Electrical Engineering

FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY B

*"The price of wisdom is above rubies."*

Class Baseball Team '05-'06, '06-'07; Manager Class Baseball Team '06-'07; Class Football Team '06-'07; Vice-President Class '07-'08; President Engineering Club '07-'08; Glee Club '07-'08; German Club.

Everybody is sure of Beasley's future. From the efficient manner in which he has presided over the Engineering Club, it is evident that he has executive ability. He will become President of some big concern and be very successful in business.



HUGH GOODWIN BONHAM

Chilhowie, Virginia



*"Henry Clay"*

Mechanical Engineering

THIRD LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A

*"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."*

Treasurer Southwest Virginia Club.

Have you ever noticed that the most dignified men make the most easily henpecked husbands? If not, just take a look at Bonham; put two and two together by the use of the slide rule, and use your imagination freely. Why bother the Oracle with such easy subjects?







*"Spinach"*

Mechanical Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY B

*"Your face, my Thome, is as a book, where  
men may read strange matters."*

Class Football Team '07-'08.

Cale, after graduating at V. P. L., will go into business for himself as Contracting Engineer. Among other things, he will contract a strong attachment for some fair one, but no further contract will result.





"Nip"

Civil Engineering

THIRD LIEUTENANT, COMPANY D

*"Thou sayest an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."*

Class Football Team '06-'07; Sergeant-at-Arms of Class '07-'08; President Randolph-Macon Club '07-'08.

Armistead is destined to be an engineer of the first class. He will be a Professor in the Department of C. E. of V. P. L., and will be Consulting Engineer for the "Huckleberry" Railroad. His hair will always be golden.





"Smart"

Electrical Engineering

THIRD LIEUTENANT, COMPANY C

*"Come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In heav'n's select Euphrasyne,  
And by wen, heart-curing wirth."*

Class Football Team '07-'08.

If you will pay a visit to the Patent Office ten years hence, you will be shown some of the many electrical appliances invented by Instructor Crowder of V. P. I. Some of them will be quite ingenious, too, even though they may not be practical.





"Coke"

Agriculture

PRIVATE, COMPANY E

*"Let us make hay while the sun shines."*

Class Football Team '07-'08.

The future is very promising whenever it points to Coker's career. After leaving college he will enter Society. It will be High Society, too, because situated on a Hill. Except for the fact that Blacksburg has charms for him, he might continue thus; but circumstances proving favorable, he will return to Blacksburg and be happy ever afterward.







*"Chef"*

Civil Engineering

THIRD LIEUTENANT, COMPANY E

*"The bright black eye, the melting blue, I  
can not choose between the two."*

Class Football '07-'08; Vice-President Roanoke Club '07-'08.

This man is named Cook. Is he a good engineer? No, nor ever will be. Why is that? A good engineer must have his heart in his work. But Cook has no heart of his own and none of those that he has are suitable for engineering purposes. However, he may make a good husband.





"Wee"

Civil Engineering

SECOND LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A

*"The world is a school, and it will all come  
around right."*

Vice-President York River Club '06-'07;  
Class Baseball Team '06-'07; Class Football  
Team '07-'08; German Club.

Corr will become famous in the course of time. He  
will become City Engineer in one of our Western States  
and have remarkable success in the carrying out of his  
theories on engineering structures. His methods will  
be used at V. P. I.





"Snort"

Electrical Engineering

THIRD LIEUTENANT, COMPANY C

*"Come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In heav'n's celest Euphrate,  
And by us, heart-easing mirth."*

Class Football Team '07-'08.

If you will pay a visit to the Patent Office ten years hence, you will be shown some of the many electrical appliances invented by Instructor Crowder of V. P. I. Some of them will be quite ingenious, too, even though they may not be practical.





*"To-day"*

Mechanical Engineering

FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY E

*"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."*

Secretary of Lee Literary Society '06-'07;  
Chief Marshal of Lee Literary Society Finals  
'07; Local Editor of Gray Jacket '07-'08;  
President of Lee Literary Society '07-'08;  
Corresponding Secretary of Y. M. C. A. '07-  
'08; Vice-President of North Carolina Club '05-  
'06; Class Football Team '07-'08.

Day is a man of versatile powers. He will not follow engineering as a profession, but will rather become attracted by the brilliance of political success and allow himself to be elected to the Legislature.







*"Dillberry"*

Civil Engineering

CAPTAIN QUARTERMASTER

*"Kindness in women, not their beautiful looks, shall win my love."*

Class Track Team '05-'06; Class Football Team '05-'06; Vice-President West Virginia Club '06-'07; President West Virginia Club '07-'08; President Kodak and Camera Club '07-'08; Secretary Class '07-'08; President South-west Virginia Club '07-'08.

After considering the matter carefully, Deaton will find that engineering was not intended for him. In 1938 he will return to his Alma Mater as a representative of the Grabbs-schist and begin diplomatic negotiations with the Volcanic Bomb for the loan of certain fossiliferous phantasies found while digging in the "Patch."





*"Diff"*

Electrical Engineering

PRIVATE, BATTERY

*"We have met the enemy and they are ours."*

President Class '04-'05; Second Varsity Football Team '04-'05; Class Baseball Team '04-'05; Sergeant-at-Arms Pittsylvania Club '04-'05; Varsity Football Team '05-'06; Class Baseball Team '05-'06; Vice-President Pittsylvania Club '05-'06; Varsity Football Team '06-'07; Class Baseball Team '06-'07; President Pittsylvania Club '06-'07; Varsity Track Team '06-'07; Captain Varsity Football Team '07-'08.

Athletics will always appeal strongly to Diffendal. After leaving college he will take a graduate course in football at Yale, where he will distinguish himself exceedingly. Further than this is not clearly revealed.





*"Fish"*

Civil Engineering

CAPTAIN, BATTERY

*"He tastes the joy that springs from labor."*

Vice-President Norfolk Club '06-'07; Class Football Team '06-'07; Treasurer Norfolk Club '07-'08; Athletic Editor Virginia Tech '07-'08; Advertising Editor BUGLE.

Fisher will rival Sherlock Holmes in his skill as a detective. He and Smith will organize a firm for the detection of culprits, which firm will receive the patronage of the V. P. I. Faculty and make a specialty of keeping horses out of barracks.





"Pap"

Chemistry

PRIVATE, COMPANY F

*"But for these vile guns, he would himself  
have been a soldier."*

Glover will pursue several years of graduate study at V. P. I. He will then accept the position of Chief Chemist to the Frith Coal and Land Company with his laboratory at Price's Fork. Having been quite successful, he will retire from active life at the age of sixty, and will give a large endowment to the V. P. I. Library.







*"Runt"*

Civil Engineering

SECOND LIEUTENANT, COMPANY B

*"I would make reason my guide."*

Sergeant-at-Arms Norfolk and Portsmouth Club '04-'05; Class Historian '05-'06-'07; Class Football Team '06-'07; Editor-in-Chief The Virginia Tech '07-'08; Business Manager The Virginia Tech '07-'08; Class Historian '07-'08; President Norfolk Club '07-'08; Tech Representative on Athletic Council '07-'08; Assistant Treasurer Athletic Association '07-'08; BOOKS Historian.

A few years hence will find Harvell editing one of our big daily papers. His influence will be felt throughout the country as a promoter of peaceful prosperity.





*"Hoff"*

Mechanical Engineering

CAPTAIN, COMPANY A

*"Whatever skeptic could inquire for, for every 'why' he had a 'wherefore.'"*

Secretary Alexandria Club '05-'06; Secretary Class '06-'07; Assistant Business Manager BUGLE Board '07-'08; President Senior Class '07-'08.

Hoffman will give up engineering soon after graduating and study law. He will invent a new alphabet, containing no capital "I." To him will fall the honor of representing his district in Congress. He will possess that flow and volume of speech so sought after by public men. He will become famous as a fore-and-after-dinner speaker.





*"Arabella"*

Electrical Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY A

*"Such charms as he possesses can be surpassed by none."*

Class Baseball Team '04-'05; Captain Class Baseball Team '05-'06; Manager Class Football Team '06-'07; Vice-President Class '06-'07; Secretary Truckers' Club '06-'07; President Truckers' Club '07-'08; Class Football Team '07-'08; German Club.

Bill Ives will reap fame and fortune by the discovery of a process for making work easy. However, he will work so hard in trying to get his method patented that he will not long survive to enjoy it.





*"Alphabet"*

Civil Engineering

CAPTAIN, COMPANY E

*"He was appointed Captain notwithstanding his youth."*

Sergeant-at-Arms Maury Literary Society '04-'05; Treasurer Alexandria Club '05-'06; Y. M. C. A. Gray Jacket Editor '05-'06; Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary Society '05-'06; Local Editor Gray Jacket '06-'07; Athletic Editor Gray Jacket '06-'07; Corresponding Secretary Literary Society '06-'07; Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society '06-'07; Treasurer Maury Literary Society '06-'07; Assistant Manager Varsity Football Team '06-'07; Class Football Team '06-'07; Chief Marshal Finals Maury Society '06-'07; Vice-President Maury Literary Society '07-'08; Critic Maury Literary Society '07-'08; President Maury Literary Society '07-'08; Assistant Business Manager Gray Jacket '07-'08; Literary Editor Gray Jacket '07-'08; Advertising Editor 1908 BUCKLE.

Johnson will accept the position of Assistant Marshal at V. P. I. In the course of time he will become Marshal and be made a member of the Faculty on account of the value of his services. Later, he will be elected a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers in recognition of his services to science in the introduction of the Alphabetical System of Cubical Pounds.







*"Fritz"*

Agriculture

PRIVATE, COMPANY E

*"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."*

Class Football Team '05-'06; Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary Society '07-'08; President Maury Literary Society '07-'08; Vice-President Maury Literary Society '07-'08.

F. W. Jones, as a practical farmer and cattle raiser, is going to take time by the forelock and become famous in his line. In case he should fail to seize the forelock, he will probably make the most of existing circumstances and grab a horn.





*"Snowbird"*

Mechanical Engineering

SECOND LIEUTENANT, COMPANY D

*"One fairer than my love? The all-seeing  
sun we've seen her match since first the  
world began."*

Class Baseball '05-'06; Captain Class Base-  
ball Team '06-'07; Treasurer Cosmopolitan  
Club '06-'07; Treasurer Camera Club '06-'07;  
Art Editor BUGLE.

In the future J. H. Jones, we perceive many marks  
of unusual brilliance. His masterpiece will be the per-  
fection of a slide rule which will, under all circum-  
stances, slide.





*"Frank"*

Agriculture

CAPTAIN, COMPANY C

*"Wit will shine through the harsh cadence  
of a rugged line."*

Sergeant-at-Arms Pulaski County Club '04-'05; Sergeant-at-Arms Agricultural Club '05-'06; Secretary Agricultural Club '06-'07; Class Baseball Team '06-'07; Assistant Editor Agricultural Journal '06-'07; Secretary and Treasurer Pulaski County Club '06-'07; President Pulaski County Club '07-'08.

Jordan will never be a successful farmer; because warm weather is essential to agriculture, while Jordan prefers the shade.



ESTEL STEPHEN KEGLEY

Wytheville, Virginia



"Keg"

Agriculture

PRIVATE, COMPANY F

*"Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her  
with the hoe and she laughs with a  
harvest."*

Secretary Wythe County Club '07-'08.

Kegley will pursue graduate work at V. P. I. for a year or two, at the same time acting as Instructor in Geology and Nature Study. Through his efforts, Arbor Day will become a national holiday—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever."







*"Nerey"*

Electrical Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY B

*"A man he was to all the country dear."*

Class Baseball Team '05-'06, '06-'07; Class  
Football Team '07-'08.

Leigh's future has given the oracle a good deal of  
trouble. While he may never do anything that will get  
his name in the papers, still it is quite certain that he  
will attempt to show his nerve in some way. Probably  
he will get married.



WILLIAM STEWART MARTIN

Shenandoah, Virginia



*"Doc"*

Chemistry

SECOND LIEUTENANT, COMPANY F

*"Work makes the man."*

Martin is destined for great things. After graduating, he will be an instructor in Chemistry, and later, a sub-professor. During this time he will do considerable research work, and will make some progress toward the discovery of the Philosopher's Stone; but the progress will be backward.





"Marye"

Civil Engineering

SECOND LIEUTENANT, COMPANY C

*"A face with gladness overspread,  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."*

Local Editor Tech '07-'08; Manager Class  
Baseball Team '07-'08; Manager Class Track  
Team '07-'08.

Marye will accept a position under Johnson and be-  
come his right-hand man. After Johnson has worked  
out the 947 pages of theory on Cubical Pounds, Marye  
will succeed in condensing it to 14 lines, without lessening  
either the sense or the clearness, which achieve-  
ment will go to show what a wonderful head he has.





*"Pete"*

Civil Engineering

FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A

*"A merry heart doeth good like medicine."*

Mouse Football Team '05-'06; Class Baseball Team '05-'06, '06-'07; Secretary Cosmopolitan Club '06-'07; Secretary Engineering Club '07-'08; President Cosmopolitan Club '07-'08; German Club; Art Editor *Boyle*.

Millard will become a Bridge Engineer. He will erect a double-deck, steel, cantilever bridge across the Mississippi River at New Orleans, using a new system of construction devised by himself. In later life he will take up theoretical work and succeed in extracting money out of smoke (theoretically). Cupid will smile upon him.







*"Murphy"*

Mechanical Engineering

SECOND LIEUTENANT, COMPANY E

*"Free men, freely work,  
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease."*

Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary Society '04-'05; Censor Lee Literary Society '05-'06; Secretary Lee Literary Society '05-'06; Censor Lee Literary Society '06-'07; Treasurer Lee Literary Society '06-'07; Vice-President Lee Literary Society '07-'08; Y. M. C. A. Editor of Gray Jacket '07-'08; Junior Arch Fiend Pittsylvania Club '06-'07; Class Football Team '07-'08; Treasurer Y. M. C. A. '07-'08; President Lee Literary Society '07-'08.

Mitchell's success will be assured after he has made his address before the meeting of Southern Manufacturers in 1914. He will be employed as Consulting Engineer by a big contracting concern in Southwest Virginia, and will make for himself quite a reputation by his special adaptability for "standing pat."





"Mac"

Chemistry

CAPTAIN, COMPANY B

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

Class Historian, '04-'05; Manager Class Football Team, '04-'05; Manager Class Baseball Team, '04-'05; Class President, '05-'06; Delegate to Student Volunteer Convention, Nashville, '05-'06; Treasurer Maury Literary Society, '06-'07; Exchange Editor Gray Jacket '06-'07; Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society, '06-'07; Local Editor Gray Jacket, '06-'07; Assistant Manager Varsity Baseball Team, '06-'07; Winner Maury Literary Society Declaimer's Medal Finals, '06-'07; President Maury Literary Society, '07-'08; Local Editor Gray Jacket, '07-'08; Chief Rooter of Corps, '07-'08; Editor-in-Chief 1908 BULL.

McBurney will return to the stage shortly after graduating at V. P. L. He will make quite a bit touring the Middle West; but will be chased out of Kalamazoo for singing, "Gee! But This is a Lonesome Town."





*"Patrick"*

Civil Engineering

SECOND LIEUTENANT, BATTERY

*"I would rather be right than President."*

Class Football Team '05-'06; Sergeant-at-Arms L. F. C. Club '05-'06; Class Track Team '05-'06; Assistant Manager Varsity Track Team '06-'07; Vice-President German Club '06-'07; Assistant Leader German Club '06-'07; Second Varsity Football Team '06-'07; Leader Junior-Senior German '06-'07; Class Track Team '06-'07; President Athletic Association '07-'08; Manager Varsity Football Team '07-'08; Leader German Club '07-'08; President L. F. C. Club '07-'08; Member Athletic Council '07-'08.

Noland will accept the position of Division Engineer with the C. P. & R. R. E. He will be quite successful until his love for horse-flesh overcomes him; then he will trade his job for a high-stepping nag with an abbreviated caudal appendage.





*"Scribe"*

Electrical Engineering

THIRD LIEUTENANT, COMPANY B

*"Twas certain, he could write and cipher too."*

Mouse Football Team '05-'06; Sergeant-at-Arms Maury Literary Society '05-'06; President Hanover Club '06-'07; Class Baseball Team '06-'07; Vice-President Randolph-Macon Club '07-'08; Captain Class Football Team '07-'08.

Paine's ingenuity will vent itself in the contrivance of various and sundry methods for relieving the guileless countryman of his gilded coin by the exhibition and sale of cute little contrivances and electrical toys. Of course, he can not always remain young; yet it is doubtful if he will ever grow older.







*"Perkins"*

Civil Engineering

CAPTAIN-ADJUTANT

*"There is no pleasure like the pain of loving  
and being loved."*

Secretary and Treasurer of Final Ball '07-'08; Treasurer of Engineering Club '07-'08; Track Team '07-'08; Class Football '06-'07; German Club.

Parsons will take two years of post-graduate work in the Military Department of V. P. I., and will then accept a position as Commandant of a small military school in North Carolina. This office he will fill with that ability and dignity so peculiar to himself. Fifty years after graduating, the V. P. I. campus will again be graced by his nice and dainty footsteps.



ANDREW TRUST POEHLMAN

Baltimore, Maryland



*"Pat"*

Electrical Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY A

*"He can put a giraffe round the earth in  
forty minutes."*

Secretary Maryland Club '03-'04; Class Base-  
ball Team '04-'05; Class Baseball Team '06-  
'07; Class Football Team '07-'08; Art Editor  
BUGLE.

Poehlman will go into the lumber business on a large  
scale. He will make a specialty of "Laurel" and other  
valuable timbers.



ROBERT SHEFFY POOLE

Williamson, West Virginia



*"Puddle"*

Chemistry

CAPTAIN, BAND

*"I'll be merry and free,  
I'll be sad for nobody."*

Secretary Wythe County Club '05-'06; President Wythe County Club '06-'07; Vice-President Wythe County Club '06-'07; President Wythe County Club '07-'08.

Poole will devote several years to scientific research in one of our large universities. He will also take classes in the co-educational department, making a specialty of music. His graduation and marriage will be announced about the same time.





*"John D."*

Civil Engineering

SECOND LIEUTENANT, STAFF

*"And still they gazed and still the wonder  
grew,  
That one small head should carry all he  
knew."*

Class Representative on Tech Staff '06-'07;  
Vice-President Truckers' Club '07-'08; Secre-  
tary and Treasurer German Club '07-'08; Liter-  
ary Editor 1908 B.C.G.L.

Powell's future stands out in bold relief. Two years  
after his graduation he will succumb to the wily arts  
of Eros, and become smitten with the charms and graces  
of the fair. This will prove to be a fortunate event for  
him, and both will live happily ever afterwards. His  
fame will be like unto a ring.







*"Feet"*

General Science

THIRD LIEUTENANT, COMPANY F

*"Remote from cities lived a strain,  
Unweaned with all the excess of pain."*

Class Football '07-'08.

After teaching for two years in a country school, Price will be appointed Principal of the Blacksburg Academy, which office he will fill with credit to himself and terror to the pupils. As to whether he will teach them anything or not, the Oracle is strangely reticent.



LOUIS FREDERICK SCHROEDER

Richmond, Virginia



*"Lucy"*

Electrical Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY B

*"He reads much; he is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men."*

Vice-President Class '05-'06; Class Football Team '05-'06; Class Baseball Team '05-'06; President Class '06-'07; Vice-President Athletic Association '06-'07; Member Athletic Council '06-'07; Captain Class Football Team '06-'07; Class Baseball Team '06-'07; Business Manager BUZZ.

Schroeder will not be so successful in engineering as in athletics. Realizing this, he will give up the former profession and become Head Coach at some Western University. His splendid ability as a business man, and his success in managing large enterprises will bring him honor, but not wealth. He is already in love.





*"Swimmy Jill"*

Mechanical Engineering

CAPTAIN, COMPANY D

*"Tis not in mortals to command success,  
 't we'll do more, Sempronius,—we'll de-  
 scend it."*

Treasurer Chesterfield and Dinwiddie Club '04-'05; Secretary Chesterfield and Dinwiddie Club '06-'07; Class Representative Btuiz Board '05-'06 and '06-'07; Literary Editor Gray Jacket '06-'07; Business Manager Gray Jacket '06-'07; Editor-in-Chief Gray Jacket '07-'08; Athletic Editor Gray Jacket '07-'08; Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society '06-'07; Critic Maury Literary Society '07-'08; Vice-President Maury Literary Society '07-'08; Delegate Student Volunteer Movement Convention, Nashville, Tennessee, '05-'06; Treasurer Y. M. C. A. '06-'07; President Y. M. C. A. '07-'08.

Smith will, within a few years, succeed in solving the great problem of how to add one and one and obtain one as the sum. In partnership with Fisher, he will conduct a detective agency with headquarters in Blacksburg.





*"Rocks"*

Civil Engineering

CAPTAIN, COMPANY F

*"An honest man's the subtlest work of God."*

Recording Angel Pittsylvania Club '05-'06;  
Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A. '07-'08;  
Literary Editor BUOLE.

Stone's future suggests a great chorister, leading the largest church choir in New York City. Later he will enter the ministry. Cupid's dart will penetrate this heart of stone.







*"String"*

Civil Engineering

PRIVATE, COMPANY F

*"Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand."*

After graduating, Stringfellow will return to V. P. I. as Assistant Professor of Engineering, Instructor in Mathematics, Chief Auditor of the Grade Book, and Guardian of the Patch. He will advance to other and higher positions in the course of time, but will never be any taller.





*"Lady"*

Civil Engineering

FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY C

*"The village all declared how much he  
loved."*

Vice-President Montgomery Club '06-'07;  
President Montgomery Club '07-'08; German  
Club.

Trolinger will always be a "perfect lady." Even while  
working with an engineering party in the "wild and  
Woolly West," his genteel manner and charming grace  
will show him to be what he is.





"Charlie"

Chemistry

FIRST LIEUTENANT, BATTERY

*"Though pleased to see the dolphins play,  
I mind my compass and my way."*

Judas, Watch-dog of the Treasury Pittsylvania Club '04-'05; Judas, Pittsylvania Club '05-'06; Recording Angel Pittsylvania Club '06-'07; High Arch Fiend Pittsylvania Club '07-'08.

Walker's first position will be that of milk inspector in his native city. Later in life he will become State Chemist, with his laboratory at Richmond. His untiring industry will reap its due reward.





*"Shorty"*

Civil Engineering

FIRST LIEUTENANT, BAND

*"Good ears on a little ear."*

Class Baseball Team '06-'07; BUZZ Board  
Secretary and Stenographer.

Wilbourn will conduct a matrimonial agency and will assist the "little blind imp" in his attacks upon the hearts of the Class of 1908. In accordance with the rulings of Fate, he will fall victim to his own machinations; and since he will spend so much time in assisting others to happiness, it must follow that he will be extremely happy himself.







*"Snake"*

Chemistry

FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY D

*"He can win in a walk."*

Class Treasurer '05-'06; Class Football Team '05-'06; Manager Class Track Team '06-'07; Secretary and Treasurer Tennis Club '06-'07; Vice-President Richmond Club '06-'07; President Junior-Senior German '06-'07; President Richmond Club '07-'08; President McGuire School Club '07-'08; President Tennis Club '07-'08; President German Club '07-'08; Leader Senior Prom. '07-'08; Manager Varsity Track Team '07-'08; Member Athletic Council.

Truly there is quite an encouraging prospect revealed in the future of Yonge. Though he will never be more than a second-rate chemist, if any at all, yet his bewitching smile and serpentine grace will win for him friends, and make his life easy.





COLLEGE SPIRIT



## Senior Class History

### CHAPTER I.

IT was on September 21, 1904, that we first came to V. P. I. We made the trip from Cambria to Blacksburg on the "Huckleberry" Railroad, instead of coming in hacks as all other classes before us had done. The "Huckleberry" was a new railroad, which had been built during the summer; and the train was made up of an engine and two coaches. There were lots of old boys as well as new ones on the "Huckleberry," and they made us feel "mighty" small. When we reached Blacksburg we had quite a long walk up to the college grounds. Like most new boys, we had good opinions of ourselves and of our knowledge, but we were soon given to understand that we did not amount to much or know much either.

We spent the first few days in arranging our rooms and getting used to barracks life. Then we went to the offices to be matriculated and assigned to classes. We hunted up our professors, had our tickets signed, bought our books, and settled down to work. We were taught the mysteries of "squad drill" and then "company drill" and finally came to drilling in the battalion.

With the assistance of Captain Withers we were organized into a class and elected our first officers. C. C. Giddings was elected President; R. P. Eubank, Vice-President; W. M. Murrill, Secretary; C. Walton, Treasurer; C. H. Harrell, Sergeant-at-Arms; and R. McBurney, Historian. Later on in the session, Giddings left college, and C. E. Diffendal was elected President.

When football began our class became interested, and a good many members found places on the Varsity Squad. Our class football team, captained by J. H. Pierce, made a good showing. On November 4, the corps went to Richmond to see the game with the University of Virginia, and everybody thoroughly enjoyed the trip.



After the football season nothing of especial interest happened before Christmas. On the 20th of December we set out for home, with light hearts and high spirits, to spend the holidays.

January 4, 1905, found us back again with Intermediates staring us in the face, so we began at once to "bone" for examinations. When the time came, a good many of us were unlucky and "flunked" outright, but some of us fared better.

On January 30, we fought our great snow battle, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the onlookers, if not by us.

On the night of February 22, we helped to "calithump" Dr. Henderson, who had just been married. That same night the Science Hall was burned to the ground, and we all turned out to help fight the fire. Barracks Number 4 was very close to the Science Hall and was slightly damaged, but Barracks Number 5 had just been completed, and the cadets from Number 4 moved into it.

With the approach of spring we began to drill again, and khaki uniforms were used for the first time. Baseball became popular, and the Varsity Team was very successful. Our own class team won the class championship.

Final examinations came with all their terrors, but we forgot all about them in the joys of Commencement. The four days passed like a dream and we all left for our homes.

## CHAPTER II.

The fall of 1905 found us back at V. P. I., where we greeted many of our classmates and missed many others. A number of "Sophomore Rats" were admitted to our ranks, who later proved to be good men and honors to '08. Those of us who had been lucky enough to get "Corps" had the pleasure of drilling and instructing the new cadets; and, in many instances, this proved to be no easy task. However, the "Rats" needed instruction in other lines and it was not long before we had shown that we knew what it was to be Sophomores.

Football practice began early and it was soon evident that we were going to put out a Varsity Team of which we would be proud. The Championship of the South and the furnishing of several men to the All-Southern Team was the result. This year we played a practice game with West Point, defeating them to the tune of 16 to 6. As soon as news of the victory reached college, every student began gathering material for a bonfire; and joy reigned supreme at V. P. I. that night. But the score which pleased us the most was V. P. I.,



11; U. Va., 0,—“and it happened on Lambeth Field,” and I don't think any of us will ever forget the manner in which the victory was celebrated. In class football we made a good showing and the man who proved his right to wear our numerals did so by hard and earnest work.

Then came Thanksgiving, followed by First Term Examinations with its many III's and IV's on Physics; then Christmas Holidays, which were too soon over for most of us.

After the Holidays, as soon as the weather permitted, interest was aroused in track athletics, and a team was formed and sent to the “Meet” in Richmond.

Almost too soon, it seemed, the Second Term Examinations were upon us and the “boning” began.

Through Dr. Hudnall's efforts, Arbor Day was appropriately celebrated on Easter Monday, April 16, and we planted our tree on the College Campus along with the other classes.

We developed a fairly good Varsity Baseball Team, but luck seemed to be against us, and we did not make a very enviable record. In class baseball the '08 team did good work.

On May 11, Field Day exercises were held for the first time in several years and proved a great success.

About this time the “Rats” became unusually “fresh,” and something had to be done. So one night about twenty Sophomores, armed with scissors and clippers, went through barracks to give the “Rats” a free haircut. However, the Majors were too easily awakened, and, before the haircutting could be completed, they were upon the campus with their searchlights. So there was nothing left for the “barbers” to do but to make for their “hays.” From that time until June, the “Searchlight Brigade” was upon the campus at all hours of the night. On account of this the haircutting was never resumed, much to the regret (?) of the “Rats,” who had escaped the first time.

For a long time the cry of “Come on, June,” had been heard, and now June had come with Final Examinations and Commencement, and thus ended our Sophomore year at V. P. I.

### CHAPTER III.

The Junior year came,—the turning point in a man's college life, if not the turning point of his whole career, the formative year, the year in which he puts away childish things and begins to think and act as a man. The first two years are spent in the study of fundamental principles and the forming of high ideals,—this year in the carrying out of these principles and ideals. I am sure that our class realized this, and it is to be hoped that we did more than realize it.

With this year began a new era in football at V. P. I., as a new constitution for the Athletic Association had been adopted. Many of the skeptics shook their heads and looked wise, but now they can look back at the records. When practice began, although there were many of the old "V. P. I." men missing, there was good material on the squad, and under the able coaching of "Sallie" a Varsity Team was turned out, of which we were justly proud. Out of nine games played, we lost only two, and the season was wound up by defeating North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College; the night of the victory we had a rousing big bonfire to celebrate the close of a very successful season. '08 was well represented on the team by Nutter (Captain) at half-back, and Diffendal at tackle.

Our class football team was one of the strongest that has ever gone on the field, and did not meet with defeat throughout the season. The only thing which the wearers of the '08 have to regret is that they did not have a trial of strength with the wearers of the '07.

As soon as football was over our thoughts turned to Christmas, and it was not long before the First Term Examinations were over and we were off to spend the Holidays.

After the Holidays track work began and at the "Meet" in Richmond the Track Team made some good records. However, our class had things other than athletics to think of, for did we not have Mechanics and "Dutch," and some of us still have them behind us, or, more correctly speaking, ahead of us?

With the opening of spring we all had, as usual, a touch of spring fever, but recovered without very serious results. Then Arbor Day was very appropriately and enjoyably celebrated. A great deal of interest was manifested in Field Day this year and the exercises were very successful indeed.

When it comes to baseball we have the same old tale to tell: on the home grounds we handled everything that came our way, but away from here——. Anyway a little more interest was aroused in this branch of athletics, and it is to be hoped that the day will soon come when baseball will be on a par with football at V. P. I.

Our class baseball team was "right up to the notch" and tied the "Rats" for class championship, but, in the championship game, the "Rats" proved to be too much for us.

Third Term Examinations and Commencement Exercises were held in the latter part of May, so as to allow the Corps the privilege of taking in the Jamestown Exposition. Our visit to the Exposition was enjoyed by all, although the weather was not all that could have been wished for.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Seniors, ready to fight our last battle at old V. P. I., and then to enter the great cold world! Many of us, I suspect, had had varied ideas regarding what it meant to be a Senior, but it was not long before we all realized that it was a very serious thing. This year there was no class to look up to for advice; we were to set the pace, we were the leaders.

The Varsity Football Team, coached by C. R. Williams and captained by C. E. Diffendal, was one of the best ever turned out at V. P. I. This year V. M. I. did a lot of talking about how they were going to defeat us, but those who took the trip to Roanoke will never forget the game nor the score of V. P. I. 22; V. M. I., 0. We were unfortunate in losing to Davidson and the Navy, but everything else went down in defeat before us.

A good deal of our time this year was given up to the study of "Dutch" and "Nature," and after examinations many were heard to say: "That ——— 'Dutch.'"

While Christmas Holidays were, as usual, a most enjoyable period in the year, there was a tinge of sadness about them, since, for a good many of us, they were the last which we would spend at home for a long time.

Under the able coaching of Rev. Mr. Nelson we turned out a very fast Track Team, and in the "Meet" at Richmond we tied with George Washington University for second place. From this "Meet" we learned a good many things, and it is to be hoped that we will profit by them, and in the future turn out a Track Team, surpassed by none.

The Third Term came,—before us the goal loomed up, and, summoning our reserve forces, we made the last spurt, and crossed the line. Finals, well, it is hard to tell of Finals this year, for they were the time of such varied emotions, the time when each had his sweetheart here; and with her, life was a dream; also the time when we had to bid farewell to friends, to some a last farewell. Throughout life we may form friendships, but not the kinds formed in college, for they are the closest and dearest of life. Then came the day, to which we had been looking forward for four years, the day on which we received our Diplomas, sang "Auld Lang Syne," and launched upon the sea of life.

HISTORIAN.







## Last Chapter of the Haircutites

1. And lo, it came to pass that in the thirteenth year of the reign of Prexie the Great, in the land of the Poly Teko, that the Rhats waxed freshasell.

2. Then it was that the mighty ones among the Sophites, who were the descendants of the ancient band of Hairentites, assembled, and in solemn conclave, it was decided that the time was ripe for the Rhats to be shorn of their locks, as had been done in the days of our forefathers.

3. So it came to pass that on the night of the eighteenth day of the fifth month of the year nineteen hundred and six, that the Haircutites did gather together, fully armed with the weapons sacred to the god and goddess, Clippi and Scissors.

4. And all who assembled were arrayed in such raiments as had never been seen before in the land of the Poly Teko.

5. The mighty Chief of the Haircutites did then divide his band into Cutites, Holdites and Watchites.

6. The Cutites were to relieve the Rhats of the mass of filaments which grew upon the uppermost part of their heads. The Holdites were to quiet the Rhats and speak words of wisdom unto them. The Watchites were to be on guard so as to warn the Cutites and Holdites of the approach of the Watchdogs: Mateo, Stephens, Chuckius and Adolphus.

7. Then did the Cutites and Holdites enter into a camp of the Rhats which was nigh unto Acad Emic No. 1, and the Watchites did watch before the tents of Adolphus, Stephens, Chuckius and Mateo.

8. And the Cutites and Holdites did enter into the tent of every Rhat and spake unto them saying: "Keep-darn still or we will knockthehelloutof-you," which is, "Calm thyself."



9. And the Rhats were sore afraid and their bones did tremble, and their hair did rise on end. But the Holdites did seize them and the Cutites did remove the hair from their heads, and they were dumb like unto sheep before the shearer.

10. But when the mighty ones did enter into the camp which was hard by the Scien Cehall, there was a great noise like unto the falling of a great tree.

11. And straightway did appear the Darnbigfour: Adolphus, Stephens, Chuckius and Mateo, with great torches and armed with terrible weapons, known as Strictprobation, Shipment, and Demeritus.

12. So, then did the Haireutites gather in battle array, but the Bigfour dare not approach, for they were sore afraid.

13. Then the Haireutites did hold a council of war, for they were madasell (i. e., vexed) and they did say in loud voices: "Let the Darn-freaks come nigh unto us and we will cut their Darnearsoff and beatthedickens out of them."

14. But they came not unto the Haireutites but entered into the camp of the Oldboys.

15. Then were the Haireutites forced to depart for their tents, and when the Majors and Minors did come into their tents, they were sleeping peacefully, like unto new-born babes.

16. And thus were the Darnrhats made humble before the Oldboys and meek like unto sheep.

17. And the next day was there a great tumult in the land of the Poly Teks, for the Oldboys did praise the Haireutites, but the Fackelty did raisethedevil.

18. For seven days and seven nights did the Bigfour watch the tents of the Oldboys, and hunted around with their searchlites, but not a Cutite, nor Holdite, nor Watchite did they find, for were not the Haireutites sliickasell?

19. But a mighty war called Exam Inashuns was nigh at hand, and the Sophites had to bonelikethemischief, for if they were victorious in this war, they would then be Jounyours and no longer Sophites.

20. From this time until Vake Achion were no more Haireutites seen, and peace reigned in the land of the Poly Teks.



## Farewell, A Last Farewell to 1908

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To-day, and then 'twill all be past—  
Of college days, this day the last;  
For with to-morrow's summer sun  
Our college work will all be done,  
And we'll be far away.

Can this be true? Has four years' time  
Been measured by the flowing sand?  
And glided by so smoothly, yet  
So quickly, that it seems ere met  
It is our time to part?

Four years ago we gathered here,  
Those years have been of toil, of cheer,  
But yet who now would them exchange  
With all their toil, with all their pains,  
For any other time?

We all have tried to do our best;  
May God in love forgive the rest.  
We all, we know, at times did wrong,  
But such is human nature's song,  
Can we be harshly blamed?

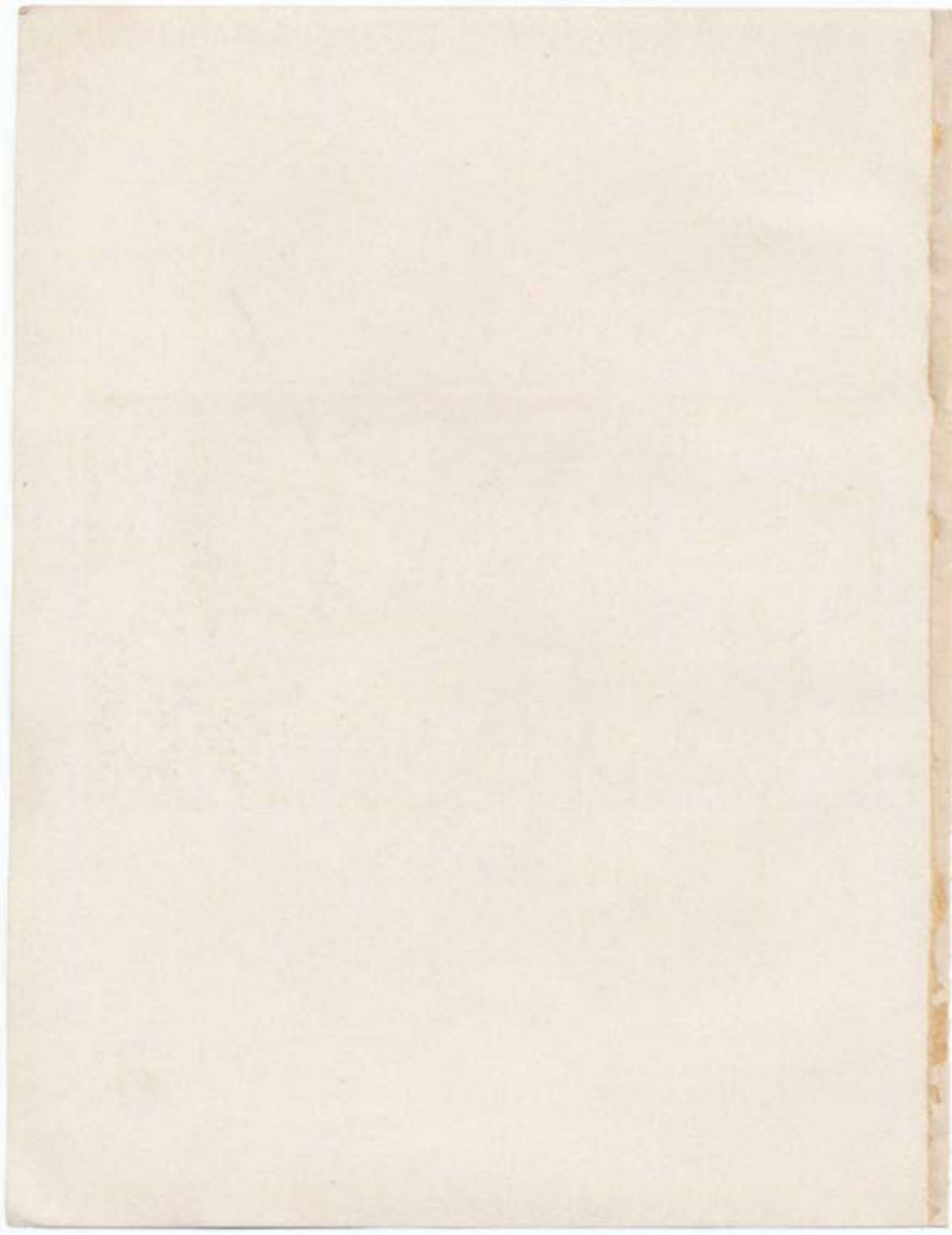
And now that these four years are o'er,  
And we as class will meet no more,  
Let peace, good-will, to each one be  
Our parting gift, from you, from me,  
Let joy be unconfined.

Let each his little troubles hide,  
Let in each heart pure love abide,  
Let thought and act of all be one,  
As it through these four years has done,  
Let no dissent exist.

J. D. P., '08.



JUNIOR - SENIOR









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COCHRAN, JOHN HENRY	Plains	Virginia
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DUVAL, RICHARD ADAMS	Lynchburg	Virginia
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HOWARD, THOMAS CLYDE	Woodlawn	Virginia
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JONES, WESLEY TILLEY	Berkeley Station	Virginia
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KELSEY, VICTOR VIVIES	Blacksburg	Virginia
KENT, RICHARD CRAIG	Wytheville	Virginia



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LUTTRELL, JOSEPH TALMAGE.....	Falls Church.....	Virginia
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MARTIN, WALTER BREMBLETTE.....	Glade Springs.....	Virginia
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WASHER, LOUIS, JR.....	Richmond.....	Virginia
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WESTELAKEN, FRANK PETER VAN DE.....	Alexandria.....	Virginia
WILLIAMS, ELLISON ADGER.....	Charleston.....	South Carolina
WOOD, WILLIAM THOMAS.....	Norfolk.....	Virginia

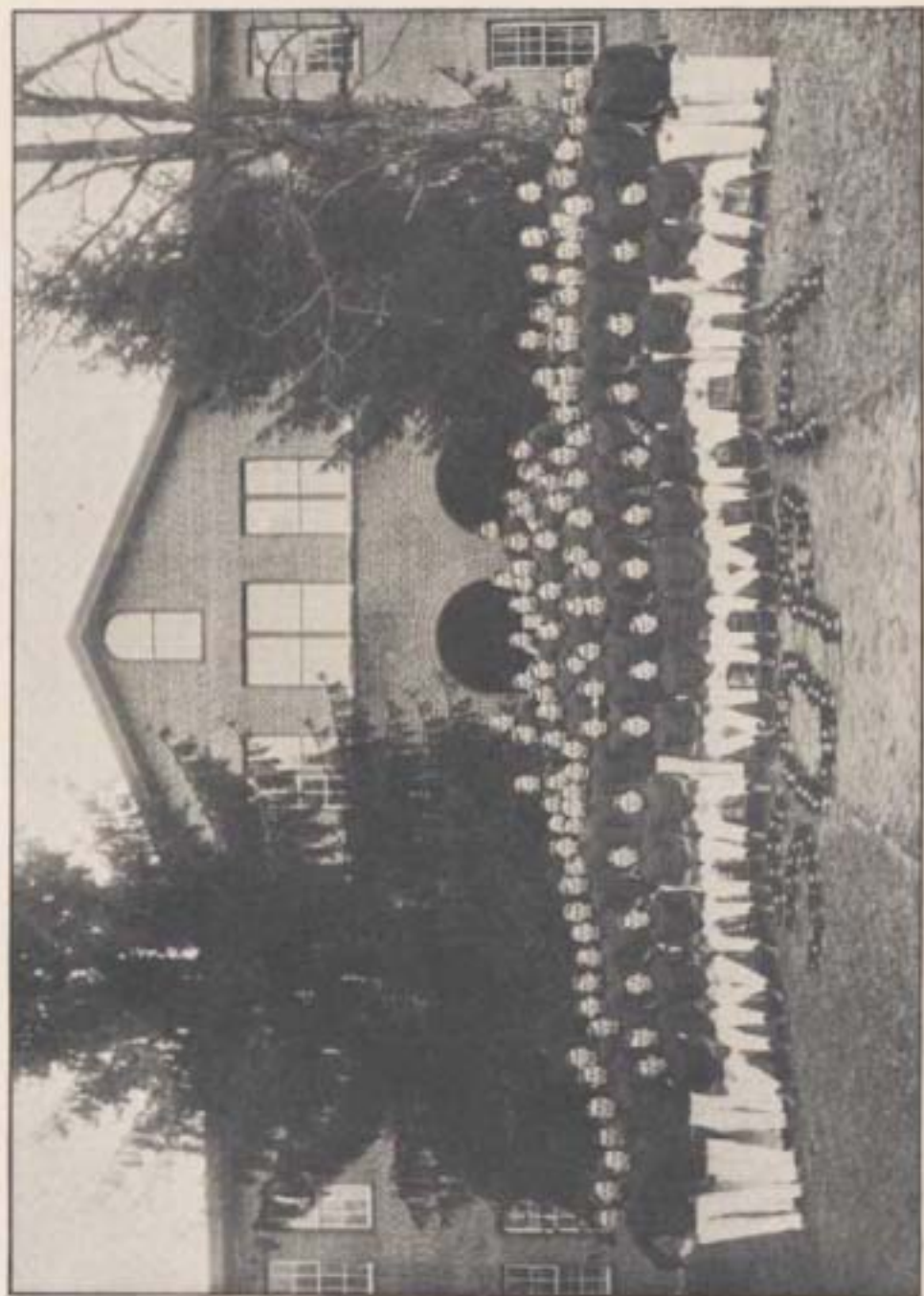




THE EAST WIND

SOPHOMORE CLASS







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BROOKING, GROVER CLEVELAND.....	Orange.....	Virginia
BROWN, SAMUEL CARTER.....	Danville.....	Virginia
BURL, EDWARD TREMONT.....	Danville.....	Virginia
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MACKAN, CHARLES WOOLFOLK	Portsmouth	Virginia
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MANNY, WILBURN JORDAN	Courtland	Virginia
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McCRADY, WILLIAM SHACKLEFORD	Charleston	South Carolina

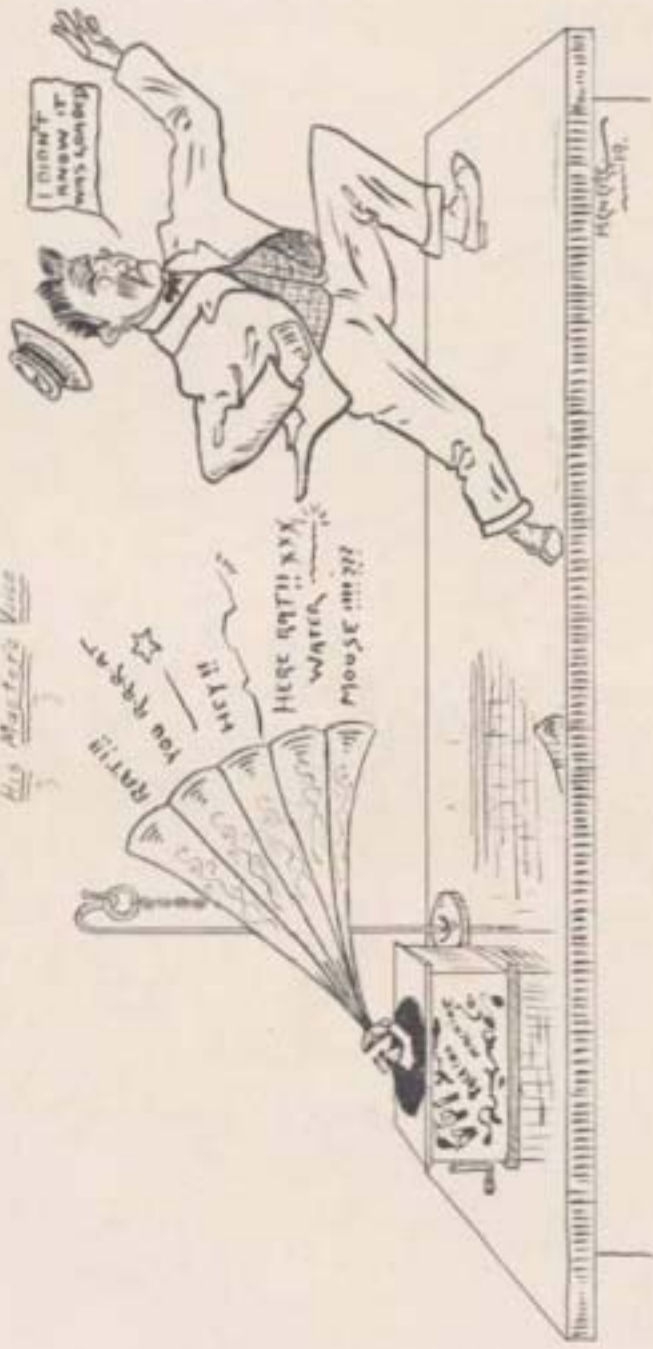
NEBLETT, STERLING RIVES	Ford	Virginia
NOBLE, EDWARD WRIGHT	Richmond	Virginia
OVERMAN, EDWARD JR	Portsmouth	Virginia
PAINTER, HEATH CAMPBELL	Pulaski	Virginia
PATTISON, RAYMOND WATSON	Knoxville	Tennessee
PEASE, MILMAN	Buckingham	Virginia
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PITTS, DAVID MARION	Elk Hill	Virginia
PORTER, LAWRENCE ASHTON	Portsmouth	Virginia
POTTAGE, JOHN	News Ferry	Virginia
RAMEY, FREDERICK	Blacksburg	Virginia
RATHELL, WARREN CARPENTER	Wye Mills	Maryland
REDSHAW, JOSEPH GAUNT, JR	Lynn	Massachusetts
ROBERTSON, GHOLSON GLANGOW	Richmond	Virginia
ROBINSON, HEATH MONTGOMERY	Dublin	Virginia
ROBINSON, RUSSELL MOORE	Bowling Green	Virginia
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SMITH, CHARLES LOWE	Richmond	Virginia
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TIMMONS, ISAAC ROBERTS	Columbia	South Carolina
TRENOR, HENRY MILTON	Newport	Virginia
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VIA, GILBERT GUY	Newport News	Virginia
VIVAS, ELIAS ALBERT	Danville	Virginia
WADE, ROBERT TRIGG MOSBY	Christiansburg	Virginia
WALKER, CHARLES MARTIN	Blacksburg	Virginia
WALKER, LUTHER SOMMERS	Woodstock	Virginia
WARDEN, ARTHUR HILLS	Bristol	Virginia
WEST, JOHN JEFFERSON	Byrdsville	Virginia
WHITE, ELCON ODELL	Hardware	Virginia
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YEATON, HAROLD CLARKE .....	Richmond .....	Virginia



My Master's Voice



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COOPER, SAMUEL MARVIN	Prospect Vale	Virginia
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COVINGTON, JOHN ANDERSON	Danville	Virginia
CRABILL, CHARLES HARVEY	Galax	Virginia
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CRUMP, CHARLES WALLACE	Norfolk	Virginia
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DAVIS, RICHARD	Martinsville	Virginia
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GOULDMAN, HAROLD MOORE	Wilketsons	Virginia
GRAVELEY, WILLIAM SKYMOUR	Roanoke	Virginia
GRAVES, PAGE MCKINNEY	Belmont	Virginia
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HALL, JOHN ROBERT	Pulaski	Virginia
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HARRIS, WILLIAM GIDEON	Alexandria	Virginia
HARRISON, THOMAS RANDOLPH	Talleysville	Virginia
HART JOEL XECIL, JR.	Moherrin	Virginia
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HECKMAN, EDWARD	Roanoke	Virginia
HENLEY, ERL KUNKEL	Norfolk	Virginia
HERRIN, WILLIAM MONROE	Zuni	Virginia

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HOWARD, WARREN WESTON.....	Hampton.....	Virginia
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JAMES, HARRY O'NEILL.....	Norfolk.....	Virginia
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JEFFRIES, McCHESNEY HILL.....	Norfolk.....	Virginia
JONES, THOMAS MERCER.....	Culpeper.....	Virginia
KENNER, ERNEST LENWOOD.....	Front Royal.....	Virginia
KERNS, THEVILLAN AUGUSTUS.....	Sutherland.....	Virginia
KILIAN, LEO JULIUS.....	Newport News.....	Virginia
KIRKBRIDE, PAUL.....	Roanoke.....	Virginia
KIRKWOOD, CHARLES MEBANE.....	Beltspring.....	Virginia
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LAND, GEORGE WILLIAM.....	Norfolk.....	Virginia
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LAREW, JOHN J.....	Staunton.....	Virginia
LAWS, CLYDE ARBINE.....	York.....	Pennsylvania
LEAKE, MINOR BEAVES.....	Ashland.....	Virginia
LEWIS, CHARLES CAMERON.....	Beckley.....	West Virginia
LEWIS, WILLIAM EDWARD.....	Prospect.....	Virginia
LINGEL, RUSSELL BRETZ.....	Pursons.....	West Virginia
LIVESAY, EDWARD ALEXANDER.....	Fishersville.....	Virginia
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MANSON, EDWIN BURRELL.....	Sandlidges.....	Virginia
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PORTER, STEPHEN LAWSON	Cripple Creek	Virginia
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REYNOLDS, WILLIAM ARMSTEAD	Stuart	Virginia
RICHESON, LANCELOT MINOR	Buena Vista	Virginia
RICHTER, JOHN PAUL	Earlhurst	Virginia
RISON, WILLIAM	Chatham	Virginia
RIVES, FRANK HERBERT	Norfolk	Virginia
ROBERTS, WILLIAM SAUNDERS	Rocky Mount	Virginia
ROBINS, BARTLETT TODD	Romes	Virginia
ROBINSON, LEIPER MOORE, JR.	Bowling Green	Virginia
ROGERS, HOLCOMB	Lovingsston	Virginia
SAVAGE, WILLIAM WARREN	Mappsville	Virginia
SHEKHAN, CHARLES RAYMOND	Roanoke	Virginia
SIERRA, RAMON	Guanahacoo	Cuba
SILVESTER, WILLIS WILSON	Norfolk	Virginia
SLAUGHTER, CHARLES HUBBARD	Tye River	Virginia
SMITH, ELWOOD LORENZO	Glen Wilton	Virginia
SMITH, WILLIAM EDWIN	Kimball	West Virginia
SMITH, WILLIAM HENRY, JR.	Charlotte	Virginia
SPANGLER, BYRON DEMENT	Buena Vista	Virginia
SPITLER, BERNARD HALL	Luray	Virginia
STAFFORD, EDWIN EARL	Eggleston	Virginia
ST. CLAIR, LYNCH	Roanoke	Virginia
STOKES, HENRY IRBY	Blackstone	Virginia
STUART, QUIN WORD	Christiansburg	Virginia
SYFAN, ROLLINS CAMPBELL	Richmond	Virginia
TANNER, PAUL ALEXANDER	Gladys	Virginia
TAYLOR, RUPERT GRAY	Stillwater	Minnesota
THOMAS, CHARLES HERBERT	Beek	West Virginia
THOMAS, COSBY	Abingdon	Virginia
THOMPSON, PERCY HUTCHESON	Keysville	Virginia
TOWNSEND, CHARLES EARLE	Norfolk	Virginia
WALDROP, ALEXANDER ALBERT	Clifton Forge	Virginia
WALLACE, WILLIAM NEWELL	Charlotte	North Carolina
WALBROND, RICHARD LABAN	Hollins	Virginia
WATKINS, JOHN BEDFORD	Midlothian	Virginia

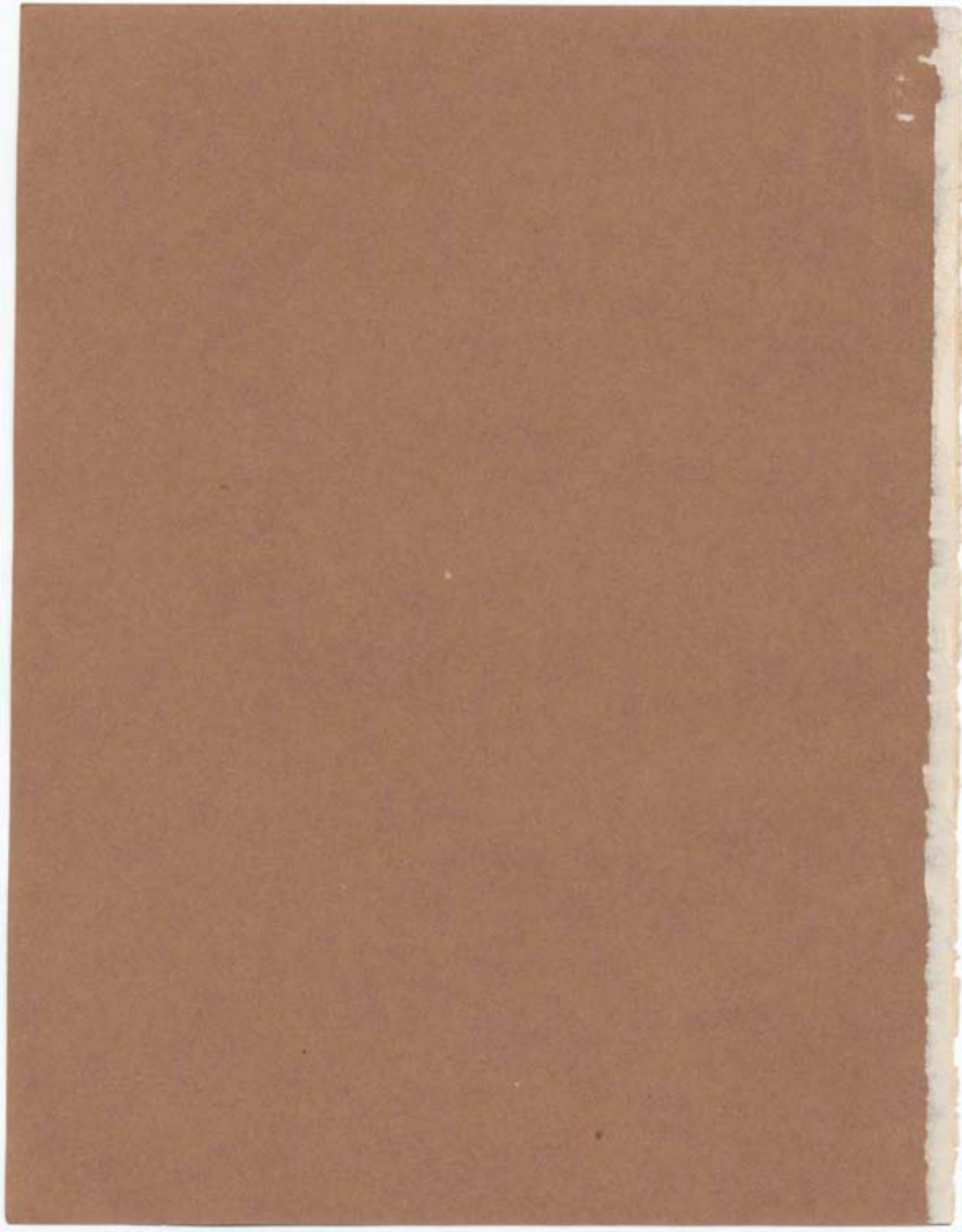
WAUGH, DAN BLAIR.....	Galax .....	Virginia
WAUGH, WILLIAM SWIFT.....	Galax .....	Virginia
WEBB, EDMUND WILSON.....	Boydton .....	Virginia
WEISIGER, CARROLL.....	Ashland .....	Virginia
WILLIAMS, WIRT CARRINGTON.....	Wytheville .....	Virginia
WINFIELD, RICHARD MARSHALL.....	Bronson .....	Virginia
WINSTON, JOHN ROBINSON.....	Hanover .....	Virginia
WRIGHT, WILLIAM LEVIN.....	Kearzletown .....	Virginia
WYATT, FRED TATES.....	Buchanan .....	Virginia





*The N. Y. Studio, N. Y. City*

*P. B. Boninger*





## The New Administration

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THE scholastic year of 1906-1907 closed the administration of Dr. J. M. McBryde—the longest administration in the history of the Institute, covering a period of sixteen years. During these years the Institute had grown and developed wonderfully, both in the scope of the work done and in the number of students. However, due to the rapid growth itself and to the increasing demand for technical and scientific training, much remained to be done to give effectiveness and solidarity to this, probably the State's most important educational asset.

In choosing Dr. McBryde's successor, it was essential that a man should be chosen fully capable of carrying forward the plans already laid and begun, as well as of improving and adding to them. He should be well equipped with a broad educational training, yet in sympathy with practical education. He should be familiar with scientific development and modern business methods; and should possess that degree of firmness and kindness which would enable him to win and hold the respect and sympathy of both Faculty and student-body.

Believing they had found such a man, the Board of Visitors, in June, 1907, unanimously elected Dr. Paul B. Barringer, of the Medical Faculty of the University of Virginia, to the position. And it may be said here that during his occupancy of the President's Chair, covering, at this writing, a period of nine months, Dr. Barringer has in no way disappointed the high opinion of the Board. He needed no introduction to the Virginia public, since his work at the University and previously in North Carolina was already well known; and it can not be doubted that this was a distinct advantage, both to him and to the Institute. The task which Dr. Barringer assumed is by no means a light one—far from it. It demands capacity for hard and unremitting labor, devotion to the work, a lively interest in technical and scientific training, willingness to serve, familiarity with questions of finance, and ability to guide and control men and boys, and to meet and impress educators and statesmen. The new President has given himself heart and soul to the work, and the verdict of all those in contact with him is, that he is square and honest, open and above-board; that he always meets an issue fairly; and that there are no windings in and out, either in policy or in his treatment of men.

Two facts were evident early in his conduct of affairs. One was his

deep interest in the Agricultural Department of the Institute, and his determination to develop this to the fullest possible extent; and to this end he has bent every energy and will continue to do so. The other was his purpose to rid the college of worthless students—to fell the dead timber, so to speak, not only because it is useless, but also because it is noxious to the sound growth. In the carrying out of his first determination, he was aided by circumstances. The resignation, before he assumed the Presidency, of Professors Soule and Fain and Instructor Vanatter gave him the opportunity to bring into the Agricultural Department and Experiment Station men of his own selection. Therefore, Dr. Quick, Dean of the Agricultural Department; Dr. Fletcher, Director of the Station; Professor Carrier, of the Chair of Agronomy; Mr. A. P. Spenger, Associate in Animal Husbandry; and Mr. Peyton, Farm Superintendent, all came with his approval.

A School for Apprentices is to be established, ready to begin work with the opening of the session 1908-1909. The purpose of this school is three-fold: to arouse interest in scientific agriculture over the State, to strengthen the Agricultural Department at the Institute, and to give a thorough preparation for entrance into the College. The course will consist of English, Mathematics, and History, together with various subjects allied to Agriculture. Professor George W. Walker, at present Professor of Latin in the Institute, will be Head-master of the School. His recognized ability and long experience as a teacher give an assured guarantee of success in his new work.

Many important changes have been made in the present curriculum of the Institute, to go into effect next September. The entrance requirements for English and Mathematics have been raised. Spanish has been placed in the curriculum and made of co-ordinate value with French or German in the Bachelor of Science courses. Latin has been dropped entirely. In the Department of Modern Languages, a three years' course in one language will be given instead of one language for two years and one for one and two-third years, by which arrangement much more satisfactory work can be done than before. A course in Mining Engineering has been established; and the courses in Civil, Mechanical, and Electrical Engineering have been broadened and strengthened.

By the new schedule, to be in operation next session, there will be four recitation periods and one period for military exercises in the forenoon, while three hours in the afternoon will be devoted exclusively to practical work. In the engineering courses under the new schedule, the work of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes will be identical. In the Junior year, differentiation

by courses will begin; and in the Senior, selection according to needs and aptitudes. In the agricultural courses, this differentiation will begin in the Sophomore year. As yet no statement can be made as to the policy to be pursued in the Industrial Departments of the Institute. These are all important departments, but very difficult in their management and operation; in fact, one of the most difficult questions with which the Executive has to deal.

It would hardly be expected that all the changes mentioned above, and many more that have not been noted, could take place without arousing opposition; nor has the unexpected happened here. Dr. Barringer expected criticism, and he has received it; but, so far as the knowledge of the writer goes, the criticism has been made in no hostile spirit. On the contrary, it has been merely an honest difference of opinion between honest men, injuring no one.

It is a pleasure to be able to say to the friends and well-wishers of the Institute that the outlook for the future is bright. The debt of thirty-odd thousand dollars inherited by Dr. Barringer has been wisely and generously paid by the Legislature. Thus he is enabled to begin the next fiscal year with a clean sheet, and the prediction is that it will be kept clean. Under his guidance, the work of the Institute and Station should grow in thoroughness and efficiency year by year, and we believe it will. Dr. Barringer has undertaken an inspiring work of devoted service, and the manner in which he has begun it has filled his associates with new hope and with redoubled zeal for the work that is before them.

AN INTERESTED OBSERVER.



### Our Summer Girl

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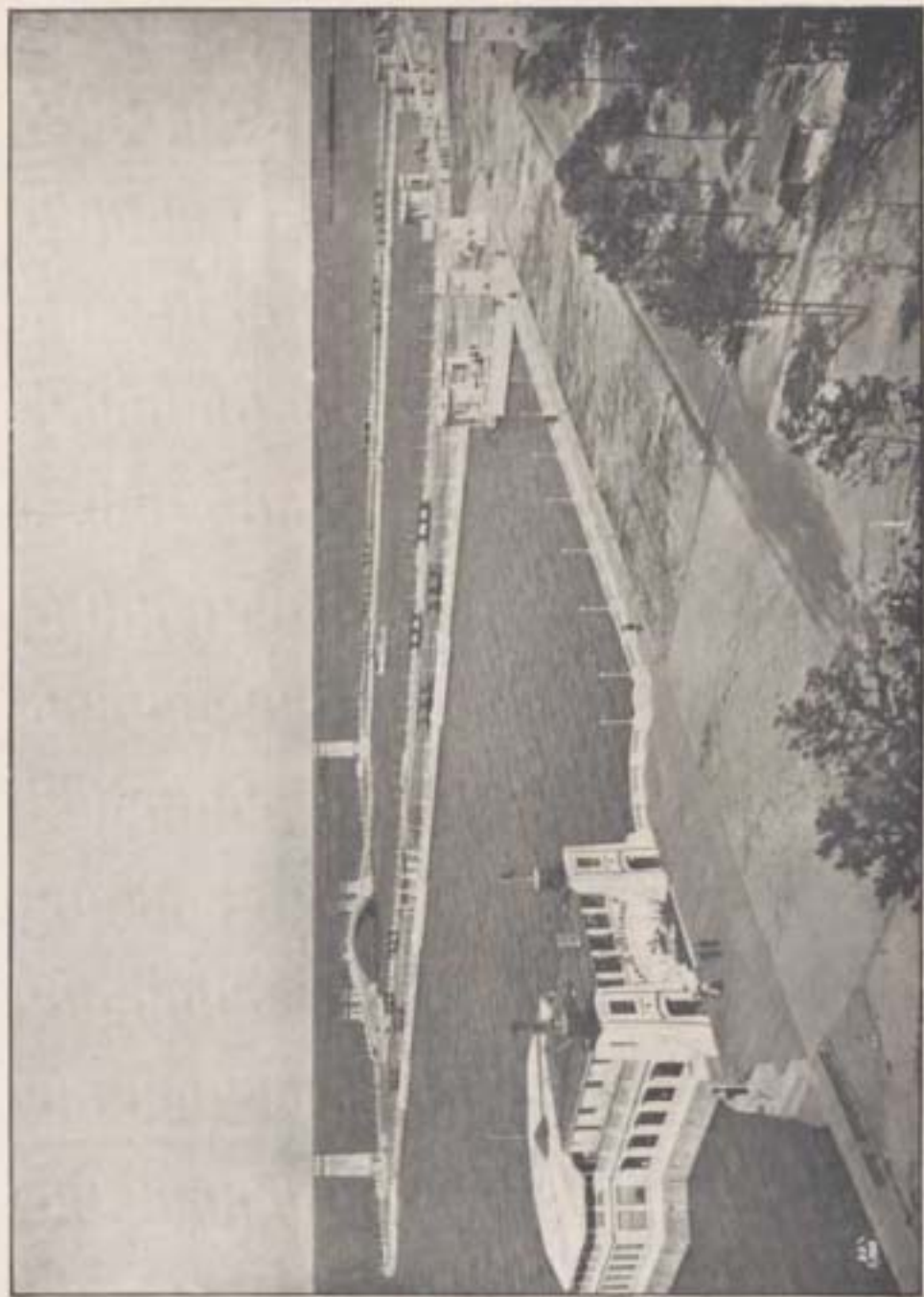
To thee, most beauteous maiden fair,  
With bright, blue eyes and golden hair,  
Who greets us at the ocean's shore  
Or in the vales of Shenandoah;  
Whose every thought is full of mirth  
And every look a silent flirt,  
To thee we give this page.

What would the sailing party be,  
Or ball room, if 'twere not for thee?  
In summer when could we find bliss  
Were we not cheered up by thy kiss?  
What pleasures in the shady nook,  
Where no one sees, and we can look  
But in each other's eyes!

J. D. P., '08.







COURTESY, JACOBSON'S OFF. PHOTO CO.

THE GOVERNMENT PIER

## Our Jamestown Trip

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At last that great and long-expected day, June the third, arrived. Nor is it one in our memories which will be soon forgot. Far greater than any New Year's Day, it was ushered in by great noise and acclamation. Five hundred rifles belching forth their fire and smoke from every barracks window, great bonfires blazing upon the campus, the fierce yells that rang in our ears continually for two solid hours, placed before us a scene that could not soon be forgot. Nor can we say that we would like to forget it. It was not military we admit, but still finals were over, examinations were passed, five hundred cadets were going to Jamestown and

our spirits were light and free. No harm was meant and none was done save to the window-lights, and possibly a very slight one to our contingent fees.

But at 2.30 A. M. this noise was checked, for to our ears came the sounds of Reveille. Roll call, and then to our rooms for a few minutes for final preparation. Breakfast was served in the Dining Hall at 3.30 A. M., and at 4.00 the battalion was formed and marched to the "Huckleberry," where a special train was awaiting us.

Two cars of hand-baggage had been carried to the station the day before, and it was not long after boarding before we pulled out. At Christiansburg a slight change in the arrangement of the companies was made, and then we started towards the East.

Imagine our pleasures, our joys, our feelings, as we moved along. Our hearts were free, as all students' are when examinations are over. We were going to the great Exposition of which we had heard so much; we were going to see the great fleets of the nations assembled in Hampton Roads; and for those whose feelings these thoughts did not fully allay, we would soon be on our several ways homeward.

At this moment how far did not our imaginations carry us; what did we not see? There were represented the different cities of the Orient; the great pomp and riches of France; the life and the customs of the Germans; there was



THE AUDITORIUM, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

AUDITORIUM



the great War Path furnishing every sort of amusement; there were the exhibits of all parts of our own country, as well as of many foreign lands. With such wild ideas in our heads, can one blame our little indiscretion of the night before?

Our train was fast for the Norfolk & Western. We made a few short stops at the larger places only, but the pretty girls and the restaurant men felt our presence when we did stop. Orders were soon issued, however, that no one should leave the train. You see, then, the restaurant man was the loser, but the pretty girls—well, we raised the windows.

A light lunch was served on the train by our steward, and on this we managed to subsist until we reached Jamestown at 4.30 P. M. The battalion left the train and was marched through the main entrance and thence to our camping ground. We were assigned to quarters in the Semi-Military Encamp-



ment, and these, much to our pleasure, were quite comfortable. Our tents had plank floors and were supplied with cots, springs, mattresses, wash-bowls, and basins.

In an hour we had eaten supper, and then dispersed over the grounds at will. In no place were we so far in the minority as to be afraid; in many places we were so much in the majority as to have the other fellow scared, especially the show-man.

Our presence was always felt on the War Path, where we attended every show; we saw the battles of Gettysburg, Manassas, and the Merrimac and Monitor; we rode on the Scenic Railway; we witnessed the Fall of San Francisco; and visited Colonial Virginia.



COUS AT JARDONVILLE

The Congress of Nations with those charming damsels, the Streets of Cairo with its fantastic dancers, the Spanish Beauties with their lovely figures, Pharaoh's Daughters, and other such simple, harmless amusements attracted our attentions until worn and tired, when frequently we would retire to the Swiss Alps Village to see and hear those sweet Tyrolean Warblers. These, later, when we changed from the Military Catering Company to the Swiss Village for meals, furnished many leisure moments with pleasant pastime.



At the time of our visit, the Exposition, unfortunately, had not been completed. A few of the buildings were not finished and many exhibits had not been installed. However, we cannot say that our stay was not instructive as well as enjoyable. Usually at a large exposition of this sort, with everything in full sway, there is so much to attract, so much to dazzle, that we really see nothing well and carry no definite picture away with us, only a dazed idea of magnificence and grandeur. Such was not the case with Jamestown. There was enough there to engage our fullest attention for ten times the time that we had to devote to it. There was a soothing feeling to be able to look at one exhibit without feeling that a grander burst of genius and beauty awaited us at the next booth. A careful inspection disclosed wonders—there were technical exhibits for all the engineering students. There were modern locomotives and beautiful trains, electrical apparatus in all its latest patents; there were extensive exhibits of the Army, of the Navy, of the Fishery Commission, and of the Geodetic and Geological Surveys; then down on the waterfront were the State Buildings, great palaces of history, and out in the Roads the warships, great monsters of war and destruction. Indeed, there was no end of interesting things; at every turn on every day we met with something new.

Saturday afternoon, June eighth, the Corps was the guest of Dr. McBryde, our retiring President, in a delightful boat party. We boarded the steamer at Deep Water Pier, and spent a most delightful evening, steaming to Norfolk,

Portsmouth, then back by Hampton, Newport News, and through the fleet to the Exposition. The trip was enjoyed and appreciated by all.

Besides this, we were honored by several invitations to dances and concerts, which were given either for our pleasure alone or to a number of military organizations together. All of these we enjoyed thoroughly, and we might perhaps also mention the V. P. I. German, given by the Corps in the Virginia Building on the night of June twelfth, the very night before Virginia Day. The whole first floor was thrown open into one large hall and the beautiful decorations, blending with the old Colonial Building and trimmings, and set off by the dancing couples in full dress, presented a picture which will not



soon fade from our minds. The success of the function we may, to a large measure, attribute to the hostess of the Virginia Building, Mrs. Beal, who acted as chaperon for the night.

The next day was the one which was going to represent the Old Dominion at the Exposition. We had prolonged our stay by special request in order to take part in the grand review which Governor Swanson was to make of all the troops in camp. Truly, this was an important occasion. Two days before we had formed a part of the parade on Georgia Day. Then President Roosevelt had stood on the reviewing stand; and as we marched down Lee's Parade, frequent was the applause that greeted us. But this was Virginia Day, our own State's day, and we were to be looked upon by Virginians; our own Governor was to review us. Truly each man felt that something depended on him.

The parade was formed at 11 A. M., but, owing to delays of many kinds, was not finally put in motion till 2.00 P. M. The wait was tiring and exhaustive, but no one felt tired when the command "March" was given. We





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moved down Pocahontas Avenue and entered Lee's Parade on the right. As we marched off at the full step, the band struck up "Dixie," and with flying colors, with perfect formation, we marched by. Frequently along the line could be heard the dear old "Hokie," which denoted not only friends, for the cheers and applause denoted that, but bespoke fellow-students, those who had gone before us.

At the end of the parade ground, we left the line of march and proceeded to our quarters, so that we might disband in time to leave for our homes on the night trains.

We had thoroughly enjoyed ourselves; we had seen everything. Although the Jamestown Exposition was not the largest exposition that the world has ever known, yet it was one of the prettiest and most instructive. Situated on the historic waters of Hampton Roads, so close to so many memorable spots and depicting by its architecture, spirit, and purpose, the life in the Colonies, it is one that will throughout the ages be recorded in history, and in future years, when thoughts of it are revived, we will be truly proud to know we attended it as cadets of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

J. D. P., '08.





**Come  
See  
The  
Senior  
Freaks**



**And  
Their  
Favor-  
ite  
Pas-  
times**



GOING TO REVELLE



TAKING SUNDAY WALKS



SOLICITING ADVERTISEMENTS



GIVING COMMANDS



ORIGINATING BUGLE IDEAS (???)



IMPERSONATING MITCHELL



STUDYING (1)



FALLING IN LINE



SPORTING



TAKING TRIPS



SMASHING HEARTS



STUDYING NATURE





GETTING OFF "STRICT PRO."



KNOCKING MILITARY



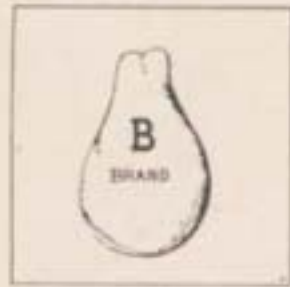
PLAYING WITH RATS



STUDYING TACTICS



GOING TO "PAY'S" CLASSES



TALKING POLITICS



DOGGING LADIES



WEARING CITIZEN'S CLOTHES



EXPLAINING HOW IT WAS DONE



CUTTING FORMATIONS



LAUGHING AT HIS OWN JOKES



PUNCHING THE PIANO



EARLY RISING



HURRYING (7)



GOING DOWN TOWN



TRYING TO GET A JOB



GETTING HIS FACE MENDED



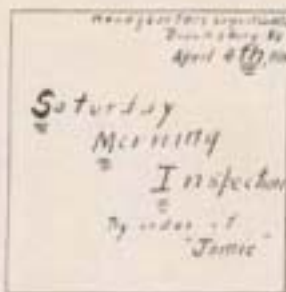
STRAIGHTENING OUT HIS AFFAIRS



TORTURING A MANDOLIN



TAKING MUSIC LESSONS



STOPPING PYROTECHNICS



BUYING LEATHER



WAVING HIS HAIR USING SLANG



BRAYING INSTEAD OF LAUGHING



PHILOSOPHIZING



TAKING LIFE EASY



CORRECTING MANUSCRIPTS



SINGING ON "F" PLAY



PRADING OCEAN VIEW SPOT



EXCHANGING SUIT-CASES



ADMIRING HIMSELF



WRITING LETTERS



GOING ON "O, D."

## The Last Day

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How glad is the heart of the *Freshman* to-day;  
His brightest of all days is come,  
No more will he run when the *Sophomores* call,  
Or do foolish stunts with a broom,  
He thinks of the time when vacation is o'er,  
Of back to college returning,  
All swelling with pride as a full *Sophomore*,—  
To himself a wonder of learning.

Full lightly it rests on the *Sophomore's* brow  
That two years at college are past,  
His every thought is on some pleasure bent;  
Summer and vacation at last!  
He thinks of the trip to the mountains he'll take,  
At the beach a house-party, too;  
A summer of bliss he will spend, with the girl  
Of whom he has dreamed the term through.

The soul of the *Junior* is filled with such joy,  
His dream has at last come true;  
And proudly he accepts the glorious fact  
That underclassman days are thro'.  
His thoughts are through all of the long summer days  
Of his privileges next year;  
He pictures himself in his dignity grand,  
And the *Senior* cap he will wear.

How sad is the heart of the *Senior* to-day,—  
The time for last parting draws near;  
No more will he tread those old, oft-trodden walks,  
Or look on the scenes he holds dear;  
The last Bugle-note brings him memories sweet,  
Tomorrow, he must say good-bye  
To his class-mates dear, and to his friends so true;  
But the saddest, to V. P. I.

H. A. W., '10.



## Love in a Storm

---

CROWDS were pushing, shouting, and struggling on the docks. Freight was being rapidly run on board. Carriages and drays were seemingly in inextricable confusion. As Mrs. Brown and Edith boarded the waiting steamer, the young girl beheld this confusion with a preoccupied mind. Her eagerness to reach Paris was somewhat subdued by the grief with which her friends bade her fare well. She was leaving her loved home for two years, and not until now had she felt that they would be two long ones. She meditated upon her surroundings at home. She thought of the attachment of Louise Hindley and Marie Covington; of the respect, and, she might have added, the ardent admiration, of her gentlemen friends; and of the grief of the cook, Aunt Nancy, as she waved her tear-stained handkerchief to her "Dear Miss Edie," as she was wont to call her young mistress. And, as these things wandered through her mind, she wondered if she were worthy of so much love.

However, sad as her young heart may have been at this retrospection, she soon became much interested in her present surroundings. The hissing of the steam, the puffing of the engines, and the splash of the water as the steamer plodded its way over the Atlantic, all came to her as a refuge from her melancholy thoughts. But before the end of the first day, Edith began to feel a queer dizziness and begged her mother to go with her on deck, trying in that way to escape her inevitable fate,—sea-sickness.

As they came outside, a young man who had been leaning against the rail, guessing the cause of Edith's paleness and perceiving Mrs. Brown's agitation, stepped up to the latter and kindly asked if he might render her any assistance. The offer was accepted with gratitude, and he was sent for some water. While the mother was administering it, he had an opportunity to observe the young girl's face. She was apparently about nineteen years of age, five years his junior. The inclined attitude of her head gave rather the impression of shyness than sickness. Her hair was loosely arranged in a coil on her neck, and several golden ringlets were allowed to fall over her fair cheeks and about the large, brown eyes. The style of her dress brought out to advantage the charming proportions of her figure; and her feet, encased in dainty satin slippers, seemed to Maurice Helley, hardly large enough to support one of even her small frame. So much engrossed was he with this vision that Mrs. Brown's voice came upon him as an awakening from a dream:

"Will you kindly take my daughter's arm and assist me in getting her back to our apartments? Excuse me for calling so freely upon a stranger, but you look as if you would not mind. Edith felt only a slight dizziness when she came out, and now she finds she is growing worse."

"No trouble at all, ma'am. Call on me again should occasion require it," said Maurice, as he left them at Edith's door, at the same time taking a hasty glance at the girl of careless grace, whom he had helped to conduct to her room. In the inner recesses of his heart he felt that he would give worlds for the privilege of conducting her through life.

The next morning Mrs. Brown came on deck alone. It was not long ere Maurice perceived her, for he had been constantly on the watch for an hour. She did not wait for him to address her, but, as soon as she observed his presence, she went to him and thanked him for his kind attention on the previous day.

"And now," she said, "there's something in your face that makes me wish to become better acquainted. May I ask your name?"

"Maurice Helley, ma'am."

"Helley is a familiar name to me. Ernest Helley was my husband's best friend in college; and, before my husband died, six years ago, he frequently expressed a desire to renew the old acquaintance, but could never find a clew to his friend's whereabouts."

Helley could hear her no further.

"Can it be," he cried, "that this is the Mrs. Brown of whose husband I have heard my father speak time and again, and to whom he has so frequently written, but in vain?"

Surprise was now to be seen in Mrs. Brown's face.

"I am she; but how surprising that we should meet in this manner! Do tell me all about your father."

Just as he was beginning his story, Edith, who had sufficiently recovered to be out again, rejoined her mother. Mrs. Brown immediately introduced the stranger to her daughter, whose eyes for a moment met his; but his piercing gaze seemed to embarrass her and she quickly lowered her head. Maurice proceeded with his story and tried to make it as interesting as possible, especially to his new hearer. Mrs. Brown still cherished the memory of her husband, and this story pertained so closely to him that she was quite overcome with emotion and begged to be excused for a few moments. So Maurice and Edith were left

to talk at leisure and, as both of the young people were of gay dispositions, they were soon engaged in a lively conversation, which was broken at every little interval by ripples of laughter.

Naturally, the thoughts of both wandered toward their destinations; and, when these thoughts were expressed in words, Maurice was indeed delighted,—for Paris was to be their mutual resort. As for Edith,—well, Edith did not express herself, but a close observer could scarcely have mistaken the sudden sparkle of her eyes and the blush on her cheek.

Maurice and Edith enjoyed a great many talks after this time. They discussed science, botany, and history; they talked of the beauty of the water over which they were sailing; and sometimes they criticised their neighbors on board. But Maurice feared to broach the subject nearest his heart. He thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night—and yet, why was it so hard to bring himself to tell her of his very great love, a love growing deeper each day?

While he was plunged in one of his daydreams, this vision of loveliness again crossed his sight.

“Ye gods! was there ever another so beautiful, so gentle, so all-entrancing?”

Such was the train of Maurice's thoughts. Indeed, her complexion was that of a delicate rose; and her neck and hands were of dazzling whiteness. In her eyes he fancied he beheld an angelic purity, and her expression steeped the whole in heavenliest sweetness.

Maurice led her to a spot where they would be least observed. The day was calm and the atmosphere delightful. To Maurice, who loved the sea instinctively, the beauty and grandeur of it meant a great deal more than magnificent land scenes. The ship was his delight. But now he felt in love with the whole world, and Edith thought she had never seen him so ready with words.

He perceived her violin by her side and begged her to play for him. She played several of his favorites and laid the violin aside, at the same time making a movement as if to leave.

“Oh, please do not go,” cried Maurice.

“And why not?” she asked innocently.

“Because—because I want you to play for me once more. When I sit here, looking upon the ocean billows, and listening to those sweet strains of music, I almost fancy I am in heaven, and being serenaded by the angels.”

“Oh, well, if you are having such supernatural dreams, I would not by



any means disturb them," and with this she took her violin again and played soft strains from Beethoven which thrilled Maurice's heart. He could no longer control his feelings. He grasped her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Edith," he whispered, "speak to me, as your violin has done in tones of sweetest refrain. Tell me that you love me—that you'll be forever mine."

Her eyes were downcast. She spoke not a word. Maurice fancied that his love was not reciprocated, and that she remained silent rather than give him words of pain. In his agony he burst forth as if unconscious of her presence:

"Why could I not have kept silent? The love of one so noble could not be bestowed on so unworthy an object as myself. No, 'twere not reason. God, in His wisdom, has not ordained it to be so."

Poor Edith's heart leaped wildly, and yet her tongue refused to move. Like a madman, Maurice thrust himself from her. In the bitterness of his spirit he brought to mind the young man of stately appearance whom he had seen bid Edith a farewell of unmistakable tenderness at the wharf. A bitter pang of jealousy shook his figure, as has been the case with many a better man under similar circumstances. He rushed away to hide his anguish and spent several hours pacing back and forth in his narrow stateroom.

Scarcely had Maurice recovered his usual equilibrium, when the cry of "A storm! a storm!" rang through the cabin. It had come upon them with the suddenness of a whirlwind. Everybody was in the utmost excitement. With white faces, the women were running together, wringing their hands and praying to God for mercy. For, when the King of the Winds gave his signal blast and the great battle began, it sounded as if all the artillery in the world had opened together.

The angry waters tore at the vessel and it looked as if she would be forced under, at any moment. Soon there was nothing left of the sails but rags. The storm raged all that day and night; and, on the next day, while the vessel was dashing along like a wild beast, she suddenly stopped and shivered. There was a grinding and crashing of timbers, and the vessel began to settle as the water poured in below.

It was at this moment that Edith caught sight of Maurice. She attracted his attention and he ran toward her. Her face was of ghastly whiteness and she trembled from head to foot.

"O Maurice," she cried, "save us! save us!"



It was the first time she had ever called him "Maurice," and, even in that desperate hour, he felt his heart thrill within him.

"I will," he answered,—and yet he wondered how.

"Lower the boats!" The order rang over the deck and was echoed through the cabin. Maurice seized Edith and Mrs. Brown and fairly dragged them forward where, with great difficulty, he succeeded in getting them into one of the boats. He found no room for himself, however, so he fastened on a life-preserver and, hardly knowing what he did, dashed himself into the water. For hours, it seemed to him, he was tossed and bruised by the waves. Then he sighted an approaching vessel. She saw him and lay to; a boat was lowered and he heard voices calling out encouragement. Everything became dark to him at this moment, and he remembered no more.

When Maurice regained consciousness, he found himself on a steamer from which people were streaming; other people were coming on board, and trunks were being hauled back and forth. For a few minutes he could not collect his thought. Then the words, "Save us; save us," came to his memory and he rushed out into the crowd to ask if Edith and Mrs. Brown were saved, forgetting that everybody did not know Edith and Mrs. Brown. On discovering that he was in Paris, he ordered a cab and was driven to the nearest hotel. His thoughts drove him almost to desperation. He knew the small boats could not have withstood that awful storm, and that night his dreams were filled with cries of "Save us; save us."

The next morning he ordered breakfast at an early hour and set out, he knew not where. He had scarcely walked a square when a little boy with his arms full of papers passed him crying, "*Temps, distat de la tempete.*"

"*Arretez, mon garçon.*" cried Maurice, and the boy wondered why his fingers trembled so when he took the paper.

Maurice hastened back to his room and devoured the contents of the paper, most of it relating to the storm. He looked for the names of those saved. But Edith's was not there! Everything grew black before him. He rang for some water, bathed his face, and again ran over the list in the paper; and this time he noticed in print—under the list,—"*Continued on page 7.*" Almost frantically, he tore open the paper and found Edith's and Mrs. Brown's names heading the list on the other page. What a sigh of relief fell from his lips!

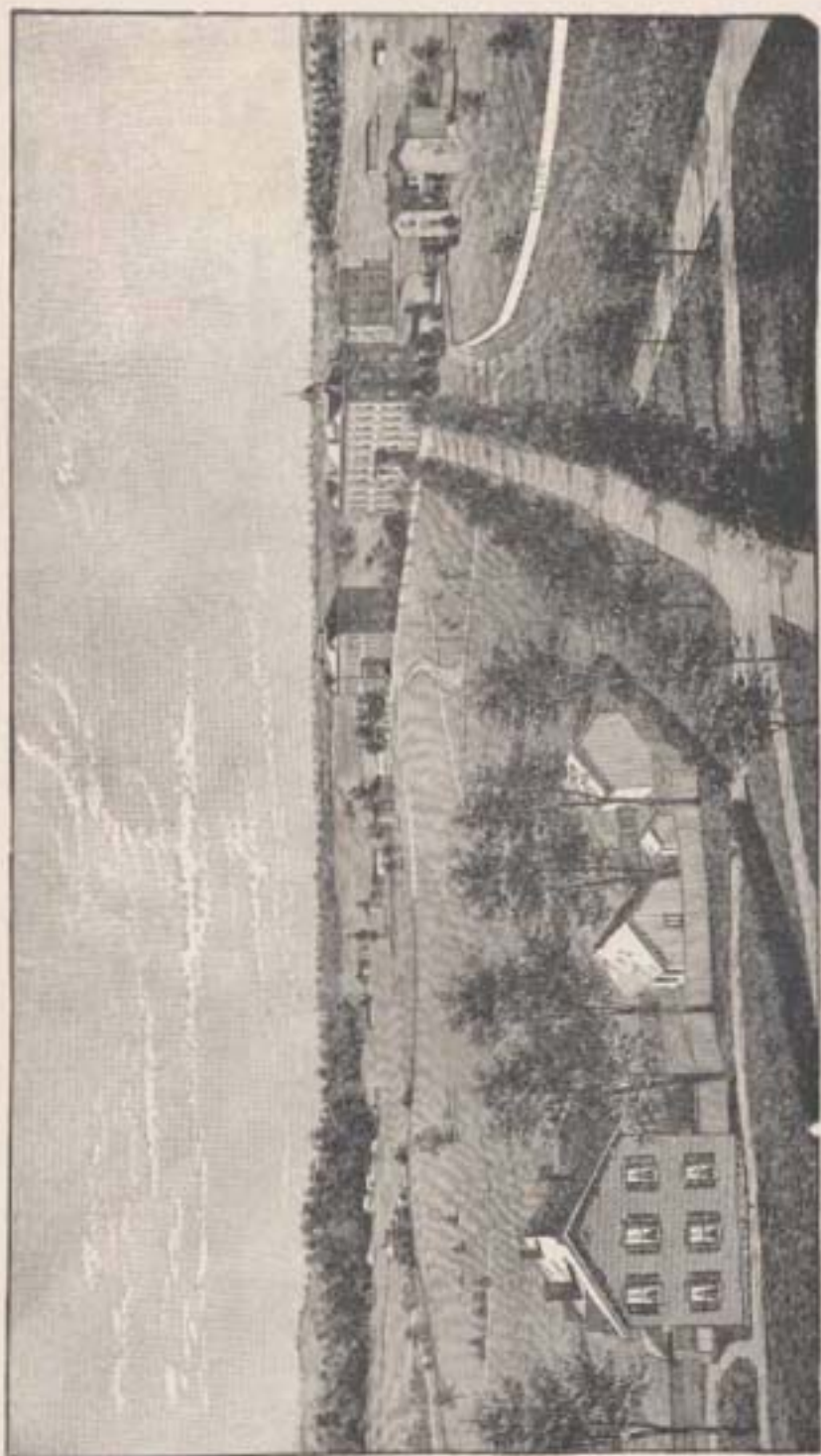
Now he could not content himself until they were found. But, as he was about to set out from the hotel, he bethought himself of his letter-opener which he had been using but a few moments before in the back parlor, and

found it missing from his pocket. He prized the little article highly as a token of love from his mother, long since dead, and returned to get it. He entered the room, and stopped abruptly, at the sight of a girl bending her flushed and agitated face against the window.

She was evidently unconscious of his presence and from her lips came the words, "I can't give him up; oh, I can't." Just at this moment, she turned and caught sight of Maurice. At first she fancied herself dreaming; then she made a trembling step forward. He rushed toward her, but paused at sight of the misery in the girl's face, the unshed tears in her eyes. In a moment, however, her countenance had changed. A great wave of happiness engulfed Edith, and its reflection, as it were, gloriously uplifted Maurice.

They did not spend much time on even so exciting a theme as the storm; nor on the brother who bade her that affectionate farewell, for it was a brother. They had hardly a thought for anybody except each other. And it would have been really amusing to see this successful business man stammer like a school boy when he told Edith how he had loved her from the first time he had seen her, and that he wanted to make her his wife. Yet, when Mrs. Brown came in, and saw the light of eagerness and joy in their faces, she needed no words to tell her that it was a happy Edith who had that day given her heart and hand to Maurice Helley.

A. L. J., '08.



V. F. L. IN THE OLD DAYS



HIBB'S EYE VIEW OF BLACKSBURG



## Blacksburg, 1958

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ONE morning in October, 1958, a traveler, gray-haired and quite feeble with age, was standing in the Cambria Station of the Norfolk and Western and Pacific Railroad. From his anxious gaze and enquiring eye, it was evident that this old gentleman was beholding a view which he could hardly understand. Suddenly, he was startled from his reveries by the sound of a shrill whistle, and before he had time to discover the cause of this alarm a monorail train of quite large dimensions flew up to the station and stopped. The doors opened immediately and a neatly attired negro stepped out upon the platform, placed a rubber step in front of the door and assumed an awkwardly respectful position to its right. Immediately following this orderly there appeared a man, large, red-faced, but quite elaborately dressed, who by the legend on his cap was evidently the conductor.

Then there resounded throughout the station a sonorous cry, "All aboard for Blacksburg!"

The traveler looked perplexed. His attitude was that of a person dumb-founded, his mouth half-open displaying a conspicuous lack of teeth, and his eyes staring into space. Finally, aroused from his apathy by the continued calls of "All aboard," and the evident preparations to depart, he made an effort, by the aid of a stout cane, to board the train. His efforts were somewhat accelerated by the conductor with the red face whose sharp voice rang out harshly, "Step lively, sir," but before he could get a foothold on the car step, the train glided rapidly out of the station and he was only saved from being thrown off by the red-faced conductor who, seizing him by his collar, pulled him unceremoniously inside.

After adjusting his eye-glasses and silk hat he confronted the conductor and addressed that honorable personage as follows:

"I see that the Huckleberry is a little more rapid than it was when I was here last."

"How long ago was that? We have been running the monorail system for the last ten years."

"It has been fifty years since I was in Blacksburg. I was a student at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. I graduated with the Class of 1908 and since then have been engaged in engineering in foreign lands."

"If that be true, things are a little different. I was with the road at that time but . . . "Merrimac! All off for Merrimac," and leaving our friend he hastened to the door.

The old gentleman fell into a seat almost unconsciously and again resumed his look of wonder and amazement. Could this conductor be the same one that he had known in his school days? Truly, it could be no other, for now those days came back vividly to his mind and with them the merry red face of old Captain Fagg. But how was it possible that Captain Fagg could look so neat and well dressed? The solution of so great a mystery was beyond his powers. He nestled in his soft, plush seat, and awaited further developments.

The train pulled out of Merrimac and moved on rapidly. On its way several small towns were passed and the names of Yellow Sulphur City and Crumpackerville were called, but no stops were made. Evidently, this train was the limited.

A long whistle from the locomotive announced a large city, and, in a few seconds, the monorail glided under a long steel shed and stopped in a magnificent station of granite with marble and onyx trimmings. Immediately the passengers made preparations to leave the coach.

The old gentleman looked still more bewildered. What could all this mean? Where was he? But, remembering his experience in boarding the train, he considered it advisable to learn something of his whereabouts. At this moment the colored porter came through, and, from him, he learned to his utter amazement that he was in Blacksburg. As he stepped from the train he was utterly unable to take in the situation. Something seemed to have been taken out of his life; he was looking for something which he could not find. In the station all was bustle; groups of young men, gaily attired in elegant uniforms with rich, gold embroidery, stood in different parts of the building, laughing and talking. Porters ran to and fro carrying suit-cases and bundles. Already lined up alongside the train, motor-trucks were relieving the baggage car of its express and baggage. Watching this latter operation with a good deal of care and from the expressions on his face with anxiety as well, was a man, who, though well advanced in years, showed by the celerity of his movements the strength and vigor of youth. Approaching this personage, in hopes of finding out the best course to pursue, the traveler enquired:

"Can you direct me to the Virginia Polytechnic Institute?"

The gentleman to whom this question was addressed was too much engaged in examining the name on an express package to hear it. Finally being satis-

field as to the owner of the package, he raised up and, turning towards our traveler, politely asked: "I beg your pardon?"

By the expression which came over the old gentleman's face, one would have thought that he recognized a friend of past years, but without giving farther sign of his surprise he renewed his question:

"Will you kindly direct me to the Virginia Polytechnic Institute?"

"Just wait a minute—say, porter, that's mine," and taking the indicated package he again turned to his interrogator and said: "Yes, sir, I am going there now; if you will follow me I will be pleased to show you the way."

The old gentleman seemed no longer able to retain his feelings.

"How long have you been in Blacksburg, my friend?" he began—

"Fifty-six years."

An involuntary "Gee" fell from the old man's lips, but he continued:

"Were you here in 1908?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever know ————?"

At this the stranger turned eagerly and gazed into the old gentleman's face.

They seemed to recognize one another at the same instant, for, in a second, they were in each other's arms, and large tears could be seen in the eyes of both.

"Guigon, I am so glad to see you. How are you getting along, and how is everything at the dear old Institute?"

"Everything up at the college is all right. Conditional exams are over; I have passed Mechanics, and if I can frost Rastus to-morrow on Stresses I will get my degree and—" he waved his package frantically and then, as if recollecting where he was, he looked carefully around and moving closer said, "and then for the celebration."

They had now entered Main Street. The sidewalks were all bustle. From below came the rumble of subways and overhead clattered the great monorail trains as they tore from one part of this great metropolis to another. The traveler looked perplexed again and stood still for a moment to look around him. But such was not allowed on the streets of Blacksburg, and in a few seconds he heard the sharp cry of "Move along, sir. All pedestrians keep to the right." The person from whom this warning came was visible for an instant, then was lost in the jostling crowd. This momentary glimpse showed a rather thick-set man with a swinging walk and dressed in a blue uniform on which was a badge bearing the single word, "Sergeant."



"Guigon, Blacksburg has certainly enlarged since I was here before."

"Yes, Blacksburg is a great place."

At this moment a little boy handed each of our friends a card.

"What is that?" asked the traveler.

Guigon read:

"Election Day, November 1st. E. H. Trolinger candidate for City Engineer. Vote for the man who was broadened, filled out, licked into shape and braced up by the Colonel in 1908."

"Well, well, well; how is the dear old Colonel?"

"Oh, the Colonel is O. K. If he will only give me a pass in Stresses to-morrow I will say he's fine." And again the package received a fierce shake.

"Here is one of your friends, Parsons."

"Yes, he was at time."

"Quite a lordly air he wears this morning, don't you think? He says, however, that he is not responsible for it; in fact, he says, by a philosophy which he has studied, that he is not responsible for any of his acts."

"Yes, yes, he was talking of that theory when I was here. But wasn't he in some way connected with a horse show? There was certainly something about it, and yes, pretty little dainty feet were connected with it, but what it was I can't remember."

"But, Guigon, who is that old gentleman across the street? It seems that I should know him."

"Yes, you certainly should. That is Joaquin de la Cova. He is now an agent of the Cuban Government and is working in the interest of Cuban students up at the college. He is taking post-graduate work along with these duties."

By this time they had reached a street car. After riding in this for several miles, between two rows of imposing skyscrapers, they reached the college entrance.

Just outside the grounds was to be seen an office of truly modest dimensions and, in comparison with its surroundings, rather insignificant. A little sign posted on the front read:

"Smith-Fisher Co., Detectives. All clues guaranteed to be traced successfully."

Entering the grounds through a magnificent concrete arch which bore the inscription, "Erected by the Class of Civil Engineers in the Year 1926," they pursued their course over vitrified brick pavements, at the same time discussing their histories since they had last seen each other.

They had now entered the main path leading to the quadrangle; on



either side of them stretched the campus, evenly terraced and nicely dressed. The canopied trees overhead formed a cooling shelter from the burning rays of the early fall sun and offered a tempting opportunity for our travelers to slacken their pace.

"Guigon, whose house is that over there?"

"Which one do you mean?"

"That stone one over there by that clump of fir trees."

"Oh, that's the Commandant's, Col. Osmond Jamerson, and here comes someone that perhaps you may know."

The old gentleman turned in the direction indicated and beheld a man of quite stately bearing, riding a horse. The rider hailed Guigon.

"Heigh there, Exie. How are you? Say, I passed that d—d Mechanics; made fifty-nine and nine-tenths and had one-tenth to pull me! Ain't I a scribe?" and the aforementioned package received a vigorous shake. Say, Exie, what kind of music are you going to have Thanksgiving?"

"Haven't I said Blackburn's swell orchestra?"

The rider laughed heartily and passed on, and the old gentleman also smiled knowingly.

"That is Noland," began Guigon; "he is now associate in Physics. They say he could work Stresses very well were it not for the strain, but alas! sad to relate, the strain is too great."

"Where is he going now?"

"Don't know, but suppose to 'Vaudeville.'"

By this time they were in front of the Academic building and from within came sounds of great tumult. "Come with me now. Let me break out my full, up-to-date, and complete line of blue prints. I can't afford to let you be simply thumb-rule men; we are after results. Hit this now. Now what is  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; add 1 and the result is 3; correct! Now, haven't you learned just a little bit this morning?"

Our friends had stopped outside, the old gentleman through curiosity and Guigon through courtesy. But no sooner had this noise ceased than our traveler seemed anxious to move. He took his handkerchief out, and nervously mopping his brow said in a very excited tone, "Let's go Guigon; yes, let's go. Faster, Guigon, faster," and they swiftly moved away as the sound of, "Good morning, gentlemen, the drum has beat," issued from the building in company with a class of about fifty cadets singing, "Everybody works but Rastus!"

Throughout the walk the old gentleman had noticed bills posted in a great many conspicuous places. At first, he had attached little interest to these, but,

finding them at every turn, he thought he would allay his curiosity by reading one:

"Grand Negro Debate, between 'Hard Times,' of Slingtown, Sally Street, and 'Uncle Friday,' from Newtown. Special rates to students. Subject,

"Resolved, That the rock to be met with by reasonably deep boring in Blacksburg is of insufficient hardness to withstand the tremendous weights brought upon it by the skyscraper now being constructed.

"Promoter and Patron,

"R. A. PAINE."

Our friend laughed aloud.

In front of the Engineering building our friends paused a moment. But the shade was not destined to protect them from the heat, for, through the door issued a great volume of air, warm air, hot air. It was fearful in its results, for immediately in the draught the heat was intense, while discordant noises accompanying it added all the more to the confusion. "Hoo-hoo, Hoo-hoo," and "Less noise in here, less noise in here," in a very loud, deep sound, mingled with, "Get to work, Orthographic Trace," etc., issued in rapid succession. Evidently the speaker wished more noise instead of less, for he himself added greatly to the confusion; and following each of his declamations rolled forth a sound as though an army were saying, "Rah! Rah! Rah;" and then came the sound, "Boseo!"

At this time a window glass was smashed, followed by a large report from the inside. Later information has disclosed that this noise was caused by a gear wheel falling, probably one of those in Boseo's head.

They had now entered the quadrangle. The barracks on either side as well as in front presented quite a handsome appearance. Gray limestone buildings,—they were connected by a series of bridged porches enclosed by glass. In front of each building this system of porching extended upward for the entire height, thus forming a warm, sunny room in the coldest of winter.

The old gentleman was surprised; he could hardly take it all in.

"Come over and have a seat, won't you?" He moved in the direction indicated as if by instinct, not through choice. Together they walked over to No. 3 and took seats in the large rockers to be found there in abundance.

"Well, Guigon," began the old man, at last recovering himself, "V. P. I. has certainly changed. Who would have ever thought things would be as they are now?"

"I suppose, for a stranger, there is a change. Here is our schedule. Maybe a few alterations have been made in that."

The old gentleman read:

"Reveille, 10.30 A. M. (*Optional.*)

Breakfast, 11.00 A. M. (*In bed, if preferred.*)

Chapel, 12.00 M. (*Once a month.*)

Classes, 12.10 to 2.00 P. M. (*Dutch ponies allowed in class. No zeros given.*)

Drill, 2.10 to 2.20 P. M. (*When agreeable.*)

The rest of the afternoon and night is at the disposal of the cadets until the hour, 2.00 A. M., at which time Taps will be sounded.

Supper is served at any time from 7.00 to 8.00 P. M. in the Dining Hall."

The paper fell from the reader's hands. A smile crept across his face as his old school-day recollections flashed across his mind.

"Goodness, but I bet that sleep is fine in the morning. Many a time have I passed this very spot going to Reveille at 6.30 A. M., and I could hardly tell whether I was asleep or awake. I suppose from my costume I often looked as though I were walking in my sleep."

At this juncture three men came out of the door and made their way to the stoop of No. 1. One was of medium height but very lean and lanky; the other was not quite as tall but otherwise had the same build; and the third was quite fat and seemed equal in dimensions in all directions.

"I'll bet ten thousand dollars that there is one up there," said he.

"We certainly ought to get to the bottom of this business. A livery stable in barracks! Goodness, I can't sleep a wink at night because of it," said the little low fellow in the middle.

"Yes, indeed, this is a very serious matter, a serious matter indeed, quite a bad business. Yes, sir, we certainly must reach the bottom of it."

By this time they were out of hearing distance. "Steve," said our friend to Guigon!

"Yes, and Smith and Johnson. Johnson is now the Assistant Marshal. Quite an elaborate uniform he has on, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed; but what do you say to walking around some more?"

"As you please; I have nothing at all to do. You see I have passed Mechanics."

"Well, let's go this way. I would like very much to walk down Faculty Row again. It is quite fifty years since I was there."

So together they started for the Row, going between the barracks and Academic building. But this peaceful walk was destined to result disastrously. In taking their chosen route, they passed near enough to the Academic building



to hear issuing from an open window a long discourse of harsh, guttural sounds of the German.

"Give each scholar as much lesson as he will possibly take without kicking. Pile it on to the White-striped men. Gentlemen, all of our sections are behind each other, and we must catch up with the rest. 'Das Deutsch' is a very important subject."

The old gentleman's face blanched; his hair stood on end; and larger drops of perspiration came on his forehead than before. Truly, he was pitifully affected. The only faculty left him was that of motion and he used this with all his might. Hurrying rapidly away, he soon reached the path leading down Faculty Row. Fain would he have turned to the left and reached Blackburg by the shortest route, but fear pulled him instinctly around and he pursued his flight down the Row. Guigon stood motionless. At this moment a cab happened to be coming at full speed down the road. The old gentleman, planting himself in its path, brought it to a standstill. Quickly placing a dollar bill in the driver's hand he muttered the words, "Huckleberry, as quickly as possible," and, half tumbling in, he was driven at a great speed towards the railroad. As he passed the place where Guigon was standing, speechless as well as motionless, unable to comprehend such irrational actions, a single hand exceeding white floated out of the cab window as if motioning farewell. Guigon shook his head, drew his package closely under his arm, and lowly muttering something which at a distance sounded like, "Above the falls for me," strolled leisurely back towards the city.

J. D. P., '08.





GROUP OF STUDENTS AT WORK IN LABORATORY

## A Dream

---

Last night I dreamed in a dream most fair,  
That you stately beaute in brocade and lace,  
With the mystic eyes and the powdered hair,  
Stepped down from his canvas and danced with me.

And his mien was grave, but his eyes beguiled,  
And he danced (as he loved) with a grace so rare,  
That my eyes and my heart, despite me, smiled  
At the stately beaute in brocade and lace.

Yet I blushed at his tender glance on me,  
For at last could I read his inmost heart,  
As he opened it wide to have me see;  
My charming beaute in brocade and lace.

Love, love was the message written there;  
And I knew he had wooed in some olden days,  
For 'twas I—'twas I, that he loved so dear,  
This gallant beaute in brocade and lace.

But to-day, alas, is my fair dream gone;  
Still I gaze for'er at the mystic eyes  
As I sit, soul-chilled, alone, forlorn,  
With a pictured beaute in brocade and lace.  
Or quaint and antique charm of fairy fineness;

SERENA CORA BAILEY.

## A Christmas Thought

---

I may not send you, dear, some costly keep-sake,  
As jewels rare in richest gold-work wrought,  
But this instead—alas, it seems but naught!

'Tis but a card, and yet, dear heart, its greeting  
Of Christmas cheer with warmest love is fraught;  
I pray you take it for its tender message—  
Beyond the trifle, find the loving thought!

S. C. B.

## Who Serves His King

---

### I

THE white wings of the doves cut the sunshine and flashed with opaline brightness as they dipped into the fountain's green waters. Margarete's hand skimmed over the glassy surface, dashing up a spray that sent the frightened birds flying away with a whirl of snowy wings. For a moment the man watched the girl in silence. Then he drew nearer, and took her slender hand in his big, gloved one.

"Margarete," he said, "has no change come over your heart? I go now to follow the banner of my king, and if I could bear with me the memory of my lips on yours—'twould cheer me, Margarete!"

The girl's voice was impatient as she answered him.

"I have given you a final answer, Edric. I can not endure your rough, unmannerly ways; you could never please a woman. When you return from France, I shall have wedded with Sir Julian Varney."

A shiver of wrath ran through the soldier's frame and his voice trembled.

"Ah, you have chosen a gallant scoundrel! I am but a plain soldier, but thank God, I am a man!"

She shot him a glance of cold steel, and turned as if to walk away. He came swiftly after her.

"I am going, Margarete, and perhaps I shall never see you again; for the fortunes of war are changing, and time plays us strange tricks. Is there no word of Godspeed?"

Her face was very beautiful, with the pink blush of a wild flower on her cheeks. Her eyes were the deep blue of the sea just after the sun is gone, and her hair had the color and sheen of ripened wheat.

"I know no such word, sire."

The armored man turned away.

"Sir Julian Varney," he muttered as he strode into the courtyard.

A trumpet blew a silver note that sounded above the clatter of swords, the scraping of steel on steel, and the loud shouts of the soldiers as they called to each other. The bright banners flashed against the sky, the banners whose lions and lilies were to lead the army of Edward the Third in its glorious march through France.

Margarete watched them ride away. There were two who rode side by

side—one a graceful, handsome man who turned to kiss his hand to the fair lady, and the other who kept his eyes fastened to the waving banner of his king and whose strong face had no look of hope. The two men were Sir Julian Varney and Edric of Cumberland.

## II

"Poitiers" was over. The pale starlight brightened the field where six hours before Death had held sway.

Edric was hastening to camp. The day had brought him glory and fame, but still he was perplexed. The man who had ridden by his side through every hard-fought battle, whose cowardly heart he had striven to hide from the valorous army of Edward, and for whom he had endured many privations and dangers that the coward might live for the woman they both loved,—this man was gone! He had at last yielded to his great fear of death, and had deserted the army of his friend!

The dry leaves crackled beneath the heavy footsteps of Edric, but above the sharp noise he caught the sound of low moaning. He stopped and looked around him. Ah, there in that clump of trees something moved! He advanced a few steps and waited, his sword half unsheathed.

A man's figure crawled along the dry leaves and moss, now moving a few inches, then lying still again. Edric went to the man and bent over him. The starlight trickled through the bare branches and fell upon the face as it rested on the ground. It was Sir Julian Varney!

The handsome face was drawn with suffering, and a stream of dark blood stole through a break in the armor. A groan came from the blue lips.

"Sir Julian!" Edric's voice had a note of command.

"Aye." The word was half a moan.

"How came you here? Where have you been this day?"

Edric lifted the head of the wounded man and tried to staunch the sluggish flow of blood; but Sir Julian pushed away the awkward hand.

"'Tis Death upon me! I feel the cold fingers and see the leering eyes! Ah, that I had not gone over this day to the French, or sought to betray my prince for a bit of gold! Am I to die like a dog on the ground, when I had thought to buy my life! Ah, Margarete, I would live for your sake!"

There was a sound of rushing feet in the path and a boy ran by. He heard the wounded man's voice, hesitated, and came toward the grove.

"Take this man to some house nearby, and care for him until morning."



Edric pointed to Sir Julian. "I will send a leech to him presently, and when he is healed, he shall return to England."

Edric bent over the struggling figure.

"You have not the manhood to follow the king's banner. Live—for Margarete's sake,—live, and God grant you the strength to love her well!"

### III

The army of Edward was coming home. The pale October sun struck from the blazing armor with slanting rays, then fled behind the gray clouds at sight of England's victorious banner.

Margarete watched the line as it flashed among the dusky hills, and she laughed as it drew near. She turned from her window and called a page.

"Tell Edric of Cumberland to come to the green fountain, when he arrives."

She waited for him by the fountain, ever and anon looking into its cool waters to catch a glimpse of her face. Her cheeks were glowing, and her eyes sparkled with a new light. She had twined red berries in her beautiful hair, and her gown was scarlet, too.

Presently there was a step on the soft turf, and Edric stood before her.

"You sent for me, Lady. I have come."

He did not kiss her hand, but stood with bowed head, as if fearing to look on the glory of her face. So it is with a blind man who has suddenly been made to see.

"Sir Julian Varney told me you were dead."

"Sir Julian Varney lied."

"Aye." Her sigh was as soft as the breeze that blows the duff from the brown thistle. "It is not his first lie."

A shadow passed over Edric's face.

"Why did you send for me? Was it to torment me with the sight of your beautiful face, and with the sound of your cruel laughter? You know already how I love you,—would it please you to sneer at that love again? Then do it,—do it, and let me go!"

Margarete held out her hand to stop him, and when she spoke her voice was soft and gentle, like the notes of a wooing bird.

"When you went away, Edric, I did not grieve at your going—no, not for you, but for another man. I thought I loved him, and I prayed for his safety and for his quick return. Then there came a day when my prayers were

answered; he came back, and so glad was I that I did not care when he said that you were dead! I—I thought I loved him.

"But he had brought a youth with him from France, and one day I questioned the boy about this man's life in the army. He told me all he knew,—and 'twas enough. He reported how this man had sold his honor to purchase his life, how he had been wounded, and how you had cared for him—because you thought I loved the weakling! And then the boy told me that you still lived, and I could have wept for joy!

"Did you think, Edric, that I could love a man who had deserted his king's standard? No! The man I love is one who has followed his sovereign's banner through the thickest fight, who has been brave and strong in all things, and who has given me the true love of a noble warrior! As a man serves his king, so will he love a woman. Forgive me, Edric, for I love you."

He held her close, and kissed the sweet, red mouth.

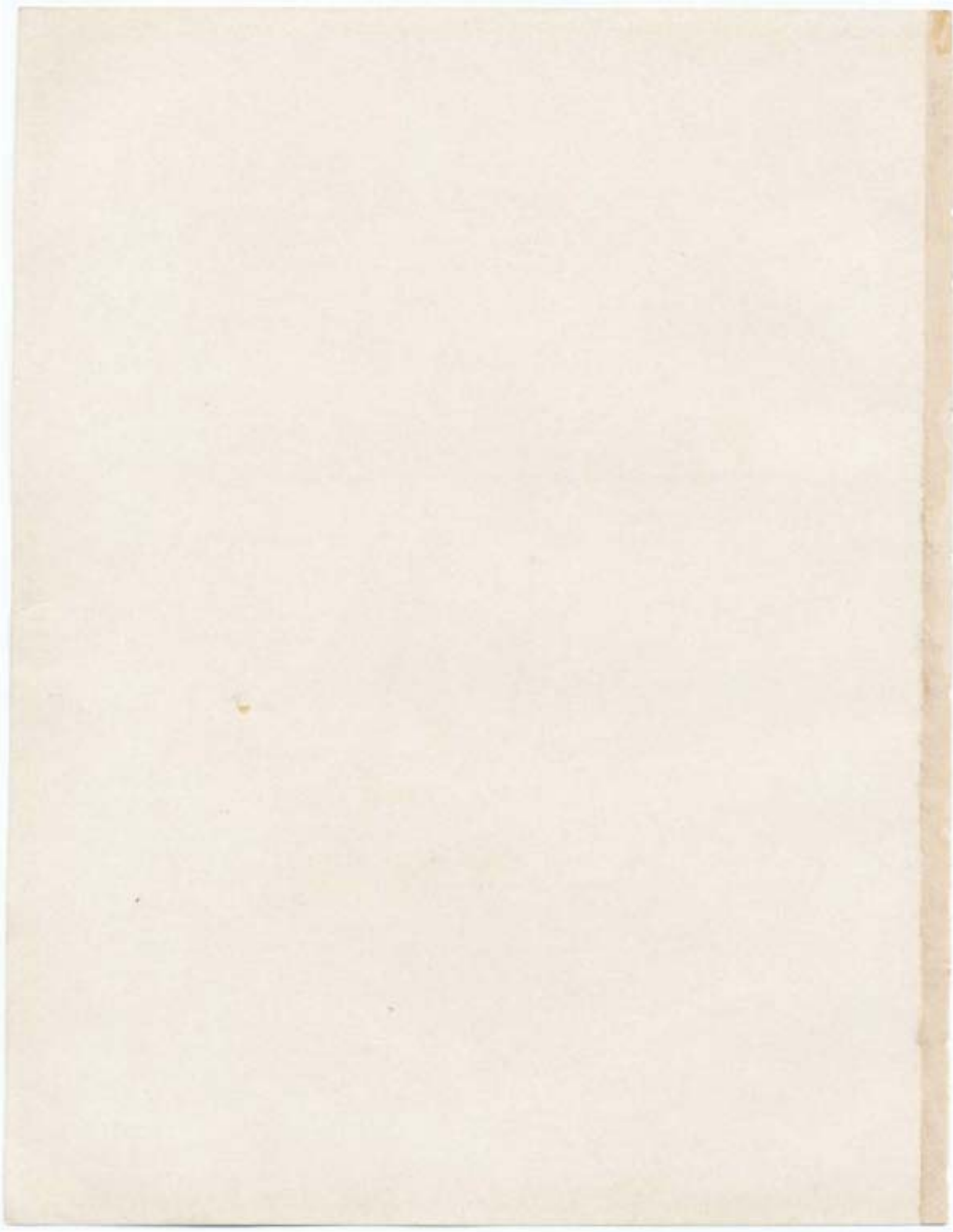
"Forgive you! Ah, My Lady!"

B. HARLAN, '08.

PROM GIRL



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# Sick Call

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DR. H. \_\_\_\_\_ Surgeon to the Battalion  
JUDAS P. \_\_\_\_\_ Who does the recording  
DEET. \_\_\_\_\_ Assistant to Judas

Numerous impotent folk.

*Place.*—V. P. I. Infirmary (*Dr.'s Office*).

*Time.*—*Sick-call, almost any day.*

*Curtain rises. Dr. H. is standing before his medicine cabinet eyeing his stock of pills. Judas and Deet are seated at the table, armed with the instruments of literary achievement. Great noise of shuffling feet outside as the fiends glide into the waiting room.*

Judas.—“Shall I let them in, Doctor?”

Dr. H.—“You may begin when you are ready.” (*Adjusts his spectacles and gazes around over them while Judas opens the door.*)

Judas.—(*Putting his head out of the door.*) “All right; who’s on deck?”  
(*Cries from without.*) “We are”—“E Company.”—“Battery.”—“They were on yesterday.”—“Company D,” etc.

Deet.—“B Company.”

Judas.—(*Frowns threateningly; awful silence follows.*) “B Company in.” (*Nerry, Doc, Lonky, and several others come limping into the office, and Judas slams the door.*)

Dr. H.—“All right. First man.”

Doc.—“Doctor, I haven’t any appetite. My chest hurts, and I could not sleep last night. I feel—”

Dr. H.—“That’s enough. Here, take one of these pills every half hour. Next man.”

Doc.—“Doctor, I didn’t go to Reveille this morning.”

Dr. H.—“That’s all right. Neither did I. Next man.”

Doc.—“But Doctor,—”

Dr. H.—“Next man.”

Nerry.—(*Who has been rubbing his eyes to make them red.*) “Doctor, my head aches awfully. I feel chilly all over, and I caught a mighty bad cold yesterday.”

Dr. H.—“No, you didn’t; you’re too slow. You got it some other way.”

*Doc.*—(Who has been over at the table arguing with the man behind the books.) "Didn't you say I could have Reveille this morning, Doctor?"

*Dr. H.*—(Looking around over the top of his glasses.) "Yes, sir."

*Doc.*—"And P. I. and B. R. C. and Chapel, too?"

*Dr. H.*—"Yes."

*Nervy.*—"Doctor, I sprained my right arm yesterday throwing ball."

*Dr. H.*—"Let's see it." (Takes down the bottle of iodine.)

*Doc.*—(From table.) "Can't I have all duty to-day, Doctor?"

*Dr. H.*—"No, sir. You get out of here. Mr. P., don't excuse him from anything."

"Well, that arm of yours." (*Exit Doc. in a hurry.*)

(*Nervy bares his left arm and has it pointed with iodine. Flinches and groans.*)

*Dr. H.*—"Now, that will soon be well. Is there anything else the matter with you?"

*Nervy.*—"No, sir. Can I have all duty to-day?"

*Dr. H.*—"Yes, sir."

*Nervy.*—"And afternoon work yesterday?"

*Dr. H.*—"Yes. Next man."

(*Lanky states his troubles and gets lots of pills and sympathy, but nothing else. The others are finished with, in short order, and Judas calls for C Company.*)

(*Enter Lady, Sauer Kraut, and about a dozen more, all looking very ill.*)

*Lady.*—"Ah—h— Doctor, my constitution is naturally delicate, you know, and ah—the exertion of drawing two culverts and a check ah—h— yesterday so fatigued me that I ah—h, you understand what I mean, don't you? I ah—"

*Dr. H.*—"What did you eat?"

*Lady.*—"I forgot to make Tattoo last night."

*Dr. H.*—"All right. Tell Mr. P— to excuse you. Next man."

(*Lady interviews the secretaries, while the Doctor gives the next man a green pill the size of a pea, and the next one a glassful of something to drink. It is now Sauer Kraut's turn.*)

*S. K.*—"I have a pain in my head and—"

*Dr. H.*—"Anything else in it?"

*Judas.*—(From table.) "Doctor, did you give this man Reveille?"

*Dr. H.*—(Without looking around.) "No." (*Exit Lady.*)

S. K.—“Doctor, I had a chill last night. Can't I have all duty to-day?”

Dr. H.—“Where are you from?”

S. K.—“I'm from R— County.”

Dr. H.—“I thought so. You couldn't have a chill if you tried. You people from the mountain sections don't know what chills are until you go down about Norfolk.”

S. K.—“I wish you'd excuse me from afternoon work to-day, Doctor.”

Dr. H.—“I can't do that; but you may have anything you have missed this morning.”

S. K. (*aside*).—“Oh, why didn't I cut Reveille?”

Dr. H.—“And here, take one of these big pills and two of the little ones every two hours. If you did have a chill, they will keep you from having any more; and if you did not, they will keep you from having any. Next man.”

(*Deals out pills and excuses lavishly to the other sufferers. He-with-the-pen-behind-his-ear calls in the afflicted ones of Company D.*)

Wash.—“Doctor, I was down here yesterday.”

Dr. H.—“Yes, and the day before, too. How do you feel this morning?”

Wash.—“Mighty bad, Doctor, sir, mighty bad. I believe I'm getting worse.”

Dr. H.—“Take these, right away. (*Handing him a big black pill and three small yellow tablets.*) Next man.”

Wash.—“My throat's sore; I can't swallow these.”

Dr. H.—“Let me see your throat. (*Forces Wash's mouth open and peers in, despite his choking and spluttering.*) Your throat's all right. Next man.”

Wash.—“Doctor, can I have Reveille this morning?”

Dr. H.—“No, sir; not until you take those pills.”

Fatty.—“I am aching all over, Doctor, and this morning I—”

Wash.—(*Having swallowed all the pills at once.*) “Can I have Reveille and P. I. now, Doctor?”

Dr. H.—“Where are those pills I gave you?”

Wash.—“I don't know, sir. I swallowed them.”

Dr. H.—“All right. Tell Mr. P— what you want.”

Wash.—(*Crossing over to the table, to Judas.*) “He says I can have all morning duty and O. D. I., and Tattoo and late for Retreat.”

Fatty.—“Doctor, my legs ache. I think I have a touch of rheumatism.”

Dr. H.—“What makes you think so?”

Fatty.—“Why, the pain in my legs.”

*Dr. H.*—"Umph—hoom; pretty good symptoms. (*Turning to Judas.*) Mr. P., excuse this man from military duty for three days. Next man. How is that boil getting along?"

*Ike.*—"It's mighty sore, Doctor, but I don't think it needs opening yet."

*Dr. H.*—"Nonsense. Let me see it. (*Glances at the boil and reaches for his scalpel.*) Now hold right still. It won't hurt you a bit. (*Plunges the blade into the boil about half an inch and twists it around, while Ike groans and winces.*) Aw, hold still. It doesn't hurt."

(*The wound is bandaged and dressed and Ike stays not on the order of his going. Pills are distributed freely, and one man gets cough-drops besides. Judas admits practically the whole of E Company and all get pills and refusals except Miss Wor, who is cutting a tooth and has to drink a wineglassful of soothing syrup in consequence. F Company is then called in.*)

*Slouch.*—"Doctor, I sprained my ankle yesterday and it is all swollen up now."

*Dr. H.*—"Let me have a look at it."

(*Slouch bares his left ankle and handles it lovingly. The Doctor examines it while Slouch flinches.*)

*Dr. H.*—"That seems to be all right. Let me see the other one. Why, they are both the same size!"

*Slouch.*—"Yes, sir; but one of my ankles have always been smaller than the other, so now it is swelled up to just the same size."

*Dr. H.*—"Very well. Here, swallow this white tablet and let the brown one dissolve in your mouth. (*Paints the right ankle with iodine.*) Now, that will soon be well again. Bathe it in warm water before you go to bed tonight. You'd better let me excuse you from marching for a day or two. Next man."

*Slouch.*—"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. (*Tries to limp on both feet as he goes out.*)

*Rocks.*—"Doctor, I have three more boils, and another one is starting. I wish you would—"

*Dr. H.*—"Let me see; aren't you the boy that had so many boils after Christmas?"

*Rocks.*—"Yes, sir. I've had nineteen, and you lanced five of them one morning and—"

*Dr. H.*—"Did you ever hear of Lazarus?"

*Rocks.*—"Yes, sir. He was—"

*Dr. H.*—"You've read about him, I reckon?"

*Rocks.*—"Yes, sir."



*Dr. H.*—"He was the man that had boils and the dogs all came and licked them for him."

*Rocks.*—"Yes, sir. Do you suppose he ever had any of them lanced?"

*Dr. H.*—"No; he had them licked. Hold still now. Better get a match if you want something to chew on. (*Lays open a big boil on Rocks' neck.*) Now, that didn't hurt you any. Swallow these tablets right away, and take one of these red pills every hour. When you go to bed tonight, take these three striped pills and this little green one; and stay in bed until you get up. Here are some small blue pellets to build up your appetite. Next."

*Uncle Sam.*—"Doctor, I've lost my appetite."

*Dr. H.*—"Very probable, sir. Did you go to breakfast this morning?"

*U. S.*—"Yes, sir. But I couldn't eat anything much, only five or six rolls, some light-bread and butter and meat and potatoes, and a dish of oatmeal and three cups of coffee and some milk. I'm afraid I'm going to be sick if this keeps up."

*Dr. H.*—(*Rallying somewhat from the shock.*) "Good gracious! I'm afraid so myself. What you need is a gag, not an appetizer. Get your waiter not to put so much on the table where you can reach it. I'll excuse you from all duty today so you can rest up. You ought to join a circus. Next."

*Burly.*—"Doctor, I'm mighty bad off this morning, and I don't feel any better. My constitution is all broken down—"

*Dr. H.*—(*Taking one look at Burly's face.*) "Heavens, man! I should think so. Here, sit down before you fall. You're the sickest looking man that has been in here this morning. How is your pulse? Put out your tongue. How did you ever get this way?"

*Burly.*—(*Smiling feebly.*) "I couldn't help it, Doctor; I was born this way."

*Dr. H.*—"Nonsense! Don't I know a sick man when I see one? How is your appetite?"

*Burly.*—"Sort of moderate, sir. I'm not hearty like I used to be."

*Dr. H.*—"Well, I guess not. It's a wonder to me you are alive. You'd better go upstairs in the ward for a day or two. Do you sleep well, or not?"

*Burly.*—"No, sir; not what you might call very well. But I'd rather not go in the ward."

*Dr. H.*—"Well, you had better let me excuse you from all duty for three days, anyway. You might go to your classes, but I'll excuse you from reciting. Take one of these black pills every hour, and one of these large white ones and

three small ones after each meal. Take a hot bath tonight; and come down here again tomorrow. I don't like your looks. Call the next Company, Mr. P."

*Burly.*—(Aside, as he limps out and drops the pills behind the radiator in the hall.) "Neither do I."

(Battery representatives are called in.)

*Dillberry.*—"I'd like for you to look at my throat. It feels mighty sore."

*Dr. H.*—"What's the matter with your throat? Come over here by the window. (Peeps into Dillberry's mouth. Takes up a long flat instrument to hold Dillberry's tongue with and tries again.) "Oh, yes; there's the trouble. You are in the Glee Club; are you not?"

*Dillberry.*—(After getting rid of the tongue-holder.) "N—no, sir. But I'm in the Chapel Choir."

*Dr. H.*—"That explains it then. Why, man, you've been singing away down in your throat; and you've got a big lot of bass notes hung down there. Try to force them down by swallowing bread crusts; and be careful how you use your voice hereafter. I once knew a man who almost choked to death on a 'lower E.' Next man."

(Bobby has a headache, for which he gets three pills and is excused from going on guard. Joe gets pills and drill; and the others, only pills. Company A is called next, as the Band is on strict probation and afraid to risk sick-call.)

*Dr. H.*—"Who's the next man?"

(Fatty and Bob step forward.)

*Bob.*—"I'd like for you to excuse me from Reveille, Doctor."

*Dr. H.*—"Don't you feel any better?"

*Bob.*—"No, sir; I feel worse."

*Dr. H.*—"You may have Reveille, then. Here is some more of that sulphide, too. Take two of these,—morning, noon, and night. If they don't make you sick, take three. Now, what's the matter with you?"

*Fatty.*—"I'm feeling mighty bad, sir. I had a chill this morning, so I did not get up for Reveille."

*Dr. H.*—"Umph—boom. You're pretty bad off. I'm afraid you are going to die. You had better write your people to come and look after your remains. I can't excuse you on account of a chill. Where are you from anyway?"

*Fatty.*—"Norfolk, sir."

*Dr. H.*—"Oh, well; that's different. You had better let me excuse you from Reveille for a week, until you get entirely well. Take one of these

quinine tablets three times a day, and let these brown lozenges dissolve in your mouth. Keep your feet dry, and stop eating such rich food. Next man."

*(Two rats get a half dozen orange-and-maroon pills apiece.)*

*Skinny.*—"Doctor, I wish you would excuse me from going to gallery practice today. I don't feel very well."

*Dr. H.*—"Humph! You'll feel worse if you don't go. There's nothing the matter with out. *(Exit Skinny in a hurry.)* Is that all? Well, that's a pretty good morning's work. I'll just step home and eat breakfast, and then come back to have a look at the measles patients."

*(Dr. H. goes out of the back door. Judas yawns and begins copying his report, while Deet. hurries off to barracks, whistling "All I gets Is 'Much Oblieged to You," and hoping he won't be late for English Literature. Curtain falls.)*

G. C. S., '08.



HOSPITAL.



## Our Facultee

Here we have a lot of 'fessors;  
Some are handsome, some are dressers,  
Some are married, others single;  
Maybe all would say, "Don't mingle  
With our own affairs of life."

But 'twould most ungrateful be  
As you and I and they can see,  
Now that we are famous men,  
Learned in science, art, and pen,  
Not to speak now in their favor.

Therefore, it is my intention  
Each in turn of these to mention.  
This you see will recommend them  
And the world will honor send them,  
Which will be a great reward.

First we take up mathematics:  
Dear old "Doc" with funny habits;  
"Postage stamp" and "Now for Nisstance,"  
And with Tucker at no distance,  
Give us quite a clear description.

Next we take up 'fessor "Cagey;"  
He is one that's never lazy,  
"Come on fellows; now, that's right;  
Fellows, here's the storm in sight;"  
Are his favorite expressions.

He is great on H<sub>2</sub>O,  
Also H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>,  
And when finals is our lot  
"Should old Acquaintance be Forgot,"  
He'll begin to sing.

Next we take a fighting man  
Who "mob violence" holds in hand;  
Leggins, sword, his form adorn,  
But the first are slightly borne,  
Into a little curve.

He it is who handles "sticks;"  
From whom "dills" the "kadet" picks;  
But again when bombs increase  
He loudly cries, "mob violence,"  
And then comes on the guard.

Next in Military—"Steve;"  
Quite a soldier, I believe;  
Handsome form, but his great fort  
Lies in all the "kadets" caught  
While they were having fun.

Then comes "Wood Chuck" from the box,  
Trousers creased and curly locks;  
He has uniforms a plenty,  
And I hear he's sentimenty  
But I do not know.

Next small "Charlie" comes along  
Who ere sunrise sings a song;  
In the morning teaches classes,  
And the rest of the day passes  
In a hard, hard way.

But of "Bose" I must speak,—  
Him with manners very meek,  
From the cannibals descended;  
Every nature in him blended  
To frighten a poor rat.

He has quite a tone serious;  
"Less noise, please," cannot but bore us;  
He is here the drawing bug,  
Let's the students draw his mug,—  
These he thinks are fine.

Rastus next with rubber boots,  
Coats and wraps and bumper-shoots,  
With his hat cocked to one side,  
And he jaunts along with pride;  
Isn't that the Colonel?

"Let me lick yo into shape;  
Let me break out this good plate;  
Get the humor out of it,  
For this problem must you hit;  
Gentlemen, the drum has beat."

J. D. P., '08.

## Love

MIDWAY in the Vale of Kisses, by the side of the deep River of Devotion, one may see a strange building with this inscription over the door, "Sanitarium—Dan Cupid, Manager." It is a peaceful valley shut out from the world by the broad, tall Mountains of Love that overlook the green plains stretched below. Here are strewn the bright Flowers of Hope and Constancy which waft their perfumes in the gentle breezes of Whispers and Sighs.

There are many patients in the Sanitarium, and they are attended by the fantastic spirits of Dreams and Fancies. All the patients are afflicted by the same malady. Observe the strange symptoms of their disease: You will notice a quickened beating of the heart, followed by sharp pains in the same region; loss of appetite and sleep, and a derangement of the mental faculties sometimes leading to poetry-writing; a pre-occupied air, as if in contemplation of an object continually before the vision; absentmindedness; and peculiar communications with a photograph, the moon, the cat, or anything that happens within range of the patient.

'Tis a strange thing about both the patients and the manager, that neither seem to have any desire for a condition of health. But let Dan Cupid one day neglect his duties and go a-hunting with his bow and arrow in the Mountains of Love; then that good old doctor, Second Thought, will appear, and say gruffly:

"Enough of this! I'll have you well soon. Take this prescription; it's 'harmless' and 'never known to fail, even in the most obstinate cases':

Take, 12 ounces dislike,  
1 pound resolution,  
2 grams common-sense,  
2 ounces experience,  
3 quarts cooling water of consideration.

Sweeten with sugar of forgetfulness, and add a large sprig of time. Skim with a spoon of melancholy; put the mixture in the bottle of your heart, and seal it with the cork of a clear conscience. Let it remain and you will quickly find ease and soon be restored to your senses.

The ingredients can be had of the Apothecary at the House of Understanding, next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the Village of Contentment.

"Directions: 'Take when a spell comes on.'"

G. J. AND DR. "PUE," '08.

## Friendship Versus Love

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JUST as the moon peeped over the southern hills, Virginia stole noiselessly along the garden path to the rose-covered summer-house, which lay hidden in a clump of trees near the brook. She had chosen this place above all others that she might be alone, for she was greatly troubled over a new phase of her life which had presented itself that very day, and she felt that solitude was necessary for the consideration of it.

Virginia had always considered Gwyn one of her very best friends, but had never given him a thought as a lover. To-day he had met her, as she was taking her afternoon ride, and as they galloped along together, he told her how from their very first meeting, his friendship for her had strengthened and had finally ripened into love.

"Virginia," he said, after a moment's pause, "I feel that you are a necessity to my life and I am now ready to ask you to become my wife."

During the time which Gwyn spent in pouring into her ears the fondest of hopes and assurances of true devotion, Virginia remained silent, while tints of scarlet chased one another across her face.

The two riders had now slowed down to a walk. Gwyn, becoming very restless, was turning from side to side in his saddle as if he expected some word from the girl and was uneasy as to the nature of it. At last, being able to wait no longer, he burst forth anew:

"Virginia, won't you marry me? You know how much I love you, adore you, worship you. Answer me, dear, I cannot bear this silence; speak to me again. Say you will become my wife, and I shall be the happiest man alive."

He had been pleading in this manner for quite a few minutes, when Virginia suddenly straightened herself in her saddle, and in a very firm, yet tender manner, replied:

"Gwyn, I cannot bear to think that you should want to destroy our long-lived friendship by asking me to marry you; and never, never have I thought of you except as 'Gwyn,' my dear old playmate, 'Gwyn.' Now you have ruined it all by asking me to become your wife! You have—"

She would probably have continued indefinitely, had not Gwyn interrupted her with a little laugh. Virginia heard the laugh, and, feeling indignant that Gwyn should make so light of what she was saying, stopped in the middle of a sentence just in time to hear him say:

"Why, my dear little girl, the question which I have just asked you is not



going to mean a severing of our friendship; instead it is the only means by which it can be sealed. Don't you see that I cannot do without you? And, to have you always with me, must I not marry you? Do not give your final answer until you think it over carefully, for it is plain that you do not understand what love is."

"Let us turn here and go home," said Virginia, as she lifted her eyes to Gwyn and gave the bridle a sharp jerk.

The horses turned, and, with their noses pointing home again, took up a lively pace. They were soon at the crossroads, one of which led down a long, narrow lane to an old-fashioned white house; this was Virginia's home, and she loved the dear old place more than any one could imagine, for here she had played with her dolls, and with her little sister Margaret, so long that she knew every inch of ground on the whole place. The other road, known as "The Boulevard," was the only means of reaching Gwyn's home, a rather stately mansion at the foot of Sand Mountain.

Taking off his cap, Gwyn drew his horse alongside Virginia's, and extended his hand. Virginia dropped her eyes to the ground and refused the extended hand; then, without glancing up at her handsome young lover, she tapped her horse gently with the whip and galloped off down the lane.

Gwyn was just swinging his horse into a trot up "The Boulevard," when he heard a faint echo, of what sounded to him like the voice of the young girl he had left only a few moments ago. He stopped quickly, and turned, just in time to see Virginia beckon for him to come to her. Thinking that she must be in distress of some kind, he rode towards her as quickly as possible, but as he neared the place where she had stopped, he caught sight of the hand again, and this time it was a signal to stop. Gwyn obeyed the warning and stopped his horse, wondering at this new change; he tarried for a moment, then turned and was soon on his way up "The Boulevard" again.

Virginia had called him back to tell him that she had changed her mind, and that she would think over his proposal. She also gave rise to new hopes by telling him to meet her in the summer-house that evening to receive his answer.

So Virginia was sitting in the rose-covered summer-house at the appointed hour, delving into the secrets of her own heart.

"Virginia," rang out a clear, strong voice on the still night air. The girl turned and caught sight of a tall, stately figure coming rapidly towards her. She shrank a little at the thought of meeting Gwyn face to face again, but soon



regained her self-possession and walked hastily to the entrance of the summer house.

"Hello, Gwyn," she said; "I am very glad you have come, for I was a little afraid you might not, and I have worried a great deal since we parted."

"Thank you, dear," he replied, "I hope you have good news for me."

The moon had now risen far above the horizon and cast its soft, silvery light across the faces of two young people who stood quietly conversing 'neath the fragrant trellis.

"Gwyn, I was a child this afternoon and did not realize what an important part you played in my life, but since I last saw you, I have come into possession of a woman's heart, a woman's reasoning power, and I am now ready—"

She paused, and Gwyn, looking straight into her eyes, seemed to catch a glimpse of the message they portrayed. Claspng her quickly to his breast, he pressed kiss after kiss upon her quivering lips.

"Virginia, my darling," he cried, trembling with emotion, "you have decided to marry your playmate!"

"Yes, Gwyn," she said, "I have found true happiness in my devotion for you."

C. P. M., '08.



## A Comedy in the Bugle Room

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

R. McBURNEY	Mc
L. F. SCHROEDER	Lucy
R. S. HOFFMAN	Hoff
C. H. FISHER	Fisher
R. P. A. JOHNSON	Bull
J. D. POWELL	John D.
G. C. STONE	Pebbles
C. P. MILLARD	Pete
A. T. POEHLMAN	Poeh
J. H. HARVELL	Har
R. G. WILBOURN	Shorty
R. C. KENT	Ken
A. G. ALDER	Al

*Place.*—Bugle Room No. 96.

*Time.*—7:30 p. m., Saturday.

*Room furnished as follows: A four-by-four table. Two whole chairs. Four pieces of other chairs. One old box which has seating capacity for six. One heatless radiator which seats one small cadet. 1-3 candle power lamp. Curtain rises. Bugle Board seated on the various seats.*

*Mc.*—"The meeting will please come to order. Fellows, I just want to give you a plan that I have been thinking of for the past three months. As an illustration. There are thirteen men on the Board. Now suppose each one took five minutes to give his views on a subject. That would take sixty-five minutes on just one subject. Now suppose we had forty subjects to be discussed, and you can readily calculate that it would take forty-three and one-third hours or over four working days. This is impracticable. We will all discuss the subject at the same time and thus will one subject be thoroughly discussed by thirteen men in five minutes. What do you think of it?"

*The Bugle Board.*—(All talking at the same time.) "I move and second that we adopt Mc's plan." "Mc's a scribe!" "Mc must be crazy!" "That's a darn good idea." "Mc's got a head on him!" "I don't think much of that plan," etc., etc., until the subject has been thoroughly discussed.

Mc.—“That’s right, fellows. I’m glad you’ve made a good beginning. Now all in favor, raise your hands.” (*Two hands go up—both of them Fisher’s.*)

Mc.—(*Without looking around further.*) “The motion has been carried unanimously—Fisher has decided to adopt it.” (*At this point there is a timid knock at the door and Col. Stevius steps partly in, attired in his pink pajamas.*)

Stevius.—(*In somewhat bashful tone.*) “Mr. McBurney, will you please ask Mr. Stone not to talk quite so loud, he might disturb Prexie.” (*President’s house half a mile away.*)

Mc.—“All right, Col. Stevius, I’ll attend to him.”

Stevius.—“All right, Mr. McBurney. Much obliged. Thank you. You know,—er, of course, that is, as it were, just simply, so to speak,—er,—r—”

Mc.—“Yes, yes, yes, if that’s all you have got to say, just haul-the-ball.” (*Quiet—only the pitter-patter of Stevius’ little bare feet going down the steps.*)

Mc.—“Now let’s decide on the cover.” (*Bull blusters in, just in time to hear the last sentence.*)

Bull.—“We decided on that last time.”

Pebbles.—“How do you know? You were not here.”

Fisher.—“Did you get those ‘ad’ letters off?”

Bull.—“I was ‘aggravated’ by some rats and I’ve got more than I can do anyway.” (*Pushes Shorty roughly off the radiator and takes his seat thereon. Fifteen minutes lost pacifying Shorty, which is done finally by Harvell volunteering to hold him on his lap.*)

Lucy.—“That fool, Johnson, ought to be kicked off the Board.”

Hoff.—“Bull is from my town.”

Poch.—“What the hell difference does that make?”

John D.—“What a vulgar bunch!”

Mc.—“You fellows calm down ‘as it were.’ John, how is the literary ‘stuff’ coming along?”

John D.—“There is no use reading these literary productions. These fellows don’t know a good poem when they see it.”

Pebbles.—“Amen! Amen!!”

Pete.—(*To Poch.*) “If there was somebody on this Board who knew a good drawing besides you and me we might do something.”

Bull.—(*Waking up.*) “I move that we adjourn.”

Shorty.—“I wish that they would let Bull adjourn so that I could get my seat back.”



Harcell.—(Affectionately.) "Don't cry, little man. Ain't you comfortable?"

Shorty.—"Will I ever be as big as you, Har?"

Lucy.—"Aw—put the darn kids out."

Hoff.—"Mr. Editor-in-Chief, are you going to allow these children to disturb us in this manner? I think we ought to talk about the **BUGLE** if that's what we came up here for. Why not decide on the cover?"

Mc.—(After quiet has been restored.) "What kind of cover are we going to have on this d—— **BUGLE**?"

Bugle Board.—(In usual manner.) "Linen." "Leather." "Boards!" "Ooze sheep." "Iron-Brass!" "Tin!" —!!! "Cloth!!!"

Hoff.—(Above the others.) "I move that we have leather!"

Mc.—(At the top of his voice.) "Hoff has the floor; everybody else talk."  
(General confusion and hubbub. Everything is discussed from the results of the last examinations, to the date of the last time we had fried chicken in the mess. Quiet is restored again, after much difficulty.)

Mc.—"That leather representative just twisted Hoff around his finger."

Lucy.—"I think so myself."

Hoff.—(After Mc has expressed himself in favor of "ooze sheep.") "That 'ooze sheep' representative sure bluffed Mc."

Har.—(While Shorty is asleep.) "Somebody else's turn to hold this cry-baby."

Shorty.—(Waking up.) "Who's a cry-baby?"

Pebbles.—"Children should be seen and not heard."

Mc.—"Well, how about the cover?"

Lucy.—"I'm the Business Manager of this **BUGLE**."

Poch.—"I'm the Art Editor. (At this point all talk at same time, telling each other what positions they hold on the Board.)

Mc.—"Now, the cover has been thoroughly discussed. All in favor of a cover, say 'AYE'!" (Loud chorus of "AYES.")

Mc.—"Unanimously voted that the cover shall be leather. Now we will look at any new drawings that the Art Department may have."

Shorty, Bull and Har.—(All together.) "We want to see pitty pictures."

Hoff.—"Bull always want to look at the drawings out of mere curiosity."

Bull.—"Dickens, I do! I'm working, I am. I've got fully two quarter pages of 'ads'."

Pete and Poch.—(Together.) "For heaven's sake, don't let those kids get too close to these. It took an awful lot of work, and many secret meetings

to get them. Here is one which will go in the *BEGLE*; all right but we can't show it because you fellows would not appreciate it." (*Whisper together and put it in a box.*)

*Poeh.*—(*Drawing out another.*) "Now, here is a good one for the *Finis*—I drew it.—Ain't that fine?"

*Pebbles.*—"That lake is too small."

*Poeh.*—"What lake?"

*Pebbles.*—"There." (*Pointing to a full moon in a midnight scene.*  
*Laughter from the rest of the Board.*)

*John D.*—"To save time, I'll read my poems to the Board while the art work is being discussed."

*Hoff.*—"That would be the best time to read your poems. Read 'em low, too." (*John D. proceeds to read, while the art work is being discussed. Bull is finding out where the lesson in Stresses is for Monday. Pebbles is trying to persuade Har to go to Sunday-school,—all at the same time.*)

*Pete.*—"Here is a drawing for College Publications. It is bum, I admit; but it must go in, because I worked a whole hour on it."

*Poeh.*—"Yes! Yes! That has just got to go in."

*Pebbles.*—"But it was used last year, and the year before, and year before that."

*Pete.*—(*Beginning to pout.*) "Don't I know that? I copied it out of last year's *BEGLE*, but fool, how are you going to get *BEGLE* drawings unless you get them out of old *BEGLE*s? Here is one I had drawn up for the Senior Girl, but it is simply terrific; it will have to go in, though, because I'm ashamed to ask the girl who drew it to do it over again."

*Mc.*—(*Looking askance.*) "It does look somewhat like an oak tree stump with roots upward, but under the conditions, —I—I—I'll take it."

*Fisher.*—"Mr. McBurney, can I have the floor?"

*Mc.*—"Quiet, please. Mr. Cecil H. Fisher, our Advertising Editor, has the floor. (*Applause from the Board.*)

*Fisher.*—"Ahem! Gentlemen, we have decided to have the company pictures in white, and the *fatalien* in gray uniform. We have not, as yet, decided how our *battery* shall be taken, but we hope we will proceed with that without further delay."

*Rest of Board.*—"Fine speech! Fine!"

*Har.*—"I have here 'The *Hairentites*' which I'm going to put in the *BEGLE* after it has been read and dis—approved by Dates."

*Mc.*—"Read the fool thing and let's get through with it. (*To the rest*

*of the Board.*) While Har is reading his jargon, the rest of you fellows do, etc., etc." (*Assigns each a task and betakes himself down stairs to Cuthrell's candy shop.*)

*Al.*—"Me certainly knows how to get a lot of work out of few men."

*Ken.*—"He sure does. Me's a slick article."

*Mc.*—(*Coming in from Cuthrell's fifteen minutes later.*) "Have you finished reading it, Har?"

*Har.*—(*Proudly.*) "Yes, I read and thoroughly discussed it myself."

*Mc.*—"What do you think of it?"

*Har.*—"A fine piece and well written, but I don't believe Dates will appreciate it."

*Pebbles.*—"You say it is a fine piece? Who wrote it?"

*Har.*—"I did."

*Mc.*—"All right. I'll accept it."

*Poch.*—"Since 'The Hairentites' has been read and discussed by Har, and accepted by Me, I'll see if I can discuss some more of these drawings and get Me to accept them."

*Shorty.*—(*Delightedly.*) "More pitty pictures, Bull." (*Rest of drawings are discussed by Pete and Poch and marked "accepted."*)

*Mc.*—"Now, to whom shall we dedicate the BOGLE?"

*Shorty.*—"To Mateo."

*Rest of Board.*—(*In accordance with Mc's plan to save time.*) "To Dates." "H— with Dates, I want Steve." "Away with Steve, Dates and Mateo; dedicate it to J. S. A. He passed fully one-fifth of his class on Mechanics."

*Hoff.*—(*After quiet has been restored.*) "I move that we dedicate it to the fairest, squarest, and best all-round man on the campus—"

*Rest of Board.*—(*In chorus.*) "Dr. Williams!"

*Mc.*—"Since we have decided unanimously on Dr. Williams, we will have a steel engraving of him; and because the others were good enough to be mentioned, we will let their pictures be of the 'fade away' style."

*Rest of Board.*—(*As usual.*) "Old Doc's a fine man." "I had all my math. under Doc." "Doc's a bird." "'Hill o' beans.'" "Yea, verily two birds." "How about Tucker?" "He's a bird, too." "No, he's a dog." "We're all dogs." "No, we're all birds."

*Lucy.*—"You're all a set of blooming idiots."

*Pebbles.*—"Lucy, you have spoken the truth."

*Mc.*—(*To John D.*) "John, make a pallet in the corner for the children."

We can't keep them awake longer." (*John puts Har and Shorty to sleep in the corner, singing "Mother Goose" rhymes to them.*)

*Hoff.*—"This is a fine *BOULE* meeting, isn't it?"

*Mc.*—"Now, we will decide on some of these bathing-girls. How do you like this one?" (*Holds up one "nifty-looking" one with no stockings on, and skirt one-quarter of an inch above her knees. John D. and Pebbles immediately faint—ten minutes to bring them back.*)

*Poch.*—"That dress is too short."

(*John D. and Pebbles look pretty white, but manage to stand Poch's remark.*)

*Hoff.*—"Mc, fooling with these bathing-girls is like handling dynamite, it seems. I think we had better adjourn for the night and not risk any more lives."

*Mc.*—"I think so myself. We have done a good night's work on everything. (*Aside.*) Except THE *BOULE*."

(*All go out.*)

R. S. H., '08.



## The Man From Mars Visits the V. P. I. Electrical Laboratory

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IN my many and extensive travels in the interest of the Martian Consolidated Electrical Corporation, I shall never forget my visit to the Electrical "Lab." at the V. P. I. I had often heard of this "Lab." as being the "Mecca" of the electrical world, and I feared that my travels through the universe in search of electrical improvements would be far from complete, did I not visit this wonderful place. Since I had been informed that all of the experiments in that "Lab." were carried on secretly, I determined to visit it in my invisible form. So when I landed on earth, I proceeded to the V. P. I. Science Hall, wherein that wonderful "Lab." was concealed.

I entered the "Lab." at 1.23 P. M. Only one person was present, and he was carefully working on an ammeter. The silence was broken now and then by his indistinct mutterings, but I thought I caught the words, "Obviously, them Seniors will burn up everything in this place." I immediately judged this person to be the Mighty Claudius Lee, Major-domo of this famous "Lab."

"Clang! Clang!" A distant bell pealed forth its doleful summons to the "lazyskeedets." Claudius at once pulled out his stop-watch, set it, and grabbed pencil and pad. Out in the hall footsteps were rapidly approaching. The door flew open and a youth of tender years entered panting.

"Good evening, Prof.," he gasped. "On time?"

"No, sir. You are six seconds and twenty-three ticks late. What have you to say about it, Mr. Paine?"

"I was selling tickets to the negro debate when the bell rang, but I made all possible haste to get here."

"W—ell, I'll not count this late against you."

Silence was again supreme, but its peaceful reign was soon rudely broken by a sound as of approaching thunder. The building shook; the stairs creaked; the ammeters turned pale; and the dynamos ran with fright. The door was hurled open and a crowd of "skeedets" burst in, singing "Heidelberg" at the top of their voices. They then gathered around the great Claudius, and allowed themselves to be questioned by him.

"Mr. Crowder," asked he, "why are you so late?"

"Prof., I was over at the Y. M. C. A. reading the *Religious Herald* and became so deeply engrossed in it, that I did not hear the bell."

"Well," replied Claudius, "I will excuse you, as your time was never better spent."

"Mr. Diffendal, where were you when the bell rang?"

"I was appointed a committee to see Colonel Jamerson about having Reveille after dinner, and breakfast served to the Seniors in bed."

"Yes," answered the Professor, "and if they did that, they would also have to serve dinner and supper in bed to you and Mr. Schroeder."

"Why were you late, Mr. Beasley?"

"You see," replied the one addressed in a rumbling voice, "it was this way: we had crushed roosters for dinner to-day, and I got three feathers hung in my throat. But I saw Dr. Paul Jones and had them chased down."

"Good, Mr. Beasley; I like the spirit in which you explain your tardiness."

"You were late, too, Mr. Schroeder. Oversleep yourself!"

"Why—er—no, Professor, I received a telegram from Dublin University right after dinner, saying that Yale was trying to get a game with them. So I had to go down and wire them to accept."

"I can't accept that excuse, Mr. Schroeder. You will have to make an end run to the Deanery," and the Professor added another to a long row of ugly black remarks.

"What was wrong with you, Mr. Cale?"

"My pony ran away, Professor, and as we have "Dutch" to-morrow, I just had to catch him."

"He would have returned to graze with the herd anyway, but that's all right this time. I can sympathize with you," replied the Professor.

"Where have you been, Mr. Ives?"

"The Commandant called me down to the office to give me a second lieutenantancy, but shoulder-bars cost \$2.00, and I didn't think the office was worth that much, so I refused it."

The Professor patted him on the shoulder.

"I see," said he. "I admire your economical judgment. You are excused."

Then turning to the only remaining "skeedet," he inquired, "How about you, Mr. Poehlmann?"

"Professor, I went down to the Hospital just after dinner, and had such an interesting talk with my friend, "Pally," that I forgot all about this class."

"You look sick and seared. You may go to your room and recuperate."

After this questioning was finished, I expected the "skeedets" to begin some of their very interesting experiments. But, no, they all loaded their pipes, and began to discuss the last ball game! Professor Claudius did indeed hint

for them to do certain things, but they totally ignored him. Finally, the one who had been addressed as Ives stopped making a chimney of himself and asked:

"Professor, why does a motor run faster when resistance is cut out of the circuit?"

That sounded like something of professional interest, so I drew nearer to hear the Professor's reply.

"Mr. Ives, a motor does run obviously faster when resistance is cut out, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it certainly does."

"Well, obviously, Mr. Ives, why does it?"

All the "skeeedets" groaned, because, I suppose, it was so simple; but I failed to understand the explanation.

Just then a respectful silence fell over all. I turned toward the door and saw one whom I knew, from his brisk, alert manner, could be no other than the Grand Mogul, His Royal Highness, Sammy Pritchard!

All prostrated themselves before him with low murmurings of salutation. But, with a smile enlightening his noble countenance, His Highness raised them by a single gracious wave of his magnetic hand.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have a very important matter to present to you. Mr. Lee and I have thought out a splendid plan to compensate for the decaying inductivity of the transmission of knowledge to your brains. We must first obliterate the choke coil and impedance action due to the predominance of demagnetizing and secondary matters. Then with a strong discharge from my condenser, making a harmonic impression upon your minds, aided by your absorption and susceptibility, you may be able to generate a difference in potential. This treatment taken in synchronism with occasional connections to the text-books will undoubtedly prove of benefit to you."

This profound discourse evidently impressed the "skeeedets"; for they immediately began to run hither and thither with shouts to each other.

"Where's that speedometer?" "Who broke this binding-post?" "Gimme a piece of that wire." "Put in the fuses." "Don't you know a voltmeter from a rheostat?" and so on.

"Now," I thought, "I shall surely see something of interest."

The first arrival, Paine, went to the distributing-board to make connections for the rotary converter. He evidently made a blunder; for there was a blinding flash, followed by a terrific explosion. I felt myself hurled upward through space, on,—on,—on.

The sudden cessation of my flight aroused my senses, and I was overjoyed

to find myself caught in the rigging of an airship belonging to the Martian Transportation Company. Thence I managed to escape unharmed and soon arrived at my native country.

While I feel repaid for my visit to the V. P. I. Electrical "Lab.," nevertheless, for reasons of my own, I have decided never to visit it again.

E. E.'s., '08.







HALL OF FAME

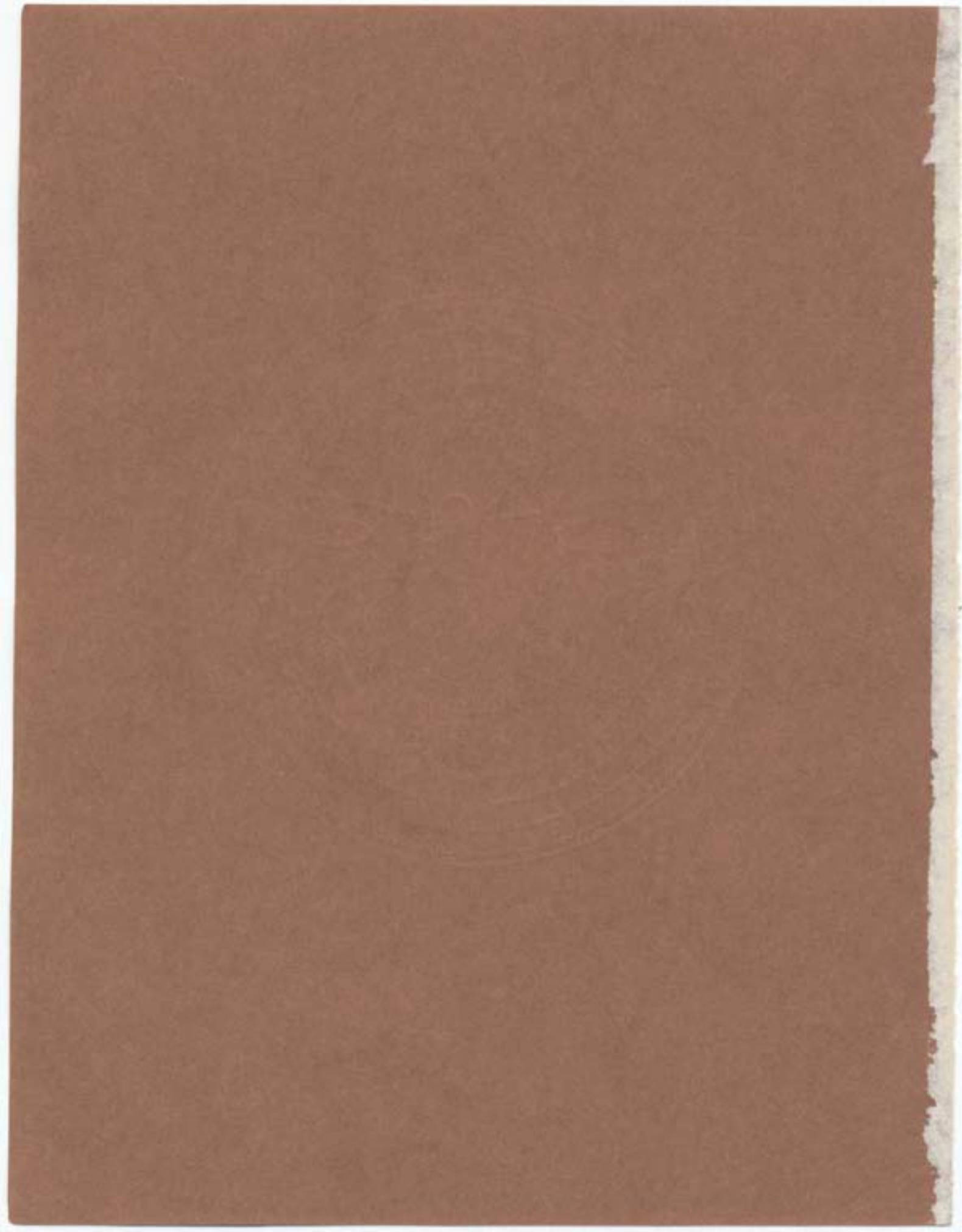
## Bugle Election

- THE BRAINIEST CADET—1. POWELL, J. D. 2. STEBBINS, C.  
 THE HARDEST STUDENT—1. POWELL, J. D. 2. WYSOR, D. C.  
 THE MOST COLLEGE SPIRITED—1. McBURNEY, R. 2. NOLAND, P. H.  
 THE MOST DIGNIFIED—1. PARSONS, G. L. 2. HOFFMAN, R. S.  
 THE MOST POPULAR CADET—1. McBURNEY, R. 2. DIFFENDAL, C. E.  
 THE BEST ALL-ROUND CADET—1. McBURNEY, R. 2. HUFFARD, P. P.  
 THE HANDSOMEST CADET—1. THOMAS, H. D. 2. PARSONS, G. L.  
 THE BEST OFFICER—1. JORDAN, F. H. 2. McBURNEY, R.  
 THE BEST FIRST SERGEANT—1. BAUM, J. L., MILLER, F. 2. HUFFARD, P. P.  
 THE BEST SERGEANT—1. LAPRADE, B. W. 2. PALMER, J. L.

- THE BEST CORPORAL—1. DAVIES, H. A. 2. HAWKINS, H. B.
- THE BEST DRILLED PRIVATE—1. FORD, H. M. 2. SUDGEN, C. E.
- THE GREATEST LADIES' MAN—1. NOLAND, P. H. 2. YONGE, W. K.
- THE GREATEST LADY HATER—1. GLOVER, R. E. 2. MITCHELL, J. C.
- THE HEART SMASHER—1. YONGE, W. K. 2. FISHER, C. H.; MIL-  
LARD, C. P.
- THE MOST POPULAR PROFESSOR—DR. WILLIAMS. 2. COLONEL MARR.
- THE MOST POPULAR YOUNG LADY—1. MISS VIRGINIA PATTON. 2.  
MISS ANNIE HENDERSON.
- THE LATEST CADET—1. WALKER, L. S. 2. GRAVES, J. T.; WADE,  
R. T. M.
- THE FRESHEST CADET—1. HOPPE. 2. NAXCE.
- THE BEST ALL-ROUND—1. LUTTRELL, J. T. 2. DIFFENDAL, C. E.
- THE CADET MOST IN LOVE—1. NOLAND, P. H. 2. MCBURNEY, R.;  
YONGE, W. K.
- THE BRAVEST CADET—SMITH, J. M. 2. DIFFENDAL, C. E.









## Puns

---

*Dr. H.*—"What was the 'Pilgrim's Progress' intended to represent?"  
*McBurney*—"The coming of the Puritans to America."

*Jordan* (seeing Cook with a handful of yellow flowers pinned to his coat)  
"Lo—o—o—k at t—h—s—t h—ll—o—o—ming id—id—i—ot."

XXXV—"What sort of a looking thing is a gas producer?"

*Johnny*—"The best one I ever saw was made in the shape of a man, with two glass eyes, a slide rule on one side, a proposition on the other, and wearing a \$12.50 suit of clothes and a plug hat. Every time a bubble of gas came out, the Producer said, "Off—off."

*Thomas, C. H.*—"Ramey, there's not but one thing the matter with you."

*Ramey*—"What is that?"

*Thomas*—"You stood by the fire too long, and your legs melted and ran into your shoes!"

*Brick* (seeing John Calhoun with his cap pulled down over his ears)—  
"You, John, come out from under that hat! I see your feet."

*Tebbs* (to "Growley")—"You ought to learn the violin."

"*Growley*"—"Why?"

*Tebbs*—"Oh, it would give your chin a rest."

*Keister*—"Shall I wrap the sandwich up?"

"*Pap*"—"No, I've got something to go around it."

*Keister*—"What?"

"*Pap*"—"Me."

"Lucy's" motto: "Sleep all day to avoid eating and sit up all night to avoid sleeping."

*Porter (on Hollins' train)*—"Hain't yer fergot sunthin', Boss?"

*"Alec"*—"Naw; I've got my rar-rah stick and chewing gum; I don't want those peanut hulls."

*"Nip" (in Roanoke)*—"Have you any tongue?"

*Waiter*—"Shure, boss; I ain't no dumb waiter."

*Dr. Wilson (to class)*—"Now, fellows, when you add this reagent to this solution, what comes down?"

*"Shouts"*—"A white participant."

*"Steve" (running up to "Shorty's" room, where he and the band are practicing)*—"Er—er—er—Mr. Wilbourn, what's all this noise about?"

*"Shorty (saluting)*—"About over, of course."



## Athletic Association

---

P. H. NOLAND, '08	PRESIDENT
P. P. HUFFARD, '09	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. A. DAVIES, '10	SECRETARY
H. L. PRICE, '97	TREASURER
J. H. HARVELL, '08	ASSISTANT TREASURER

### ATHLETIC COUNCIL

H. H. VARNER ( <i>Graduate Manager of Athletics</i> )	CHAIRMAN
P. H. NOLAND, '08	P. P. HUFFARD, '09
	H. A. DAVIES, '10
C. P. MILES	} FACULTY REPRESENTATIVES
DR. J. E. WILLIAMS	
P. H. NOLAND, '08	MANAGER FOOTBALL TEAM
J. W. CAMPBELL, '08	MANAGER BASEBALL TEAM
W. K. YONGE, '08	MANAGER TRACK TEAM
J. H. HARVELL, '08	TECH REPRESENTATIVE

### FOOTBALL DEPARTMENT

C. E. DIFFENDAL, '08	Captain
C. R. WILLIAMS (Va.)	Coach
P. H. NOLAND, '08	Manager
J. L. BAUM, '09	Assistant Manager

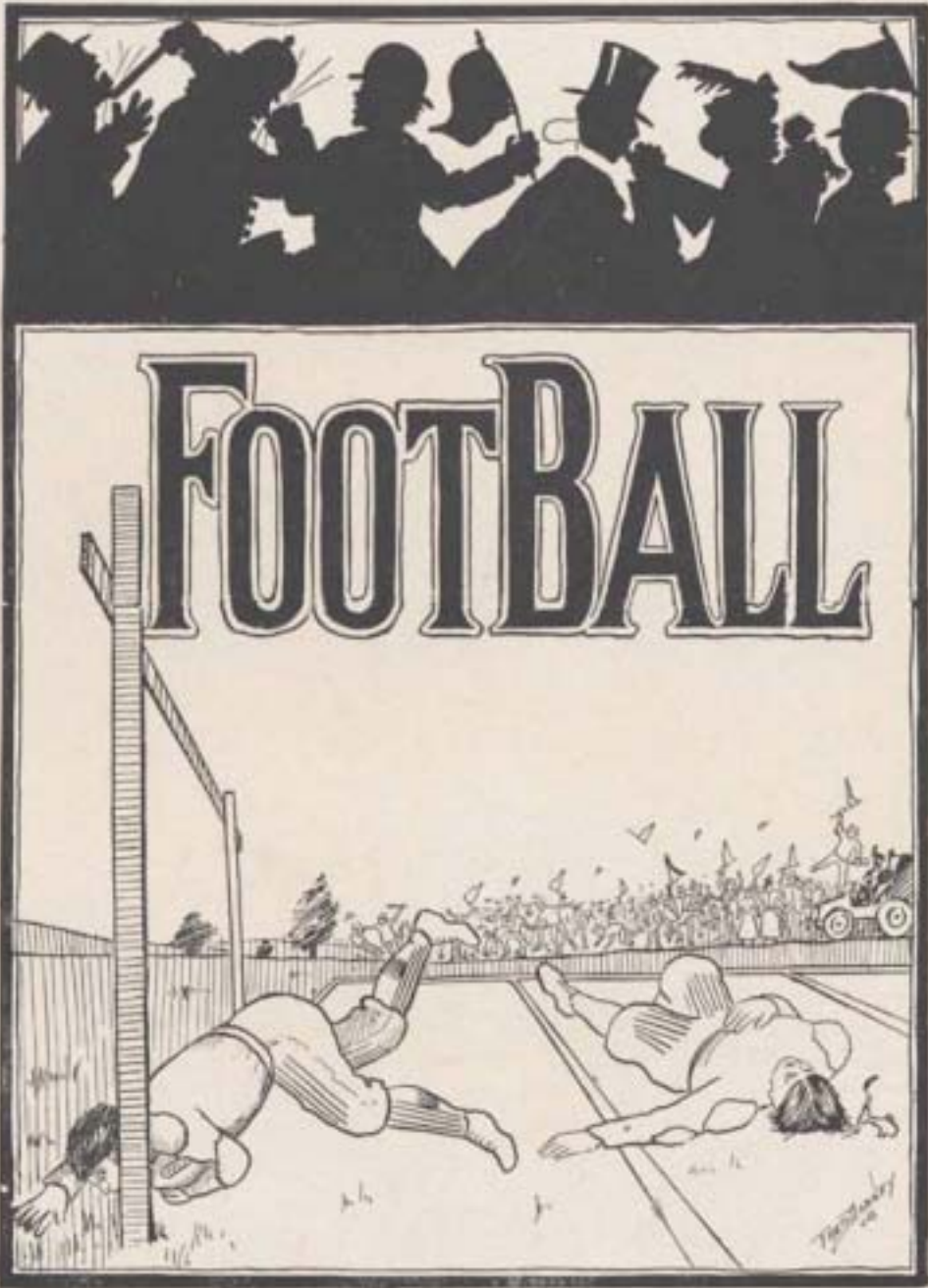
### BASEBALL DEPARTMENT

E. S. SHEPPARD, '07	Captain
J. W. CAMPBELL, '08	Manager
W. A. BOWLES, '09	Assistant Manager

### TRACK DEPARTMENT

P. P. HUFFARD, '09	Captain
W. K. YONGE, '08	Manager
A. HARRIS, '09	Assistant Manager







FIVE OF OUR FORMER CAPTAINS



COACH

# 1907 Football Team

## OFFICERS

C. B. WILLIAMS..... COACH  
 C. E. DIFFENDAL..... CAPTAIN  
 P. H. NOLAND..... MANAGER



CAPTAIN

## LINE UP

JOHNSON.....	CENTER
BRECKENRIDGE.....	LEFT GUARD
DIFFENDAL..... (CAPTAIN)	LEFT TACKLE
HUFFARD.....	LEFT END
HODGSON, E. R.....	RIGHT GUARD
SMITH, R. W.....	RIGHT TACKLE
SMITH, B. L.....	RIGHT END
SHEPPARD.....	QUARTER BACK
LUTTRELL.....	LEFT HALF BACK
BILLEPS.....	RIGHT HALF BACK
HODGSON, V. B.....	FULL BACK



MANAGER



FOOTBALL SQUAD



## Scrubs

---

ALDER	Center
WILKERSON	Left Guard
GIBBS	Left Tackle
HICKS	Left End
BROWN	Right Guard
JONES, H. G.	Right Tackle
JONES, J. P.	Right End
COOPER	Quarter Back
FUQUA	Full Back
GRAVELEY	Left Half Back
JAMES	Right Half Back

POSTAL TELEGRAPH  COMMERCIAL CABLES  
**TELEGRAM**

1907  
32  
to Mr. [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
Blacksburg, Va.  
P.S. [unclear] 32 to 2 in [unclear] had  
clear up! And will be held there to  
that. [unclear]

POSTAL TELEGRAPH  COMMERCIAL CABLES  
**TELEGRAM**

1907  
32  
to Mr. [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
Blacksburg, Va.  
V.P. 1 Week + [unclear] 0  
[unclear]

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.  
CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.  
**SEND**

1907  
32  
to [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
Blacksburg, Va.  
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.  
CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.  
**SEND**

1907  
32  
to [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
Blacksburg, Va.  
[unclear]

POSTAL TELEGRAPH  COMMERCIAL CABLES  
**TELEGRAM**

1907  
32  
to [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
Blacksburg, Va.  
[unclear]

POSTAL TELEGRAPH  COMMERCIAL CABLES  
**TELEGRAM**

1907  
32  
to [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
Blacksburg, Va.  
[unclear]

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.  
CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.  
**SEND**

1907  
32  
to [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
Blacksburg, Va.  
[unclear]

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.  
CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.  
**SEND**

1907  
32  
to [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
Blacksburg, Va.  
[unclear]

POSTAL TELEGRAPH  COMMERCIAL CABLES  
**TELEGRAM**

1907  
32  
to [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
Blacksburg, Va.  
[unclear]





BASBALL TEAM





COACH

# 1908 Baseball Team

## OFFICERS

C. P. MILES..... COACH  
 E. S. SHEPPARD..... CAPTAIN  
 J. W. CAMPBELL..... MANAGER



CAPTAIN

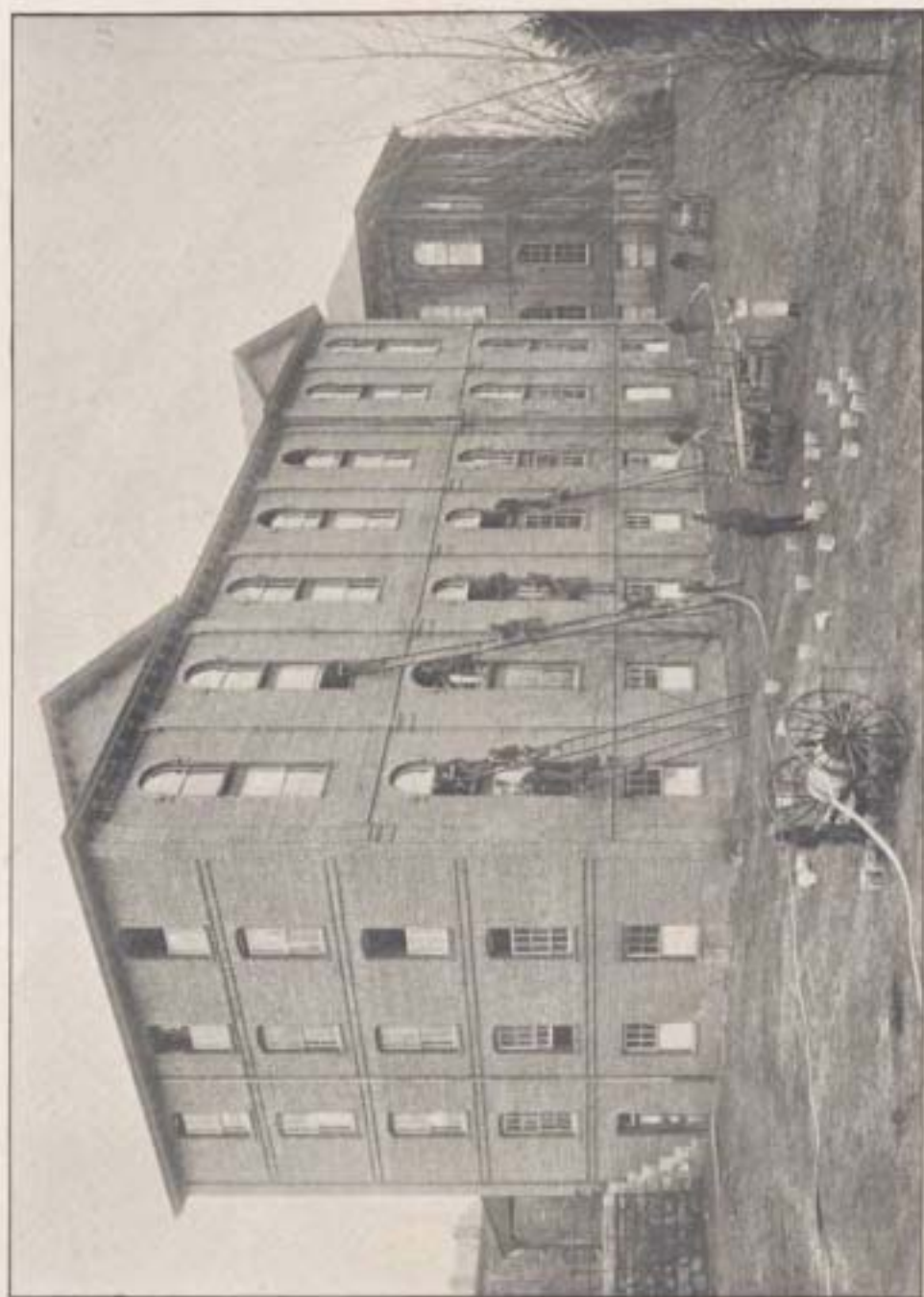
## APPLICANTS FOR 1908

AUSTIN, A. D.  
 BILLUPS, H. E.  
 BROWN, W. P.  
 COOPER, J. H.  
 CORR, W. E.  
 COLLENS, C. I.  
 DIPPENDAL, C. E.  
 FUQUA, F. W.  
 HALL, J. W.  
 HARRIS, W. G.  
 HICKS, T. P.  
 HODGSON, E. R.

IVES, W.  
 JORDAN, F. H.  
 KENNER, E. L.  
 MILLARD, C. P.  
 PEERY, S. C.  
 PERSINGER, A. B.  
 POEHLMAN, A. T.  
 PRITCHARD, N. D.  
 SHEPPARD, E. S.  
 SILVESTER, W. W.  
 STONEBURNER, F. C.  
 WASHER, L.



MANAGER



PINE-MILL.





TRACK TEAM





COACH

# Track Team

## OFFICERS

H. B. NELSON.....	COACH
P. P. HUFFARD.....	CAPTAIN
W. K. YONGE.....	MANAGER



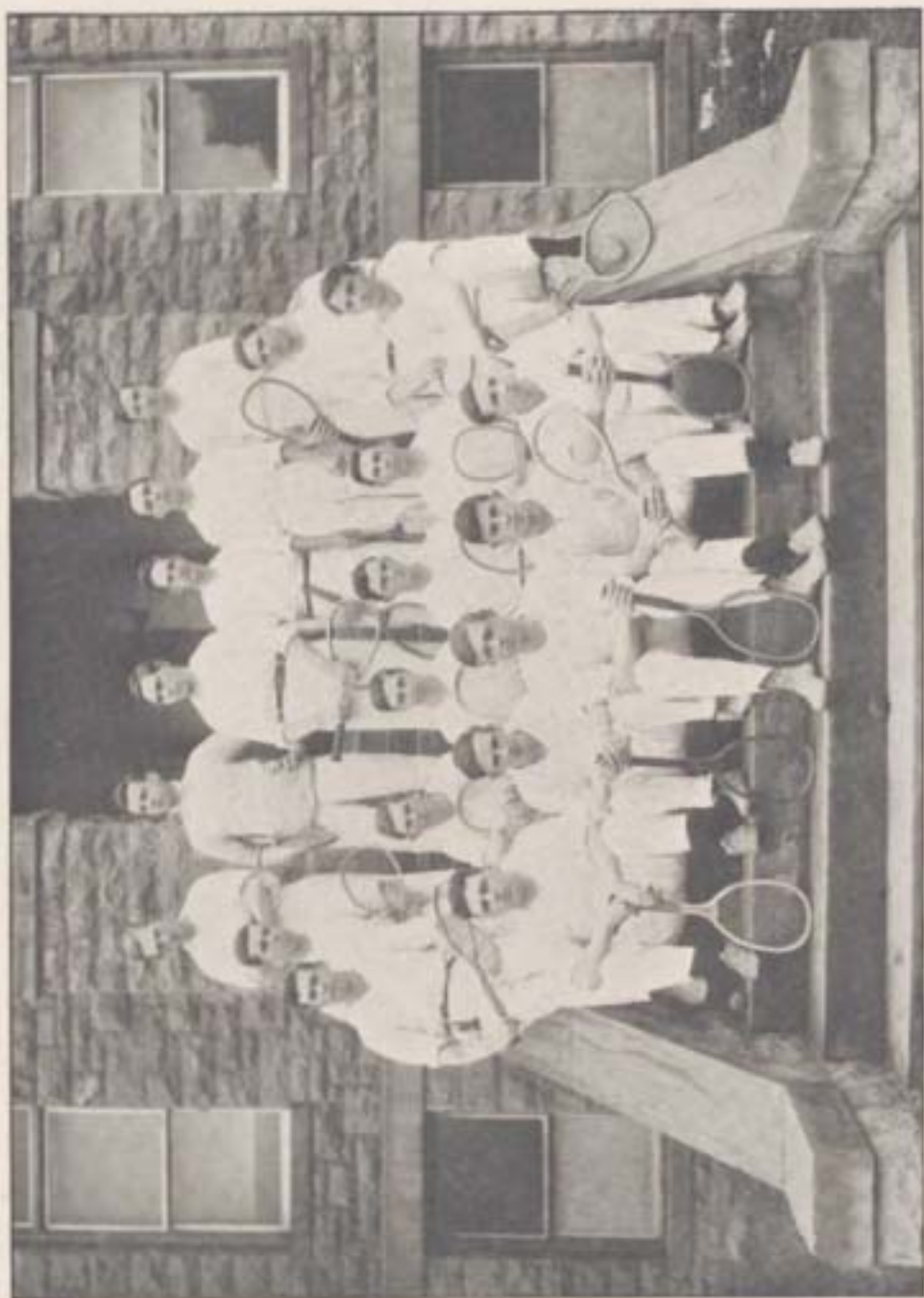
CAPTAIN

## TRACK TEAM

HARGROVE, N. D.  
 HUFFARD, P. P.  
 HUGHES, J. I.  
 LUTTRELL, J. T.  
 NOLAND, P. H.  
 PARSONS, G. L.  
 SMITH, B. L.  
 STONE, G. J.  
 WESTLAKES, F. P.  
 YEATON, C. H.



MANAGER



TENNIS CLUB

# Tennis Club

---

## OFFICERS

W. K. YONGE.....PRESIDENT  
W. IVES.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
T. P. CAMPBELL.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

## MEMBERS

ALDER, A. G.

ALEXANDER, E. S.

CAMPBELL, J. W.

CAMPBELL, T. P.

COOKE, C. C.

DICKEY, J. B.

EVANS, G. S.

HAMILTON, J. D.

HARDROVE, N. D.

HUTCHESON, H. H.

IVES, W.

LOGAN, J. B.

McMURRAN, S. M.

MACKAL, K. W.

McCLUNG, M. W.

ROGERS, F. M.

STONE, H. K.

TILGHMAN, M. B.

WILLIAMS, E. A.

YONGE, W. K.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM





JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



HOPKINSVILLE FOOTBALL TEAM



FRESHMAN FOOTBALL TEAM





## Ther Trip ter Roanoke

---

Et ye'll listen, gentle reader,  
Just er minut er little mo;  
I'll calculate to tell yer  
'Bout ther trip of our V. P. I. Co;  
'Bout ther time we wint ter Roanoke,  
Er feelin' prim and spry;  
How we licked the boots  
Clean off them fellers;  
What comes from V. M. I.

On the ninth day er November,  
Et I remember well,  
We boarded ther Huckleberry,  
Every man wuz lookin' swell.  
"Cap'in Fagg" he hollers, "All aboard!"  
An' on ther train we scrambled,  
An' we yelled and sung our college songs,  
I remember one wuz called, "He rambled."

Et last ther train wuz started,  
An she puffed, an heaved, an spun;  
An ther boys kept on er singin',  
An I kummened ter hum;  
I think I hummed  
Most every tune,  
What the Tech boys  
Wuz er singin';  
Ter our Orange an Maroon.

Et last we 'rue in Roanoke,  
An soon got off the train;  
An many wondered what ther score 'ud be,  
An we got on agin;  
But we felt purty confident,  
That we would win ther day,  
For we knew our team,  
An their fightin stock;  
We knew how they could play.

Er ther game didn't start till afternoon,  
Some fellers went sight seein,  
While others went for somthin ter eat  
At ther Hotel Ponce de Leon,  
But soon we heard an awful noise,  
Like ther holletin uv katydids;  
Some feller said, "Them's V. M. I."  
I looked, an sure enough,  
It wuz them candy kids.

Our batalyon formed at 2 o'clock,  
An we marched out ter the field;  
Where our noble team wuz sure ter win,  
Er die befo they'd yield,  
We had a band, er good one too:  
Ther music et wuz fine;  
Et filled ther boys with so much glee,  
They could hardly  
Keep in line.

We sat erpun ther east granstan,  
V. M. I. erpun ther west;  
An in ther line uv restin,  
They say that we did best.  
Ther mighty scrap it still goes on,  
Again, again, the Tech boys wente;  
Er touchdown, kick, er goal!  
My! those fellows, how they'd frown,  
They sartindy did look sore.

I thout et times my skin I'd swallow,  
Ter see ole "Dif" go thro their line,  
An when their man ad try er run,  
Jones 'nd down 'im every time.  
When "Shep" ther ball would pass ter Hodgson,  
An he'd dig his toe fer er punt,  
I thout ther gol darn thing hed wings;  
It sailed almost er mile,  
We hed ther others skunt.

An purty soon ther game wuz o'er,  
Our fellows, how they'd root,  
While V. M. I. looked kinder sick,  
An wished that they could scoot.  
We thin marched off on thro ther streets,  
Our Coe wuz feelin fine,  
While V. M. I. brought up ther rear,  
Fer like ther song,  
It wuz "Ther Coe Behind."

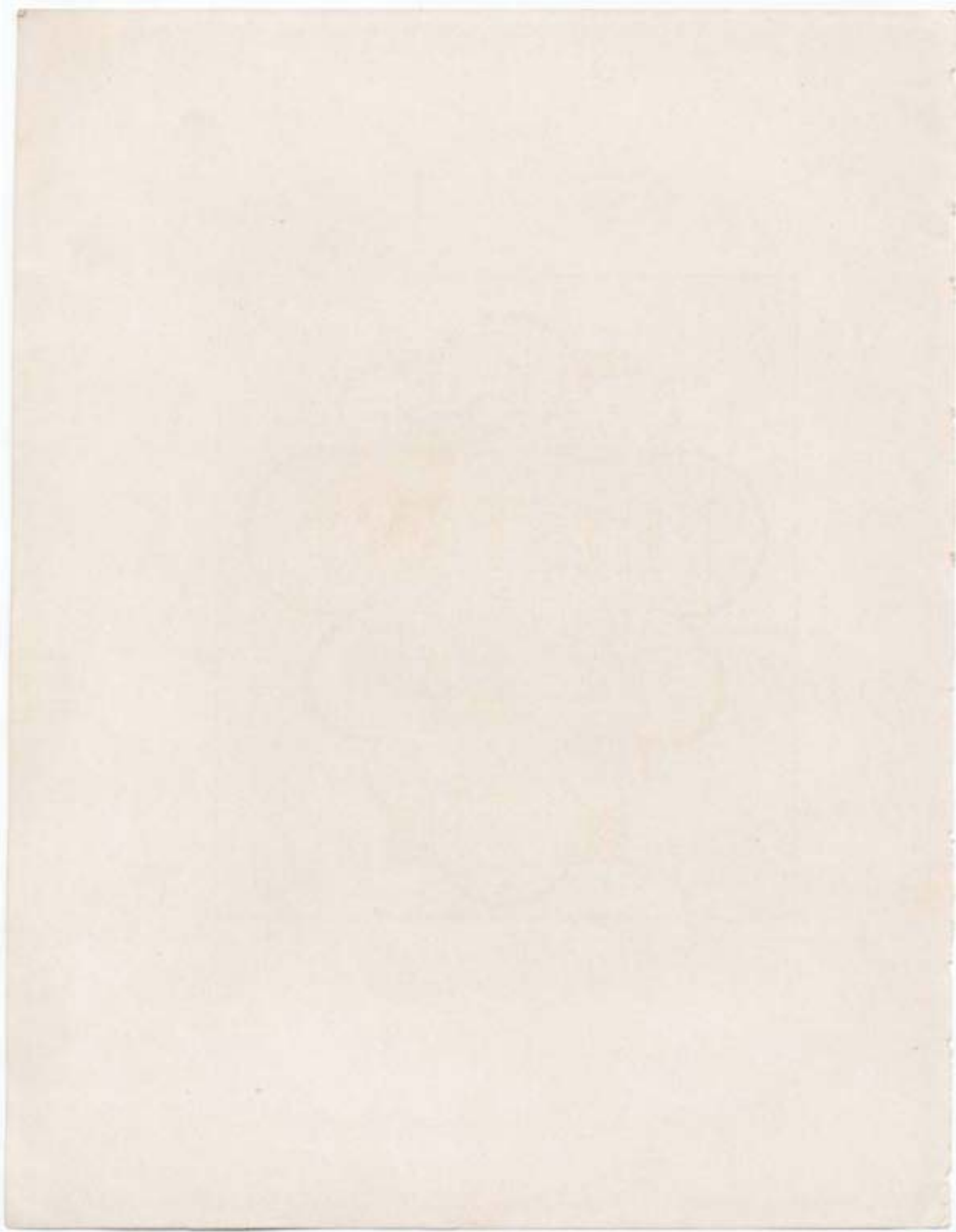
Yer know them fellers at V. M. I.  
They'd be'n makin lots of noise,  
Er how they'd run ther score up  
On them "Blacksburg Farmer Boys."  
An bless ma soul, when ther game wuz o'er!  
An ther score twenty-two ter nothin,  
They sulked erlong  
An looked most like  
Er turkey without stuffin'!

They were sartinly sure they'd win ther game  
An hed planned ter paint ther town,  
They did it with ther colors that day,  
An that night! They took em down.  
Comparin em with our bad boys,  
Their papers held em as er model;  
Didn't cuss, or smoke er cigarette,  
They were so good  
They oughter hed er bottle.

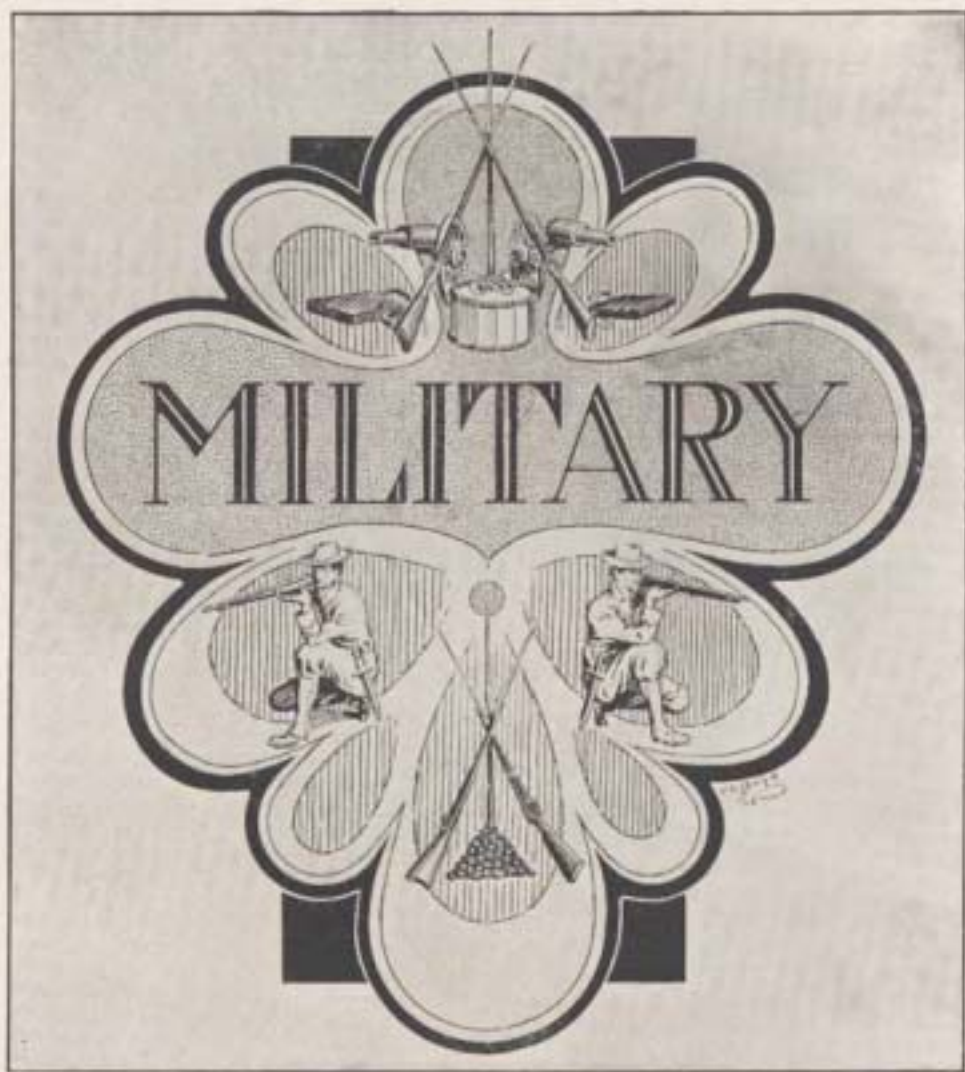
We left that town of Roanoke,  
'Bout 12 o'clock that night;  
En after ridin o'er soap-greased rulle-  
Continued in our flight.  
We rived at Blacksburg mid ther rain  
Sometime in early dawn,  
We flung ourselves upon our "bays;"  
An many slept thro reveille  
At ther blowin uv ther horn.

En now, dear reader, my time is up,  
You've give me more'n er minute,  
I've told yer all bout ther trip  
Fer all that there wuz in it;  
In endin, all I'll say es this,  
Some folks sad we wuz green,  
But them same folks  
On November ninth,  
Wuz ther bluest I ever seen.

R. McBurney, '08.









*Capt. G. H. Jambason  
10th INFANTRY U.S.A.*



*Lieut-Col. H. M. Braden*



*Lieut-Col. T. S. Wood*

MILITARY OFFICERS



BATTALION OFFICERS



BATTALION





MISS CRUTCHFIELD, SPONSOR



G. L. PARSONS  
CAPTAIN ADJUTANT



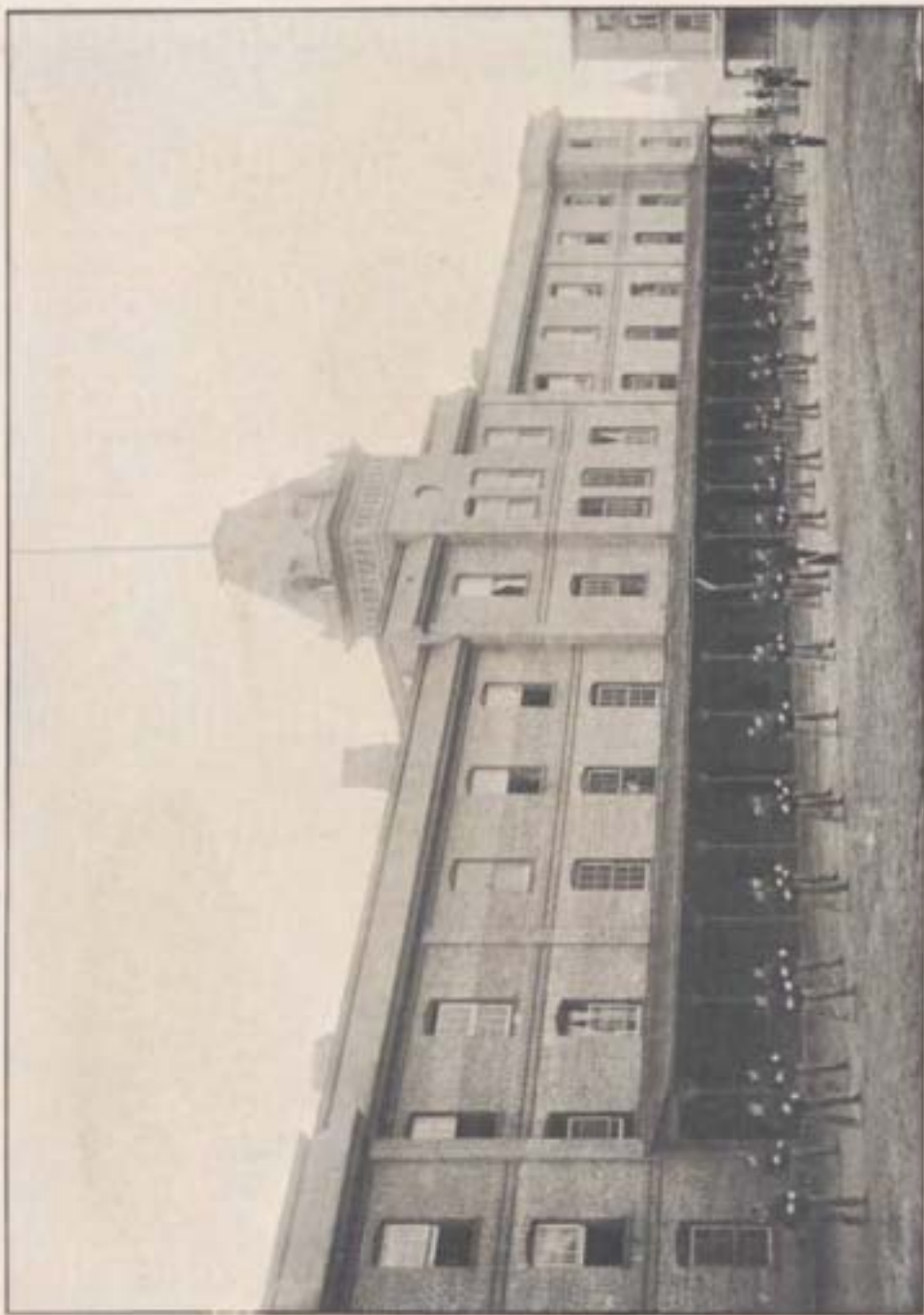
C. H. DEATON,  
CAPTAIN QUARTERMASTER



J. D. POWELL,  
SECOND LIEUTENANT

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

D. D. MARTIN.....	Sergeant Major
E. O. CULLIFF.....	Quartermaster Sergeant
H. D. THOMAS.....	Color Sergeant
W. D. MOSS.....	Color Sergeant



BATTERY

# Battery

## SERGEANTS

HUFFARD, P. P.  
FIRST SERGEANT  
SAUNDERS, F. E.  
QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT  
HUTCHINSON, H. H.  
SERGEANT  
HEALEY, E. T.  
SERGEANT  
WALKER, L. E.  
SERGEANT



## CORPORALS

SMITH, B. L.  
CORPORAL  
MASSIE, C. P.  
CORPORAL  
FORBES, C. W.  
CORPORAL  
DAVIS, J. L.  
CORPORAL

MISS CANNON, SPONSOR



C. H. FISHER,  
CAPTAIN



C. B. WALKER,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT



P. H. NOLAND,  
SECOND LIEUTENANT



COMPANY A



## Company A

### SERGEANTS

KELSEY, V. V., FIRST SERGEANT  
CARPENTER, J., QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT  
JOHNSTON, H. M., SERGEANT  
KENT, H. C., SERGEANT  
HALL, J. W., SERGEANT



H. S. HOFFMAN,  
CAPTAIN



C. P. MILLARD,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT



MISS MARY CONWAY MONETTE, SPORNIE

### CORPORALS

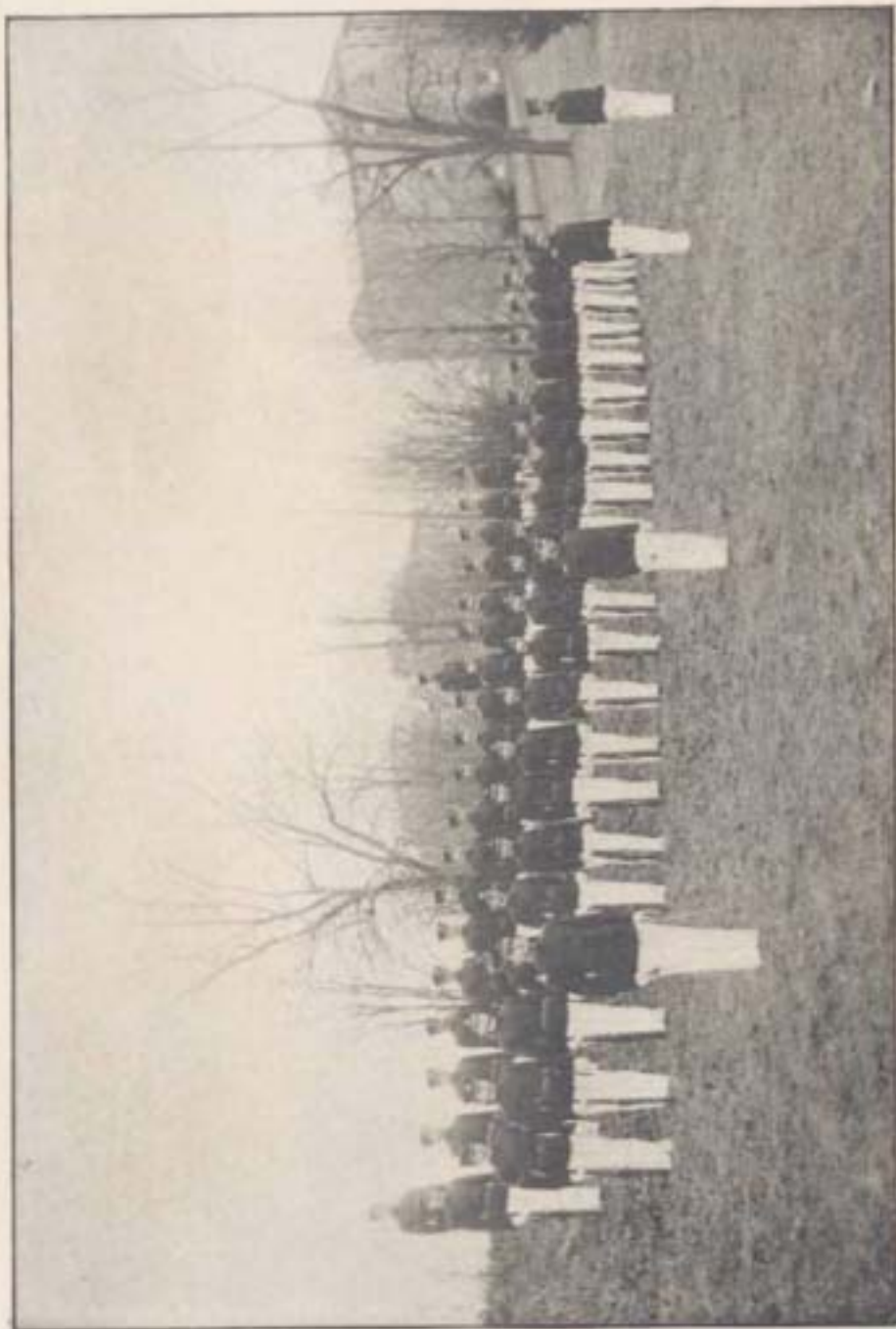
BISHOP, O. M., CORPORAL  
WYNOL, D. C., CORPORAL  
CROCKE, C. C., CORPORAL  
FRANKENFIELD, M. W., CORPORAL  
BROOKING, G. C., CORPORAL



W. E. COBB,  
SECOND LIEUTENANT



H. G. BONHAM,  
THIRD LIEUTENANT



COMPANY B

## Company B

### SERGEANTS

HARRIS, A., FIRST SERGEANT  
LAPLADÉ, R. W., QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT  
SOMMERVILLE, A., SERGEANT  
JONES, J. P., SERGEANT  
EVANS, G. S., SERGEANT



R. MCBURNEY,  
CAPTAIN



H. C. BRASLEY,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT



MISS CUCKELL, SPONSOR

### CORPORALS

WARDEN, A. H., CORPORAL  
FRY, D. W., CORPORAL  
HEATH, J. M., CORPORAL  
WOMACK, H. A., CORPORAL  
STONEBURNER, F. C., CORPORAL



J. H. HARWELL,  
SECOND LIEUTENANT



R. A. PAINE,  
THIRD LIEUTENANT



COMPANY C



## Company C



F. H. JORDAN,  
CAPTAIN



F. H. TROLLINGER,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT



MISS WOOD, SPONSOR



A. N. MARTY,  
SECOND LIEUTENANT



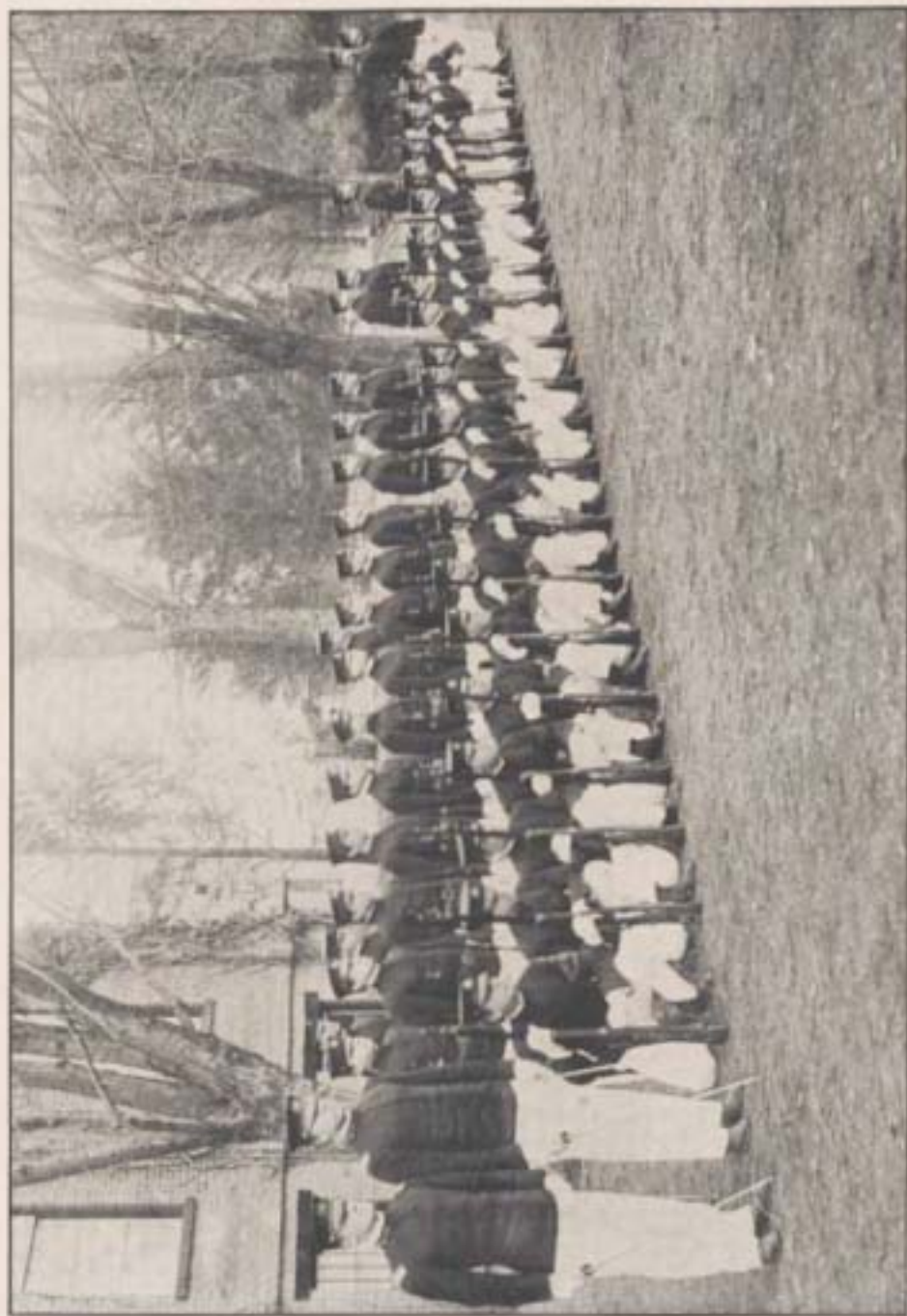
A. N. CROWDER,  
THIRD LIEUTENANT

### SERGEANTS

WATKINS, C. L., FIRST SERGEANT  
WALKER, A. G., QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT  
WILLIAMS, E. A., SERGEANT  
CHALKLEY, T. V., SERGEANT  
DUVAL, R. A., SERGEANT

### CORPORALS

DAVIES, H. A., CORPORAL  
JINKINS, W. Y., CORPORAL  
PORTER, L. A., CORPORAL  
LAMB, F. B., CORPORAL  
HOMES, W. A., CORPORAL



COMPANY B

## Company D

### SERGEANTS

PALMER, J. L., FIRST SERGEANT  
ISAAC, I. C., QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT  
BOWEN, E. W., SERGEANT  
WANHEL, L., SERGEANT  
RODGERS, E. P., SERGEANT



J. M. SMITH,  
CAPTAIN



W. K. YONGE,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT



MISS BARBARA, SPURGEON

### CORPORALS

REDSHAW, J. C., CORPORAL  
ALDER, A. G., CORPORAL  
TRENOR, H. M., CORPORAL  
CHRISMAN, A. B., CORPORAL  
HULTMAN, E. J. W., CORPORAL

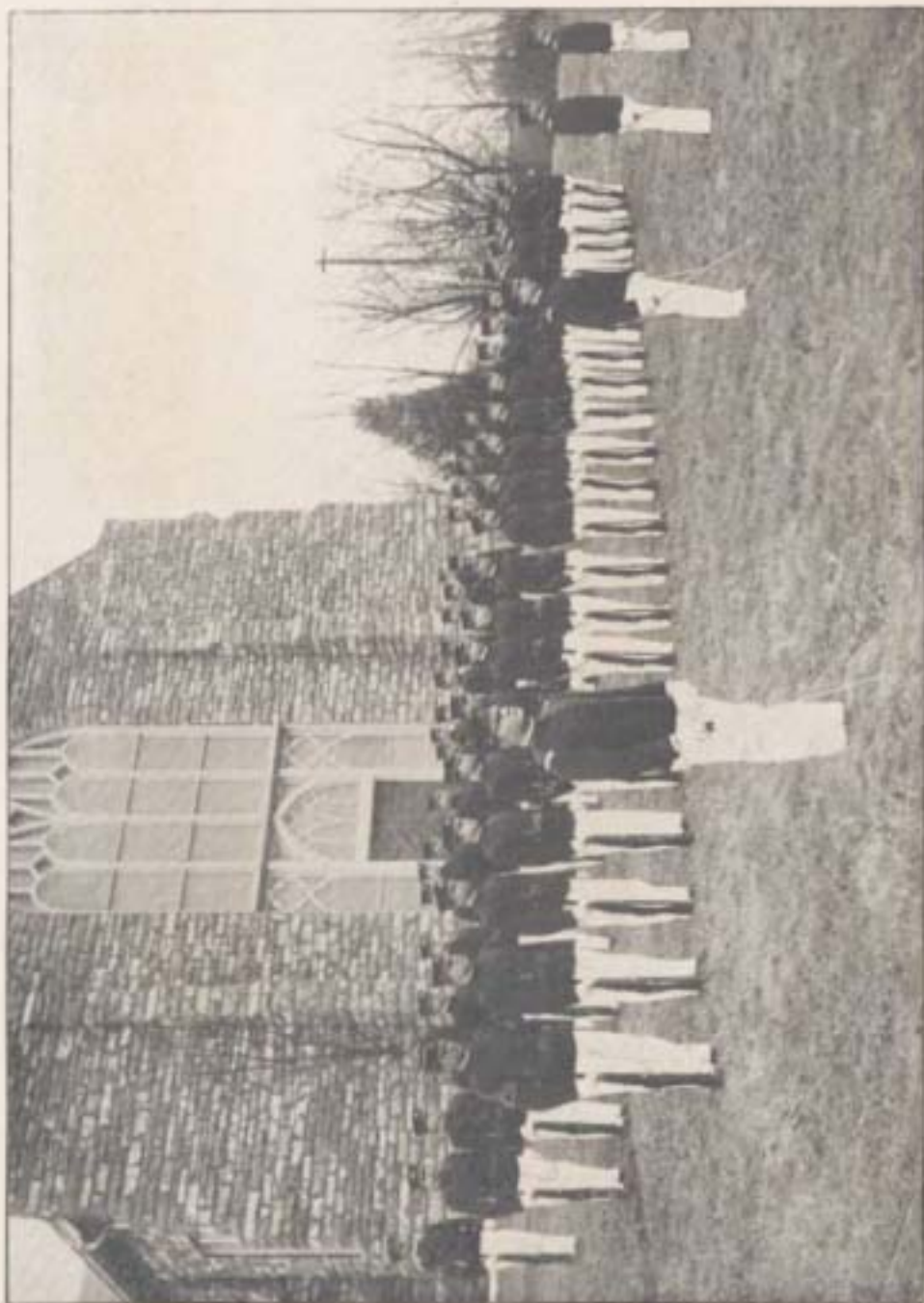


T. W. CLAPP,  
SECOND LIEUTENANT



J. A. ARMISTEAD,  
THIRD LIEUTENANT





COMPANY E



## Company E

### SERGEANTS

BAUM, J. L., FIRST SERGEANT  
TILLETTE, H. A., QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT  
LESTURGEON, A. L., SERGEANT  
WOOD, W. T., SERGEANT  
MCGRAW, W. S., SERGEANT



H. P. A. JOHNSON,  
CAPTAIN



T. O. DAY,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT



MISS WIDDEMAN, SPONSOR

### CORPORALS

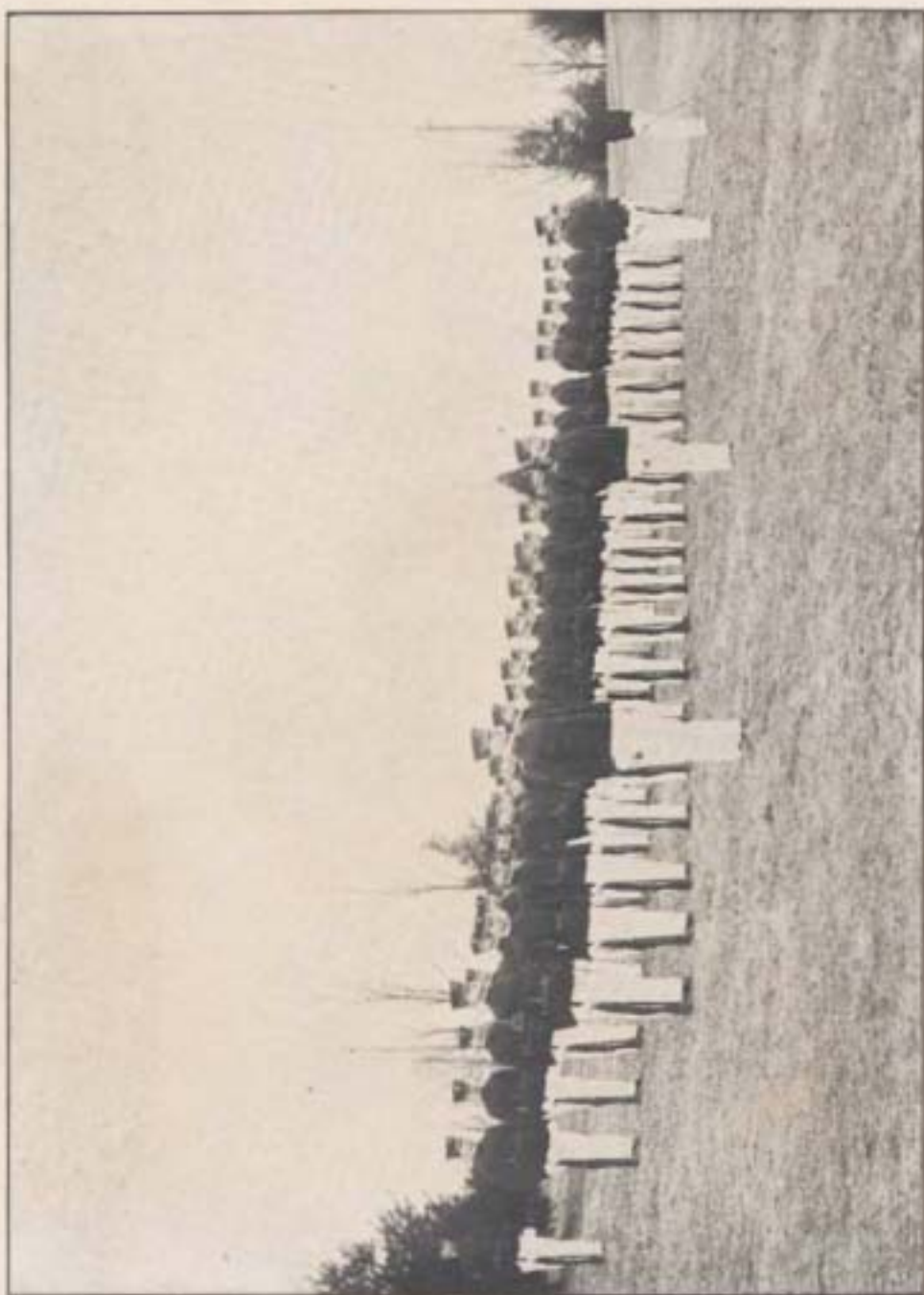
SUTTON, L. V., CORPORAL  
HOLMES, H. H., CORPORAL  
ADKERSON, W. C., CORPORAL  
SLAYTON, C. H., CORPORAL  
CATLIN, W., CORPORAL



J. C. MITCHELL,  
SECOND LIEUTENANT



H. COBB,  
THIRD LIEUTENANT



COMPANY F

## Company F

### SERGEANTS

MILLER, F., FIRST SERGEANT  
POOLE, F. P., QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT  
HICKS, T. P., SERGEANT  
HOOPNAGLE, W. T., SERGEANT  
SNIDOW, J. J., SERGEANT



G. C. STONE,  
CAPTAIN



O. L. ANDERSON,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT



MISS WHITEHEAD, SPINNER

### CORPORALS

COLEMAN, F. P., CORPORAL  
ROBINSON, H. M., CORPORAL  
HAWKINS, H. B., CORPORAL  
LEWIS, E. B., CORPORAL  
LUCAS, J. B., CORPORAL



W. S. MARTIN,  
SECOND LIEUTENANT



S. J. PRICE,  
THIRD LIEUTENANT



BAND



## Band

### SERGEANTS

CALVERT, R. A. FIRST SERGEANT

CARTER, J. W. SERGEANT

WESTLAKEN, F. P., SERGEANT



H. S. POOLE,  
CAPTAIN



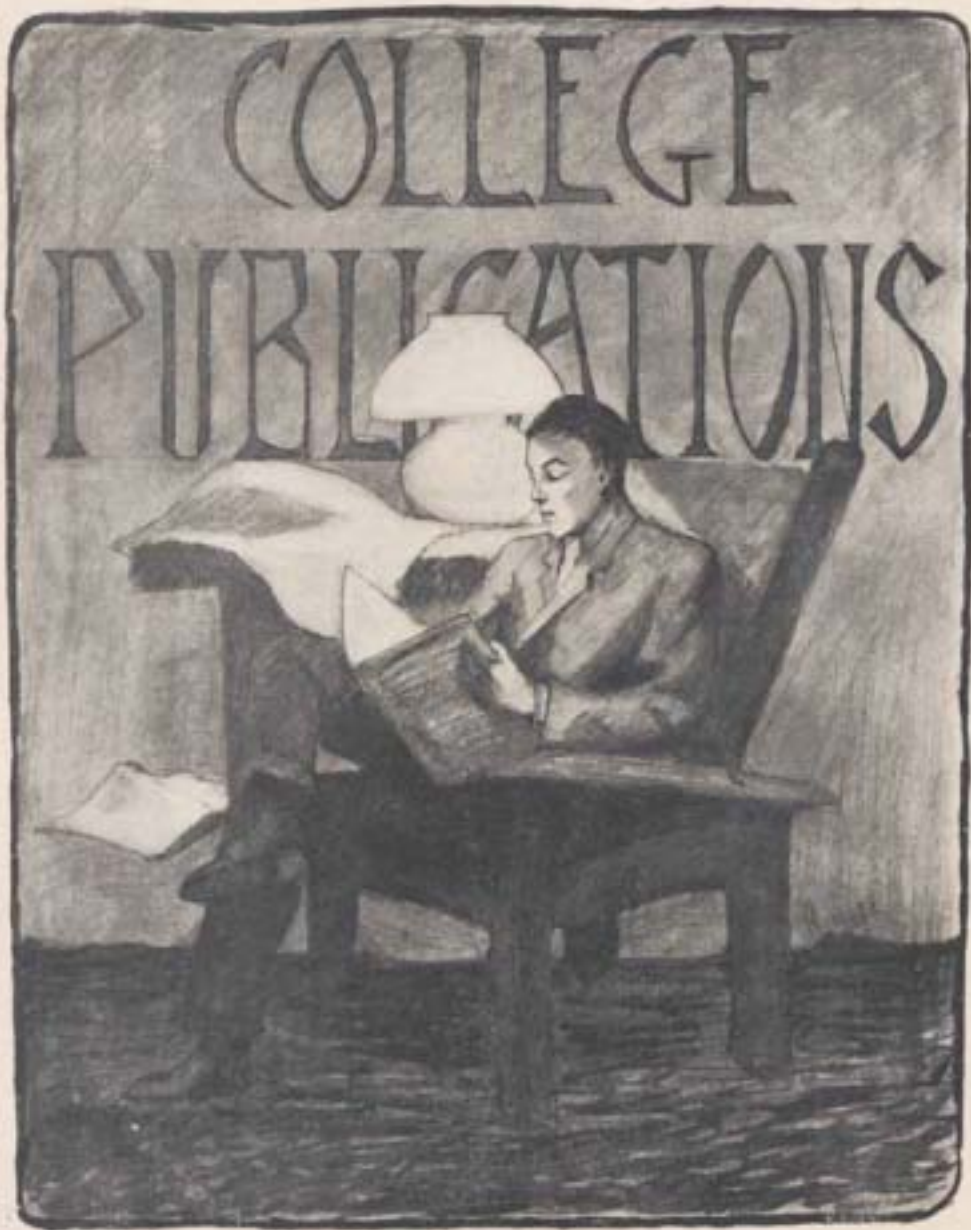
MISS FELEN, SOPRANO



R. G. WILDGUS,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT



COLLEGE  
PUBLICATIONS





GRAY JACKET STAFF

C. L. WATKINS, '09 J. M. SMITH, '08 J. W. CAVLETT, '08 J. C. MITCHELL, '08 B. MC HURST, '08 R. C. KEYS, '09 H. M. KING, '09 J. W. HALL, '09  
C. T. ADAMS, '11 T. G. DAY, '08 A. HARRIS, '09 B. P. A. JOHNSON, '08 W. B. MARTIN, '09





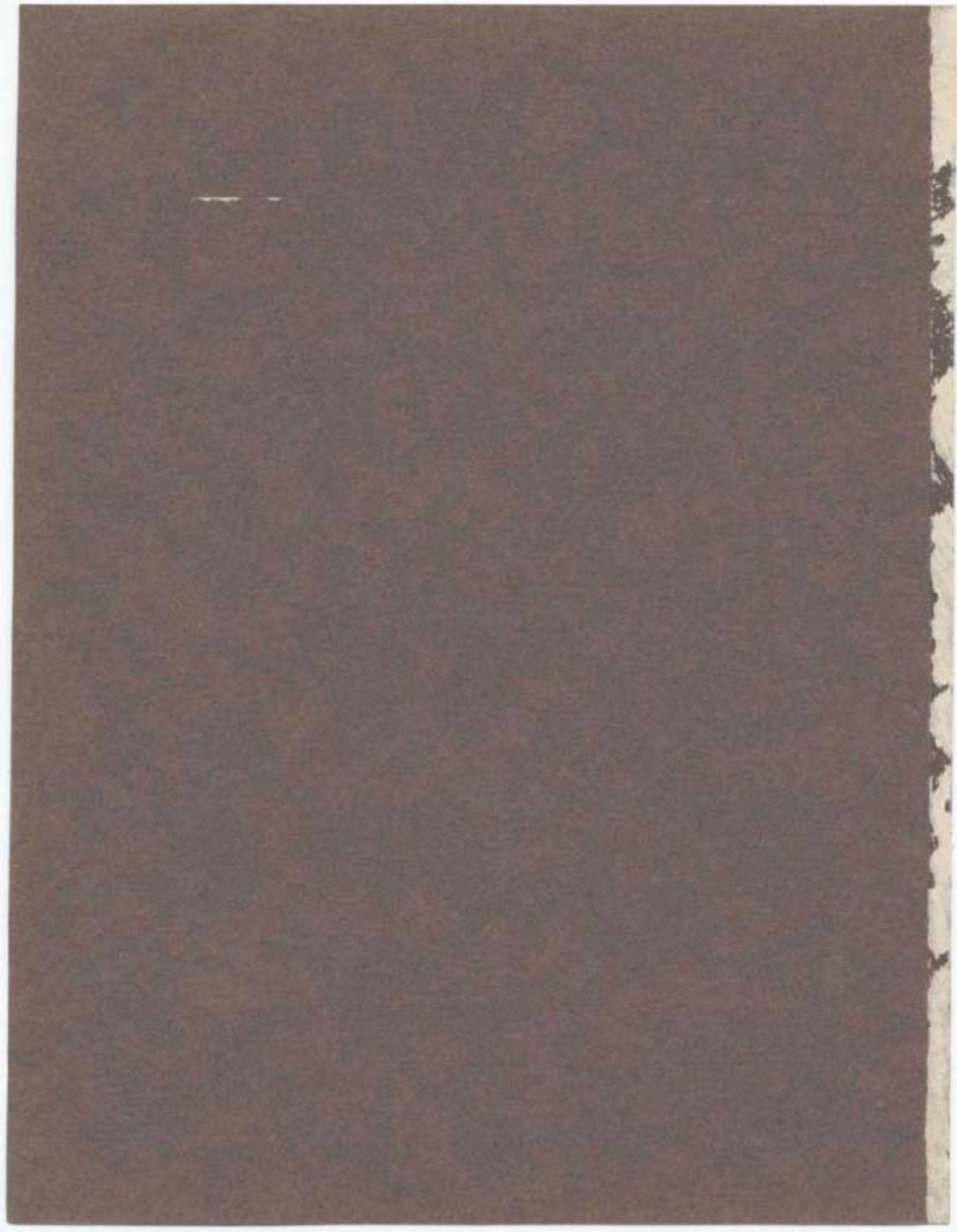
## V. P. I. Agricultural Journal

---

F. E. SAUNDERS, '09.....	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
J. W. CATLETT, '09.....	BUSINESS MANAGER
J. CARPENTER, '09.....	ASSISTANT EDITOR
J. B. SKINNER, '10.....	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
M. O. WILSON, '10.....	LOCAL EDITOR
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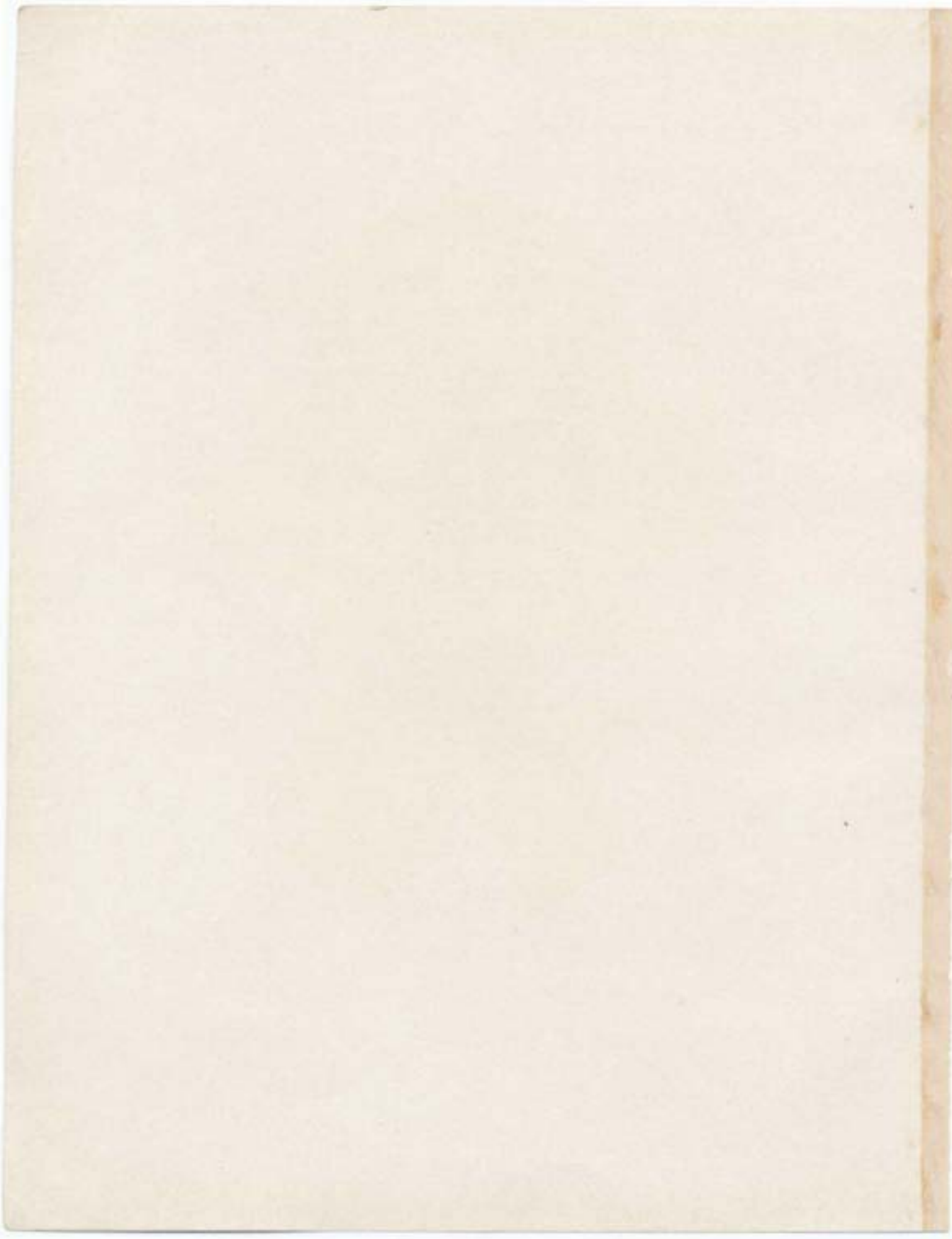
### MEDAL WINNERS

ORATOR—P. S. BLANFORD, '97

DECLAMER—R. McBURNEY, '98

DEBATER—J. HUTCHESON, '97







## Illumination Night

---

The Campus assumes new beauty to-night,  
The sky is crystal clear;  
Each star shines out as a beacon light,  
The moon is up and full and bright,  
And not a cloud is there in sight  
To mar this view so dear.

This is Illumination Night  
At dear old V. P. I.  
The lanterns never shone so bright,  
The air seemed never quite so light,  
And friendships never were so tight  
As now when 'bout to die.

The "Hokies" raised upon the air  
Have now another sound,  
Why is it that they seem so dear,  
Why Auld Lang Syne, sung out so clear,  
Brings in our eyes a heavy tear  
Which before we had not found?

"Bats" and Soph'mores are so bright;  
The Junior is happy too;  
But the Senior's thought is not so light  
And the Senior's brow is knit quite tight,  
For true, though sad, to this dear sight  
Tomorrow he bids adieu.

The gentle wind that breathes its way  
Through all the trees around,  
Seems in its way to tune a lay  
That takes us back to some gone day,  
And all of nature seems to say,  
"Farewell; you leave this ground."

J. D. P., '98.



LEE LITERARY SOCIETY

# Lee Literary Society

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J. M. JEWETT, '09	CRITIC
C. W. C. MACKAN, '10	CHAPLAIN
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H. M. GOTTSMAN, '11	S. M. McMURRAY, '09	F. H. WILKINSON, '11
	J. C. MITCHELL, '08	

## John McLaren McBryde

---

Comrades! before leaving, let us tarry here awhile,  
Let us give our hearts to feeling, gratitude, and judgment mild.

Let us this our final hour at dear old V. P. I.,  
Place within our hearts a flower that can never fade or die.

Place there a remembrance that will cause our hearts to glow,  
When we think of these dear school days which will then seem long ago.

Seniors! these diplomas—marks of all our work and pain—  
Miss they not a little emblem, is there not left out a name?

Yes, it is most certain that one name is wanting here,  
Would it could be otherwise, for to us it is so dear.

Yonder there at Midhurst lives the one of whom I sing,  
In thought, in eye, in all things first—this brood beneath his wing.

Yes, he's father of this college, for 'twas from him born,  
And it is due to all his wisdom that it sees so bright a dawn.

From ninety-one to nineteen-seven, his labors here he spent,  
With toil he wrought, as master fought, and here's his greatest monument.

Shops and barracks upward rose beneath his magic hand,  
The campus, then of acres few, has been enlarged by his plan.

Buildings few now standing, are not pieces of his work—  
All to good his efforts bending, nothing noble did he shirk.

Comrades, we are standing on the brink of life's broad sea,  
All the past freely commanding—what may not our future be!

But ere sailing on our voyage—before leaving shore,  
Turn we for a blessing—blessings be upon him evermore.

Father Time! We pray that thou, with kindly, bounteous hand,  
May mete out joy to him, peace and content, and give a long, long sand.

More we owe than we can pay, through our life with pride,  
Love we will, and cherish too, our dearest friend—John M. McBryde.

J. D. P., '08.





Miss [Name] [Name]

Yours truly  
J. W. W. [Name]



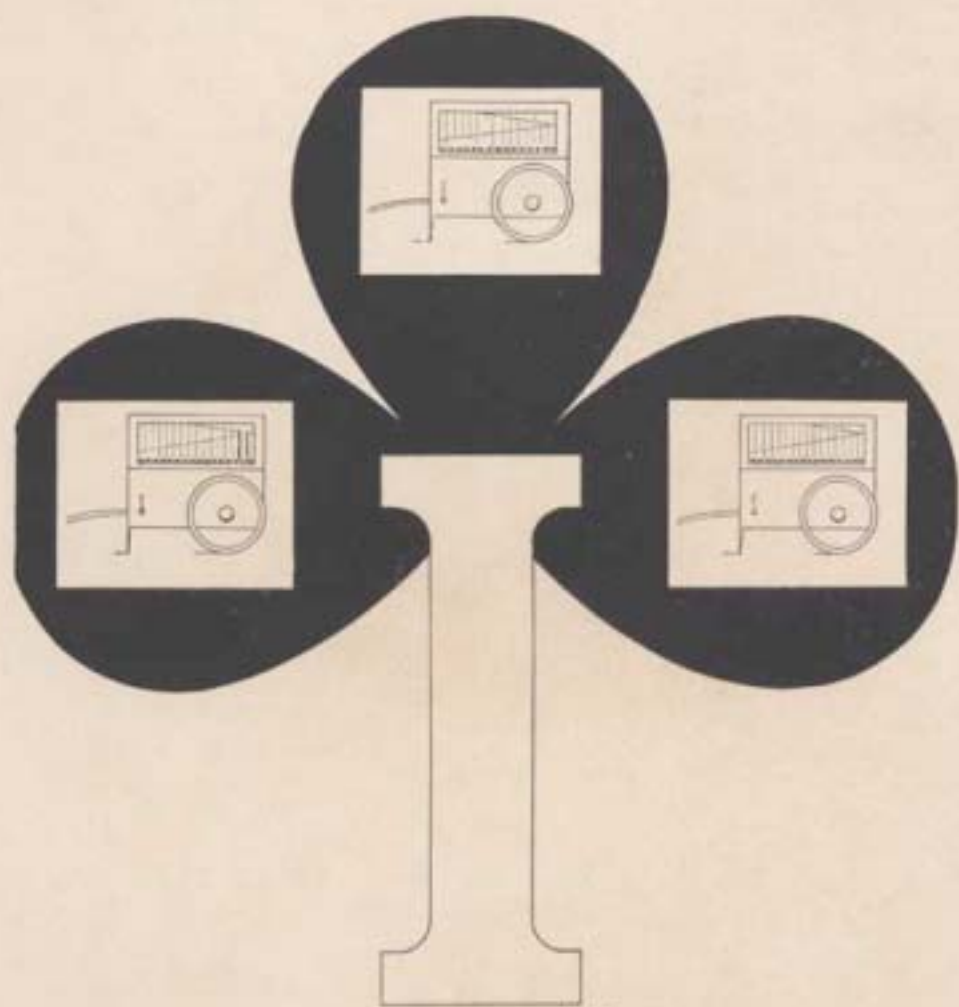


Fig. 18

Z A T I O N S

# German Club

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WILLIAM KENTON YONGE.....	PRESIDENT
JOHN PORTER JONES.....	VICE-PRESIDENT AND ASST. LEADER
JOHN DALRYMPLE POWELL.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
PHILIP HAXALL NOLAND.....	LEADER

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A. G. ALDER	J. P. JONES
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H. T. ASHBY	B. W. LA PRADE
A. D. AUSTIN	W. B. MARTIN
H. C. BEASLEY	C. P. MILLARD
E. H. CAHILL	S. M. McMURRAN
T. P. CAMPBELL	P. H. NOLAND
W. E. CORR, JR.	G. L. PARSONS
C. C. COOKE	J. D. POWELL
J. H. COOPER	F. W. POE
J. D. LA COVA	W. C. RATHELL
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J. E. DICKEY	F. E. SAUNDERS
F. B. ELLETT	J. B. SKINNER
G. S. EVANS	L. V. SUTTON
C. W. FORBES	R. SHACKELFORD
A. B. GIBSON	W. L. TERBS
A. M. GOODLOE	F. H. TROELINGER
P. P. HUFFARD	H. H. VAEXER
T. B. HUTCHESON	H. T. M. WADE
H. H. HUTCHINSON	J. H. WILSON
J. E. HUTCHESON	J. D. WALDRUP
S. K. HEARD	W. K. YONGE
E. R. HODGSON	

## HONORARY MEMBERS

W. C. ELLETT	R. T. ELLETT	C. E. VAWTER, JR.
W. B. ELLETT	E. B. NELSON	T. G. WOOD
W. M. BIRDIE	STOCKTON HETH	C. E. WILLIAMS
F. B. ABBOT	C. P. MILES	H. S. WORTHINGTON







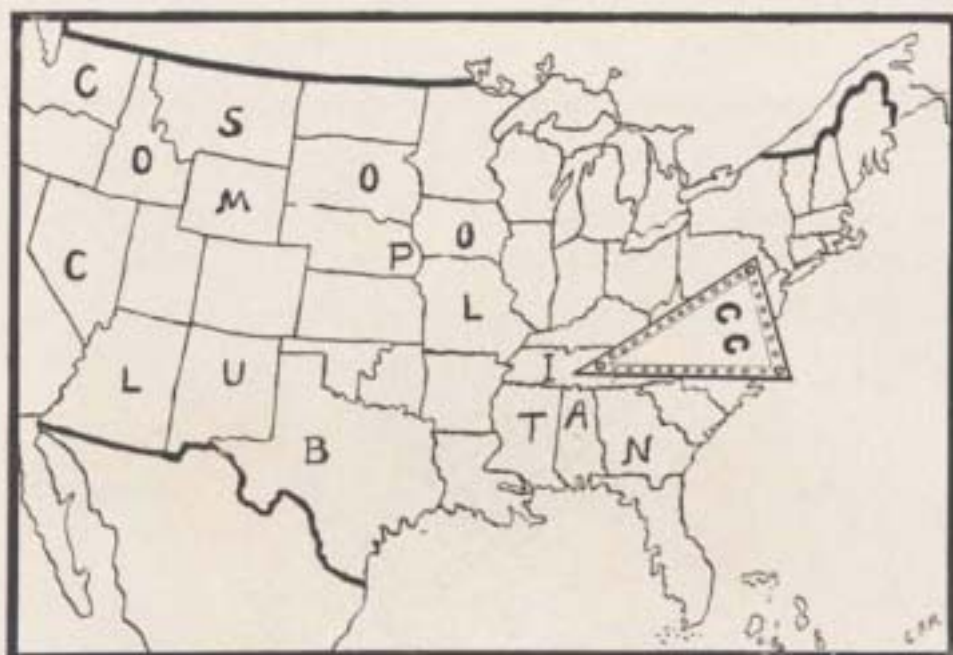
The Museum Club  
of the

of the  
of the

BOUR

Evening

JD&



## Cosmopolitan Club

COLOURS: Crimson and White

### OFFICERS

C. P. MILLARD, '08.....	PRESIDENT
J. L. BAUM, '09.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
T. P. HICKS, '09.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
A. G. ALDER, '10.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

A. G. ALDER, '10	H. L. LAUGHLIN, '10
J. L. BAUM, '09	C. A. LAW, '11
R. A. CALVERT, '09	F. J. LUSBY, '11
J. B. COTTON, '11	C. P. MILLARD, '08
J. B. DUFFHEY, '10	K. W. MACKAL, '10
W. P. FUNSTON, '11	A. T. POEHLMAN, '08
J. B. FUNSTON, '11	W. A. REYNOLDS, '11
T. P. HICKS, '09	C. H. SLAYTON, '10
L. W. HICKS, '11	J. G. REDSHAW, '10
S. Y. KNIGHT, '11	W. C. RATHELL, '10

E. G. TAYLOR, '10

### HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS ANNA HANNAS	MISS EMMA GARRISON	J. DE LA COVA
------------------	--------------------	---------------



MISS CAMPBELL, SPINNAKER



## Kodak Club

COLOR: Sepia

PASTIME: Retouching

DRINK: Methylated Alcohol

FAVORITE SAYING: "D—— that light!"

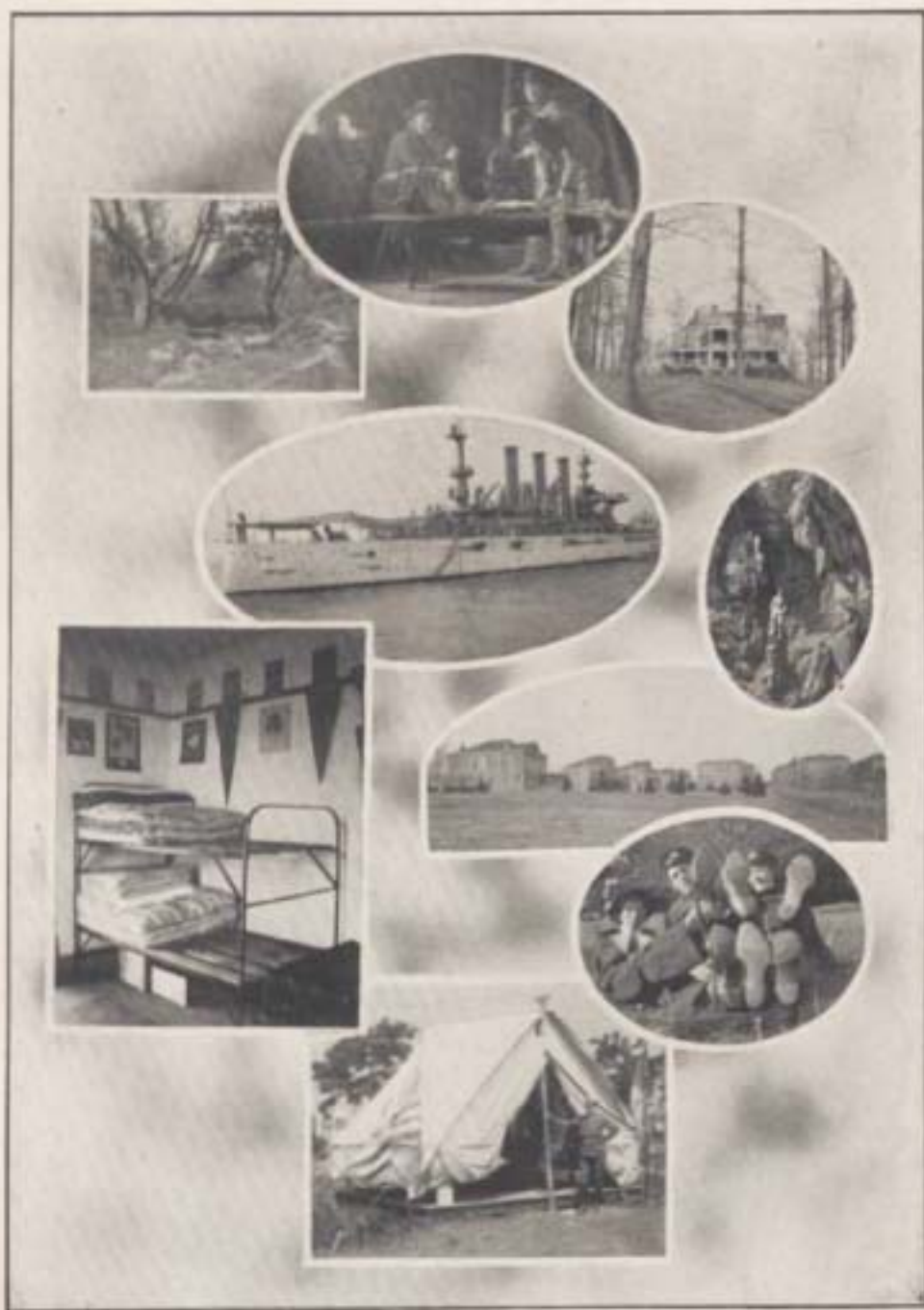
### HIGH LIGHTS

FOCUS .....	C. H. DEATON, <i>President</i>
ANTIPIENTIC LENS .....	S. BLOCKSIDGE, <i>Vice-President</i>
BURNISHER .....	H. H. HUTCHINSON, <i>Secretary</i>
REDUCER .....	W. S. MCGRAW, <i>Treasurer</i>
SHUTTER .....	E. A. WILLIAMS, <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### DEVELOPING AGENTS

GLYCIN .....	W. T. HOOFNAGLE
AMIDOL .....	H. B. JACKSON
PYROGALLOL .....	G. J. STONE
HYDROCHINON .....	W. S. WAUGH
EIRONOGEN .....	J. A. MILLNER
ROSENAL .....	F. J. LUSBY
PARAMIDOPHENOL .....	O. H. WEISS





SNAP PHOTO



## Lynchburg Club

COLOURS: Sky Blue and White

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

OCCUPATION: Thirty days free trial

CURE FOR HOMESICKNESS: Climbing stairs

### OFFICERS

R. A. DeVAL, '09	.....	PRESIDENT
J. CARPENTER, '06	.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. M. FORD, '10	.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
S. K. HEARD, '11	.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

ST. G. AMBLER, '11	P. T. WITHERS, '10
J. CARPENTER, '09	S. M. McMURRAN, '00
H. M. FORD, '10	E. M. HARMON, '10
S. K. HEARD, '11	W. D. GLENN, '11
J. LOGAN, '10	R. A. DeVAL, '09
F. A. SCHAEFER, '10	W. C. ADKERSON, '10



## Roanoke Club

COLORS: Pearl Gray and Royal Purple

FAVORITE DESH: Egg Sandwiches

FAVORITE DRINK: Crystal Spring High Ball

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Walking up and down Campbell Avenue

MOTTO: Don't worry. Smile!

### OFFICERS

H. A. DAVIES.....	PRESIDENT
B. COOK.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
E. C. HECKMAN.....	TREASURER
W. H. BOWER.....	SECRETARY
PAUL KIRKBRIDE.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

A. D. AUSTIN, '10	W. S. GRAVELY, '11
B. L. BRAGG, '11	E. C. HECKMAN, '11
B. G. BRIGHT, '11	PAUL KIRKBRIDE, '11
W. H. BOWER, '10	R. L. WALBOND
B. COOK, '08	R. H. LOGAN, '11
B. A. CUNNINGHAM, '11	R. K. MARSH, '11
F. H. CUNNINGHAM, '11	H. P. MUSSER, '10
H. A. DAVIES, '10	M. W. McCLUNG, '11
E. A. EADES, '11	S. J. ROSENBAUM, '10
L. B. ST. CLAIR, '11	



## Pulaski County Club

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### OFFICERS

F. H. JORDAN, '08	PRESIDENT
S. BLOCKSIDGE, '09	VICE-PRESIDENT
D. C. WYSOR, '10	SECRETARY
H. H. HOLMES, '10	TREASURER
J. M. ALEXANDER, '11	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

J. M. ALEXANDER, '11	H. M. BOHINSON, '11
E. T. BARTON, '11	H. C. PAINTER, '10
S. BLOCKSIDGE, '09	C. W. KIRKWOOD, '11
W. C. GUTHRIE, '11	F. H. JORDAN, '08
J. R. HALL, '11	H. H. HOLMES, '10
D. C. WYSOR, '10	



# McGuire's School Club

Motto: *Perseverantia elicti sumus*

## OFFICERS

W. K. YONGE, '08.....	PRESIDENT
J. W. C. CATLETT, '09.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
M. F. HUBBARD, '10.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
J. B. FUNSTON, '11.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS



## MEMBERS

F. O. CUDLIPP, '09	W. D. MOSS, '09
W. P. FUNSTON, '11	D. P. MORTON, '11
R. E. GLOVER, '08	L. S. PENDLETON, '11
C. H. HOPPE, '11	R. C. SYFAN, '11
I. E. JOHNSON, '10	L. WASHER, '09
J. E. WINSTON, '11	

## HONORARY MEMBERS

C. L. PAUL, '07	REV. R. B. NELSON
W. HARPER DEAN, JR., '04	A. B. GIBSON, '06



## Montgomery County Club

FAVORITE DRINK: Scotch High Ball

MOTTO: Always put off till tomorrow what you can do today

OCCUPATION: Anything but studying

### OFFICERS

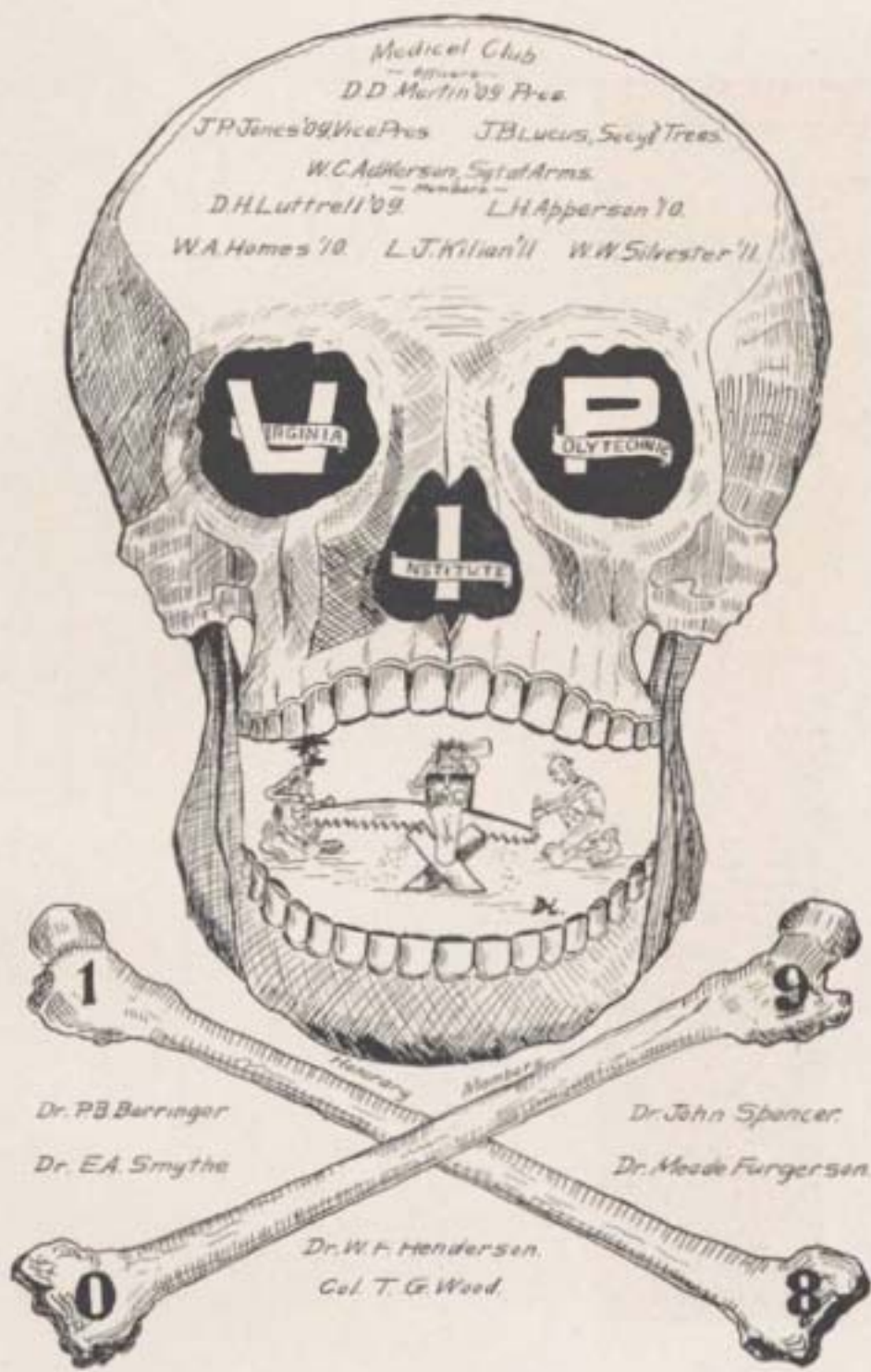
- |                       |                  |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| W. D. SCOTT .....     | CHIEF ADJUTANT   |
| F. H. THOLINGER ..... | PRESIDENT        |
| V. V. KELSEY .....    | VICE-PRESIDENT   |
| R. T. M. WADE .....   | SECRETARY        |
| D. H. SPINDLE .....   | TREASURER        |
| Q. W. STUART .....    | SERGEANT-AT-ARMS |

### MEMBERS

- |              |              |             |                     |
|--------------|--------------|-------------|---------------------|
| C. ANDREWS   | O. M. BISHOP | F. CROWDER  | T. P. CAMPBELL, JR. |
| F. B. ELLETT | J. W. KELSEY | J. B. LUCAS | M. M. MCCOY         |

### HONORARY MEMBERS

- |              |             |                |             |
|--------------|-------------|----------------|-------------|
| W. B. ELLETT | H. L. PRICE | W. J. PRICE    | W. D. SCOTT |
|              |             | J. C. STILES   |             |
|              |             | J. C. C. PRICE |             |



Medical Club

Officers

D.D. Martin '09 Pres

J.P. Jones '09 Vice Pres

J.B. Lucas Secy & Treas

W.C. Adherson Sgt of Arms

Members

D.H. Luttrell '09

L.H. Apperson '10

W.A. Homes '10

L.J. Kilian '11

W.W. Silvester '11

V

IRGINIA

P

OLY TECHN

MICHIGAN

1

9

Dr. P.B. Barringer

Dr. John Spencer

Dr. E.A. Smythe

Dr. Meade Ferguson

Dr. W.F. Henderson

Col. T.G. Wood

0

8



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALICE W. BOSTON

## Newport News Club

MOTTO: Work while you sleep

FAVORITE PASTIME: Hilloin' the Hay

FAVORITE DRINK: Peppins

FAVORITE DISH: Whale on Toast

### OFFICERS

W. B. DAVIS.....	PRESIDENT
J. D. HAMILTON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
J. A. BUXTON.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

### MEMBERS

J. A. BUXTON  
 H. T. HOWARD  
 L. J. KILLIAN  
 W. B. DAVIS

C. P. A. MALM  
 J. D. HAMILTON  
 J. H. KERLIN  
 J. E. HUGHES

G. G. VIA





OLD VANCE HON. SE. WILHE. HAYFIELD-MCCOY FRED STARTED

## West Virginia Club

### OFFICERS

R. S. POOLE, '08	PRESIDENT
C. H. DEATON, '08	VICE-PRESIDENT
M. W. FRANKENFIELD, '10	SECRETARY
C. V. WILSON, '10	TREASURER
J. L. HUDDLESTON, '10	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

C. H. DEATON, '08	R. S. POOLE, '08
M. W. FRANKENFIELD, '10	F. RAMEY, '10
J. L. HUDDLESTON, '10	J. P. RICHTER, '11
W. T. HARVEY, '11	J. P. SHOCKEY, '10
R. B. LINGER, '11	W. E. SMITH, '11
C. C. LEWIS, '11	C. H. THOMAS, '11
J. M. MARSH, '11	C. V. WILSON, '10



## Norfolk Club

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### OFFICERS

J. H. HARVELL, '08	PRESIDENT
L. C. ISAAC, '09	VICE-PRESIDENT
H. E. BILLUPS, '10	SECRETARY
C. H. FISHER, '08	TREASURER
E. K. HENLEY, '11	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

C. W. CRUMP, '11	F. KLEPPER, '09
C. S. POSTER, '11	G. W. LAND, '11
V. R. HODGSON, '11	F. H. RIVES, '10
H. D. BOLT, '10	W. W. SYLVESTER, '11
H. O. JAMES, '11	M. H. TILGHMAN, '09
M. H. JEFFRIES, '10	C. E. TOWNSEND, '11
W. T. JONES, '09	H. B. VAUGHN, '10
W. T. WOOD, '09	



## Alleghany and Botetourt Club

### OFFICERS

H. D. THOMAS.....	PRESIDENT
A. B. PERSINGER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
C. C. COOK.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
D. U. AUSTIN.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

D. U. AUSTIN	F. T. WYATT
H. P. BURGESS	A. A. WALDRUP
C. C. COOK	H. D. THOMAS
E. B. McNIER	E. L. SMITH
J. C. MOOMAW	A. B. PERSINGER





## Orange and Albemarle Club

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### OFFICERS

D. D. MARTIN.....	PRESIDENT
J. W. HALL.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
E. B. LEWIS.....	SECRETARY
G. C. BROOKING.....	TREASURER
J. J. BOWMAN.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

V. C. BARRINGER  
 J. J. BOWMAN  
 G. C. BROOKING  
 D. W. FRY  
 J. L. DAVIS

J. M. MAURICE  
 P. M. GRAVES  
 J. W. HALL  
 E. B. LEWIS  
 D. D. MARTIN



## South Carolina Club

TOAST: Here's to Palmetto, drink her down,  
 Here's to Palmetto, drink her down,  
 Here's to Palmetto, for she was first to fight the foe;  
 Drink her down, drink her down, drink her down, down, down.

### OFFICERS

E. A. WILLIAMS, '09	PRESIDENT
L. R. TIMMONS, '10	VICE-PRESIDENT
F. W. POE, '11	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
F. M. ROGERS, '10	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
A. S. JOHNSON	CHIEF ADVISOR

### MEMBERS

S. P. COKER, '08, Darlington	E. P. ROGERS, '09, Florence
A. S. JOHNSON, Anderson	F. M. ROGERS, '10, Florence
H. G. JORDAN, '09, Greenville	L. R. THOMAS, '10, Columbia
G. D. LITTLEJOHN, '10, Gaffney	R. SHACKLEFORD, '10, Charleston
W. S. McCRADY, '09, Charleston	E. A. WILLIAMS, '00, Charleston
F. W. POE, '11, Greenville	H. A. WOMACK, '10, Darlington

### HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. J. M. McBRIDE	PROF. E. A. SMYTH, JR.
PROF. E. J. DAVIDSON	PROF. S. R. PRITCHARD



## Culpeper Club

### OFFICERS

J. P. JONES.....	PRESIDENT
A. SOMERVILLE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
C. W. FORBES.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
B. T. ASHBY.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

B. A. BOWMAN  
I. DIENER  
T. M. JONES

H. K. STONE  
W. J. LAMON  
R. M. WINGFIELD



Loudoun-  
Fauquier-  
Clarke  
County Club

COLORS: Pigskin Buff and Hunting Pink

FAVORITE DISH: Balled Oats

FAVORITE SAYING: "A horse, a horse, my  
kingdom for a horse!"

OFFICERS

P. H. NOLAND.....PRESIDENT

F. E. SAUNDERS.....VICE-PRESIDENT

H. A. TILLETTE, SECRETARY AND TREASURER

V. E. AYRE.....SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

IN FACULTATE

HENRY HOWARD VARNER, B. S.

EDWIN BROUN FRED, B. S.

IN COLLEGIO

V. E. AYRE, 1910

J. H. COCHRAN, 1909

P. H. NOLAND, 1908

F. E. SAUNDERS, 1909

J. B. SKINNER, 1910

W. L. TERBS, 1909

H. A. TILLETTE, 1909



# Pittsylvania Club

## OFFICERS

C. B. WALKER, '08	HIGH ARCH FRIEND
E. W. DOWEN, '00	JUNIOR ARCH FRIEND
S. C. BROWN, '10	RECORDING ANGEL
J. A. COVINGTON, '11	JUDAS, THE WATCHDOG OF THE TREASURY
J. T. FERGUSON, '11	KEEPER OF H— GATE

### COLORS:

Dollar-bill green  
and currency  
gold



MISS MAYBELLE STINSON

### MOTTO:

Grasp opportunity  
by the fore-lock,  
for it is held  
behind

### IMPS

H. B. ANDERSON  
C. M. BLAIR  
J. A. COVINGTON  
J. T. FERGUSON  
L. S. GILES  
E. H. HAMLIN  
T. A. KERNS  
H. REAGAN  
W. BISON

### DEMON

J. H. WILSON

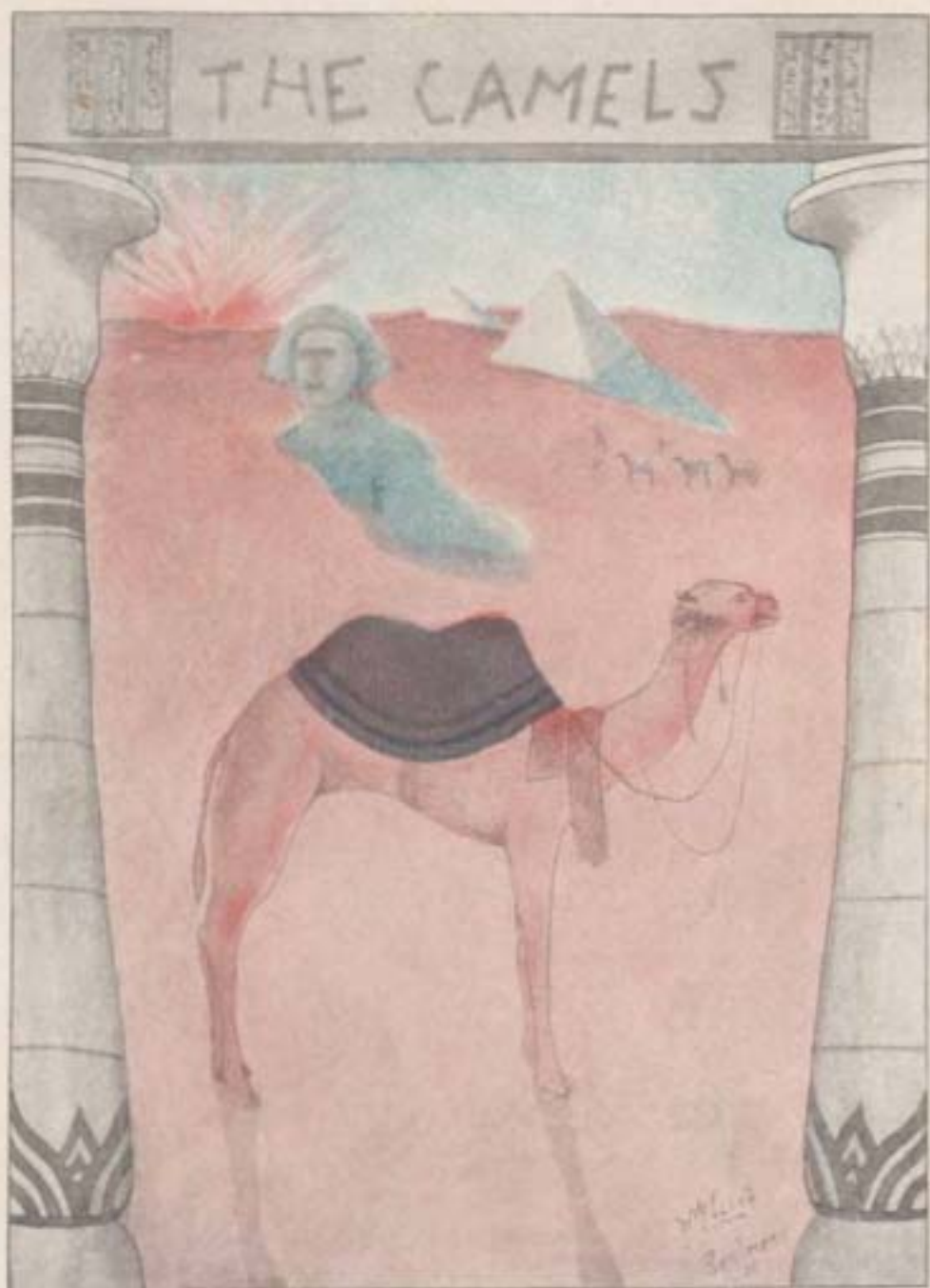
### HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. F. D. WILSON  
PROP. C. LEE  
C. C. CAMPBELL

### DEVILS

C. L. BAILEY  
E. W. DOWEN  
S. C. BROWN  
C. E. DIFFENDAL  
B. KERNS  
J. C. MITCHELL  
J. REDD  
G. C. STONE  
C. B. WALKER

THE CAMELS



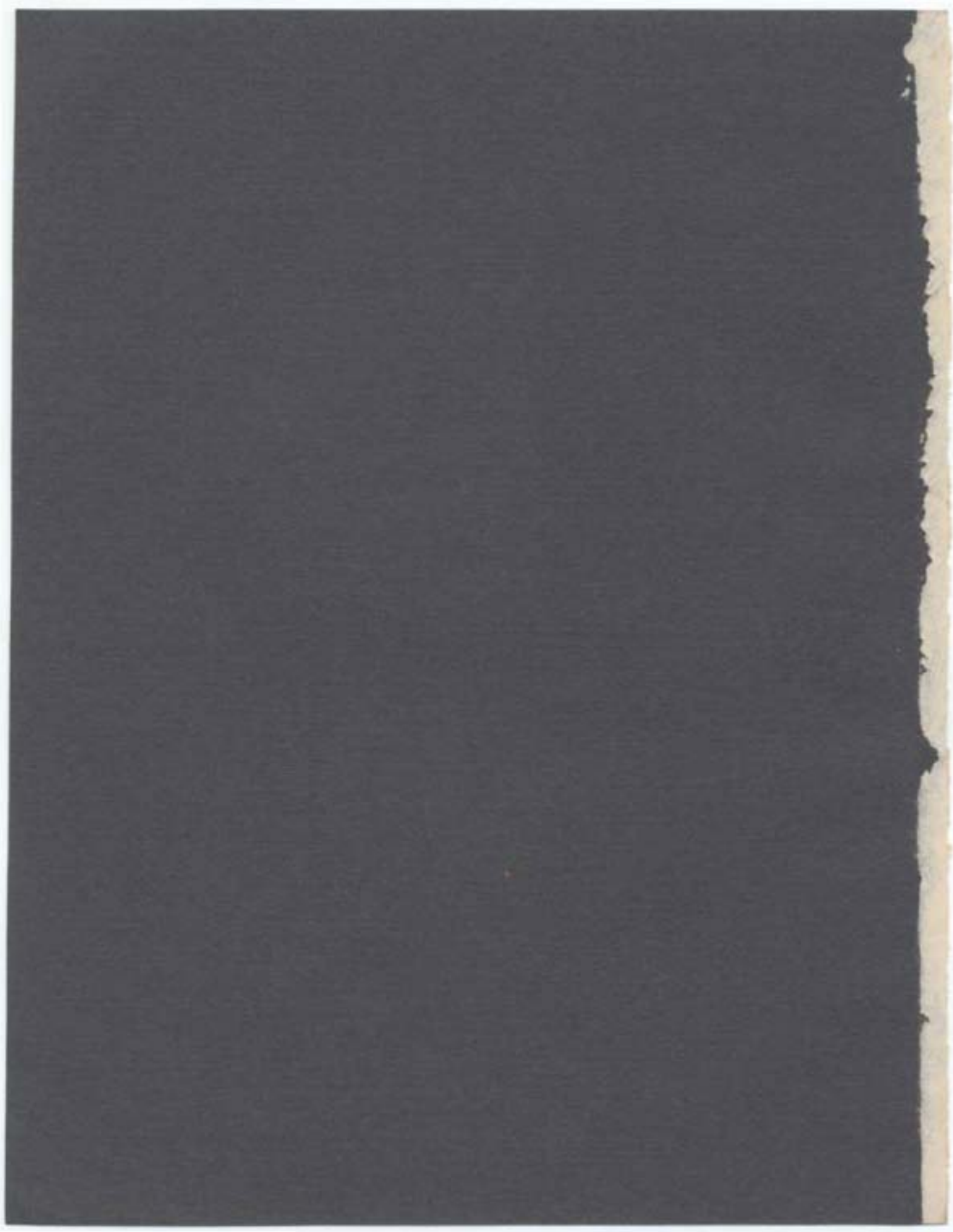
# THE CAMELS

## OFFICERS

JOHN DONALD HAMILTON \_\_\_\_\_ President  
WINSTON BOZEL DAVIS \_\_\_\_\_ Vice-President  
RICHARD VENABLE WATKINS \_\_\_\_\_ Secretary  
NEWBELL DICKINSON PRITCHARD \_\_\_\_\_ Treasurer

## MEMBERS

ARTHUR DONALD AUSTIN  
BERNARD TURNER ASHBY  
COBY CHITTENDEN COOKE  
HERBERT ARTHUR DAVIES  
WINSTON BOZEL DAVIS  
HERMAN BRUCE HAWKINS  
JOHN DONALD HAMILTON  
NEWBELL DICKINSON PRITCHARD  
FRANK WINSLOW POE, Jr.  
RANDOLPH SHACKLEFORD  
JAMES BENJAMIN SKINNER  
LOUIS VALVELLE SUTTON  
RICHARD VENABLE WATKINS







## Ashland Club

Colors: Dark Blue and White  
 Favorite Flower: Forget-me-not

Favorite Poet: Hamner Waterhouse  
 Motto: "Quit you, like men!"

### OFFICERS

W. T. W. HOOPNAGLE	..... President
W. Y. JINKINS	..... Vice-President
CHAS. STEHNS, JR.	..... Secretary and Treasurer
F. K. PROSSER	..... Sergeant-at-Arms

### MEMBERS

R. A. PAINE, '08	W. Y. JINKINS, '10	H. L. PENDLETON, '10	W. T. W. HOOPNAGLE, '09	M. B. LEAKE, '11
CHAS. STEHNS, JR., '06	C. WEISGER, '11	F. K. PROSSER, '11	M. CARRINGTON, '11	

### HONORARY MEMBERS

FLOYD W. TUCKER, '79	FRANK H. COX, '99
	BEVERLY FLEET, '04



## Randolph-Macon Club

Colors: Lemon and Black

Motto: *Non equo credimus*

### OFFICERS

J. A. ARMISTEAD	.....	PRESIDENT
R. A. PAINE	.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. B. DAVIS	.....	SECRETARY
N. D. PRITCHARD	.....	TREASURER
R. B. JACKSON	.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

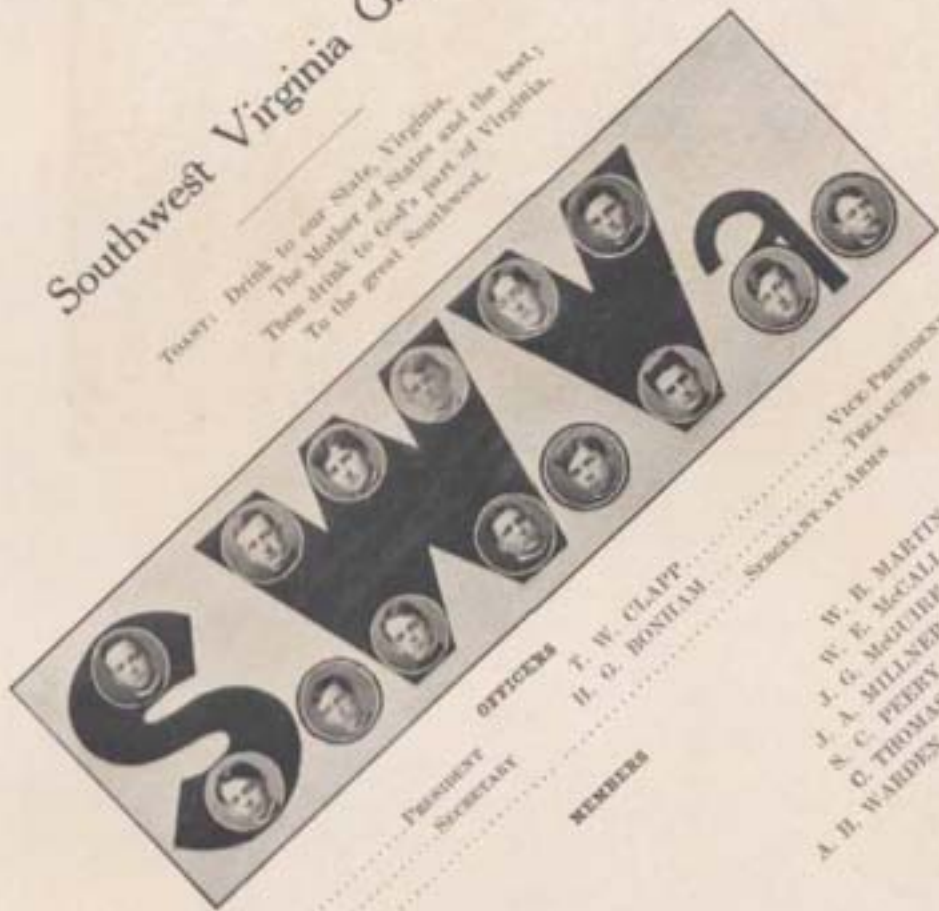
### MEMBERS

J. A. ARMISTEAD	W. J. MANERY
T. P. CAMPBELL	J. S. MUSGRAVE
W. B. DAVIS	R. A. PAINE
W. T. HOOFNAGLE	N. D. PRITCHARD
R. B. JACKSON	J. R. SHANKS
H. G. JONES	J. P. SHOCKEY
E. L. KENNER	R. N. SPITLER
F. J. LUSBY	R. J. SPITLER
H. B. MARSTON	C. STEBBINS

R. T. M. WADE

# Southwest Virginia Club

Toasty! Drink to our State, Virginia.  
The Mother of States and the best!  
Then drink to God's part of Virginia.  
To the great Southwest.



C. H. DEATON .....  
A. H. WARDEN .....  
J. A. MILLNER .....

J. H. AARON .....  
H. O. BOSHAM .....  
T. W. CLAPP .....  
J. B. COOPER .....  
C. H. DEATON .....  
J. E. DUCKEY .....  
E. M. HULL .....

President  
Secretary

## OFFICERS

T. W. CLAPP  
H. O. BOSHAM

Vice President  
Treasurer  
Sergeant-at-Arms

W. B. MARTIN  
W. E. McCALL  
J. G. McGUIRE  
J. A. MILLNER  
S. C. PEERY  
C. THOMAS  
A. H. WARDEN

## MEMBERS



## Augusta County Club

### OFFICERS

J. L. SINGER .....	PRESIDENT
H. H. HUTCHINSON .....	VICE-PRESIDENT
R. P. LANKFORD .....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
C. S. PORTER .....	SERGEANT AT ARMS

### MEMBERS

J. J. LAREW	H. G. DUNDORF
E. A. LIVESAY	W. F. CALE
W. A. BOWLES	W. M-V. MONTGOMERY





## Wythe County Club

### OFFICERS

J. M. JEWETT.....	PRESIDENT
W. P. BROWN.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
K. S. KEGLEY.....	SECRETARY
G. J. STONE.....	TREASURER
W. C. WILLIAMS.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

C. H. BAUGHMAN, '11	E. S. KEGLEY, '08
W. P. BROWN, '10	R. C. KENT, '09
W. E. DELP, '11	C. B. MCGAVOCK, '11
P. P. BUFFARD, '09	S. L. PORTER, '11
J. M. JEWETT, '09	G. J. STONE, '10
W. C. WILLIAMS, '11	

# AGRICULTURAL CLUB

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## OFFICERS

F. E. SAUNDERS, '09 .....	PRESIDENT
F. W. JONES, '08 .....	VICE-PRESIDENT
B. M. JOHNSTON, '09 .....	RECORDING SECRETARY
J. CARPENTER, '09 .....	CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
S. P. COKER, '08 .....	TREASURER
W. P. FUNSTON, '11 .....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

## MEMBERS

### In Collegio

H. E. ANDERSON, '11	W. E. DELP, '11	T. A. KERNS, '11
B. T. ASHBY, '11	H. O. FLEETWOOD, '11	J. J. LAREN, '11
C. L. BAILEY, '10	W. P. FUNSTON, '11	W. L. MALLORY, '08
D. D. BARRHAM, '11	R. W. FUQUA, '11	H. B. MARSTON, '11
T. X. BARKSDALE, '11	C. M. GARNETT, '11	C. G. NELSON, '11
J. O. BEARD, '11	L. S. GILES, '11	M. PEASE, '10
C. M. BLAIR, '11	W. C. GUTHRIE, '10	C. S. PORTER, '11
R. C. BLAKENSHIP, '11	J. E. GWATHLEY, '11	B. T. ROBBINS, '11
R. A. BOWMAN, '11	N. D. HARGROVE, '10	G. D. BOWE, '10
G. CAMPS, '11	J. C. HART, '11	K. E. K. QUANTZ, '11
J. CARPENTER, '09	W. M. HERRIN, '11	J. REDD, '10
J. W. C. CATLETT, '09	E. R. HODGSON, '10	F. E. SAUNDERS, '09
S. P. COKER, '08	C. V. HOFFMAN, '11	G. SEDIVY, '10
J. A. COVINGTON, '11	O. L. HOWELL, '11	J. F. SHORTER, '08
C. H. CRABILL, '11	R. M. JOHNSTON, '09	B. H. SPITLER, '11
R. H. CRUMMETT, '11	C. G. JONES, '10	J. B. SKINNER, '10
R. C. DAVIDSON, '11	F. W. JONES, '08	H. I. STOKES, '11
I. DIENER, '11	T. M. JONES, '11	J. J. WEST, '10
G. DUNDORE, '11	F. H. JORDAN, '08	M. O. WILSON, '10
R. DAVIS, '11	E. S. KEGLEY, '08	J. R. WINSTON, '11

### In Facultate

DR. P. B. BARRINGE	DR. J. H. HARRIS	COL. T. G. WOOD
DR. S. FLETCHER	DR. J. H. HARRIS	PROF. HOLDAWAY
DR. W. J. QUICK	DR. J. H. HARRIS	PROF. T. B. HUTCHESON
DR. M. FERGUSON	DR. J. H. HARRIS	PROF. E. B. FRIE
DR. E. A. SMYTH	DR. J. H. HARRIS	PROF. J. H. HUTCHESON
DR. W. B. ELLETT	DR. J. H. HARRIS	PROF. H. T. PRICE





RICHMOND CLUB



## Richmond Club

### OFFICERS

W. K. YONGE, '08	PRESIDENT
L. E. WALKER, '09	VICE PRESIDENT
B. L. SMITH, '10	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
C. H. HOPPE, '11	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

C. T. ADAMS	F. B. LAMB
G. J. BERKLEY	C. P. MASSIE
T. V. CHALKLEY	W. M. MCGRAW
W. CATLIN	D. P. MORTON
W. T. DABNEY	E. W. NOBLE
J. S. EUBANK	E. H. PIERCE
M. P. HUBBARD	G. L. PARSONS
S. D. HARGROVE	G. G. ROBERTSON
C. H. HOPPE	L. F. SCHROEDER
E. A. ISBELL	B. L. SMITH
H. M. KING	R. C. SYFAN
L. WASHER	L. E. WALKER

W. K. YONGE



## Truckers Club

FAVORITE DISH: Oysters on half shell

FAVORITE DRINK: Oyster cocktail

### OFFICERS

WM. IVES.....	PRESIDENT
J. D. POWELL.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
C. W. C. MACKAN.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
J. R. COUSINS.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

### MEMBERS

O. H. WEISS	J. D. POWELL
L. A. PORTER	C. W. C. MACKAN
W. IVES	J. R. COUSINS

W. J. OVERMAN

### HONORARY MEMBER

MISS E. B. BOWEN



## Glee Club

---

F. H. ABBOT.....	FIRST TENOR.....	DIRECTOR AND MANAGER
S. K. HEARD.....	SECOND TENOR.....	I. R. JOHNSON
S. D. PRITCHARD.....	FIRST BASS.....	V. R. HODGSON
J. G. REDSHAW.....	SECOND BASS.....	C. I. COLLINS
H. C. BEASLEY.....	SECOND BASS.....	W. B. DAVIS
R. McBURNEY.....		COMEDIAN

# ENGINEERING CLUB



*COL. R. A. MARR*



*PROF. S. R. PRITCHARD*



*PROF. L. S. RANDOLPH*



# Engineering Club

## OFFICERS

H. C. BEASLEY.....	PRESIDENT
F. MILLER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
C. P. MILLARD.....	SECRETARY
G. L. PARSONS.....	TREASURER
J. T. LUTTRELL.....	ASSISTANT SECRETARY
H. D. THOMAS.....	ASSISTANT TREASURER

## MEMBERS

ALEXANDER, E. S.	HEALY, E. T.	PAUL, C. L.
ARMISTEAD, J. A.	HICKS, T. P.	ROGERS, E. P.
BAUM, J. L.	HOFFMAN, R. S.	SCHROEDER, L. F.
BEASLEY, H. C.	HOOFNAGLE, W. T.	SINCLAIR, C. L.
BOSHAM, H. G.	HOWARD, H. T.	SINGER, J. I.
BLOCKSIDGE, S.	HUTCHESON, H. H.	SMITH, J. M.
BOWEN, E. W.	ISAAC, L. C.	SNIDOW, J. J.
BRADLEY, P. T.	IVES, W.	SOMERVILLE, A.
BROWN, L. E.	JEWETT, J. M.	STICKLEY, L. C.
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AFTER

## Good-Bye

'Twas out upon the circling hills,  
Where flow the brooks, and gush the rills,  
And circumscribing our little town  
Gives full a view of all around.

The stars were twinkling out so bright,  
And not a cloud was there in sight,  
And even nature deemed it best  
At this dim hour to take her rest.

Both man and beast had long before  
Sought rest, in couch or on the moor;  
The only sounds—the watch-dog's howl  
And frequent crowing of the fowl.

'Twas on these hills at mid of night  
With lights of school still beaming bright,  
When four lone students stood and gazed  
Upon this varied crystal maze.

Fain would they—tired out and worn—  
From surveying through the brush and thorn—  
Have been within those walls so dear,  
Whence now the lights shone out so clear.

But all this light could never last;  
For slowly seemed to wane the blast,  
And, sinking slowly, yet most sure,  
It sank, and sank, and was no more.

Truly, it was a sad, sad sight  
To see the school blaze out with light,  
And then sink down and shadows cast,  
Which till the morning sun would last.

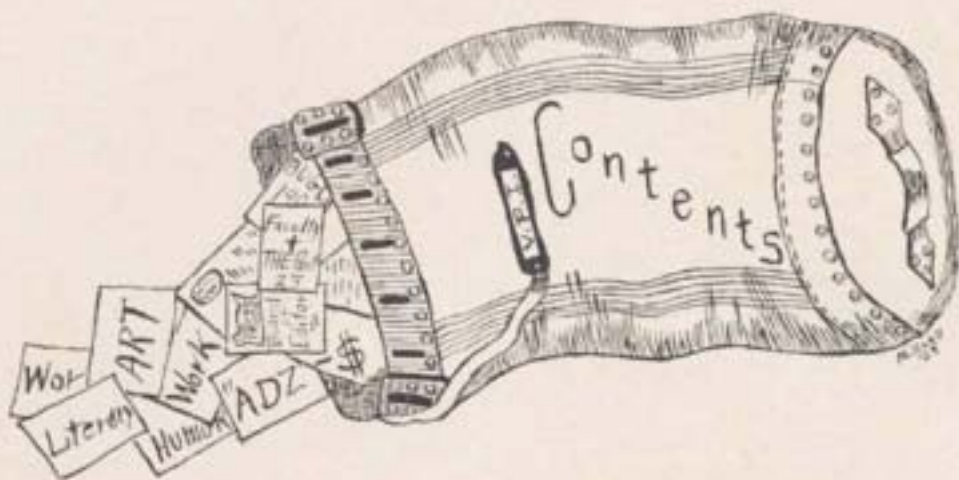
But, truly, that is like our stay  
At college, for it seems a day;  
Our fires kindle, burn, and glow—  
But soon die down; is it not so?

And now our four years' task is done;  
Our Bugle song is—well, 'tis sung;  
And as our college lights burn low,  
We say farewell to all we know.

J. D. P., '08.







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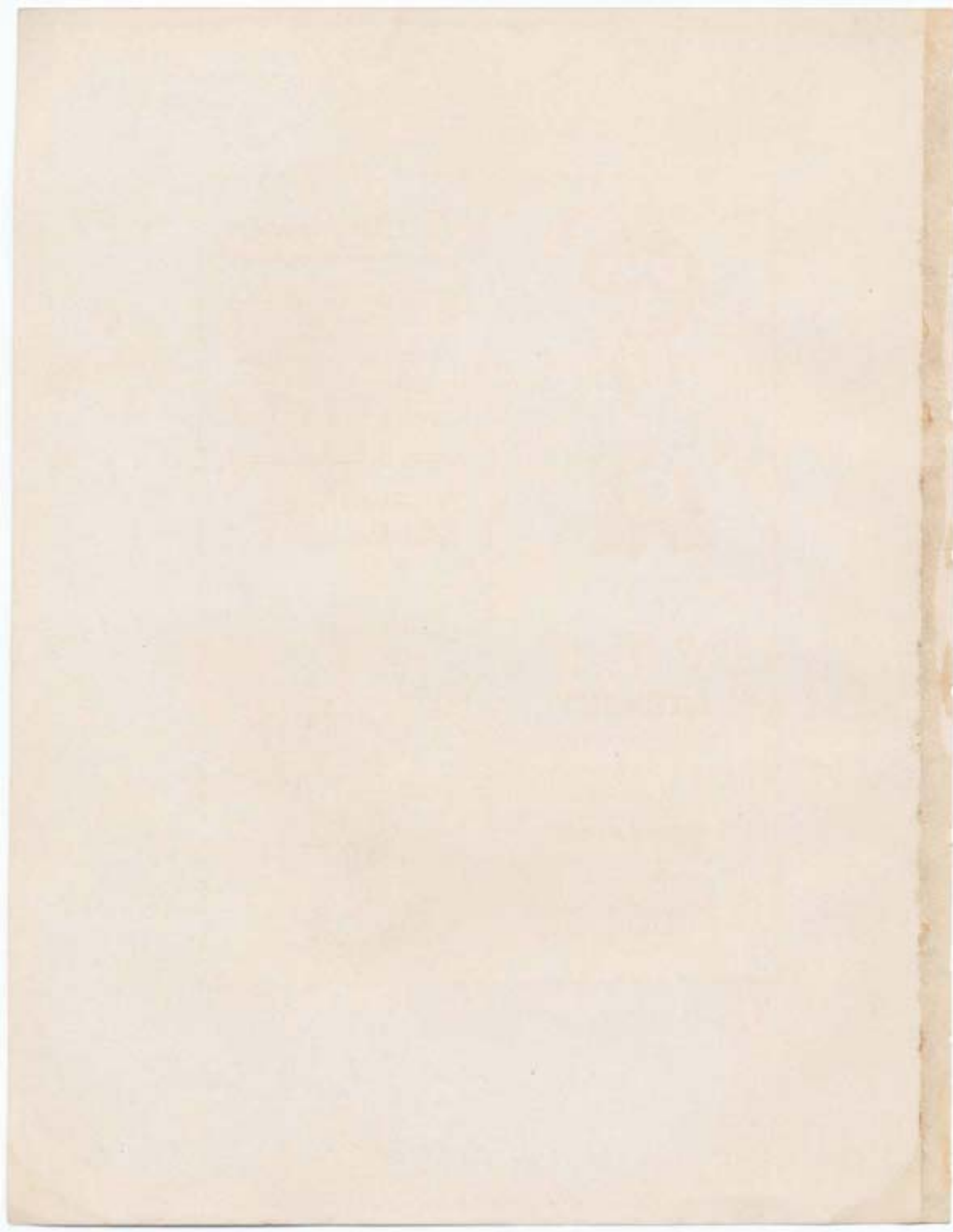
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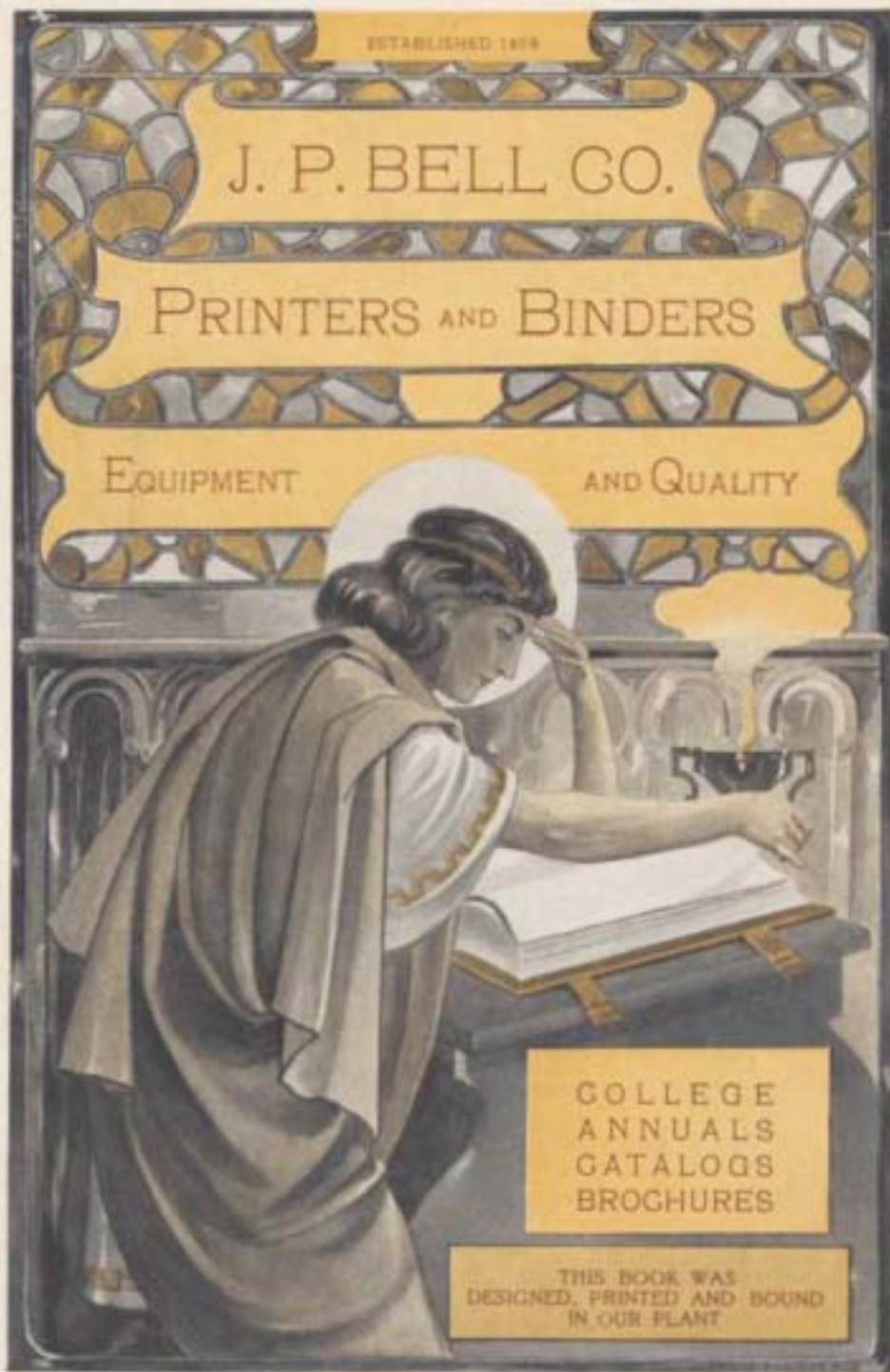
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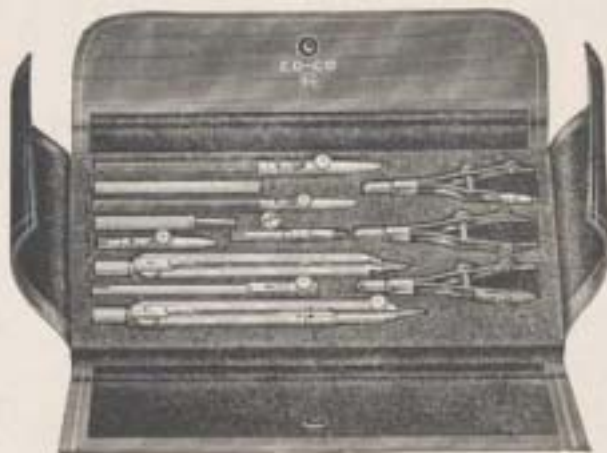
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


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