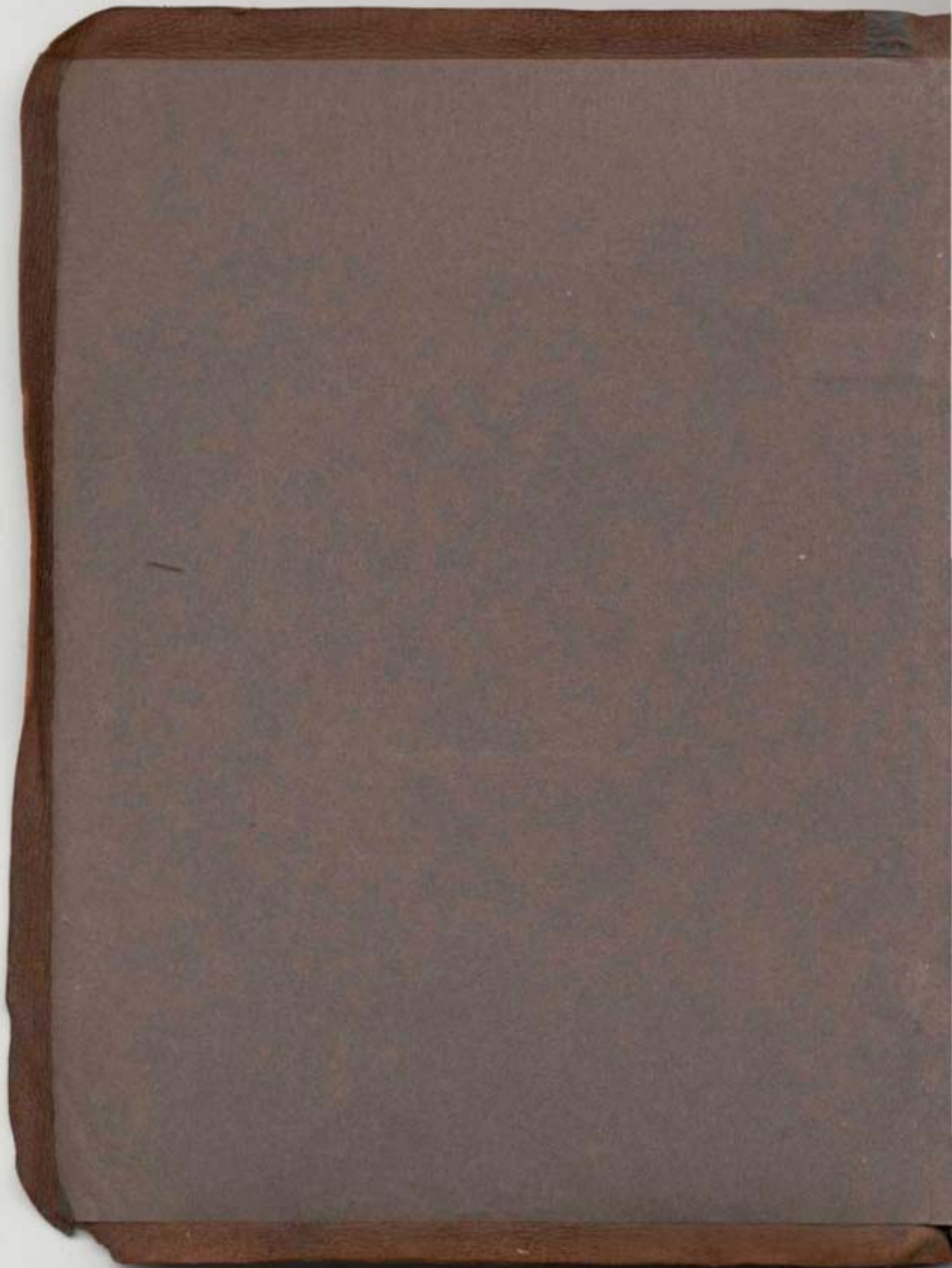
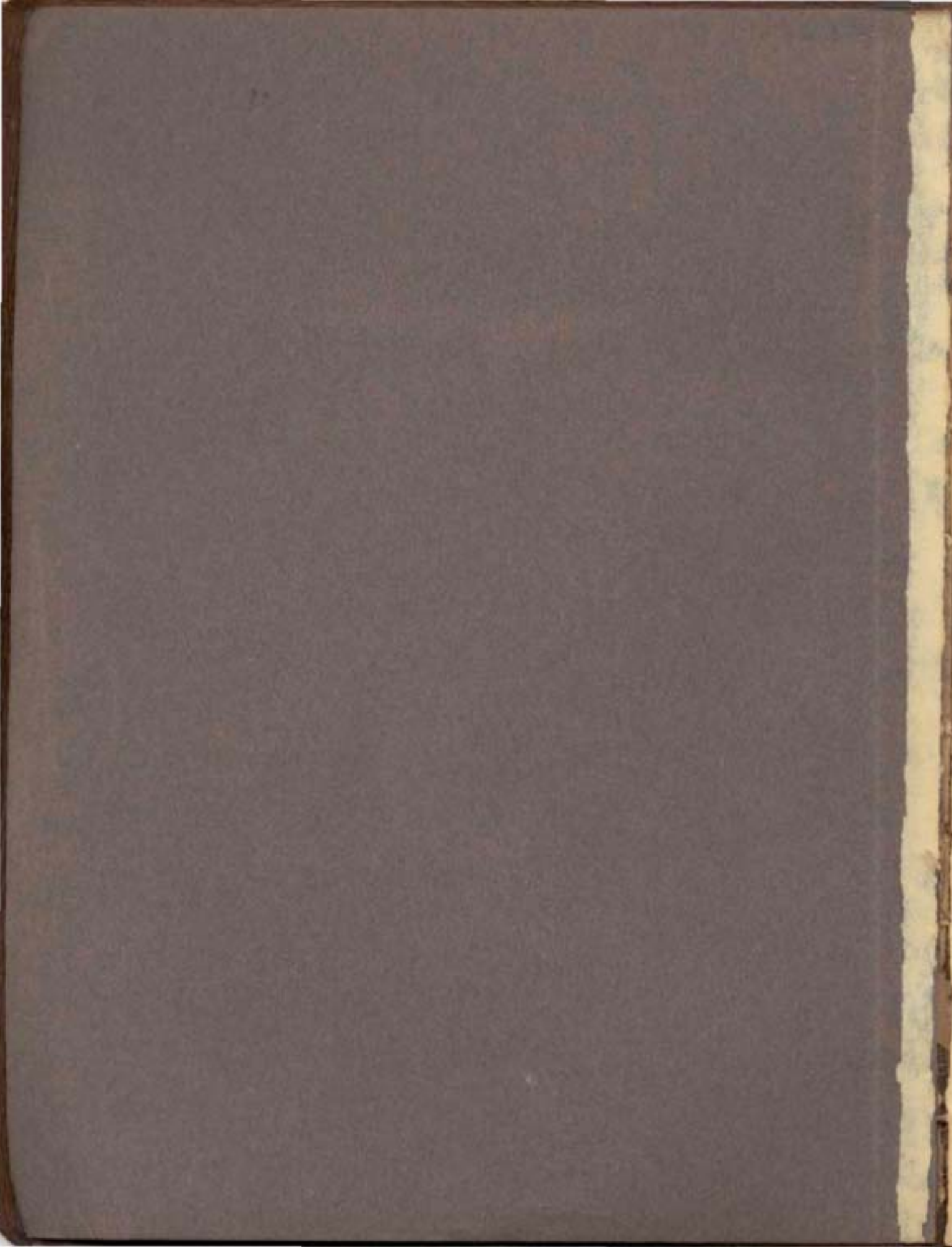


THE  
BUGLE  
1914

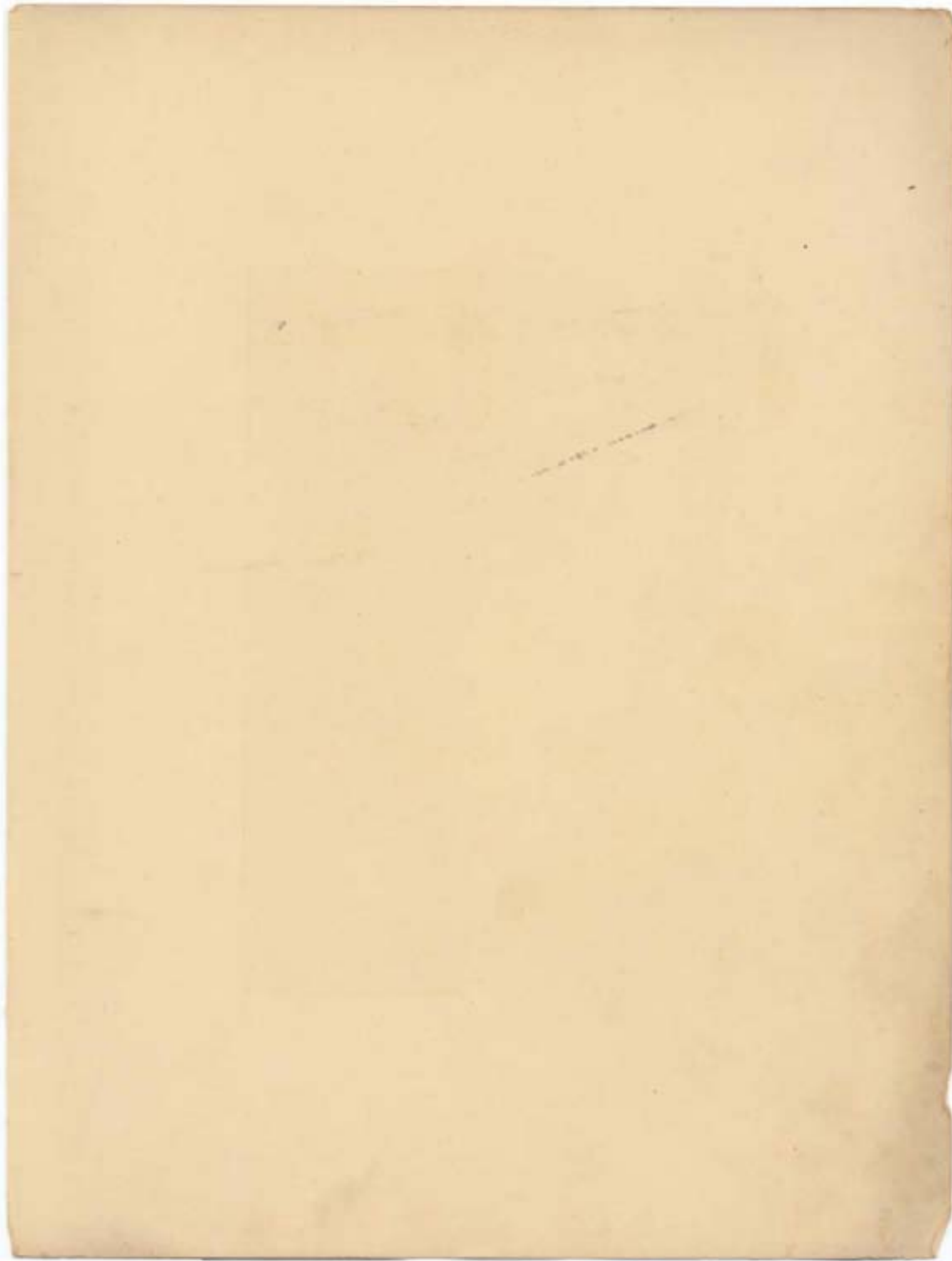






Anna Harless









# THE BUGLE

*NINETEEN  
FOURTEEN*



VOLUME TWENTY

---

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

To  
Lingan Strother Randolph, M. E.  
whose precepts are a constant inspiration,  
his friendship a genuine loyalty and  
his counsel unfailing when  
necessity calls, we  
dedicate the  
Twentieth Volume  
of  
The Bugle





# THE BUGLE

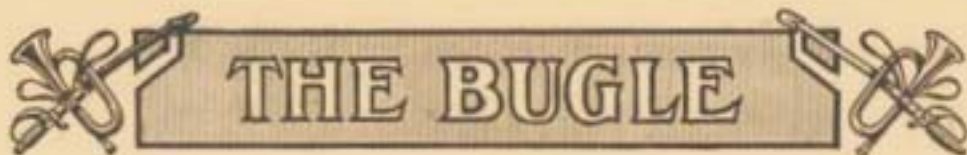
## Professor Lingan Strother Randolph, M. E.

**P**ROFESSOR RANDOLPH was born at Martinsburg, W. Va., May 13, 1850. His father, James Lingan Randolph, was chief engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and his mother, Emily Strother Randolph, was a daughter of John Strother and a sister of General David Hunter Strother. (Porte Crayon.)

As a boy Mr. Randolph was an idealist and at the same time very practical, as the later development of his life and character indicates. He received his early training at private and public schools of Martinsburg, W. Va. He entered the Shenandoah Valley Academy at Winchester, Va., in the fall of 1873. In the fall of 1876 he entered the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va., where he remained two sessions. With this mental training and discipline, Mr. Randolph became a machinist apprentice in the shops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Grafton, W. Va., entering upon this work in the fall of 1878; one year later he was transferred to the Mt. Clane shops at Baltimore, where he remained until the spring of 1881. During this period, in addition to the general work of the shops, he had valuable experience on an engineering corps as transit man and on construction work as general utility man.

In the fall of 1881 young Randolph entered the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, N. J., and graduated in 1883 with the degree of Mechanical Engineer. Before completing his course at Stevens Institute Mr. Randolph was offered the responsible position of establishing a testing laboratory for the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway, now the Erie Railway, at Susquehanna, Pa. The wisdom of his choice, to finish his course of study, was evidenced by the fact that the company held the position open and secured his services for the work after his graduation. During two and one-half years as Engineer of Tests and Chief Chemist he built up the department to such proportions as to require three chemists and one engineer. The results obtained through experiments and inspection were recognized as a distinct contribution to railway efficiency, and some of the work was published.

In the fall of 1885 Mr. Randolph accepted the position of Superintendent of Motive Power with the Florida Railway and Navigation Company. The Railroad was in bad physical condition and thoroughly disorganized. Much work had



# THE BUGLE

to be done under the direction and supervision of young Randolph and he was brought in contact with practical administrative problems. This work proved a heavy strain on the young engineer. At that time living in the swamps of Florida was not conducive to good health, and soon it was necessary that he should seek a change of climate to restore his health. In the spring of 1887 he accepted the position of Superintendent of Motive Power for the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railway, with headquarters at Mt. Savage, Md. The position consisted of routine executive, the reorganization of the time keeping and shop accounting system, and the design and construction of a new 55-ton consolidation locomotive. The complete work from the preliminary designs to the final turning out of the locomotive was carried on under his direction. A crane car for wrecking, an electric lighting plant, a new baggage car and a mogul type of passenger locomotive were designed.

In January, 1890, Mr. Randolph accepted the position of Engineer of Tests in charge of the chemical laboratory with the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. On October 15 of the same year Mr. Randolph was married at Cumberland, Md., to Miss Fannie Robbins. In the summer of 1892 he accepted the position of Electrical Engineer with the Baltimore Electric Refining Company. While thus engaged, in 1893, he was offered and accepted the position of Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. On taking charge of his duties Professor Randolph was confronted with new problems which demanded care, wisdom, judgment, and tact in their proper solution. The spirit of industrial development had just begun to find a fertile soil in the South. Dr. J. M. McBryde had been president of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute just two years when Mr. Randolph assumed his duties. The engineering, in common with the other departments, was poorly equipped to meet the pressing needs of students who came to college for mechanical engineering.

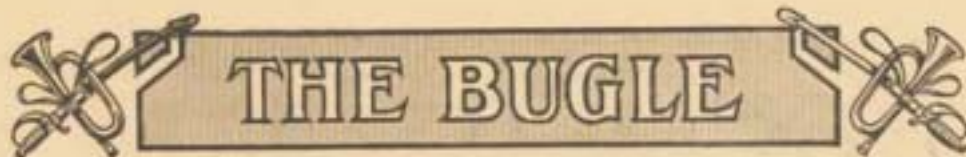
A new era opened for the Virginia Polytechnic Institute when the General Assembly of Virginia began to appreciate the opportunities and needs of the college, and from session to session made appropriations for buildings and equipment. Much constructive work devolved upon Professor Randolph and he gave himself courageously to the duties of developing his department, bringing it to its present high standard of efficiency. In recognition of his long and faithful services the Board of Visitors, in March, 1913, made him Dean of the Engineering Department.

During the winter of 1893-94 Professor Randolph was asked to take charge of a student Bible class in the Y. M. C. A. Thus identifying himself with the

# THE BUGLE

spiritual life of the students, he has been from that time a recognized leader in the work of the Association, and is an enthusiastic exponent of the principles for which it stands at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute to-day. He has always been deeply interested in the welfare of the young men who have come immediately under his instruction, and his wise counsel and broad sympathy have created that sort of good will between professor and students that tends to mutual fellowship and friendship. He has given his time and means to promote the interests of the students and has entered cheerfully and gladly into close relationship with them and their problems. He is a close and careful student of young men and maintains that the college does not consist merely of its buildings, equipment, and grounds, but in the young men whom it instructs and sends out as citizens of the State, prepared for the broadest type of social service.





# THE BUGLE

## Prefatory

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The tide of time rolls back incessantly  
The waves of ages to the distant past,  
And each succeeding year seems to be  
A repetition of the fading last.

And we, lingering on this year's swelling crest,  
Emerge, like chrysalides, from student life,  
And on new wings, towards the goal Success,  
We start our flight, prepared for any strife.

Like veterans, we longingly review  
The days which have passed beyond our ken;  
Then to our Alma Mater bid adieu,  
And hopefully to the future turn again.

But lest our memory, as the years roll by,  
Some phase of college life fail to recall,  
We here record our four-year stay at V. P. I.  
And lay our past before the eyes of all.

—R. J. M., '13.



- J. THOMPSON BROWN, *Rector*..... R. F. D., Evington, Bedford County  
 (Term expires July 1, 1916)
- J. B. WATKINS..... Midlothian, Chesterfield County  
 J. A. TURNER..... Hollins, Roanoke County  
 H. M. SMITH, JR..... Richmond, Henrico County  
 (Term expires July 1, 1918)
- P. F. ST. CLAIR..... Bane, Giles County  
 W. A. HARRIS, M. D..... Spottsylvania, Spottsylvania County  
 \*A. M. BOWMAN..... Salem, Roanoke County  
 B. F. KIRKPATRICK..... Lynchburg, Campbell County  
 (Term expires July 1, 1914)
- R. C. STEARNES, *Superintendent of Public Instruction, ex officio*..... Richmond, Henrico County  
 B. D. ADAMS, *President, Board of Agriculture and Immigration, ex officio*,  
 Red Oak, Charlotte County

**SECRETARY OF BOARD**

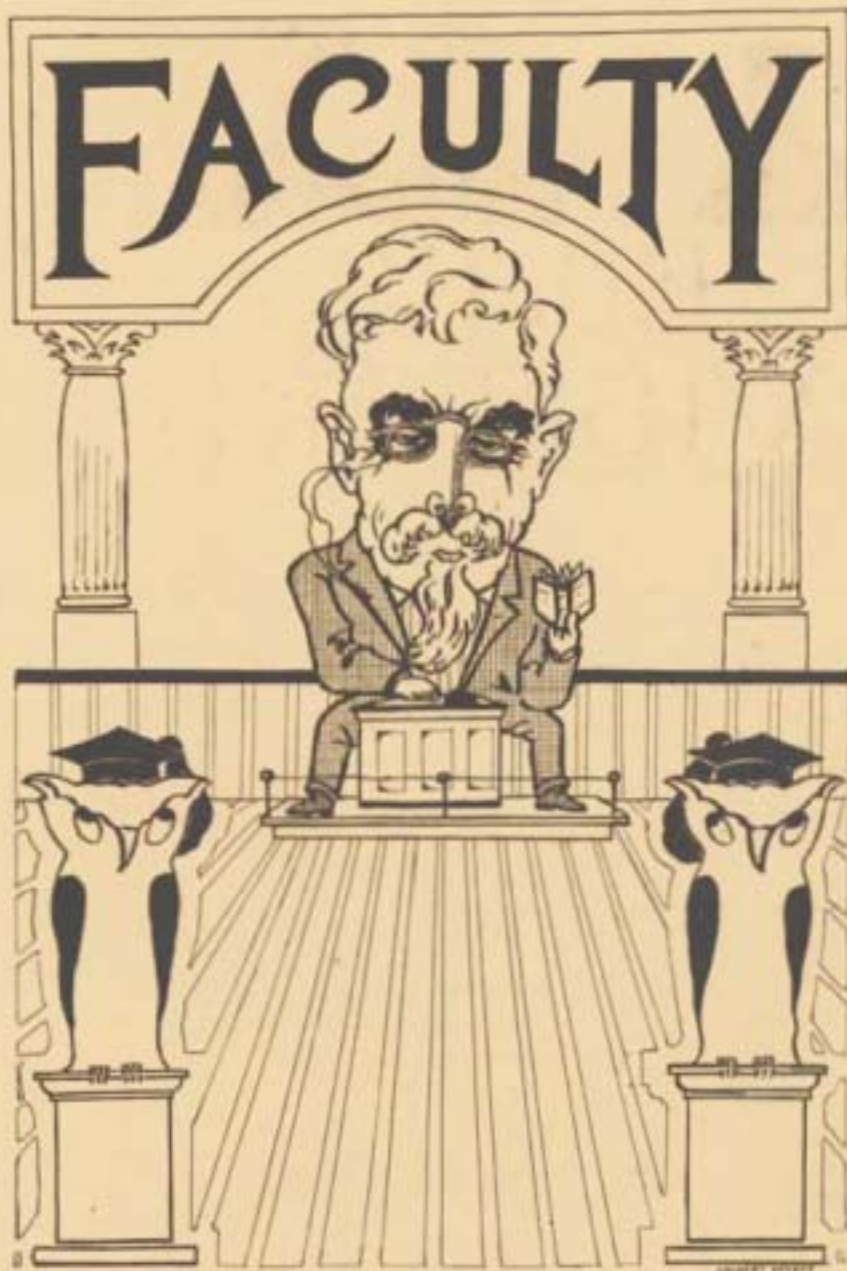
CHAS. I. WADE..... Christiansburg, Montgomery County

**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**

J. THOMPSON BROWN, *Chairman*  
 J. B. WATKINS  
 P. F. ST. CLAIR  
 J. A. TURNER  
 J. D. EGGLESTON, *President of the Institute, ex officio*

\*Died August 2, 1913.







J. D. EGGLESTON, A. M.  
President

PRESIDENT EGGLESTON



T. P. CAMPBELL, A. M.  
Dean of Faculty

DEAN CAMPBELL



COLONEL WARE

Department of Military Science  
and Tactics

---

COLONEL J. F. WARE

Commandant

(First Lieutenant U. S. Infantry)

MAJOR G. B. BRIGHT

Assistant Commandant

MAJOR L. N. KEESLING

Assistant Commandant

MAJOR H. H. BATES

Assistant Commandant



DEAN BARLOW

Graduate Department

---

W. E. BARLOW, M. A., Ph. D.

Dean of Graduate Department



DEAN PRICE

Departments of Agriculture,  
Horticulture and Agricultural  
Engineering

---

DEAN H. L. PRICE, M. S.  
INSTRUCTOR G. C. STARCHER,  
B. Agr.



PROFESSOR RANDOLPH

Department of Mechanical  
Engineering

---

PROFESSOR L. S. RANDOLPH, M. E.  
Dean of Engineering Department



DEAN DAVIDSON

Department of Applied Chemistry and  
Chemical Engineering

---

DEAN R. J. DAVIDSON, A. M.  
PROFESSOR J. B. MCBRYDE, A. B., C. E.  
PROFESSOR J. W. WATSON, Ph. D.  
ASSISTANT J. B. LUCAS, M. S.  
ASSISTANT P. U. JANUTOLO, B. S.



PROFESSOR PRITCHARD

Department of Electrical Engineering

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PROFESSOR S. B. PRITCHARD, A. M.  
PROFESSOR C. LEE, M. E.  
ASSISTANT P. H. POWERS



PROFESSOR BEGG

Department of Civil Engineering

---

PROFESSOR R. H. BEGG, C. E.  
PROFESSOR G. B. BRIGHT, C. E.



PROFESSOR BURKHART

Department of Mining Engineering

---

PROFESSOR O. C. BURKHART, E. M., C. E.



DOCTOR SMYTH

Department of Applied Biology

---

E. A. SMYTH, JR., A. M., LL. D.  
INSTRUCTOR H. S. STAHL, M. S.



DOCTOR BARLOW

Department of Metallurgy and  
Metallography

---

W. E. BARLOW, M. A., PH. D.



PROFESSOR HOLDEN

Department of Applied Geology

---

PROFESSOR R. J. HOLDEN, B. S.  
ASSISTANT F. T. WALL, B. S.



DOCTOR CHRISMAN

Department of Veterinary  
Medicine

---

W. G. CHRISMAN, D. V. S.





DOCTOR HUDNALL

Department of English

---

R. H. HUDNALL, M. A., Ph. D.



DOCTOR NEWMAN

Department of Rhetoric

---

C. M. NEWMAN, M. A., Ph. D.  
PROFESSOR M. H. ARNOLD, M. A.  
INSTRUCTOR A. S. McCOWN, B. A.



DEAN CAMPBELL

**Department of Modern  
Languages**

---

DEAN T. P. CAMPBELL, A. M.  
PROFESSOR C. P. MILES, M. S.  
PROFESSOR J. D. DAVIS, B. S.  
INSTRUCTOR L. P. SMITHEY, A. M.



DOCTOR WILLIAMS

**Department of Mathematics**

---

E. W. WILLIAMS, M. A., Ph. D.  
PROFESSOR W. M. BRODIE, M. E.  
ASSISTANT J. F. WARE  
ASSISTANT L. N. KEESLING, E. E.  
ASSISTANT L. P. SMITHEY, A. M.



PROFESSOR VAWTER

### Department of Physics

---

PROFESSOR C. E. VAWTER, B. S.  
PROFESSOR F. L. ROBESON, A. M.  
ASSISTANT J. B. LUCAS, M. S.  
ASSISTANT E. H. KNOX  
ASSISTANT R. W. CATLIN



PROFESSOR PARROTT

### Department of Mechanic Arts

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PROFESSOR J. E. PARROTT  
PROFESSOR W. G. CONNER, M. E.  
PROFESSOR J. M. JOHNSON  
ASSISTANT W. J. BARBOUR



PROFESSOR RASCHE

Department of Graphics

PROFESSOR W. H. RASCHE  
PROFESSOR H. GUDHEIM, M. E.  
ASSISTANT F. A. HEACOCK



PROFESSOR JOHNSON

Department of Experimental  
Engineering

PROFESSOR J. S. A. JOHNSON, M. E.  
ASSISTANT H. H. BATES, B. S.



PROFESSOR DRINKARD

Department of History and Economics

---

PROFESSOR A. W. DRINKARD, M. S.



DOCTOR REED

Department of Mycology and  
Bacteriology

---

H. S. REED, A. B., Ph. D.

ASSISTANT H. L. THOMPSON, A. B.



PROFESSOR CARRIER

### Department of Agronomy

---

PROFESSOR L. CARRIER, B. S.  
ASSISTANT E. T. BATTEN, B. S.



PROFESSOR BRAINERD

### Department of Animal and Dairy Husbandry

---

PROFESSOR W. K. BRAINERD, B. S.  
PROFESSOR C. W. HOLDAWAY, B. S.  
\*PROFESSOR L. S. SUMMERS, B. S.  
†PROFESSOR R. E. HART, B. S.

\*Resigned December, 1912.

†Elected December, 1912.



**W. T. SCHOENE, B. S.**  
State Entomologist and Lecturer on Economic  
Entomology

**S. W. FLETCHER, M. S., Ph. D.**  
*Director of the Virginia Agricultural  
Experiment Station*

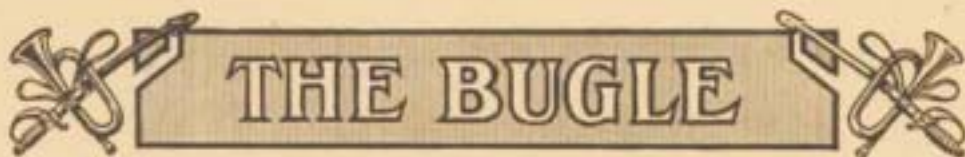
**PROFESSOR SCHOENE**



**W. F. HENDERSON, M. D.**  
Surgeon



**C. I. WADE**  
Treasurer



# THE BUGLE

## Other Officers

---

B. ELLISON  
*Steward of Dining Hall*

ANNA G. HANNAS  
*Superintendent of Infirmary*

JOHN H. KELSEY  
*Superintendent of Tailoring Department*

J. P. HARVEY  
*Musical Director*

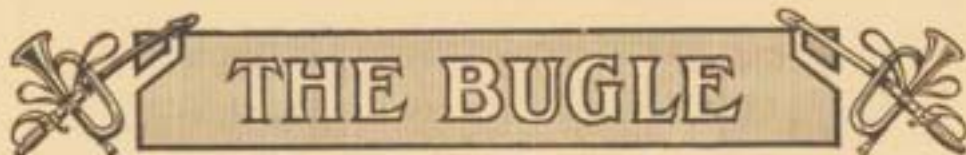
CORA J. CRAWFORD  
*Secretary to the President*

VIRGINIA M. PATTON  
*Clerk to Commandant*

LAURA L. SAWYER  
*Secretary to Dean*

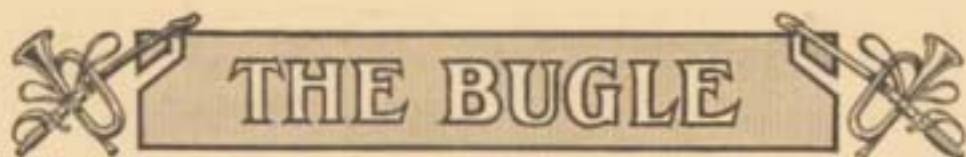
REVS. D. J. WOODS, R. B. NELSON, J. P. ESSEX,  
D. M. BROWN AND H. A. BLAKE  
*Chaplains*





THE BUGLE

TO THE MEMORY OF  
HUGH NICHOLAS FAULKNER  
AN HONORED AND RESPECTED MEMBER OF  
THE CORPS OF INSTRUCTORS OF THE  
VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE  
DIED  
DECEMBER 25, 1912



# THE BUGLE

## The Prof Directory

BEING A PARTIAL LIST OF

THE PROFS	THEIR ALIASES	THEIR FAVORITE OCCUPATIONS
Robeson	Scribe	Rolling a baby carriage.
Williams	Doc	Selling life insurance.
Reed	Pop	Growing bacteria.
Smyth	Dean	Catching bugs.
Brainerd	Blub Blub!	Lecturing on dairy cows.
Lee	Claudius	Explaining "perfectly obvious" facts.
Rasche	Boscoe	Flunking Jr. E. E. men and running moving pictures.
Watson	Snake	Mixing explosives.
Davidson	Pat	"Gummin'."
Newman	Froggy	Underworking Sophs.
Johnson	J. S. A.	Planning work for Jrs. and Srs.
Vawter	Charlie	Lecturing on athletics.
Pritchard	Sammy	Sitting still.
Lucas	Burley	None in "general."
Arnold	Benedict	Biting fingernails.
Campbell	Chauncey	Signing "Two-thirds Shipped" documents.
Godheim	Gudie	Preparing Rats to meet Boscoe.
Randolph	Glass Eye	Cutting class.
Hudnall	Dates	Rhapsodizing on nature.
Price	Harvey	Combing his hair.
Parrott	Polly	"Roll Call!"
Davis	Dopey	Smoking and racking.
Miles	Sally	Promoting athletics.
Drinkard	Grandpa	Expounding economic theories.
Ware	The Knob	— is not removed.
Conner	Long John	"You have thirty more hours, sir."
McBryde	Bolton	Pouring water on the floor.
Bright	Skinny	Chewing tobacco and hulling.
Holden	Roy Jay	Making excursions into the wilds of Virginia's mountains.

—S. T. P., '13.

—M. F. P., '13.

# THE BUGLE

## Corps Organization



MISS WYSOR  
Sponsor for the Corps of Cadets

### OFFICERS

W. G. WYSOR .....	<i>President</i>
A. L. JONES, JR. ....	<i>First Vice-President</i>
F. W. BRUCE .....	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
W. L. COGBILL .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
J. F. POWELL .....	<i>Secretary</i>
F. W. BAILEY .....	<i>Prosecuting Attorney</i>
F. A. HEACOCK .....	<i>Defending Attorney</i>

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

1914	1915	1916	1917
J. M. McCUE	C. W. HEFLIN	J. W. KAVANAUGH	J. M. WOOD
L. R. BUDWELL	E. M. LEWIS	T. F. CLEMMER	W. V. GREGORY
A. L. JONES	F. L. HILL	A. T. M. RUST	C. V. WINGFIELD



EX-COMMANDERS OF THE CORPS



A. L. JONES, JR.  
1st. Vice-President



F. W. BRUCE  
2d. Vice-President



J. F. POWELL  
Secretary



W. C. WYTHE  
President



W. L. COGBILL  
Treasurer

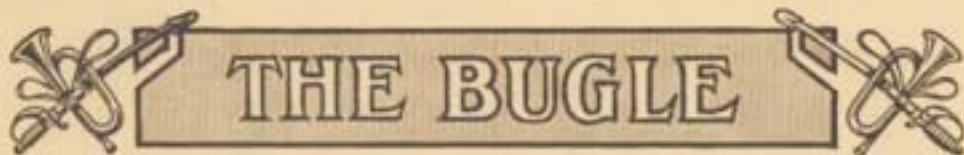


F. W. BAILEY  
Prosecuting Attorney



F. A. HEACOCK  
Defending Attorney

## Corps Officers



# THE BUGLE

## Constitution of the Corps of Cadets

(Adopted June 8, 1938)

### PREAMBLE

The purposes of this organization are:

1. To draw the members of the corps into a more organized body.
2. To remedy existing evils.

### CONSTITUTION

#### ARTICLE I

SECTION 1. In order to attain this end, we, individually and collectively, bind ourselves into an organization to be known as *The Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute*.

SEC. 2. Furthermore, we hereby adopt this Constitution and pledge ourselves to support it.

#### ARTICLE II—OBJECTS

1. The promotion of college spirit.
2. The promotion of a more brotherly feeling for each other, and a greater love for the Alma Mater.
3. The settlement of all affairs which concern the best interests of the student body.
4. The attaining of those things which will go to make the institution greater in every way.

#### ARTICLE III—OFFICERS

SECTION 1. The officers of this body shall be:

1. A President and a First Vice-President, to be chosen from the Senior Class.
2. A Second Vice-President and a Secretary, to be chosen from the Junior Class.
3. A Treasurer and a Sergeant-at-Arms, to be chosen from the Sophomore Class.
4. A Prosecuting Attorney, selected from the Corps at large.
5. A Defending Attorney, selected from the Corps at large.
6. An Executive Committee, composed of twelve men, three to be from, and elected by, each class. The members from the Freshman Class to be elected as soon as possible after organizing the class.

SEC. 2. No man holding office in the Corps, with the exception of the two attorneys, can be on probation.

SEC. 3. The President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Attorneys shall be nominated by the retiring Executive Committee, and elected by the Corps assembled in a body. The Executive Committee shall nominate not less than two nor more than five candidates for each office. These nominations shall be read out to the assembled Corps, and then additional nominations for each office are in order.

SEC. 4. The term of office shall be the college year.

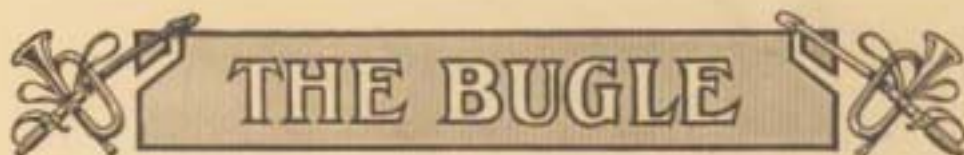
SEC. 5. There shall be two elections, a primary and a final election. There shall be only two candidates, determined by the primary, for each office at the final election. The date of the regular elections shall be between the fifteenth and thirtieth of May.

SEC. 6. A vacancy occurring in any office of the Corps shall be filled according to Article III, Section 3.

SEC. 7. Installation of new officers shall be at end of session. Oath of office shall be some regular form.

#### ARTICLE IV—DUTIES OF OFFICERS

- SECTION 1. *President*. 1. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Corps.
2. At the request of the Executive Committee he shall call a Corps meeting.
  3. It shall be the duty of the President to publish a notice of a Corps meeting twenty-four hours in advance, except in cases of emergency.
  4. Whenever the President deems it necessary, he may call a Corps meeting.



# THE BUGLE

5. He shall be chairman, *ex officio*, of the Executive Committee, and shall take no part in a discussion except to defend his position in voting in case of a tie.

6. He shall impanel the jury, assisted by the two attorneys.

**Sec. 2. First Vice-President.** In the absence of the President, all the duties of that office shall devolve upon the First Vice-President.

**Sec. 3. Second Vice-President.** In the absence of the President and the First Vice-President, all the duties of the President shall devolve upon the Second Vice-President.

**Sec. 4. Secretary.** The Secretary shall keep a record of all the proceedings of the Corps meetings. He shall keep a box containing the names of all cadets, on separate cards, and when necessary he shall take these cards out, one by one, and hand them to the President for the purpose of impaneling the jury.

**Sec. 5. Treasurer.** It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect and account for all Corps money. He shall pay out no money, except by a written order from the President.

**Sec. 6. Sergeant-at-Arms.** It shall be the duty of the Sergeant-at-Arms to keep the door, and maintain order during the Corps meetings.

**Sec. 7. Prosecuting Attorney.** It shall be the duty of the Prosecuting Attorney to prosecute all cases brought before the Corps, to the best of his ability.

**Sec. 8. Defending Attorney.** It shall be the duty of the Defending Attorney to defend the accused to the best of his ability. If the accused desires, he may select anyone in the Corps to defend him in lieu of the Defending Attorney.

**Sec. 9. Duties of the Executive Committee.** 1. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to act upon any question concerning the honor and welfare of the Corps.

2. To investigate and decide whether the question presented is of sufficient importance to be brought before the Corps.

3. To make nominations for officers as called for in Article III, Section 3.

4. They shall count the ballots in all elections in the Corps. They shall be vested with the power of deciding by what method the votes may be cast in elections in the Corps.

**Sec. 10.** This Constitution does not concern or affect the Athletic Association in any way whatever.

## ARTICLE V

**SECTION 1.** The Jury shall be composed of twelve men, to be selected and impaneled as stated in Article IV, Section 1, Paragraph 5 and Section 4.

**Sec. 2.** The action of the Jury shall be final in all cases, also unanimous.

**Sec. 3.** The Jury shall fix the penalty of the accused.

**Sec. 4.** In case a dispute should arise between the two attorneys over the impaneling of a juror, the President shall act as the referee.

## AMENDMENTS

All amendments to this Constitution shall be submitted to the Executive Committee for examination. If approved by the Executive Committee, it shall become an amendment to this Constitution by two-thirds vote of the Corps.

## BY-LAWS

All meetings of the Corps shall be conducted according to the By-Laws in Roberts' Rules of Order.

This Constitution shall be read before the Corps.

It shall be published in book form.

## AMENDMENTS

### ARTICLE I

(Passed in 1909)

**SECTION 1.** Hazing, bucking, flogging, or otherwise maltreating or intimidating first-year men is absolutely prohibited, except on the night of the Sophomore banquet and one day of school, to be appointed by the Sophomore Class within two weeks after the beginning of school.

**Sec. 2.** The Sophomore court shall consist of twelve men from the Sophomore Class, to be elected by said class. This court is empowered to deal with first-year men who by their conduct make themselves obnoxious to a large number of old students.



BATTALION RETURNING FROM DENVER



FAITH



••••• PROSIM •••••

••••• PROSIM •••••




ABRONETHY, HARRY DURWARD  
 ADDISON, JOHN  
 ANDREWS, THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 ARAGON, GUILLERMO  
 ARNEST, RICHARD TURBETVILLE  
 ARBOGAST, ELMO MEAR  
 AUSTIN, JOSEPH HUBERT  
 BALL, WILLIAM LEE  
 BARBOUR, KOHN SAMUEL  
 BARBER, CARRY BRAMLETTE  
 BARRER, HENDRICKS HALL  
 BARRSDALE, SUTTH DUDLEY  
 BEACHAM, JAMES DOUTTIT  
 BEAL, FRANK STUART  
 BERNIER, CHARLES ARTHUR  
 BERRY, RICHARD ELLYS  
 BILMYER, CARROLL DAVIS  
 BINFORD, WALLER CRISS  
 BONDURANT, SAMUEL WALTON  
 BOHLKEN, JAMES DEWITT  
 BOULDEN, WILLIAM KENNON  
 BRANFORD, LEWIS PENNINGTON  
 BRADSHAW, BERNARD OSBORNE  
 BROWN, GEORGE HENRY  
 BUCK, FLOYD FIELDER  
 BUDWELL, LEIGH RAGLAND  
 BUNOP, GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 CALDWELL, WILLIAM FORBES  
 CALLAHAN, CHARLES AUBREY  
 CALLAWAY, GEORGE CARRINGTON  
 CAMP, KOENER LUNSFORD  
 CANAS, ALBERTO RAFAEL  
 CARRINGTON, ALFRED RANDOLPH  
 CASON, SLEIGH WHITEHEAD  
 COLLIER, CHARLES MITCHELL  
 COLLINS, ALBERT BERNARD  
 COOPER, WILLIAM MOSS  
 CORE, BOYCE DOBB  
 CORR, LEVY PACE  
 COWGILL, CARL LESLIE  
 COWHERD, BERNARD TAYLOR

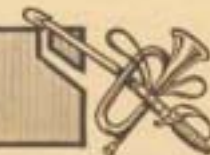
COX, JOHN CUNNINGHAM  
 COX, JOHN HAMILTON  
 COX, CLARENCE EDWARD  
 CRAVENS, WILLIAM MAY  
 CUMBERLEY, WARNER IRVIN  
 CULPEPER, OWEN HALL  
 CUTCHENS, CLIFFORD ARMSTRONG  
 DARNALL, THOMAS MAURE  
 DAWLEY, WILLIAM SAMUEL  
 DICKINSON, HALLOWELL  
 DOGGETT, BENJAMIN ANONDRAM  
 DRUMMOND, FRANK CAMM  
 DUDLEY, FRANK ALEXANDRIA  
 DUFFY, PAUL RAYMOND  
 †EFFINGER, WILLIAM FRANKLIN  
 ELLETT, FRANCIS MARION  
 EVANS, JAMES MOORE  
 EVERETT, ASLETT LEE  
 FITZGERALD, HUGH JOHN  
 FLORA, CHARLES CURTIS  
 FOLEY, EDMUND  
 GANNAWAY, RICHARD WINSTON  
 GARDNER, WILLIAM LEE  
 GIBBS, MAYNARD OSBORNE  
 GRIFFIN, RUFUS WILLIAM  
 GIDE, LOUIS CHRISTIAN  
 HALL, ARTHUR REUBEN  
 HALL, WILLIAM THOMAS  
 HANKS, Enoch OLIN  
 \*HARDWICKY, JOHN CECIL  
 HARRISON, WILLIAM BYRS  
 HARMAN, EDWARD HOUSTON  
 HAUGHTON, THOMAS HILL  
 HUCKA, ERNEST MARTIN  
 HILDEBRAND, DAVID ACTON  
 HILL, JOHN WILLIAM  
 HUBBARD, WILLIAM JACKSON  
 HOWARD, JOHN LAMAR  
 HUETTEL, LEO JOSEPH  
 HUMPHREY, WILLIAM LOGGE

\*Died.

†Dropped back from previous class.



# THE BUGLE



HUNT, RUSSELL CHASTAIN  
 HURT, JAMES ROBERT  
 HUTCHINSON, WARNER COURTNEY  
 IRVINE, WILLIAM HARRIS  
 JENKINS, WALTER IRVINE  
 JENNINGS, HARRY JUDSON  
 JENNINGS, JOHN JULIAN  
 JESSUP, RALPH SLOCOMB  
 JONES, ALBERT LAMARTINE  
 JONES, EDWARD STRATTON  
 JONES, RALPH ROBERT  
 KINCAID, JOHN FRANKLIN  
 KING, PAUL  
 KINSEY, EDWARD LEE  
 KOLLEFRATH, HOWARD ALBERT  
 KOONTZ, CLYDE  
 KYLE, FREEMAN JONES  
 LAMBERT, COURTNEY BROOKS  
 LEE, ROBERT FITZTUGH  
 LEWIS, THOMAS WARING  
 LEWELLYN, RABURN HOOD  
 LOVE, OSCAR MAILON  
 LOYD, SAMUEL ASTON  
 LUKE, HOWARD AUGUSTUS  
 MCLUE, JOHN MOFFETT  
 MCKEE, JAMES ELBERT  
 MACREITH, HERBERT COLIN  
 MANN, EARL LAWRENCE  
 MASON, ASBURY MARTIN  
 MELLON, SETH BALDWIN  
 METCALFE, CLIVE, JR.  
 MILLER, GEORGE NAPOLEON  
 MILLER, JOHN JAMES  
 MILLER, LEWELLYN BARK  
 MOORE, ALLEN LEWIS  
 MOORE, ARTHUR PENICILE  
 MOORE, JOHN RUCKER  
 MONTAGUE, JAMES LEWIS  
 MORECOCK, ROBERT SIDNEY  
 MORRIS, JAMES WINSTON  
 MURRY, JAMES WALKER  
 MYERS, SHIRLEY HOUSTON  
 NOTTINGHAM, RICHARD HAMPDEN  
 PALMER, HOWARD HANSPORD  
 PARKER, THOMAS PARKER  
 PENNINGTON, ROBERT WORDEN  
 PETTINGREW, RICHARD WARD  
 PETTIS, CHARLES SEMPLE  
 PHILPOTS, ALVIN THORNTON  
 PIGGOTT, SHERLEY THOMAS  
 POWERS, PHILIP H., JR.  
 PULLEY, MYRON WORTHINGTON  
 RANOLPH, ORLANDO ROBBINS  
 READ, GRANVILLE MOORMAN

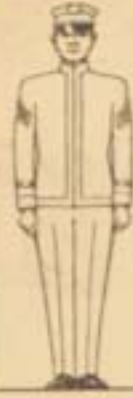
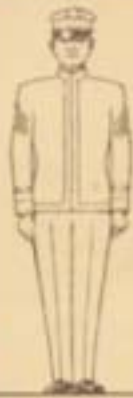
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 RIVES, THOMAS McDOWELL  
 ROBERTS, HARRY WASHINGTON  
 ROBERTSON, WALTER HOLMES  
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 ROWE, CHARLES SPURDIN  
 ROYER, JOHN WHITTIER  
 RUST, GEORGE LEE  
 SANDERSON, JOHN MELVILLE  
 SCHWALBE, OTTO JOHN  
 SCOTT, FRANK RICHARDSON  
 SEAY, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN  
 SHANKLAND, ARCHIE DALGLISH  
 SHELBURNE, ALVIN CARLISLE  
 SIBOLD, ARTHUR PLEASANT  
 SIMMONS, FRANK NICHOLS  
 SIMPSON, THOMAS HERVEY  
 SKINNER, ROBERT EMMET  
 SNYDER, JOHN ABNER, JR.  
 SOMERVILLE, HENRY MARTIN  
 SOWERS, RAYMOND SENGPHYSIC  
 STEPHENS, PAUL JENKINS  
 SUTTON, LEE EDWARD, JR.  
 TARDY, THOMAS HOWARD  
 TAYLOR, STUART BALDWIN  
 TILLMAN, HENRY OVERTON  
 TROWER, PRESTON ELIJAH, JR.  
 TURNER, CHARLES GREEN  
 TYLER, HENRY MAGRUDER, JR.  
 VAN STURUM, LEOPOLD CHARLES  
 VAUGHAN, WILLIAM FRIEND  
 \*VIVAR, ROBERTICK  
 WADE, WILLIAM HAMILTON  
 WALDRON, WILLIAM ROBERT  
 WALTER, ALVIN JOCKEY  
 WARE, JAMES VERNON  
 WARFIELD, GRIMER ARMSTRONG  
 WARWICK, WILLIAM GORDON  
 WATSON, JOHN THOMAS  
 WEAR, JOHN CLARENCE  
 WEAVER, JACK HENDERSON  
 WHITE, JOHN LOYD  
 WHITEHEAD, THOMAS, JR.  
 WILCOX, JOHN LEO  
 WILLIS, PETER ARCHER  
 WILTSHIRE, THOMAS BUTFORD  
 WILSON, JAMES McCOWN  
 WINDORRE, ROBERT WARREN  
 WOLFE, THOMAS KENNEDY  
 WOOD, RAYMOND SANDERLIN  
 WRIGHT, CHARLES PEGRAM  
 WRIGHT, JAMES EDWARD  
 WYCAL, WALTER ALEXANDRIA  
 WYBOR, WILLIAM GEOFFREY

\*Died.



BERRY, RICHARD ELLYS  
BILLYEY, CARROLL DAVIS  
BOHLEN, JAMES DeWITTE  
BONDURANT, SAMUEL WALTON  
BOULIN, WILLIAM KENNON  
BRANFORD, LEWIS PENILETON, JR.  
BUDWELL, LIGGH RAULAND  
CARRINGTON, ALFRED RANDOLPH  
COX, CLARENCE EDWARD  
CULPPER, OWEN HALL  
EFFINGER, WILLIAM FRANKLIN  
EVANS, JAMES MOORE  
FITZGERALD, HUGH JOHN  
HALL, WILLIAM THOMAS  
HARRISON, WILLIAM BYRD, JR.  
HAUGHTON, THOMAS HILL, JR.  
HILL, JOHN WILLIAM  
HURTIEL, LEO JOSEPH  
HUNT, RUSSELL CHASTAIN  
IRVING, WILLIAM HARRIS, JR.  
JENNINGS, HARRY JUDSON  
JESSUP, RALPH SLOCUMB  
JONES, ALBERT LAMARTINE, JR.  
LEE, ROBERT FITZHUGH  
MASON, ASBURY MARVIN

McCUE, JOHN MOFFETT  
METCALFE, CLIVE, JR.  
MILLER, GEORGE NAPOLEON  
MURRY, JAMES WALKER  
PHILPOTTS, ALVIN THORNTON  
POWERS, PHILIP HENRY, JR.  
RANDOLPH, ORLANDO ROBBINS  
RIVES, THOMAS McDOWELL  
SANDERSON, JOHN MELVILLE  
SCOTT, FRANK RICHARDSON  
SHANKLAND, ARCHIE DALLIENH  
SIMMS, ARTHUR PLEASANT  
SOMERVILLE, HENRY MARTIN  
SUTTON, LEE EDWARDS  
TYLER, HENRY MAGRUDER, JR.  
VIVAR, ROSERICK SEBASTIAN  
WADE, WILLIAM HAMILTON, JR.  
WARFIELD, GILMER ANTHONY  
WARWICK, WILLIAM WESTMORE GORDON  
WATSON, JOHN THOMAS  
WEAVER, JACK HENDERSON  
WHITE, JOHN LLOYD  
WOLFE, THOMAS KENNEDY  
WOOD, RAYMOND SANDERLIN  
WYSOR, WILLIAM GEOFFREY



# CLASS 1914



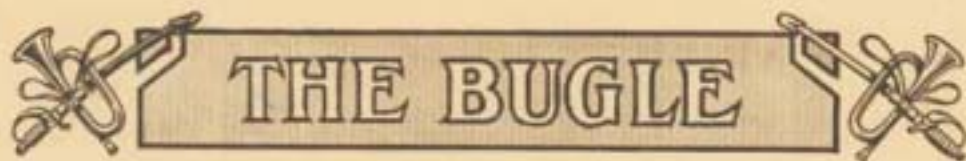
MISS BROOKE  
Sponsor

HENRY MARTIN SOMERVILLE.....	<i>President</i>
JOHN MOFFETT McCUE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
WILLIAM BYRD HARRISON, JR.....	<i>Secretary</i>
LEO JOSEPH HUETTEL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
WILLIAM THOMAS HALL.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>





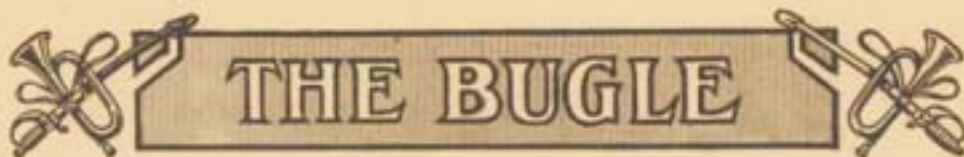
CLASS



THE BUGLE

TO THE MEMORY OF  
WALLER CRISS BINFORD  
BELOVED MEMBER OF THE  
CLASS OF 1914  
DIED  
MARCH 18, 1911





THE BUGLE

TO THE MEMORY OF  
JOHN CECIL HARDWICKE  
BELOVED MEMBER OF THE  
CLASS OF 1914  
DIED  
AUGUST 1912

★ V.P.I. ★ BUGLE ★



RICHARD ELLYS BERRY  
NORFOLK, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY D  
"DEX"

- 1911-12—Private, Company C.
- 1912-13—Private, Company D.
- 1913-14—Private, Company D; Corresponding Secretary, Electrical Engineering Club; *Firing Line*, Staff; Associate Editor, *BULL.* "K. B. K."

Although "Doc" experienced little trouble in absorbing Electrical Engineering, he seemed rather inclined to devote his time to everything else except electricity. Sometimes he would drop entirely out of the limelight, leaving no clue as to his whereabouts. Later he would be found in his "office" in the midst of a heap of waste paper busily absorbed in prolonged calculations concerning—what not? Many of us believe that he will devote his life to astronomy, the fourth dimension, or metaphysics. There are others who think he will lead a literary life, for his fondness for writing is equal to his devotion to mathematics. Strangely enough he seems to have a "little sister" somewhere in North Carolina, but his explanations are open to serious doubt, for one rarely reads his sister's letters more than once; then again, he lives in Norfolk.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



CARROLL DAVIS BILLMYER  
SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

*Mechanical Engineering*

PRIVATE, BAND  
"BILL"

- 1911-12—Private, Company D.
- 1912-13—Private, Band; Vice-President, Shenandoah Valley Club.
- 1913-14—Private, Band; President, Shenandoah Valley Club; Secretary-Treasurer, Mechanical Engineering Club; "K. D. K."

Early on one September morn, A. D. 1911, there appeared over the brow of Huckleberry Hill an unknown youth of bright and smiling countenance, who later became known as "Bill." At the outset of his career at V. P. I. he distinguished himself by his ability as an artist. It was not long before he decided that he was needed in the band, so he threw down his gun and made a bee-line for the band division, which became his place of residence during the remainder of his college career. He assimilates knowledge with remarkable aptitude, and is considered an authority on all things mechanical. Never were his dreams haunted by the fear that the coveted "dip" would not be forthcoming on the longed-for day.



★ V.P.I. ★ BUGLE ★



JAMES DEWITTE BOHLKEN  
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

*Civil Engineering*

"BOCKEN"

- 1911-12—Private, Company B.
- 1912-13—Sergeant, Company B.
- 1913-14—Private, Company B; President, Portsmouth Club; President, Civil Engineering Club; Associate Editor, *BUGLE*; "K. H. K."

Distinguished representative from Portsmouth, who amused himself by mastering Civil Engineering in three years. If duty calls him to the west, may fortune protect him against the attacks of Romance. But he is just as likely to be heard from trying to construct a bridge across the Atlantic for the convenience of pedestrians, or building a railroad in northern Greenland. A reporter for the staff brings in the information that "Representative Bohlken is not responsible for any eccentricities of behavior that he may exhibit so long as his thoughts are constantly reverting to—some one he had to leave behind in his native city." We wish him the greatest success in his work—also Dan Cupid.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



SAMUEL WALTON BONDURANT  
RICE, VA.

*Agriculture*

PRIVATE, COMPANY A  
"SAM"

- 1910-11—Private, Company A.
- 1911-12—Private, Company A; Secretary and Treasurer, Southside Virginia Club.
- 1912-13—Musician, Company A; Class Football Team; Cotillion Club.
- 1913-14—Private, Company A; Y. M. C. A. Committee; President, Southside Virginia Club; "K. B. K."

"Sam" entered V. P. I. with the firm determination to circumvent drill. But it was not till his Junior year that he became a bugler. However, he could not always find someone to blow his calls for him, and sometimes cadets were thrown into consternation by the summons to drill at Taps. Therefore, in his Senior year, "Sam" found himself again carrying a gun during drill period and on guard duty. It is related that at one time he was offered a bottle of water, of which he generously partook, exclaiming, "Good liquor." No one has ever become intimately acquainted with his studious habits. If he has any, perhaps he is keeping them concealed in his clothes-press to wear after graduation.



★ **V.P.I.** ★ **BUGLE** ★



WILLIAM KENNON BOULDIN  
Roanoke, Va.,

*Electrical Engineering*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A  
"PETE"

- 1910-11—Private, Company A.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company D; Treasurer, Roanoke Club.
- 1912-13—Sergeant, Company B.
- 1913-14—Lieutenant, Company A; 2d Vice-President, Cotillion Club; Vice-President, Tennis Club; Class Historian and Prophet.

"Pete" is a phenomenon. It is of rare occurrence that engineering and literary ability are found together in the make-up of one mortal man—but perhaps this one is destined to become immortal. We expect him to create a sensation in the electrical world, and to become an illustrious writer. He conscientiously performs his duty, even if it necessitates wrecking a power-plant occasionally—unavoidably. He is universally liked by the students, and the same could be said if this institution were "co-ed," to judge from the reports that sometimes mysteriously get into circulation concerning—the truth. The fact is no one can withstand the miserable blissful effect of Cupid's old-fashioned artillery—can he, "Pete"?



★ **V.P.I.** ★ **BUGLE** ★

**V. P. I. BUGLE**



LEWIS PENDLETON BRANSFORD, JR.  
BLACKSBURG, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY F  
"BRANDY"

- 1911-12—Private, Company F; Class Baseball Team.
- 1912-13—Private, Company F; Class Football Team; Class Basketball Team; Class Baseball Team.
- 1913-14—Private, Company F; Tennis Club; Manager, Class Basketball Team; Y. M. C. A. Committee; "K. B. K."

As a Sophomore "rat," "Brandy" lived down town and never had much chance to trouble the "old boys." He is good natured and has a natural inclination to talk. It is a mystery how he refrains from talking in church, or in his sleep. Whistling is the infallible herald of his approach. He was invariably late for class, but always showed up whistling and unconcerned to chat the remainder of the period out with his neighbor. However, he displayed the wisdom of a Solomon in attacking the intricate problems of "Thermo" and "E and M," and rarely could a problem in "A. C." slip by him without getting solved for its temerity in confronting him. His love for action lured him into taking a prominent part in all branches of class athletics.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



LEIGH RAGLAND BUDWELL  
ROANOKE, VA.

*Mechanical Engineering*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A  
"BUD"

- 1910-11—Private, Company A; Treasurer, Class.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company A.
- 1912-13—Quartermaster Sergeant, Company A; Class Football Team; Sergeant-at-Arms, Class; Vice-Chairman, M. E. Club; Secretary, Roanoke Club.
- 1913-14—Lieutenant, Company A; Executive Committee, Corps; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Vice-President, Cotillion Club; President, Roanoke Club; Class Football Team; Asst. Business Manager, BUZZ.

Here is a combination of the practical and the theoretical man. "Bud" experienced the practical side of a technical training before he set sail from Roanoke on his way to V. P. I. As the result, he was always looked upon by less fortunate strugglers after knowledge as one capable of giving advice, and he did not fail to measure up to the height of our expectations. Knowing what to expect after graduation, he was neither a spendthrift of time nor of opportunity, but a diligent searcher after mechanical truth. It is but natural to infer, therefore, that before long his name will be resounding throughout the land as one of the great mechanical engineers of the day. His success will be due largely to his own fitness and efforts.







ALFRED RANDOLPH CARRINGTON  
LYNCHBURG, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY F  
"CARRIE"

- 1910-11—Private, Company F; Class Baseball Team; Lynchburg Club.
- 1911-12—Private, Company F; Class Football Team; Class Baseball Team; Secretary, Sophomore Privates; Sophomore Court.
- 1912-13—Private, Company F; Class Basketball Team; Class Baseball Team; Track Squad; President, Junior-Senior German.
- 1913-14—Private, Company F; President, German Club; Leader, Senior Prom. "K. B. K."

No one who is favored by his acquaintance doubts that "Carrie" will occupy a foremost place in future scientific circles. It is thought that he believes present text-books could be revised and made more interesting. At times his thoughts seem to wander from his work to—but perhaps that is a secret. It is doubtful whether he really did connect a voltmeter to the water pipe in the laboratory, but it is certain that he wearied of Professor Vawter's experiment on "The Calorific Value of Gas," and ended by testing his lung capacity with the gas meter. However, when he once decides to do a thing, his efficiency is one hundred per cent. His scientific nature is delightfully tempered by his love for music, sketching and poetry, and no one more keenly appreciates the humorous side of life than this born optimist.



**V.P.I. BUGLE**



CLARENCE EDWARD COX  
AMHERST, VA.

*Mechanical Engineering*

MUSICIAN, COMPANY F  
"NOON"

- 1909-10—Private, Company F.
- 1910-11—Private, Company F.
- 1912-13—Musician, Company F.
- 1913-14—Musician, Company F; "K. B. K."

He is an insanely jealous mechanical engineer. Anything that encroaches upon or competes with his beloved branch of engineering he hates with the deathless hate of the theatrical villain. At the mere mention of mechanism or hydraulic motors he goes into raptures and his ecstasy knows no bounds. He is not content with the simple derivation of results, but they must be worked over and checked, and thus proved beyond the shadow of a doubt to be correct in the minutest detail. Occasionally he was brought to a standstill in the performance of an experiment by some difficult point not clear to him, and he would spend an hour over it to settle it in his mind before he would proceed. Many others would have rushed through to the end, turning aside to avoid the obstacles—but not Cox.





V. P. I.



BUGLE



OWEN HALL CULPEPER  
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

*Mechanical Engineering*

LIEUTENANT AND ASSISTANT ADJUTANT  
"LORD" "CULLY"

1910-11—Private, Company B.

1911-12—Corporal, Company E.

1912-13—Quartermaster-Sergeant, Company C; Vice-President, Portsmouth Club.

1913-14—First Lieutenant and Assistant Adjutant; Class Football Team; Omicron Club; Chairman, Mechanical Engineering Club; Associate Editor, *Va. Tech.*

"Lord" Culpeper, brusque, pointed, and with a voice like the soul-stirring booming of fourteen-inch guns in time of war, fulfilled his duties as Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Staff of the Battalion at V. P. I. so effectively that he will always be remembered as one of the greatest military characters in the annals of the Institute. Just the glimpse of his bearing, so dignified and stately, and his chevrons so expansive and becoming, was enough to inspire one with the thrills of patriotism. *Savez?* Much of "Lord" Culpeper's attention was bestowed on the Mechanical Engineering course here, but nothing very difficult to him was ever unearthed. It is said that when weary of life's monotonous curriculum, he finds recreation and solace in reading a few chapters of Descriptive Geometry. Of course, it must not be omitted that he is a pronounced success with Earth's fairest creatures, and we hope that little Dan will soon have his work completed.



★ **V. P. I.** ★ **BUGLE** ★



WILLIAM FRANKLIN EFFINGER  
BLACKSBURG, VA.

*Agriculture*

PRIVATE, COMPANY F  
"447"

- 1909-10—Private, Company F.
- 1910-11—Private, Company F.
- 1911-12—(Absent).
- 1912-13—Private, Company F; Football Squad.
- 1913-14—Private, Company F; Varsity Football Team; "K. B. K."

We are not as well acquainted with "Ed" as we would like to be, since he was not in military and hence not so readily accessible as most of the other members of the class. All of us, however, in the early days of the class could not help but notice a mysterious character, mighty of height and with a chest that would put a prize fighter to shame and discourage a Marathon runner. In answer to our queries we were told that the physical marvel was a student in Agriculture at the institute and not the shade of some Grecian hero of the Olympic games returned to earth. He matriculated in 1909, but was at V. P. I. no longer than the rest of us, since he had the misfortune to miss an entire session. He proved to be a football player as well as a notable student. It does not require the aid of an astrologer for us to prophesy that he will scale the ladder of success to the last round and even gain access to the moon if he so wills.





V. P. I.



BUGLE



JAMES MOORE EVANS  
RICHMOND, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

"PROFESSOR"

1912-13—Private, Company F; Y. M. C. A. Committee; Chaplain, Lee Literary Society, third term.

1913-14—Tennis Club; Y. M. C. A. Committee; Cotillion Club; "K. B. K."

"Professor" enlisted in the class as a Junior "rat." In this respect he is unique. It was not long before it was seen that he possessed more than his share of precocity, and ever after he was assailed with such questions as, "What answer did you get for this problem?" and, "Will you lend me your notes?" But he took it all good-naturedly, as he does everything, and our admiration was heightened. It is generally conceded that he understands everything that he studied at college, and about nine-ninths of everything else. He is equally conversant upon the fourth dimension and politics, astronomy and bookkeeping, literature and railroads. He has specialized in electricity, and may invent a new aeroplane or discover a new comet. On the other hand, he may revolutionize electrical science. What a thing is versatility!



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



HUGH JOHN FITZGERALD, JR.  
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

*Applied Chemistry*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A  
"JACK"

1911-12—Private, Company A.

1912-13—Sergeant, Company A; Associate Editor, *Tech*; Vice-President, Junior - Senior - German; Class Baseball Team.

1913-14—Lieutenant, Company A; Secretary-Treasurer, German Club; Class Football Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Monogram Club.

"Jack" landed at V. P. I. as a "Soph," and it was seen at once that good material had been acquired by the class. As becomes the modesty of worthy youths, he stated that he could not even play basketball. This statement has never been credited. He—well he was mistaken. He is a walking chemistry reference book, and will disappoint the class if he does not solve the problem of "the transmutation of metals," and find the "elixir of life." Secret or no secret, here goes: he is a raging success with the ladies. It is reported that way back in his high school days he was decidedly timid. He passed through many trials and tribulations in military, but finished with a "lieut."



**V.P.I. BUGLE**



WILLIAM THOMAS HALL  
CHRISTIANSBURG, VA.

*Civil Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY B  
"WILLIE"

- 1910-11—Private, Company B.
- 1911-12—Private, Company B.
- 1912-13—Private, Company B.
- 1913-14—Private, Company B; Vice-President, "K. B. K."; President, Montgomery County Club; Sergeant-at-Arms, Class; Executive Committee, Cotillion Club.

The eighth folly of science is the effort to discover why he did not wind up as ranking captain of the battalion. The problem is as impossible of solution as that of perpetual motion. Soldierly till the end, he saluted Failure with the exactitude of a true cadet, right-shouldered his heavy disappointment, and to the slow cadence of his anguished heart, marched with it to the cemetery of shattered hopes, where it was laid to rest with all proper military honors. But perhaps a great "stake driver" can be of as much service to humanity as Major-General W. T. Hall. A valiant and chivalrous modern knight, he has been severely smitten by the charms of the fair, but he need not fear having a second set of disappointed hopes to trouble him.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



WILLIAM BYRD HARRISON, JR.  
APPOMATTOX, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

MUSICIAN, COMPANY E  
"BYRDS"

- 1911-12—Private, Company E.
- 1912-13—Musician, Company E.
- 1913-14—Musician, Company E; Photographic Editor, *BUGLE*; Secretary, Class; "K. B. K."; Vice-President, Senior Prom.

It is a difficult task to try to uncover his particular merits and favorite lines of thought, for he impresses everyone as an all-round good fellow, and he is thoroughly efficient in everything that he undertakes. His knowledge is broad, but he is one of those fortunates who "drink deep of the Pierian Spring." Rarely can a book of any kind be mentioned that he has not read. The memory of him taking pictures on the Campus with his inseparable kodak will never grow dim to his classmates. When he makes his fortune in Electrical Engineering, he may prove to be a second Carnegie, for libraries seem to exercise a strange fascination over him. One of his particular merits is his constant good nature. It is a mystery how he preserves it even in times of trial.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



**V.P.I. BUGLE**



THOMAS HILL HAUGHTON, JR.  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

*Mechanical Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY D  
"HOUSE"

- 1910-11—Private, Company D.
- 1911-12—Private, Company D.
- 1912-13—Private, Company D.
- 1913-14—Private, Company D; "K. H. K."

The microscope reveals no fault in him, chemical analysis is just as ineffective, and so it is strongly suspected that he is genuine. The most delicate analytical methods will ever fail to detect anything to the contrary. He is modest—he who is not, has nothing to be modest over; he is amiable—this characteristic can scarcely be regarded as a defect; he is practical rather than theoretical—air castles are built in theory; he abhors hypocrisy—would that more would do the same. One may enumerate his merits till weary, but those remaining would fill a great volume. If true worth and honest purpose count for aught in this world, he will ascend to the very eminence of success in whatever work he undertakes.



**V.P.I. BUGLE**

★ **V. P. I.** ★ **BUGLE** ★



JOHN WILLIAM HILL  
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY D  
"JOCKIE"

- 1911-12—Private, Company D; Class Baseball Team.
- 1912-13—Private, Company D; Class Baseball Team; Vice-President, Hampton Roads Club.
- 1913-14—Private, Company D; Class Football Team; Class Basketball Team; President, Hampton Roads Club; Treasurer, Electrical Engineering Club; "K. R. K."

In the fall of '11, we became aware of the presence of a rather aristocratic-looking character on the campus. Before he arrayed himself in uniform, he was regarded as a new professor; then, after his debut as a cadet, it was whispered that he was some millionaire's son from Pittsburg. When it became known that he was just a sociable being of the Old Dominion, our awe disappeared, but our admiration did not diminish. Once he was given a "serg," but, suddenly realizing that he was invested with the power to "stick" his fellow-students, his noble nature rebelled, and he resigned his office after a single day of military glory. He frequently sneaks down to the train to mail a letter "home." Perhaps such letters will reach home soon.





LEO JOSEPH HUETTEL  
Norron, Va.

*Signature*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY E

"ATCH"

1910-11—Private, Company C; Class  
Baseball Team.

1911-12—Corporal, Company D; Man-  
ager, Class Baseball Team;  
Class Football Team.

1912-13—Sergeant, Company C; V. M.  
C. A. Committee; Manager,  
Class Baseball Team; Manager,  
Class Football Team; Baseball  
Squad; Secretary, Class

1913-14—Lieutenant, Company E; V. M.  
C. A. Committee; Manager,  
Class Football Team; Treas-  
urer, Class; Colliery Club.

"Dutch" is rather a remarkable character. With all his variety of action and complexity of nature, it seems that some little fault might be found, recorded, and criticized, but unfortunately such is not the case. The nearest approach to a fault that can be unearthed is his complete loss of reason when a miss is slighted on the horizon. Even if his life depended on his work, he would throw down his hoe at the mention of a girl and waddle off in search of her. In consequence of this near-fault, he was a well-known visitor in Christmansburg, and a great patronizer of the railroad—even when he walked. There can be no doubt as to his future. It is as inevitable as the Day of Doom.



★ V.P.I. ★ BUGLE ★



RUSSELL CHASTAIN HUNT  
CHATRAM, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

MUSICIAN, COMPANY C  
"RUSSELL"

- 1910-11—Private, Company C.
- 1911-12—Musician, Company C.
- 1912-13—Musician, Company C.
- 1913-14—Musician, Company C; Cotillion Club; "K. B. K."; President, Senior Prom.

Although one of the foremost of the class, he was quiet and worked diligently without desiring to attract too much unprofitable attention, as so many are prone to do. Possessing a practical mind, he early familiarized himself with the intricate mechanism of a bugle, and, as the result, was troubled no more with such notices as, "drill period; layonet exercises." Electrical Engineering seems to be perfectly logical to him, and he resigned the destruction of laboratory instruments to his less fortunate fellow-students. All who have drawn upon his knowledge, and accepted his advice upon various matters—and, indeed, everyone else—knows that he will not have a difficult task seeking early success.



**V.P.I. BUGLE**



WILLIAM HARRIS IRVINE, JR.  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

*Mechanical Engineering*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY D  
"LIEUTENANT"

- 1910-11—Private, Company E.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company E.
- 1912-13—Sergeant, Company D.
- 1913-14—Lieutenant, Company D; Cotillion Club.

The military authorities had no trouble in discovering his official abilities and military bearing, and never hesitated in "coming across" with his "corp," "serg." and "lieu." However, he could never quite get it out of his head that it was not a breach of etiquette to attend all classes every day. But in some manner he always managed to escape the wrath of the Dean, and as a result, won our profoundest admiration. He intends to specialize in Spanish. Perhaps he has a desire to visit Spain and to make himself as agreeable to the Senoritas as he is to the Misses on this side of the "pond." However, this is merely an idle conjecture. He leaves with our best wishes.



★ V. P. I. ★ BUGLE ★



HARRY JUDSON JENNINGS  
KELLY'S FORD, VA.

*Applied Chemistry*

"D"

- 1910-11—Private, Company F.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company F; Class Baseball.
- 1912-13—Private, Company F.
- 1913-14—Private, Company F; "K. B. K."

Lured from the jungles of Culpeper by the charms of Chemistry, he wandered about till he came under the influence of V. P. I. and was attracted to it by the force of chemical affinity to form a compound with the institution for four years. Qualitatively speaking, his formula has not yet been completely determined, but he is generally thought to be made up of certain rare and valuable elements, probably radio-active, for the accompanying diagram shows the effect produced upon a sensitive photographic plate upon exposure to the mysterious compound. Quantitatively speaking, on the other hand, the rare and valuable elements are combined in about equal proportions. The final product of disintegration will in all probability be a chemist. If it is true that a rich vein of the ore containing the mysterious compound runs through Culpeper, we would like to hear more of it at V. P. I. It is certain, however, that a more perfect sample of the ore will never wander to the campus than did four years ago.



**V.P.I. BUGLE**



RALPH SLOCOMB JESSUP  
BASSETTVILLE, VA.

*Mechanical Engineering*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY F  
"SILENT"

- 1910-11—Private, Company A.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company C.
- 1912-13—Sergeant, Company A.
- 1913-14—Lieutenant, Company F.

His predominant characteristic is his remarkable tranquility. Never has he been known to permit his emotions to exhibit themselves in excess. It would be absurd to imagine him indulging in hilarious laughter, being overcome with anger, or finding solace in weeping. It may be said that his emotions are always kept in equilibrium. The *Boxer* election returns show him to be the most bashful of cadets, and the biggest lady-hater, but a bashful lady-hater is an unknown quantity. Can it exist? He has never been known to ask a question, but he has never failed to answer one. He left a trail of "stars" in his wake, but rarely was he found studying, reading being his favorite pastime.



**★ V.P.I. ★ BUGLE ★**



ALBERT LAMARTINE JONES, JR.  
QUANTICO, MD.

*Electrical Engineering*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY F  
"LENGTHY"

- 1910-11—Private, Company F; Class Baseball Team.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company F; Varsity Baseball Team; Secretary and Treasurer, Eastern Shore Club.
- 1912-13—Quartermaster-Sergeant, Company F; Assistant Business Manager, *Va. Tech*; 2d Vice-President, Corps; Varsity Baseball Team; Secretary and Treasurer, Junior-Senior German.
- 1913-14—1st Lieutenant, Company F; 1st Vice-President, Corps; Athletic Council; Executive Committee, Corps; President, Electrical Engineering Club; Captain, Varsity Baseball Team; Business Manager, *Va. Tech*; Monogram Club; Cotillion Club.

The origin of his nickname is self-evident. "Lengthy" won great distinction during his Sophomore year as a baseball player. He is a famous hitter, not only in the athletic sense of the word, but with the fairer sex as well. He was captain of the '14 baseball team, but in regard to that other matter he has not been honored as yet. Good-natured and thoughtful of others, he always looked down before walking, and never trod a fellow-student upon the pavement. He won a desirable place in the Bugaz election for the best all-round cadet. In class and military activities he appeared in all his glorious splendor of mind and figure, and won second place in the election for the best Senior officer.





**V. P. I. BUGLE**



ROBERT FITZHUGH LEE  
MORLAND, VA.

*Agriculture*

"GROWLEY"

1910-11—Private, Company C; Class  
Baseball Team.

1911-12—Corporal, Company D; Secre-  
tary, Lee Literary Society.

1912-13—Out of military.

1913-14—Out of military.

Four years ago his dreams became sorely troubled with the fear that there might be a second Civil War, and he straightway resolved to come to V. P. I. to gain a knowledge of Military Science in order to duplicate the deeds of the immortal Southern hero when the crisis should come. Lo and behold! in his Sophomore year he realized with loyal pride that he was a corporal. So readily did he absorb things military, he became saturated by the end of the year, and the authorities at the Administration Building considered it unnecessary to give him an office for the following year. "Growley" actually severed all military connections with the institution at the beginning of his Junior year. While vainly awaiting the call to arms, he occupied himself with the study of Agriculture, and compressed the infinity of the science into the narrow limits of the mind. He has hopes of crossing a lemon with a cucumber and starting a pickle plantation to acquire funds for his expected campaigns.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



ASHURY MARVIN MASON  
ACCOMAC, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY E  
"EAGLE-EYE" "SCOOP"

1910-11—Private, Company F.

1911-12—Private, Company F.

1912-13—Sergeant, Company E.

1913-14—2d Lieutenant, Company E;  
Class Football Team; "P. G."

"Eagle-Eye" was the nickname attached to this illustrious character early in his career at V. P. I., so that now everyone is intimately acquainted with "Eagle-Eye," but scarcely anyone knows Mason from his "railroad" days. "Eagle" was a busy man, seldom guilty of "loafing on the job." The fact that he required only four years to take two degrees is ample proof of the above statement. The bright spot in his career rose over the horizon in his Junior year when he underwent a remarkable metamorphosis which transformed him into a sergeant from the original state of a private. At once his eagle eye spied a pair of lieutenant chevrons in the distance, and after a delightful atmospheric journey, he dropped out of the sky and "scooped" them up. "Eagle's" fame reached its climax when he hung out his shingle as a picture-frame manufacturer. However, we will not go into details.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



JOHN MOFFETT McCUE  
Bluffton, W. Va.

*Mechanical Engineering*

CAPTAIN, COMPANY B  
"MAC" "BUNNY"

- 1910-11—Private, Company B.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company B; Executive Committee, Corps.
- 1912-13—First Sergeant, Company B; Vice-President, Class; Secretary, Corps; Assistant Manager, Baseball Team; Y. M. C. A. Committee.
- 1913-14—Captain, Company B; Business Manager, BUGLE; Manager, Baseball Team; Member, Executive Committee; Vice-President, Class; President, West Virginia Club; Class Basketball Team; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; German Club.

There are some who entered college with us in our Freshman class in whom we foresaw great possibilities and a bright future. "Mac" was one of these who early gave evidence of latent powers. He was aggressive both in studies and in other class work, and showed no inclination to lag in any phase of college work. He created opportunities, and then took advantage of them. Not only did he take an active part in class work, but he gave considerable attention to corps work in general as well. He was a pronounced success in military in that he was highly esteemed by the students as well as by the military authorities. His interest in athletics is shown by the fact that he became manager of the baseball team. "Mac" is a typical grease-wiper when he dons his overalls and appears in the mechanical "lab," and the ease with which he goes about his work betokens success.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**

**V. P. I. BUGLE**



CLIVE METCALFE, JR.  
GREENVILLE, MISS.

*Mining Engineering*

MUSICIAN, COMPANY D  
"MEY" "STEER"

- 1910-11—Private, Company D; Class Football; Class Baseball.
- 1911-12—Private, Company D.
- 1912-13—Musician, Company D; V. M. C. A. Committee.
- 1913-14—Musician, Company D; Class Football; "K. B. K."

One of those who spend the greater part of their lives asking questions. At any one moment it can never be guessed what he will be asking at the next. Asking and answering questions is an effective way of disseminating knowledge, however. But it is astonishing how much he can accomplish during the intervals that he is not chattering. He is known that he is something of an athlete, for he played an important part in class athletics, and is a boxer of no mean ability. He is as much at home with a bugle as Uncle Ned was with his fiddle. Class work could not conquer him, however good the defense it put up. Darkness and sunshine will each be met with the same philosophic smile from "Steer."



**V.P.I. BUGLE**



GEORGE NAPOLEON MILLER  
FOREST DEPUT, VA.

*Civil Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY F  
"SOCK"

- 1911-12—Private, Company F.
- 1912-13—Private, Company F; Class Football Team.
- 1913-14—Private, Company F; Class Football Team; Executive Committee, Cotillion Club; President, Randolph-Macon Club; Secretary, Lee Literary Society; "K. H. K."

Made his appearance on the Polytechnic stage in 1911, and took a leading part in Civil Engineering. Unaccommodating in the extreme sense of the word, he always ignored the *encore*, and refused to repeat any of his performances. That is why he is retiring from the Polytechnic stage. Perhaps his lack of accommodation was due to his fear of the generosity of the Agriculturists in presenting the results of their tariff not in the form of bouquets and egg-nog. When off the stage, Mr. Miller cannot be distinguished from an ordinary mortal, so pleasantly and easily does he mingle with the throng. It is only when performing his role at the footlights that he attracts attention by the determination and vigor with which he drives stakes. "He is a veritable pile-driver," is the famous expression of his biographer, the Duke of Utopia. May the bridges be washed away that he may build better ones!



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



JAMES WALKER MURRY  
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY B  
"BILL" "MICKY"

1911-12—Private, Company B.

1912-13—Sergeant, Company B.

1913-14—Private, Company B; First  
Vice-President, Electrical Engi-  
neering Club; "K. B. K."

*Ladies and Gentlemen—This way, please.* One of the wisest and most practical specimens of the graduating class. Captured in the wilds of Portsmouth, and confined for three years at V. P. I., he will now be liberated to roam at large in the dangerous jungles of the electrical world, where he will be surrounded by his natural environments. "Micky" is perfectly docile only in the presence of his fair conqueror, and woe be unto others who dare to invade his territorial domains. To him, her most trivial wish is the gravest command; and there is no doubt that he would be more than content to become her protector for life—or die for her. But, notwithstanding these little faults, "Micky" is a perfect marvel of wonder and awe.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



ALVIN THORNTON PHILPOTTS  
Norfolk, Va.

*Mechanical Engineering*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY C  
"PHIL"

- 1909-10—Private, Company C; Agricultural Apprentice.
- 1910-11—Private, Company C.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company C.
- 1912-13—Quartermaster-Sergeant, Company D; Y. M. C. A. Committee; Cotillion Club.
- 1913-14—Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Class Basketball.

"Phil" spent five years at old V. P. I., entering the Apprentice Class. He proved to be quiet, yet energetic; willing to avoid trouble, yet ready to meet it; unassuming, yet universally known and respected. If he could not be located in his room or at the shops, he could always be found in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. He never experienced any particular difficulty with his studies during the entire course, but would never confess that he expected to get a pass on any of them—he was always going to "flunk" something. He took military in a matter-of-fact way, and always held an office after his Freshman year. There can be but the most brilliant future before him.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



PHILIP HENRY POWERS, JR.  
BERRYVILLE, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

CAPTAIN, COMPANY C  
"PHILIP"

- 1910-11—Private, Company E; Y. M. C. A. Committee.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company B; Y. M. C. A. Committee.
- 1912-13—First Sergeant, Company C; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Secretary-Treasurer, L. F. C. Club; Class Football Team.
- 1913-14—Captain, Company C; President, Y. M. C. A.; Editor-in-Chief, Bugle; President, Cotillion Club; Y. M. C. A. Advisory Committee; President, L. F. C. Club; "P. G."

His very name is suggestive of energy and restless forces. It is a singular fact that his first two initials, from right to left, are the abbreviations for Horse Power, the practical unit for the rate of expending energy. As an example of the havoc wrought by the eternally insatiable fires of his unsatisfied nature, he burned and pillaged a straight course to the Citadel of Degress, and in a brief four years after matriculation was in possession of a B. S. and an E. E. During his last year he was an instructor in the Electrical "Lab," teaching his former comrades practical electricity. In military circles he was a prominent figure. It may be said that he has a talent for the Martian science. Of course, he appeared several times in the returns for the Busa election, and we were reminded, among other things, that he is good-looking and very much in love. Could the astrologers of old return to Earth, they would doubtless presage his departure from the world with a whirlwind of stars and a train of comets. He formed a perfect galaxy of stars in his class work.







ORLANDO ROBBINS RANDOLPH  
BLACKSBURG, VA.

*Mechanical Engineering*

"BOB"

- 1909-10—Private, Company A; Agricultural Apprentice.
- 1910-11—Private, Company A.
- 1911-12—Private, Company A; Secretary-Treasurer, Tennis Club.
- 1912-13—Private, Company A; Varsity Basketball Squad; Secretary-Treasurer, Tennis Club; Vice-President, Montgomery County Club.
- 1913-14—Class Basketball Team; President, Tennis Club; Cotillion Club; "K. B. K."

"Bob" is a happy-go-lucky mechanical engineer. All other courses fade into insignificance when compared with Mechanical Engineering (so "Bob" says). Mechanical Engineering has lifted man out of barbarism, and will produce an undreamed-of high state of civilization for the future (so "Bob" says again). His desire for working in the laboratory was insatiable. How he refrained from working around steam and gas engines on Sunday has never been satisfactorily explained. Military agreed with him so well that he was not in it at all during his entire Senior year. It was a source of great delight to him to see his former comrades walk guard duty and drill in overcoats, and he was especially careful to let them know it. He took such a delight in military! But he is forgiven.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



THOMAS McDOWELL RIVES  
NORFOLK, VA.

*Agriculture*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY B  
"TOM"

- 1911-12—Private, Company C.
- 1912-13—Sergeant, Company C; Scrub Football Team.
- 1913-14—Second Lieutenant, Company B; Varsity Football Team; Monogram Club; Y. M. C. A. Committee; German Club.

A hopeless case. The Bugle election confers upon him the honor of being the biggest rascal, and figures have never shown the slightest inclination to prevaricate. Steady, little fish! The nets are treacherous to-day. But usually he seems possessed of reasoning ability of which anyone would be proud. And his genial nature is exhilarating—it is positively devoid of all that is depressing. It is a pleasure to enter into conversation with him. He made his appearance in the second scene of the play—a Sophomore "rat"—and it did not take him long to "get on" to things at V. P. I. Before long he was a sergeant, and was also making a name for himself in Varsity athletics. Happily, he ended his Senior year as a lieutenant.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



JOHN MELVILLE SANDERSON  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Civil Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY F  
"ERLH"™

1911-12—Private, Company F.

1912-13—Sergeant, Company F.

1913-14—Private, Company F; Vice-  
President, L. F. C. Club;  
Manager, Basketball, 1914;  
Athletic Council; Omicron  
Club; "K. B. K."

One far removed from the so-called hot-air artists. Endowed with keen reasoning ability, he expended his energies in worthier channels, and in three short years sailed the course of Civil Engineering to the journey's end. He would never torment his friends with a recital of his triumphs and troubles, but was always a patient listener to those who so imposed upon him, rejoicing with them in their joy, or sorrowing with them in their sorrow. As the result, it was inevitable that he should make many friends and lose none. All through his Junior year he wore the sergeant's chevrons, but owing to the whims and fancies of Fortune, his last year was spent in the ranks of the Senior privates.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



FRANK RICHARDSON SCOTT  
BRISTOL, TENN.

*Electrical Engineering*

CAPTAIN, COMPANY F

"ARMY"

- 1910-11—Private, Company B; Class Football.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company B; Y. M. C. A. Committee.
- 1912-13—First Sergeant, Company F; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Secretary and Treasurer, Southwest Virginia Club.
- 1913-14—Captain, Company F; Manager, Varsity Football Team; Secretary and Treasurer, Cotillion Club; Member, Y. M. C. A. Advisory Committee; Advertising Editor, BUGLE.

No more will the spotlight be turned upon the "Army" as he strides across the campus with the dignified bearing of a Washington. He will be illumined and rendered visible to the world at large by the lurid glare from the flames of popularity and fame. It is difficult to conceive the "Army" and the "rat" whose agent are one and the same individual. Nothing, however apparently inexplicable, disturbs his remarkable self-possession. Had the barracks one day soared off into the sky, he would have taken his quill and calmly written an essay, "On the Reversibility of the Attraction of Universal Gravitation." He is greatly admired by the fair sex, and we advise him to discard his chevroned uniform as soon as possible, lest complications of the heart set in, for he would surely be taken for some high ranking army officer. But perhaps this precaution would be of no avail. If he holds down a job as well as he did that of football manager, many laurels will come his way.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



ARCHIE DALGLIESH SHANKLAND  
Newport News, Va.

*Applied Chemistry*

PRIVATE, COMPANY A  
"ARCHIE"

- 1911-12—Private, Company A.
- 1912-13—Sergeant, Company A.
- 1913-14—Lieutenant, Company A; Private, Company A; Senior Football Team; "K. B. K."

"Archie" entered the ranks of our class as a Sophomore "rat," and labored industriously for quite a while to convince us that he did not know anything. However, his "convincing" arguments were faulty—in fact, they can not be considered arguments at all. He never impaired his health by study, yet strange to say, he always kept abreast of all other contestants in the race for a diploma. Scottish blood will tell. He was a great favorite in military circles, and made a model "O. D.," but alas! the Commandant suddenly realized what a good-looking private he would make. He has a mysterious way of winning friends. In the field of Chemistry, he is in his natural element, and it would not be economical to wager that he will fail in his chosen work.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



ARTHUR PLEASANT SIBOLD  
PEARLBURG, VA.

*Agriculture*

CAPTAIN, COMPANY D

"SI"

- 1909-10—Private, Company D; Agricultural Apprentice; Apprentice Scholarship; Class Baseball Team.
- 1910-11—Private, Company D; Sergeant-at-Arms, Lee Literary Society; Class Football Team; Declaimer's Medal.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company D; Secretary, Lee Literary Society; Treasurer, Agricultural Club; Orator's Medal.
- 1912-13—First Sergeant, Company D; Vice-President, Lee Literary Society; President, Lee Literary Society; Secretary, Planters' Club; Vice-President, Y. M. C. A.; Literary Editor, *Tech*.
- 1913-14—Captain, Company D; Vice-President, Planters' Club; Treasurer, Y. M. C. A.; Class Football Team; Associate Editor, *Tech*; Associate Editor, *Firing Line*; Censor, Lee Literary Society; Tennis Club; Cotillion Club.

A lover of ideals who has the courage to defend all that is worthy and elevating, and to combat all that tends to lower his standards. He early turned his attention to the literary societies, and also took an interest in the Y. M. C. A. Since he also rose steadily to the rank of captain in the battalion, it is possible that he cherishes the idea of introducing the literary society and the Y. M. C. A. into heathen countries at the point of the sword. It is known that he possesses a vast knowledge of agriculture, but he denies it most emphatically. There is another thing that he would like to deny, but truth does not always wait to find outward expression in words, and THE BUZZER "sees all, knows all." Arthur Pleasant Sibold, you are a slave to the dark, languid serenity of those bottomless lakes and those glorious, lowering clouds of night!



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



HENRY MARTIN SOMERVILLE  
MITCHELLS, VA.

*Mechanical Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY E  
"ELDER"

- 1910-11—Private, Company E.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company E; Sophomore, Court; Executive Committee, Corps; Treasurer, Lee Literary Society.
- 1912-13—Sergeant, Company E; Sergeant-at-Arms, M. E. Club.
- 1913-14—Private, Company E; Athletic Council; Recording Secretary, V. M. C. A.; Art Editor, BUGLE; Editor-in-Chief, *The Virginia Tech*; President, Senior Class; Secretary-Treasurer, Final Ball; German Club; "K. B. K."

Every inch a Mechanical Engineer, he showed great affinity for his chosen profession from the moment that he first set foot upon the Campus. However, that is not all; as an orator, he often caused us to sit up and take notice, and will doubtless cause others to do the same now that he has left the Alma Mater. He would have been equally successful as a lawyer had he chosen that difficult profession. He must be congratulated on the great work he did in the corps in general and on his class work. In military, however, he was not so successful. The Commandant saw fit to have him spend his Senior year among the fallen angels, but he found so high a degree of civilization, intelligence, and friendship among the numbers of his new companions that he soon ceased to regret the change of environment. Always just to others, we now commend him to the justice of Fortune.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



LEE EDWARDS SUTTON, JR.  
PETERSBURG, VA.

*Applied Biology (c)*

PRIVATE, COMPANY E

"SUTT"

- 1910-11—Private, Company A.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company E; Class Football Team.
- 1912-13—Quartermaster-Sergeant, Company E; Member, Executive Committee; Assistant Manager, Baseball Team; Vice-President, German Club; Leader, Junior-Senior German.
- 1913-14—Private, Company E; Class Football Team; Leader, German Club; "K. B. K."

Verily, the pen writes with remarkable ease in recording his character, deeds, and thoughts, so that instead of its being forced on to duty as were the ancient Persian warriors, a certain measure of braking action must be constantly applied to counteract the tendency toward acceleration and the consequent train of ink which would doubtless reach from the earth to the moon. Possessing a mind which permits of a deep insight into the nature of things and a sweep in every direction like a monitor's turrets, it is not strange that he has never been accused of narrow-mindedness, egotism, and similar faults. In fact, he proves to be very congenial and agreeable in every way. Completing a technical course did not seem to him a task, but rather a pleasure. Apart from the grave college duties, he distinguished himself as a great german leader. One of his calibre should feel no doubts for the future.





★ V.P.I. ★ BUGLE ★



HENRY MAGRUDER TYLER, JR.  
ASHLAND, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY A  
"HENRY"

- 1910-11—Private, Company A.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company C.
- 1912-13—Private, Company A; Junior Football Squad.
- 1913-14—Private, Company A; Omicron Club; "K. B. K."

His craft arrived in the harbor of Blacksburg in September, 1910. The good ship safely anchored, he disembarked on a shore leave. He wandered far inland into strange electrical lands, encountering terrible short circuits and blinding flashes from superheated fuses. These dangers and many others he escaped, owing to his superior wisdom and courage. Once he was made a corporal in the army of the Polytechs. After a year of faithful service, he continued his journey into the land of the Privates, a tribe of the Polytechs, where he remained for three years. Finally, he found a diploma, and shortly after succeeded in again locating his craft. The vessel was laden with the valuable "dip," and put under way for parts unknown. But where courage and wisdom are coupled with "dips," ships are never becalmed in lifeless seas.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



RODERICK SEBASTIAN VIVAR  
JIMJAPA, EQUADOR, SOUTH AMERICA

*Mechanical Engineering*

MUSICIAN, COMPANY E

"war"

- 1910-11—Private, Company D.
- 1911-12—Private, Company D; Class Football Team.
- 1912-13—Musician, Company D; Class Football Team.
- 1913-14—Musician, Company E; Class Football Team; Class Basketball Team; "K. B. K."

Stop! Look! Listen! Roderick was imported into the United States from far-away Ecuador before he had reached his "teens." When he matriculated at the institute he was already Americanized both in speech and manner as the result of contact with New York. While in South America, he would walk the equator every morning before breakfast as we would a tight-rope to acquire an appetite (so he tells us). He entered the apprentice class, and the following year embarked upon the Mechanical Engineering course, and had a peaceful voyage to the end. One summer a delightful idea gleamed through his mind, and with it the hitherto ever-present nightmare of companies drilling on the parade ground vanished to torture him no more. He would become a bugler. His dream was realized, and the last two laps of his Mechanical voyage were enlivened with such light bugle selections as "Taps," "Tattos," and the "Sick Call." Where Chance sees fit to take him, he will surely create a sensation and collar Success.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**

**★ V.P.I. ★ BUGLE ★**



WILLIAM HAMILTON WADE, JR.  
BLUEFIELD, W. VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY C

"POSS"

- 1911-12—Private, Company D; Class Football Team.
- 1912-13—Sergeant, Company D; Y. M. C. A. Committee; Class Football Team; Class Basketball.
- 1913-14—Lieutenant, Company C; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Class Football Team; Art Editor, *BUGLE*; Cotillion Club.

It is a mystery where his nickname, "Poss," originated, but it must have been somewhere in West Virginia, for "Poss" and Wade got off the train together at Blacksburg his "rat" year. He entered college as a Sophomore with a phonograph and records under his arm, and his room became the haven of the musical high-brows of the Corps. Later he interred the remains of the machine and became widely known by his infinite knowledge of electricity. He receives a trunk full of letters every year, and it is suspected that he is too far gone to listen to the advice of bachelors—or married men. But he does not neglect his work, and if he steers clear of "short circuits," he will live to go into partnership with Edison.



**★ ★ ★ ★ ★**

**V.P.I. BUGLE**



GILMER ANTHONY WARFIELD  
RICHMOND, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

LIEUTENANT, COMPANY B

"GILMER"

- 1910-11—Private, Company B.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company B; Class Football Team.
- 1912-13—Quartermaster-Sergeant, Company B; Vice-President, Maury Literary Society; Cotillion Club.
- 1913-14—Lieutenant, Company B; Class Football Team.

To see him in civilian attire, one would instantly suspect that he was a theatrical star—such is his bearing and manner of speech. He is an illustration of the fact that gracefulness of motion and conversation, intermingling wit, nonsense, quotations, and occasionally a poetic gem, can exist apart from the stage. To see him in his official uniform, one would feel almost certain that he could trace his ancestry back to the Caesars, and to hear his commands at drill would dispel any remaining doubt. He is fascinated by the metaphysical, and delights in the extraordinary. Nevertheless, so varied is his nature, he is an entertainer of the first water. This statement could be corroborated by some of the fairest of Richmond.



★ V.P.I. ★ BUGLE ★



WILLIAM WESTMORE  
GORDON WARWICK  
RICHMOND, VA.

*Mining Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY B  
"WEARY" "HAPPY"

- 1911-12—Private, Company B; Sergeant-at-Arms, Richmond Club.
- 1912-13—Private, Company B; Class Football; Class Baseball; Omicron Club; Leader, Cotillion Club.
- 1913-14—Private, Company B; Captain, Class Football Team; Leader, Cotillion Club; Vice-President, Omicron Club; President, "K. H. K."; Leader, Final Ball.

He had not been here long before such nicknames as "Happy" and "Weary" suggested themselves. The latter is applicable even though he did get out in time for breakfast roll call twice every week. Once or twice during his three years here, a light was noticed burning in his room after the midnight hour—he was probably studying or writing a letter. In his Junior year he decided to expend a little energy, and, as the result, played class football. "Wonders will never cease," for he proved to be one of the best german figure leaders in college. He delights in taking a prominent part in all social functions, contrary to the import of his nicknames. He was so enthusiastic over drill that the Commandant could never find the heart to take him out of ranks.



**V.P.I. BUGLE**



JOHN THOMAS WATSON  
WELCH, W. VA.

*Mining Engineering*

PRIVATE, BAND  
"BULL" "WINDY"

- 1910-11—Private, Company E.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company D.
- 1912-13—Private, Company D; Class Football.
- 1913-14—Private, Band; Class Football; Treasurer, W. Va. Club; "K. H. K."

"Bull Watson" is one of the foremost "coal diggers" of the class. What he does not know about mining has yet to be discovered. He was never so happy as when he had entrapped some poor unfortunate in his room, and was discussing the different geological ages, or discoursing exhaustively upon railroad curves. He became a character of great importance when he put on his "corp" chevrons at the beginning of his Sophomore year. The next year Fortune decreed that he should be a private again. Then he got to work energetically on an old alto, and his last year was spent in the band division. He is of pleasing personality, appreciative of the humorous, and is always vainly trying to convince someone that he is not fatally injured by the drugged arrows of the little god of Love—"Ain't you a fine one, John?"



**★ V.P.I. ★ BUGLE ★**



JACK HENDERSON WEAVER  
THERMAL CITY, N. C.

*Electrical Engineering*

PRIVATE, COMPANY C  
"YAT" "JACK"

- 1910-11—Private, Company D.
- 1911-12—Private, Company D.
- 1912-13—Sergeant, Company E; Vice-President, Carolina Club; Class Football.
- 1913-14—Private, Company C; Class Football; Secretary-Treasurer, "K. B. K."

"Yat" hails from down in dear old Carolina. Two-thirds of his time he appears with a good-natured grin on his face, and the other third of the time he is asleep. He moves along slowly but surely with his work, and has never shown an inclination to distinguish himself as a "scribe." However, he never looked forward to Graduation Day with trepidation, but always regarded his "sip" as a surety. One day it dawned upon his mind that he had been given a "serg." and for a whole year—oh, joy!—he was invested with the authority to guide a company, or to march in the file closes. Then his "ben" in some way got misplaced down at the Administration Building, but he did not mind a little thing like shouldering a gun, and going on guard duty occasionally.



**★ ★ ★ ★ ★**

★ **V. P. I.** ★ **BUGLE** ★



JOHN LLOYD WHITE  
KEEZLETOWN, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

PRIVATE  
"NOODY"

- 1910-11—Private, Company F; Track Squad; Sergeant-at-Arms, Shenandoah Valley Club.
- 1911-12—Private, Company F; Track Squad; Relay Team; Treasurer, Sophomore Privates; Sophomore Court.
- 1912-13—Private, Company F; Track Squad; Class Basketball Team.
- 1913-14—Private, Company F; Track Squad; "K. B. K."

"Noody," of somewhat distinguished bearing, and a remarkable aptitude for originating and perpetrating jokes and pranks, rose to prominence immediately after enlisting in the class. It is well to advise everyone that it is imperative to keep his wits about him when in the presence of His Majesty, "Nood," or he will be completely outdone in any remarkable proceedings that might transpire. The possessor of a most enviable disposition, he is held in high esteem by all who know him. In things electrical, it would seem that he is in league with the fuse and ammeter industry. But he maintains that he always understands the principles according to which the articles are wrecked, which is truly a redeeming feature. Unfortunately, he has a well-defined taste for music.





**V. P. I. BUGLE**



THOMAS KENNERLY WOLFE  
ELKTON, VA.

—  
*Agriculture*  
—

FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY D  
"T. K."

- 1910-11—Private, Company E.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company E.
- 1912-13—Sergeant, Company D.
- 1913-14—First Lieutenant, Company D.

"T. K." was the hardest student at V. P. I., as shown by the returns of the Bugle election. He availed himself of his every opportunity. Seeking more than a passing grade on all his work, the "stars" fairly twinkled throughout his entire college career. Sturdily fighting his way onward, he accomplished remarkable results. He is one of the very few mortals concerning whom Doctor Hudnall never entertained the hope of detaining in his English Literature for a second year. Somehow military routine failed to disagree with him, and if he did not keenly relish it, he may be trusted to keep a secret. Of course, he held a military office till the end, and was never in fear of losing it. If he takes hold of things after leaving college as he did here, he need not fear ever being in dire need of a legacy.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



RAYMOND SANDERLIN WOOD  
NORFOLK, VA.

*Electrical Engineering*

CAPTAIN, COMPANY E  
"RAYMOND"

- 1910-11—Private, Company E; Sergeant-at-Arms, Norfolk Club; Track Squad.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company E; Executive Committee, Corps; Class Football Team; Manager, Class Track Team; Secretary and Treasurer, Norfolk Club; Track Squad.
- 1912-13—First Sergeant, Company E; Assistant Manager, Varsity Track Team; Vice-President, Norfolk Club; Track Squad.
- 1913-14—Captain, Company E; Manager, Varsity Track Team; Advertising Editor, THE BUGLE, 1914; President, Norfolk Club; Athletic Council; Class Football Team; Cotillion Club.

It is probable that he would have been the "scribe" of the class if he had tried, for he is always energetic and resourceful, but occasionally visitors found him as far removed from dry text-books as the confines of his room would permit. However, with ordinary effort, he managed to hold his own against those who persisted in sleeping on their books when not using them. He always seemed astonished when he received a military promotion, but the astonishment was all his. He modestly claims that his knowledge of "juice pushing" is finite—but the limits are certainly not narrow. Fortunately, unlike many others, he was never electrocuted at the switchboard in the "lab." Probably this was because "Wood" is a poor electrical conductor.



**V. P. I. BUGLE**



WILLIAM GEOFFREY WYSOR  
PULASKI, VA.

*Agriculture*

CAPTAIN, COMPANY A  
"BUD"

- 1910-11—Private, Company A; Sergeant-at-Arms, Pulaski County Club.
- 1911-12—Corporal, Company A; Vice-President, Class; Treasurer, Pulaski County Club; Class Football Team.
- 1912-13—First Sergeant, Company A; Executive Committee, Corps; Treasurer, Class; Y. M. C. A. Committee.
- 1913-14—Captain, Company A; President, Corps; President, Athletic Association; President, Planters' Club; President, Pulaski County Club; Secretary, Bugle; Athletic Council; Chairman, Executive Committee, Corps; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Secretary-Treasurer, Senior Prom; Cotillion Club.

Just one wee glance at the honors that were conferred upon "Bud" during his four-year sojourn at V. P. I. is sufficient evidence of his immense popularity. Any one who can be ranking captain of the battalion and at the same time one of the most popular students in the corps is a phenomenon. "Bud's" idea of justice is one of his most admirable characteristics. With men of his type no school would have cause to fear for the safety of its honor system. In this direction he has done much for V. P. I., and we feel that the benefit will be permanent. It would be absurd to infer that "Bud" does not know how to appreciate a good time, but it is true that he has never run the car over the precipice. Of course, being of such an agreeable disposition, and having such a military bearing, "Bud" stands in as high with the ladies as he does with his other acquaintances, and we cannot imagine a bachelor's tax ever being levied upon him.



# THE BUGLE

## Senior Class History

### FRESHMAN



IN THE fall of the year of our Lord, 1910, word was passed about through Techland that a new tribe of Cadetites were about to advance on that country. And great was the joy of the tribes already assembled there, for had they not conquered other tribes of adventurous youths? And would not this new tribe also feel the might of their wrath, even as the others? Yea, surely they would—for the gods of lattle are with the strong.

And it came to pass that on a morning in September the vanguards of the new tribe, which in the language of Techland was called the tribe of the Rattites, made their appearance in Techland. And through all the length and breadth of the land there arose a mighty cloud of dust made by the feet of the advancing horde. But lo, those who dwelt in Techland were not afraid of that vast multitude; verily they stood their grounds like gates of brass and adamantine. And behold a mighty terror smote the hearts of all the Rattites and they fell down and would fain have worshipped the feet of the Polytechnites. Yea, they did bite the dust and besought mercy of their conquerors.

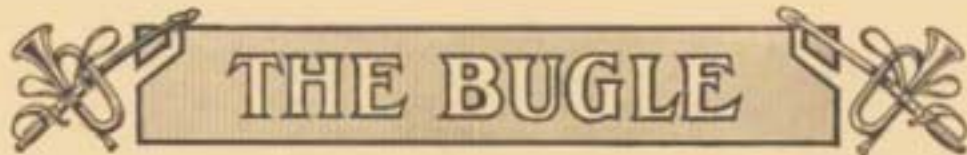
But the conquerors granted them not their peace; rather did they impose upon them all manner of tasks, even as the master upon his slaves. And lo, the Rattites were afraid to walk abroad in the land, and knew not where to turn.

Now about this time the Lord High Muckety Muck of the land sent and called unto him all those who dwelt in the land of the Polytechnites. And it came to pass that even the Rattites went in unto his presence, yea, even into the sanctuary of the mighty Dash. And in his presence they did quake and tremble, for they were sore afraid. And he did judge them according to their stature and attainments. Yea, even to the least one he did judge and dispose of them and, so great was his power, no man dared dispute his word.

And now the Polytechnites were compelled to visit the Lord High Exchequer—and him they hated with all their might, for did he not levy upon each man a tax according to his wealth? Did he not appropriate all their gold and silver and even their horses and camels? Yea, verily he did and the mighty Dash stood behind him in all his deeds.

And in those days, having fulfilled all the commandments of Dasher and the High Exchequer and the Faculty, it came to pass that all the tribes of the Polytechnites set themselves diligently to learn all that was contained in the Books of Knowledge. And the young men worked faithfully, but after work there must come play. And so word was sent through all the length and breadth of Techland for all big and brawny men of good repute to report on Miles' Field for football practice. And the leader of the Rattites went through his tribe and designated those men whose physique was adapted to that game. And lo, the Rattites put forth a goodly band upon the field, which brought much glory to their tribe.

And now there came one crying, "Behold there dwelleth in the land of the Lexingtonians" a tribe of Universitites, the same being called Washington and Lee. And they be much stronger than ye. Choose ye, therefore, eleven of the strongest of the Polytechnites, that



# THE BUGLE


they may do battle with us, so that we may prove our prowess to the world. And the eleven were chosen and went forth to the land of the Roanokers to do battle. And there were gathered together all the Polytechnites and their followers, and they arose and went unto that city which is called the Magic City that they might witness the battle. Now the Lexingtonians fought like demons, yea verily, they fought with the fury of desperation, but when the battle was over the score stood twenty-three to nothing, in the favor of the Polytechnites. And great was the joy of all those who wore the Orange and Maroon—those colors being the emblem of the Polytechnites.

And the fame of the Polytechnites spread through all the land—from Washington to Carolina did their fame spread. And lo, the Universities from the land of the North Carolinians battled with the Cadetites from Techland; in the city of the law makers of the land of Virginia did they battle. But the gods of battle are with the strong and the Polytechnites carried off the palm. Now the Universities from George Washington challenged the Polytechnites to meet their forces on the field of battle in the City of Hills, so the Polytechnites arose and went unto that city, and there they did defeat their challengers. And so great was the joy of all those who dwell in Techland that they offered up a burnt offering to Bovine, the god of football. There was gathered together a huge pile of wood; from all over Techland it was gathered, and the wood was anointed with forty measures of oil and was lighted with the sacred fire. And while the wood was being consumed the Cadetites marched around the fire and lifted up their voices in joyful praise of Bovine and of their team.

And behold there came one from the Agriculturists of the land of the Tar-Heels crying, "Come forth and battle with us." And the Polytechnites and all the tribes of the Cadetites arose and went unto the City by the Sea. And the armies seemed evenly matched; neither stronger nor weaker than the other. But at last the Agriculturists put forth a mighty effort and won—the score being 3 to 5. The battle was fought during the Thanksgiving season, but the Cadetites were sorely smitten with dismay and would not be comforted. And they returned to their homes in the mountains of Techland, determined to board their strength and skill for another battle with these Agriculturists.

Now the season of football being over, the Chief of the Faculty sent and called unto him all his officers, and he saith unto them: "Behold the young men have been wasting their time and energy and have been singing songs and playing games; and they be in sad plight for examinations. Go ye, therefore, unto them with such examinations as your best skill can devise, that I may see in whom I can place reliance." And the officers went unto the young men with their examinations. And many of the young men passed the examinations, but lo, there were those who passed not, yea, there were those among the Rattites who fell—and great was their fall. Then there came a season of resolutions—verily they would not fall again. And the Chief of the Faculty laughed at these resolutions, for he knew how easily he could overthrow them all.

And it came to pass that the young men worked diligently, for their goal was the two stars that the Faculty sometimes bestows upon the worthiest. But after a season their zeal began to wane and they cared not so much for two stars as they did for amusement. Therefore, all the tribes of the Polytechnites were gathered together and they said among themselves: "Verily we are becoming weary with much studying and our muscles are waxing



# THE BUGLE

stiff. We will, therefore, organize a basketball team that shall uphold the honor and glory won by our football team." And this team was put forth and it brought much glory to Techland; for it lost not any games, and by its brilliant playing and continual winning of games, it won the Championship of the land of Virginia.

Now there came that which the Rattites had been dreading since their advent into Techland. The snow lay heavily upon the ground, and the older tribes liked not to see the Rattites upon the face of the earth when there was snow. And behold the Chief of the Cadetites commanded all the Rattites to gather themselves into two bands and to fight each other with snow for the amusement of their elders who dwell in Techland. And lo, the annual Snow Battle was fought; and the Rattites returned to their dwellings—happy in the knowledge that there would be no more snow battle for them.


Now, when the snow battle was over, the Chief of the Faculty again called his officers unto him, and he sent them yet the second time unto the young men with examinations. And it came to pass that the resolutions which the young men had made had long been forgot and they were not better prepared for these examinations than they had been before. And verily the Chief of the Faculty wrapped himself about with his merriment, for he saith: "Did I not prophecy these results?"

And it came to pass that the young men made no more resolutions, but rather did they bend all their time and energy into channels of amusements. Therefore, they put forth a baseball team that was the joy of all those who dwell in Techland. While winter still held the land in his frozen grip did this team fare forth to Miles' Field to prepare for the battles of the spring. And lo, when the spring was come the Polytechnites proved the stuff whereof they were made, for few and far between were the battles that went to opposing teams. Yea, even the Cadetites from the land of the Lexingtonians bowed down into the dust before the mighty Polytechnites.


And now the call went round for the fleet of foot, and men of brawny arms to hurl the discus and hammer, and men of strong legs to jump and hurdle. And in those days there was gathered together a goodly band of young men clad in the scanty garments of their pastime. For the love and honor of Techland did they strain every nerve and muscle. But when they matched their speed and skill against the Universitites in the land of the North Carolinians they tasted the bitterness of defeat. And the taste pleased them not, and they returned home determined to do their uttermost in defeating the Universitites from Lexington. And behold when these Universitites were come unto Techland the gods of victory were with the Polytechnites. Verily did they romp on the Lexingtonians with much vigor.

Now, when these things were come to an end, the rulers of the Cadetites were gathered together and the Chief Ruler spake in this wise: "Verily with the coming of Summer the young men are waxing restless; they study not, but they weave day-dreams around their lady-loves. Therefore, send ye the Faculty yet a third time unto them with examinations, and when these are over they shall depart out of the land." Now the young men rejoiced to hear these things, and they put forth a mighty effort and crammed their heads with things they should have learned before. And behold many of them passed the examinations—by the grace of the gods and by the skin of their teeth did they pass.

Now there came the season of Finals, with its myriad joys and pleasures. And in those days the Seniorites and Juniorites called their best girls unto them saying: "If ye love me



# THE BUGGLE



come and share this joyful season with me." And behold the girls came and the pleasures of the land were made known to them. Now the days passed quickly, being filled with music and song, and the nights were filled with laughter and the noise of dancing feet. Then came the last day of Finals, the day on which the Seniors received the reward for their faithful services, and the President declared to all the land that the Ranters were now Sophomores. And the Cadettes arose and took their departure into those far lands from which they had come. And so ends the history of the first year of the sojourn of the '14 Class in Teckland.

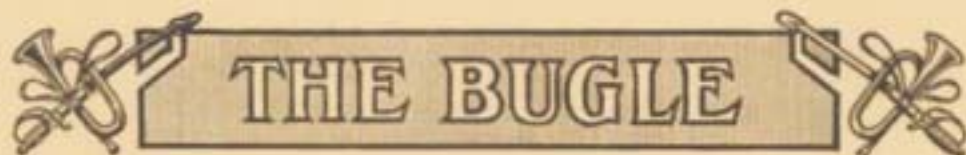
## SOPHOMORE

And it came to pass that after a space of three months the young men forsook the pleasures of their homes and came unto Teckland. And he, when they had come again unto that land, those who had been Ranters now considered themselves to be the Lords of Creation. Verily did they stalk around like unto those who owned the world and had a fence around it. But verily I say unto you that they took their part in subjugating the new tribe of Ranters. Yea, manfully did they take their part.

Now when the Cadettes made their yearly visitation upon the Chief Military Ruler of the land they found not the little mighty Dash, but one made like unto a man—one who would suffer no one to dispute his sway of authority. And his name was Col. J. E. Ware. Now when he—who was called "The Knobs," by the Cadettes—had examined the military situation of the land, he called unto him his Satchles—the Bulls. And he saith unto them: "Lo, it seems that due prominence has not been given my Military Department, for behold these mighty Barracks are left unprotected during the night. Come, therefore, and lend your assistance in inaugurating the institution of Guard Mount." And it came to pass that he caused eight men to guard the land both day and night. And the Cadettes came unto the Knobs with weepings and wailings and gnashing of teeth, but he saith unto them: "I know ye not. Depart from here and maintain strict vigilance on your post."

Now in those days when the Cadettes found that they could do nothing with this grim-visaged man from the Army, they turned their attention to things concerning football. And well they might, for were not the Polytechnics under the leadership of that grizzled old warrior, Captain Gibbs? And verily I say unto you that Captain Gibbs and Coach Reiss put forth a mighty team. For the Polytechnics suffered defeat at the hands of only one team—the Yale Universities. The Universities from North Carolina and those from the land of the Lexingtonians put forth the most strenuous effort of their existence, and as a result of their efforts, the scores those two teams made exactly balanced the scores of the Polytechnics.

Now once more the Cadettes and all their followers arose and went unto the City by the Sea to witness the last battle with the Agriculturalists from the land of the Tar Heels. Now it came to pass that this battle was the most fiercely waged contest that was ever fought in the land of Virginia. For fifty-eight minutes the two teams fought desperately, but neither gained an advantage over the other. Then it was that one of the Polytechnics—the one who was called Winnie Legge—kicked a field goal. And behold the Polytechnics lifted up their voices in shouts of ecstasy. Verily, verily I say unto you that never before did there rise such a voluminous peal of joy as that which rose to the heavens on that day.



# THE BUGLE

After the Christmas season was passed the Cadetites immediately became interested in the basketball and track teams. But the fickle gods of victory had forsaken their shrines in Techland, for the basketball team was defeated in several important games. And lo, the Universitites from North Carolina and from Lexington won the track meets.

Now in those days two things of peculiar importance happened to the Cadetites. For one morning when the Cadetites appeared, lo, each man was short of the hair upon the top of his head. Even like unto the Knob was each man shorn.

And it came to pass that when the Army Inspector was come unto Techland, the rifles belonging to the Cadetites were nowhere to be found. Yea, even the vigilance of the lynx-eyed Colonel Holmes brought them not to light. And the Inspector inspected a gunless battalion and it pleased him not. And as a mark of his displeasure he drilled the Cadetites nigh unto death. Verily I say unto you that they had not been drilled as that day they were drilled. No, not in Techland.

And now the Final season came again with its laughing girls and loving youths, but there dwelt those among the Cadetites whose hearts were filled with bitterness for the Sophomorites. Yea, the Rattites had nothing but bitterness in their hearts for the Sophomorites. And it happened in this wise: The Sophomorites prepared for themselves a feast, and while they were feasting, the Rattites took unto themselves that part of the feast which had been reserved for the last. And when they attempted to break into the banquet hall the Sophomorites opposed the way, and there ensued the greatest civil war that had ever arisen within the borders of Techland. And it came to pass that the Rattites received the just punishment for their presumptuous deeds.

And a second time came Commencement Day, and the Sophomorites rejoiced to hear the President proclaim them to be Juniorites. And so endeth the record of events that befell the '14 Class during the second year of its sojourn in Techland.

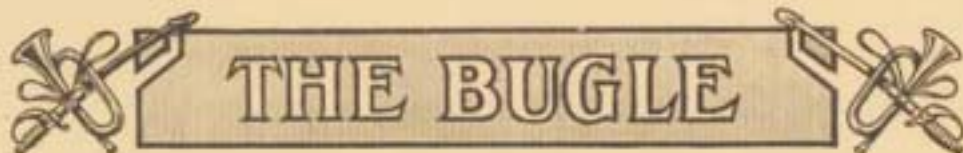
## JUNIORITES

And the seasons continued their relentless progress, and it came to pass that the third September found the Cadetites journeying again unto Techland. And they came in hordes, some joyfully singing praise unto the gods of Learning, but others came with souls laden with the curse of Military. But lo, the gods of football heard not one dissenting voice; with one accord did the Cadetites joyfully lift their voices in praise of their team.

And in those days the mighty Boscock coached the team of the Polytechnites, and Billy Burrus—he who bore the scars of sundry hard-fought fields—yea, he was the captain. But the team behind these great warriors was light, yea, like unto a feather was the weight of this team. But when they matched their strength against the North Carolinians they were not found wanting. Verily did they smite these Tar-Heelers a mighty blow, and they returned to their home in the sand hills to nurse their wounds.

And it came to pass that the Universitites from Western Maryland and those from West Virginia shared a fate similar to that borne by the North Carolinians. Yea, the Polytechnites took unto themselves two score and more points from each of these teams, and withal allowed them not to score. But the warriors from Washington and Lee, by their superior weight, carried the ball hither and yon about the field. And lo, they won their first battle from the Polytechnites.





# THE BUGLE

And now it seemed that the god Bovine knew not the Polytechnites. Yea, verily he had forsaken his shrine in Techland. And all the tribes of the Cadetites arose and went unto that city which is the capital of this nation. And in the shadow of that gray pile of stone on the Potomac river, the Polytechnites battled with the Georgetown Universities. But they were fashioned not to withstand the repeated onslaughts of such great weight. And lo, the Polytechnites were called upon to show how bravely they could take a defeat. And it came to pass that, except from the daily press, the world knew not that they had been defeated.

Yea, verily the old order changeth, likewise the buildings of ancient origin. Dwells there a man in Techland who remembereth not the old shack that was the Huckleberry station? Or the old turnstile gate that led to the home of the Cadetites? Surely there dwells not one whose memory is so abbreviated. But I call ye to gaze upon the structures that stand where these structures once remained an eye-sore unto all who passed them by. Saw ye ever such a magnificent station? And walked ye ever into Paradise through another gate like unto the Alumni Gate? Yea, surely ye have done neither of these things.

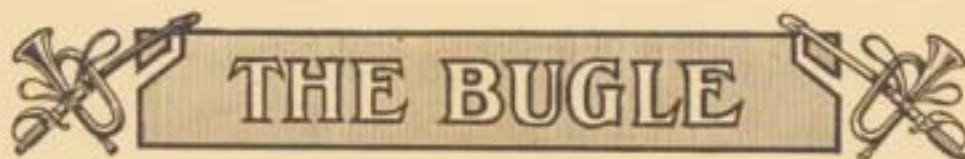
And now the Christmas holidays were welcomed with open hearts, and the Cadetites journeyed unto their homes and took unto themselves a good time. Verily it is the unexpected that always happens; therefore, I say unto you that they had a good time.

And when the young men had returned unto Techland they offered up themselves as a willing sacrifice unto the gods of basketball. And verily I say unto you that they worshipped not in vain, for this team was one to fill the hearts of all beholders with pride. And it came to pass that the baseball team waged fiercely a contest which drifted first one way and then another. But when the end of the season drew nigh, lo, the Polytechnites were far in advance of their enemies. And now the track team fared forth to shew their prowess. And it came to pass that the team from Washington and Lee journeyed to Techland, and in those days they banked their all upon the mighty Carter Glass. And he was good, yea, verily he was great, but run he ever so swiftly there was one among the Polytechnites who ran more swiftly. Yea, though he strained a leg in the effort yet did it profit him naught. And lo, the Polytechnites, with "Doc" Hughes in the lead, easily won the meet.

And now one morning all Techland was shaken by the astounding news. Was it true? Could it be possible? Yea, not a possibility but a fact in all reality. A new dancing club had been organized and the Juniorites were those who had accomplished the impossible. Verily I say unto you, it was no easy thing. Yea, the opposition was mighty and continuous, but the Cotillion Club remaineth unto this day.

Then came that for which the Juniorites awaited with souls filled to overflowing with happiness and anxiety—the season of Finals. And it came to pass that the Junior-Senior german which was that year given had never been surpassed. No, not in the land of the Cadetites. And I say unto you that the Juniorites and Seniorites had unto themselves a time—yea, they swear that never was there a german like unto that german.

But lo, before the last strains of music had died away, a mighty fire broke out from the shop buildings. And the young men hastily delivered their maidens into the hands of the chaperons, that they might fight the fire. And verily they fought it bravely, yea, daringly. But the devouring flames were abated not a whit. Verily this was the most disastrous fire that ever occurred within the bounds of Techland.



# THE BUGLE

And so Commencement Day was hailed with gladness and with sadness, but only happiness remained when the President declared the session to be at an end, and the Juniorites at last came into their own, for they were now Seniorites. And so endeth the history of the third year of the life of the Class of 1914.

## SENIOR

Verily I say unto you, there was great rejoicing among the Seniorites when the ninth month of the year of our Lord, 1913, was come. For this was the beginning of the end, and they knew that after a space of nine months they would dwell not in the land of the Cadetites. And they were glad, for lo, they longed for the thickest of the battles of the world. Yea, they yearned to clash their swords with those who had gone before.


Now it came to pass that the Seniorites had grown in stature and in mind and in favor with the Lord, and they returned to Techland and took up the reins of government: for lo, they were the leaders in all of the affairs of the Cadetites. And they handled their affairs with the dignity and wisdom that is characteristic of those who dwell in the high places. But withal they failed not to enjoy the distinction that was theirs. Harken unto my words and ye shall know that the Seniorites purchased the coveted Capes. And likewise they obtained tickets to the Lyric, which they used when their less fortunate brethren had been called unto their quarters. In like manner they took all the privileges accorded the Seniorites, and in no wise did they fail to take advantage of a single privilege that was theirs.

Now while the Cadetites were still in their far distant homes, President Barringer resigned the duties of his office and arose and went out of the land of the Cadetites and took up his abode in Charlottesville. And Mr. J. D. Eggleston was elected to fill the vacancy. And the returning Cadetites failed not to notice a new atmosphere throughout all Techland. A new enthusiasm laid hold upon all those who dwelt within the borders of the land, and events moved with a snap and vim that was unknown in the days of old.


Now these things being settled, the Cadetites once more set their faces toward Miles' Field, where the football team of the Polytechnites was assembled under the leadership of Coach Bocock and Captain Pick. And verily I say unto you this team was a wonder. Yea, not since they were Rattites had the Seniorites seen such a team on this field. The teams from Roanoke College and from Hampden-Sidney departed from this land declaring that the Polytechnites were invincible, for they scored not upon the team of the Cadetites.

And it came to pass that once again the Universitites from the land of the North Carolinians offered battle unto the Polytechnites. But lo, the result was the same as in former years. For the Universitites were again smitten with defeat. And the team from the land of the Mississippians did not so well as the North Carolinians. Yea, the Polytechnites romped on these young men with much vigor, and the score was mighty to behold. Then there came unto the Polytechnites a defeat that was bitter in the extreme. Yea, verily I say unto you, gall and wormwood were as drops of honey compared with this defeat. For it came to pass that a second time the Lexington Universitites did deal unto the Polytechnites a mighty blow. Yea, it seemed that there would be no recovery, but the Cadetites wisely shook their heads and said one unto another, "Wait until another time."

And in those days arrangements were made for the Polytechnites to battle with the Cadetites from the land of the Lexingtonians. So when the season of Thanksgiving was come, all the tribes of the Cadetites from Techland arose and went unto the Magic City



# THE BUGLE



to witness the battle. Yea, that was a battle among battles, and long will it be remembered in the land where it was fought. But the teams seemed to be of equal strength, and though they fought bravely and well, yet could neither surpass the other. Yea, the score was a tie. And the oppression of this event dealt not lightly with the Seniorites, for this was the last game they would ever see as Cadettes, for they would dwell not another year in Techland.

But verily I say unto you, football was quickly forgot with the coming of examinations. Yea, the Seniorites, at least, remembered not the days of gridiron battles; for their thoughts were engrossed with other things. Verily, fifteen per cent. maketh much difference—and the Seniorites were compelled to add this increase unto the passing mark of other years. But somehow it was done, and he, with gladdening hearts they reached out and took a firm hold on the tail of that Sheepskin; yea, verily they would not release it.

Now the holidays being come to an end, the Seniorites worked diligently, for they could not afford the frivolity of the underclassmen; but withal they failed not to add their voices to the mighty chorus that arose unto the basketball team. And verily I say unto you, this team made for itself an enviable record. As usual the Polytechnites took unto themselves the lion's share of the games, and there were won some great victories. But there were likewise some sad defeats. Yea, the team from Roanoke College won two games, but in the series with the Lexington Universityites the honors were divided in twain.

And in those days it came to pass that the second and third terms passed quickly. Yea, like unto an eagle in its flight did they pass. And the track team and the baseball team journeyed hither and yon with varying fortune. Yea, they won some notable games, but withal the records were about as usual.

But harken ye unto my words now, yea, lend unto me thine ears, for this is the end. But who shall describe the infinite joy of the Seniorites when Finals are come? Yea, who shall picture them taking pleasure even in the band concerts and military maneuvers? But I say unto you there dwelt in all Techland no happier people than these same Seniorites. Yea, they were filled with happiness and their souls were permeated with good will toward all men. Four long years they had devoted to the acquisition of that Diploma, but now it seemed as but a day. For could they not on the morrow join the Army of the World? And were they not fully equipped to battle for the substances of daily life? Yea, surely they were, and verily they would take as prominent a part in the battles of Life as they had taken in its play. And they would go forth from Techland strong in the knowledge of what was right, and they were determined to leave no stone unturned in the pursuit of these ends.

And so endeth the record of events that occurred during the span of existence that was allotted unto the Class of 1914 of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. I have spoken. Selah!

—CLASS HISTORIAN.



## 1914 Class Athletics



In athletics the 1914 teams did not distinguish themselves by the winning of Championships, although they put out teams during the four years which will average as well as any other class. In every branch of sports, teams representing this class have been worthy contenders for the class Championships.

In the Freshman year the football team made a strong bid for the Championship, but finally lost out to the Seniors. In baseball the team also made a strong showing and proved to be a stumbling block for the other class teams.

The opening of the Sophomore year found the '14 class represented by the strongest football team in its history, and the supporters of the team expected their favorites to carry off the Championship. They had defeated the Freshmen decisively in two games, had held the Juniors to a tie in two games, but lost the crucial game to the Seniors on a fluke, thereby losing the Championship. During the baseball season the '14 class with their usual aggressiveness put a first-class baseball team on the field, but were unable to defeat the Freshmen.

In the Junior year the football team was as usual well represented, losing only to the Sophomores. However, in baseball the team covered itself with glory, not suffering a single defeat, thereby winning the Championship.

Taken as a whole, the Class of 1914 has been smaller than any other class in years, but, notwithstanding, it has been well represented on the "Varsity" teams. Throughout all class athletics, teams representing this class have always put up spirited fights and more than once have caused the Championship honors to be in doubt.





THE FUTURE OF THE 1914 CLASS



# THE BUGGLE



## Class Prophecy

OUTSIDE, the thermometer registered thirty degrees below zero, and even my own room was cold, in spite of the fact that a bright fire burned on the hearth. I was too restless to work—a steamer had just been docked and, as she carried mail from the beloved and far-away Southland, I knew I could do no work until the mail had been put up. I should have been working on the design of the Fall Creek bridge, but, having stood as much of the uncertainty and anxiety as possible, I determined to face the cold and darkness and get my mail.

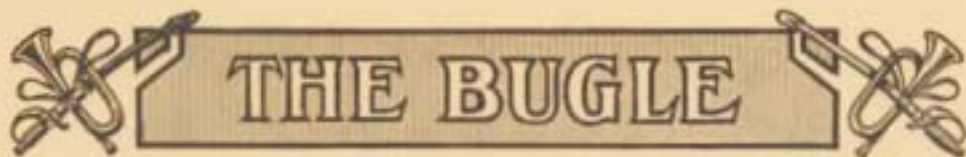


In a hand where letters are few and far between they become a necessity—and Fortune smiled on me that night. I had several letters of as many different varieties, but one that particularly appealed to me. Bob responded nobly to my plea—and wrote a long letter. He told me all the happenings of the great world from which I was completely shut off—told me of recent communications with men of our class—but mostly he told me about his girl. Quite gently he informed me that very soon I would have to come home and play the part of best man for him.

After reading that letter I knew that I could not work that night. I drew my Morris chair in front of the fireplace and lighted my old briarwood. I began musing on the other members of the '14 Class. So pretty soon, lying in that listless state that is somewhere between sleeping and waking, I seemed to be walking with a friend—a most wonderful fellow he was, too. Tall, handsome, good-natured, he possessed all the noble qualities that go to make the perfect companion. Together we wandered aimlessly about from place to place. I do not know how it was done—was too indolent and too well satisfied to make inquiries along that line.

We had been leisurely traveling through an unusually pleasing country, but now we came to a village. The first and almost the only object that met our eyes was a little red brick inn. The weather-beaten sign did not convey any information concerning the place, but the general neat and home-like appearance invited us to enter. A jolly, fat little landlord hustled up to us with out-stretched hand and smiling face. It was with considerable amusement but with much joy that I recognized my old friend "Dutch" Huettel. He was the same old Dutch on a larger scale—jollier and more good-natured if that could be possible. He introduced Mrs. Huettel—a large motherly woman whose only care was the little tow-headed Dutchies and Dutch himself—and we sat down to talk. But now, instead of girls and dances, Dutch's conversation played upon the weather and crops.

Suddenly the scene changed, and we found ourselves calmly strolling through the jungles of Africa. Presently we came to a clearing, and saw before us a group of natives and one white man. This man's back was turned toward me, but I carefully noted his costume, conspicuous anywhere at this hour of the morning, but more so in this country where the native considers himself dressed up if he wears a smile. This lone white man wore a full evening dress suit, and a small sword. He was endeavoring with much gestic-



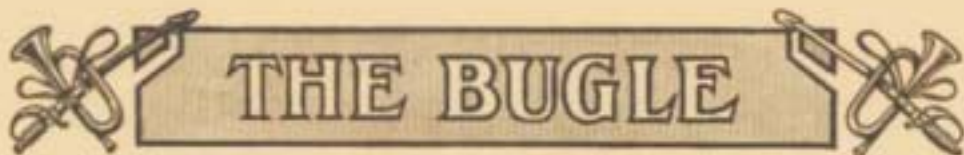
## THE BUGLE

ulation to impress upon the natives the futility of living without a thorough knowledge of odonities and graphical statics of mechanisms. His words evidently fell upon ears that heeded not, for I saw several contemptuous grins on the ebony faces around him. We moved around the group to get a view of the face of the speaker, and found that he was none other than Milord Owen Hall Culpeper. My friend touched me on the arm and said: "Let us go hence, he is incurable,"—and sadly we turned away.

I never before saw such a queer garden. The plants and shrubs were scattered around most promiscuously. And such plants as they were! The veriest freaks of nature it had ever been my pleasure to behold. My friend pointed to a man who was evidently the owner of the place. I knew him at once as my old friend "Bud" Wysesor, but he was now so dignified and serious we felt constrained to address him as Mr. Wysesor. He seemed really glad to see us and gave us a lengthy description of each plant. The plants were indeed very interesting. We saw tomatoes growing on corn stalks and cranberries on cabbage plants. His favorite plant, which he called *Sclerambrosioides Polyanthicefolium*, was a combination of the eggplant, the vanilla bean, and the milkweed. Mr. Wysesor wore a very pained expression when I asked him why he made this combination, but he condescended to inform me so ignorant that he was raising Vanilla Custard.

It looked as though the Master Hand had got tired of creating and just jumbled the rocks and mountains together. While I was wondering if it were possible for mortal man to find an existence in such desolate surroundings, we came upon an old prospector. He was small of stature, withered and gray-haired, and his clothing was almost negligible. When we saw him he was leaning on his pick and gazing down the gulch with wistful eyes. Altogether his appearance suggested the last few hours of an unsuccessful life. We had some difficulty in recognizing Clive Metcalfe, for this man bore absolutely no resemblance to the dapper little mining engineer we had known. He cheerfully shared his cornbread and bacon with us, but grew taciturn when we asked him what he was trying to find in this country. At last he broke forth in a wild tirade about geological structure, preglacial periods, etc., and ended by saying that he knew there was a mine of pure iridosmine in this section and that he was going to find it. We questioned him no further, but beat a hasty retreat to more pleasing surroundings.

"Bless my soul," I cried, "What's this?" "A country fair, as sure as I live," answered my friend. "And would you believe it, it's in the coal fields of West Virginia." In a very bewildered frame of mind we ramed over the place, casting a critical eye about us. In every-day American language we couldn't give it much; it seemed to be dull and lifeless. Over on the left, however, things seemed to be very much alive. A crowd of miners, mostly "Dagoes" and "Hunks," were certainly making the welkin ring with their shouts of ecstasy. We moved over in that direction to see what was causing all this commotion. Finally we reached the centre of attraction, and saw a man who had one of these drop-in-a-nickel-and-get-your-picture machines. "Why, that's Byrd Harrison," my friend said. I was sure he was mistaken until I saw the gentleman rub his palms together in the old familiar gesture and heard his suave voice inviting every one to have his picture made. He guaranteed his pictures to be as good as science, ingenuity, and the personal appearance of his patrons would permit. We went up and shook hands with him and he insisted on taking our picture, "on the house,"—reckon he wanted to use them as advertisements.



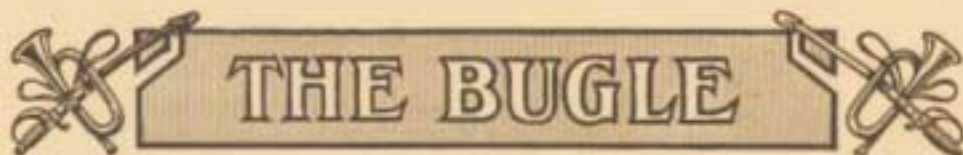
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"By the seven holy crocodiles," shouted my friend, "I wish you would look." But there was no need for him to call my attention to that interesting billboard. Across the never-ending stream of commerce on Broad Street, I saw it. "Gilmer A. Warfield and his charming partner Miss Cherry Maloney, in the greatest success ever accomplished by vaudiville actors." That was enough for us—we secured tickets to the Lyric and entered the theater just in the time to see Gilmer make his appearance on the stage. He pulled off some lull poetry and some lummer jokes, but Cherry was on the job to relieve the situation. After this act we went behind the scenes and arrived just in time to interrupt a discussion between Cherry and Gilmer as to which one had scored the biggest hit. My friend decided in favor of the lady, who immediately threw her arms around his neck and told him what a dear he was. She had a very loving disposition, had Cherry—she could even get along with Gilmer—most of the time.

The air became murky with sulphurous smoke, and the lowering clouds glowed red as from a fearful conflagration. A feeling of depression settled upon me. "Is this the fourth of July?" I inquired anxiously of my friend. "We are in Hades," he replied, consolingly, and added: "You rolls the river Acheron." "But that suspension bridge," I exclaimed. "Yes, that is a prosaic innovation. A civil engineer from the Earth built it with the intention of lessening Charon's labours in getting the increased number of tourists across the river. Let us cross." Scarcely had we set foot on the structure when it began to sway in an alarming manner. Soon we looked back to hear someone shouting: "One of you get off that bridge. It will not carry more than one at a time. What do you take it for anyway." We gladly retraced our steps, and I was glad to meet my old friend, James Bollikien, the Hadean Pontifex Maximus. Then we decided to avail ourselves of the services of Charon, the ferryman, who assured us that the bridge did not affect his occupation at all.

The ocean liner steamed into the harbor of the most delightful little port I had ever visited. I was not surprised at the great number of tourists who disembarked at this enchanting haven. My friend informed me that it was the most popular health resort in the world. The balmy breezes wafting seaward were wonderfully invigorating to my overworked nerves, and the tropical scenes presented on shore would have delighted a veteran globe-trotter. It was a heaven of palms and ferns. Sleeping crocodiles guarded the shore as far as the eye could reach. We landed and registered at the bamboo hotel. In the afternoon we secured a native guide and went on an elephant hunt. I was continually stumbling over great hot pipes running in every direction, but concealed by the dense jungle growth. "Who conceived the idea of laying steam pipes in the jungles of Africa?" I asked my friend. "They are hot-water pipes," was the reply. "Moreover, this is not Africa. We are in Greenland." "Greenland?" I exclaimed. "Yes, and haven't you noticed that the sun hasn't moved since we have been here?" "Now you mention it, I see it has not. How do you account for that?" "Well, you see, it's this way: Several years ago a mechanical and an electrical engineer came to Greenland with the determination to convert it into a Garden of Eden. The mechanical engineer installed a hot water system to heat the whole of the great island, deriving the water from the natural hot springs and geysers. The electrical engineer devised a gigantic artificial electric sun which he suspended in space at a distance of one thousand miles from the earth, it being kept in equilibrium by electrical attraction and repulsion. Giant cables connect it with a tremendous power plant, which derives its energy from the





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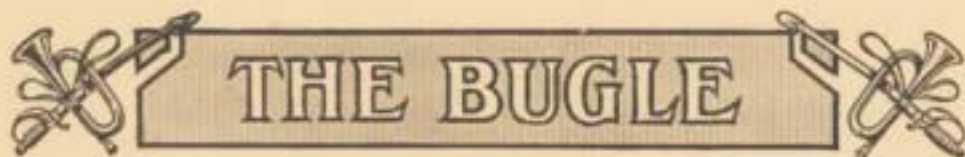
internal heat of the earth, a colossal boiler being introduced into the center of a volcano. The ninety-billion-candlepower sun is allowed to burn only during the long Arctic nights. But here are McCue and Evans now? Perhaps they will join us in the hunt."

"That cabin over yonder on the ridge shelters three of the craziest fellows I ever knew to outwit the asylums," remarked our Rocky Mountain guide. "They do nothing except discuss the fourth dimension." I suggested that we go over and see the gentlemen, and we crossed a small creek and ascended the ridge. When we came in sight of the open door I saw my old friend Carrington jump upon the table and heard him proclaim to all the world that the riddle of the fourth dimension had been solved. Berry was industriously covering a pad with figures, while "Noody" White executed a clog dance in the corner. Everybody became quiet when Berry solemnly arose and announced that Mars was, according to the rules of the fourth dimension, only twenty-seven miles, four hundred feet, six and three-tenths inches distant from that place. Simultaneously they decided that Mars offered splendid opportunity for more extensive research into the mysteries of the fourth dimension. Without another word, "Carrie" cranked up the aeroplane and "Noody" White stuck a half-dozen collars, a pair of gum boots, and a dozen tooth picks into a suit case, and boarded the machine. Berry followed with about a ton of books and apparatus. The gentlemen seemed to be so completely engrossed with their work that we did not interrupt them, but stood watching while the aeroplane dizzily swung upward and out of sight.

"Weary Warwick, why are you destroying that field of corn?" "Go 'way man, don't worry me. There is a thirty-seven foot vein of coal along this creek, and I am digging it out. You see, old sport, I inherited several hundred thousand, and I thought I had better add a few simoleons to it, 'cause my wife is very extravagant." "Well, but where is the coal?" I asked. "Oh, the shaft is only twelve hundred feet deep, so, of course, we haven't reached the coal yet. I have sent for another thousand miners, and we will soon have things humming in this old valley." I felt like telling him that he would find it more profitable to raise potatoes and corn than to try to raise coal that was not there. But, like Mr. Micawber, he seemed very confident that "something would turn up soon," so I talked of other things for a while and went away—taking my departure along with me.

"Yes, sir," said the old farmer, "this is the best farm in the county. But the man who owns it is too lazy to breathe; I'll bet a plug he is over yonder in that hammock." When he told us that the owner was Mr. Artie P. Sibold, we went over to see him. And sure enough there he was, dressed in a light suit for morning wear, and reading a volume of Robert Browning's poems. This was not surprising, for we knew "Si," but that farm! Will I ever forget the endless number of labor-saving devices that would never pay for themselves? Or the high priced machinery that neither "Si" nor any of his men could run? Oh, but that farm was the tail end of the limit. Arthur Pleasant finally admitted that it had not earned a dollar so far, but said that he had just that morning ordered some new implements, and that next year he would clear a hundred per cent. profit.

Upon the banks of the James River there was a magnificent water-power electrical plant. The apparatus was designed according to the best modern practice, and the whole plant was excellently arranged. We went through the plant and found nothing amiss until we came to the transformer room. This room was so dark that we could not read the danger signs. "Bransford, where are the lights?" growled the owner of the plant. "Can't you keep an electric lamp burning?" "Mr. Murry, I have been over the entire circuit and



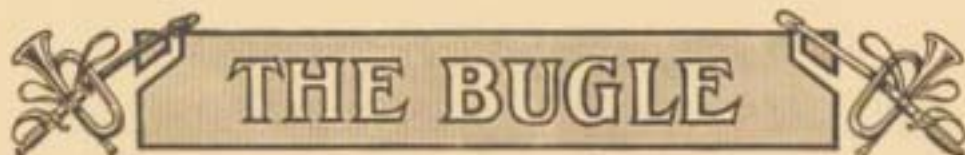
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"I can't find the trouble." All the other lights were burning, but Bransford insisted that the generators were not working. "Did you examine the fuses?" "No, sir, I was just fixing to do that when you came in," answered "Brandy." Bill returned to his office, grunting maledictions upon all college graduates. When we were admitted to his office a few minutes later, Bill was industriously pulling on his old briarwood and swearing by all that's holy that Steinmetz's theory in regard to the energy dissipated by hysteresis was absolutely wrong. He attempted to prove that his own theory was correct, but we were too tired to let him start on any such subject as that.

Carrying out my friend's suggestion, we secured a launch and started out to explore the beauties of a summer morning on the Elizabeth River. A delightful breeze was blowing, and we had no thought other than the uttermost enjoyment of the morning. "Yonder is a peculiar-looking boat," remarked my friend. "I wonder what she is?" We darted over in that direction and upon nearer view the craft was still more fantastical. She was long and narrow and apparently built for speed, but her deck carried a motley assortment of gasoline engines, direct current generators, circuit breakers, relays, and electromagnets too numerous to mention. The master's compartment in the stern was fitted out with lounge, a Morris chair, a reading table, and a beautiful controlling board for the various electric circuits. A perfect network of copper wires was strung overhead, as everything was controlled by electricity. A number of fishing lines were cast out, and they were very cleverly connected to lifting magnets which worked automatically as soon as the weight of the fish closed the circuit. As the fish was deposited in the refrigerator, an instrument registered its number and weight. Just as a huge fish was being swung on board, a circuit breaker flew out, giving a very creditable imitation of an electric storm and we hastily departed for safer channels—leaving Raymond Wood to the solitary enjoyment of his automatic fishing craft.

"It seems quite natural to be riding the Huckleberry again," I remarked, "but the country seems to be more thickly settled than it was when I knew it so well. Here is Crumpecker's Crossing now, and it seems to be quite a village. We stop here for lunch, so let's hurry." On the way to the hotel we passed a long rambling sort of building which was badly in need of a coat of paint, but the yard of this place was filled with such peculiar plants and vines that we stopped to examine them. Bent on the satisfaction of our own curiosity, we invaded the premises and even the front porch of the house. We peeped through the open door and saw an old man adjusting a microscope. Even allowing for his premature old age, it was easy to recognize my old classmate, T. K. Wolfe. Without further ceremony we entered the room, and the greeting we got would have frozen an iceberg. I am sure he did not recognize us, for when he became aware of our presence he shouted: "Get out; leave my premises. How can a man work if he is to be interrupted every week? You have spoiled this experiment. These bacteria are affected by the slightest sound, and you have frightened them to death." He shoved us toward the door, and we hastened to the station, arriving just in time to catch our train.

"Can that large, voluble gentleman be the dignified F. R. Scott whom we knew at college?" I asked. "He is the man," answered my friend, "than whom there is no better salesman on the road. Let's listen to his line." We joined the group of prospective buyers that surrounded the gentleman in question, and I listened to him with open-eyed amaze-

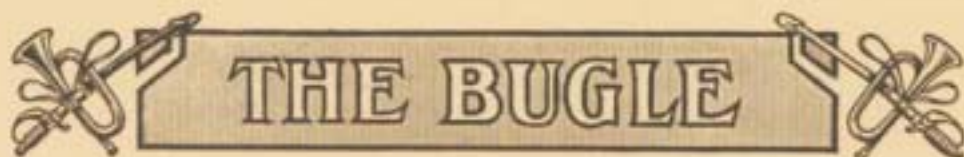


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ment. I honestly believe he could sell a moving-picture machine to a blind man for his own enjoyment. However, he was not selling picture machines, he was booking orders for his recently patented motor-transformer. This machine, so Frank said, would operate at full load on any circuit. All the attendant was required to do was to set the dial to the desired operating voltage. He guaranteed this motor to have at least fifteen per cent. hysteresis loss—ten per cent. more than was claimed for any other motor on the market—and he had to write quickly in order to book the orders as fast as they were given to him.

It was in Paris that my friend pointed out to me two well dressed gentlemen who were leisurely smoking fragrant cigars in front of one of the most famous of the Parisian hotels. Something in their air struck me as being very familiar, and I was gratified to recognize two other members of the '11 class, Messrs. Hunt and Tyler. When they noticed us they sprang at me like famished tigers at their prey, such was the fury of their cordial greetings. When I was disengaged, they forced cigars between our teeth, flashed their automatic constant current electric arc cigar lighters in our faces, slapped us soundly on the back to start us puffing, and dragged us up the street while they talked of the old but never-to-be-forgotten times. It was with great pleasure that I learned that they were successful electrical engineers. "Our method of power generation is rather unique," said Hunt. "After years of experiment we became discouraged with the use of coal as a source of energy on account of the enormous degradation of energy in the transformation from heat to electricity. It is a well known fact that radium and other radioactive elements derive their remarkable properties from the constant expenditure of a portion of the enormous store of the imprisoned kinetic intra-atomic energy. Now, we have found that by the expenditure of infinitesimal quantities of electrical energy lead can be forced to yield an electric current of appreciable magnitude from its atoms. The ratio of primary to secondary power is one to a million, approximately. When the currents are once started, part of the secondary is shunted to the primary and the input then cut off. "It is very evident," put in Tyler, "that we have hit upon the most important economical discovery of all ages—past, present, or future. Our names go down to posterity as the cognomens of the world's greatest benefactors, and—" here he choked, and we telephoned for an ambulance. Then we parted from these two great engineers.

When we again found ourselves in Africa we mounted camels and set out for the Sahara. The big dromedaries carried us quickly, but somewhat roughly, into the heart of the sand country. The end of the second day's journey brought us to the wonderful sun power plant that had just been completed by Messrs. Billmyer and Somerville. These brilliant engineers had, after many years of study and experimental work, designed and built an engine whose only source of energy was the light of the sun. The rotor of this machine was somewhat similar to that of a steam turbine, except that the blades of the turbine were replaced by concave mirrors. "You see," said my friend, "the rays of light come from the sun and are concentrated by these outside reflectors and, by them, diverted and sent into the machine through these opaque pipes. The mirrors on the rotor transform the rectilinear velocity of the sun's rays into angular velocity, and this machine can attain a very high speed, as a glance at that vibration tachometer readily proves. It is all quite simple—just an application of the well known law of the mechanical pressure of light." "But," I asked, "why was the machine built?" "Oh, that's easily answered. These engineers know that desert travel is much more pleasant at night, so they have coupled their engine to this seventy-five thousand kilowatt generator. The entire output of the generator is used to supply current to arc lamps, which light the desert trails. As soon as it is dark you will see miles of brilliant lights stretching east and west across the desert." On the return journey that night Billmyer perched himself on the hump of a camel and escorted



# THE BUGLE

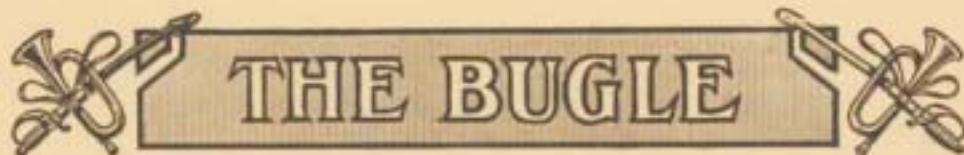
us to the nearest sub-station, which was also used as the office of the "Sahara Daily Chronicle." H. M. Somerville, editor-in-chief; C. D. Billmeyer, chief cartoonist.

We were alone, so we thought, upon the top of the mountain, and drenched to the skin. It seemed that the floodgates of heaven had been opened, for the rain poured down in torrents. Peal after peal of thunder shook the firmament, while vivid flashes of lightning pierced the encircling darkness and crashed into the unresisting earth. My friend clutched my arm, and, with a voice vibrating with awe, shouted, "What is that mournful noise?" We listened with ears alert to catch the faintest sound. Our efforts were not in vain, for, during a lull in the wind, we heard someone singing at the top of his voice: "She loves me, she loves me, I know it. Did you see her eyes last night?" (presumably speaking to the trees and rocks). "No, poor things, of course not, you were not there." With the next flash of lightning we recognized that great left fielder, A. L. Jones. And the recognition gave us much pain. It was sad to see this man in such a pitiful condition.

"This is a very rough road," remarked my friend, who was driving the big Packard "Six." "I am afraid that the carburetor will give us trouble before long." Scarcely had the words left his lips when the big car seemed to sink to the ground, and a heart-breaking, splintering crash reached our ears. The front axle was broken. Disgustedly I climbed out of the machine and, seating myself upon a log, mournfully contemplated our predicament. But my friend took the matter more philosophically. Taking a paper from his pocket, he began to read. Presently he asked for my "Traveler's Guide," and when he had glanced at it he said, "According to this paper, Jessup and Philpotts operate a modern machine shop at Kearntown, and this 'Guide' says that Kearntown is a quarter of a mile away. Let's walk over and have them replace that axle." I assented, and soon we reached what would have been a town if people had formed the habit of living there—but no one did. But there was an old blacksmith shop which was ornamented with the sign: "Jessup and Philpotts, Me-hanics." We bent our steps hitherward. A boy, the only person in the shop, informed us that Philpotts had gone to put a couple of shoes on Seth Fulton's bay horse. "Where is Jessup?" I asked. "He done took that ole mule to his'n an' gone to plow Jim Burweather's peach orchard," answered the boy. "Well," calmly remarked my friend, "the nearest railroad station is fifteen miles distant, and here is the road." So we were forced to finish that journey on foot, leaving our car behind.

My friend and I were seated in front of a bright fire—presumably reading. He handed me his paper, and pointed to a certain advertisement, asking me if I remembered "Scoop" Mason. "How could I ever forget old 'Eagle Eye' and his picture frames?" I asked. "Well, evidently he is still in the business," I read the advertisement: "Mason and Sanderson, Architects and Designers, picture frames a specialty." We seized our coats and hats and caught the first car bound in the direction of their place of business. An office boy ushered us into the office of the senior member of the firm, who proved to be J. M. Sanderson. This gentleman also did all the drafting for the firm, and he was at this moment putting the finishing lines on a drawing of a very elaborate picture frame. "Why," I asked, "did you employ box-car letters when you put 'Front' and 'Back' on these two drawings?" "That was done," he explained, "because I am going to send these drawings to 'Scoop,' who is in charge of the manufacturing end of the business." He then conducted us to the work shop, and there was old "Eagle Eye" busily engaged on a hand saw with a blue print on the table beside him.

"Where are we now?" I asked. "I think we are in the western part of Montgomery County," answered my friend. I had a nightmare vision of passing through Blacksburg, but I bravely told him to press forward, and soon we came to a cross-road store. It did

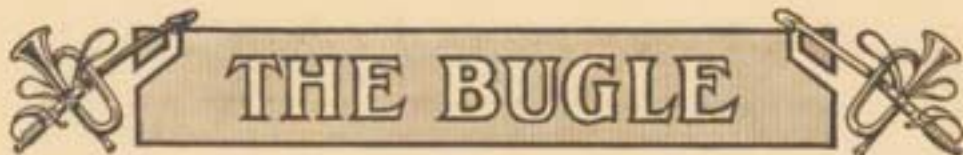


# THE BUGLE

not look very inviting, but we entered and purchased sardines and crackers. The storekeeper looked rather familiar, but I had some difficulty in recognizing that gridiron hero, W. F. Effinger. "Why, Eff," I cried, "what in the world are you doing here?" "Oh, the Madam and I and little Eff are running this department store." Here I looked around and saw the usual array of canned goods, meat, flour, and tobacco, but I made no comment. But my attention was attracted by two old farmers who were playing checkers on a cracker box. As I looked, one of the players relieved his jaws of about half a pound of "Honest Scrap" and moved his man. Then he reared back and complacently watched his opponent. "Who is the man on the right?" I asked. "Don't you know him? (in astonishment). That is the most successful farmer on Brush Mountain." I looked again and recognized "Growley" Lee. About this time he glanced up and recognized us, but he was busy with his opponent, who was about to corner his last king, so we did not interrupt the game. We finished our limited repast and set our faces toward the railroad.

"I see that the lumber companies in this part of Michigan have abandoned the obsolete idea of floating their logs to the mills and are installing steam railroads to accomplish that result," I remarked. "Yes, so they have," answered my friend, "but look at those wooden rails. I should not think that they would be very satisfactory as—"  
Here we were startled to hear the old familiar notes of Reveille break upon the quiet air. Notes, did I say? I should have said shrieks. I had never heard such an unearthly sound. Then, as a locomotive crawled around the bend, I recognized Sam Bondurant leaning from the fireman's window, lustily pulling on the whistle cord and sending the mournful sound of Taps down the track. The locomotive was that old hump-backed affair that had in prehistoric times pulled the Blacksburg Limited. "Look at that fellow affectionately embracing the smokestack," cried my friend. "But for goodness sake what does he want with a wireless outfit on that engine?" I told him that it was Powers, P. H. Jr., and that we would soon know all about it. The mile-an-hour train came to a stop at the water tank, and we were completely taken back with amazement when the engineer, Leigh Budwell, climbed out on the running board and dumped a scuttle of coal down the smokestack. We climbed on board the engine and were warmly greeted by the crew, each of whom immediately began to elucidate upon the extraordinary efficiency of this most wonderful engine. Leigh explained that he had found that back firing was the only way to fire an engine of this type, while Philip insisted that it was absolutely essential to the welfare of pedestrians to have the wireless outfit on the train and a receiving station at each railroad crossing. Sam was strongly in favor of placing the tender in front of the engine, but Leigh objected to this as being unmilitary. We rode with the crew as far as the first depot, and were glad when we were once more on solid ground and traveling faster than a snail.

We found ourselves peering into a dark tunnel running at an angle into the earth. "Do you catch the significance of that?" asked my friend. "It looks as though an elephant had been burrowing into the ground," I said. "But perhaps it is Beelzebub's secret passage to the earth." "No," said my friend, "that is the work of a miner. He is in search of an ancient Ecuadoran treasure, which he believes to have been buried here thousands of years ago. He is urged on by one of his old college friends, a native of Ecuador, who declares that his country nourished a prehistoric civilization, to whom the Incas could not hold a candle." There was a clang of a bell and a supernatural rumble in the tunnel, and the headlight of some form of locomotive appeared in the sombre distance. Soon the queerest contrivance that I have ever beheld came out into the light of common day. Roderick Vivar stood at the helm of this strange locomotive, which was equipped with a marvelous conglomeration of cogwheels, escapement devices, speed indicators, cranks (no reference to




# THE BUGLE

the crew), and so on, *ad infinitum*. J. T. Watson was seated on a load of red clay with his "corncol" at full draft. His headlight vied with that of the locomotive in its intensity. The two scientific grubbers were exceedingly glad to see us. Watson told me that he had not reached the treasure as yet, but that since he had tunneled only three thousand feet, there was no need for discouragement. Then Vivar proceeded to introduce me to the wonderful mechanism of his locomotive. I learned that it was operated by clock work, and that it was cranked in one direction for traveling up the incline and in the other for motion down the plane, the latter cranking supplying the braking action. The load of red clay was run out on a trestle and dumped into the river which flowed nearby. Vivar then dismounted and cranked his diabolical vehicle. "Jump into the clay-jack," invited Watson, "and take a trip to the underworld." But we decided to move on.


It was a terrible night. The wind dashed huge columns of water into spray over the sides of the vessel, and every portable object on deck was swept overboard. The lightning flashed with awful frequency and intensity, and the deafening peals of thunder shook the ocean's depths. Then the crash came. The vessel quivered from stem to stern, and careened steadily to the port. Her human freight took to the boats and trusted themselves to the raging deep. There was another crash and I felt myself floundering in the water amid a mass of kindling wood. Then it was morning. I found myself lying on a sandy beach looking up at the sun. My friend appeared, bearing an armful of tropical fruits. He informed me that we were the sole survivors of the wreck. Before we had finished our conversation, there was a savage yell, and we were surrounded by half a dozen ebony-faced natives and made captives. Soon we were ushered into the presence of His Majesty, the King, who proved to be no other than Willie Hall. It was a happy reunion. He told us that he had reached the height of his ambition as king of the Island of Tahwji in the South Pacific, and commander-in-chief of the Tahwjiian army, the best drilled body of men in the entire world. We were interested to learn of his recent overwhelming victory over the warlike Fiyudoso, his nearest island neighbors. He was loud in his praise of his star corporal, Irvine, who distinguished himself by his reckless bravery in the late war; and of the remarkable efficiency of his civil engineering "core," George Napoleon Miller. At this point the corporal and the engineering "core" burst into the palace, and great was the rejoicing within that old hay stack. In honor of our presence, Willie gave a full undress parade in the afternoon, and in the evening we played cards on the throne—an Ivory Soap box. The next day my friend and I left the island in a canoe.

Quietly, stealthily, the schoolmaster peered around the corner of the log building. Seeing no one in the little yard, he entered his school and built a fire, and with fear and trembling, composed himself to await the arrival of his pupils—at least a half hour. The little man's movements had immediately called to mind a scene long since forgotten. I saw him cautiously peeping around the corner of the Academic Building to see if the coast to the shops was clear. So I was not surprised when, a little later, a group of farmer lads passed and I heard one of them say: "O! Timid shore was riled las' night when he set on that tack." "Done him a lot of good," grunted another lad. "He can't hurt nobody." Fearing that we might interrupt the stern business of the morning, we went our way—leaving Haughton to the mercy of his pupils.

We were strolling along a village street, when who should we meet but my old friends, Randolph and Cox, who seized upon us and dragged us out to their combination home and laboratory. On the way I was informed that the latter had solved a great problem in steam boilers, namely, that of simplifying apparatus. It came about in this wise: One rainy day he watched the water spurting out of a gutter-pipe. A bright idea dawned upon his mind. Why not locate a furnace and boiler below the level of the ground and thus dispense with the injector and pump for forcing water up into the boiler? That was the



# THE BUGLE

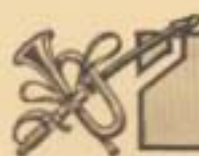


whole story in a nut shell. We had now arrived at our friend's place of abode, and were escorted through a labyrinth of passages, where we encountered numerous doors which opened only with the expenditure of much physical energy. Finally, we reached a room in which were several glass cases, all containing various pieces of mechanical apparatus, so arranged that I was reminded of a taxidermist's collection. "Those cases," said Cox, "contain the results of Bob's ornithological operations. He has combined his mechanical and natural history instincts, and so you see an exhibition of stuffed indicators, oil cans, and so forth. Very instructive," he grinned. "But why does this chair rock so reluctantly?" I asked. "Well, you see," said Bob complacently, "every time you rock you pump a gallon of water into the tank in the back yard, and every time a door is opened ten gallons of the fluid is forced into the reservoir." "Thanks," I said, rising to take my departure. "No hurry," said Messrs. Randolph and Cox simultaneously. When we at length reached the last door I calculated that I had pumped one hundred gallons of Nature's natural liquid into that infernal tank. As my friend shut the front gate, Cox grinned, "Twenty more gallons."


I was smoking in the lobby of the Hotel Tranquille when my friend drew my attention to an article in *The Twilight Glow*, the evening paper, to the effect that Professor Shankland had made the interesting discovery that the hydrocarbons when heated to a certain temperature are subject to combustion. I was astonished to learn that Archie had discovered that wood, oil, and coal tar will burn. We decided to visit my old school-mate, and had no difficulty in locating him. At the door Archie and "Jenny"—yes, Dr. Jennings was there too—rushed into my arms. The latter drew me aside and whispered confidentially in my ear that he had, after years of fruitless effort, at length prepared a solution that would permanently blacken gold throughout its entire structure. When I asked him who would wear a crepe-colored watch except to a funeral, he became very indignant and lectured me on my inability to appreciate the beauty and sublimity of chemical research work. Then Archie seized upon me and related his trials and tribulations before he succeeded in finding a preparation that would remove warts and moles. "It is very effective," he added, "but the scar left is permanent. However, as it cannot be detected except at distances less than ten feet, this can hardly be regarded as a defect in my preparation." "You just must come into the laboratory and see me fire off some of my new chemical explosive," said Jennings, seizing me by the collar and attempting to drag me along a dark passage. I succeeded in breaking away, and dashed out into the street, followed by my friend.

However, my experience with fanatical chemists was not at an end. Scarcely had I breathed the free air of the outside world, when I was attacked from the rear. I turned to encounter my unknown assailant, who proved to be no other than Jack FitzGerald. "Thunderation!" cried he, "I'm awfully glad to see you, old chap." And he swung on to my limp hand like a gymnast exercising on the swinging rings. "Come on up to the house and have a bite with me while I tell you a few things in chemistry that you never dreamed of." "I'm very sorry," I hastened to say, "but my train leaves—". "Oh, hang the train! You really must come with me to see the Madam," proudly. I ceased my struggles, and resigned myself to the inevitable, which had suddenly presented itself in a more pleasing light. Seated at the table for the evening repast, my friend engaged Jack in conversation along chemical channels, while I allowed my attention to center upon Mrs. FitzGerald. I chivalrously sought to compliment her on her cooking, but she proudly informed me that everything laid before us was "made in the laboratory by Jack." How I lived through the remainder of the ordeal has always been a mystery to me. However, I distinctly remember entering a drug store shortly after and purchasing antidotes for every poison under the sun, and that I breathed more freely after they were all taken.

"Whither are all those people running?" I asked of my friend. "Is there a fire?" "We will investigate," he said, and we broke into a run and followed the crowd. Turning a corner, we saw a vast throng gathered in the street, all shoving and elbowing toward a common center with their necks craned to get a better view of what was transpiring. Several ladies and children were weeping, and some were almost hysterical, while not a



# THE BUGLE



few had fainted and were being carried away to a nearby drug store. "There has been a wreck," I said, noticing over the heads of the crowd two trolley cars, each with one end smashed to kindling wood, and both with windows minus the glass panes. "Good guess," said my friend, patting me on the back in evident admiration. I modestly acknowledged his congratulation, and drew my foot from under that of a corpulent old gentleman, who was staring helplessly about in the prevailing excitement. "Anybody hurt?" asked the old gentleman, focusing his wandering eyes on me. "Oh, no!" I exclaimed, limping painfully through the crowd to get a nearer view of the accident. Then it was that I saw two men in heated argument. "You know very well, 'Little Mountain,' that you caused the accident," said one, hotly. "Why in thunder didn't you throw on those electro-magnetic brakes when I gave the signal, you hopeless blunderer?" "I did, you blooming idiot, but why in the devil didn't you cut out one circuit of that differential magnet winding and give us a little magnetism on the side, 'Boss'?" So I had at length run upon my friends, Hill and Wade. It developed that they had invented an electro-magnetic traction car brake, and had prevailed upon the electric light and railway company to permit them to test the device on one of their cars. However, they were not discouraged at this termination of their experiment.

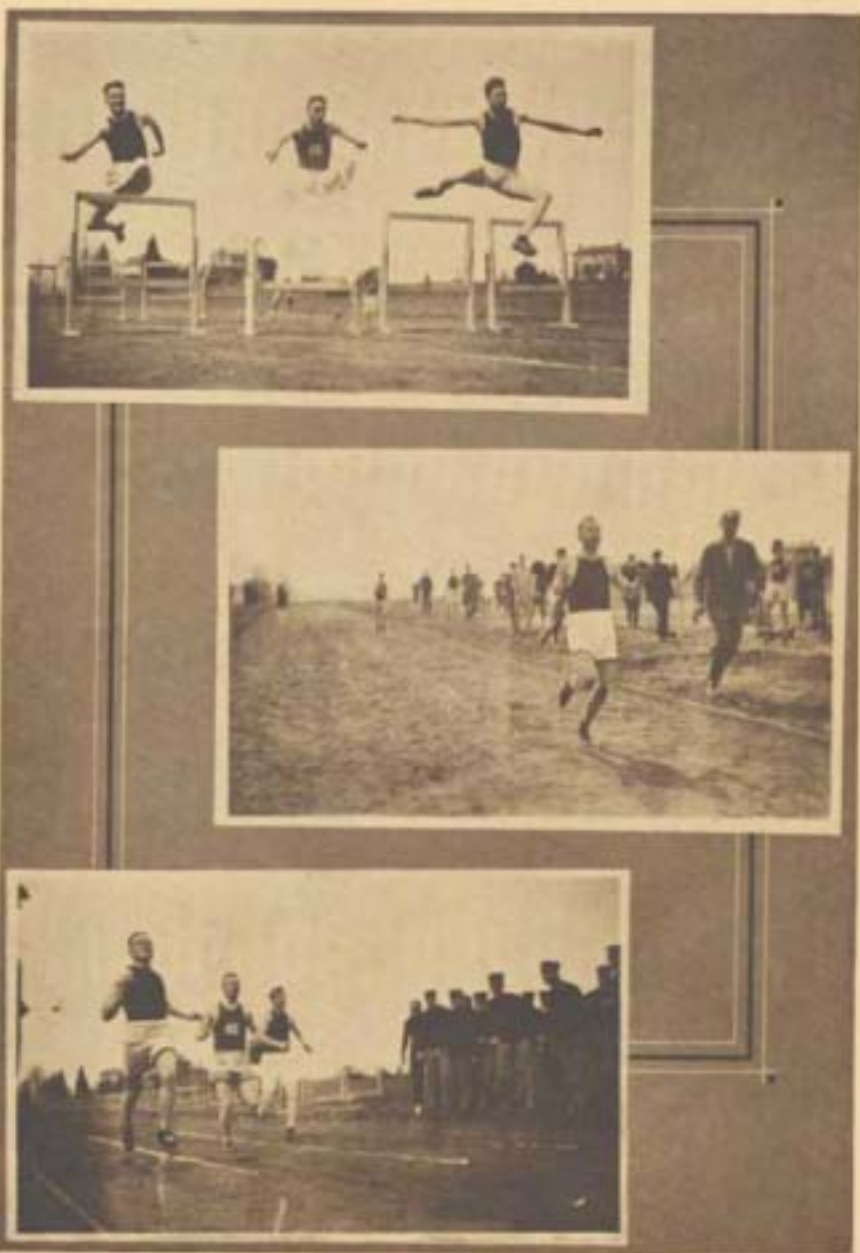
As Fortune would have it, I met my old friend "Yat" Weaver, who had for years been lost to my view. It came about in this way. My friend and I were walking through the residential section of Schenectady one evening at about eight o'clock when we noticed a suspicious looking character peering through a window of one of the houses. He turned when he became aware that we were observing him, and by the light coming through the window I recognized Yat. We shook hands heartily, and then he told me that he was an hour late in getting home, and that he feared his wife was "laying for him." However, our presence simplified matters, and he escorted us inside, and was soon relating the story of his success. It developed that he was working with the General Electric Company at twenty cents an hour. "I attribute my success," said he, "to my total abstinence from the use of alcohol and narcotics. To this is due the fact that I have never been fired." "Yes," chimed in Mrs. Weaver, "and there is a heater in this room that also has never been fired. Suppose you do it now." We left.

We were in the arid lands of Arizona, footsore with travel, and weary with the monotony of the lifeless scenery. "Hurrah!" shouted my friend. "At last we have sighted a haven of rest." Sure enough, in the distance there appeared a house nestling among the inviting trees, and surrounded by green fields. What a pleasing spectacle to weary eyes! We earnestly prayed that the beautiful picture would not prove to be that despair-producing illusion—the mirage—but would soon materialize into contenting reality. Our prayers were not in vain, and soon we were climbing over barbed wire fences, and making for a couple of firemen, who were busily engaged in irrigating a cactus field with a fire-engine. One of the firemen was managing the hose while the other was energetically shoveling tobacco into the furnace of the engine. The engine was pumping water from a nearby artesian well. Both men were attired in the regulation fireman's costume. Could I believe my eyes! Here I had unconsciously run across my old friends, Tom Rives and Lee Sutton. It was one of the pleasantest surprises of my life. They greeted me cordially, and Rives generously offered to let me hold the hose a while. I begged off, and then he proceeded to tell me how he had reclaimed a desert spot and converted it into this earthly Paradise. "But why on earth are you raising those worthless cacti?" I asked. "Why," replied Rives, "when they get ripe we run them several times through a coffee grinder and turn out the most nourishing breakfast food of modern times." "And why are you using tobacco in that furnace?" I asked of Sutton. "Because," said he, "I have found that the weed is as good a fuel in fire-engines as it is for narcotic fiends." And I marveled at the display of wisdom I had just witnessed.

Well, Bob, that was some letter, but I must confess that I could ill afford this wasted night. If your letters ever start me off on another such trip, you and I are going to have some trouble. But what a time I have had! I wonder if the '14 boys really are doing all those queer things. Oh, well! I'm sleepy.

—W. K. B.





(1) HIGH HURDLES

(2) 2-MILE

(3) 100-YARD

TAKEN BY FOLGEMAN AT CAROLINA MEET.

# THE BUGLE

## Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class



WE, THE SENIOR CLASS, being of sound mind and body and knowing that, by Almighty decree, all things must come to an end, do make and declare this our last will and testament.

Be it known to all men by these presents, that we do give, bequeath, or otherwise dispose of, the Beaten Path, which lies in front of No. 1 Barracks, to all privates now in college and to those to arrive in the future. We do this with the sincere hope that the said parties will derive as much pleasure from the above-mentioned path as we have done, but with the understanding that no one will be allowed the privilege of walking on this path for more than two consecutive hours.

The Guard Room, where we have spent many sleepy hours, shall be divided equally among all corporals, for these officers are the only cadets who really appreciate the honor vested in a Corporal of the Guard. We would advise each of the above-named officers to wear his most dillberry uniform when he takes possession of this most sacred sanctuary, and in all ways to so conduct himself as to merit the honor vested in him.

Our most cherished possession, the Alumni Gate, is under no consideration to be divided. We will that this Gate, together with all past debts and those to come, be left to the Alumni of this Institution. The annual dividends accruing from tickets to the Sham Battle and Fair, shall be turned over to the Committee on Maintenance, and shall be used to restore the old-age color to the roof.

That portion of the V. P. I. Campus which lies between the Infirmary and the Dutch Barn, and extends from Lover's Lane to the road, is very dear to our hearts. During Final week it is the scene of much love-making; in fact, it was designed for that very purpose. Knowing that the Juniors are better equipped to appreciate the honor vested in a Corporal of the Guard. We would advise the said portion of the aforesaid Campus to the racking members of the Junior Class. But we would advise the aforesaid Juniors to take warning from those who know whereof they speak—never make love to more than one girl during the same Finals; this practice is sure to lead to disaster.

# THE BUGLE

It is our desire to part with this life at peace with all men, therefore, we cannot be so cruel as to impose the Mess Hall, better known as the Growley Shop, upon any one. We will that this building be consigned to the uttermost depths of the Bottomless Pit. We are firm in the belief that this is where the above-mentioned building really belongs. But we hope that the Fiends in Torment will suffer no additional damnation by this act of ours—one pain, to some extent, counteracts another.

To all future cadets of the V. P. I. we fondly bequeath the five Barracks that now adorn that famous square known as the Quadrangle. It is understood, of course, that all rifles, bayonets, chevrons, and other military equipment, belong with, and are part of, the said Barracks. We do this with our blessing—may you live through it.

The Faculty, Academic Buildings, the Science and Aggie Halls, shall belong to the studious cadets—as a means of acquiring an education. All other cadets shall use the said Faculty and buildings as a means of enjoying themselves, either sleeping or playing. But the periods of enjoyment shall continue to be of fifty minutes duration.

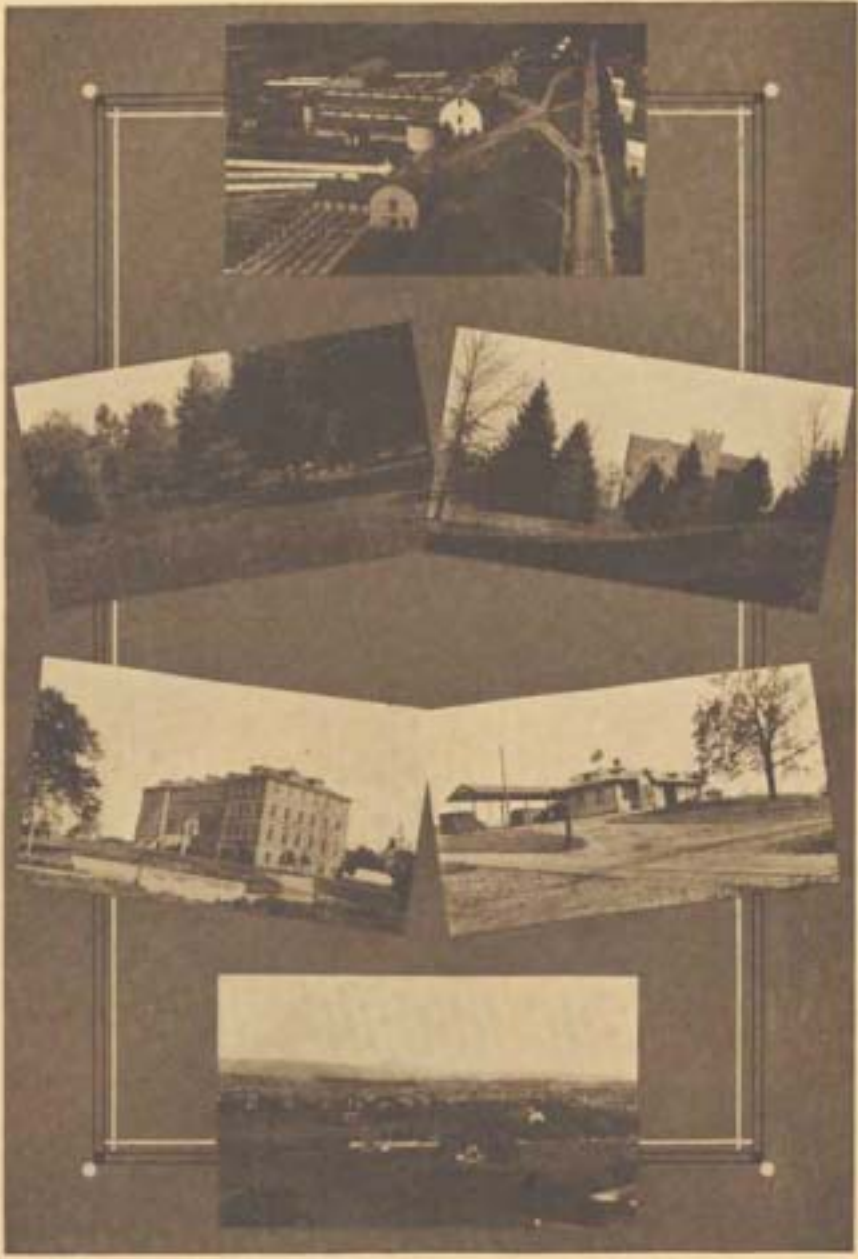
Since the holiday on Arbor Day was secured only by the untiring efforts of the English Department, that day shall be held sacred to Dr. Richard Hudnall—the head of the aforesaid department. And we strictly enjoin each cadet to fill that day with the planting of trees, with the studying of nature, and with the reading of *Paradise Lost*. All other holidays shall be spent in the usual manner—in the service of Bacchus and with the usual number of decks and “bones.”

Given under my hand and seal, this seventeenth day of June, 1914.

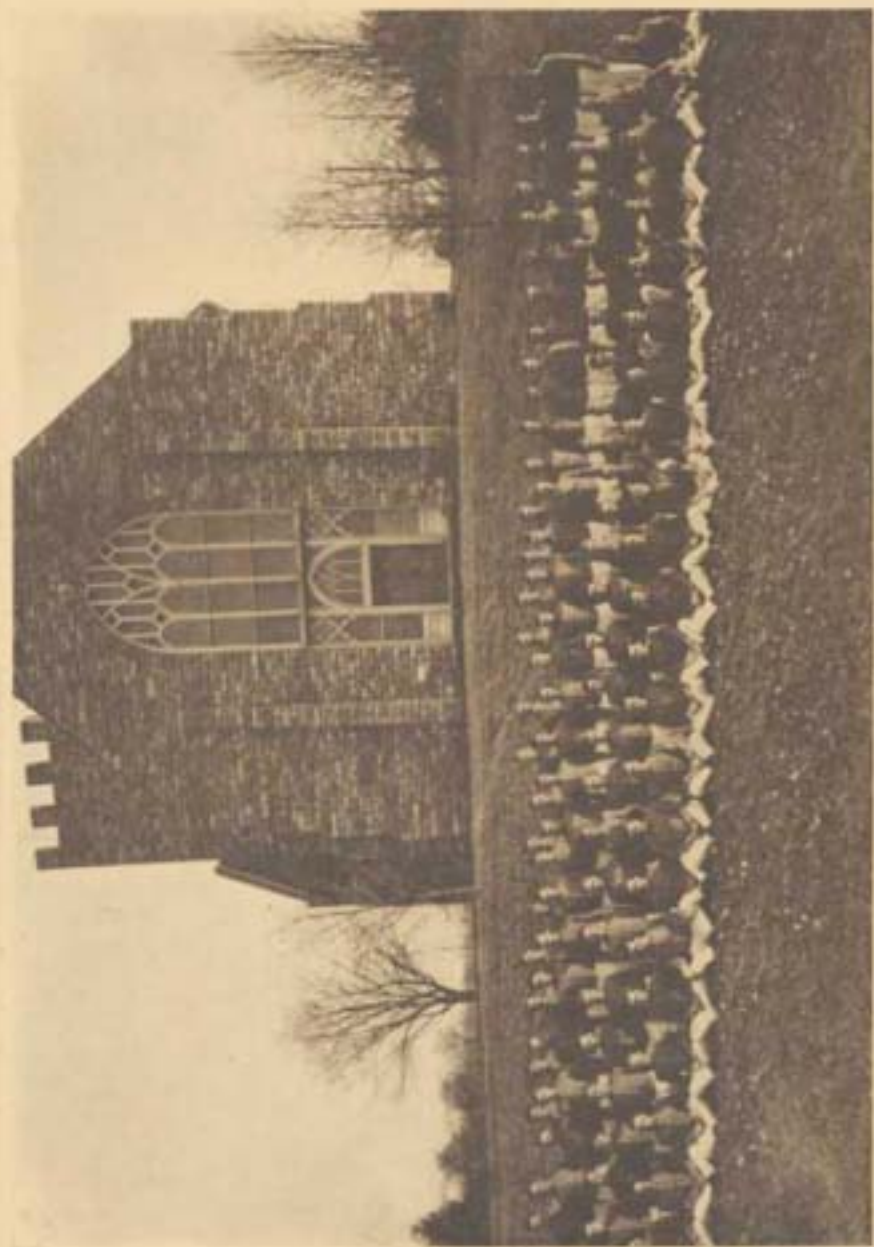
—W. K. B.



THE CAPE of GOOD HOPE







JUNIOR CLASS

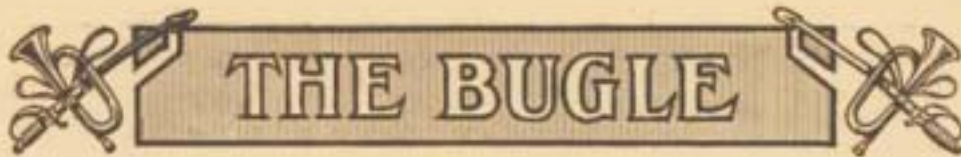


# CLASS 1915



MISS GOSNEY  
Sponsor

ERNEST KING BIBB .....	President
FRANCIS WILLIAM BAILEY .....	Vice-President
ARMSTRONG CHINN .....	Secretary
WILLIAM EDWARD NELSON .....	Treasurer
PLATT ASHLEY PEARSALL .....	Sergeant-at-Arms

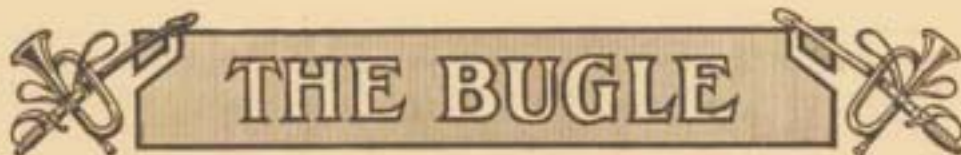


# THE BUGLE

## Junior Class Roll

NAME	POST OFFICE AND COUNTY
ALTIZER, CLARENCE STANLY	Cambria, Montgomery
ARNALL, FRANK ELWOOD	Richmond, Henrico
ARREST, THOMAS MAUND, JR.	Hague, Westmoreland
ARTHUR, JAMES STONE	Driver, Nansemond
BAILEY, FRANCIS WILLIAM	Winchester, Frederick
BAKER, OTIS FLETCHER	Capron, Southampton
BARNEY, HUGH SANDERS	Hampton, Elizabeth City
BECKNER, MOOMAW CEPHAS	Richmond, Henrico
BEVERLEY, JOHN HILL CARTER	Caret, Essex
BIBB, ERNEST KING	Appalachia, Wise
BIBB, HARRY CLIFFORD	Blacksburg, Montgomery
BLACKSIDE, ARTHUR BENJAMIN	Pulaski, Pulaski
BRATER, RUDOLPH CARL	Richmond, Henrico
BROWN, BRISCO BALDWIN	Goshen, Rockbridge
BRUCE, FISHER WATKINS	Chester, Chesterfield
BRUCE, ROWLETT HENRY	Chester, Chesterfield
BURWELL, JOHN ARMSTEAD	Upperville, Fauquier
BUTTERWORTH, ALVIN SWEPSTON	Milford, Caroline
BUTTERWORTH, JOSEPH MILLARD	Milford, Caroline
BUTLER, ROBERT LEWIS	Lynchburg, Campbell
BYRNE, WILLIAM HALE	East Falls Church, Fairfax
CHAYES, GASTON	Curitybe, Brazil, S. A.
CHINN, ARMSTRONG	Norfolk, Princess Anne
COLLINGS, GILBERT HOOPER	Crewe, Nottoway
COOK, RUSSEL, HENRY	Danville, Pittsylvania
COPE, GLENN WILLARD	Spartanburg, South Carolina
DAVIS, HARRY PERRY	Danville, Pittsylvania
DAVIS, ROLAND LEGARD	Abingdon, Washington
DUSHANE, JAMES ROSS	St. Paul, Minnesota
EPES, WILLIAM ROBINSON	Blackstone, Nottoway
FENTRESS, ELLIS ROACHE	Norfolk, Norfolk
FRANCE, JAMES WAYNE	Charlottesville, Albemarle
FUQUA, ISAAC NICKOLS	Bristol, Washington
GARVIN, CLIFTON CANTER	College Park, Campbell
GUY, HARRY DeWITT	Roanoke, Roanoke
HALE, DAN	Narrows, Giles
HARMON, JOHN CADREL	Pulaski, Pulaski
HARRIS, TWINEMAN LEON	Jeffersonton, Culpeper
HEACICK, FRANK AHARN	Richmond, Henrico





# THE BUGLE

NAME	POST OFFICE AND COUNTY
HEFLIN, CARLTON WASHINGTON .....	Broad Run, Fauquier
HILL, FRANCIS LENOIR .....	Lexington, North Carolina
HODGSON, THOMAS MARRIN .....	Falls Church, Alexandria
HUNT, CLYTON TREDWAY .....	Chatham, Pittsylvania
INGHAM, ALAN ARMSTEAD .....	Abingdon, Washington
JAMES, WALTER ROONEY .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
JESSUP, JAMES CAMPBELL .....	Barkerville, Mecklenburg
JONES, JOHN ASHBY .....	Newcastle, Craig
KEARFOOT, WILLIAM .....	Kearneysville, West Virginia
KELLEY, CREED PAXTON .....	Big Stone Gap, Wise
KEMP, ARTHUR WINBURN .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
KIRACOFF, CHARLES EUGENE .....	Mount Solon, Augusta
KREGER, JOHN BRADLEY .....	Abingdon, Washington
LAMBERT, JAMES HOWARD .....	Salem, Roanoke
MACGREGOR, RAYMOND JOSEPH .....	Lynchburg, Campbell
MCKESSON, EARLE RIES .....	Petersburg, Prince George
McNINCH, ELI TODD .....	Charlotte, North Carolina
MOORE, SYLVESTER BAKER .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
MOSBY, JOSEPH EDWIN .....	Richmond, Henrico
MOTLEY, JAMES LEWIS .....	Farnham, Richmond
NELSON, WILLIAM EDWARD .....	Columbia, Fluvanna
NIXON, GENERAL PATTISON .....	Sowers, Floyd
OLIVER, WILLIAM FRANKLIN .....	Irvington, Lancaster
PATTISON, GEORGE PICKRALE .....	Richmond, Chesterfield
PEAKE, MILLARD FILMORE .....	Washington, District of Columbia
PEARNSALL, PLATT ASHLEY .....	Hampton, Elizabeth City
POGUE, WILLIAM ROBERTSON .....	Rising Sun, Maryland
POWELL, JAMES FRANKLIN .....	Hampton, Elizabeth City
PRENTON, SEaton TINSLEY .....	Bristol, Washington
PURCELL, WILLIAM OSBURN .....	Round Hill, Loudoun
REILLY, CHARLES WILLIAM .....	Harrisonburg, Rockingham
ROACH, MILTON ORIS .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
ROWE, THOMAS JEFFERSON .....	Hampton, Elizabeth City
SANDERS, WILLIAM FREDERICK .....	Blacksburg, Montgomery
SCOTT, JOHN SIMEON .....	Roanoke, Roanoke
SHANNON, CHARLES DOUGLAS .....	Saltville, Smyth
SHELTON, FARRAR VILAS .....	Burkeville, Nottoway
St. CLAIR, GORDON .....	Saltville, Smyth
STEELE, WILLIAM ISAAC .....	Charlottesville, Albemarle
STEPHENS, JOSEPH WILLIAM .....	Wicomico Church, Northumberland
TAYLOR, FRANKLIN MINOR .....	Richmond, Henrico
THOMAS, HARVEY EARL .....	Grant, Grayson

# THE BUGLE

NAME	POST OFFICE AND COUNTY
TYREE, NATHAN LOUIS .....	College Park, Campbell
UDY, ISAAC .....	Graham, Tazewell
UEHLING, EDWARD .....	Passaic, New Jersey
WATSON, HOWARD FIELDING .....	Saltville, Smyth
WEINFELD, BEN .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
WILLIAMS, FRANK CAMP .....	Franklin, Southampton



(A REPORT HOME)  
"THREE 'III'S AND A 'IV'"



## 1915 Class Athletics



**I**N ATHLETICS, the Class of 1915 has taken the lead. From the Freshman year up to the Junior year, there has been an increased interest in all branches of sport, both on the varsity and the class teams. Not a few have made their monograms, while a very large number may always be found on the lists of the tryouts.

During the Freshman year the 1915 class turned out an excellent football team, but it unfortunately did not win the championship. This team, however, was considered the hardest of all the class teams to defeat. The championship was wrested from them on a technicality after they had been tied twice and defeated once.

As the "rat" year wore on, the tide of athletics turned towards baseball. It was in this department that the 1915 class meted out sweet revenge. The following year several of these baseball men made the varsity.

In the Sophomore year, a brand new football team was organized by the 1915 class. It was composed mostly of individual players and consequently had little trouble in winning the championship. No defeats were registered against this team.

A fairly good baseball team was organized during the late spring, which turned out to be the storm center of the class championship race. Later in the

# THE BUGLE

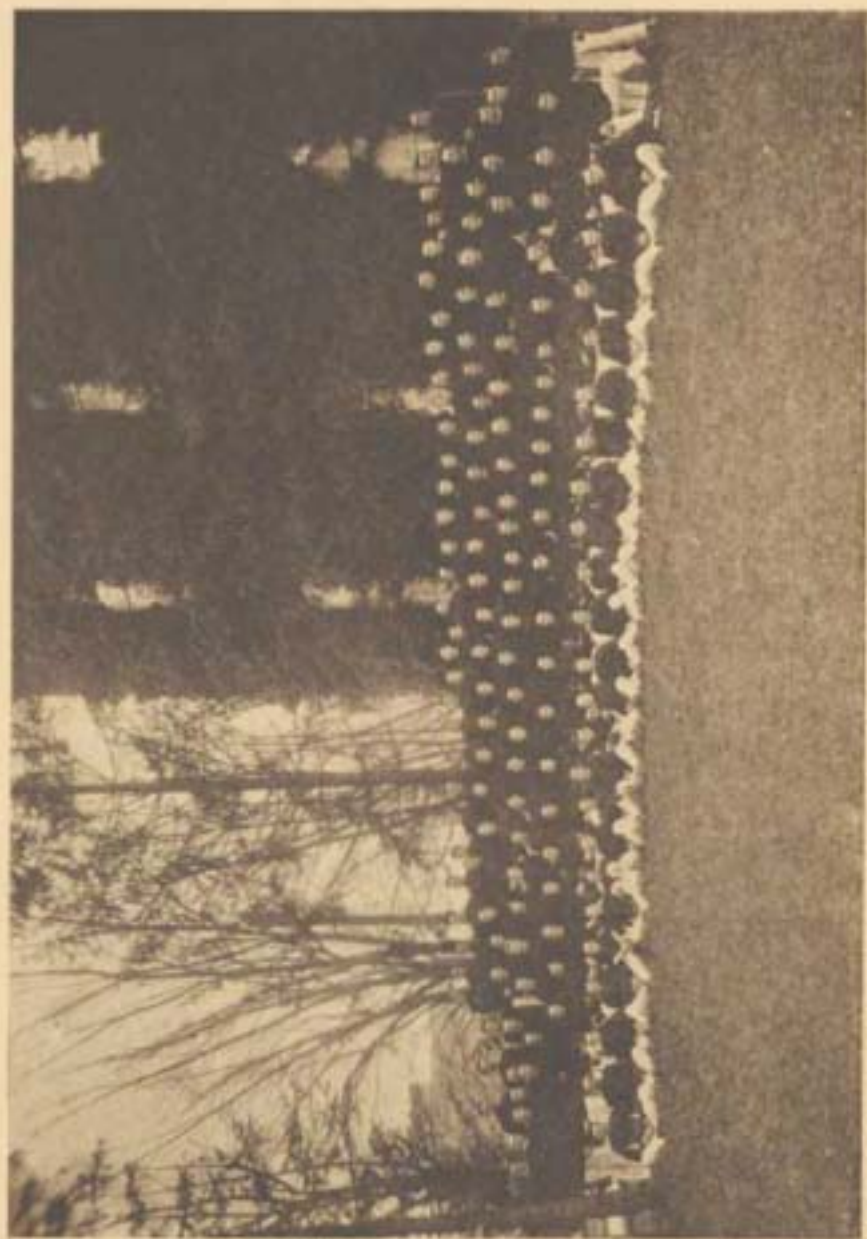


spring, the practice for the track teams started, and at the close of the season several representatives of the class were awarded monograms.

During the present year, the Class of 1915 has so far distinguished itself in all branches of athletics. They opened the fall session by turning out an invincible football team, and later when a basketball league was formed, they utterly routed each of the other teams in its turn.

With the Senior year just one year distant, the 1915 class appears to be able to equal if not surpass all past achievements. Aside from the mere winning of honors, this class has never failed to have an unusually large number of tryouts in all branches of sports, and all records point toward the fact that this is one of the most athletic classes that V. P. I. has seen in years.





MORPHOLOGIE CLAYS

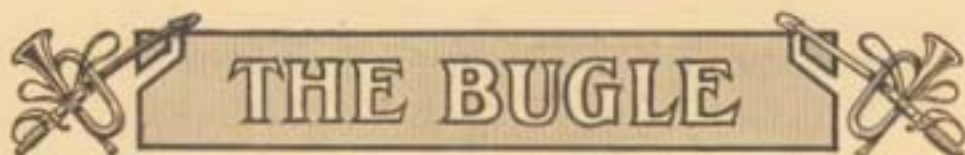


# CLASS 1916



MISS WYATT  
Honor

- |                                 |                         |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| JOSEPH ROBERT WYATT .....       | <i>President</i>        |
| HENRY HERBERT CRAFTON .....     | <i>Vice-President</i>   |
| RICHARD MOTLEY HUTCHINSON ..... | <i>Secretary</i>        |
| WILLIAM LOUIS COGBILL .....     | <i>Treasurer</i>        |
| HENRY JOE BOPP .....            | <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> |

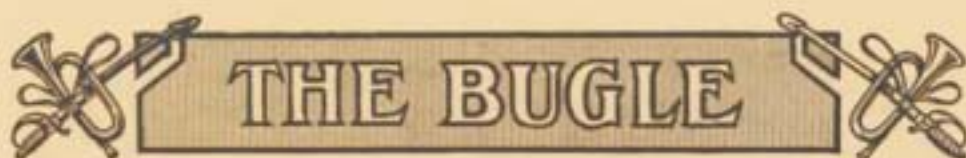


# THE BUGLE

## Sophomore Class

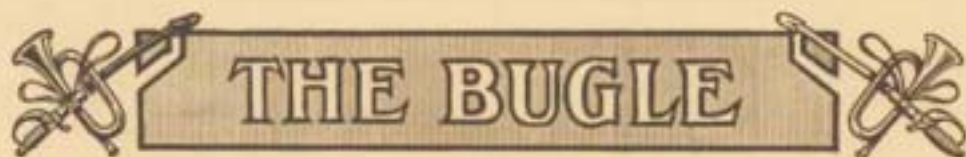
NAME	POST OFFICE AND COUNTY
ARNALL, FRANK ELWOOD	Richmond, Henrico
ARNALL, MARION LUCIAN	Richmond, Henrico
BAKER, RUSSELL CURTIS	Sugarcreek, Ohio
BARGER, HOWARD THORNTON	Lynchburg, Campbell
BEALE, HARRY BROWN	Portsmouth, Norfolk
BEITMAN, STANLEY LEHMAN	Birmingham, Alabama
BLANTON, BERNARD BLEDSOE	Richmond, Henrico
BOFF, ALBERT JOHN	Pulaski, Pulaski
BOFF, HENRY JOE	Pulaski, Pulaski
BOYD, STEPHEN MILLER	Front Royal, Warren
BROWN, JAMES ROBES	Woodville, Rappahannock
BROWN, VIRGINIUS FAUNTLEROY	Novum, Madison
BURWELL, EDWARD BOULDER, JR.	Upperville, Fauquier
CARPER, ALFRED EUGENE	East Radford, Montgomery
CLAY, MAX	Brookneal, Campbell
CLEMMER, THOMAS FRANKLIN	Middlebrook, Augusta
COGBILL, WILLIAM LOUIS	Richmond, Henrico
COLEMAN, GEORGE GRAVETT	Richmond, Henrico
COLEMAN, ARCHIE MAY	Kenbridge, Lunenburg
COLEMAN, RICHARD LOGAN, JR.	Java, Pittsylvania
CONNELLY, ROBERT RANNEY	Lawrenceville, Brunswick
COTTBELL, BENJAMIN	Richmond, Henrico
COUNSELLMAN, WILLIAM CAMPBELL	Foster Mills, Wythe
CRAFTON, HENRY HEBBERT	Richmond, Henrico
CULTON, JAMES LELAND	Waynesboro, Wythe
DAVENPORT, HARRY ASHBY	Roanoke, Roanoke
DAVIS, STEPHEN WEED	Charlotte, North Carolina
DIGGS, CHARLES DOUGLAS	Cumberland, Cumberland
DIGGS, EDWARD SINGLETON	Cumberland, Cumberland
DAWSON, WILLIAM BAILEY	College Park, Campbell
DIXON, VINCENT	Phabus, Elizabeth City
DOGGETT, DAVID SETH	Richmond, Henrico
EASLEY, JOHN BAILEY	South Boston, Halifax
ELEY, JESSE LAWRENCE	Franklin, Southampton
ELLIS, KENNY NICHOLAS	Waverly, Sussex
ELLIS, WILBER RUSSELL	Waverly, Sussex
ENGLERY, LOVD HERMAN	Roanoke, Roanoke
EPSTEIN, IKE	Birmingham, Alabama
FLETCHER, LUCIUS S.	Harrisonburg, Rockbridge
FOX, EDWARD COLLIN	Roanoke, Roanoke





# THE BUGLE

NAME	POST OFFICE AND COUNTY
FURNIVAL, GEORGE MASON .....	Rapidan, Culpeper
FURR, GUY LITTLETON .....	Bluemont, Loudoun
GIBBS, JOHN WILLARD .....	Howardsville, Albemarle
GOODE, JOHN ALLEN .....	Big Stone Gap, Wise
GOULDMAN, HENRY YEATMAN .....	Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania
GRAHAM, ROBERT MACDONALD .....	Graham, Tazewell
GRAY, TURNER ASHBY .....	Syria, Madison
GRAY, ROBERT SOMERVILLE, JR. ....	Richmond, Henrico
GRUMM, ALLEN .....	Phœbus, Elizabeth City
HALLER, JOHN ANDREW .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
HARMAN, SAMUEL CABE .....	Staunton, Augusta
HARRIS, FREDERICK BONSAK .....	Roanoke, Roanoke
HEUSER, PAUL DAYTON .....	Wytheville, Wythe
HILL, THOMAS LUBAWICK .....	Blacksburg, Montgomery
HUNTT, ALBERT FREDERICK, JR. ....	Richmond, Henrico
HUTCHINSON, RICHARD MOTLEY .....	Indian Neck, King and Queen
IRONMONGER, JAMES WILLARD .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
IVEY, WILLIAM MAITLAND .....	Lynchburg, Campbell
JACKSON, THOMAS JOSIAH .....	Drakes Branch, Charlotte
JACOBSON, MOSES ABRAHAM .....	Portsmouth, Norfolk
JOHNSON, GORDON EAST .....	Roanoke, Roanoke
JONES, GARLAND IRVING .....	Driver, Nansemond
KARRICH, WILLIAM CAMILLUS .....	Blacksburg, Montgomery
KAVANAUGH, JAMES GIBBONEY .....	Roanoke, Roanoke
KAVANAUGH, JOHN WILLIAM, JR. ....	Roanoke, Roanoke
KIRBY, FRED ROBERT .....	Baywood, Grayson
LAWSON, CHARLES TELL .....	White Stone, Lancaster
LEWIS, HAUSON SHEFFY .....	Linwood, Rockingham
LIGHT, ROBERT CORNELIUS .....	Evington, Campbell
LILLARD, AMISS FRANKLIN .....	Middleburg, Loudoun
LINDSAY, HARVEY LEE .....	Portsmouth, Norfolk
MADDUX, JAMES LESLIE .....	Blackstone, Nottoway
MACCORMICK, HENRY KING .....	Big Stone Gap, Wise
MACGINNIS, THOMAS DIX .....	Merry Point, Lancaster
MACNAIR, STUART HATCHER .....	Natural Bridge, Rockbridge
MEYNS, LAWRENCE JAMES .....	Richmond, Henrico
MILES, GILBERT PRATER .....	Roanoke, Roanoke
MILLER, STEPHEN ALEXANDER .....	Charlotte, North Carolina
MOOMAW, JOSEPH FRANK .....	Roanoke, Roanoke
MOORE, CECIL BAY .....	Harrisonburg, Rockingham
MOSELEY, ISAAC NEWTON .....	Vinton, Roanoke
MOSES, NOAH PRESTON .....	Lexington, Rockbridge
MURPHY, JAMES RAYMOND .....	Washington, District of Columbia



# THE BUGLE

NAME	POST OFFICE AND COUNTY
MURRY, SETH WHALEY .....	Newport News, Warwick
MYRICK, EXUM BRITT .....	Suffolk, Nansemond
NIXON, SAMUEL HENRY .....	Christiansburg, Montgomery
NORVELL, FOREST HEUSON .....	Richmond, Henrico
PAINTER, JOHN CLAYTON .....	Troutville, Botetourt
PARKER, CHARLES DENDY .....	Purcellville, Loudoun
PARKER, GEORGE EDWARD .....	Portsmouth, Norfolk
PATTERSON, JAMES MONROE .....	Mantoo, Buckingham
PETTIT, JAMES RIDDICK .....	Suffolk, Nansemond
PHINNEY, RALPH MACCULLOUGH .....	Richmond, Henrico
PIERCE, THOMSON BAIRD .....	Christiansburg, Montgomery
PIRST, THEODORE ADOLPHUS .....	Tazewell, Tazewell
RANSOME, PHILLIP GORDON .....	Hampton, Elizabeth City
ROSS, OLIVER BRUCE .....	Radford, Montgomery
ROWE, FINNEN WILLIAM .....	
ROWE, MAURICE .....	Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania
RUST, ARMISTEAD THOMPSON MASON .....	Washington District of Columbia
SANDY, THOMAS OLSEN, JR. ....	Burkeville, Nottoway
SANDERS, HARRY WARRINER .....	Dumbarton, Henrico
SHARP, CECIL BIGBIE .....	Emporia, Greenville
SHUFFLERANGER, JESSE KENNETH .....	Falls Mills, Tazewell
SMITH, WILMER IRVIN .....	Appomattox, Appomattox
SNAPP, OLIVER IRVIN .....	Winchester, Frederick
SMITHVILLE, JAMES GREEN .....	Mitchells, Culpeper
STORY, BEAMAN .....	Franklin, Southampton
STYRE, LOUIS E. ....	Buchanan, Botetourt
SULLIVAN, WILLIAM POLY, JR. ....	Brooklyn, New York
SUTTON, GRANVILLE GARNET .....	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
SWENSON, HAROLD OSCAR .....	Passaic, New Jersey
TAYLOR, SAM MACCORMICK .....	Richmond, Henrico
TENCH, WALTON BUNN .....	Franklin, Southampton
VAUGHT, CHAPMAN KEMPOR .....	Newport, Giles
WALL, EARL ROSCOE .....	East Radford, Montgomery
WALL, ROSCOE RUXER .....	Lynchburg, Campbell
WARE, DONALD MADISON .....	Boliver, Tenn.
WARREN, CHARLES LAWS .....	Pangoteague, Accomac
WAYSON, LOYD NICHOLAS FRANCIS .....	Saltville, Smyth
WELLS, THOMAS JEFFERSON .....	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
WHITEHURST, STEWART REGINALD .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
WHITNEY, CLARENCE BENNETT, JR. ....	Newport News, Warwick
WILEY, DORSET VIRGINIUS .....	Crozet, Albemarle
WILEY, LAWSON BYRON .....	Salem, Roanoke
WILLIAMS, BERNARD PACK .....	Winston, Culpeper

# THE BUGLE

WILSON, JESSE THOMAS .....	Hampton, Elizabeth City
WINE, ROGER O. ....	Harrisonburg, Rockingham
WISE, BENJAMIN COLONNA .....	Craddockville, Accomac
WOOD, GEORGE WARWICK .....	Roanoke, Roanoke
WYATT, JOHN ALBERT .....	Hampton, Elizabeth City
WYATT, JOHN MITCHELL, JR. ....	Richmond, Henrico
WYATT, JOSEPH ROBERT .....	Buchanan, Botetourt



*A Full... Sophomore.*

# THE BUGLE



## 1916 Class Athletics

**T**HE '16 Classmen have taken a great interest in all the departments of athletics, since their entrance at the V. P. I. This interest is clearly manifested by the results of the class teams and the number of '16 men on the different Varsity squads. The 1913 Varsity football team drew five of its men from the Sophomore class, besides a large number of scrubs. This class has had no men on the basketball teams up to the present, although several men have made the squad. Last year Dave Parrish made the baseball team and proved to be one of the best catchers of the season. In appreciation of his athletic services he was chosen captain of the 1914 team, but resigned his position because he did not return to V. P. I. after the Christmas holidays. The Sophomore class had one man to make the track team last year,—Graves, who put the shot a few feet further than Manager Bowler, winning his track monogram (and the reputation of having "hossed" Bowler). Our teams have been very prominent in class athletics since "our Rat year." Our first year we had one of the pluckiest class football teams of the season, but our pluck was not

# THE BUGLE

equal to the weight and experience of the Junior and Sophomore teams, who beat us by close scores. We won third place in class standing by whipping the Seniors. The basketball record was a repetition of our football record. We were beaten in hard-fought games by the Sophomores and Juniors, while we again defeated the Seniors. Last fall our football team tied the Juniors for the class championship by a score of 0 to 0. Class basketball was played this year for the first time at V. P. I. The Sophomore team beat the Seniors, while they were beaten by the Juniors and Freshmen.

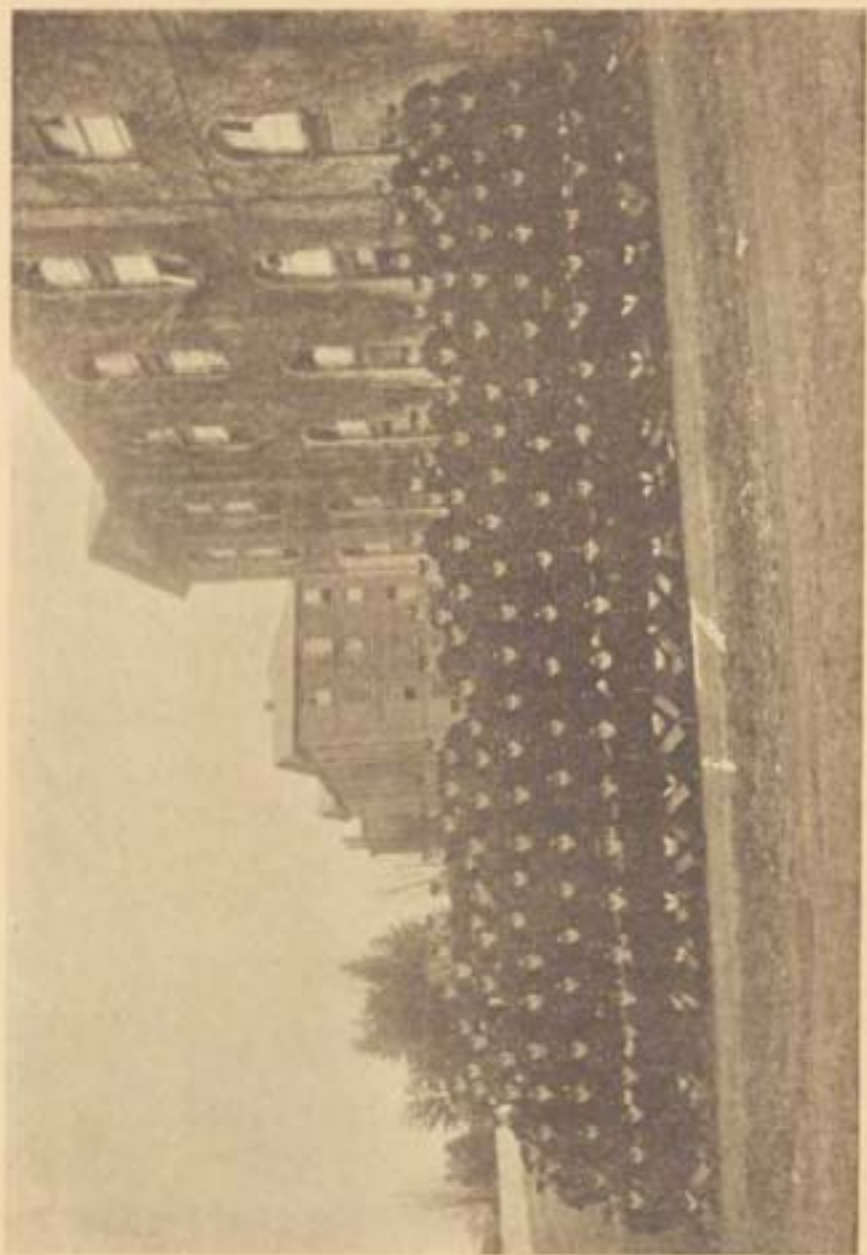




RAT PARADE AND SNOW BATTLE



THE MEMORY STRING



FRESHMAN CLASS





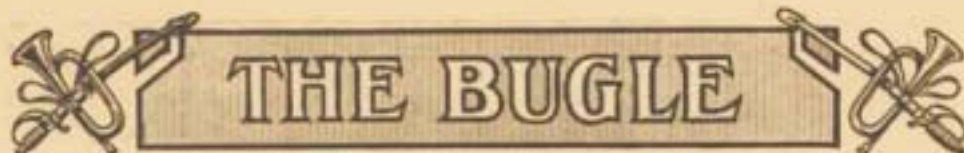
# CLASS 1917



MISS BAROCK  
*Sponsor*

- |                                |                         |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------|
| JOHN STAUB CAFFEY .....        | <i>President</i>        |
| FRANK ALLISON ENGLEBY .....    | <i>Vice-President</i>   |
| JOHN CALVIN SHOCKLEY, Jr. .... | <i>Secretary</i>        |
| JAMES EDWARD GREGORY .....     | <i>Treasurer</i>        |
| WILLIAM ROLLIN ROBINSON .....  | <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> |

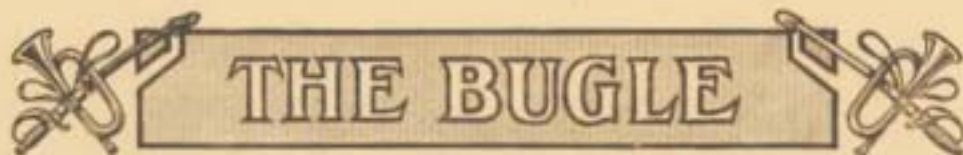
F. HEACOCK '14



# THE BUGLE

## Freshman Class

NAME	POST OFFICE AND COUNTY
ABBOTT, LYMAN SINCLAIR	Newcastle, Craig
ALDERSON, RICHARD CLARENCE	Keeling, Pittsylvania
ARTHUR, JAMES FICKLIN	Greenville, North Carolina
BANKS, EDGAR CARRINGTON	Bluefield, West Virginia
BARTON, EVERETT MAXWELL	Hampton, Elizabeth City
BLOUNT, CHARLES RUSSELL	Falls Church, Fairfax
BUCHANAN, FRANK AUSTIN	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
BUSHNELL, WILLIAM TERRILL	Salem, Roanoke
CAFFEY, JOHN STAUR	Norfolk, Norfolk
CALE, FRANK BROWNLY	Prospect, Prince Edward
CAMM, FRANK	Monroe, Amherst
CAMPBELL, PAXTON STUART	Lynchburg, Campbell
CARR, CHARLES GILMER	Charlottesville, Albemarle
CHINN, CARTER	Norfolk, R. F. D., Princess Anne
CLARK, IVAN EPPERLY	Bramwell, West Virginia
CLEMENTS, CHARLIE LESLIE	Beaver Dam, Hanover
COBB, ARCHIE LEE	Blackstone, Nottoway
COCKE, GERRIE WILLIAM, JR.	Bristol, Washington
CORDER, GARNETT KERN	Hume, Fauquier
COX, ATHOL HERMAN	Wytheville, Wythe
CRABILL, EDWIN BLAKE	Galax, Grayson
CROWDER, JUNIUS CLAUDE	Charlotte, North Carolina
DAILEY, VERNON WITTON	Graham, Tazewell
DETRICK, STAPLETON CONWAY	Rockville, Hanover
DEVIN, WAVERLY COUSINS	Sandy River, Pittsylvania
DICKEY, HUGH MARSHALL	Christiansburg, Montgomery
DRINKARD, CLARENCE HENRY	Bristol, Washington
DURWIN, THOMAS CARLISLE	Bumpass, Louisa
ERNST, CLARENCE RAY	Belmont, Pennsylvania
EASON, WALLACE HENRY	Port Norfolk, Norfolk
EAST, JOHN HARVELL	Churchville, Augusta
ELAM, ROBERT KIRBY	Suffolk, Nansemond
ELLINGSWORTH, WALTER MARSHALL	Norfolk, Norfolk
ENGLBY, FRANK ALLISON	Roanoke, Roanoke
FERGUSON, WILLIAM CAREY	Taylor's Store, Franklin
FISHER, CHARLES KING	Rural Retreat, Wythe
FLANAGAN, FRANK HENDERSON	Christiansburg, Montgomery



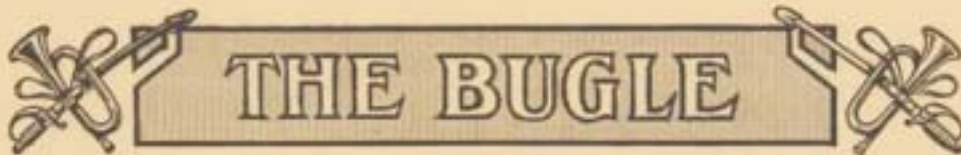
# THE BUGLE

NAME	POST OFFICE AND COUNTY
FORESHAW, FREDERICK HERBERT .....	Roland Park, Maryland
FOWLE, PHILIP ROLLINS .....	Washington, District of Columbia
FULWIDER, WILLIAM RUSSELL .....	Bristol, Tennessee
GAINES, LEONARD MYRTON .....	Richmond, Henrico
GARY, ROBERT ARMSTEAD .....	Richmond, Henrico
GIBSON, BOAS EVANS .....	Hoxie, Arkansas
GLENN, JOHN STALEY, .....	Saltville, Smyth
GOODWIN, ROBERT FLOURNOY .....	South Richmond, Chesterfield
GRAY, FRANCIS ALEXANDER .....	Kinsale, Westmoreland
GREGORY, JAMES EDWARD .....	Chase City, Mecklinburg
GREGORY, WILLIAM VERNON .....	Roanoke, Roanoke
HAGY, BERTIS EDWIN .....	Bristol, Washington
HARMAN, PAT CLAUD .....	Bramwell, West Virginia
HARRIS, HENRY MILETUS .....	Scottsville, Albemarle
HAWKINS, JAMES DAVID .....	Greenville, Tennessee
HENDERSON, ROBERT ASHBY .....	Council, Buchanan
HENDERSON, THOMAS CARTMEL .....	Blacksburg, Montgomery
HINDLE, JOHN D. ....	Amelia, Amelia
HOLTMAN, ARTHUR CARL .....	Richmond, Henrico
HOLTON, FRANK CAREY .....	Danville, Pittsylvania
HUBBARD, OVERTON CARDWELL .....	Leda, Halifax
HUMPHRIES, HARRY PRESTON .....	Clifton Forge, Alleghany
IRVINE, DICKSON HAYNE .....	Greenville, South Carolina
JAMES, ROBERT BURDIE .....	Rural Retreat, Wythe
JAMES, WILLIAM EARLY .....	Rural Retreat, Wythe
JOHNSTON, ANDREW LOGAN .....	Natural Bridge, Rockbridge
JOHNSTON, LAWRENCE MALCOMB .....	Leesburg, Loudoun
JORDEN, ESSEX FRANK .....	Big Island, Bedford
KEARFOY, HUGH SMITH .....	Martinsville, Henry
KEATON, WILLIAM HUTCHINSON .....	Hampton, Elizabeth City
KELER, HARRY EDWARD .....	Bristol, Tennessee
KEMP, HAROLD AUGUSTUS .....	Frederick, Maryland
KING, RUFUS .....	South Boston, Halifax
KIRBY, CARL JAMES .....	Baywood, Grayson
KOONTE, GLENN HUDSON .....	Stanley, Page
LATHAM, GEORGE HENRY .....	Rapidan, Culpeper
LEFEVRE, ROGER NATHANIEL .....	Newport News, Warwick
LESURE, MARTIN EDWARD .....	Bristol, Washington
LITTLE, JAMES ALVAH .....	Bramwell, West Virginia
LYON, HENRY YOST .....	Greenville, Tennessee
MACON, DAVID CONWAY .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
MARKS, KEENE .....	Richmond, Henrico



# THE BUGLE

NAME	POST OFFICE AND COUNTY
MASON, JAMES BERNARD .....	Glade Springs, Washington
MATHEWS, WILLIAM GOOLDE .....	Big Stone Gap, Wise
McKELWAY, BENJAMIN MOSSY .....	Washington, District of Columbia
MINOR, GRANVILLE FULLER .....	Coke, Gloucester
MOXNER, EDWARD BUMS .....	Williamsburg, James City
MOORE, GEORGE EDMUND .....	Chattanooga, Tennessee
MOORE, JONRUS TUTTLE .....	Charleston, West Virginia
MOORE, RALPH McDONALD .....	Wytheville, Wythe
MORRISON, JEROME VINCENT .....	Forest Depot, Bedford
MOSES, NOAH PRESTON .....	Lexington, Rockbridge
OAKKY, PAUL DEWITT .....	Salem, Roanoke
OWENS, GEORGE RAYMOND .....	Wytheville, Wythe
PARRISH, BEVERLY SPOTSWOOD .....	Richmond, Henrico
PARRISH, EARLE CAMPBELL .....	Lynchburg, Campbell
PERICE, JOHN BARRY .....	Roanoke, Roanoke
PERFATER, GEORGE FRENCH MALCOMB .....	Saltville, Smyth
PONTON, JOHN WILLIAM, JR. ....	Saxe, Charlotte
POTTS, JOSEPH JOHNSTON .....	Ashland, Hanover
PRICE, WALDO HENDERSON .....	Blacksburg, Montgomery
PRITCHARD, JOHN HUGH .....	Baltimore, Maryland
RILEY, JOHN TERENCE, JR. ....	Portsmouth, Norfolk
ROBERTS, EDMUND LEE .....	Rocky Mount, Franklin
ROBINSON, WILLIAM ROLLIN .....	Forest Depot, Bedford
ROLLER, JOHN BAKER .....	South Boston, Halifax
ROSS, OLIVER BRUCE .....	Radford, Montgomery
SAUNDERS, WALTER CONWAY, JR. ....	Glen Allen, Henrico
SCOTT, CLARENCE .....	Roanoke, Roanoke
SHOCKLEY, JOHN CALVIN, JR. ....	Stuart, Patrick
SIMPSON, HOMER EDGAR .....	Oriskany, Botetourt
SPILLER, ERNEST MCCOMAS .....	Wytheville, Wythe
STEPHENS, ERNEST LENWOOD .....	Martinsville, Henry
TAYLOR, SAMUEL MATHEWS .....	Lynchburg, R. F. D., Bedford
THOMAS, RALPH CLEON .....	Grant, Grayson
THOMASSON, ROBERT HENRY .....	Richmond, Chesterfield
TIDD, CLARENCE HART .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
TOWNSEND, GEORGE LINCOLN .....	Washington, District of Columbia
TRUITT, WILLIAM IRVING .....	Suffolk, Nansemond
TURNER, WILLIAM GORDON .....	Manassas, Prince William
TYREE, PAUL WHITEHEAD .....	Lynch's Sta., Campbell
UMLAUF, LOUIS BLANTON .....	Richmond, Henrico
WALL, EARL ROSCOE .....	East Radford, Montgomery



# THE BUGLE

NAME	POST OFFICE AND COUNTY
WALLER, MATHEW PAGE .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
WHITE, SAMUEL MULLEN .....	Shawsville, Montgomery
WILLIAMS, NORMAN HILL, JR. ....	Chase City, Mecklenburg
WILLS, THOMAS LAFAYETTE, JR. ....	Retusens, Campbell
WOOD, JAMES MALCOM .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
WORD, HENRY McALEXANDER, JR. ....	Christiansburg, Montgomery
WRIGHT, NICHOLAS COMTES .....	Mulberry Island, Warwick
WYATT, WILLIAM HENRY .....	Portsmouth, Norfolk

## TWO-YEAR MEN

ALLISON, JOHN CRAIG .....	Draper, Pulaski
APPERSON, KENT .....	Marion, Smyth
ARMSTRONG, JOHN .....	Union Mills, Fluvanna
BARGER, HERBERT MARION .....	Blacksburg, Montgomery
BEAR, ROBERT HUTCHERSON .....	Clintchville, Augusta
BENNETT, WALTER WAITS .....	Blacksburg, Montgomery
BORDEN, JAMES PAUL .....	Riverton, Warren
BOWMAN, GEORGE LEE .....	Bones Mill, Franklin
BRONNES, HALMER HAROLD .....	Opportunity, Washington State
BUTT, WILLIAM PORTLOCK .....	Berkeley, Norfolk
CARICOFF, HARVARD PAUL .....	Dayton, Rockingham
DALY, MICHAEL JOSEPH .....	New York City, New York
DASHFIELD, THOMAS ASHBY .....	Smithfield, Isle of Wight
DEMAINE, CHARLES WINTERS .....	Washington, District of Columbia
DODSON, EDGAR RUSSELL .....	Ringgold, Pittsylvania
EASLEY, JOHN BAILEY .....	South Boston, Halifax
FITZGERALD, EDMUND BONLEY .....	Gretna, Pittsylvania
GOODE, HERBERT HILL .....	Moseley Junction, Chesterfield
HARMAN, CHARLES WILLIAM, JR. ....	Dublin, Pulaski
HARMAN, DAVID KING .....	Dublin, Pulaski
HARVELL, WILLIAM STILES .....	Norfolk, Norfolk
HINES, ELMER .....	Recks, Lunenburg
HOPE, CHARLES PETER .....	Watanga, Washington
HOUCHINS, GUY MAURICE .....	Lynwood, Rockingham
HOUCHINS, JAMES ROBERT .....	Nokesville, Prince William
JUDD, PRESTON HUBBARD .....	Petersburg, R. F. D., Chesterfield
KEITH, LESLIE CLINTON .....	Amsterdam, Botetourt
KEYSER, JAMES MARVIN .....	Maiden, Goochland
KHAN, MOZAFFAR ED DIN .....	Washington, District of Columbia
LIESFIELD, JOHN JACOB .....	Richmond, Henrico
LUCAS, CHARLES BLACK .....	Rines, Montgomery
LUCAS, FORD KAWOOD .....	East Radford, Montgomery
MALONEY, ROBERT HILL .....	Hosmer, Charlotte
MCGUIRE, GEORGE ORSON .....	Tazewell, Tazewell
MCGUIRE, LINDSAY THOMPSON .....	Tazewell, Tazewell
O'GILVIE, THOMAS FLUSHER .....	Staunton, Augusta

# THE BUGLE

NAME	POST OFFICE AND COUNTY
OLIVER, ROBERT HILLUPS .....	Crewe, Nottoway
PARIS, ESTERAN RANSON .....	Maracaibo, Venezuela, S. A.
PEEBLES, JULIAN HUGHLETT .....	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
PORTER, WILLIAM FREDERICK .....	Charleston, West Virginia
POTTS, THURSTON JAMES .....	Round Hill, Loudoun
PRICE, CHARLES BARFORD, JR. ....	Roanoke, Roanoke
PRYOR, NORMAN CAREY .....	Chestnut, Amherst
PURCELL, PHILIP SUTTON .....	Schuyler, Nelson
RALSTON, ERNEST HOSSETT .....	Dayton, Rockingham
RALSTON, EDWIN PRICE .....	Dayton, Rockingham
RAMSEY, REUFEN EARLIE .....	Gretna, Pittsylvania
ROBERTSON, RALPH .....	Delaplane, Fauquier
ROGERSON, PARK HERBERT .....	Richmond, Henrico
RUPPIN, JOHN ALSTON .....	Roxbury, Charles City
SIRON, SIDNEY CLAY .....	McDowell, Highland
SULLIVAN, WILLIAM POKEY, JR. ....	South Boston, Halifax
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TROWER, GEORGE SCHERER .....	Eastville, Northampton
VAN DE VANTER, ALBERT LEE .....	Leesburg, Loudoun
WATKINS, JOSEPH SESSLER .....	Troutville, Botetourt
WEBB, KENNETH RANDOLPH .....	Newcastle, Craig
WEST, EDWARD LAWRENCE .....	Lynchburg, Campbell
WILLIS, LYMAN EASON .....	Cape Charles, Northampton
WINDRE, ARVYLE .....	Winnecke, Illinois
WINGFIELD, CHARLES VEST .....	Charlottesville, Albemarle
WOOD, GEORGE PAYNE .....	Baldwin Sta. Botetourt



# THE BUGLE



## 1917 Class Athletics

**I**N LOOKING over the athletic record of the Class of '17, we see much to be justly proud of. First, in football we were well represented. Not only did we have a number of men on the varsity squad, but two who were continually in the foreground, playing star ball during the entire season. Then the backbone of the basketball team is composed of Freshmen, three of the regulars being new men. We also have some promising candidates for the track team who bid fair to make the V. P. men hustle in order to hold their position. And finally, for the approaching baseball season, the eyes of the whole school are centered on the new pitchers and catchers. Of these, we have a pair of each who show signs of something strongly resembling "class," besides several of about average ability. The showing made by our class football team, too, was unusually good. The two preceding Rat football teams were both overcome by the superior age and experience of their opponents, losing all three of

# THE BUGLE

the class games. But, by defeating the Seniors 12 to 0, our team broke this apparent hoodoo and won the first class football game that has been won by a Freshman team since 1916. And, altho our class basketball team was not a great success, we are looking forward to baseball with anticipations of a championship nine.





# THE BUGLE



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# THE BUGLE



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# THE BUGLE



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VOL. II. VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE SESSION 1913-14



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THE FIRING LINE STAFF

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Published monthly from November through May by the Lee and Maury Literary Societies.

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R. W. OWENS  
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## Bugle Election

### *Most Popular Professor:*

Professor Vawter, Professor Miles, and Dr. Williams, are voted the most popular, in the order named.

### *Handsome Professor:*

Professor Rasche still holds down first place in the department, with Professor McCown second and Dr. Chrisman third.

### *Wittiest Professor:*

Professors Gudheim and Rasche uphold their records of previous years by taking first and second places respectively. Dr. Newman gets a large number of votes.

### *Best Teacher:*

Here, as in many other elections, the vote is very widely scattered. This is the order of teaching ability: Dr. Williams, Col. Brodie, and Professor Holden.

### *What Was the Biggest Day of the Year?*

February 14—V. P. I., 21; W. & L., 19! !

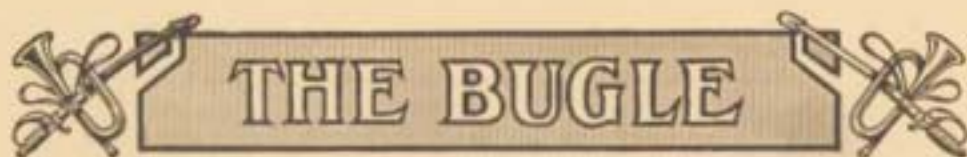
This was the most enjoyable day of the year in Techland. Many of the fellows had a good time in Roanoke Thanksgiving, and all the Seniors look forward to June 17th as the greatest day of their Cadethood.



WYNE  
 POWERS  
 WOLFE

BEACOCK  
 SCOTT  
 GODWIN

POWELL  
 CULPEPER  
 RIVES



# THE BUGLE

### *Most Popular Cadet:*

This was a close race between "Bud" Wysor and "Jimmy" Powell until "A" Company's votes were counted, then Wysor took the lead and won by a good majority. There were no others in the race.

### *Brainiest Cadet:*

The brilliancy of the stars was in the following order: First and most brilliant, Heacock; second, C. R. Moore; third, Wysor. Some other twinklers: McKesson, Powers, and Somerville.

### *Best All-round Cadet:*

The most popular cadets are also the best all-round cadets, but here the order is reversed and Powell leads, with Wysor a close second. Somerville and Jones tie for third place.

### *Handsomest Cadet:*

Powers and Scott (F. R.) carry off all the honors in the good-looks department, each getting the same number of votes. Carrington takes third place with a few votes.

### *Who Thinks He Is:*

"Lord" Culpeper has the votes, if not the good looks. Scott, who ranks high in good looks, gets second place, with G. P. Patteson third.

### *Hardest Student:*

Wolfe studies harder this year than he did last, and of course wins first place with ease. Heacock is second, and Swenson gets a few votes.

### *Laziest Cadet*

In three months, "Sleepy" Goodwin makes a reputation for himself which wins him first place. "Owl" Moore gets second. Was it because "Owl" showed more energy throwing snowballs than "Sleepy" did in running from them? Motley and Dawson are also lazy.

### *Most Dignified Cadet:*

The order of the count was as follows: Scott, first; Heacock, second, and Collings, third.

### *Biggest Racketeer:*

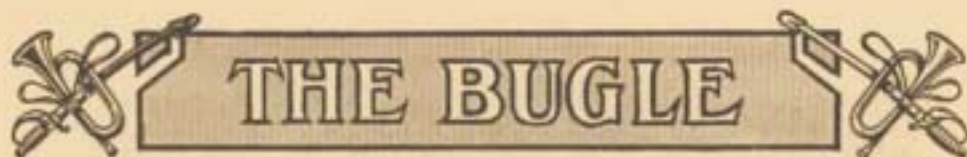
Rives seems to spend the most time at this delightful pursuit. Goodloe and Culpeper cut a wide swathe in society, taking second and third place, respectively.



CULPEPER  
 BOWLER  
 TERRE

COPE  
 MAC GREGOR  
 GRUM

JENCK  
 WARREN  
 SCOTT



# THE BUGLE

### *Who Tries to Be:*

The man with the good looks (*per se*), "Lord" Culpeper, tries hardest to win the affections of the calics. Patteson tries hard, but only gets second place. Sibold relaxes his efforts of last year and wins third place.

### *Cadet Most in Love:*

A great many who would like to have voted for themselves voted for their roommates. Cope, who has given up Literary Society work to write love letters, gets first place. Powers is second, with Andrews and Shankland tying for third place.

### *Biggest Lady Hater:*

Thinking there would be no candidates, we came near omitting this question; however, we find that there is one of these abnormal creatures left—R. S. Jessup.

### *Biggest Hot-Air Artist:*

If a thimble full of hot air represented all the other votes, Bowler's would fill the tank.

### *Wittiest Cadet:*

MacGregor, of "C" Company fame, easily takes first place, with St. Clair and Shannon following in the order named.

### *Most Bashful Cadet:*

Perhaps, after all, our greatest lady hater is only timid, for Jessup wins first place here. "Timid" Haughton is also very bashful, and Uehling has many blushes.

### *Best Figure:*

"Army" Scott, of military fame, takes first place, with Powers a close second. Wysor and Powell tie for third place.

### *Best-Natured Liar:*

"Punk" Warren's fancy, flowery, frivolous fabrications freely force him forward to first place. Bowler and Mosby are second with an equal number of votes, and "Cif" Johnson third.

### *Greatest Bore:*

"Growley" Tebbs' bull seems to be the most tiresome, for he receives a large majority of the votes. H. P. Davis, however, is a good contestant, with "C" Company supporting Chaves.

### *Freshest Rat:*

The votes were widely distributed. The following are the freshest: Grum, Ponton, Houchens, Moore ("Irish"), and Todd.

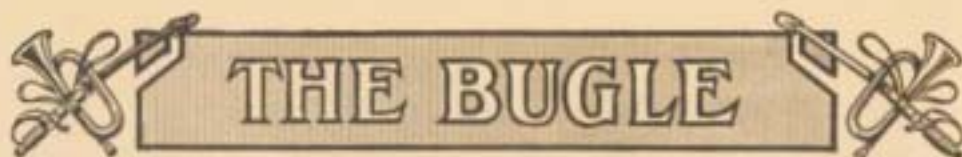


POWELL  
DOGGETT  
FUQUA

LEGG  
WYBOR  
FRANCE

ORLINGS  
BYRNE  
CLEMMER





# THE BUGLE

### *Best All-Round Athlete:*

The only cadet who received many votes was Jimmy Powell. Although his cadet days are over, Winnie Legge's fame as an athlete wins him a tie with Powell for first place. The votes show Pick and Engleby to be good athletes.

### *Most Military Private:*

Three Lieus. coming up! First Lieutenant "Peanuts" Collings, Second Lieutenant "Pop" Stephens, and Lieutenant "Zip" Ingham.

### *Most Unmilitary Private:*

The awkward squad for these! "First Sergeant, take charge of Mr. Doggett, Mr. Grum, and Mr. Rust (G. L.), and instruct them in military science and tactics."

### *Most Conceited Cadet:*

A race between "Lord" Culpeper and Frank Scott, resulting in a tie. "Pickle" Patteson barely beats "Peanuts" Collings in the contest for second place.

### *Best Senior Officer:*

Our ranking Captain, Wyser, who has been voted best Corporal and best First Sergeant in previous elections, is now voted for first place here. Lengthy Jones is a good second, and McCue and Powers are supported by their own companies.

### *Best First Sergeant:*

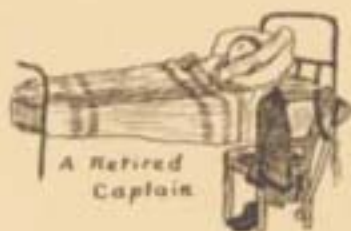
Nearly all the companies strongly support their own first sergeants, but the addition of a number of votes from "E" Company gives Billy Burn first place. Heflin and Jones follow in the order named.

### *Best Sergeant:*

The "right hand men" of "D," "B," and "A" Companies have nearly all the votes. The order of the result—Fuqua and France, first, and "Red" Nelson, second.

### *Best Corporal:*

The combination of being star center on the football team and ex-cadet of V. M. I. easily wins first place for "Tom" Clemmer. "Bibbie" Cogbill and "Rex" Whitehurst are second and third, respectively.



A Retired  
Captain



Officer,  
Front and  
Center !!!



To The Rear !!!



Halt !!!



inspection



The Call  
To Arms



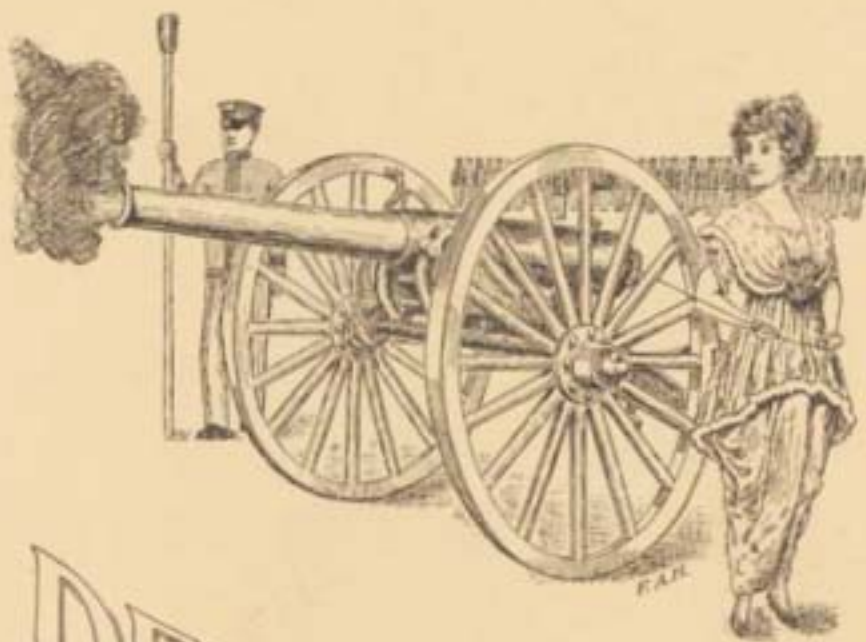
Fall In !!!

# MILITARY TERMS



opp. 74

MILITARY



DEPARTMENT



## The Colors

### COLOR SERGEANTS

HEACOCK, F. A.

POWELL, J. F.

### COLOR GUARD

BOWLER, R. T. E.

PICK, L. A.

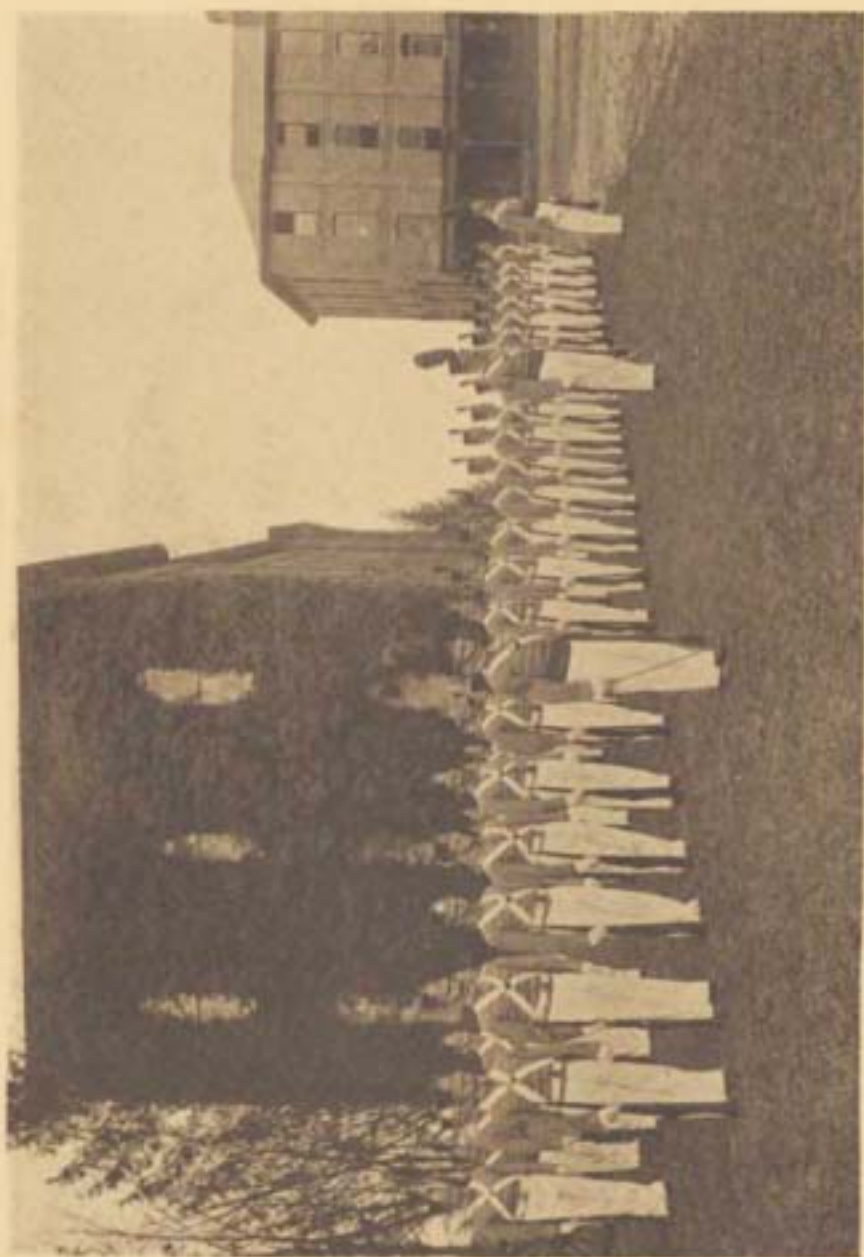


MISS COOK  
Sponsor



### Battalion Staff

C. F. JOHNSON  
*Capt. and Adj.*  
O. H. CULPEPER  
*First Lieut. and Asst. Adj.*  
F. A. HEACOCK  
*Sergt.-Major*



COMPANY A



MISS GIDLEY  
Nominer



### Company A

W. G. WYSOR      *Captain*  
L. R. BUDWELL    *Lieutenant*  
W. K. BOULDIN    *Lieutenant*  
H. J. FITZ GERALD *Lieutenant*



COMPANY B



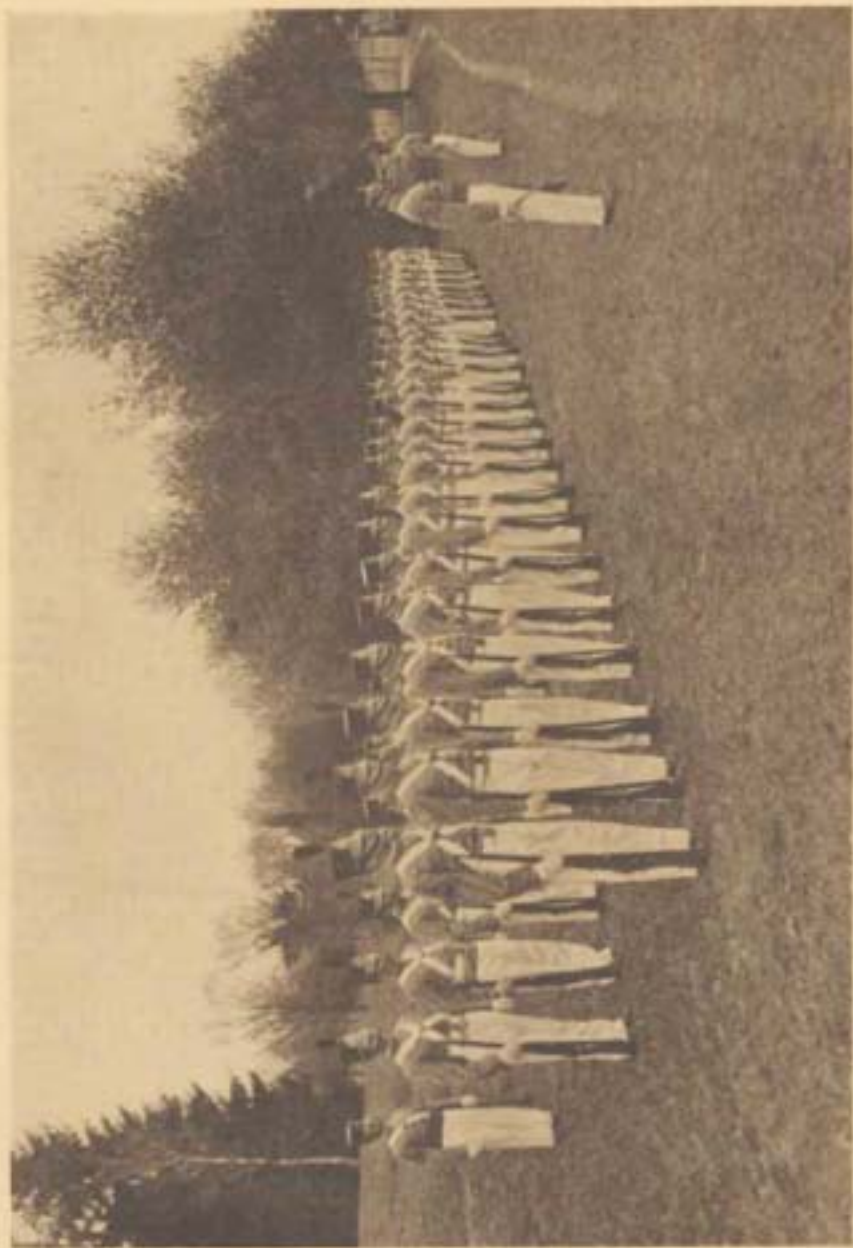


MISS PEDRO  
*Sponsor*



**Company B**

- J. M. McCUE *Captain*  
G. A. WARFIELD *Lieutenant*  
T. McD. RIVES *Lieutenant*



COMPANY C



MISS TAYLOR  
Wife



### Company C

P. H. POWERS, Jr.  
*Captain*

A. T. PHILPOTTS  
*Lieutenant*

W. H. WADE, Jr.  
*Lieutenant*



COMPANY B

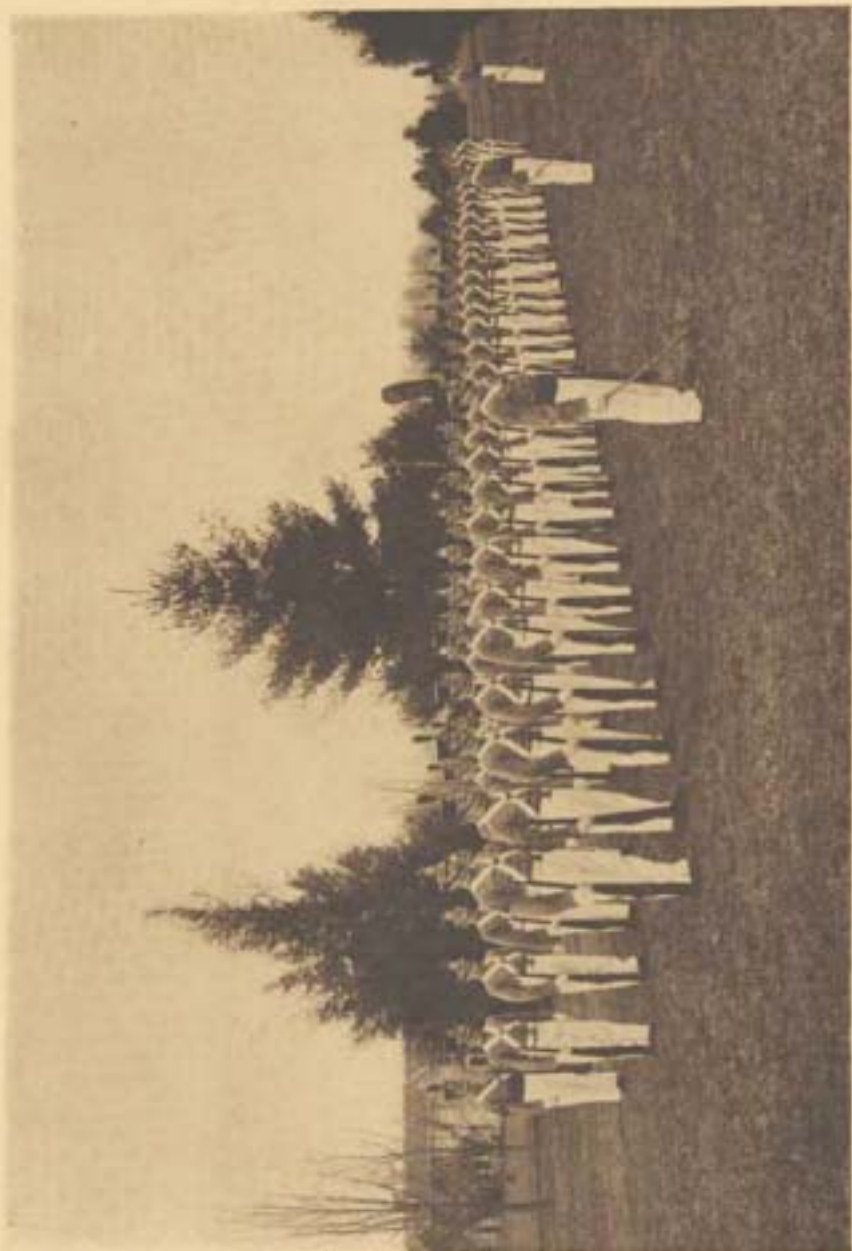


MISS DUGES  
*Spencer*



**Company D**

A. P. SIBOLD  
*Captain*  
T. K. WOLFE  
*Lieutenant*  
W. H. IRVINE  
*Lieutenant*



COMPANY E

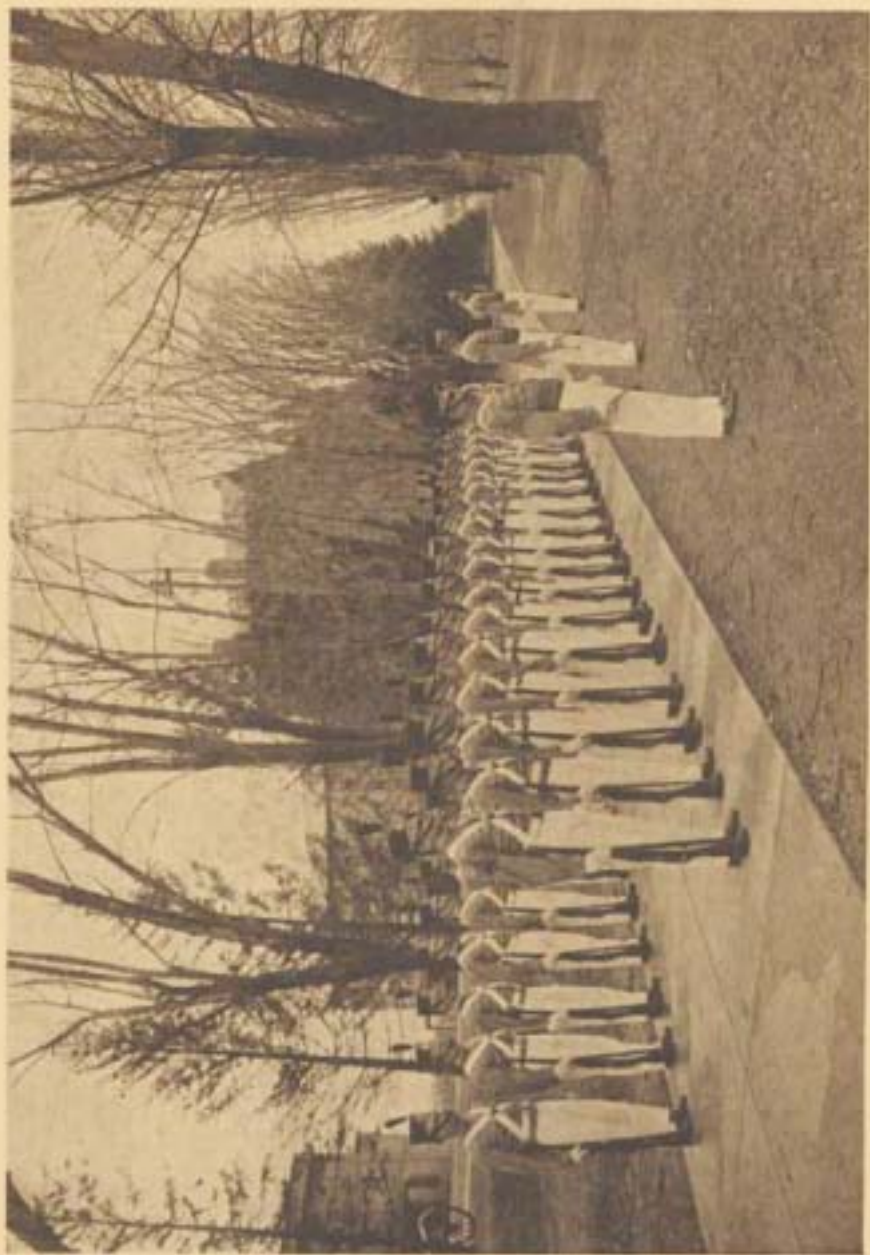


MISS LEWIS  
Sponsor



**Company E**

- R. S. WOOD  
*Captain*  
L. J. HUETTEL,  
*Lieutenant*  
A. M. MASON  
*Lieutenant*



COMPANY F





MISS SCOTT  
*Sponsor*



### Company F

F. R. SCOTT  
*Captain*  
A. L. JONES, Jr.  
*Lieutenant*  
R. S. JESSUP  
*Lieutenant*  
L. A. PICK  
*Lieutenant*



HARRIS, First Sergeant

## Company A, 1913-1914

*Captain*

WYSON, W. G.

*Lieutenants*

BUDWELL, I. R.  
BOULDER, W. K.  
FITZGERALD, H. J.

*First Sergeant*

HARRIS, T. L.

*Quartermaster-Sergeant*

NELSON, W. E.

*Line Sergeants*

KRIGER, J. B.  
BEACH, M. O.  
MCKENNON, E. R.

*Corporals*

HUTCHINSON, R. M.  
NIXON, G. H.  
DAVIS, S. W.  
BOPE, H. J.  
ELLIS, K. N.  
SHUFFLEBARGER, J. K.

*Musician*

DAVIS, H. P.  
NIXON, G. P.

*Privates*

ARTHUR, J. S.  
ANDREWS, H. S.  
BOPE, A. J.  
BUTTERWORTH, A. S.  
BUTTERWORTH, J. M.  
BOYCRANT, S. W.  
CAFFEY, J. S.  
CLARK, W. L.  
CLEMENTS, C. L.  
COLEMAN, A. N.  
COTTRILL, B.  
COLLING, L. R.  
DIGGS, C. D.  
DIGGS, E. S.  
DUSMANK, J. R.  
ELLIS, W. R.  
GARY, R. A.  
HARMAN, C. D.  
HARMAN, D. K.  
HODGSON, T. M.  
LUTON, F. C.  
LOPE, C. P.  
HUBBARD, C. W.  
HUNT, C. T.

JACOBSON, M. A.  
JESSUP, J. C.  
JOHNSTON, L. M.  
KEYSER, J. M.  
LEYSIE, R. N.  
MCGUIRE, G. O.  
MCKELWAY, B. N.  
MILLER, S. A.  
MOSES, N. P.  
MOTLEY, J. L.  
OAKLEY, P. D.  
PARRISH, B. S.  
PARRISH, D. W.  
PAYTON, J. M.  
RALSTON, E. H.  
RALSTON, E. P.  
REILLY, C. W.  
SHANKLAND, A. D.  
STEPHENS, J. W. G.  
STYNE, L. E.  
SUTTON, G. G.  
TYLER, H. M.  
WINDER, A.  
WILLIAMS, N. H.  
WILEY, L. B.



Heplin, First Sergeant

## Company B, 1913-1914

*Captain*

McCUE, J. M.

*Lieutenants*

WASPILL, G. A.

RIVES, T. M.

*First Sergeant*

HEPLIN, C. W.

*Quartermaster-Sergeant*

FRANCE, J. W.

*Line Sergeants*

CHINN, A.

THOMAS, H. E.

GARVIN, C. C.

*Corporals*

CLEMMER, T. F.

JACKSON, T. J.

PIERCE, T. B.

TENCH, W. B.

TERRE, J. A.

FOX, H. T.

*Musicians*

LAMBERT, J. H.

SHELTON, F. C.

*Privates*

BARGER, H. M.

BAKER, O. C.

BEVERLY, J. H. C.

BOHR, E. K.

BLANTON, B. B.

BOHLEN, J. D.

BROWN, B. B.

BUTT, W. P.

CANN, C. G.

CHINN, C.

COUNSELLMAN, W. F.

COBB, A. L.

CRAPTON, H. H.

EPPE, W. R.

FERGUSON, W. C.

FLANNAGAN, F. H.

GIBBS, M. O.

GLENN, J. S.

GOODWIN, R. F.

GRAY, R. S.

GRUM, A. F.

HALL, W. T.

HINDLE, J. D.

HOUCHESS, G. M.

HUNT, A. P.

JOHNSTON, A. L.

KEMP, A. W.

KRATON, W. H.

LEWIS, H. S.

MCNAIR, S. H.

MCNINCH, E. T.

MEEKS, G. F.

MENOR, G. F.

MOSE, C. R.

MONNIE, W. C.

MONNIE, S. B.

MURPHY, J. R.

MURRY, W. H.

PATTEISSON, G. P.

PEARSON, P. A.

PERKINS, T. M.

ROBERTSON, P. H.

ROWE, F. W.

ROWE, M. B.

ROWE, T. J.

SHANNON, C. D.

SNAPP, O. C.

THOMAS, R. C.

WALLER, M. P.

WARREN, C. L.

WARWICK, W. G.

WHITE, S. M.

WORD, H. M.

WINGFIELD, C. V.

WYATT, J. A.



BYRNX, First Sergeant

## Company C, 1913-1914

*Captain*

POWERS, P. H.

*Lieutenants*

PHILPOTTS, A. T.

WADR, W. H.

*First Sergeant*

BYRNX, W. H.

*Quartermaster-Sergeant*

PRESTON, S. T.

*Sergeants*

BIBB, H. C.

CHAVES, G.

JAMES, W. R.

*Corporals*

MCGINNIS, T. D.

LAWSON, C. T.

COBBELL, W. L.

RUST, A. T. M.

WALL, R. R.

BARGER, H. T.

NORVELL, F. H.

*Musicians*

HUNT, R. C.

*Privates*

ARMSTRONG, J.

ARVEST, T. M.

ARTHUR, J. F.

BEAR, R. H.

BENNETT, W. W.

BOWEN, J. P.

BOWMAN, G. L.

BURWELL, E. B.

CAMPBELL, P. S.

CARDIFF, H. P.

CARPER, A. L.

CORDER, G. K.

COOK, R. H.

CROWDER, J. C.

DETRICK, S. C.

DRINKARD, C. H.

DURVIN, T. C.

EAST, J. H.

FISCHER, C. K.

FLETCHER, L. S.

FURNIVAL, G. M.

GOODLOE, J. A.

GRAVES, T. A.

HAGY, B. E.

HARRIS, H. M.

JAMES, W. E.

KEARFOOT, H. S.

KEMP, A. W.

KOONTZ, C. H.

LASSITER, J. R.

LEWIS, E. M.

LILLARD, A. F.

LYON, H. Y.

MACGREGOR, R. J.

MACK, J. H.

MOORE, J. T.

OLIVER, W. F.

PEACE, M. F.

PIECE, W. H.

POTTS, J. J.

PRICE, W. H.

PRYOR, H. S.

ROBINSON, W.

RUST, G. L.

SANDERS, H. W.

SMITH, W. I.

STEPHENS, E. L.

TODD, G. H.

TOWNSEND, G. L.

UMLAUF, L. B.

WATRINS, J.

WEAVER, J. H.

WRIGHT, N. C.



JONES, First Sergeant

## Company D, 1913-1914

### *Captain*

SEBOLD, A. P.

### *First Lieutenant*

WILFIE, T. K.

### *Second Lieutenant*

IRVIN, W. H.

### *First Sergeant*

JONES, J. A.

### *Quartermaster-Sergeant*

FUGUA, I. N.

### *Sergeants*

SCOTT, J. S.

BUTLER, R. L.

POWY, W. R.

### *Corporals*

BROWN, V. F.

MEYNS, L. J.

CULTON, J. L.

GRAHAM, R. M.

KAVANAUGH, J. W.

WILSON, J. T.

WYATT, J. R.

### *Musicians*

METCALFE, C.

IRONMONGER, J. W.

### *Privates*

ABBOTT, L. S.

ALDERSON, R. C.

ARNALL, F. C.

ARNALL, M. L.

BANKS, E. C.

BARTON, E. M.

BEALE, H. B.

BERRY, R. E.

BICKSINGE, A. B.

BONNES, H. B.

BROWN, J. R.

COLEMAN, R. L.

COLLINGS, G. H.

COPE, G. W.

COX, A. H.

CRARILL, E. B.

DAILEY, V. W.

DAVENPORT, H. A.

DAWSON, W. B.

DIXON, V.

DOGGETT, D. S.

DODDSON, E. R.

EANLEY, J. B.

ELLINGSWORTH, W. M.

FAGG, G. E.

FENTRESS, E. R.

GRAY, F. A.

GOLDMAN, H. Y.

HARRIS, F. B.

HAUGHTON, T. H.

HILL, J. W.

HOUCHINS, J. R.

IRVINE, D. H.

KAVANAUGH, J. G.

LIGHT, R. C.

LINDSAY, H. L.

MACON, D. C.

MOOMAU, J. F.

MOORE, R. M.

OLIVER, R. B.

PARKER, G. E.

RANSOME, P. G.

ROBERTSON, R.

ROLLER, J. B.

ROSS, O. B.

RUFFIN, J. M.

SAUNDERS, W. C.

SCOTT, C.

SIRON, S. C.

SULLIVAN, W. P.

TAYLOR, F. M.

TERRELL, F.

TYREE, N. L.

WEINFELD, B.

WELLS, T. J.

WOODS, G. W.



KELLY, First Sergeant

## Company E, 1913-1914

<i>Captain</i>	WOOD, R. S.	COCKE, N. P.	PARKER, C. B.
<i>Lieutenants</i>	HUETTEL, L. J.	DASHIELL, T. A.	PETTY, J. R.
	MASON, A. M.	DAVIS, R. L.	PEEBLES, J. H.
<i>First Sergeant</i>	KELLY, C. P.	DEVIN, W. C.	PHINNEY, R. M.
<i>Quartermaster-Sergeant</i>	UOV, I.	DICKER, H. M.	POTTS, T. J.
<i>Sergeants</i>	BRUCE, R. H.	EASON, W. H.	PURCELL, P. S.
	BAILEY, F. W.	ELAM, R. K.	RILEY, T. J.
	SANDERS, W. F.	ENGLERY, F. A.	ROBERTS, E. L.
<i>Corporals</i>	CLAY, M.	ENGLERY, L. H.	RUFFIN, J. A.
	COLEMAN, G. G.	ELY, J. L.	SIMPSON, H. E.
	WHITEHURST, S. R.	FELWIDER, W. R.	SOMERVILLE, H. M.
	PETTY, J. R.	FERR, G. L.	SOMERVILLE, J. G.
	WHITNEY, C. B.	FOWLE, P. R.	STEELE, W. I.
<i>Musicians</i>	HARRISON, W. B.	GAINES, I. M.	STORY, B.
	WARR, D. M.	GILLESPIE, H. G.	SUTTON, L. E.
	VIVAR, R. S.	GREGORY, W. B.	THOMASSON, R. H.
<i>Privates</i>	ALLISON, J. C.	HALE, D.	TRUITT, W. I.
	BAKER, O. F.	HARMAN, P. C.	TURNER, W. G.
	BUSHNELL, W. T.	HEUSER, P. D.	UNDERWOOD, W. B.
	CLARKE, I. E.	HENDERSON, R. A.	VANDEYANTER, A. I.
		INGRAM, A. A.	WEST, E. L.
		JORDON, E. F.	WHITEHEAD, T.
		KARRICK, W. C.	WILKINS, C. W.
		KEITH, L. C.	WILLIAMS, F. C.
		KELER, H. E.	WILLIS, L. E.
		MCCORMICK, H. K.	WILSON, T. L.
		MATHEWS, W. G.	WOOD, G. P.
		MOORE, G. E.	WOOD, J. M.
		MOSLEY, I. N.	WYATT, W. H.
		MURRAY, S. W.	



Burwell, First Sergeant

## Company F, 1913-1914

*Captain*

SCOTT, F. R.

*Lieutenants*

JONES, A. L.  
JESSEY, R. S.  
PICK, L. A.

*First Sergeant*

BURWELL, J. A.

*Quartermaster-Sergeant*

VEHLING, E.

*Line Sergeants*

KRACHKE, C. E.  
SWITZER, C. K.  
HILL, F. L.

*Corporals*

SCHWEDICKY, G. R.  
SWENSON, H. O.  
WYATT, J. M.  
CONNELLY, R. R.  
TODD, G. H.

*Musicians*

COX, C. E.  
SELLAAR, G.

*Privates*

BEITMAN, S. L.  
BOWLER, R. T. E.  
BOYD, S. M.  
BLAKTON, C. R.  
BRANDFORD, L. R.  
BRUCE, F. W.  
COCKE, G. W.  
CARRINGTON, A. R.  
DEMAIN, C. W.  
EPSTEIN, I.  
EPPINGER, W. F.  
GIBBS, J. W.  
GOODE, H. H.  
GORDY, J. E.  
GRAHAM, L.  
HALLER, J. A.  
HENNINGSON, T. C.  
ILEY, W. M.  
JAMES, B. B.  
JENNINGS, H. J.  
KEARFOOT, W. E.  
KING, R.  
LATHAM, G. H.  
LESVEUR, M. E.  
LESPERD, J. J.  
LITTLE, J. A.

LUCAS, C. B.  
MALONEY, R. H.  
MARKS, K.  
MASON, J. B.  
MONTAGUE, J. L.  
MORRISON, D. P.  
MORRISON, J. V.  
MOODY, J. E.  
MUNSEY, M.  
MILLER, G. N.  
OWENS, G. R.  
PAINTER, J. C.  
PARRISH, E. C.  
PONDON, J. W.  
PURCELL, W. O.  
SHARP, C. B.  
SHOCKLEY, J. E.  
SANDERSON, J. M.  
TAYLOR, S. M.  
TINSLEY, G. R.  
VAUGHY, C. K.  
WALL, E. R.  
WHITE, J. L.  
WILLIAMS, B. P.  
WILEY, D. V.  
WISE, B. C.







**BAND ROLL**

ALTIZER, C. S.	CUTCHINS, C. A.	JOHNSON, G. E.	WATSON, H. E.	WHITESSEL, D. R.
BECKER, M. C.	EARNST, C. R.	MADDOX, J. L.	WATSON, I. T.	WINE, R. O.
BILMYER, C. D.	HARMAN, J. C.	PRITCHARD, J. H.	WATSON, L. N.	F



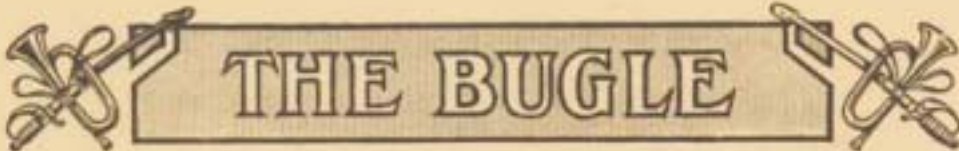
J. P. HARVEY, *Director*



R. C. BRAUER, *First Sergeant*



PRESIDENT J. H. EGGLESTON



# THE BUGLE

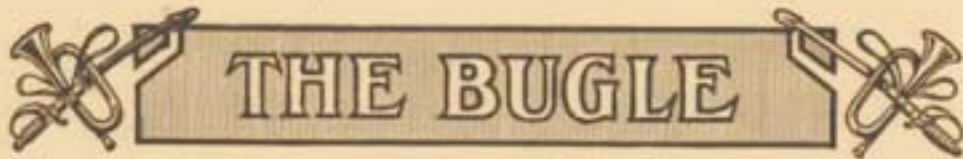
## Our New President

**T**HE new President of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute entered upon his duties at Blacksburg on July 1, 1913. A sketch of his life, and particularly of his educational career, we are sure will prove of interest to the readers of the BUGLE.

Joseph Dupuy Eggleston was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, on November 13, 1867. He received his earlier education at Prince Edward Academy, and later attended Hampden-Sidney College, from which he was graduated in 1886 and holds now both the A. B. and A. M. degrees. He married Miss Julia Johnson, of Farmville; two children, Joseph and Elizabeth, brighten their home. From 1886 to 1889, Mr. Eggleston was a teacher in public schools in Virginia, Georgia, and North Carolina; from 1891 to 1893, teacher in the high school of Asheville, North Carolina, and superintendent of schools there from 1893 to 1900. In 1902 he was appointed editor and secretary of the Bureau of Information and Publicity of the Southern Education Board at the University of Tennessee. He was superintendent of public schools of Prince Edward County, Virginia, from 1903 to 1905, and State Superintendent of Public Instruction from 1906 to 1913. He was Chief of Division of Rural Education, United States Bureau of Education from January 1, 1913, to July 1, 1913. It was while serving in this capacity that the Board of Visitors elected him, in March, President of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

From this brief biographical sketch it will be seen that President Eggleston has been engaged in educational work practically all his life. Early experience on his father's farm, where he first became interested in agricultural subjects, added to that in the various positions of honor he has held, has given him valuable preparation for the new duties recently assumed. As college student and later as teacher and superintendent, he made a study of the classics, modern languages, history and economics, natural sciences, psychology, moral philosophy, agriculture, nature-study, and education. Early in his professional career he read widely on educational subjects, busying himself chiefly with Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Spencer; also with Quick's "Educational Reformers," and the works of William James and others.

After five years of teaching, Mr. Eggleston was made superintendent of the schools in Asheville, North Carolina, a position he held for seven years. Upon his

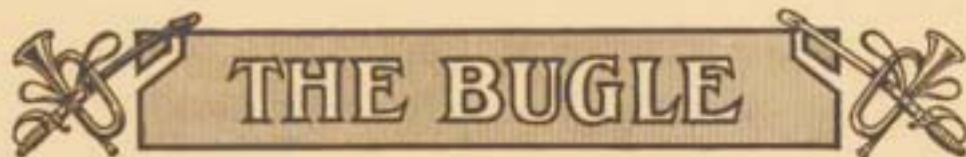


# THE BUGLE

election there he went at once to Chicago to take a summer course at the Cook County Normal School, then probably the most noted normal school in America. He attended also other summer normals in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. A special subject of study at these schools was education, its theory and practice, its principles and methods. Returning to his native state from Asheville, he became editor for the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, in Richmond. A larger field of usefulness, however, awaited him at the University of Tennessee as editor and secretary of the Bureau of Publicity and Information in connection with the Southern Education Board—a board organized by representative educators of the North and South for the purpose of arousing greater interest in public education in the South. The work of the Bureau afforded opportunity for a comprehensive study of educational conditions: the task of gathering data, editing, and distributing it throughout the states, fell upon Mr. Eggleston, who was ably assisted by Professor P. P. Claxton, now United States Commissioner of Education. While studying a rural school problem in connection with this work, Mr. Eggleston played an important role in the founding of the Admiral Farragut School in Tennessee—the first agricultural school established in the South, and regarded to-day as one of the best of the kind in America.

Mr. Eggleston was superintendent of schools in Prince Edward County, Virginia, for two years, and Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State for seven years—from 1906 to 1913. What he accomplished, especially in the latter capacity, is familiar to educators of the State. It should be remembered that in 1905 there was no real system of high schools in the State of Virginia. Mr. Eggleston set himself earnestly to work to improve conditions. Through his instrumentality many important laws were passed by the General Assembly affecting the growth and development of our school system. With a view to increasing efficiency in the Virginia schools, he visited several of the states in the East and Middle West and studied conditions as they obtained there. The school situation at the present time offers a marked contrast to that of 1905. Cities and rural districts all over the State are now dotted with high schools; in nearly every section there are better school buildings, more efficient teachers, longer terms, increased salaries, more school libraries. Problems of administration and supervision have been carefully worked out, consolidation of schools and transportation of pupils have been effected, summer sessions of state institutions inaugurated, manual training fostered, domestic science encouraged, agricultural schools established, and Knapp demonstration work advanced; in fact, every phase of the school problem has claimed attention, and a more thoroughly developed school system is the result.

Mr. Eggleston's official duties have brought him prominently before the peo-

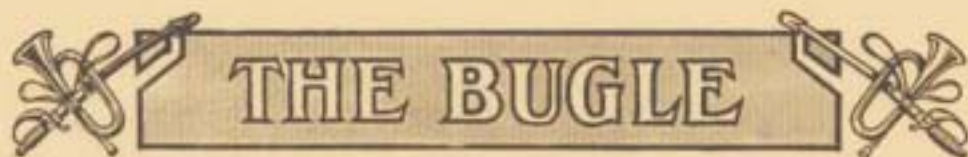


# THE BUGLE

ple on the rostrum. To speak in teachers' meetings, at commencement exercises, farmers' institutes, county and state fairs, was for a long time a part of his business program. In Asheville he delivered lectures before the Paidology Club, of which he was a member—a club organized for the purpose of child-study. As Superintendent of Public Instruction in Virginia he has addressed audiences in nearly every county and city in the State on various educational, economic, and social questions. He has spoken annually before the Virginia Educational Conference, and has addressed the Conference for Education in the South and the Southern Commercial Congress. He has been in demand in other states than his own, speaking before college and university students, state teachers' associations, and summer normal schools, and lecturing in Memphis, Toronto, New York, and other large cities.

As a writer his contributions have been largely on educational topics for the newspapers and school journals. While editor for the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company in Richmond he examined manuscripts and edited textbooks on grammar, language, history, reading, and other subjects. The work in connection with the Southern Education Board, with headquarters in Knoxville, Tennessee, consisted largely in preparing circulars, pamphlets, and bulletins dealing with educational conditions in the South, publishing them in attractive form, and giving them the widest possible circulation—a task calling for discriminating judgment and hard labor. In collaboration with Robert W. Bruère, a writer chiefly on sociological subjects, Mr. Eggleston has prepared a book entitled *The Work of the Rural School*, which has just been issued from the press of Harper & Brothers, New York. The work discusses the theory of the function of public education and aims to show how the rural school can be made to serve this purpose.

Teacher in the country school, in the city high school, superintendent of city schools, then of county schools, then State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Chief of Division of Rural Education in the United States, President of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute—these are successive steps in the ladder of an active educational career covering a period of about twenty-seven years. Each position held has brought its duties and responsibilities. President Eggleston brings now to the Virginia Polytechnic Institute an extensive knowledge of educational matters and a practical experience of many years. He is a man who thoroughly appreciates educational values. While heartily in sympathy with technical education, he believes also in a broad literary and general cultural training. His ideal is the well-trained all-around educated citizen rather than the narrow specialist. According to his views, knowledge should be obtained, not for learning's sake, but for

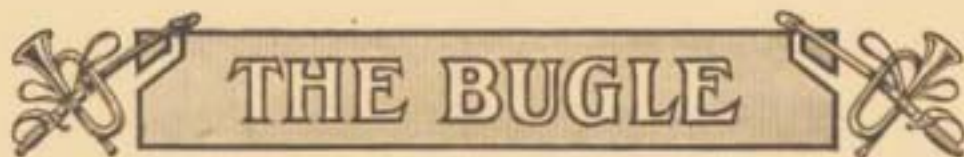


# THE BUGLE

use in the service of humanity. "The object in public education," he declares, "is the production of efficient citizens." Chapter XI on "The Teacher Who is the Citizen-Maker" is one of the choice chapters of his book mentioned above.

With a grasp upon the situation, Mr. Eggleston has entered seriously upon his new duties as president of a great technical college. Though practically unknown personally to the faculty when he came to Blacksburg, he has won the respect and confidence of all by his cordial manner, liberal views, enthusiasm, progressiveness, business-like methods, interest in college and community life, and sincere devotion to the great task immediately in hand—the advancement of the highest interests of the V. P. I. He has already identified himself with the work of the Presbyterian Church, of which he is a member, and with all college activities: the Y. M. C. A., literary societies, publications, athletics, etc.

President Eggleston is to be congratulated on the auspicious beginning of his first session. The future of the college is now largely in his hands. Unaided in his efforts, the best results cannot be obtained; but with the earnest support and coöperation of all concerned—board of visitors, faculty, students, alumni, patrons and friends of the college scattered far and wide—we predict success for his administration and an enlarged career of usefulness for the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.



# THE BUGLE

## Important Dates in the History of V. P. I.

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- 1872—School opened as the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Virginia, with Dr. C. L. C. Minor as President.
- 1881—John L. Buchanan became President.
- 1882—Thomas N. Conrad, M. A. took President's chair.
- 1874—Academic buildings, one and two, begun.
- 1885—Gen. L. L. Lomax became President.
- 1888—Establishment of Experiment Station in connection with the College. Barracks No. 1 erected.
- 1891—Dr. J. M. Meltryle elected President of College. Inauguration of movement to abolish hazing.
- 1892—First football team organized. In the very first game, October 21, St. Albans was beaten 14 to 10.
- 1893—Third company organized. Band formed. "A" Company takes prize in contest in Norfolk, outdrilling all military organizations in Virginia.
- 1894—May 30, Corps went to Richmond for unveiling of Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. September 26, second new barracks opened.
- 1895—June 17, Corps went to Roanoke for celebration of tenth anniversary of the charter of that city.
- 1896—The words Polytechnic Institute added to the title Agricultural and Mechanical College of Virginia.
- 1901—Corps went as a body to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y.
- 1902—In June the Corps went to the Charleston Exposition.
- 1903—We beat the Navy 11 to 0 in football.
- 1904—Corps went to St. Louis Exposition in spring. "Huckleberry" Railroad put in operation.
- 1905—Champions of the South in football. We beat the Army this year; also the Universities of North Carolina and Virginia.
- 1907—Dr. P. B. Barringer took up duties as President of V. P. I.
- 1908—Athletic Association organized.
- 1909—Hazing abolished by action of student body. Champions of South in football.
- 1911—After declaring intention of severing athletic relations with A. & M. of N. C. after one more game had been played, we beat them 3 to 0 on Thanksgiving Day.
- 1912—On first day of finals the old shops were burned down. This was a great loss; but it meant larger and better equipped shops, which was something we had long felt the need of.

—R. C. B., '15.



# ALUMNI

## OFFICERS OF THE GENERAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, 1913-1914

C. B. MILES .....	<i>President</i>
G. L. FENTRESS .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. M. BRODIE .....	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
J. S. A. JOHNSON .....	<i>Secretary</i>
H. L. PRICE .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

## OFFICERS OF THE BLACKSBURG CHAPTER

W. H. RASCHE .....	<i>President</i>
R. B. H. BEGG .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. M. BRODIE .....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

### *Some interesting facts relating to the Alumni.*

(1) Local chapters of the Alumni Association are organized at Blacksburg, Baltimore, Chicago, Lynn, New York, Richmond, Roanoke, Schenectady, Tidewater-Virginia, Washington, and Western Pennsylvania.

(2) During the period from 1875 to 1913, 983 men have graduated from the V. P. I., of which 62 are deceased and 921 are living.



# THE BUGLE

(3) Graduates from the various courses are distributed as follows:

Electrical Engineering .....	220	Agriculture and Mechanics .....	35
Mechanical Engineering .....	193	Horticulture .....	30
Agriculture .....	174	Mining Engineering .....	9
Civil Engineering .....	169	Preparatory Medicine .....	4
Applied Chemistry .....	98	Applied Geology .....	2
General Science .....	47	Metallurgy and Metallography .....	2

(4) At present V. P. I. graduates are located in 43 states of the Union, in Argentine, Australia, Brazil, Canada, China, Cuba, Japan, Panama, Phillipine Islands, South Africa, and Spain.

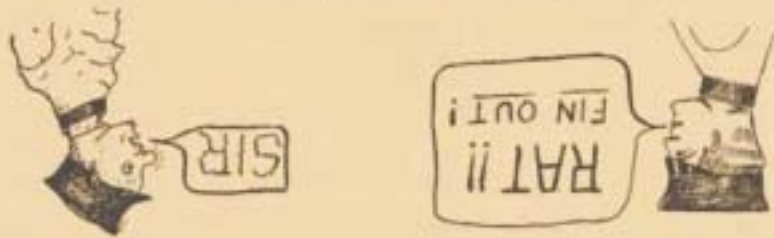
(5) Virginia has furnished by far the largest number of graduates, South Carolina comes next, followed by North Carolina, Maryland, West Virginia, and New York, in the order named.

(6) Graduates from some of the counties in Virginia are as follows: (Having more than 20).

Montgomery .....	84	Campbell .....	43	Wythe .....	30
Henrico .....	63	Augusta .....	34	Albemarle .....	24
Norfolk .....	54	Pittsylvania .....	33	Roanoke .....	22



# THE BUGLE



## GLOSSARY

PHASE 14

Military: "And would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me"

—Tennyson.

DEPARTS: — — — 1 1 1

HAY: "The downy coach where we partake of the "chit nourisher of  
life's feast"

GROWLER: Animal flesh placed before one at meals to fill that aching void.

HIRE: A Sunday excursion.

"FALL IN:" The command given at the beginning of the formation, where  
all are present.

"FALL OUT:" The command which permits those who desire to, to leave  
the formation after they have been accounted for.

FILE: To tastefully decorate another cadet's room while he is absent.

ON DUTY: A chance to be alone with your thoughts at the close of a per-  
fect day.

O. C.: Officer in Charge.

O. D.: Officer of the Day. Oh, Dear! (During Finals).

OLD LAZY: One's military affinity. Someone from whom to borrow  
stamps.

RAT: The appropriate cognomen of Mr. Freshman.

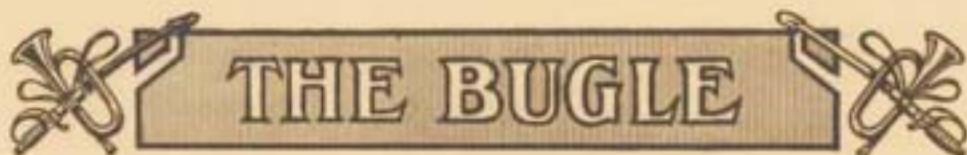
TO CUT GIRT: V. P. I.'s good road movement.

STICK REPORT: The daily news of dills won and lost.

ORDERLY: The O. D.'s A. D. T. boy.

- TO HOUSE: A diplomatic play on words intended to rouse one's ire.
- DUTCH BARN: College Chapel. The Field of Waterloo for W. & L.'s basketball gym.
- SKIBERT: One of the "600."
- RENAISSANCE: The Revival of Learning, or—the right before exams.
- HONOR ROLL: List of public spirited citizens (Skiberts) who will support the good road movement.
- B. S.: Flowery language.
- B. R. C.: Breakfast Roll Call.
- BOSS: To study hard. The source of dills.
- TO STRICK: To report for military offences; also a source of dills.
- CORP: Corporal—the officer who thinks he is the most important in the corps.
- C. O.: The daily curfew—at 7:30 P. M.
- CITS: Citizen's clothes—twenty demerits.
- FALLEN ANGELS: Officers who have been reduced to ranks.
- CALIC OR SKIRT: A delectable member of the opposite sex.
- CAIR: Anything easy.
- CUT: To skip classes or military formations.
- BULL: A major, also see B. S.
- DEMER: To gently (?) remove a rat from his hay during his nightly repose.
- FIS GUT: To stand at attention with thumbs out. A position assumed by rats when in the presence of old boys.
- DIVISION COURT: Modern substitute for the Spanish Inquisition, designed for the amusement of rats.
- FLUNK: To fail in studies.
- GRAVY TRAIN: Easy duty to perform.
- RETREAT: Supper Roll Call. The only enemy from which we flee being the growley.
- GARAGE: A shippery substance used to make the bread slide down—spelt with an "O."





# THE BUGLE

**BOSS:** The desirable part of our midday meal. Used for betting on ball games.

**COW JUICE:** H<sub>2</sub>O diluted with milk.

**RACKING:** Rambling with the calics.

**S. M. I.:** Saturday Morning Inquisition.

**DILLBERRY:** The epitome of exactness.

**C. R. C.:** Church Roll Call.

**GREEN MEMORIAL:** A substitute for Church. A green spot in the woods where weary skidets can worship, unmolested, at Nature's shrine.

**TAPS:** Noise made by shoes hitting the floor in the room above.

**TATTOO:** A peculiar noise made on the radiator pipes to signal the approach of the O. D.

**RAGGED RANGERS:** "C" Company, the pride of the military department.

**STAKE DRIVER:** A student in Civil Engineering,—not always connected with a circus.

**JUICE PUSHER:** A student in Electrical Engineering,—not a hypodermic needle.

**GREASE WIPER:** A student in Mechanical Engineering,—not *always* a handful of waste.

**ROCK CRUSHER:** A student in Geology,—not always a convict.

**COAL DIGGER:** A student in Mining Engineering,—not always a "Hunk."

**S. S.:** A student in Agriculture, who usually has a soft snap.

**BURNT OUT:** To become thoroughly disgusted with.

**BRUSH:** Barber-shop language—usually preceeds "Call back."

**DILLS:** Love tokens from the Colonel. A Dillberry's highest ambition.

**HUCKLEBERRY:** The connecting link between civilization and h——, via. Blacksburg Junction.

—S. T. P., '15.

—M. F. P., '15.

# THE BUGLE

## Biography of Our "Uncle Bill, That's All"



"COME clean, boys!" is the phrase to be seen often on the bulletin board in front of room 102 in barracks number one. Such a striking exhortation causes the boys, one and all, to stop and see what is the matter.

"Jack Weaver has lost a fountain pen. Just bring it to Uncle Bill, that's all."

Tacked up in a corner of the board is the rhyme:

Uncle Bill is here,  
And he wants to stay  
Right with the boys,  
And would hate to go away.

Below this is the notice of the next Lyceum show, and other things of interest to the students are placed together over the board.

On starting in to see who and what this "Uncle Bill, that's all," is, we are passed by a group of cadets who chorus out, "Uncle Bill, got a stamp?" "Say, Uncle Bill, take my book down to the bank. Here it is. Thanks." "Got any more of those valence tables, Uncle Bill?"

We then hear, "Yes, yes, ha! ha! One or two cent ones? Put your book on my desk, son! A-ah. Who is it wants these valence tables? Ah! Yes the old man is not feeling so good."

By now we can see a partially paralyzed old man, fifty-four years old, with a closely shaved head, slowly moving over to his desk. As he takes his seat, he sees us and calls out, "Come in! Come right in! Visitors always welcome! And what is your name? Just sign right here on my visitors' dope sheet."



COME RIGHT IN

As we are putting our names in his book the boys keep coming in, and we hear a continual string of questions and answers.

"Any express for me, Uncle Bill?"

"No, none for you, but some for J. M. McCue and F. R. Scott and France. I think Scott has a pair of pants."

"How about some stamps, Uncle Bill?"

"Got 'em."

"Will you get this check cashed?"

"Sure I will."

"Will you get my bank book, Uncle Bill?"

"Sure Mike."

"Uncle Bill, please mail this package for me."

# THE BUGLE

"All right, me hearty."

"Uncle Bill, can I call Miss Peaches and Cream over your telephone?"

"No, boy! Nothing doing in the Jane line over that phone."

We find that his real name is not Uncle Bill, but Will Gitt,—and he did. He went to the present Virginia Polytechnic Institute when it was called the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College. After this we find him in Connecticut, and then railroading in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio, as brakeman, fireman, conductor, and all the other jobs. While in West Virginia, he did the hero stunt. He jumped into New River and saved a little negro boy who was past the point of saving himself. This, however, is not the only thing worth while that he did in West Virginia. One day two sports wanted to pass into the glade of eternal forgetfulness, and asked Uncle Bill to get a big dose of morphine for them. Now, as Uncle Bill is very accommodating and at the same time discreet, he went to the drug store, bought *quinine*, and had it marked "morphine." The dead game sports took it all and bade Uncle Bill a fond farewell,—but they did not journey far.

We next hear of him in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in charge of an ice-cream parlor at Seaside Park; then in Massachusetts, and while there he began to think pretty well of a little Irish girl, but, as we have seen, the imperative of his name, Will Gitt, drove him on. This time he goes to England with the great Barnum and Bailey circus and pulls off rube stunts before the crowned heads. He was six weeks in London, but as usual he got tired, got full, and got fired, only to hob up in Chicago, making use of the chance to show what kind of a bottom he had. A little boy became mixed up with the horses, hacks, drays, and street cars, but "Uncle Bill, that's all," landed the little fellow at considerable risk. After this Uncle Bill drifted back to West Virginia and rail-roaded a little while, but as he had a sunstroke, he quit, appearing successively in a home for incurables, saloons, and hotels, until in quite bad shape. He says, "Booze and rum will put you on the bum; I know it will, for it did your Uncle Bill. But from now on I want to make good, to come clean, that's all."



HOBING IN 1881

He shows that he wants to make good, for since October, 1907, he has made Blacksburg his headquarters. At first he had a little "ventilated store" which he placed on street corners. The next thing we see of Uncle Bill, he is a changed man, fighting back to manhood against the curse of a wasted life. The good people of Blacksburg have shown a better path and he is following it.

He has started up a stock company, selling shares of himself to the boys in barracks—

# THE BUGLE

"I agree to sell myself to the V. P. I. boys. What time I have on earth, I will be willing for the V. P. I. cadets to own me. Any lady that wants to marry me, will have to see the boys first. I am 52 years old, and can sell myself if I want to, and it's no one's business but my own.

Uncle Bill, that's all,  
May 1st, 1912."

—and has consecrated his life to keep the fellows fighting for the right, now they are away from the home influence. Below are some of his posters:

"Young Man, don't try to learn to gamble."

"Don't fool with the three B's—Booze, Beer, and Bad women."

"Don't think you know it all at twenty-one or twenty-two; you don't."

"Remember the Lord, don't wait until you are ready to die to call on Him, He may not bear you."

"Don't give your Mother trouble; try and make her happy and you will be happy."

"Boys, remember your Mother."

This is what he calls a "spasm." It was posted in January, 1914—



HIS VENTILATED STORK

"Weather is kinder mild,  
The ground is getting juicy,  
Gee, I wish I had  
A nice little Lucy.

"What is this life?  
It's only a shade,  
Unless you have got  
A nice little maid."

"A good little wife,  
One that is true,  
I would be happy  
And never get blue."

As you can see, Uncle Bill is not exactly a "drawing-room influence," but he is just the right influence, coming out for manliness in physical and moral characteristics, as his oft repeated, "Hey! Son, straighten up," and this closing rhyme will show—

"Now, dear boys, study  
And see what you can do  
To make a man of yourself;  
It's up to you."

Your

UNCLE BILL,

Room 102, 4th Division, Barracks No. 1,

V. P. I., Blacksburg, Va.

—J. M. E., '14.

# THE BUGLE



JOSEPH B. EGGLESTON, President

VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

(STATE AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE)

DINING HALL DEPARTMENT

B. ELLISON, Director

BLACKSBURG, VA.

January 31st 1914.

Dr. J. D. Eggleston, Presnt.,  
Blacksburg, Virginia.

My Very Dear Sir:

Referring to our conversation of yesterday, subject:  
Black Orchard, I beg to make this my formal plea for the pres-  
ervation of this valuable orchard and your donation of same to  
my department. I say "valuable" because, to us, it would be  
valuable, yes, very VALUABLE. Apples-, apples of any kind or size-  
are always in demand with us, and your goodness in complying  
with our request would HELP us to retrieve the loss this dep-  
artment sustains annually under the growing high cost of livin-  
and the low rate of board charged the cadets.

Yours most respectfully,

B. Ellison

"Ah-ha-a-a, yes, ah-ha-ah-ha-a-a, yes, ah-h-h-ha!"  
—"URIAH HEEP."





# THE BUGLE

GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION · V. P. I.



## General Athletic Association

### OFFICERS

W. G. WYSOR .....	<i>President</i>
M. F. PEAKE .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
T. E. CLEMMER .....	<i>Secretary</i>
PROF. E. R. HODGSON .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
PROF. C. P. MILES .....	<i>Graduate Manager</i>
MR. BRANCH BOCOCK .....	<i>Coach</i>

### ATHLETIC COUNCIL

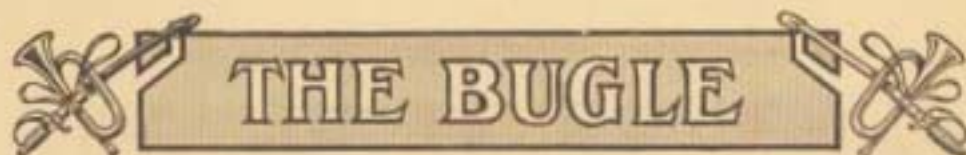
PROF. C. P. MILES .....	Chairman
PROF. C. E. VARTER	E. R. HODGSON
DR. C. M. NEWMAN	F. R. SCOTT
W. G. WYSH	J. M. SANDERSON
M. F. PEAKE	R. S. WOOD
T. F. CLEMMER	H. M. SOMERVILLE
A. L. JONES	



W. L. GARDNER  
1924



FOOTBALL TEAM



# THE BUGLE

## Football

L. A. PICK ..... *Captain*  
 F. R. SCOTT ..... *Manager*

### TEAM

D. W. PARRISH ..... Right Halfback  
 W. H. SANDERS ..... Fullback  
 W. R. LEECH ..... Left Halfback  
 M. F. PEAKE, V. DIXON ..... Quarterback  
 T. M. RIVES, A. B. MOORE ..... Right End  
 J. C. CAFFEE ..... Right Tackle  
 T. WHITEHEAD ..... Right Guard  
 T. F. CLEMMER, W. F. EFFINGER ..... Center  
 W. A. HARRIS, T. A. GRAVES ..... Left Guard  
 L. A. PICK (Captain) ..... Left Tackle  
 F. M. TAYLOR ..... Left End

### SUBSTITUTES

W. J. BRIGHT      R. L. DAVIS      H. C. MACRETH

### RECORD FOR 1914

V. P. L. 26; Roanoke College, 0  
 V. P. L. 14; Hampden-Sidney, 0  
 V. P. L. 34; University of Mississippi, 13.  
 V. P. L. 20; V. P. Stars, 12.  
 V. P. L. 14; University of North Carolina, 7.  
 V. P. L. 0; Washington and Lee, 21.  
 V. P. L. 47; Marshall College, 0.  
 V. P. L. 14; Morris-Harvey, 0  
 V. P. L. 6; Virginia Military Institute, 6

### SCHURS

E. M. LEWIS ..... *Captain*  
 S. L. BEITMAN      I. ERSTINE      T. J. ROWE  
 W. L. CLARKE      G. W. GIBBS      F. S. SCOTT  
 G. W. COPE      F. L. HILL      J. A. TERRY  
 R. COYBELL      H. B. KIRACOFF      N. L. TYLER  
 H. P. DAVIS      W. F. OLIVER      J. R. WYATT



FOOTBALL SQUAD

# THE BUGLE

## The Football Season



ANXIETY is a mild word, perhaps, with which to express the uncertainty which we felt in September as we began to talk football and consider the prospects for a successful season. Nor was the feeling without foundation, for the material at hand seemed scarce and light, while a comparatively heavy schedule loomed up before us. Although no northern teams were included in the list, it contained our keenest southern rivals, and all of them were reported to have fast and heavy teams.

Coach Boccock was on the job, however, and before we had been here a week, he had a team prepared to meet Roanoke College. We defeated them 26 to 0, a score which did not approach those we have piled up on them in former years, but one which served just as good or an even better purpose. Practically all the candidates for the team were seen in action, and the form which they displayed was gratifying.

Captain Pick, Caffee, and Whitehead made the line look like a rock wall, and noticing that they were backed by Graves, Clemmer, Effinger, Rives, Moore, Taylor, and Harris, we began to watch our backfield. Here again anxiety gave way to optimism, for Winnie Legge, Parrish, Dixon, Peake, and Sanders were rounding into shape, and the team as a whole began to work together like machinery.

Hampden-Sidney came up on October 4th, confident of victory, for they had been in training longer, and, furthermore, had a strong, heavy team, well coached in forward passing and other open field plays. They jumped into us with vigor, but had to back out again, and we crossed their goal line twice, Legge and Peake carrying the ball.

Another week of hard practice, working out new plays and perfecting the old, diving at old John Dummy and rolling on the ball, put the team in pretty good condition for the contest with Mississippi. This was the heaviest team the



CAPTAIN PICK



CAFFEE

# THE BUGLE



CLEMMER

"Ole Hoss" Hodgson, Gordon Lefebvre, Hart Gravely, Pryor Campbell, "Billy" Burruss, and Berry Hodgson, assembled, and after signing up Coach Boccock as a quarterback, started on the trail of the Techs. The scrubs started the game but couldn't score, while the Old Stars crossed the goal line twice. Then the Varsity replaced the scrubs and soon ran the breath out of the "has beens," but it took hard work to do it, and only three touchdowns were made.

We had now reached the most difficult part of our schedule, for the University of North Carolina and Washington and Lee stood ready to take our measure, with but a week between the two contests. We were beginning, however, to feel confident, for the team was running in fine order and had plenty of good plays, which they executed with characteristic Tech snap and ginger.

Techs had had to tackle for a long time, and when the big team trotted out on the field, there were not a few long drawn out Oh's heard from the grandstand, but when the Techs put in their appearance the old Hokie pierced the air and throughout the game there was rooting such as has been rarely heard on Miles' Field. Outweighed twenty pounds to a man, the Techs fought for victory, and won the game 34 to 13, and that night the University of Mississippi ruled supreme in the hospital, for it takes more than beef to win a football game like the one that was played that day.

The result of this game was wafted to all parts of the State, and former Tech football stars began to talk among themselves and decided that they would come back and show the boys a thing or two about how football ought to be played. So "Bubbles" Hodgson, "Piker" Hughes, Ben Davis, "Bill" Harris,



DIXON



EFFINGER



# THE BUGLE

We marched to the train and saw the Techs off for Winston-Salem, yelling till the "Huckleberry" had carried them out of sight and then went back to barracks, hardly knowing what to expect or hope for. Then, Saturday evening, after supper, we hung about Uncle Bill's window waiting for the message which would make of the corps a shouting bedlam, or a serious, thoughtful student body. Well, to make the story short, there was pandemonium in Techland that night. The cause: V. P. I., 14; U. N. C., 7. We had turned the trick in the "Old North State," but could we do it in Virginia? That was the question which hung on everybody's lip the following week, and so intense became the excitement that books were laid aside and we sat in class rooms with a vacant stare in our eyes, ate but little and drilled like wooden automations, then rushed to the athletic field and eagerly



GRAVES



HARRIS



LEGER

watched the team working like fiends to get in trim for the greatest game of the year.

Then the day arrived, and, five hundred strong, we journeyed to Roanoke. Determination to do or die stamped each face as the corps marched to the fair grounds led by the band, and no sooner were all seated in the grandstand than

a conflict of cheering started between the student bodies of W. & L. and V. P. I. Each had their own band, appropriate songs and yells, and the friendly rivalry was a revelation to the crowds assembled. When the referee blew his whistle as a signal for the game to start, there was a momentary hush, for all realized the meaning of the coming struggle, and were awed in consequence.

We were outplayed and outweighed, and the Blue and White triumphed over the Orange and Maroon for the

# THE BUGLE



MOORE

finally defeated 14 to 0. This, of course, made us feel pretty good, but knowing that comparative scores are unreliable, we still felt uneasy, for V. M. I. was hitting a good gait, also, and indications pointed to a great battle when we should meet.

Rigorous practice put the team in the pink of condition, with the exception of Dave Parrish, whose shoulder still troubled him, and again we followed our warriors to Roanoke. It was Thanksgiving Day, and never before had Roanoke seen such a crowd assembled for a game. An audience of seven thousand saw the two cadet bodies march out on the field, performing difficult manoeuvres with the ease of practiced soldiers, and then take their places in the grandstand. Enthusiasm was rampant, and the admirers of the two great military institutions of Virginia joined with their favorites in cheering.

second time since 1895, when the two schools entered into athletic relations.

Blacksburg and military duties soon erased the bitterest part of our disappointment and we began to plan for revenge. Unaware of our dire intentions, Marshall College from West Virginia took the field against us on November the 8th, and although the field was wet and spongy we walked away with them, 47 to 0. It was an exciting game, for the Huntingtonians had trick plays galore and needed watching all the time.



PEAKE

Then came that game from which we hoped to get some idea of V. M. I.'s strength. The cadets had just played a tie game with them and we were to lock horns with V. M. I. on Turkey Day—Morris-Harvey was the welcome means for making a comparison. As usual they sprung a surprise, but were



RIVER

# THE BUGLE

The game was on, and a football epic, which will linger in the minds of those who witnessed it for many years, resulted in a tie score. Time and time again each side had brilliant plays, intercepted by wonderful defensive work, and neither could gain consistently. V. M. I. scored first, and then came a period when V. P. I. struggled fiercely to score. Having rushed the ball to the 40-yard line, Coach Bo sent Dave Parrish in, and the tense faces of every V. P. I. man seemed to ask the question, "Can he last long enough to do it?" For they knew that one severe jar would put him out, but they also knew that if he could stay long enough there would be a goal made. So we watched, and after plunge after plunge, saw him rise from the tangled mass and take his place unassisted. For forty yards he twisted and drilled his way through the opposing line, and



WHITEHEAD



TAYLOR



SANDERS

then Winnie Legge rushed through for a touchdown. The game was a tie, but if Winnie could only kick goal it would be ours. Breathlessly we watched the ball being placed, then gasped as it sailed straight for the goal post and bounced back on the field—and the score was still tied.

This ended the season, and we were proud of the team's record, proud of each man and his efforts. We have but one regret, and that is that Winnie Legge and Captain Pick will not be with us next year, but we will always remember the services they have rendered in all branches of athletics. On the other hand, we have two hopes, i. e., to beat W. & L. and V. M. I. in 1914, and if determined effort will do it we have their scalps already.

# THE BUGLE



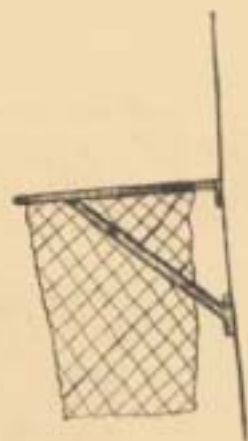
FARRISH



MANAGER SCOTT



**BASKET**



**BALL**



BASKETBALL TEAM



# THE BUGLE

## Basketball

M. C. BECKNER .....	<i>Captain</i>
J. M. SANDERSON .....	<i>Manager</i>
MR. BRANCH BOCOCK .....	<i>Coach</i>

### TEAM

F. H. INGLEBY .....	Left Forward
W. F. SANDERS .....	Right Forward
J. H. FITZGERALD .....	Center
G. W. COCKE .....	Left Guard
J. F. POWELL .....	Right Guard

### SUBSTITUTES

J. C. CAFFEE	J. F. WILSON	R. H. BRUCE	E. L. HILL
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### RECORD FOR 1914

V. P. L. 28; Beaver High School, 14.
V. P. L. 30; Roanoke College, 41.
V. P. L. 37; Maryville, 20.
V. P. L. 15; Navy, 51.
V. P. L. 16; St. John's College, 15.
V. P. L. 26; Mt. St. Joseph, 17.
V. P. L. 28; Catholic University, 54.
V. P. L. 46; Episcopal High School, 16.
V. P. L. 17; Washington and Lee, 46.
V. P. L. 36; Elon College, 20.
V. P. L. 16; Guilford College, 15.
<i>First Game</i>
V. P. L. 32; Guilford College, 11.
<i>Second Game</i>
V. P. L. 48; Emory and Henry, 25.
V. P. L. 41; Randolph-Macon, 9.
V. P. L. 21; Washington and Lee, 19.
V. P. L. 58; King College, 14.
V. P. L. 29; Wake Forest, 24.
V. P. L. 27; V. M. L. 16.
V. P. L. 15; Roanoke College, 28.

# THE BUGLE

## The Basketball Season

**W**E STARTED the season feeling sorely the loss of Legge and Keesling, but as time wore on the calibre of some of the Freshman tryouts became evident and we began to take notice. With only a few days' practice after the holidays, Beaver High School was defeated 28 to 14 in Bluefield, but Roanoke College, the week following, took our measure to the tune of 41 to 30. They were in better training and had had longer practice, and this, combined with poor passing on our part, spelled defeat. Team work, however, came with practice, and Maryville College had the first taste of it, returning to Tennessee with a defeat to its credit. Score, V. P. I., 37; Maryville, 20.

Then came that gruelling northern tour with such teams as the Navy, Catholic University, St. John's, Mount St. Joseph, and W. & L. to be played. We broke even on this trip by defeating St. John's, Mount St. Joseph's, and the Episcopal High School, but the Navy, Catholic University, and W. & L. were too much for us, especially in team work, but the results as a whole were gratifying to the corps, and we settled down with the determination to finish the season without another defeat. This required a great confidence in our team, for there remained on our schedule a formidable array of giants such as W. & L., V. M. I., Elon, Wake Forest, and Guilford, but after watching them defeat Elon once and Guilford twice in three of the prettiest games ever seen in the Dutch Barn, we grew boastful, and with good reason. Emory and Henry next added to our list of victories, the score being 48 to 25, and since this team in years gone by has often pushed us hard, our elation continued to increase. Next in order came Randolph-Macon College, but their team was not up to their standard, and we piled up a score of 41 to 9 on them. Somewhat doubtful, but still hoping, we awaited our second contest with W. & L. In the pink of condition and just starting on a northern trip which included practically the same teams which we had encountered on our schedule, they came confident of victory, but much to their chagrin and our delight we nosed out as the winner, by a score



MANAGER SANDERSON



# THE BUGLE

of 21 to 19. This game was one of the prettiest of the season, and neither team dared to claim the victory until the final whistle, for at no stage were the scores more than three points apart and both teams were playing spectacular ball. King College proved an easy victim, the score being 58 to 14, but Wake Forest was a more worthy opponent, duly defending her basket and throwing goals with great accuracy. Our speed overcame this apparent advantage and the team which had moved nearly every other team in the State to the utmost for supremacy fell a victim to the Orange and Maroon. Score, V. P. I., 29, W. F., 24.

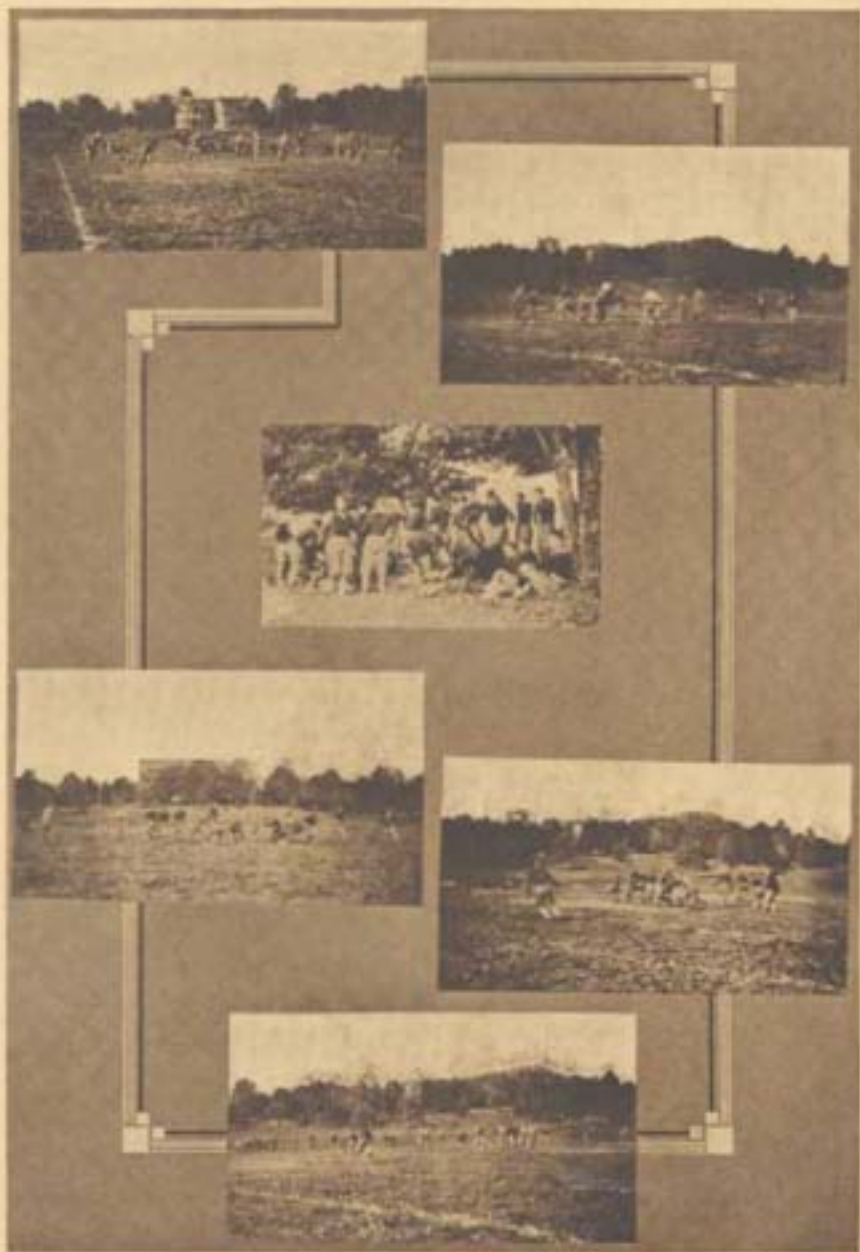


CAPTAIN BECKNER

Next in importance to the W. & L. game was the V. M. I. struggle, for we have become great rivals since that 6 to 6 score. Comparative scores indicated equal strength, and the results of the game bore this fact out. We outplayed them in nearly every stage of the game, and Lynchburg, the scene of the conflict, saw the Techs come out victorious, 27 to 16.

We were now prepared to take the measure of Roanoke College in the final game of the season, and there was apparently no doubt but that we would get sweet revenge for the drubbing which they administered early in the season. But the unexpected always happens, and it was a surprised corps which read the telegram on the last day of February: "V. P. I., 16; Roanoke College, 25."

This ended the season, the results of which, as a whole, are very gratifying. Curious to say, the first and last games of the seasons were lost to the same team, and that one which we always considered our inferior. Winning fourteen out of nineteen games, or a percentage of .737, we believe we have as good or even better record than most of the teams we played, and they were the strongest in this section of the country, too. So we stand behind it as an indication of the successfulness of the basketball season of 1914.



THE TRUCKS IN ACTION





BASBALL TEAM

# THE BUGLE

## Baseball



CAPTAIN JONES

### THE SQUAD

#### *Catchers*

GAINES	WILLIAMS	MACRETH	HOLTON	MOORE
	DUGAN	ROWE	MOSES	

#### *Pitchers*

HERR	ROBERSON	MACDON	LITTLE	WILSON
	HARMAN	NELSON	DUGAN	

#### *First Base*

BLANTON	DIXON	MCGINNIS
---------	-------	----------

#### *Second Base*

LEECE	PEEBLES
-------	---------

#### *Third Base*

ST. CLAIR	GOLDMAN	BARNEY	GERULOE
-----------	---------	--------	---------

#### *Shortstop*

POWELL	RAMSEY
--------	--------

#### *Fielders*

JONES	BRUCE	PICK	APPERSON	HARMAN
COGBILL	MATHEWS	CAMPBELL	TINSLEY	



MANAGER McCUE



BASEBALL SQUAD

# THE BUGLE

## 1914 Baseball Schedule

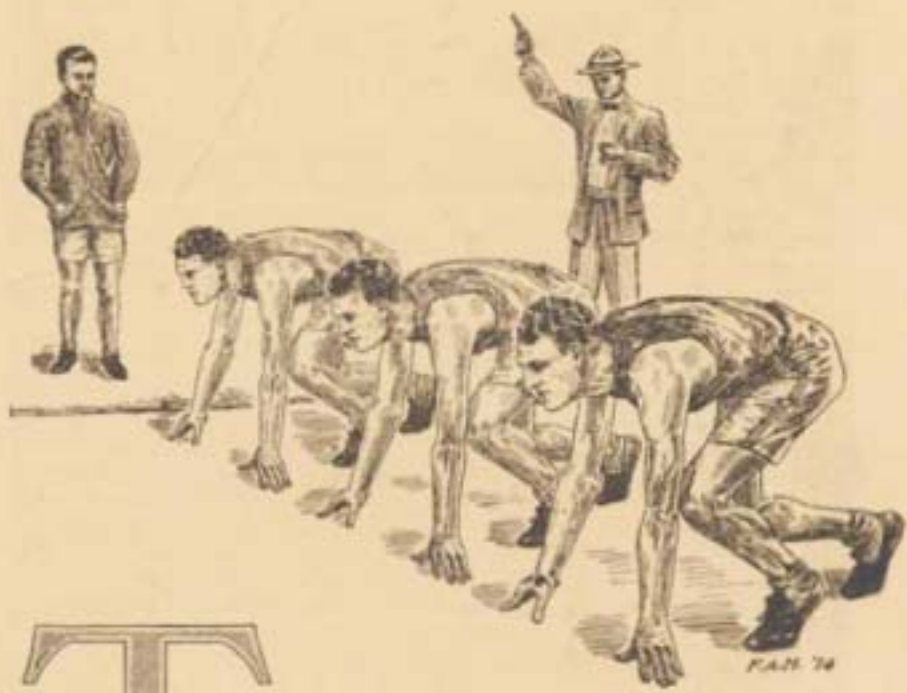
March 31—Virginia Christian College .....	Home
April 4—Washington and Lee .....	Lexington
April 6—Emory and Henry .....	Home
April 7—Emory and Henry .....	Home
April 9—Hampden-Sidney .....	Home
April 10—St. John's College .....	Home
April 11—Randolph-Macon College .....	Home
April 13—Virginia Military Institute .....	Roanoke
April 14—Hampden-Sidney .....	Hampden-Sidney
April 15—Hampden-Sidney .....	Farmville
April 16—William and Mary .....	Williamsburg
April 17—Randolph-Macon College .....	Ashland
April 18—Roanoke College .....	Salem
April 20—A. and M. of N. C. ....	Home
April 24—Guilford College .....	Home
April 25—Guilford College .....	Home
April 28—Elon College .....	Home
April 29—Elon College .....	Home
May 2—Roanoke College .....	Home
May 4—Bingham Military Academy .....	Home





THE WASHINGTON AND LEE GAME





# T TRACK



TRACK SQUAD

# THE BUGLE



CAPTAIN BOWLER



MANAGER WOOD

## The Squad

- Two-Mile*—CHINN, ARTHUR, BRITMAN, WINGFIELD.  
*One-Mile*—DAVENPORT, TODD, LEWIS, OWENS.  
*One-half-Mile*—TODD, TAYLOR, PIGUE, ARNEST, ROSS.  
*One-fourth-Mile*—PORTER, LILLARD, KEATON.  
*Two-Hundred-and-Twenty-Yard*—COTTRILL, TEBBS, FUQUA, ARNOLD,  
 LYON, DAVIS.  
*One-Hundred-Yard*—FUQUA, TEBBS, ARNOLD, DAVIS, LYON.  
*Pole Vault*—FRANCE, PARKER, CRABILL.  
*Discus*—GIBBS, WHITEHEAD, PICK.  
*Shot Put*—BOWLER, GRAVES, EFFINGER, KEYSER.  
*High Jump*—LEGG, WHITE, FURR, KIRBY, TYREE, PARKER, PIERCE,  
 HEFLIN.  
*Broad Jump*—LEGG, WHITE, PARRISH, TYREE.  
*One-Hundred-and-Twenty-Yard Hurdles*—LEGG, WHITE, BAKER,  
 DAVIS.  
*Two-Hundred-and-Twenty-Yard Hurdles*—LEGG, WHITE, DAVIS,  
 BAKER.

# THE BUGLE



## Our Flag

W. K. B.

Away above old Number One,  
Proudly waving all alone,  
Floats the flag for which we'd die—  
The Stars and Stripes, o'er V. P. I.

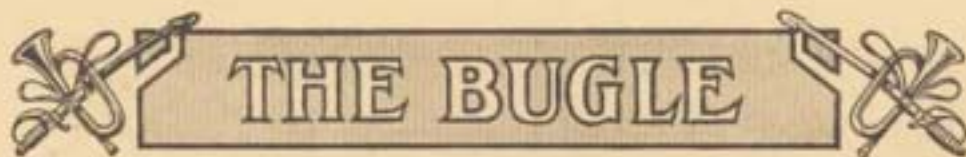
Not this the flag whose silken folds  
Were wont to wave where Beauty holds  
Her undisputed sway. But this  
The flag that waves thru storm and mist.

I see it now in winter snows,  
I feel again the wind that blows  
Its tattered fragments to the sky—  
OUR flag that floats o'er V. P. I.

But we are proud of this old rag—  
This piece of bunting that was a flag.  
Its life-long service seems to say,  
"Do your duty the best you may."

Be thou faithful, just, and true  
To the school that fitted you  
For the battles of the world,  
For V. P. I. YOUR flag n'er furl."





# THE BUGLE

## Yells and Songs

TUNE: EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT

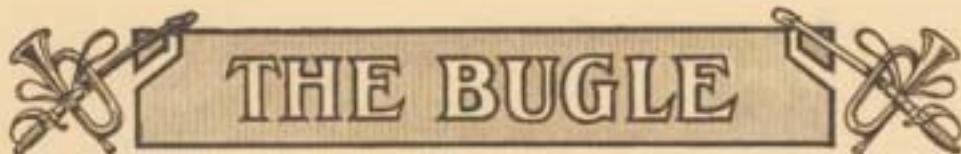
V. P. I. is winning it, winning it, winning it,  
V. P. I. is winning it; winning what? CHAMPIONSHIP.  
See old Abbee go through the line,  
With old Winnie close on behind;  
See our fellows hitting the line,  
It look fine, it is fine, it's our time,  
OH,  
V. P. I. is winning it, winning it, winning it,  
V. P. I. is winning it; winning what? CHAMPIONSHIP  
See old Parrish go through the line,  
We are surely playing it fine,  
With our backfield and our line,  
V. P. I. is winning it, V. P. I. is winning it,  
V. P. I. is winning it,  
NOW.

TUNE: IN MY HAREM

On the gridiron, the gridiron,  
The V. P. I. gridiron,  
The plays Coach Bocock shows us,  
You hardly would believe us,  
Forward passes, long end runs,  
We have them guessing all the time,  
There's plenty of grit and fight,  
And it's hell when they combine,  
On the gridiron, the gridiron,  
The V. P. I. gridiron,  
And the way we play,  
Would make them wish that they  
Had never seen old V. P. I.

TUNE: THAT OLD GIRL OF MINE

In the field the Poly-techs are bravely fighting,  
This ball game they're going to win,  
(V. M. I.'s) fondest hopes are blighted,  
They haven't a look in,  
Play ball and win this game,  
For the sake of V. P. I.,  
And when night-time comes a'falling in old Blacksburg  
Orange and Maroon will wave on high.



# THE BUGLE

## TUNE: ON THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

Oh, the Poly-technics of Virginia,  
On the trail of the Championship;  
On the hot gridiron our men are fine,  
We keep our rivals far behind.  
Oh, Tech, with your punts and your kicks,  
You're the best  
In the South Atlantic.  
Oh, the Poly-technics of Virginia,  
On the trail of the Championship.

## TUNE: WAITING FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE

Watch them hitting the line,  
Gee, but aren't they doing fine?  
They've got the fight, that  
They use with their might.  
They hit them, they rip them, they split, they kill them,  
OH, OH, OH,  
See them tear through the line,  
It would nearly kill your spine.  
We are out here taking all the "victories,"  
Which goes down in "histry" for that much known  
V. P. I.

## TUNE: HE RAMBLED

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

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

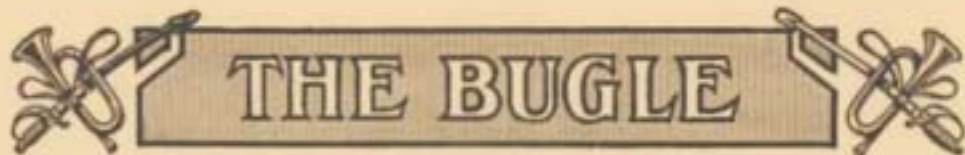
Hike, Blacksburg, your team's a daisy,  
Yell like hell for every man,  
With old Abby in the line,  
And old Winnie just behind,  
Never fear for dear old Blacksburg, never fear.

## HULLABALOO

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

## HOKIE

Hokie, hokie, hokie, hi,  
Techs, Techs, V. P. I.  
Solar rex, solar rah,  
Polytechs, Virgin-i-a,  
Rae, ri, V. P. I.



# THE BUGLE

TUNE: MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
Last night as I lay on my bed,  
Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
I dreamed that old (W & L.) was dead.

CHORUS—

I dreamed, I dreamed,  
I dreamed that old (W. & L.) was dead, was dead,  
I dreamed, I dreamed, I dreamed that old (W. & L.) was dead.

TUNE: BECAUSE I'M MARRIED NOW

Well, your team may be strong,  
But ours is stronger;  
If you play with us you'll have a team no longer.  
Oh! you would if you could, but you can't.

WHY?

Because it's V. P. I.

TUNE: GRAND OLD FLAG

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

TUNE: I WAS NEVER INTRODUCED TO YOU

We're going to win this game and 'taint no lie;  
'Taint no use for you to moan and sigh,  
Our ends and our backs,  
They'll down you in your tracks,  
Oh! we're going to win this game and 'taint no lie.

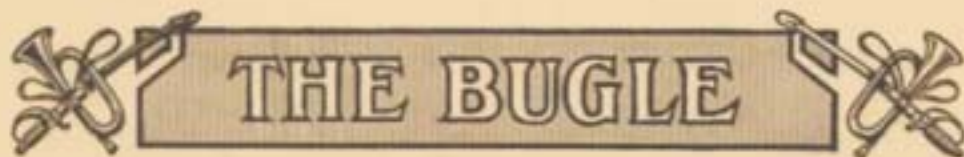
WE BUCK THAT LINE

We buck that line we do,  
We buck that line we do,  
If that line is weak  
We buck very well,  
If that line is strong  
We buck like hell—  
We buck that line we do,

WITH A VEEVO

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





# THE BUGLE

TUNE: FRIENDSHIP MARCH

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

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

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

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

ONE-A-ZIP

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

RAE, RI-I

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

TEXAS

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



THE

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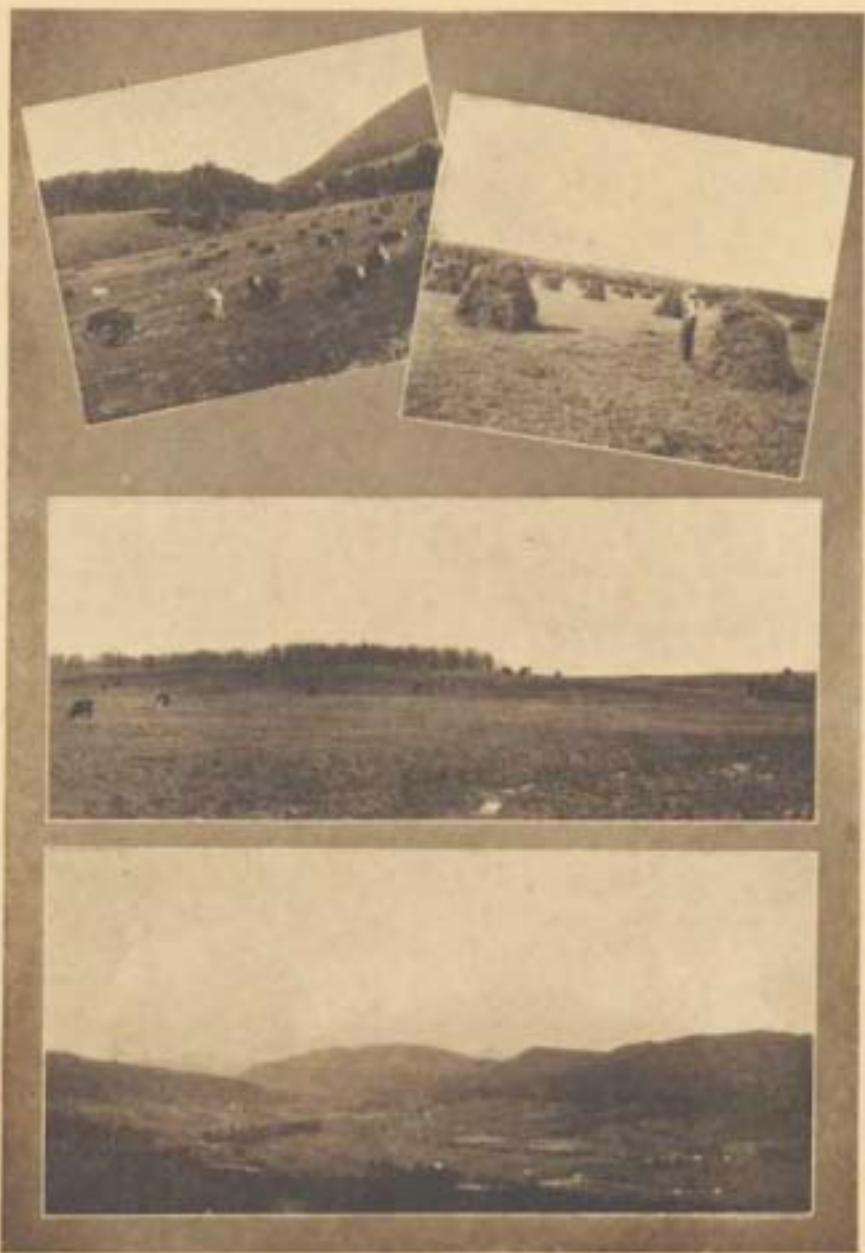




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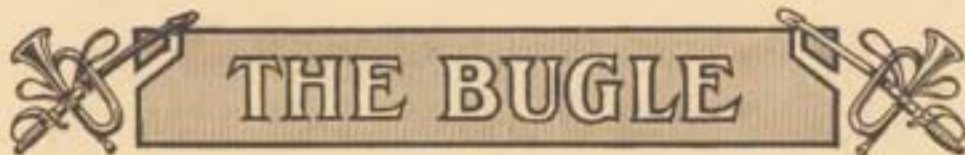




PLANTERS' CLUB



PLANTERS' CLUB



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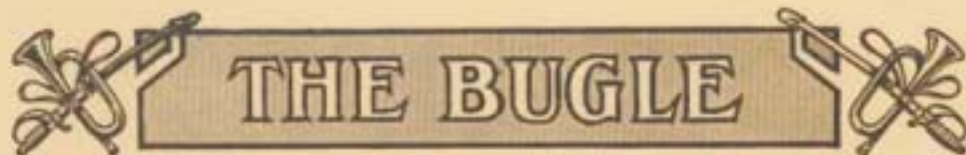
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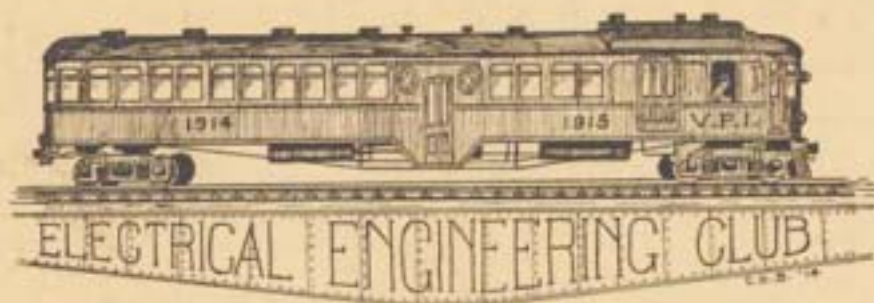
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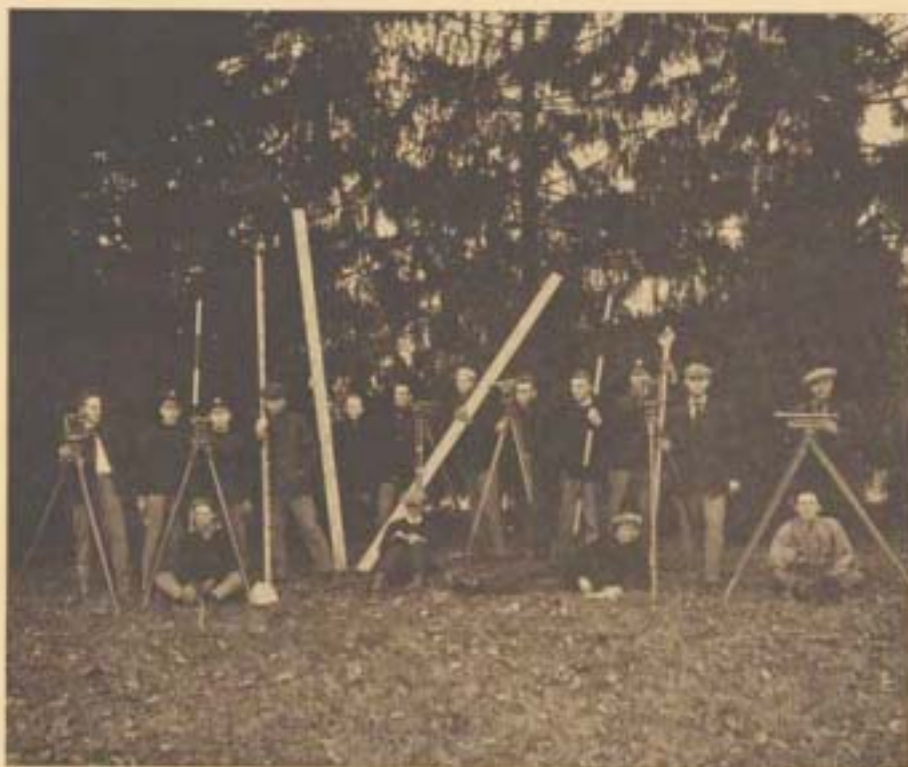
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 C. W. HEFLIN ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

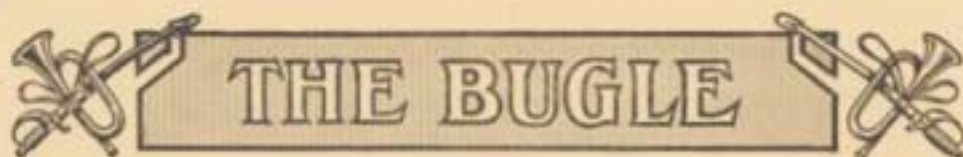
CHINN, A., '15	MOTLEY, J. L., '15
FENTRESS, E. R., '15	NIXON, G. P., '15
HALL, W. T., '14	POWELL, J. F., '15
HUNT, C. T., '15	PURCELL, W. O., '15
MACGREGOR, R. J., '15	SANDERSON, J. M., '14
MILLER, G. N., '14	ST. CLAIR, G., '15
MOORE, S. B., '15	



## P. G.'s

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MEMBERS	DEGREE APPLIED FOR
E. T. BATTEN .....	M. S.
R. W. CATLIN .....	M. E.
J. T. GRISWOLD .....	M. S.
P. U. JANUOLD .....	M. S.
E. H. KNOX .....	E. E.
D. D. LESTER .....	E. E.
W. R. LEGG .....	M. S.
A. M. MASON .....	E. E.
P. H. POWERS, JR. ....	E. E.
F. T. WALL .....	M. S.



# THE BUGLE

## German Club

A. R. CARRINGTON .....	<i>President</i>
J. R. DUSHANE .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. J. FITZGERALD, Jr. ....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
L. E. SUTTON .....	<i>Leader</i>

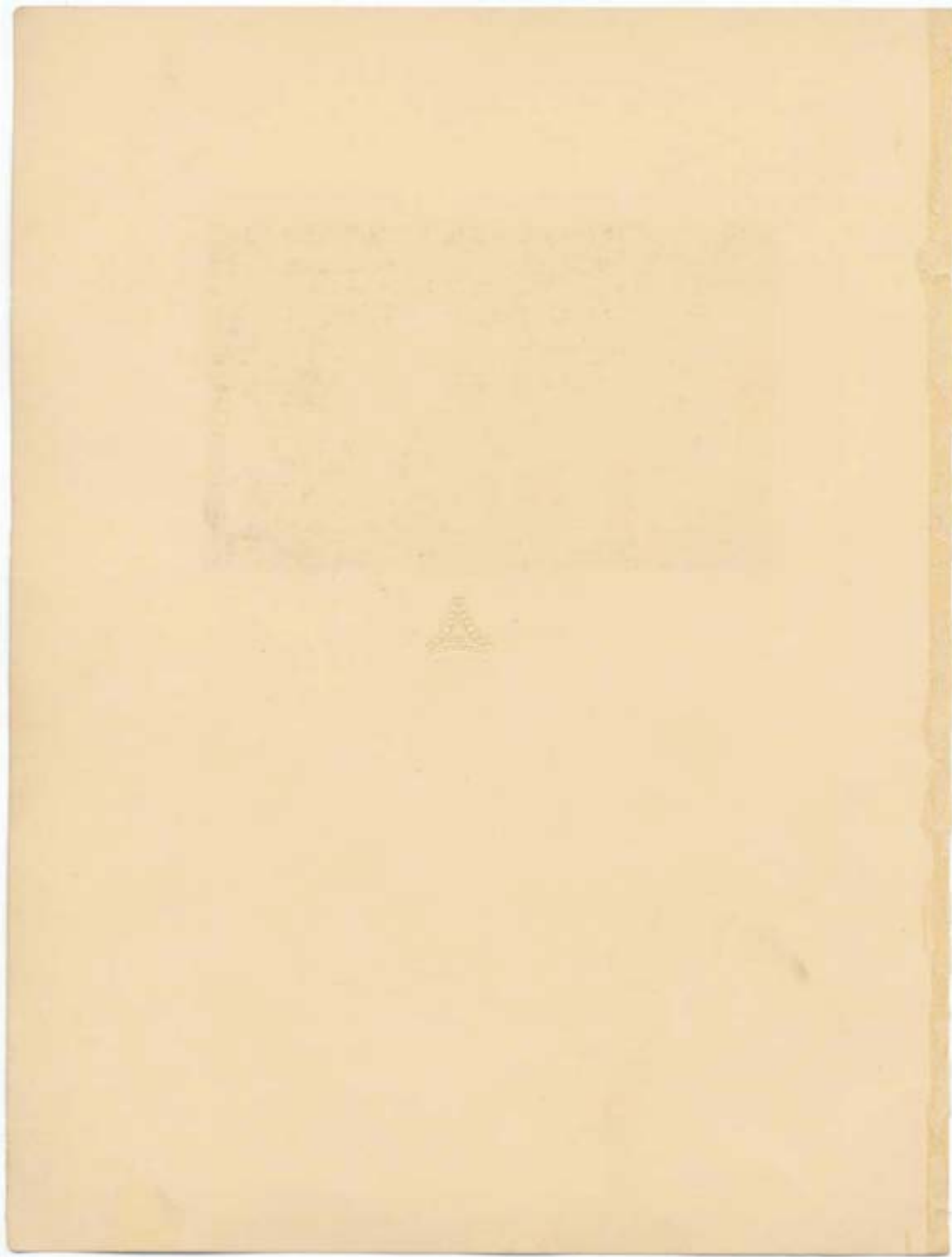
### MEMBERS

ANDREWS, H. S.	MCCOWAN, A. S.
BEVERLEY, J. H. C.	MCCUE, J. M.
BUSHNELL, W. T.	MENINGH, E. T.
CARRINGTON, A. R.	MYRICK, E. B.
CLEMMER, T. F.	PATTERSON, G. P.
DUSHANE, J. R.	RIVES, T. M.
DAVIS, S. W.	ROWE, T. J.
FITZGERALD, H. J.	SOMERVILLE, J. G.
FOWLE, P. R.	SOMERVILLE, H. M.
Fox, E. C.	SUTTON, L. E.
GILLESPIE, H. G.	SUTTON, G. G.
GOODLOE, J. A.	SMITHEY, I. P.
GREGORY, W. V.	THIMBLE, J. M.
JORDEN, E. F.	WILEY, L. B.
KRIEGER, J. B.	WINGFIELD, C. V.
LANCASTER, D. S.	WILLIAMS, E. P.
LEGER, W. R.	WILLIAMS, B. S.

### HONORARY MEMBERS

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COL. W. M. BRIDGE	PROF. L. S. RANDOLPH
R. T. ELLETT	COL. J. S. A. JOHNSON
REV. R. B. NELSON	DR. J. E. WILLIAMS
STOCKTON HEIN	COL. J. F. WARE
PROF. C. E. VAWTER	E. R. HODGSON
PROF. J. D. DAVIS	BRANCH BOCK







## Tennis Club

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 W. R. POGUE ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

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BUTLER, R. L.	NEWMAN, C. M.
COX, C. E.	PARIS, E. R.
CRABILL, C. H.	POGUE, W. R.
FOX, E. C.	RANDOLPH, O. R.
FOQUA, I. N.	ROACH, M. O.
HARRISON, W. B.	SHANNON, C. D.
MACRETH, H. C.	SHOLD, A. P.
	SMITHEY, L. P.

# THE BUGLE

## The Cotillion Club

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L. R. BUDWELL	.....	First Vice-President		
W. K. BOULDIN	.....	Second Vice-President		
F. R. SCOTT	.....	Secretary-Treasurer		
R. C. BRAUER	.....	Sergeant-at-Arms		
H. T. BARGER	W. T. HALL	C. P. KELLY	G. N. MILLER	W. G. WYSON

### MEMBERS

H. T. BARGER  
 W. K. BOULDIN  
 R. C. BRAUER  
 L. R. BUDWELL  
 J. A. BURWELL  
 R. L. BUTLER  
 M. CLAY  
 J. M. EVANS  
 G. M. FURNIVAL  
 W. T. HALL  
 P. D. HEUSER  
 L. J. HUETTEL  
 R. C. HUNT  
 D. H. IRVINE  
 W. H. IRVINE  
 G. E. JOHNSON  
 A. L. JONES  
 W. E. KEARFOTT  
 C. P. KELLY  
 D. C. MACON  
 G. N. MILLER  
 J. R. MURPHY  
 F. H. NORVELL  
 L. A. PICK  
 T. B. PIERCE  
 J. F. POWELL  
 P. H. POWERS  
 O. R. RANDOLPH  
 W. F. SANDERS  
 F. R. SCOTT  
 A. P. SIBOLD  
 E. UHRLING  
 W. H. WADE  
 D. M. WARE  
 W. G. WARWICK  
 S. M. WHITE  
 D. R. WHITESSELL  
 J. T. WILSON  
 E. S. WOOD  
 N. C. WRIGHT  
 W. G. WYSON

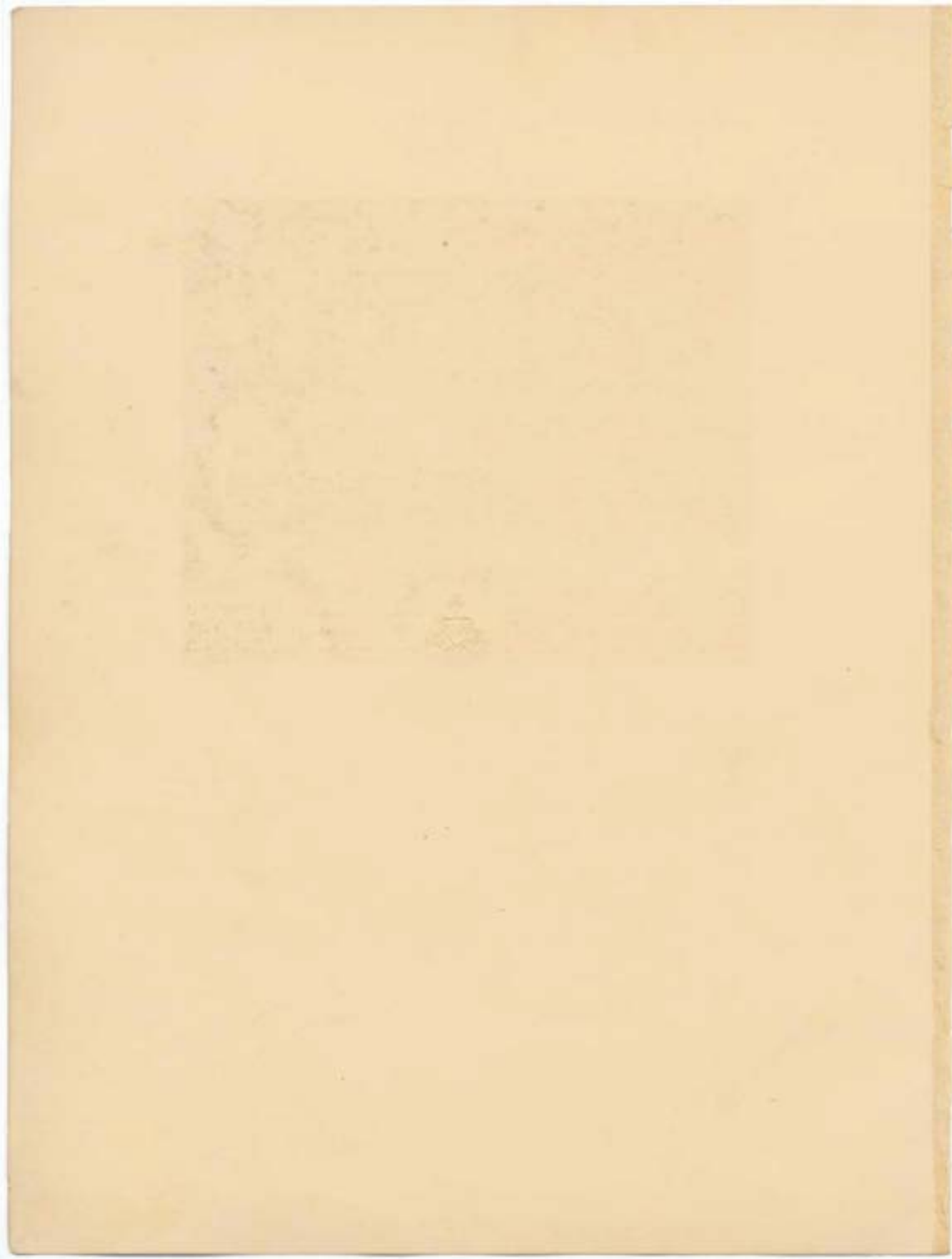


### HONORARY MEMBERS

PRES. J. D. EGGLESTON  
 DR. J. E. WILLIAMS  
 DR. C. M. NEWMAN  
 DR. H. S. REED  
 PROF. C. E. VAWTER  
 PROF. L. S. RANDOLPH  
 DR. S. W. FLETCHER  
 PROF. L. E. CARRIER  
 PROF. O. C. BURKHART  
 PROF. R. J. DAVIDSON  
 COL. J. S. A. JOHNSON  
 PROF. W. H. RASCHKE  
 PROF. C. P. MILES  
 PROF. R. B. H. BEGG  
 PROF. T. P. CAMPBELL  
 PROF. C. W. HOLDAWAY  
 COL. J. F. WARE  
 COL. W. M. BRODIE  
 MAJ. G. B. BRIGHT  
 MR. R. B. NELSON  
 MR. BRANCH BOODKE  
 MR. JAMES OTEY









## Roanoke Club

### OFFICERS

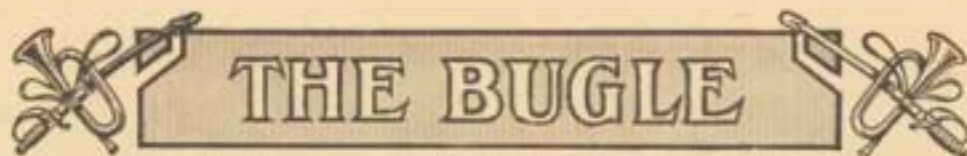
L. R. BUDWELL .....	<i>President</i>
J. S. SCOTT .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. W. KAVANAUGH .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
W. V. GREGORY .....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### MEMBERS

W. K. BOULDIN, '14	J. G. KAVANAUGH, '16
W. F. BUSHNELL, '16	J. W. KAVANAUGH, '16
H. A. DAVENPORT, '16	J. H. LAMBERT, '15
L. H. ENGELBY, '16	G. F. MILES, '16
F. A. ENGELBY, '16	J. F. MOGILAW, '16
E. C. FOX, '16	L. N. MOSELEY, '16
W. V. GREGORY, '17	P. D. OAKLEY, '17
H. D. GUY, '15	J. B. PEIRCE, '17
F. B. HARRIS, '16	G. W. WOOD, '16
G. E. JOHNSON, '16	L. B. WILEY, '16

### HONORARY MEMBERS

G. B. BRIGHT	B. S. WILLIAMS	C. H. CRABILL
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## Omicron Gamma Gamma

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### OFFICERS

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W. W. G. WARWICK ..... *Vice-President*  
A. F. HUNTT, Jr. .... *Secretary-Treasurer*

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M. C. BECKNER, '15  
B. B. BLANTON, '16  
R. C. BRAUER, '15  
O. H. CULPEPER, '14  
C. A. CUTCHINS, '17  
L. M. GAINER, '17

A. F. HUNTT, Jr., '16  
W. F. OLIVER, '15  
T. J. ROWE, Jr., '15  
J. M. SANDERSON, '14  
H. M. TYLER, Jr., '14  
W. W. G. WARWICK, '14







## Pulaski County Club

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### OFFICERS

W. G. WYSOR .....	<i>President</i>
A. B. BLOCKSIDGE .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. J. BOPP .....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
D. K. HARMON .....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### MEMBERS

J. C. ALLISON, '17  
 A. J. BOPP, '16  
 H. J. BOPP, '16  
 A. B. BLOCKSIDGE, '15

J. C. HARMON, '15  
 C. W. HARMON, '17  
 D. K. HARMON, '17  
 W. G. WYSOR, '14



SENIOR PRIVATES



# THE BUGLE



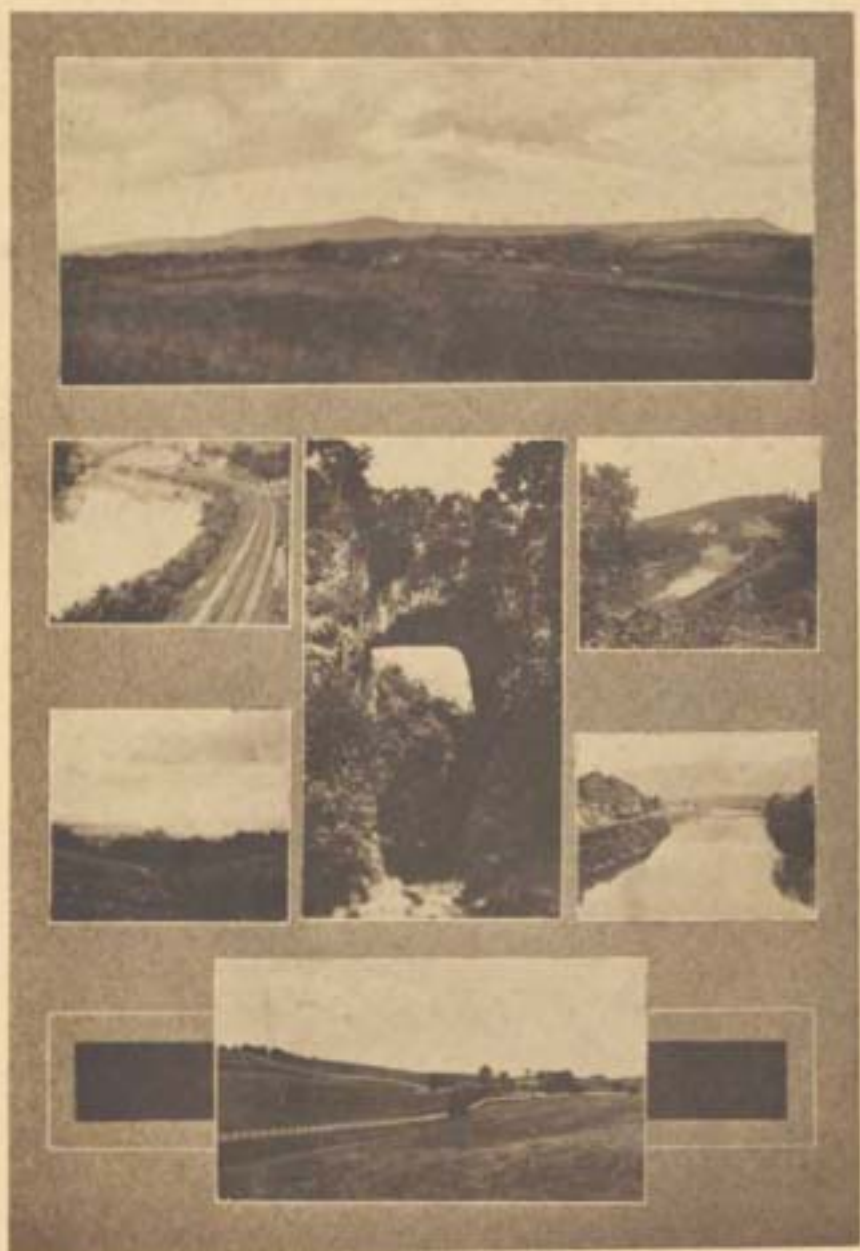
AD HADES CUM MILITA

## OFFICERS

SIR GORDON WARWICK ..... *Sir Knight Commander*  
 SIR WILLIAM HALL ..... *Sir Knight Vice-Commander*  
 SIR JACK WEAVER ..... *Sir Knight Scribe*

## KNIGHTS

SIR ELLYS BERRY ("Doc")	SIR ROBERT LEE ("Growly")
SIR CARROLL BILLMYER ("Bill")	SIR CLIVE METCALFE ("Methull")
SIR JAMES BOHLKEN ("Bokers")	SIR GEORGE MILLER ("Sour")
SIR SAMUEL BONDURANT ("Sam")	SIR JAMES MURRY ("Bill")
SIR LEWIS BRANSFORD ("Brandy")	SIR ORLANDO RANDOLPH ("Bob")
SIR ALFRED CARRINGTON ("Cattie")	SIR GEORGE RUST ("Deah")
SIR CLARENCE COX ("Noon")	SIR JOHN SANDERSON ("Uriah")
SIR WILLIAM EFFINGER ("Beef")	SIR ARCHIE SHANKLAND ("Archie")
SIR JAMES EVANS ("Prof.")	SIR HENRY SOMERVILLE ("Deacon")
SIR HARVEY GILLENPIE ("Sykes")	SIR EDWARD SUTTON ("Lee")
SIR WILLIAM HALL ("Willie")	SIR HENRY TYLER ("Henry")
SIR BYRN HARRISON ("Byrd")	SIR GORDON WARWICK ("Weary")
SIR THOMAS HAUGHTON ("Moose")	SIR JOHN WATSON ("Watso")
SIR JOHN HILL ("Little Mountain")	SIR JACK WEAVER ("Yat")
SIR RUSSELL HUNT ("Helen")	SIR JOHN WHITE ("Noody")
SIR HARRY JENNINGS ("Corsty")	



SHENANDOAH VALLEY CLUB



## Shenandoah Valley Club

### OFFICERS

C. D. BILLMYER .....	<i>President</i>
C. W. REILLY .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
C. K. SWITZER .....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
J. P. BORDEN .....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### MEMBERS

BROWN, B. B.	LEWIS, H. S.
BAILEY, F. W.	McNAIR, S. H.
CLEMMER, T. F.	MOORE, C. R.
COULTON, J. L.	POWERS, P. H.
KARCOFF, C. E.	RALSTON, E. H.
FLETCHER, L. S.	SNAPP, O. I.
GRAHAM, L.	STEIN, L. E.
MOFFETT, H. H.	WHITE, J. L.
KOONTZ, G. H.	WHITSELL, D. R.
KEARFOTT, W. E.	WINK, R. O.

### HONORARY MEMBERS

A. S. McCowan	L. P. SMITHY	J. M. TRIMBLE
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RICHMOND CLUB

# THE BUGLE



## OFFICERS

M. C. BECKNER ..... *President*  
 F. W. BRUCE ..... *Vice-President*  
 L. J. MEYNS ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*  
 L. B. UMLAUF ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*

## MEMBERS

ARNALL, F. E.  
 ARNALL, M. L.  
 BECKNER, M. C.  
 BLANTON, B. B.  
 BRAUER, R. C.  
 BRUCE, F. W.  
 BRUCE, R. H.  
 COCKE, N. P.  
 COGILL, W. L.  
 COLEMAN, G. G.  
 COTTRELL, B.  
 CRAFTON, H. H.  
 DOGGETT, D. S.  
 EVANS, J. M.  
 GAINES, L. N.  
 GARY, R. A.  
 GOODWIN, R. F.  
 GRAY, R. S.  
 JOHNSON, C. F.

LIEFFELD, J. J.  
 HEACOCK, F. A.  
 HOLTSMANN, A. C.  
 HUNTT, A. F.  
 MARKS, K.  
 MEYNS, L. J.  
 MOSEY, J. E.  
 NORTWELL, F. H.  
 PARRISH, B. S.  
 PATTERSON, G. P.  
 PHINNEY, R. M.  
 ROGERSON, P. H.  
 SANDERS, H. W.  
 SCHWEICKERT, G. S.  
 THOMPSON, R. H.  
 TYLER, H. M.  
 UMLAUF, L. B.  
 WARWICK, W. G.  
 WYATT, J. M.

## HONORARY MEMBERS

PRES. J. D. EGGLESTON      C. P. MILES      L. P. SMITHEY

# THE BUGLE

## CAROLINA CLUB

The Carolinians



ARTHUR, J. E.  
COFF, G. W.  
DAVIS, S. W.  
HAUGHTON, T. H.  
HILL, F. L.  
IRVING, D. H.  
IRVING, W. H.  
MILLER, S. A.  
MCNISH, E. T.  
WEAVER, J. H.

### HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. J. M. McBRIDE  
DR. E. A. SMITH  
PROF. R. J. DAVIDSON  
PROF. S. R. PRITCHARD  
PROF. J. B. McBRIDE





## Southside Virginia Club

### OFFICERS

S. W. BONDURANT .....	<i>President</i>
J. C. JESSUP .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
T. J. JACKSON .....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
F. C. HOLTON .....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### MEMBERS

ALDERSON, R. C.	HUBBARD, O. C.
BENDER, D. J.	HUNT, R. C.
BONDURANT, S. W.	JACKSON, T. J.
COLEMAN, A. M.	JESSUP, J. C.
COOK, R. H.	JESSUP, R. S.
DAVIS, H. P.	KING, R.
DEVIN, W. C.	LAURENT, R. H.
DODDIE, A. R.	PITTON, J. W.
DODDIE, E. R.	RAMSEY, B. E.
GREGORY, J. E.	ROLLER, J. B.
HOLTMAN, F. C.	WILLIAMS, N. H.

### HONORARY MEMBERS

PROF. EGGLYTON	DR. WILLIAMS	
PROF. PARBETT	PROF. LEE	
PROF. HOBSON		



## Montgomery County Club

### OFFICERS

W. T. HALL ..... *President*  
 G. E. FAGG ..... *Vice-President*  
 G. P. NIXON ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

ALTYER, C. S.	NIXON, G. P.
CARTER, A. E.	NIXON, S. H.
DICKEY, H. M.	PRICE, T. B.
FAGG, G. E.	PRICE, W. H.
HALL, W. T.	RANDOLPH, O. R.
HENDERSON, T. C.	ROSS, O. B.
LUCAS, F. K.	WALL, E. R.
MONTAGUE, J. L.	WHITE, S. M.
WIRD, H. M.	



# THE BUGLE



## Sophomore Court

ORGANIZED IN 1909, ABOLISHED IN 1914.

SEC. 2. The Sophomore court shall consist of twelve men from the Sophomore Class, to be elected by said Class. This court is empowered to deal with first-year men who by their conduct make themselves obnoxious to a large number of old students.

### THE LAST MIDNIGHT COUNCIL

#### OFFICERS

"FROGGIE" WYATT .....	Chief Executioner
"JESSE" WILSON .....	Chief Inquisitor
"JACK" PETTIT .....	Chief Rat-wapper
"BIBBY" COGBILL .....	Chief Duckster

#### MEMBERS

"ARM-STRONG" BOFF	"IRISH COUNSELLOR" KAVASAUGH
"PROTRACTOR" CLEMMER	"CARBURETOR" MOGMAW
"FRAILTY" CRAFTON	"SLING-'EM-UP" WALL
"HEARTLESS" IRONMORGER	"TOWEL WRAPPER" WHITLURST



HAMPTON-ROADS  
CLUB

HILL, J. W.  
*President*

FEARSALL, P. A.  
*Treasurer*

MEMBERS

BARTON, E. M.  
DIXON, V.  
GRIMM, A. F.  
LE FEVRE, R. N.  
MURRAY, S. W.  
POWELL, J. F.  
RANSOME, P. G.  
ROWE, T. J.  
WILKINSON, C. R.  
WILSON, J. T.  
WYATT, J. A.

HONORARY MEMBERS

Col. J. F. WARE



## Tazewell County Club

### OFFICERS

H. G. GILLESPIE .....	<i>President</i>
R. M. GRAHAM .....	<i>Secretary</i>
J. K. SHUFFLEBARGER .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

CHILLING, L. R., '15
DALEY, V. W., '17
GILLESPIE, H. G., '14
GRAHAM, R. M., '16
JANUOLA, P. U., '13
MCGUIRE, G. O., '17
MCGUIRE, L. T., '17
PARRY, T. A., '16
SHUFFLEBARGER, J. K., '16

# THE BUGLE



## Norfolk Club

### OFFICERS

R. S. WOOD .....	<i>President</i>
E. R. FENTRESS .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. W. IRONMONGER .....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
M. P. WALLER .....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### MEMBERS

BERRY, R. E.	KEMP, A. W.
BUTY, W. P.	MACON, D. C.
CAFFEY, J. S.	MOORE, S. B.
CHINN, A.	PHILPOTS, A. T.
CHINN, C.	ROACH, M. O.
ELLINGWORTH, W. M.	TODD, C. H.
FENTRESS, E. R.	WALLER, M. P.
HALLER, J. A.	WHITEHURST, S. R.
IRONMONGER, J. W.	WOOD, R. S.
JAMES, W. R.	WOOD, J. M.
WRIGHT, N. C.	



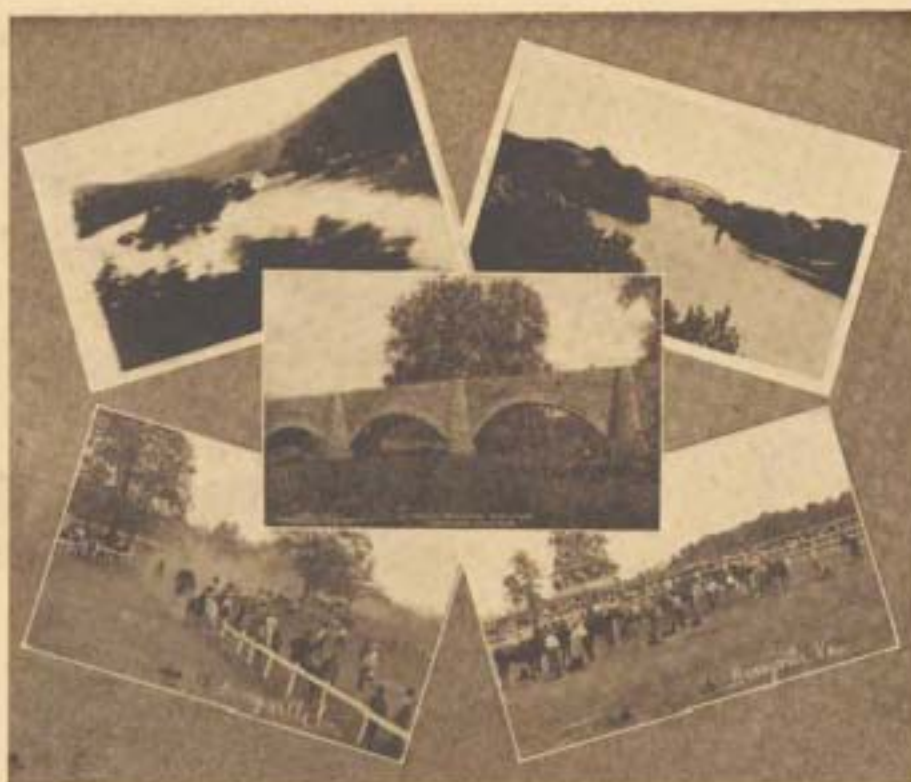
## West Virginia Club

### OFFICERS

J. M. McCUE .....	<i>President</i>
W. F. SANDERS .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. T. WATSON .....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
J. A. LITTLE .....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### MEMBERS

BILMYER, C. D., '14 .....	Shepherdstown
BIRD, H. C., '15 .....	Beckley
BANKS, E. C., '17 .....	Bluefield
CLARK, I. E., '17 .....	Bramwell
HARMAN, P. C., '17 .....	Bramwell
KEARFOTT, W. E., '15 .....	Kearneysville
LEWIS, E. M., '15 .....	McAlpine
LITTLE, J. A., '17 .....	Bramwell
MOORE, A. B., '16 .....	War Eagle
MOORE, J. T., '17 .....	Charleston
McCUE, J. M., '14 .....	Bluefield
SANDERS, W. F., '15 .....	Bluefield
UDY, I., '15 .....	Bluefield
WADE, W. H., '14 .....	Bluefield
WATSON, J. T., '14 .....	Hemphill,



## Loudoun, Fauquier and Clarke Club

### OFFICERS

P. H. POWERS, JR.	.....	<i>President</i>
J. M. SANDERSON	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
C. W. HEFLIN	.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
G. L. FURR	.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### MEMBERS

BORDEN, J. P., '17	POTTS, T. J., '17
BURWELL, J. A., '15	POWERS, P. H., JR., '14
BURWELL, E. B., '16	PURCELL, W. O., '15
CORDER, G. K., '17	ROBERTSON, R., '17
FURR, G. L., '16	SANDERSON, J. M., '14
HEFLIN, C. W., '15	SWART, M. S., '16
LEE, R. F., '14	TAYLOR, S. M., '16
LILLARD, A. F., '16	TEBBS, J. A., '16
PARKER, C. D., '16	VAN DEVANDER, A. L., '15



## Randolph-Macon Club

### OFFICERS

G. N. MILLER, '14 .....	President
P. A. PEARSALL, '15 .....	Vice-President
M. B. ROWE, JR., '16 .....	Secretary-Treasurer
O. C. HUBBARD, '17 .....	Sergeant-at-Arms

### MEMBERS

ARNOLD, T. M., JR., '15  
 BLANTON, B. B., '16  
 CODDIE, G. K., '17  
 GIBBS, M. O., '16  
 MCGUIRE, G. O., '17

METCALFE, C., '14  
 POTTS, J. J., '17  
 ST. CLAIR, G., '15  
 SIMON, S. C., '17  
 WHITE, S. M., '17

WALL, E. R., '16

### HONORARY MEMBERS

LEECH, W. R.  
 SMITHY, L. P.



## Rappahannock Valley Club

### OFFICERS

R. M. HUTCHINSON .....	<i>President</i>
J. W. G. STEPHENS .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
M. O. GIBBS .....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
F. A. GRAY .....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### MEMBERS

ARNOLD, T. M., '15  
 BEVERLY, J. H. C., '15  
 BUTTERWORTH, J. M., '15  
 BUTTERWORTH, A. S., '15  
 GIBBS, M. O., '15  
 GRAY, F. A., '17  
 GOLDMAN, H. M., '17  
 HUTCHINSON, R. M., '16  
 LAWSON, C. T., '16  
 MCGINNES, T. D., '16  
 MOTLEY, J. L., '15  
 NEWBELL, C. B., '16  
 OLIVER, W. F., '15  
 ROWE, M. B., '16  
 STEPHENS, J. W. G., '15



# THE BUGLE

## Portsmouth Club

### OFFICERS

J. D. W. BOHLKEN ..... *President*

G. E. PARKER ..... *Vice-President*

H. L. LINDSAY ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

J. T. RILEY ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*



### MEMBERS

DEALE, H. B.  
CULPEPER, O. H.  
EASON, W. H.  
JACKSON, M. A.  
MURRY, J. W.  
WILKINS, C. D. W.

# THE BUGLE



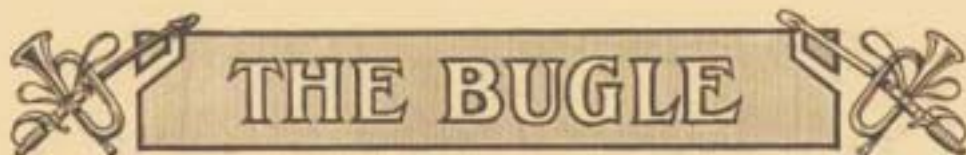
## Lynchburg Club

### OFFICERS

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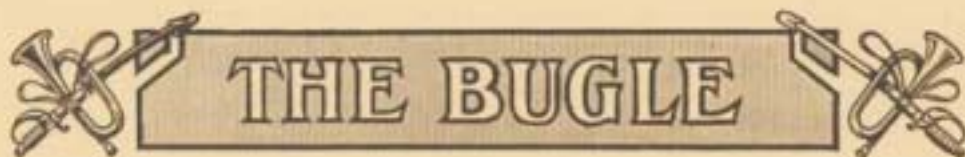
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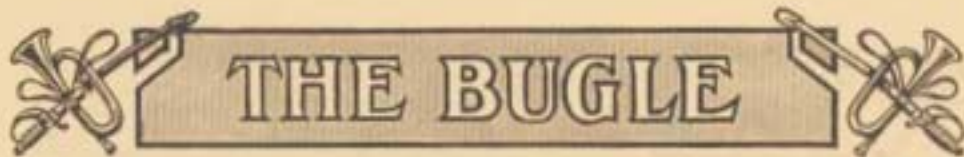
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We wish particularly to express our indebtedness to Mr. J. M. Dulaney for the care he has taken, interest he has shown, and many valuable suggestions he has made in the production of this annual.



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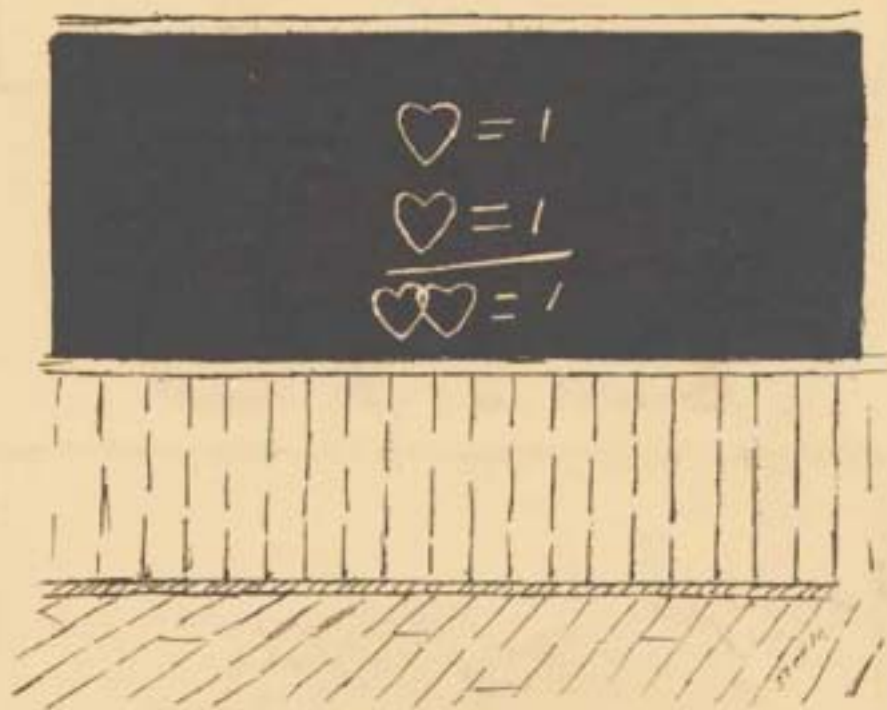
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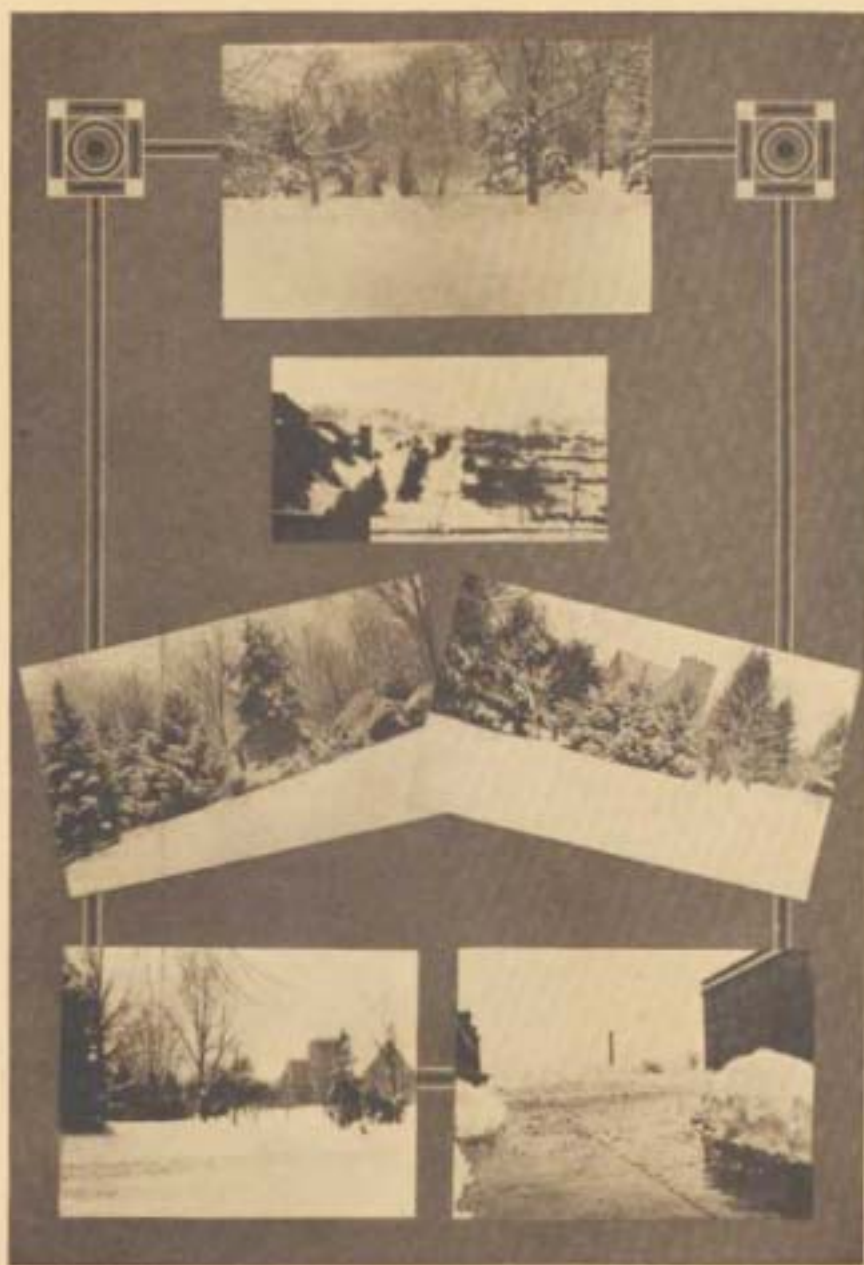
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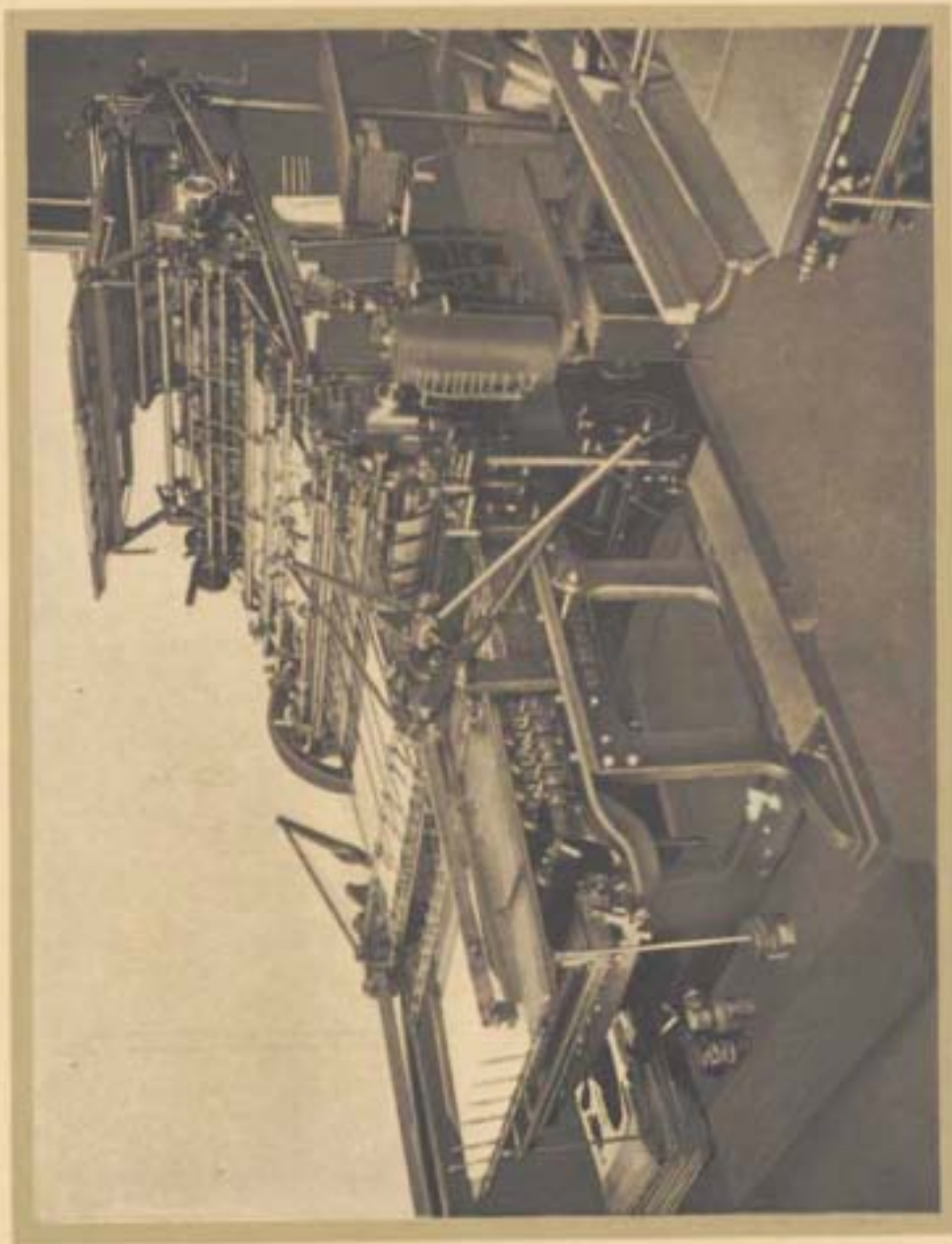
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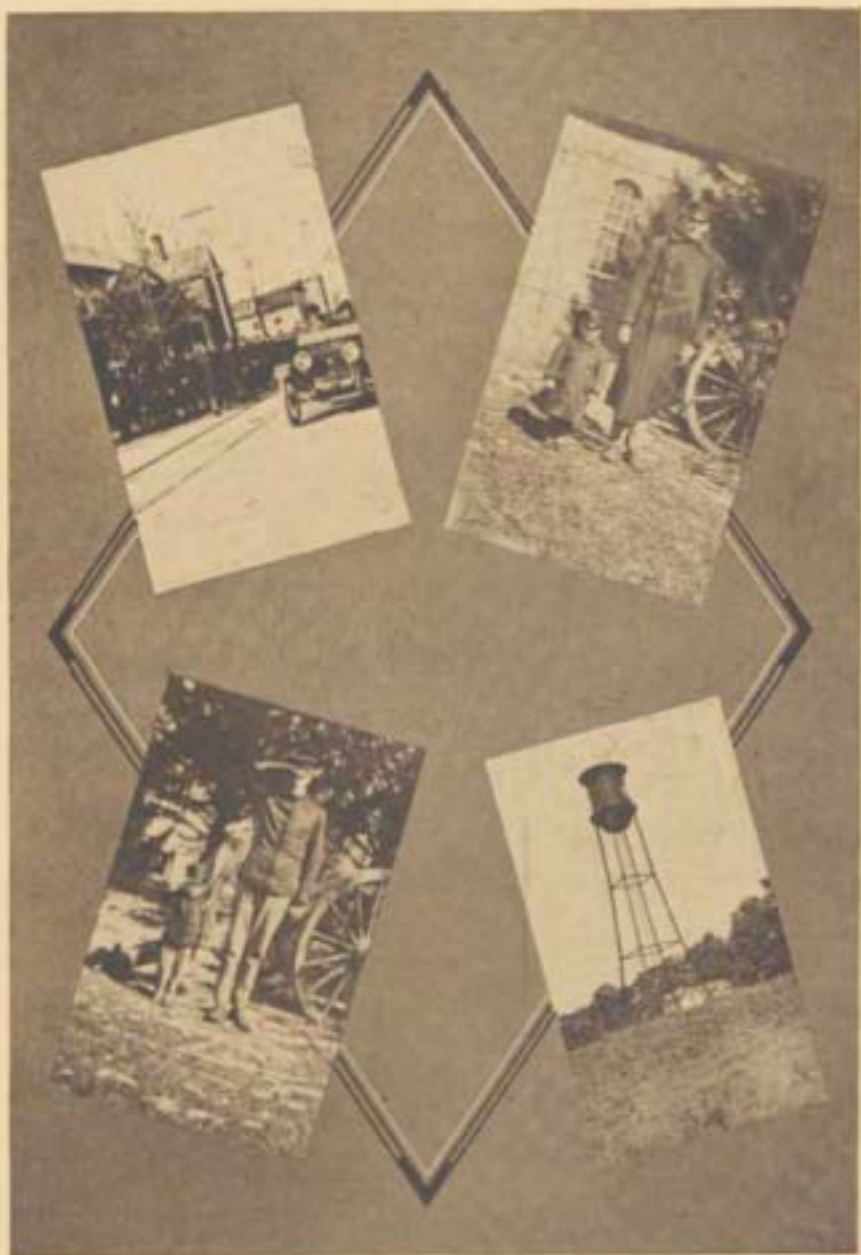
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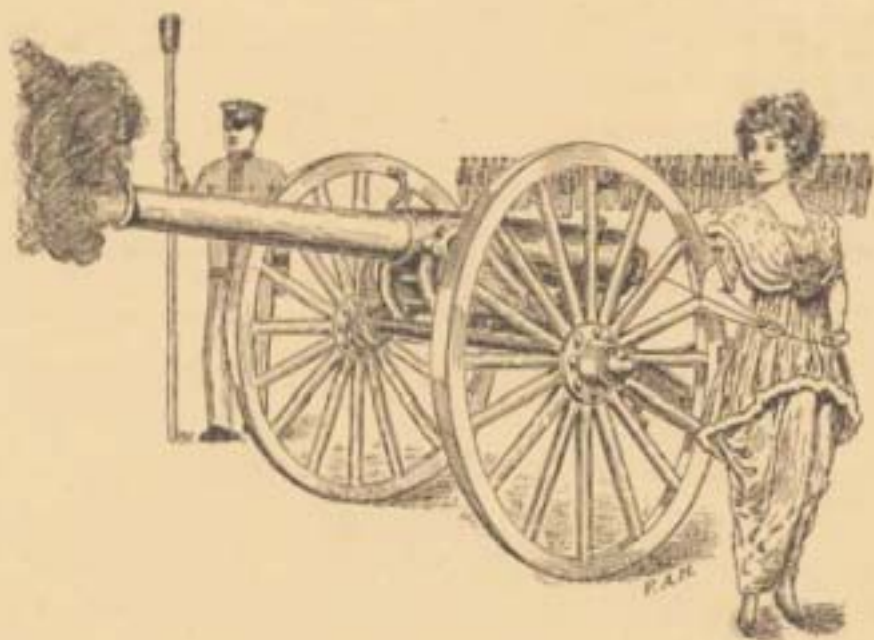
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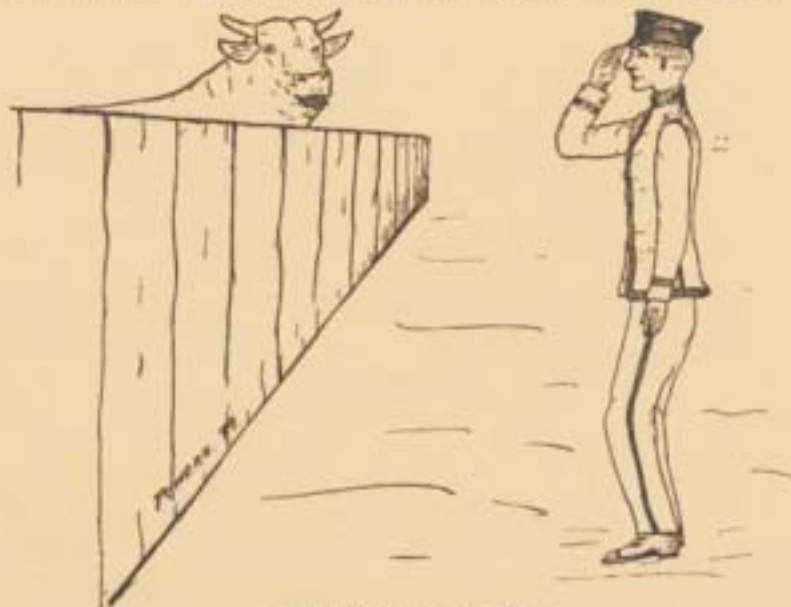
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