

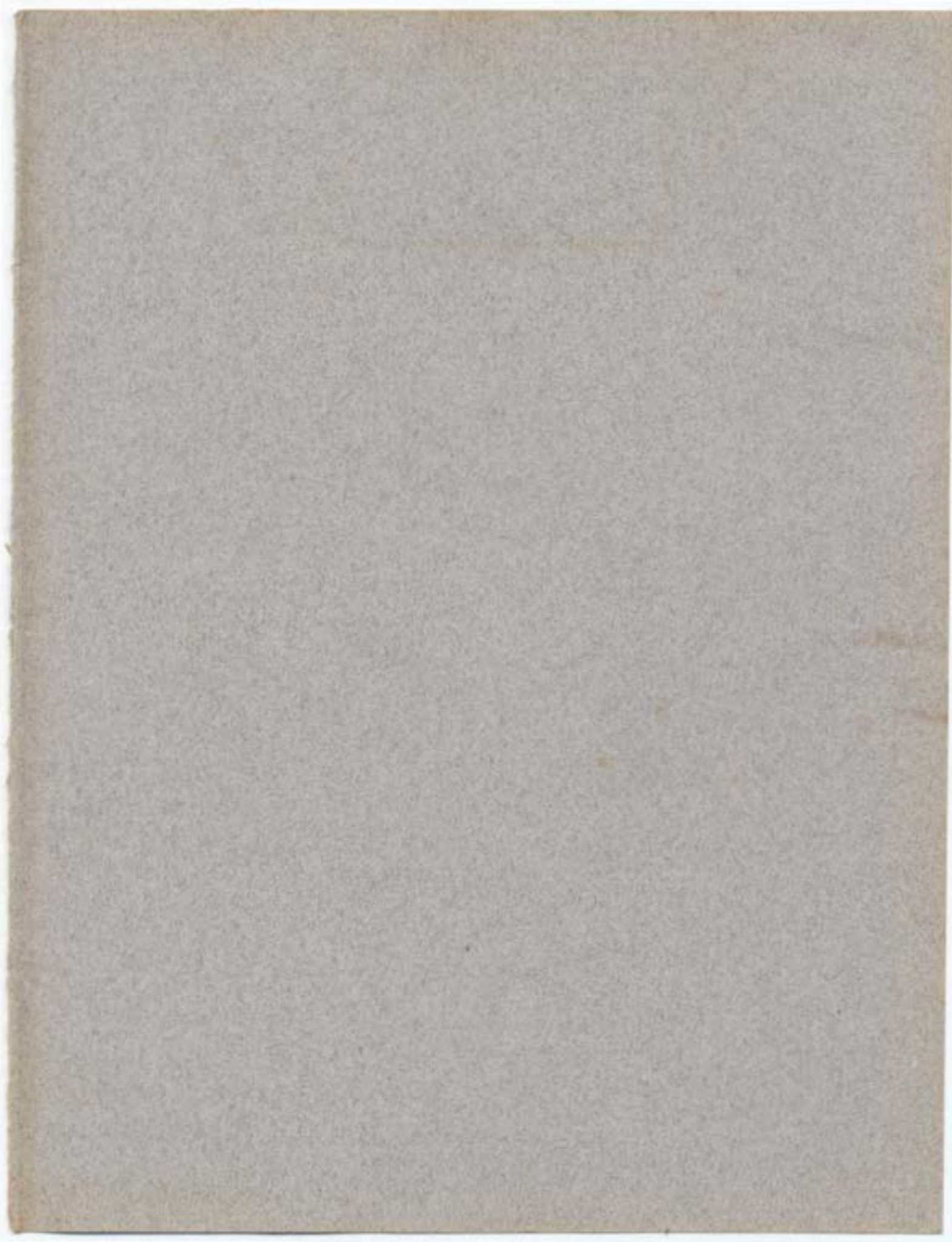
THE BUGLE

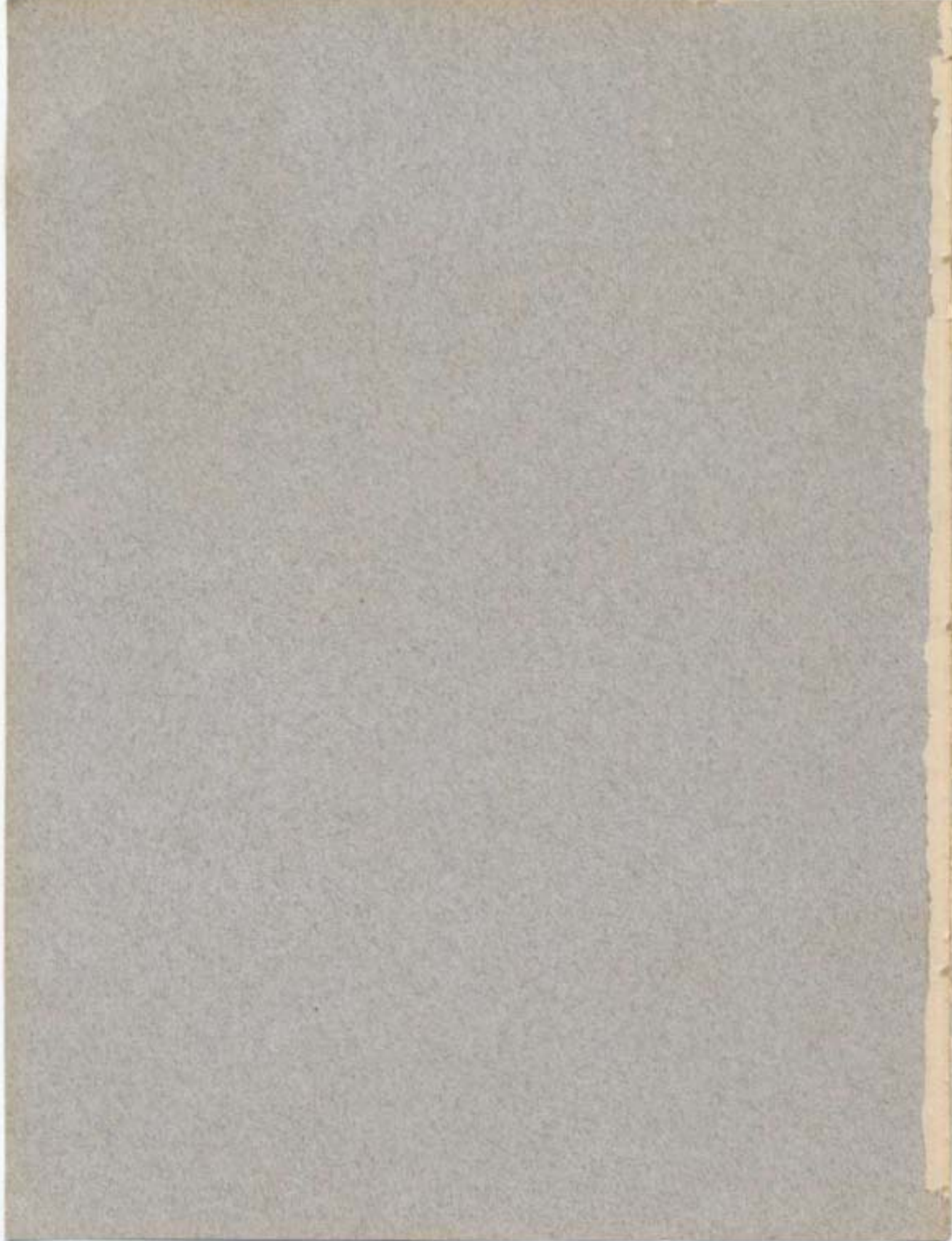
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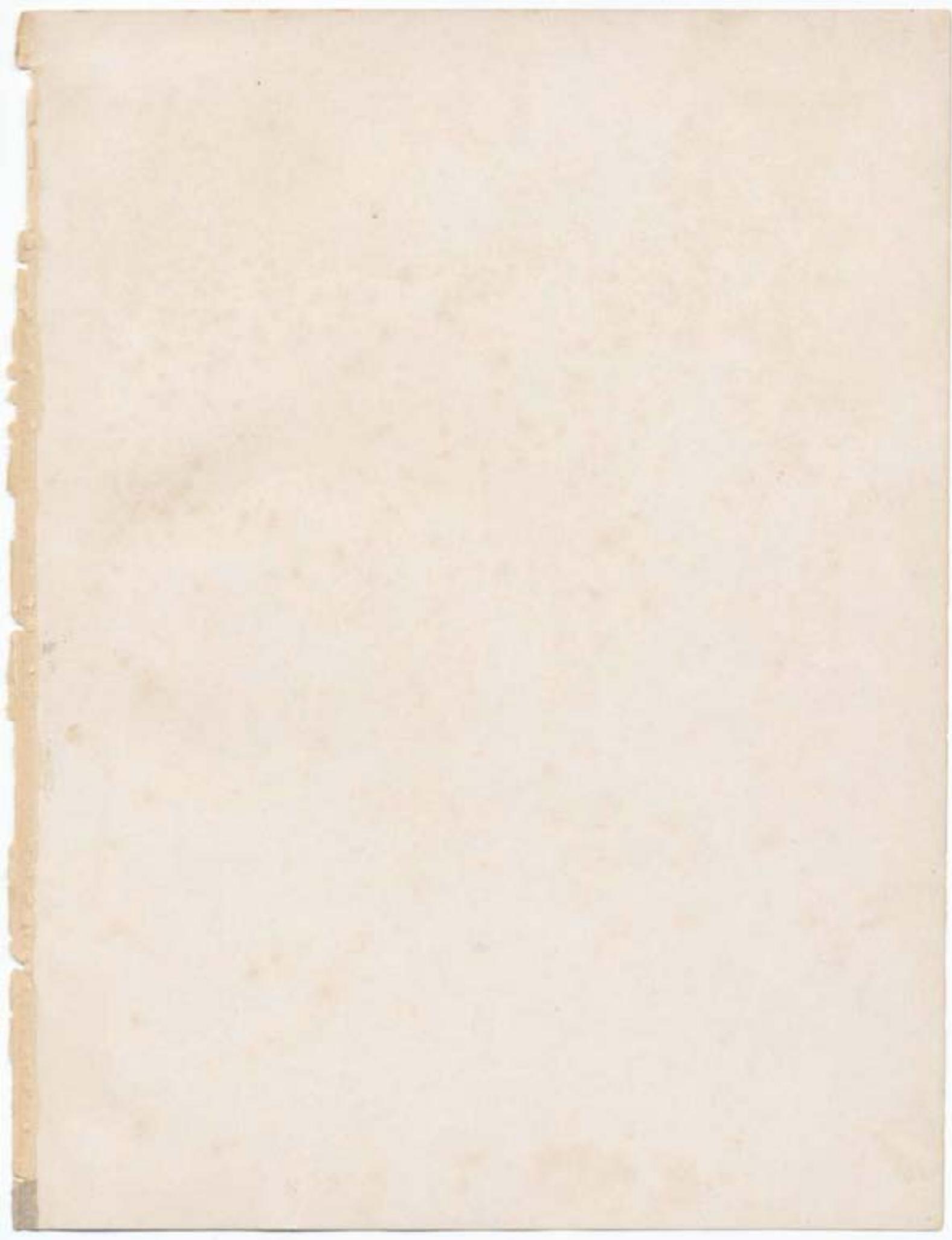
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Carol M. Newman











DEDICATED
TO
THE COMMENCEMENT GIRL
WHOSE BRIGHT AND CHARMING PRESENCE
IS WELCOMED WITH DELIGHT
BY THE CORPS
WHO HAVE APPOINTED
AS REPRESENTATIVES OF THE INSTITUTE
THE BUGLE BOARD
TO SET FORTH
THE AFFAIRS OF THE
VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE
AND TO SHOW THEIR FEELINGS TOWARD
THE COMMENCEMENT GIRL









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Yells:

Hokie, Hokie, Hokie, Hi!
Tecks! Tecks! V. P. I.!
Sola-Rex! Sola-Rah!
Polytechnic—Vir-gin-i-a!!
Rae! Ri! V. P. I.!!!

One, two, three, four,
Two four, three four.
Who'n the hell are we for?
V.!!— P.!!— I.!!!



Colors: Orange and Maroon.



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Colors:

Maroon and Blue

Motto:

Upward, Onward

Yell:

Lippa lappa, lippa lappa!
Lippa lappa lu!
We are the Class of Naught-Four,
Who'n the — are you?

OFFICERS.

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Senior Classmen.



*William A. Anderson Jr.
Lexington.*

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Staff.

Secretary and Treasurer Rockledge Club, '00-'01; President Rockledge Club, '02-'03; Vice-Director Brotherhood of St. Andrew, '01-'02; Corresponding Secretary V. M. C. A., '02-'04.

"T for his tongue, so loud and bold,
A for Anderson who has one, I'm told,
L for the laugh that every one knows,
K for the keenness of wit he shows."

*Charles Friedrich Bamm
Friedrichsburg*

Agriculture

Private, Signal Corps.

Class Secretary and Treasurer, '02-'03; Athletic Editor *Gray Jacket*, '01-'02; Vice-President Rappahannock Valley Club, '02-'03; Vice-President Agricultural Club, '02-'03; Second Varsity Football Team, '02-'03; Class Baseball Team, '02-'03; Class Football Team, '02-'03 and '03-'04; Assistant Business Manager *Boyle*, '02-'03; Business Manager *Gray Jacket*, '02-'04; President Lee Library Society, '02-'04.

"He's a look to be with rare perus'd."





George Morris Hambley
Second Lieut.

Civil Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

"To name a mischief that is passed and gone
Is the surest way to draw new mischief on."

Douglas Mitchell Baxter
Staunton

Mechanical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Staff.

"The class has started some time ago;
Now we hear a shuffling of feet,
And with 'The smile that won't come off,'
Baxter comes in and takes his seat."





*Lewis Porterfield Bell
Staunton*

Civil Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Company "B."

Vice-President Staunton Club, '02-'03; Assistant Manager Varsity Baseball Team, '02-'03; Vice-President Athletic Association, '02-'03; Business Department Virginia Tech, '02-'03; German Club.

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,
A little folding of the hands to sleep."

*Douglas Thomas Brown
Shocking*

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

"If the heart of a man is depressed with care,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."





*Joseph Ethna Buck
Ceres.*

Special Student.

Private, Signal Corps.

"He who is honest is noble."

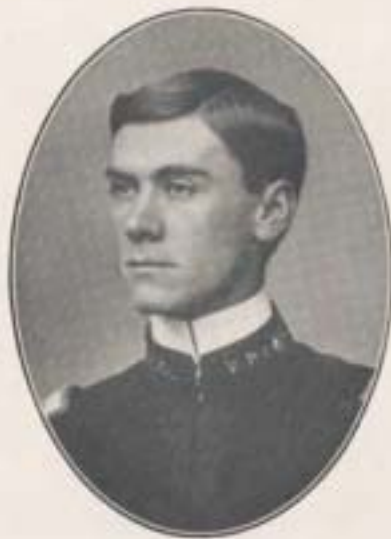
*Leslie Clyde Burbin
Ceres.*

Agriculture

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary Society, '01-'02; Secretary
and Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '02-'03; Vice-
President Lee Literary Society, '03-'04; Local Editor
Grey Jacket, '04-'05; Treasurer Lee Literary Society,
'05-'06; President L. M. N. Club, '07-'08.

"Too much honor;
Oh, 'tis a burthen . . . 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven."





Edmund Walter Burke
Law Major

Chemistry

Second Lieutenant, Company "C."

President Mason Club, '01-'02; Vice-President Alleghany Club, '03-'04.

"Zounds! I ~~was~~ never so bethump'd with words, since I first called my brother's father dad!"

Francis Robert Butler
Law Major

Electrical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Company "C."

Secretary and Treasurer Alleghany Club, '01-'02; Sergeant-at-Arms Mason Library Society, '01-'02; Class Baseball Team, '00-'01, '01-'02, '02-'03; Class Treasurer, '02-'03; Vice-President Alleghany Club, '02-'03; Recording Secretary Mason Library Society, '02-'03; Varsity Baseball Team, '02-'03; President Mason Library Society '03-'04; Secretary Athletic Association, '03-'04; Class President, '03-'04.

"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none."





Joseph Wade Byrnes
Falls Church.

Electrical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Company "B."

Substitute Class Football Team, '13-'14.

"I have learned, in whatsoever state
I am, thus with to be content."

William Withers Chase
Weyersboro

Horticulture

Private, Signal Corps.

Class Baseball Team, '11-'12; Captain Class Baseball
Team, '12-'13; Captain Class Football Team, '12-'13.

"All things are ready, if our minds be so."





*William Morrison Chilton
Lancaster*

Electrical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Staff.

Historia Rappahannock Club, '02-04.

"E'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

*David McKitt Cloyd Jr.
Dublin*

Agriculture

Captain, Company "B"

Sergeant-at-Arms, Agricultural Club, '02-03; President
Agricultural Club, '03-04.

"The lazy brain will plot and plan
Some way of duty shirking.
'Tis queer how hard a lazy man
Will work to keep from working."





George Walter Cook
Mr. Sutney

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

"Fie! What a prodigal art thou of the tongue!"

Henry Lee Gould
United

Chemistry

First Lieutenant, Battery.

Class Historian, '90-'91.

"The man who by his labor gets
His food in independent state,
Who treads his path, and seldom errs,
Himself can fix or change his fate."





*Patrick Keenlyne Camb,
Jansenville*

Chemistry

Third Lieutenant, Band.

"In every task, no great or small,
The industry supports us all."

*Samuel Lewis
Othello, Ind.*

Horticulture

Private, Signal Corps.

"The man who concentrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim—
He walks with nature; and her paths are plain."





*Fred Bryan Crossen
Richmond, Va.*

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

"Silence more musical than any song."

*John James Davis
Norfolk*

Chemistry

Private, Signal Corps.

President Norfolk-Portsmouth Club, '23-24.

"It's such a very serious thing to be a funny man."





William Harper Dean Jr.
Richmond

Horticulture

Third Lieutenant, Battery.

Recording Secretary Mason Literary Society, '02-'03;
Secretary and Treasurer Richmond Club, '02-'03;
Athletic Editor *Gray Jacket*, '02-'03; Class Baseball
Team, '02-'03; Captain Second Varsity Baseball
Team, '02-'03; Secretary and Treasurer Fencing Club
'02-'03; Cattle Manry Literary Society, '02-'04; Presi-
dent Horticultural Club, '03-'04; Editor-in-Chief *Gray
Jacket*, '03-'04; Substitute Varsity Football Team,
'02-'04; Captain Second Varsity Football Team,
'03-'04; Literary Editor *Dialer*, '03-'04; 1904 Alumni
Secretary; Athletic Editor *Gray Jacket*, '03-'04;
German Club.

"His words are seeds, his oaths are oracles."

Robert Vines Anderson
Wilmington

Agriculture

Private, Signal Corps.

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





Wallace Allen Deane
Washington, D.C.

Civil Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Company "B."

"I see your brows are full of discontent."

John Percival Esq. jr.
Michigan

Chemistry

Second Lieutenant, Band.

"He sits first on the bench
This desire to sponch.
He shows a watch
In taking the patch."





Robert Edward Formyhaugh
Washington, D.C.

Agriculture

Private, Signal Corps.

" Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life."

William Hale Furbush
Northville

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

Class Baseball Team, '02-03.

" He pursues the even tenor of his way."





*Graduate, Harold Cantt
Lynchburg*

Electrical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Adjutant First Battalion.

Class President, '00-'01; Substitute Varsity Baseball Team '00-'01; Class Baseball Team, '00-'01, '01-'02, '02-'03; Secretary-Treasurer Lynchburg Club, '04-'05; Vice-President Lynchburg Club, '05-'06; President Lynchburg Club, '06-'07; Manager Class Football Team, '07-'08.

"These delights, if thou canst give
Mirth - with thee I mean to live."

*Whitell Henry Gray
Staunton*

Mechanical Engineering

Captain, Regimental Adjutant.

Graduate Manager Varsity Football Team, '04-'05; German Club.

"There is a time for all things."





*Frank Lucius Silloney
Hythoville*

Civil Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Company "E"

"Simplicity: Nature's precious jewel."

*Joe A. Burns Gibson
Richmond*

Mechanical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Company "C."

"A sharp-witted youth, grave and thoughtful."





*Henry Drouse Emery,
Beaufort.*

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Company "A."

"A pin lies there
A pin a day will fetch a groat a year."

*Francis Platt Lindsey
Beaufort.*

Chemistry

First Lieutenant, Band.

Historian Bvt. Lt. Col. '02-'04.

"Wisdom is oft concealed by mean attire."





*John Raymond Ward
Lynchburg*

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

All-Class Football Team, '02-'04; Class Football Team,
'02-'04; German Club.

"Come, slide with me in my jolly."

*Michael George Keith
Nevada*

Electrical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Staff.

Vice-President Mason Library Society, '02-'04.

"Out of sight, out of mind."





*Clement Craig Keth
East Bedford*

Electrical Engineering

Captain, Company "F."

Class Historian, '92-'93; Class Vice-President, '92-'94;
Literary Editor BULL, '91-'94; President Montgomery Club, '91-'94; German Club.

"Replete with modesty:
The wisest man is he who thinks himself least so."



*Henry Harris Hill
Branche*

Chemistry

Captain, Band.

"The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
The devil was well, the devil a saint was he."



*Great Lambert Venturian
Abingdon*

Civil Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Company "A."

Sergeant at Arms Washington County Club, '01-04.

"Content can south, where'er by fortune plied,
Can rear a garden in a desert waste."

*James Wilson Venturian
Abingdon*

Civil Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

"I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba
and cry, 'Tis all barren.'"





Alphonse William King Jr.
Franklin
S. C.

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Battery.

Secretary and Treasurer South Carolina Club, '90-'91
President South Carolina Club, '91-'92; Vice-President
German Club, '91-'92; Leader German Club, '92-'94

"Cupid hath found an easy mark."

Robert Lee Humphrey
Blount

Preparatory Medicine

Private, Signal Corps.

"O, Mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men."





John Brewster Hyde
Worcester

Chemistry

First Lieutenant, Company "D."

Vice-President L. F. C. Club, '23-'24; German Club

"How much a dunnce that has been sent to ruin,
Esch a dunnce that has been kept at home."

J. M. Amble Johnston
Salem

Mechanical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Company "E."

Secretary and Treasurer Morse Club, '20-'21; Manager
Second Varsity Football Team, '21-'22; Substitute
All-Class Football Team, '22-'23; Class Football
Team, '23-'24; German Club.

"At whose sight all the stars hide their dimmed heads."





*Julian Douglas Jones
Longfellow*

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

Treasurer Glee Club, '02-'04.

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

*Leanne Lee Kelly
Gladys Spring*

Mechanical Engineering

Captain, Company "D."

Class Baseball Team, '00-'01, '01-'02, '02-'03; Substitute
Varsity Baseball Team, '01-'02; Second Varsity
Baseball Team, '02-'03; President Washington
County Club, '02-'04; Advertising Editor BULLETIN
'02-'04.

"How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy."





*Maurice Bow Langton
Smithfield*

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

Class Football Team, '02-'04; All-Class Football Team,
'02-'04.

"I look upon the world with approval."

*William Crosby Latona
Westmoreland*

Agriculture

Private, Signal Corps.

Vice-President Agricultural Club, '02-'04.

"My favorite temple is an humble heart."





*Colonel Thomas Orr
Bedford Spye.*

Mechanical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Staff.

Secretary and Treasurer Bedford Club, '03-'04.

"A merry heart goes all the day."

*Carey Garland Lyon
Broadie.*

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Staff.

Vice-President Maury Literary Society, '03-'04; Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary Society, '04-'05; Sergeant-at-Arms Maury Literary Society, '02-'03; President Nelson Club, '04-'05; Class Football Team '03-'04; Substitute All-Class Football Team, '03-'04.

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace."





Richard Lee Lindsey
Albemarle

Civil Engineering

Captain, Company "A."

Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A., '80-'81; Class Historian, '82-'83; Treasurer Engineering Club, '82-'83; President Pollock County Club, '82-'84; Associate Editor *HEXTER*, '82-'83; President Y. S. C. A., '82-'84; Editor-in-Chief *HEXTER*, '82-'84.

"An honest man, close-furrowed to the chin,
Broad-forehead without, and a warm heart within."

Edward Lyndon Martin
Portsmouth

Civil Engineering

First Lieutenant, Company "A."

Secretary and Treasurer Norfolk-Portsmouth Club, '82-'83; Critic Maury Literary Society, '82-'84; Class Secretary and Treasurer, '82-'84; Athletic Editor, *Gray Jacket*, '82-'84; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, '82-'84; President Maury Literary Society, '82-'84.

"An inherent grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance—
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance."





Merion Mc Donald Morris, Jr.
4th Slide Spring

Chemistry

Private, Signal Corps.

"He will give the devil his due."

Slyde Morehead
Parkside

Horticulture

Private, Band.

Class Football Team, '02-'04; General Manager and
Stage Director V. P. I. Musical and Comedy Club,
'02-'04

"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is
in other men."





Richard Lewis Richards
Richards

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

"The town talks of nothing else."

William Lloyd Raymond

Raymond

Chemistry

Private, Signal Corps.

Class Relay Team, '02-'03; '03-'04; Class Baseball Team,
'02-'03.

"As life as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."





Samuel Joseph Michel
September 16

Special

Private, Signal Corps.

Class Baseball Team, '02-'03; Class Relay Team, '02-'03;
Class Football Team, '02-'04; All-Class Football
Team, '02-'04.

"Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."

Charles Hubert Russell Page
Boyer

Civil Engineering

First Lieutenant, Company "F."

Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A., '01-'02; Recording
Secretary Y. M. C. A., '02-'03; Sharpshooters' Medal,
'02-'03.

"Mine honor is my life, both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done."





Arman Rickett Russell
Greenville.

Chemistry

Private, Band.

Class Sergeant at Arms, '02-'03; Class Baseball Team,
'02-'03, '03-'04, '04-'05; Class Football Team, '03-'04;
Secretary and Treasurer, Maudslayi and Glee Club,
'02-'03; Vice-President, F. C. and S. B. Club, '03-'04;
Assistant Manager, Varsity Baseball Team, '03-'04;
Manager, Varsity Baseball Team, '04-'05.

"A man of infinite jest was he."

Walter South Peale
Waynesboro

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Company "D."

Sergeant at Arms, Augusta Club, '02-'03; Secretary and
Treasurer, Augusta Club, '03-'04.

"As melancholy as an unlaced drum."





*Charles Jeter Perkins
Laysan*

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Company "F."

"Let me silent be,
For silence is the speech of love."

*John Bolting Perron
Linn*

Civil Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

Class Football Team, '03-'04.

"Attempt the end, and never stand in doubt;
Nothing so hard, but search will find it."





*Royal Clyde Pankajter
Pankajter*

Civil Engineering

Private, Band.

Medical Director Mandolin and Glee Club, '02-04, '04-05
Varsity Baseball Team, '01-02, '02-03 Secretary and
Treasurer German Club, '02-04

"Be just as pleased as I am now."

*Frank Leigh Robinson
Famulla*

Mechanical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

Critic Lee Library Society, '02-04; Secretary and Treas-
urer Tennis Club, '02-04; Art Editor BUCKLE, '02-04

"He counts that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from his hand no worthy action done."





*George Chapman Roberson
Lamville*

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

"The mind is the standard of the man."

*Arthur Hunter Rosenfeld
Radford*

Horticulture

Private, Signal Corps.

Texas Horticultural Club, '32-'33; Corresponding Secretary Horticultural Club, '33-'34; Secretary and Treasurer Montgomery Club, '33-'34.

"Talking and eloquence are not the same; to speak and to speak well are two things."





Charles W. Hamilton
Livington

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

"Map me no maps, sir; my load is a
Map, a map of the whole world."

George Nelson Root
Bordenaville

Mechanical Engineering

Captain, Company "C."

Sergeant-at-Arms, Maury Literary Society, '91-'92; Cor-
responding Secretary, Maury Literary Society, '92-'93;
Recording Secretary, Maury Literary Society, '93-'94.

"Eloquence is not of the lungs."





James Edwin Smith Jr
Clifton Forge

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

Sergeant-at-Arms Allegheny Club, '21-'22; Secretary
and Treasurer Allegheny Club, '22-'23; President
Allegheny Club '23-'24

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood."

Joseph Clay Stiles
Elliston

Horticulture

Varsity Football Team, '21-'22, '22-'23, '23-'24; Sergeant-
at-Arms Maury Literary Society, '22-'23; Secretary
Horticultural Club, '22-'23; Vice-President Horti-
cultural Club, '23-'24.

"Man are but children of a larger growth."





Ernst Augustus Thibault
Thibault, Louisiana

Electrical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Staff.

Secretary Lee Literary Society, '92-'04; Local Editor
Gray Jacket, '92-'04.

"Work is my recreation."

Clinton Tiffany
Landmark

Civil Engineering

Captain, Battery.

Class Treasurer, '91-'04; Treasurer L. F. C. Club, '92-'04;
Vice-President Engineering Club, '92-'04; Local
Editor *Gray Jacket*, '92-'04; President L. F. C. Club
'93-'04; Executive Committee Athletic Association
'93-'04; Business Manager *Bugle*, '93-'04; President
Engineering Club, '93-'04.

"Deep on his front engraven
Dedication sat and (public care)."





Lloyd Walter Wade
Bluefield W. Va.

Electrical Engineering

Captain, Company "E."

Class Vice-President, '92-'93; Literary Editor BUCKLE,
'93-'94.

"My mind to me an empire is"

Jessie Hamilton Melker
Highland Mead

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

President Hampton Roads Club, '92-'93, '93-'94.

"Nonsense and noise will oft prevail."





Walter Thomsen Williams

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

Secretary North Carolina Club, '02-'03.

"O, he's as hollow as is a tired horse."

Leone Harrington Webb
Norfolk

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

President Norfolk-Portsmouth Club, '02-'03; Class Baseball Team, '00-'04, '02-'03; Second Varsity Football Team, '02-'03; Class Football Team, '03-'04; Substitute All-Class Football Team, '03-'04.

"I'm Sir Oracle,
And when I open my lips let no dog bark."





*John Thomas White
Danville*

Electrical Engineering

Captain, Signal Corps.

"In the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises."

"Oh, what may men within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side."

*Ensign Lewis Whitman
Pulaski*

Chemistry

Private, Signal Corps.

Vice-President Pulaski Club, No. 14.

"Aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite deafened."





Robert Eoff Whittleton
Charleston, W. Va.

Civil Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

Secretary Law Library Society, '91-'92; Exchange Editor, *Gray Jacket*, '92-'93; Literary Editor *Gray Jacket*, '92-'93; President West Virginia Club, '92-'93.

"If it be a sin to court home,
I am the most offending sin'aller."

Samuel Whitlock Williams
Weyhounds

Civil Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Company "E."

Vice-President Wythe County Club, '91-'92; Class Baseball Team, '91-'92; Class Relay Team, '92-'93; President Wythe County Club, '92-'94; Class Football Team, '92-'94; Substitute All-Class Football Team, '92-'94.

"Let every man enjoy his whim,
What's he to me or I to him?"





W. Clayton Williams
Orange

Electrical Engineering

Private, Signal Corps.

"Er Schweg."

George Grant Wilton
Richmond

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Staff.

Varsity Football Team, '02-'03, '03-'04; Captain Varsity Football Team, '04-'05; All-Southern Football Team, '03-'04; Best Athlete, '02-'03; Class Relay Team, '02-'03; Manager Class Baseball Team, '02-'03; Rifle Team, '02-'03; Sharpshooter's Medal, '03; Sergeant-at-Arms, Camera Club, '02-'03; Class Sergeant-at-Arms, '02-'03; Vice-President Richmond Club, '02-'03; President Richmond Club, '03-'04; President Tennis Club, '03-'04; Executive Committee Athletic Association, '02-'03; President Athletic Association, '03-'04; Virginia Fisk Staff, '03-'04.

"A cross-country man, and a good hard one.
That is the life for me, boys."





*William Edward Wine
Bridgewater*

Mechanical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Company "D."

Vice-President Augusta Club, '82-'83; Sergeant-at-Arms
Augusta Club, '83-'84; President Augusta Club,
'84-'85.

"Wine and Truth, is the saying."

*Daniel Edward Wright
Winchester*

Civil Engineering

Third Lieutenant, Signal Corps.

Secretary Law Literary Society, '83-'84; Class Football
Team, '83-'84; All-Class Football Team, '83-'84; Ex-
change Elliot Gray Jacket, '83-'84.

"Give me, kind heaven, a private station,
A mind serene for contemplation."





*Frank Edmund McCall
Stanton*

Mechanical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Staff.

Secretary Stanton Club, '01-'02; Class Baseball Team, '01-'02; President Stanton Club, '02-'03; Assistant Manager Varsity Football Team, '02-'03, '03-'04; Class Football Team, '03-'04; Class President, '03-'04; Law-Engineering Club, '04-'05; District Board, '04-'05; German Club.

"The noblest study of mankind is woman."





ALTHOUGH something is always being added to it, we have always been taught that history is a repetition. Therefore, with three chronicles preceding, it is exceedingly difficult to make a fourth show any originality. This history begins with the date September 21st, 1900, one that should be placed in the same list as 1492 and 1607.

The narrative of individual experiences during the first year's sojourn in this haven of peace (?) would, perhaps, be humorous and interesting, but, as space and the reader's patience will not permit, it is sufficient to say that the Class as a whole had the joys pretty evenly distributed.

The work was not very heavy and, as recreations (?) there were trunk and bayonet exercises and much singing of songs.

Immediately after the final examinations, and before the commencement exercises, the Corps went as a body to the Pan-American Exposition. After their return to Blacksburg the regular exercises completed the session.

After a few months of relaxation we now find ourselves back at it again, but with some missing from the ranks; nevertheless, there are a good many new ones to make up the deficiency.

This year is not so eventful as the one preceding. That was spoken for those members of the Class who had been here at that time; for the others, however, it turned out somewhat different.

Of course, those who had been had the advantage over those who were not, but, taking everything into consideration, the year passed along quietly. There was some anxiety about examination time, but the Class as a whole did remarkably well.

Before the worry and trouble of final examinations began, the Corps paid a visit to the Charleston Exhibition. This was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

This year was ended sadly for the Class of '04, for, soon after the trip to

Charleston, Chambers, the president of the Class, was taken sick with pneumonia and, after a short illness, died. He was one who was esteemed highly by both students and Faculty. His popularity was not of the kind that is gotten by being athletic or connected with athletics, but was that kind which is given to one who attends to his own business and is good-natured, quiet, and does not push himself forward.

After a very pleasant Summer, we again find ourselves in Blacksburg and hard at work.

This year meant harder work for most of us, while some seemed to get along easier. The session passed more quietly than any preceding or even the one following. A few developments are, however, to be noticed.

One of these is the hitting propensity. While in a few there was a moderate start, in others, it developed from a mere nucleus to marvelous degree and became, the following year, entirely uncontrollable.

Barring the illness of one member of the Class, there was this year very little to ruffle the outward serenity.

One, however, charmed by the graces of a maiden, who dwelt in the suburbs, having left barracks with the ostensible purpose of going to church, wended his way thither. He, no doubt, passed a most enjoyable evening, but, when he started homeward, he found that he would have to expend a little time, money, energy, and patience to get his household effects back to their proper places. They were all on the porch.

The year closed with the customary exercises.

The succeeding months were passed by some at home, by others at "Joplin." On the whole, however, they seemed satisfactory.

At the beginning of this, the last period, we find one or two new members, and do not find one or two old members of the Class. This year is truly an eventful one, for did not the military scribes find one morning a wagon laden with luscious fruit at their very doors? And those members of the Faculty who live on the Row also shared in this.

Then, on Hallowe'en, the same scribes before mentioned gave a lovely exhibition of what they might be able to do on a track team. And what did they find to reward them for the strenuous efforts they put forth in this race? "Nothing but leaves."

About this time, there being a vast extent of unutilized land immediately in front of the two halls of Classical Learning, a plan was conceived to make use of this space by turning it into a park. So, accordingly, some benches were procured, as a start, and placed in the best possible position. The park was on the way to a successful completion when interrupted by that branch of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Rats, known as the "Knights of the Flashlight." This is, in fact, the major portion of the society as well as the most important.

But this year the Class suffered the loss of one of its most popular members, Tinsley, who won his popularity by his quiet, unassuming manners. He was a thorough gentleman in every respect—which is as high tribute as can be paid to anyone. He stood well in his classes and in the estimation of both Faculty and students.

In athletics the Class has furnished some very fine material, in football especially. There are Wilson and Stiles, whose work for the team needs no further description. Then, for the Class team, words of praise might well be spoken and spoken loudly.

But along with generalities should be individualities: For instance, there is every gradation of ladies' men, from Bunk, who is known to fairly hate ladies, to Hughes, who may be regarded as a particularly handsome heart-smasher. The different grades may be illustrated by, first, Bunk, who never butts into society, and has no desire to do so; second, Happy, who butts but seldom; third, Mouse, who butts only on occasions; fourth, Alden, whose occasions are rather often, and fifth, Dave, who makes occasions and has a pair of well-developed horns. Hughes never butts—he is always welcome (?).

But there are some who find something else to do besides stunts and butting. There are some hard students in this Class.

And now, as we are about to close this chronicle, it is well to add a few words as to the future. In after years, when two or three happen to meet and talk over college experiences, there will be expressed longings for some of the familiar sights around and about the Campus. How they will miss the sight of a long figure in a brown coat and light felt hat, or of the Doctor, with his pointed beard, his elastic step, and his Roman I's. And, again, a short figure, with a bulldog pipe and a Pointer dog, would be a welcome sight to some.

But we all look forward to a grand Class reunion in the future, when we will be with one accord gathered together in one place.

When we first came on this campus,
Freshmen we were, green as grass,
Now, as grave and reverend Seniors,
Look we o'er the verdant past;

Some may go to Yale or Harvard;
Some may wander, some may roam;
Some may pass the Rocky Mountains;
More, perhaps, will stay near home.

HISTORIAN.



In Memoriam

JOSHUA MARVIN TINSLEY

Died

October 22, 1903



Loved, Honored, Trusted

The Junior



Class of 1905.

Colors:

Old Gold and Royal Purple

Yell:

Rickety! rex! rex! rex!
Rickety! rex! rex! rex!
Hulla baloo! Howdy do!
We're well! How are you?
Long thrive, Naughty-five.

OFFICERS.

W. G. MYERS	<i>President</i>
JNO. MCKENNA	<i>Vice-President</i>
R. C. PATTISON	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
J. DRUMMOND FOSQUE	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
V. C. BARKER	<i>Historian</i>

Members Class 1905.

ANDERSON, OTEY WATT.....	Rondo.....	Pittsylvania, Va.
BARKER, VERNON CRUMLEY.....	Mendota.....	Washington, Va.
BARNES, BENJAMIN CARSON.....	Onancock.....	Accomac, Va.
BARRETT, CHARLES GOODWIN.....	Portsmouth.....	Norfolk, Va.
BECKETT, JOHN HENRY.....	Wilmington.....	Newcastle, Del.
BELL, JOSEPH EDGAR.....	Wakefield.....	Sussex, Va.
BLUE, WALTER STROTHER.....	Grafton.....	Taylor, W. Va.
BOLLING, ROBERT BUCKNER.....	Charlottesville.....	Albemarle, Va.
BOLLING, STUART, JR.....	Staunton.....	Augusta, Va.
BOWLES, WILLIAM ANDERSON, JR.....	Staunton.....	Augusta, Va.
BOWMAN, CLAYTON MANSON.....	Lynchburg.....	Campbell, Va.
BRODIE, JOHN MOLESON.....	Coleman's Falls.....	Bedford, Va.
BYERS, ROBERT McCLUNG.....	Knightly.....	Augusta, Va.
CARELL, SOMERS RUBANK.....	Variety Mills.....	Nelson, Va.
CASTRO, EDGAR.....	Buenos Ayers.....	Argentine Republic.
CAVE, RICHARD LEROY.....	Madison.....	Madison, Va.
COURTNEY, CHARLES FRIEND.....	Kinslade.....	Westmoreland, Va.
COWLER, WILLIAM LEE.....	Williamsburg.....	James City, Va.
COX, LEONARD BALLARD.....	Cascade.....	Pittsylvania, Va.
COYNER, CHARLES ELLIOTT.....	Dooms.....	Augusta, Va.
CUNNINGHAM, GEORGE HAMILTON.....	Kelly's Ford.....	Culpeper, Va.
DAY, HENRY FENTON.....	Danville.....	Pittsylvania, Va.
ELLIOTT, FRANCIS BEVERLEY.....	Christiansburg.....	Montgomery, Va.
FISHER, CLAIR ALBION.....	Wytheville.....	Wythe, Va.
FOSQUE, JOHN DRUMMOND.....	Onancock.....	Accomac, Va.
FROELING, HENRY CHARLES.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
GALT, WILLIAM RICHARD.....	Norfolk.....	Norfolk, Va.
GARY, CHARLES BERNARD.....	Franklin.....	Southampton, Va.
GIBBONEY, HENRY SIMMERMAN.....	Wytheville.....	Wythe, Va.
GILKESON, ANDREW CRAWFORD.....	Fishersville.....	Augusta, Va.
GOODLOE, ALFRED MINOR.....	Gordonsville.....	Orange, Va.
HARRIS, THOMAS JAMES.....	Wakefield.....	Sussex, Va.
HARRISON, ALLEN McRAE.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
HENNING, DAVID ARNOLD, JR.....	Columbia.....	Richland, S. C.
HEUSER, AUGUSTUS CONRAD.....	Wytheville.....	Wythe, Va.
HILDERRAND, CLARENCE KARNES.....	Hildebrand.....	Augusta, Va.
HOBSON, JOHN CALER.....	Belona.....	Powhatan, Va.
HUGHES, JOHN DOUGLAS.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
HUNDLEY, JOHN WALKER.....	Covington.....	Alleghany, Va.
JEWELL, ROBERT SCOTT.....	Leavells.....	Spottsylvania, Va.
JOHNSON, MORRIS RICHARD.....	Cimont.....	Albemarle, Va.
JOHNSON, PRECY LUCIAN.....	Portsmouth.....	Scioto, Ohio
KENNEDY, DAVID TINSLEY.....	Tinkling.....	Lunenburg, Va.

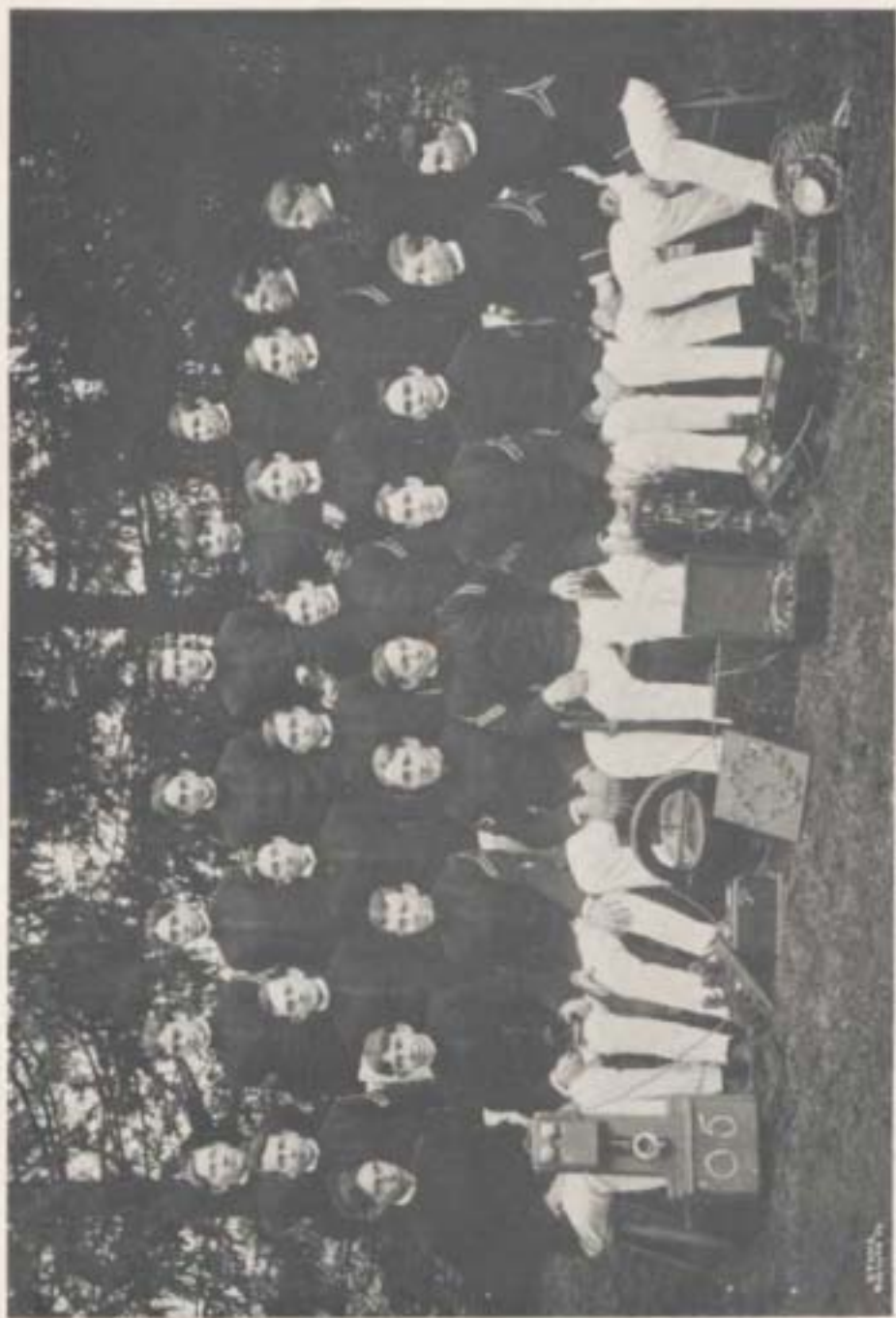
LAMB, JUNIUS BEVERLEY.....	Williamsburg.....	James City, Va.
LANDFORD, WALLACE BROWN.....	Carysbrook.....	Fluvana, Va.
LATANE, ROBERT PEACHEY.....	Tappahannock.....	Essex, Va.
LINKOUS, HOMER GENIS.....	Cambria.....	Montgomery, Va.
LYON, CHARLES LUNDEN.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
MARTIN, CHESTER LEE.....	Portsmouth.....	Norfolk, Va.
MILTON, WILLIAM WYATT.....	Clifton Forge.....	Alleghany, Va.
MOFFETT, ROBERT STRICKLER.....	Staunton.....	Augusta, Va.
MORTON, SAMUEL DANIEL.....	Charlotte.....	Charlotte, Va.
MYERS, RICHARD AUSTIN.....	Charlotte.....	Mecklenburg, N. C.
MYERS, WILLIAM GRAHAM.....	Ottobine.....	Rockingham, Va.
MCCLELLAND, JAMES WILLIAM.....	Natural Bridge.....	Rockbridge, Va.
MCCORKLE, CLAIBORNE ROSS.....	Tazewell.....	Tazewell, Va.
McKENNA, JOHN THOMAS, JR.....	New Canton.....	Buckingham, Va.
McNUTT, ROBERT HUGH.....	Efna.....	Bland, Va.
NELSON, FRANK.....	Rustburg.....	Campbell, Va.
NETTLETON, GEORGE EDWARD.....	Covington.....	Alleghany, Va.
ORENSHAIN, ARCHER WOODS.....	Pinecastle.....	Botetourt, Va.
OSBORNE, LOWNIE EDWARD.....	Ancella.....	Grayson, Va.
OTY, CLAUDE NEWTON, JR.....	Wytheville.....	Wythe, Va.
OWEN, CHARLES CRADDOCK.....	South Boston.....	Halifax, Va.
PARSONS, HENRY IRVIN.....	Accomac.....	Accomac, Va.
PATTON, ROBERT CUTLER.....	Roanoke.....	Roanoke, Va.
PAYNE, LEWIS.....	Covington.....	Alleghany, Va.
PENN, GEORGE EDWARD, JR.....	Abingdon.....	Washington, Va.
PRICE, ROBERT EDWIN TALMAGE.....	Charlotte.....	Charlotte, Va.
PRIDDY, WALKER MASON.....	Keysville.....	Charlotte, Va.
ROBINS, WILBUR NELSON.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
ROBSON, DAVID GRAHAM.....	Mossy Creek.....	Augusta, Va.
ROSE, WILKIE CLAIBORNE.....	Harrisonburg.....	Rockingham, Va.
ROUTTEN, WILLIAM WEST.....	Newport News.....	Warwick, Va.
ROYER, ROBERT STUART.....	Roanoke.....	Roanoke, Va.
SALLEY, NORMAN EDWIN.....	Orangeburg.....	Orangeburg, S. C.
SCLATER, IVANHOE HARRISON.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
SCLATER, ROBERTSON HOSKINS.....	Hampton.....	Elizabeth City, Va.
SCOTT, CHARLES LONDON.....	Amherst.....	Amherst, Va.
SCOTT, RICHARD SELLMAN.....	Bedford City.....	Bedford, Va.
SCOTT, SAMUEL DAVIS.....	Amherst.....	Amherst, Va.
SHUEY, PHILLIP.....	Charlottesville.....	Allemarle, Va.
SINCLAIR, WALTER PENDLETON.....	Charlottesville.....	Allemarle, Va.
SMITH, ETHELBERT WALTON.....	Broadway.....	Rockingham, Va.
SPILLER, DONALD DOUGLAS.....	Wytheville.....	Wythe, Va.
STERN, LAWRENCE.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
STEVENS, RICHARD FRANK.....	Cambria.....	Montgomery, Va.
STINESPRING, JOHN WILLIAM.....	Cowan's Depot.....	Rockingham, Va.
STRAUS, HENRY CELLEN.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
SYKES, GAITHER HUNTER.....	Ellicott City.....	Howard, Md.
TAYLOR, CARY GRAY.....	Salem.....	Roanoke, Va.
TAYLOR, THOMAS FLINT.....	Geyserville.....	Sonoma, Cal.
TALLERCHEA, FRANCIS SAVIER.....	Guanabacoa.....	Cuba

THOMAS, RICHARD ALLEN.....	Lynchburg.....	Campbell, Va.
THORNE, EUGENE GRAHAM.....	Austinville.....	Wythe, Va.
TROWER, ROBERT SMITH.....	Eastville.....	Northampton, Va.
TYLER, EDWARD KEMP.....	Newport News.....	Warwick, Va.
TYNES, BUFORD C.....	Tazewell.....	Tazewell, Va.
VANSANT, WILLIAM LAWRENCE.....	Kinsale.....	Westmoreland, Va.
WALKER, FRANK STRINGFELLOW.....	Orange.....	Orange, Va.
WATKINS, BENJAMIN CORNELIUS.....	Hallsboro.....	Chesterfield, Va.
WATTS, ROBERT BURNLEY.....	Stoney Point.....	Albemarle, Va.
WILLIAMS, JAMES TOMPKINS.....	Lynchburg.....	Campbell, Va.
WILLIS, WALTER NEAL.....	Willis.....	Floyd, Va.
WILSON, ALFRED RANDOLPH.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
WILSON, EDWARD FREWER.....	Arrington.....	Nelson, Va.
WILSON, ERNEST JOHN FREWER.....	Arrington.....	Nelson, Va.
WILSON, JOHN ALEXANDER.....	Arvonis.....	Buckingham, Va.
WILSON, WALTER FREWER.....	Arrington.....	Nelson, Va.
WINGO, WILLIAM WYTHE.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
WITHERS, WALTER PIERCE.....	Abingdon.....	Washington, Va.
WOOD, ERA PARKER.....	Priddy's.....	Albemarle, Va.
WOOD, WALTER WALLACE.....	Baldwin.....	Botetourt, Va.
YARRINGTON, ALEXANDER.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.





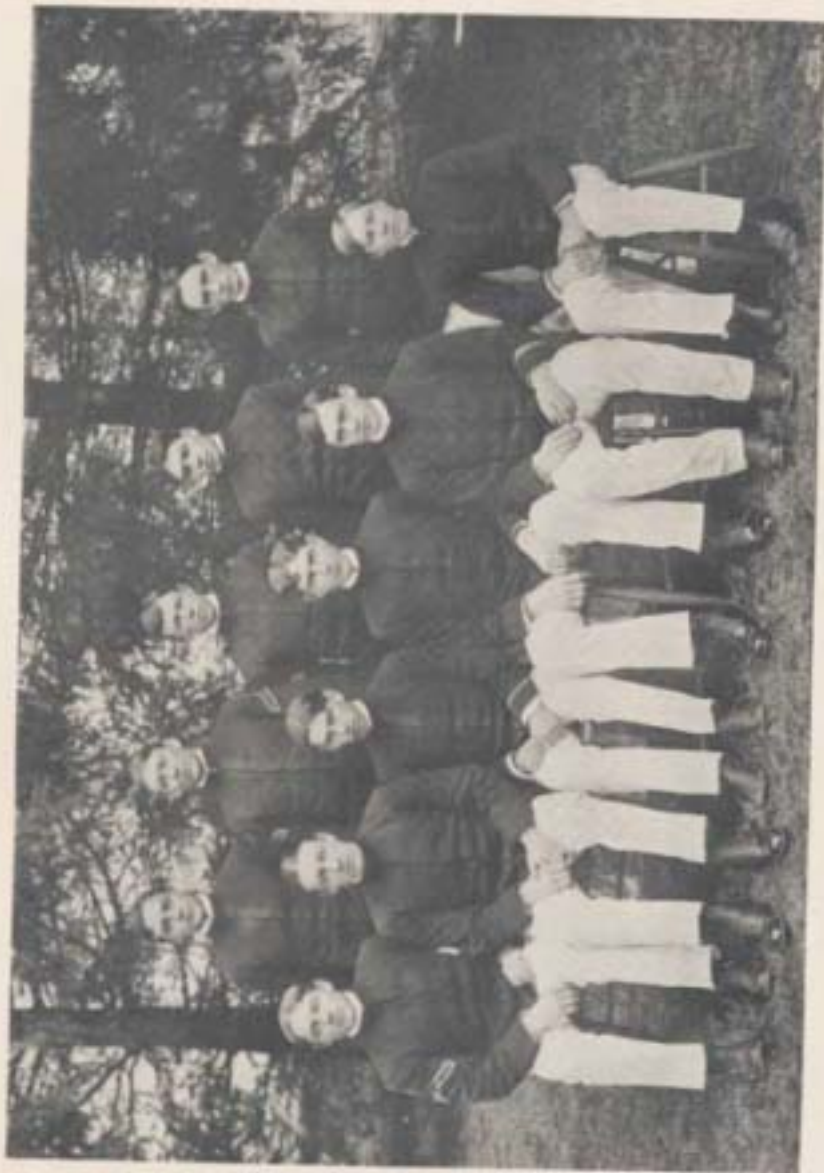
JUNIOR CIVIL ENGINEERS



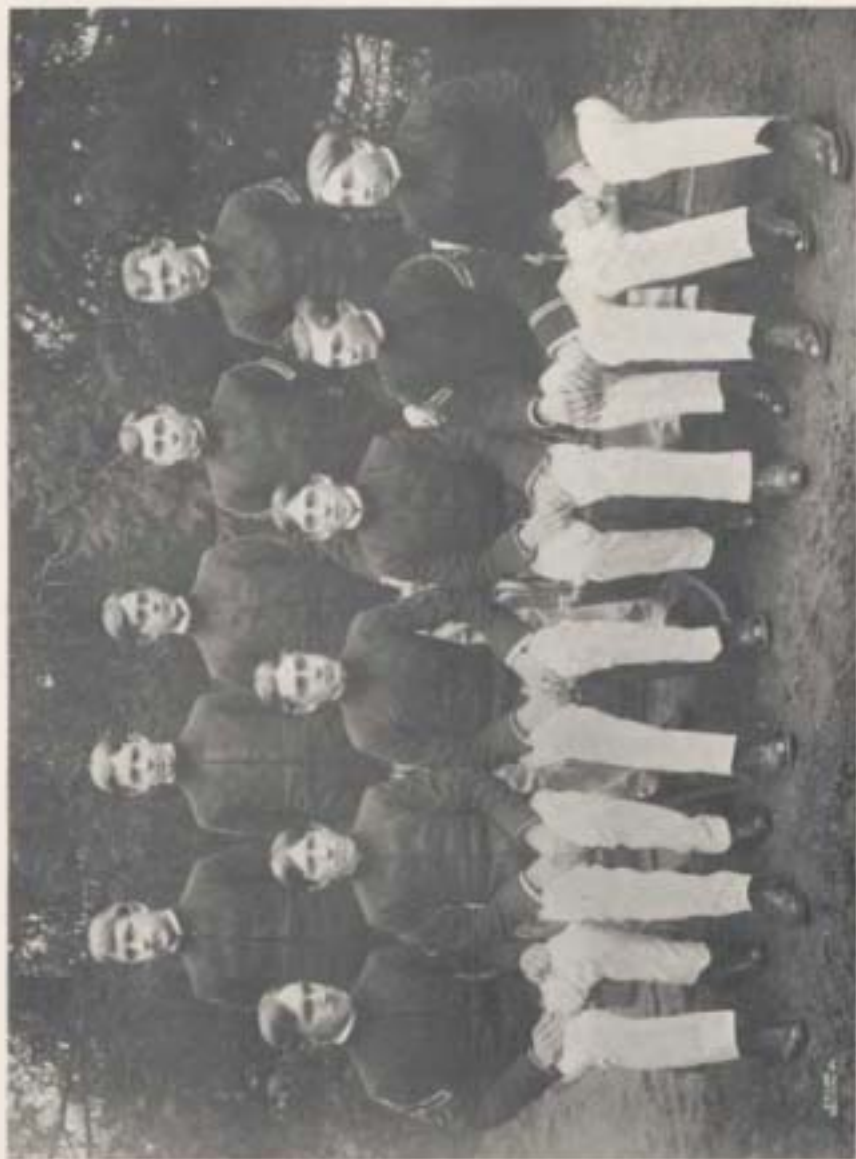
JUNIOR ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS



JUNIOR MECHANICAL ENGINEERS



JUNIOR CHEMISTS



JUNIOR AGRICULTURALISTS AND GENERAL SCIENCE MEN



WHEN the gladiators of old Rome entered the arena they passed before the throne of Caesar and cried aloud, "We who live salute you." After three years of arduous study, spent in the great arena of college life, we feel like crying out exultingly, "We who live salute you."

The impressions made upon us when we arrived in the Fall of 1901 are yet fresh in our memories. It is but natural for a Freshman to feel that he is the "Only pebble on the beach," and indeed we were important, for no sooner had we set foot on the parade-ground than we were followed by a string of humanity who seemed to think our importance could be utilized. "Why are all those trunks piled on the stoop?" Ours not to wonder why, but to pick up a trunk here and there while the great ocean of trouble lay out before us.

We were not despised throughout our Rat year. Before the year was half gone our amiable friends thought so much of us (and so highly esteemed us) that they had to have a lock of our hair as a memento. However, we were not satisfied to have our hair so unceremoniously taken, so our venerable president called a Class meeting to see what could be done about it, whereupon a Rat arose and spoke, as follows:

"So seems V. P. I., O fellows, as a kuckuck's flight through the barracks where the Rats are sleeping in Wintertide; within the Rats snoring peacefully, without the rattle of shears and clippers. The kuckuck goes in at the door, tarries for a moment in the rays of the flash-light, and then going forth, vanishes into the dark halls from whence he came. So tarried for a moment, the life of a Rat in our sight, but what is before and after him we know not. If these precious locks will do them any good, let them have them, but, if the hairs of our head are all numbered, pray the Lord 'to send us back the back numbers.'"

It was then moved that we adjourn.

The Fall of 1902 finds us speeding across the heights of the Alleghanies toward V. P. I. But how different! We return no more as the down-trodden,

weak, and helpless Rats that we used to be, but as Sophomores. The history of that year is best told in that one word—Sophomore. To say that we ripped like Euripides, socked like Socrates, and plated like Plato is but to say that all the Rats wondered.

Two years in college have been spent in studying fundamental principles and forming high ideals. Now comes the Junior year, the most important of college life, as we begin the execution of these ideals. This depends upon every man of the Class of '05. May it be said of everyone that he did his best.

In football never before has so much interest been manifested. More men applied for positions, and worked harder than ever before. We were, as usual, well represented on the first team.

Our Class team, too, was one of the best that has gone on the field. We have been especially strong on the defensive. While we have no victories to record, be it said that the '05 goal proved a "shadow of death" to every man who attempted to reach it. The line of Old Gold and Royal Purple stood as a stone wall against the repeated plunges of our opponents.

Now, the days grow cold and dreary; the winds blow keener; the dead leaves rustle at every footstep; the last tint of green leaves the grass, and the last flower fades and dies. But soon we begin to think of Christmas, with its many joys. Christmas means a great deal to the college student. It makes him think of home, of friends, and loved ones. The holidays were a time of much-needed rest, and all returned refreshed for the Intermediate Examinations.

Only a few weeks are left of our college year. We can now see the dawn of '05. For three years our star has been shining in the distant heavens. It was scarcely visible at first, but, as the years passed by, it became brighter and brighter, until to-day it shines as one of the brightest stars in the V. P. I. firmament. If we will improve the flying moments the time will come when we can stand erect in the full strength of manhood, with no clouds to mar the brilliancy of the '05 star, and claim success as the just deserts of honest work and perseverance.

HISTORIAN.

THE SOPHOMORE



Class of 1906.

Colors:

Maroon and White.

Yell:

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

OFFICERS.

M. J. MCCHESENEY	<i>President</i>
WILLIAM RUEGER	<i>Vice-President</i>
E. H. ROBY	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
W. C. SIMPSON	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
W. B. MELVIN	<i>Historian</i>

Members Class 1906.

ADAMSON, ARTHUR VERNON.....	Manchester	Chesterfield, Va.
AIDSWORTH, BENJAMIN.....	Hollins	Roanoke, Va.
ANDERSON, BERNARD GUTHRIE.....	Farmville	Prince Edward, Va.
ARMSTRONG, JUDSON TYLER.....	Culpeper	Culpeper, Va.
ASHTON, CECIL CHARLES	Chicago	Cook, Ill.
BEALE, ROGER IRVING.....	Franklin	Southampton, Va.
BELTRAN, ALBERT	Tampa	Florida.
BENNETT, FRANK GRAY.....	Buchanan	Botetourt, Va.
BENTLEY, JAMES RANDALL.....	Dublin	Pulaski, Va.
BERRY, VERNON CHARLESTON.....	Tug River	McDowell, W. Va.
BISHOP, ARTHUR VAUGHAN.....	Riser	Montgomery, Va.
BLOCK, IRA.....	Pocahontas	Tazewell, Va.
BLOCKRIDGE, GARNET.....	Pulaski	Pulaski, Va.
BOONE, EDWARD LEE	Troutville	Botetourt, Va.
BOOTH, EDWARD D.....	Ellenville	Ulster, N. Y.
BORDEN, FRANK HOPWOOD.....	Cambria	Montgomery, Va.
BRENT, THOMAS NEWTON.....	Fredericksburg	Spottsylvania, Va.
BREWER, WILLIAM MARCHAND.....	Franklin	Southampton, Va.
BROCK, JAMES HUBBERT.....	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
BROOME, NATHANIEL WILSON	Pointexter	Louisa, Va.
BUCHANAN, SAMUEL THOMPSON.....	Rich Valley	Smyth, Va.
BUCHANAN, THOMAS HAROLD.....	Broad Ford	Smyth, Va.
BURROW, FREDERICK PHILIP.....	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
CARPENTER, JAMES CLIVIS	Clifton Forge.....	Alleghany, Va.
CASPER, BENNIE LYNN	Pearisburg	Giles, Va.
CARY, JOHN BARRY	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
CASWELL, THEODORE DWIGHT	Augusta	Richmond, Ga.
CAVE, ALEXANDER HUBERT.....	Madison	Madison, Va.
CHILDREY, CHARLES EDWARD.....	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
CHOWNING, VIVIAN RANDOLPH	Millenbeck	Lancaster, Va.
CLAYTON, GRAHAM.....	Bedford City	Bedford, Va.
COCKE, RANDOLPH PRESTON.....	Bon Air	Chesterfield, Va.
COLONNA, WILLOUGHBY WARREN	Berkley	Norfolk, Va.
CONNOR, EMMETT TRAYLOR.....	San Pedro	Los Angeles, Cal.
COOK, GLOVER NELSON.....	Bon Air	Chesterfield, Va.
CORK, JOHN ROLFE	Charleston	Kanawha, W. Va.
COULON, GASTON HENRY.....	Thibodaux	LaFouche, La.
COULTER, BOLLING WIENGER.....	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
COVA, JOAQUIN DELA	Havana	Cuba.
CRAFTON, JAMES EVERETT	Tinkling	Lunesburg, Va.
CUTCHINS, LEWIS ELKEN.....	Richmond	Henrico, Va.

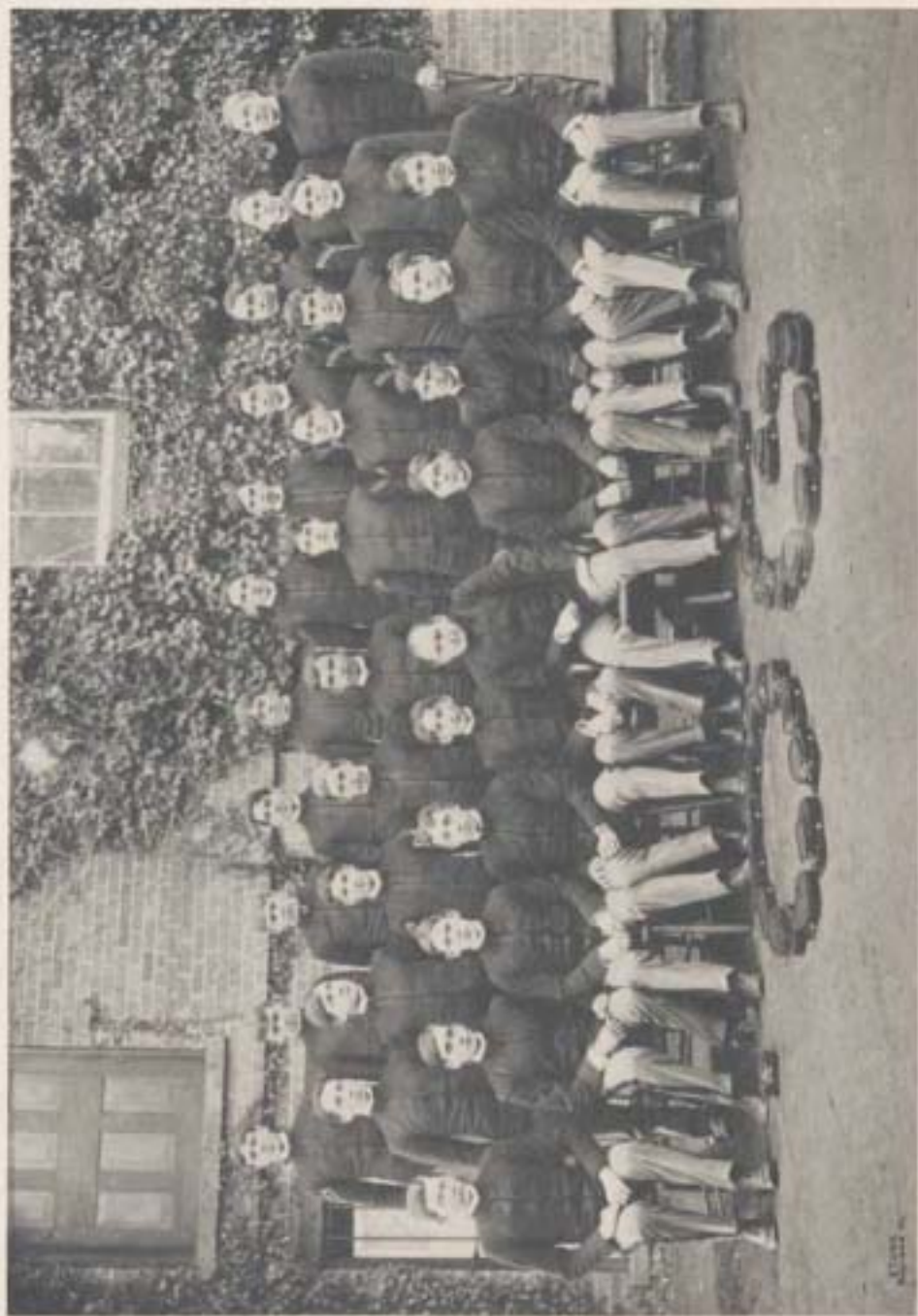
DARNALL, HARRY HAIRSTON	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
DAVIS, GEORGE MICAJAH	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
DAVIS, RICHARD LEE	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
DAVIS, THOMAS NEWMAN	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
DEACON, PERCY ALPHON	Ftuman	Rockbridge, Va.
DESMAN, JAMES	Ellenville	Ulster, N. Y.
DESMAN, WILBUR DAY	Ellenville	Ulster, N. Y.
DICKERSON, ROBERT	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
DRINKARD, ALFRED WASHINGTON, JR.	West Appomattox	Appomattox, Va.
DURRETT, HENRY JEFFERSON	Scottsville	Albemarle, Va.
EASON, MARION ALONZO	Spight's Bridge	Greene, Va.
EASTHAM, COWAN CHAPMAN	Harrisonburg	Rockingham, Va.
EPHS, HARRY BURWELL	Blackstone	Nottoway, Va.
ESTES, BROADUS	Elliott	Spartanburg, S. C.
FERRILL, HENRY HASKINS	Chase City	Mecklenburg, Va.
FITTS, HENRY JONES	Byrdville	Pittsylvania, Va.
FOSTER, WILLIAM ROBERT	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
FRENCH, RICHARD CLARENCE	Sunnyside	Cumberland, Va.
FROST, RALPH JEROME	Washington	District of Columbia
GAITHER, JAMES NORMAN	Ellicott City	Howard, Md.
GARCIN, FREDERICK RAYMOND	New York	Manhattan, N. Y.
GARNETT, TAYLOR	Mathews	Mathews, Va.
GARRETT, JOHN HENRY	Ellison	Hanover, Va.
GEROW, JACQUELIN MEREDITH	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
GEROW, WILBUR WARREN	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
GIBSON, EDMUND HAMON	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
GILES, THOMAS DESHAILE	Natchez	Adams, Miss.
GILMER, JOHN HARMER	Howardsville	Albemarle, Va.
GOODMAN, HENRY GAINES	Waldrop	Louisa, Va.
GRANDY, JOHN WALTON	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
GRANT, ALBERT WESTON	Charlottesville	Albemarle, Va.
GRUBERT, KEENE THOMPSON	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
GUIDON, ALEXANDER BARCLAY	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
HARLAN, MURRAY VALENTINE	Barton Heights	Henrico, Va.
HARRIS, WILLIAM ROGERS	North Garden	Albemarle, Va.
HARRISON, HUGH THORNTON	Shirley	Charles City, Va.
HENLEY, ROBERT ROY	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HIGGINS, ROBERT LINWOOD	Madison Mills	Madison, Va.
HIRSCHFELD, GEORGE CANCON	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
HOBART, THOMAS DUNCAN, JR.	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
HODGSON, HERBERT DAVID	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HUFFMAN, PAUL	Columbia Furnace	Shenandoah, Va.
HOLLIDAY, LEWIS PHILLIPS	Amsterdam	Botetourt, Va.
HOOPER, WALTER CARROLL	Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.
HOPE, ROBERT DEVERE, JR.	Hampton	Elizabeth City, Va.
HUFFMAN, MICHAEL SILAS	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
HUGHES, SIDNEY SMITH	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
HUMPHREYS, FRANK MOORE	Paxson	Loudoun, Va.
HUNTER, CLAUDE PEGURS	Ruther Glen	Caroline, Va.
HUNTER, MORRIS	Ruther Glen	Caroline, Va.

HUTCHESON, THOMAS BARKSDALE	Charlotte	Charlotte, Va.
JACKSON, GEORGE PERCY	Fentress	Norfolk, Va.
JACKSON, HENRY EDWARD	Olga	Amelia, Va.
JEFFERIES, RICHARD HENRY	Kinsale	Westmoreland, Va.
JEWELL, WARMICK RINER	Christiansburg	Montgomery, Va.
JONES, WILLIAM HENRY CUNNINGHAM	Fredericksburg	Spotsylvania, Va.
JORDAN, GEORGE HUNTER	Smithfield	Isle of Wight, Va.
KYLE, BERNARD HEWITT	Buffalo	Nelson, Va.
KYLE, WILLIAM DAVIDSON	Elizabeth City	Pasquotank, N. C.
LATHAM, JOHN WILBER HART	Woolsey	Prince William, Va.
LATIMER, PHILIP HAXALL	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
LEATHERBURY, FREDERICK WADDEY	Eastville	Northampton, Va.
LEE, SAMUEL HUNT	Bedford Springs	Bedford, Va.
LEWIS, MERRIWETHER	New Orleans	Orleans, La.
CARLTON	Broadus	Nelson, Va.
LITE, GRATHAM ALEXANDER	Tip Top	Tazewell, Va.
LITE, JOSEPH FRANK	Tip Top	Tazewell, Va.
LONG, ALBIN PENROSE	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
LUCAS, FRANK MCKAY	Childress	Montgomery, Va.
MAYNARD, EDWARD BROOKS	Portsmouth	Norfolk, Va.
MEEKS, WILLIAM EDWARD	Massies Mill	Nelson, Va.
MELVIN, WILLIAM BISHOP	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
MILLER, THOMAS ABBINGTON	Washington	District of Columbia
MITCHELL, WILLIAM, JR.	Graham	Tazewell, Va.
MONTAGUE, WILLIAM TRIPLETT	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
MOORE, WILLIAM FRANKLIN	Raphane	Rockbridge, Va.
MOOREFIELD, CHARLES HENRY	Crystal Hill	Halifax, Va.
MOOREHEAD, JAMES CADWALL	Pulaski	Pulaski, Va.
MORRIS, EDWARD ARMSTRONG	Lasley	Louisa, Va.
MORRIS, GEORGE WATSON	Poinexter's Store	Louisa, Va.
MOYLER, WILLIAM	Franklin	Southampton, Va.
MCCRISNEY, MORTIMER JOHNSON	Charleston	Kanawha, W. Va.
MCCLEOD, LUCIUS LAMAN	Gala	Botetourt, Va.
MCCLUNG, LOUIS EDWARD	Clover Creek	Highland, Va.
MCGEORGE, THOMAS CLAIRBORNE	Walkerton	King and Queen, Va.
MCMILLAN, HEYWARD CLEVELAND	Standardsville	Greene, Va.
NEALE, MILTON MERCER	Bowles Wharf	Essex, Va.
NELSON, FRANK PAGE	Forest	Bedford, Va.
NOWLIN, RICHARD PEYTON	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
OGLSHY, WILLIAM BROWN	Draper	Pulaski, Va.
O'KEEFE, JAMES GARWOOD	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
OLD, HALLIE CARLISLE	Jacksonville	Princess Anne, Va.
OSBORNE, ARNER HOWARD	Ripon	Jefferson, W. Va.
OSTERLOU, RICHARD MARRIOT	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
OWEN, WILLIAM LUDWELL	Turbeville	Halifax, Va.
PAGE, FRED BYRD	Cobham	Albemarle, Va.
PAXTON, WILLIAM MORRISON	Glasgow	Rockbridge, Va.
PERRY, HUNTER CARLISLE	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
PHILLIPS, WILLIAM PENNER	Charleston	Jefferson, W. Va.
PRATT, RICHARD TURNER	Port Royal	Caroline, Va.

PRICE, JESSE JACKSON	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
PRINCE, WILLIAM BELTON	Newsoms	Southampton, Va.
RICHARDS, BURWELL	Knoxville	Knox, Tenn.
ROBY, EDWARD HENRY	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
ROGERS, JOHN DALRYMPLE	Lexington	Rockbridge, Va.
ROGERS, JOHN GOUGH	Ellicott City	Howard, Md.
ROGERS, REUBEN DORSEY	Ellicott City	Howard, Md.
ROSE, JOHN EDGAR	Barton Heights	Henrico, Va.
RUCKER, OTIS GRAY	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
RUEGER, WILLIAM	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
RUFFIN, GEORGE CHAMPION	Garysville	Prince George, Va.
SANBORN, JAMES LEVENTHROP	Buena Vista	Rockbridge, Va.
SAUNDERS, THOMAS WALKER	Rocky Mount	Franklin, Va.
SCHAFER, CHARLES MARTIN	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
SEDDON, SAMUEL VENABLE	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
SEMPLE, WILLIAM MACON	Louisville	Jefferson, Ky.
SHAW, WILFRED SINCLAIR	Govanstown	Baltimore, Md.
SIMPSON, WALTER WILLIAM CHARLES	Midway Mills	Nelson, Va.
SMELTZER, JOHN	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
SMITH, CHARLES MARVIN	Alexandria	Alexandria, Va.
SMITH, RODNEY CARLISLE	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
SNEAD, CHARLES DARNEY	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
SNIDOW, CLARENCE RAYMOND	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
STAPLES, ROBERT TYLER	Harrisonburg	Rockingham, Va.
STIGLEDER, FRANK NICHOLAS	Highland Springs	Henrico, Va.
STORY, JAMES MARVIN	Franklin	Southampton, Va.
SUGDEN, ROBERT GREENWOOD	Hampton	Elizabeth City, Va.
SWITZER, EDWARD TIFFEN	Harrisonburg	Rockingham, Va.
TAYLOR, ALFRED WILSON	Knoxville	Knox, Va.
TAYLOR, EDWARD HOOVER	Greenville	Greenville, S. C.
TERNS, RICHARD HENRY, JR.	Leesburg	Loudoun, Va.
TENNYSON, WILLIAM EDWIN	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
TINSLEY, ROBERT BRUCE	East Radford	Montgomery, Va.
TIPTON, WILLIAM FRANKLIN	Hillsville	Caroline, Va.
TURNER, EDWARD CARTER	Plains	Fauquier, Va.
TURNER, REID ARNOLD	Lynch Station	Campbell, Va.
VANDEGRIFT, WAYNE ASPRIE	Newport News	Warwick, Va.
VEGA, ANGEL MARION	Santiago	St. Domingo
WALLACE, JAMES ALEXANDER	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
WALLACE, WILLIAM ALLEN	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
WALLERSTEIN, CLARENCE SIDNEY	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
WAPLES, SAMUEL DRUMMOND	Onancock	Accomac, Va.
WATTS, HUBARD ASHBY	Big Island	Bedford, Va.
WHITE, EARLY WRIGHT	Cape Henry	Princess Anne, Va.
WHITE, JOHN KENT	Waynesboro	Augusta, Va.
WHITE, JOHN WILLIAMS	Danville	Pittsylvania, Va.
WHITE, RICE WARREN	Savannah	Savannah, Ga.
WHITEHURST, HERBERT	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
WHITESIDE, EMERSON OWEN	Keysville	Charlotte, Va.
WHITESIDE, HENRY	Keysville	Charlotte, Va.

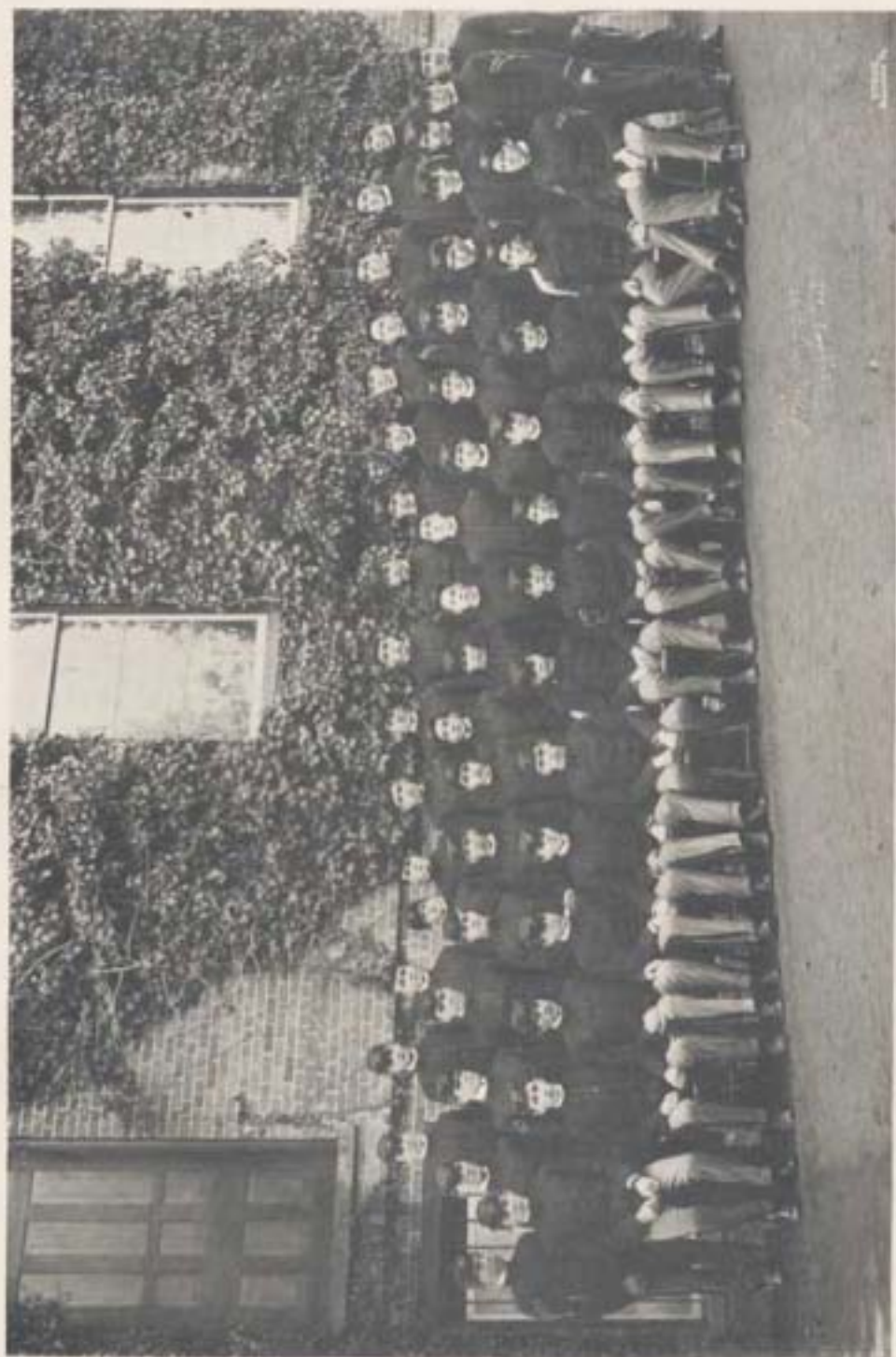
WIGGINS, JOHN CARROLL	Suffolk	Nansemond, Va.
WILLIAMS, ALFRED DANIEL	Winston	Culpeper, Va.
WILLIAMS, LESLIE SHAW	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
WILLIS, LEWIS BYRD	Orange	Orange, Va.
WILSON, WILLIAM CALVIN	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
WINKLER, HENRY	Charleston	Kanawha, W. Va.
WOOD, HORACE RICHTER	Port Walthall	Chesterfield, Va.
WOOD, THROPHILUS HUGH	Priddy's	Albemarle, Va.
WOOLWINE, CHARLES ROLLIN, JR.	Pilot	Montgomery, Va.
WYMER, RUFUS JOHNSTON	Dublin	Pulaski, Va.
YANCEY, WILLIAM JAMES	Buffalo Junction	Mecklenburg, Va.
YEATON, ALTON FORREST	Richmond	Henrico, Va.



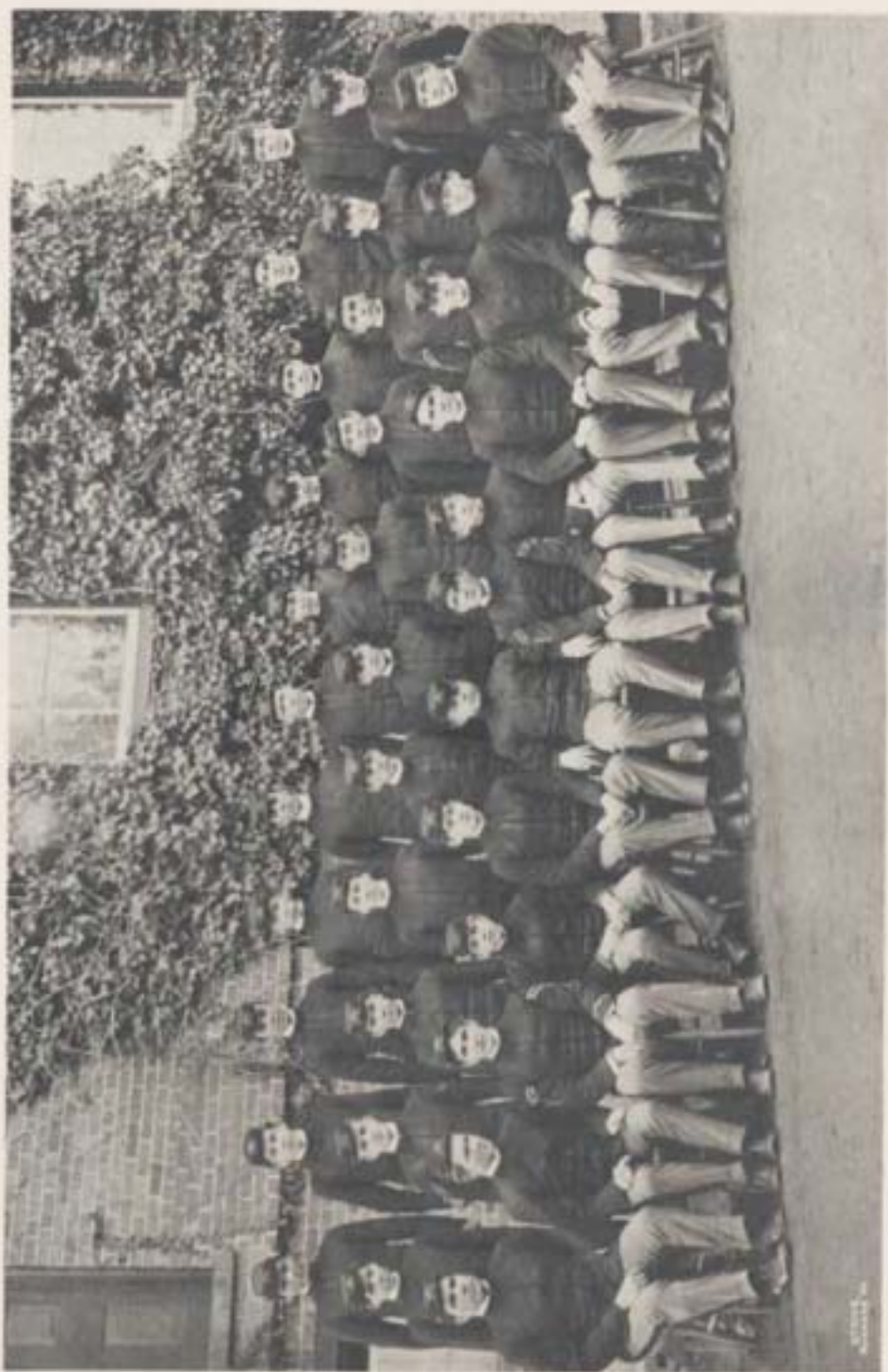


SOPHOMORE CIVIL ENGINEERS

ALLEN



SOPHOMORE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS



SOPHOMORE MECHANICAL ENGINEERS



SOPHOMORE CHEMIST AND GENERAL SCIENCE MEN



THERE are great moments in the lives of all men, but one of the greatest in the life of a college student is when he returns to college for his second year and realizes that he is an "Old" man, with all its attending dignity. The much-longed-for goal of the preceding year has at last been reached. With this feeling paramount in our breasts we started our Sophomore year at the Institute. Many well-remembered classmates of the year before were missing from our ranks, and many new members were ushered into the fold with appropriate and effective ceremonies, at the first Class meeting.

Faithfully following the traditions as laid down in the unwritten law, we immediately set ourselves to work instructing the new cadets in their manifold duties. We were very careful to adhere strictly to the principles of the college of combining practical with theoretical instruction, delivering many special lectures directly after Reveille.

The football season was soon in full swing, and '06 did not fail to furnish her quota of warriors, Lewis, Brent, Tinsley, Hodgson, Harlan, Shaw, Carpenter, J. C., Beale, Johnson, A. B., Ainsworth, and Montague ably upholding her honor upon the field.

Our Class team, captained by McChesney, also made a good record in the Inter-Class games, Hope, R. D., Chuldrey, White, Richards, Humphrey, F. L.,

Phillips, Kyle, Rose, White, R. H., Semple, Johnson, and McChesney (Capt.), being awarded the honor of wearing their numerals.

Just about this time many military geniuses were discovered in our very midst. One particular shining light informed his wondering squad that the command, "Forward, March!" meant to follow your nose, and turn to your thumb hand side. Another, thinking reveille was not early enough, immediately proceeded to change the time without consulting the authorities, by ringing the bell a half hour ahead of schedule thus calling down many blessings (?) upon his devoted head.

Thanksgiving was soon upon us with its numerous boxes, and many hearts were gladdened thereby. After this holiday all eyes were turned ahead to Christmas, and never did Arctic explorer long for home more earnestly than we did.

The Christmas recess further depleted our Class roll. Three officers, namely, Colonna, secretary, W. P. Phillips, treasurer, and "Burly" White, sergeant-at-arms, being among those missing. At a Class meeting, held shortly afterward, the vacant offices were filled by the election of E. H. Roby, treasurer, M. V. Harlan, secretary, and H. C. Perry, sergeant-at-arms. At this period we were, one January afternoon, the delighted witnesses of the first snow battle we had seen since entering college. It will no doubt be remembered that we escaped this pleasant attention last year.

Intermediates were soon upon us with their dread possibilities, but we weathered the storm in good shape, as the honor list shows.

After the Intermediates, all talk of the St. Louis trip, and probably ere this is printed most of us will no doubt be enjoying ourselves to the utmost at the big Exposition.

As we near the end of our Sophomore year, notably the jolliest year of a college man's life, we look back over it and see many mistakes we have made and many things we have left undone; and some things we have done and done well, and we can only hope that our coming years will be as full of profit and value as the past one has been to us.

And as the book is closed and the last leaf turned let us all rally round and stand to the toast—"For old Naughty-Six and our dear Alma Mater forever."

Go Where Glory Waits Thee.

Go; I do not say, Come to me,
A sterner mistress waits for thee.
With armor and the martial tread,
The eagle eye and proud high head.
Thou canst not be cunished in lace
Nor heed a tear on woman's face.
I would not have thee soft and meet
To lay thy heart at beauty's feet.
Go gracefully to lie and fawn
Before a title or a crown.
I hold them but a clownish crew
Who flatter all to win a few.
Who prate of love and sacrifice
With coward written in their eyes.
When Glory meets thee on the field
And strips thee of that sword and shield,
And lays thy bared head on her heart
While gently droop thine eyes to rest
I shall be proud and well content
With seeing valor eminent.
And not a jealous thought shall move
My heart to murmur words of love.



Class of 1907.

Colors:

White and Blue

OFFICERS.

E. H. COLONNA	<i>President</i>
H. S. RICHARDSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
R. W. FIVEASH	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
J. A. WETHERELL	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
J. A. CORK	<i>Historian</i>

Class of 1907.

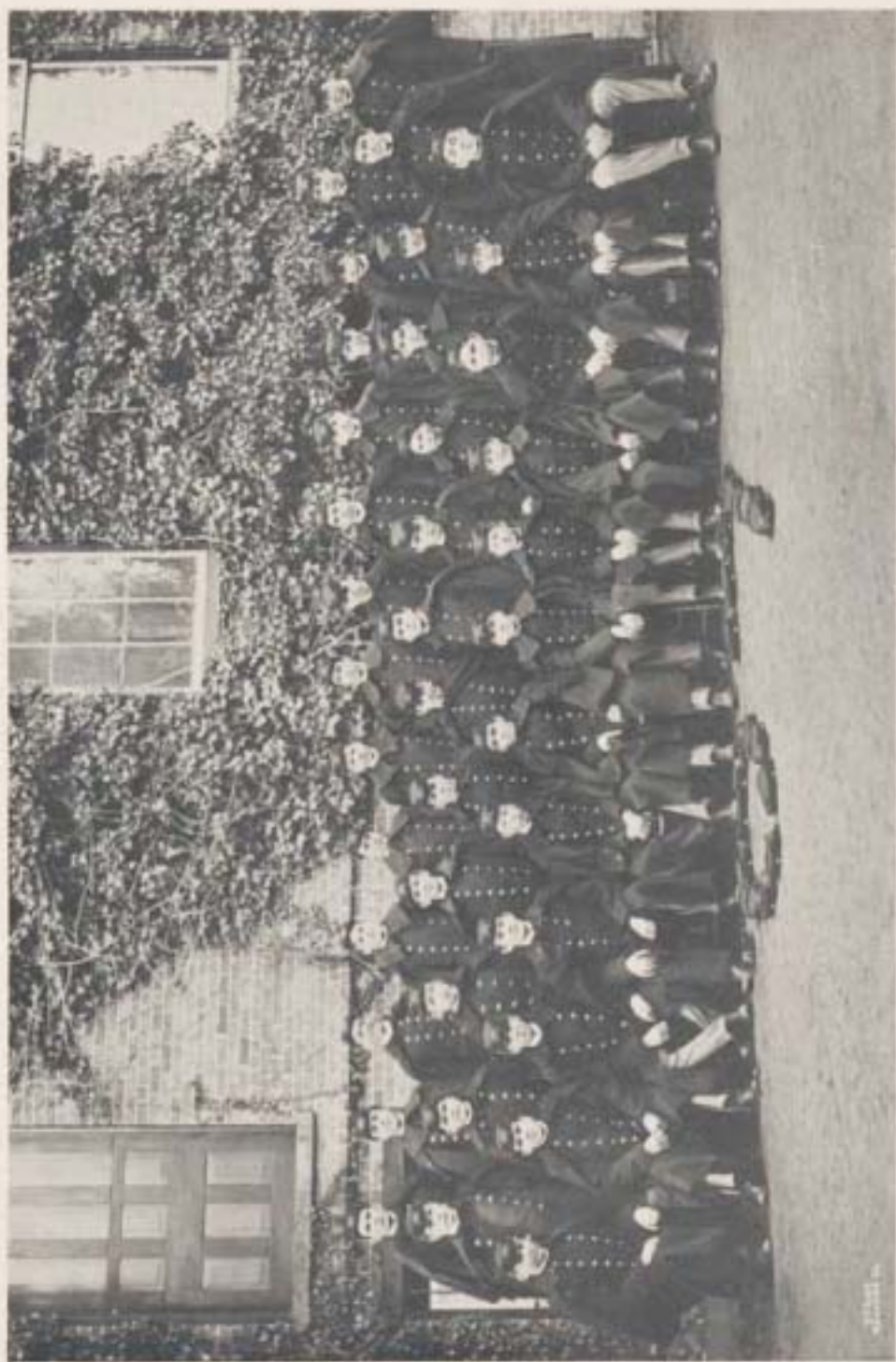
ADAMS, VINCENT REED	Red Oak	Charlotte, Va.
ALLEN, EDWARD ALMOND, JR.	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
ANDERSON, HOWARD HAMPTON	Penter	Cumberland, Va.
ANGUS, KENNETH DOUGLAS	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
ARMISTEAD, MADISON	Farmville	Prince Edward, Va.
ARRINGTON, ROBERT IRVING	Smyrna	Bedford, Va.
ATLEE, FRANK GOODWIN	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
BABCOCK, VINTON SAUNDERS	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
BAGBY, ALVIN FLEET	Tappahannock	Essex, Va.
BAHEN, JOSEPH BARNARD	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
BAILEY, ROBERT GORDON	Hat Creek	Campbell, Va.
BAKER, HARRY WILLARD	Clifton Forge	Alleghany, Va.
BARKER, ALBERT HENRY	Rip Raps	Elizabeth City, Va.
BARKER, THOMAS LENLIE	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
BAUMAN, ALBERT ROY	Fredericksburg	Spottsylvania, Va.
BEALE, JAMES CHELSEY	Franklin	
BELL, EDWARD REUREN	Lynchburg	Campbell, Va.
BICKLE, WILLIAM	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
BISHOP, JOHN LUCAS	Riner	Montgomery, Va.
BLAIR, GEORGE THOMPSON	Rendo	Pittsylvania, Va.
BLANDFORD, PAUL SAMUEL	Gary	Lunenburg, Va.
BLISS, BROOKS MASON, JR.	Farmville	Prince Edward, Va.
BOATRIGHT, WALTER PUTNEY	New Canton	Buckingham, Va.
BOXLEY, LITTLEBERRY JAMES	Boxley	Mingo, W. Va.
BRADLEY, EDGAR LEE	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
BRADLEY, PAUL LAWLEY	Churchland	Norfolk, Va.
BRAGO, IRVING LEE	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
BRANCH, WILLIAM LEWIS	Charleston	Kanawha, W. Va.
BRIDGEFORTH, GEORGE BARKERVILLE	Tinkling	Lunenburg, Va.
BROCK, ARCHER CLINTON	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
BROWN, JOHN RICHARD	Dublin	Pulaski, Va.
BROWN, LEROY EDWARD	Richmond	Henrico, Va.
BRUMLEY, CHARLES STRATTON	Norfolk	Norfolk, Va.
BUSHNELL, GEORGE EDWARD	Blacksburg	Montgomery, Va.
BYRNES, JOSEPH PAUL	Staunton	Augusta, Va.
CARDONA, CHARLES CAMERON	Lunenburg	Lunenburg, Va.
CARNAHAN, SAMUEL EDWIN	Southern	Pulaski, Va.
CARPENTER, ARTHUR BLEDSOE	Roanoke	Roanoke, Va.
CASSELL, EMMETT MOORE	Wytheville	Wythe, Va.
CHALMERS, JAMES FENTON	Smithfield	Isle of Wight, Va.
CLOYD, JOHN ARCHER	Dublin	Pulaski, Va.
COATES, GEORGE GRAYTON	Saville	Madison, Va.

COFFMAN, ELMER OWEN.....	Dayton.....	Rockingham, Va.
COFFMAN, MILTON ELLSWORTH.....	Hodge's Petry.....	Norfolk, Va.
COFFMAN, SAMUEL HENRY.....	Keezletown.....	Rockingham, Va.
COLE, SCHUYLER WADE.....	Flint.....	Floyd, Va.
COLLIER, FRANCIS MARVIN.....	Big Stone Gap.....	Wise, Va.
COLONNA, EDWIN HOLY.....	Berkley.....	Norfolk, Va.
COMER, GUY WILLIAMSON.....	Washington.....	District of Columbia.
CONGER, EDWARD CHAMBERLAIN.....	Edenton.....	Chowan, N. C.
COOK, JAMES ST. CLAIR.....	Rounoke.....	Rounoke, Va.
CORY, NELSON.....	Norfolk.....	Norfolk, Va.
CRAWLEY, CHARLES WILLIAM.....	Prospect.....	Prince Edward, Va.
CROWDER, FRANK THOMAS.....	Blacksburg.....	Montgomery, Va.
CUMBER, VOLNEY EUGENE.....	Mt. Zion.....	Campbell, Va.
CUTHERILL, CALEN SIDNEY.....	Great Bridge.....	Norfolk, Va.
DAVIDSON, ROBERT KIMUND.....	Bell's Valley.....	Rounoke, Va.
DELOATCH, DAVID MADISON.....	Boykins.....	Southampton, Va.
DEW, ROBERT GRESHAM.....	Walkerton.....	King and Queen, Va.
DICKENSON, JAMES HATTEK, JR.....	Hansonville.....	Russell, Va.
DOWNY, GEORGE THOMAS.....	Alexandria.....	Alexandria, Va.
DUMONT, EDWARD GEORGE.....	Wytheville.....	Wythe, Va.
DUNBAR, EDWARD MORAN.....	Washington.....	District of Columbia.
DUVALL, HUNTER MCGUIRE.....	Arvonnia.....	Buckingham, Va.
EARWOOD, DONALDSON BAXTER.....	Beckley.....	Raleigh, W. Va.
ELEY, FOREST JEFFERSON.....	Waverley.....	Sussex, Va.
ELLISON, JAMES AYLETT.....	Crozet.....	Albemarle, Va.
EVANS, CLAUDE DONALD.....	Statesville.....	Iredell, N. C.
FARANT, GEORGE WILLIAM.....	Norfolk.....	Norfolk, Va.
FIELD, GAVIN LOGWOOD.....	Gordonsville.....	Orange, Va.
FIELD, RICHARD HENRY.....	Gordonsville.....	Orange, Va.
FIVEASH, ROBERT WALTON.....	Norfolk.....	Norfolk, Va.
FONTAINE, SAMUEL COLE.....	Martinsville.....	Henry, Va.
FORD, FRANCIS MARTIN.....	Beckley.....	Raleigh, W. Va.
FORD, WILLIAM HENRY, JR.....	Lynchburg.....	Campbell, Va.
FOSTER, HERBERT MARTIN.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
FRED, EDWIN BROWN.....	Middleburg.....	Loudoun, Va.
FUGUA, LAWRENCE MARVE.....	Chester.....	Chesterfield, Va.
GALT, JAMES HENRY.....	Columbia.....	Fluvana, Va.
GATEWOOD, WILLIAM LAWRENCE.....	Toano.....	James City, Va.
GEIMAN, DANIEL JOHN.....	Bluemont.....	Loudoun, Va.
GILBERT, CLARENCE HENRY.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
GILL, HARVEY STRACHAN.....	Petersburg.....	Dinwiddie, Va.
GILL, SYDNEY BISHOP.....	Petersburg.....	Dinwiddie, Va.
GOODWIN, GROVER CLEVELAND.....	St. Johns.....	Northfield,
GOOLBICH, ROBERT EMMETT.....	Fredericksburg.....	Spottsylvania, Va.
GORDON, JOHN WOTTON.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
GRAVES, JOHN THOMAS.....	Toches.....	Pittsylvania, Va.
GRAY, CHARLES BALL.....	Warrenton.....	Fauquier, Va.
GRAY, WILLIAM ALFRED.....	Vontay.....	Hanover, Va.
GRAYSON, JAMES McNUTT.....	Bland.....	Bland, Va.
GREEN, WILHAM BOLAN.....	Drakes Branch.....	Charlotte, Va.

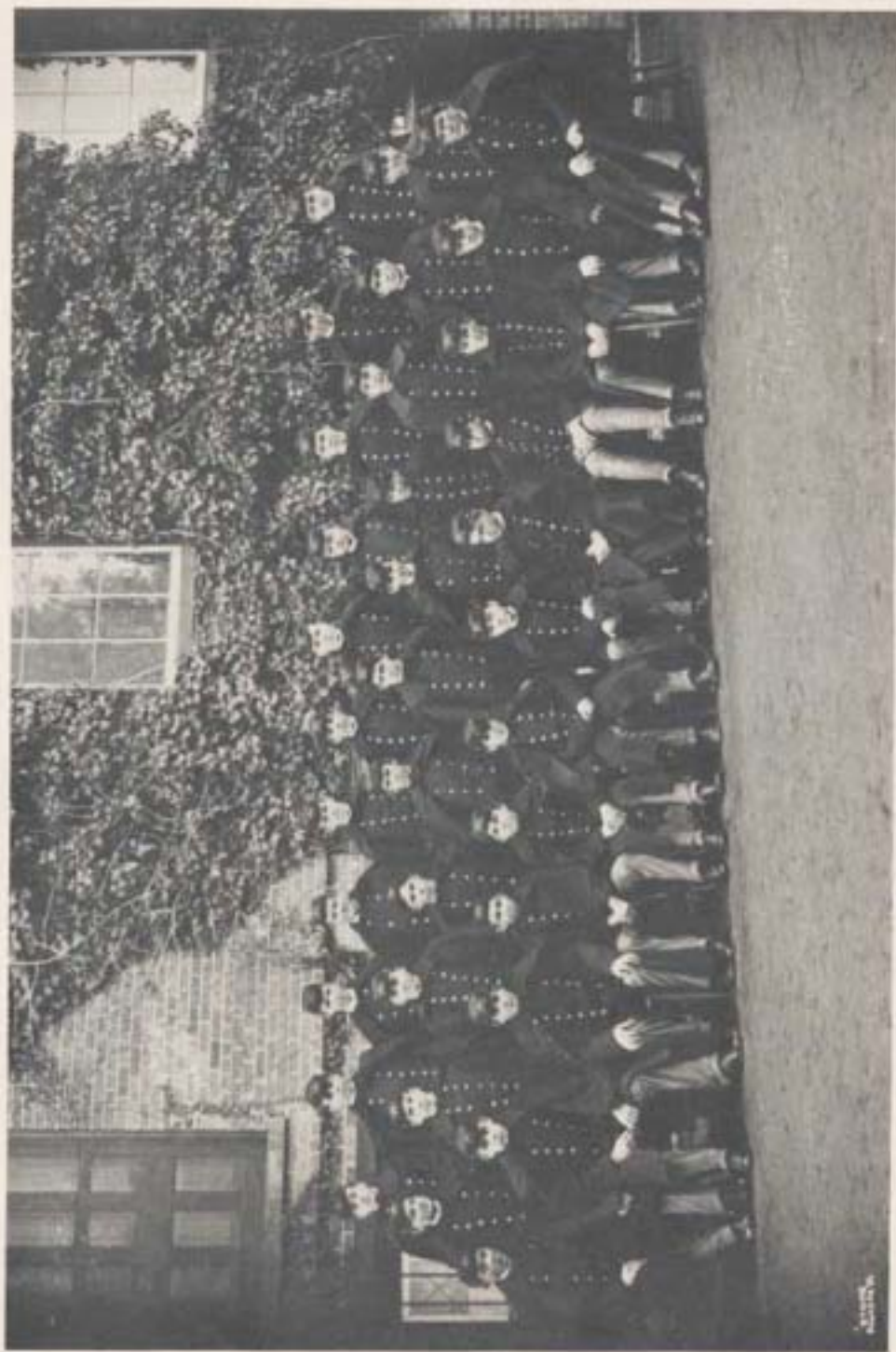
HAGOOD, JOHN LEMUEL.....	LaCross.....	Mecklenburg, Va.
HARBELL, CLAUD WILLIARD.....	Norfolk.....	Norfolk, Va.
HALL, GEORGE OLIVER.....	St. Louis.....	Missouri.
HALL, KING CLYDE.....	Pulaski.....	Pulaski, Va.
HAMILTON, JOHN WADDIE.....	Martinville.....	Henry, Va.
HANDLEY, ROBERT ANBUCKLE.....	Lewisburg.....	Greenbrier, W. Va.
HANNAH, WILLIAM MORTON, JR.....	Norfolk.....	Norfolk, Va.
HARRIS, FRANCIS WALLER.....	Scottsville.....	Albemarle, Va.
HART, JAMES GOODWIN.....	Locklies.....	Middlesex, Va.
HENDERSON, CHARLES FLOYD.....	Johnson City.....	Washington, Tenn.
HENLEY, FRANK GUY.....	Norfolk.....	Norfolk, Va.
HOLMES, FOREST SHEPPERSON.....	Pine.....	Pulaski, Va.
HOLMES, HARRY GAULT.....	West Norfolk.....	Norfolk, Va.
HOLT, NEWTON ORMANDE.....	Hat Creek.....	Campbell, Va.
HOPK, ROY.....	Chattanooga.....	Hamilton, Tenn.
HOPK, SAMUEL PECK.....	Eagle Rock.....	Botetourt, Va.
HUFFMAN, HOWARD HAMPTON.....	Timothy.....	Craig, Va.
HUNTER, JOSEPH ELLERTON.....	Roanoke.....	Roanoke, Va.
HUNTER, JAMES LOMAX.....	Ruther Glen.....	Caroline, Va.
HUTCHINSON, JOHN RUDD.....	Charlotte.....	Charlotte, Va.
IRVING, JOHN TURNER.....	Howardsville.....	Albemarle, Va.
JACKSON, EARLE ELWOOD.....	Eastville.....	Northampton, Va.
JAMISON, THOMAS LEWIS.....	Martinsville.....	Henry, Va.
JENKINS, ORIA RUCKER.....	Bluefield.....	Mercer, W. Va.
JOHNSON, ALLEN BERRY.....	Davis Mills.....	Bedford, Va.
JONES, THOMAS NEVERSON, JR.....	Carysbrook.....	Flovanna, Va.
KEMFOOT, HOWARD MASTERS.....	Berryville.....	Clarke, Va.
KIRK, JOHN RUSSELL.....	Everets.....	Nansemond, Va.
KNIGHT, ANDREW LEWIS.....	Boykins.....	Southampton, Va.
LAMAN, JOHN ROBERT.....	Winston.....	Culpeper, Va.
LAMAN, WALLACE JOHNSON.....	Winston.....	Culpeper, Va.
LEATHERBURY, CLIFTON HARMANSON.....	Machipongo.....	Northampton, Va.
LITCHENSTEIN, LEWIS.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
LITTLE, HERBERT DILLS.....	Parkersburg.....	Wood, W. Va.
LYDSAY, WALLACE BRIGHT.....	Fishersville.....	Augusta, Va.
LOCKER, EDWIN HUNTER.....	Glasgow.....	Rockbridge, Va.
LONGLEY, FRANK LEON.....	East Radford.....	Montgomery, Va.
LOYD, WILLIAM HUBBARD.....	Lynchburg.....	Campbell, Va.
LUCKAS, CHARLES KEPLER.....	East Radford.....	Montgomery, Va.
MAJOR, JOHN BURKS.....	Charlottesville.....	Bedford, Va.
MALONEY, FRANK BERRY.....	Waverley.....	Sussex, Va.
MARROW, HENRY FRANKLIN.....	Hampton.....	Elizabeth City, Va.
MARTIN, DAVID RIDDLE.....	East Radford.....	Montgomery, Va.
MARTIN, GERALD LINWOOD.....	Harborton.....	Accomac, Va.
MASSENBURG, GEORGE ROBERT.....	Hampton.....	Elizabeth City, Va.
MAY, JOHN TAYLOR LOMAX.....	Staunton.....	Augusta, Va.
MAY, SAMUEL SLAUGHTER.....	Alexandria.....	Alexandria, Va.
MAYNARD, JOHN BLACKWELL.....	Portsmouth.....	Norfolk, Va.
MEAD, ROBERT SHEPPARD.....	Washington.....	District of Columbia
METCALFE, JOSEPH BROWN.....	Catharpin.....	Prince William, Va.

MILLER, RUSH RHEA.....	Saltville.....	Smyth, Va.
MINTER, EARNEST CLYDE.....	Anton.....	Henry, Va.
MONTAGUE, CHARLES DELEVAN.....	Fredericksburg.....	Spottsylvania, Va.
MONTZITH, JEMMIE WALTERS.....	Low Moor.....	Alleghany, Va.
MOORE, ALBERT LEE.....	Lexington.....	Rockbridge, Va.
MORTON, WILLIAM GILLIAM.....	Pamplin.....	Appomattox, Va.
MOYLER, HARRY LEE.....	Petersburg.....	Dinwiddie, Va.
MUNDY, GEORGE ASHBY.....	Barbourville.....	Orange, Va.
MUNDY, JAMES OSCAR.....	Priddys.....	Albemarle, Va.
MCCLEUR, EARLE HAMILTON.....	Parkersburg.....	Wood, W. Va.
MCCLEUNG, JOHN ALEXANDER.....	Brownsburg.....	Rockbridge, Va.
MCGUIRE, MARVIN HURT.....	Cedar Bluff.....	Tazewell, Va.
NUTTER, JAMES ARTHUR.....	Charleston.....	Kanawha, W. Va.
NEWCOMB, HARRY VERNON.....	Craigsville.....	Augusta, Va.
NICHOLS, ROBERT CARY.....	Bedford City.....	Bedford, Va.
O'NEAL, JOSEPH RAYMOND.....	Richmond.....	Henrico, Va.
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PIERCE, REID MCCARTHEY.....	Lynchburg.....	Campbell, Va.
PIERCY, JOHN MORPHET.....	Gainesville.....	Prince William, Va.
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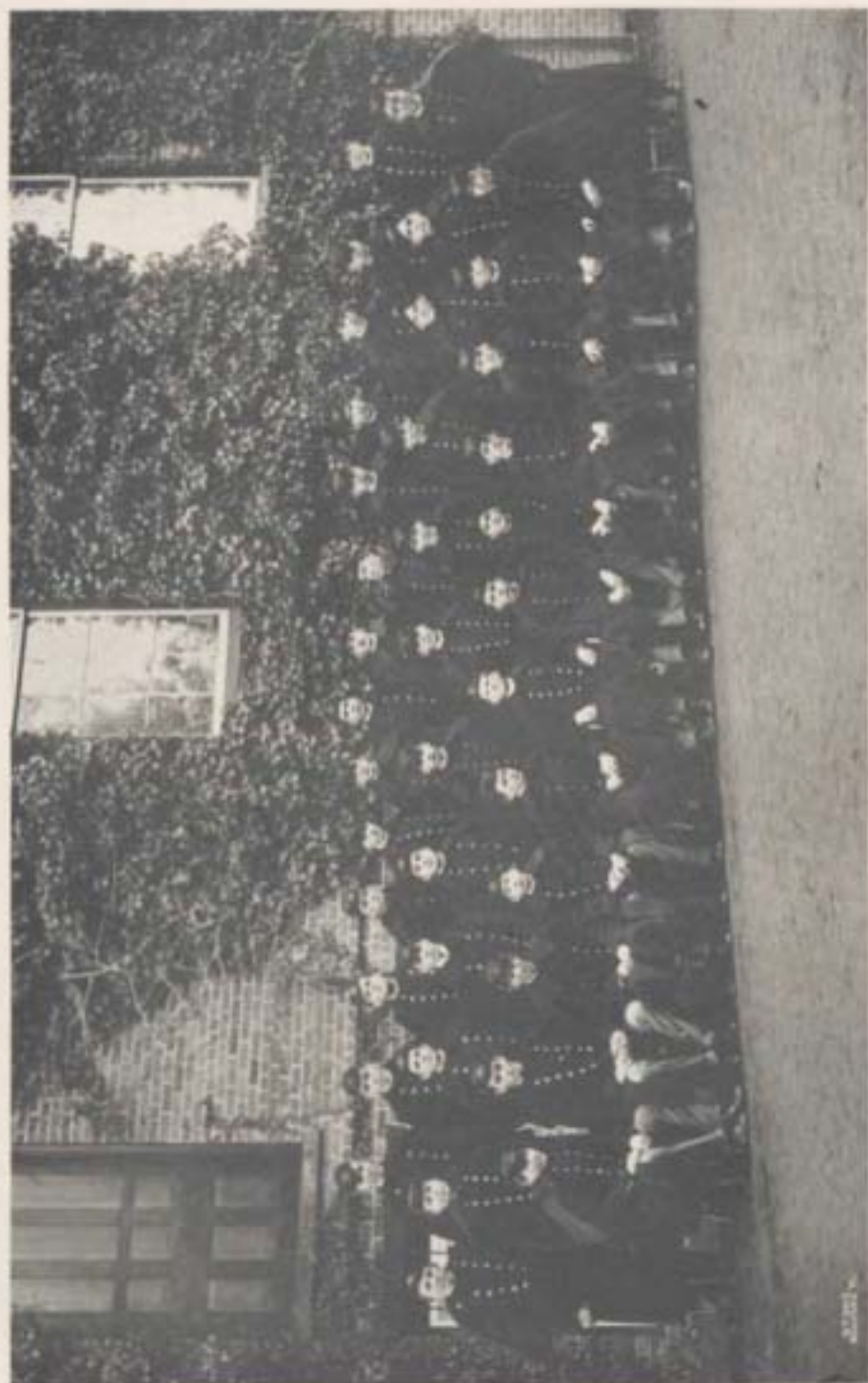
SMITH, EARLE GORDON.....	Fauquier Springs.....	Fauquier, Va.
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WILTSHIRE, TURNER HILL.....	Baltimore.....	Baltimore, Md.
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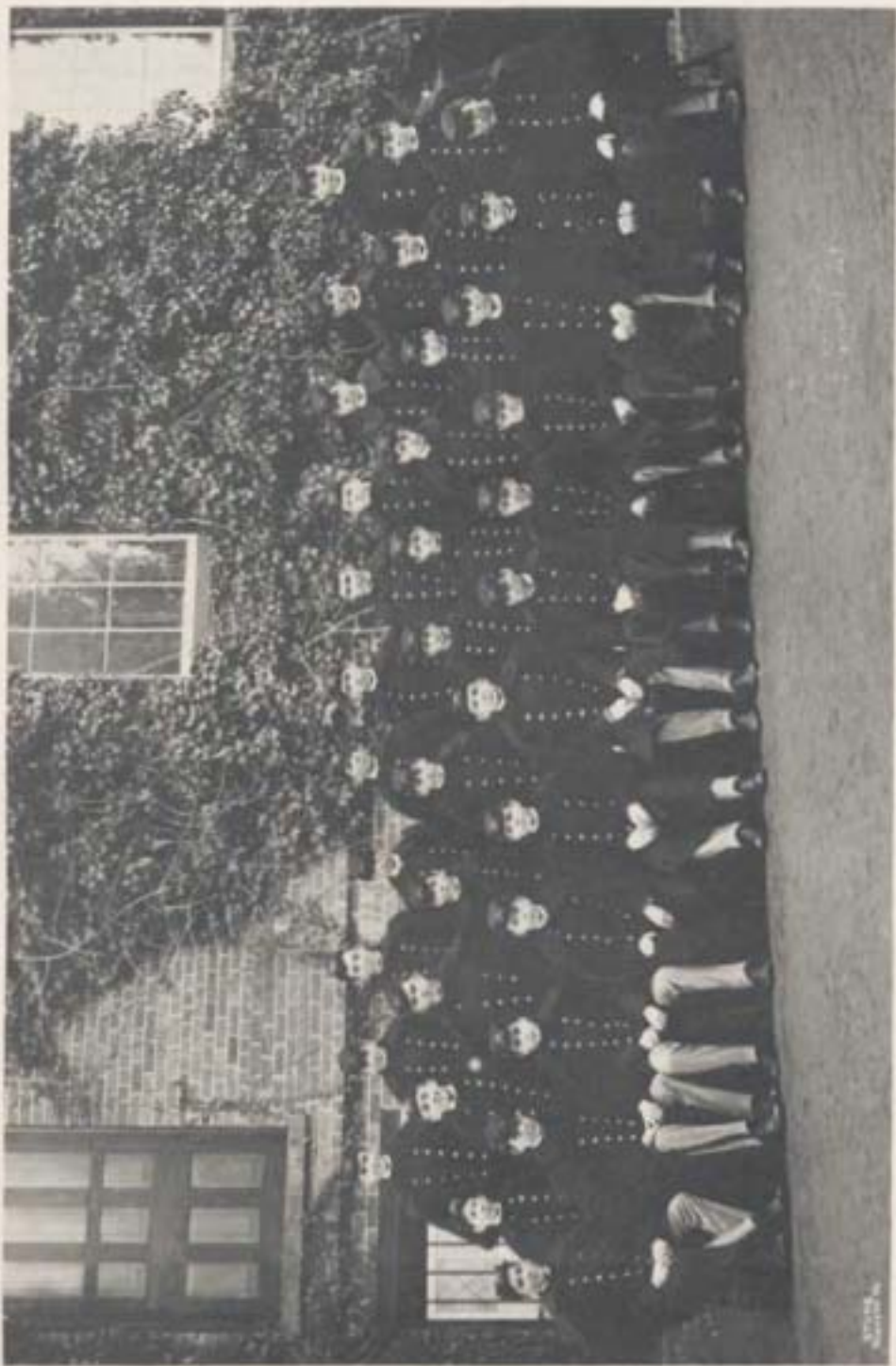
FRESHMEN



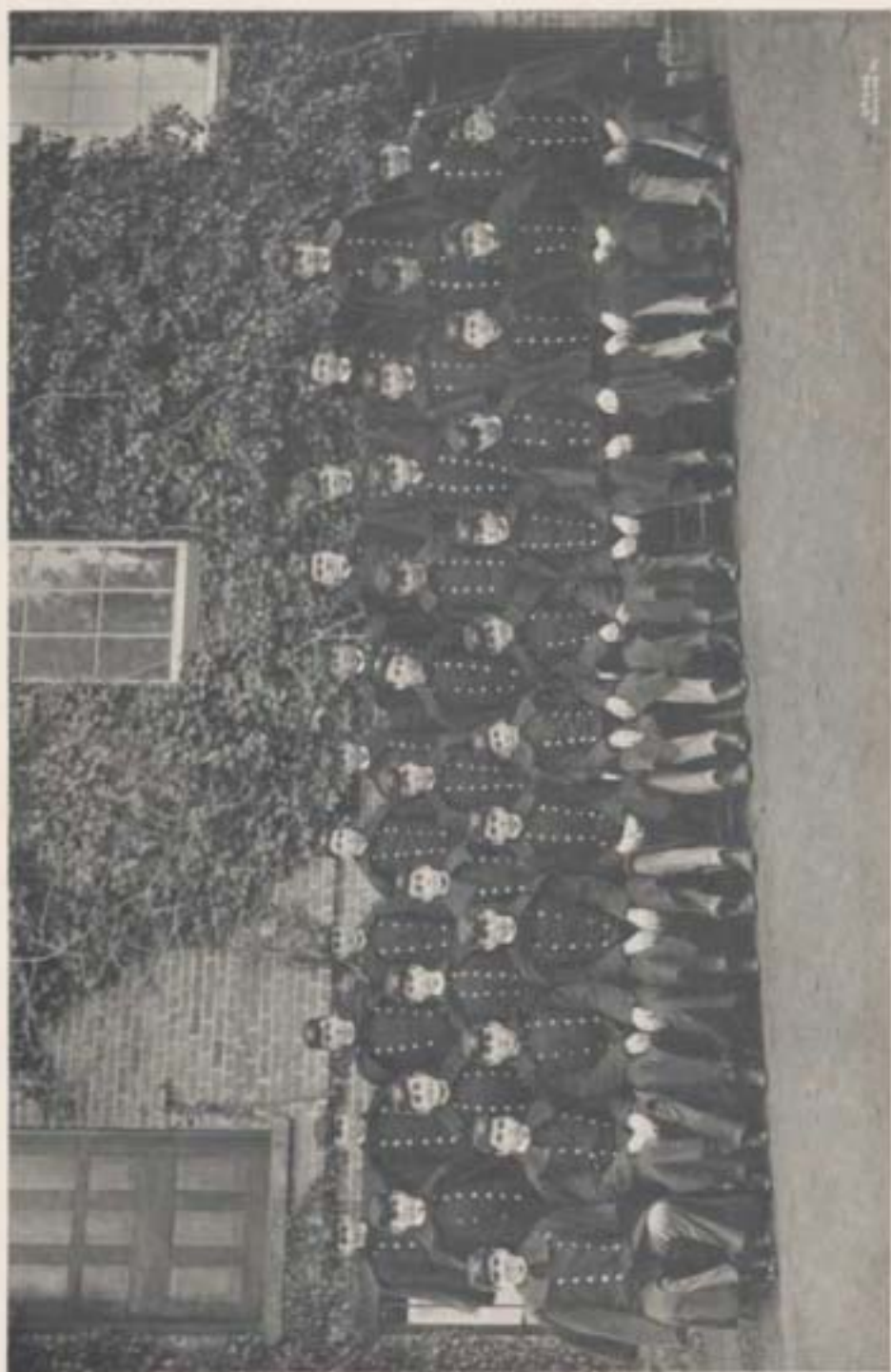
FRESHMEN



FRESHMEN



FRESHMEN



FRESHMEN



SUMMER seemingly lingered among the green Virginia fields that stretch eastward from the foot of the majestic Alleghanies. A warm September sun shone kindly down from skies of blue. All nature seemed glad, as, on the historic days clustered about September 21st, 1903, we arrived in Blacksburg and at V. P. L., after a long but delightful drive from "the station," several miles away. High aims, hopes, ambitions, and perhaps a little pride swelled within us, for had we not arrived at the seat of learning, and, after high schools and academies, were now to be college men? Into the midst of such thoughts, as the hack swung onto the parade-ground, there broke upon our ears the long drawn cry of "r-r-r-a-a-t," so familiar later. Our pride, our self-conceit, fled at the sound, and soon being "captured," each was engaged in carrying his share of the many trunks that lined "the stoop."

It was at this time we learned to respect the "old boys"—and to avoid them—for they indeed made many uses of the bayonet and ramrod not mentioned in the "blue book" of United States Army Regulations, which they impressed upon us.

Next we matriculated, and upon the following day sought out our professors, to whom we also presented ourselves for treatment. Thus was the year's routine begun. "Squad drill" grew to "Company drill," and we realized that our assimilation into the student-body was well under way; and an enjoyable reception and supper given by the Y. M. C. A. helped us to become much better acquainted with one another. We felt organization necessary, too, so soon a Class meeting was held and, after much strenuous voting, our officers were chosen. Later, upon the resignation of our Classmate, Stokes, from college, H. R. Richardson was chosen vice-president, upon Colonna becoming president.

By this time we had become well versed in the mysteries of "sick call," running from reveille, taking down "hays," catching buckets from fourth-story windows, simulating an angle of 90° and other minor accomplishments that go to make a "Rat's" life easier. Experience also taught the fact that walking was the best exercise to take on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, and consequently many were the tramps we took, many were the songs we sung. Such noted places

as "Aunt Nellie's" and Earhart's Caves were explored; Lovers' Leap, Roanoke Mountain, "The Coal Mines," Knodes' Mill, and Newport were visited and many pleasant memories collected for sweet dreams of the past, in future years.

Athletics at the beginning of the football season drew many of our number to the football field, where several teams battled daily in the development or evolution of the "long-haired heroes" who, later, on the Varsity, were to fight their way to fame and Southern supremacy on the gridiron battlefields of the South. Many of the tribe of Freshmen being "burly," some of them made substitutes on the first team, in which we all gloried. After some of the greatest victories of the season, it became a privilege for the first time to help construct a heap of boxes, cord-wood, fence rails, and almost everything movable and combustible upon which we could lay hands, for a bonfire. Mysteriously, at the same time, a calf found its way into the chapel, and, the farm machinery coming to worship "Old Bovine," ranged itself on the parade ground about the dying embers of the fire.

Class football brought glory to the Freshmen; neither the Juniors nor the Sophs. were able to score against our team, and the Seniors won by a score of only 11-5. Wonderful team-work helped the name of Captain Nutter and Manager Richardson to stellar heights. The other men on the team being Van Pelt, Williams, T. J., Robinson, Armistead, Wetherell, Marrow, Van Doren, Hamilton, Wright, Bauman, and Stokes. From the football season until field-day, the Class of '07 was well represented in all college athletics.

Thanksgiving came and numerous old boys visited us, kindly reminding each of the solemnity of the celebration and impressing the fact upon our memories that there are a round dozen letters in the word—and a period. The day itself proved dark and snowy, and many a homesick one dreamed of dinners at home, while December seemed eternally distant.

The Christmas holidays were hailed with exuberant joy, for then we departed for *home* to feasts instead of "growley," and to sleep upon "more downy couches than hays." Leaving December 18th, 1903, we returned January 5th, 1904, only to see the spectre of Intermediates looming up before us, and many there were who did "flunk" before that time of trial was passed.

A heavy fall of snow was now responsible for the snow battle of ancient custom. We Rats were marshaled into two brigades, and, being marched upon the athletic field, were arrayed facing each other. Ammunition being gathered, at the signal, three hundred men plunged forward in earnest to the charge, and after the fight many there were with black eyes and bruises at the cry of "Rats, to your holes."

An occasional college minstrel or band concert served to break the monotony of the Winter months when we were "boning" at our books, for even a Rat must study, and we delved deep into mechanics and math, and languages. Often our lights burned after "taps."

The visit of the Board of Visitors was an event, and the coming of the Legislative Committee, a greater one. Upon both occasions special formations and parades were given.

February 8th being safely passed, we were rejoiced early in March to hear of the Legislature appropriating a large sum to the college, and in honor of this the Corps gave Dr. McBryde a grand serenade upon his return from Richmond.

With Spring came many drills and we enjoyed the privilege, with the rest of the Corps, of wearing regulation blue shirts to drill—a concession long hoped for but never before granted. Thus came happiness among us.

The final examinations, coming in the middle of May, were severe but soon forgotten, for on June 1st, the Corps started for St. Louis, where the Louisiana-Purchase Exhibition was visited. This was an experience of a lifetime, which all enjoyed.

Commencement week with its gaieties was short and then the session of '03-'04 was over.

Looking backward, we see a year of profit to ourselves; we arrived verdant indeed, now, we have wisdom; the narrowness and bigotry of the "Rat," is replaced by confidence and capability. Our hopes, our aims, are higher; we are men, and look to the future when we shall, by our efforts, win success and honor at our beloved V. P. I. Its shady walks, its ivy-covered academic buildings, its severely plain barracks, whose every nook is familiar, its clear-ringing bugle calls followed by the hurrying of feet, each of these has a place in our memories, and we love these memories, to which we hope to add many others when we return next Fall full-fledged Sophomores of '07.





MARY TOWNSEND 1904

A Rondeau to Rosalys.

Her sunny hair was powdered white
At merry masquerade last night,
When she danced as La Pompadour
In minuet of days of yore ;
To me, the sun had lost its light !

Barometers, with records trite,
This only makes days dark or bright ;
'Tis dreary when I see no more
Her sunny hair !

One dream drives every cloud to flight,
For, if I read her eyes aright,
Some blessed day love has in store,
With tender touch and granted right
Perhaps this rough hand may pass o'er
Her sunny hair !

Margaret Busbee Shipp





"Whom shall I ask to stay with you, Edith?" he inquired.
 "What in the world do I want with any one but Bridget? She is a host in herself," I replied.
 "Yes, but I thought it might be more cheerful for you; however, I am too

business for the bank.
 One morning, Philip told me he was compelled to leave town for the day on
 of life.

with my brush, provided us with all of the comforts and many of the luxuries held a position in a bank in S—, which, supplemented by what I was able to do workers, and deem our bread the sweeter because we earn it ourselves. He through many cheerful days; for Philip and I both belong to the noble army of charmed with my good fortune. And here I have worked from morning to night just outside the grounds, where the light for my studio was perfect. I was told me shortly after our marriage that he could rent a delightful little cottage spot, and, perhaps, too obvious of its darker side; therefore, when my husband Having lived some years in S—, I, too, had grown fond of the beautiful of music and the solemn worship in the house of God.

noon services in the little Chapel, where no sound strikes upon the ear save that ing object for an evening stroll, or a pleasant place to attend the Sunday after- attaching to such spots; "the Asylum" is thought of more frequently as a charm- To the inhabitants of the city, custom has worn away the horror usually insupportable, victim to that most fearful of all earth's many woes—insanity.

seems passing strange to think how many eyes look out upon its beauty in misery in grounds so picturesque and well-kept that, gazing upon their green loveliness, it the Insane Asylum, a handsome and stately building embowered in trees, situated One of the sights of interest in the beautiful little mountain city of S— is

In the Nick of Time.



pressed for time to stop; but Edith, do be careful, and don't be blue or lonely, dear," he added, lovingly.

"Don't you worry," I replied. "I shall have wonders to show you to-night."

And so, with a few parting injunctions, my husband (who had never ceased to be my lover) went on his way, if not rejoicing, at least satisfied as to my well-being.

I was still on the veranda, enjoying the clustering roses that clamber over it, when the sound of a disconsolate sniff smote upon my ears, and Bridget appeared round the corner of the house, her face covered with her apron and heart rending sobs issuing from its depth.

"Miss Edith, my ma's most dead," she wailed. "She's got the pneumony fever and the brown crecturs (bronchitis) and pap says I won't see her alive if I don't come quick."

"But, Bridget"—I began.

"Yes, Miss Edith, I know you can't stay all day by yourself, but if you jest lemme go for a few hours, I'll be back by four o'clock."

"You must go, of course," I said reluctantly; "but, Bridget, remember how worried your master would be if he knew me to be alone, and do hurry."

"Indeed, Miss Edith, I'll be back by four, no matter what's wrong, and I'll tidy up everything before I go. I'll go ask Miss May to come, if you want me to."

"Never mind, I am not afraid, and I am too busy for company."

Bridget gone, I repaired to my beloved studio, where I was soon absorbed in my work and oblivious of all else.

I was engaged on an order I was very anxious to complete, and in those quiet hours my brush flew rapidly over the canvas, and, having nothing to distract my attention, I was able to give my whole mind to the work.

I was busily finishing a bit of difficult foliage when a strange, undefinable consciousness that I was not alone swept over me; my fingers faltered at their task; a sickening wave of fear swept over me, and I stood for a moment unable to move or speak.

With an effort I turned at last to the skylight—no one there of a certainty. Turning then to a corner where hung a portiere, concealing various unsightly odds and ends, I stood, tremblingly uncertain, waiting for I knew not what. There was something ominous in the dead silence, and it seemed almost a relief when the curtain shook gently, and then a hand slipped out from between its folds and pushed it stealthily aside. The fingers were long and claw-like, the color of old ivory; they twitched in an odd, nervous fashion, and at last put the curtain aside with a rapid movement, and a figure stood before me—the strangest I think I ever imagined, even in an artist's dream or nightmare.

Tall, far beyond the average, gaunt, and haggard, he stood, arrayed in a Roman toga, the blood red folds of which gleamed with a baleful brilliance; upon

his head rested a child's jaunty sailor hat, rakishly perched over one ear. One hand clutched a dagger, long and savage looking, the other held a child's small drum; beyond all else was the brilliance, the flashing wildness, of his eye.

How had he entered the house, and how escaped from the Asylum in the full light of day, and with the vigilant set of attendants always on guard? Surely I had not been so careless as to leave the front door unlocked? A guilty conscience answered "yes" to the accusation, for it was a careless habit of mine, against which my husband had often warned me. However, that was no time for speculation—the facts were sufficient. I was alone in the house with a madman, armed most dangerously, and I had absolutely no means of defense.

Summoning what courage I could, I said: "I beg pardon, but may I ask your business here?"

"Well, I like that! Here I've come miles and miles to see you, by your own request, and you walk up and ask me my business. What do you mean? Are you sorry I came? You know you asked me."

He glared at me from under his heavy, black brows, and looked as though he felt strongly inclined to punish my lack of hospitality with a blow.

"O yes, of course," I said, faintly, "only, you know, I didn't expect"—

"Didn't expect," he repeated, roughly, "didn't you engage me to come, woman? What are you lying about it for?"

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake," I said quietly. "Will you kindly tell me your business at once, so that I may call my husband and not detain you?"

He stooped, with a cunning gleam in his eye, and whispered hoarsely, "Oh, you think I didn't see him go? I've got a fine little hiding place, where even those devils over there can't find me. I've had them on the trot all night, and if they *do* catch me"—he paused and shook the dagger threateningly. "The fools don't think of looking for me so close to their dungeon. A pretty chase I've given them," he chuckled triumphantly.

How long, I wondered, had this lurking evil been near me, and was it some instinctive knowledge of it that had excited my husband's uneasiness?

"Don't you think you are in great danger of being discovered?" I asked, finally. "Suppose you let me put you in a place where I am quite sure they will never find you?"

"You just try it!" he cried, turning on me threateningly. "*I know you, my lady, or I used to know you,*" he added, vaguely.

"Suppose, then," I said, with an assumption of cheerfulness that wouldn't have imposed upon a baby, "suppose while you are waiting that I paint your portrait? Such a noted man as you, should surely have a portrait to hand down to posterity."

(I should have said that he had informed me, with much pomp, that he was Julius Caesar, and also the daughter of Herodias—that Salome's soul was dwelling in the body of the great Caesar.)

The idea pleased him and he obediently mounted the chair to which I directed him, on a raised platform nearby, and settled the sailor hat coquettishly awry.

I took a brush and began to draw an outline of a man's head on the canvas; it bore very little resemblance to that of my restless setter, but who can wonder?

I painted desperately, every pulse-beat a prayer that some miracle might deliver me from the awful danger threatening. I had identified my visitor. I was entertaining one of the most dangerous and crafty of the inmates of the Asylum—a man whose cunning in escaping his keepers was only equalled by his murderous devilry while at large.

He came at length and bent over me, his hot breath fanning my cheek.

"Do you *dare* to call *that* my picture?" he cried; "you have made a picture of the devil and say it is I. But wait!"—

He walked deliberately to the door and locked it, then going to the open window, threw the key with all his strength; it went far and fell with a splash into the water of a nearby stream.

I gave up all hope of rescue, and a sort of cold despair settled upon me, which may have saved my life—since any excitement will always precipitate an attack from a maniac.

His eyes chanced to light upon the piano, standing open, with some music on the rack.

"Can you dance?" he said, suddenly. "Well, I shall play for you, and you shall dance like Salome. Come, begin!"

Fear lent me courage and I began to dance a few steps, while he whistled an extraordinary jumble of tunes, banging an accompaniment on the piano.

"Faster! Faster!" he shouted, snapping his fingers and beginning to caper about.

"Lighter on your toes! Don't be such a stick! Faster, I say; faster!"

My head grew dizzy and my breath failed me, but I did not dare to stop dancing.

"Hurry! Hurry! How badly you dance!"

"Look at my boots," I exclaimed. "Who could dance in such clodhoppers? If you will bring me the slippers you will find in that closet I will change, and show you what I can do."

"Get them yourself," he said, gruffly.

"I have these to undo," said I, "get them, and I can be ready so much the quicker."

He walked unwillingly to the closet door. "I don't see them," said he, angrily.

"They are certainly there," I said eagerly, "look in the far corner, you can't miss them."

Another moment and the end of his toga crossed the sill of the closet; with one mad bound I dashed against the door, closing it as I fell, then lay gasping,

Only the sound of his crazy music, floating through the open window, his keepers had seemed little short of miraculous.

Only the madman's fancy to make me dance had saved my life. Attendants were out in all directions searching for him, but they did not dream of his being so near, as upon other occasions when he made his cunning in eluding myself; but it was months before my nerves regained their poise.

I came to myself to find my husband's anxious face bending above me, and sank off to restful, dreamless sleep, from which I awoke refreshed and more like no more.

way in my brain—I seemed falling through space; all things faded and I knew face with gleaming eyes rushing towards me, then something seemed to give flush what was going on; I was conscious only of looking back and seeing a wild dizzy and my brain seemed to reel; I could keep up no longer, nor could I distinguish. My head was

Crash! crash! they were through the door, and I was saved! My head was they called. moments of suspense were agonizing. "All right, Mrs. Wyncham, nearly through," quick succession upon the door; I could do nothing but wait, and those few moments found in the way of looks I know not, but blows, heavy, smashing blows, came in if it had not been an extraordinarily strong one, it must have yielded. What they

tinged. At my cry, the men from the outside gave such a wrench at the lock that

All through this colloquy the knocking and banging on the closet door continued down directly. Don't you hear him?"

"Yes; oh pray, pray hurry! He is locked in the closet, but he will have the

"It is Bryant, of course?" asked the attendant.

"I can not," I replied. "I am locked in, and he has thrown the key away."

"Mrs. Wyncham! Mrs. Wyncham! Open, please, open quickly."

knocking at the door.

heart bound with hope; the footsteps came on quickly, and then there was a loud the sound of hurried footsteps coming rapidly up the narrow stairs made my isolation, and I had abandoned all hope of making myself heard, when, suddenly

The studio being at the top of the house, my position was one of peculiar and mangled thus, than fall to the clothes of that horrible creature. meant certain death, but I resolved upon that as a last resort. Better die, crushed all my efforts. I could find no way to escape; so throw myself from the window the studio, but in vain I tugged and pulled and tried to force the lock; it resisted

fury, uttering most horrible shrieks and imprecations the while. He must, I knew, break the lock or the panels in a very few minutes. I flew to the door of

Realizing that he had been tricked, he kicked and beat the door in a perfect within the studio.

pine door separated me from the madman, and I was locked up irretrievably knowing I had gained a possible respite of a few minutes only—for but a trail

caught the ear of one of the men, and he recognized Bryant's wild notes, so came to my rescue just in time to save me from a horrible fate.

Philip and I have prospered since then, and we no longer occupy the little cottage near the Asylum, but sometimes in dreams the memory of those awful hours sweeps over me and darkens even the brightest day.

CARY B. PRESTON.





The Hunter's Joys.

*Asleep by his fire of brush-wood
He hears, in his dreams, go by
The elk and the bear, soft-footed,
And the wolf with gleaming eye.*

*The stars with their icy sparkle,
Are glittering overhead,
As he hears in the rustling bushes
The fox's stealthy tread.*

*The elk stalks down to the margin
Of the silent, frozen stream,
While on the snow his shadow
Lies like a haunting dream.*

*His hand is on his rifle,
He starts, to find his guide—
The stalwart Indian, bending,
Listening, his couch beside.*

*At dawn, he sees uprising
Against the Northern sky,
The wild geese with their leader,
And hears their warning cry.*

*Soon his canoe is flashing
Among the reedy streams,
As to the North he journeys
In the land of Waking Dreams.*

The Ghost of Conscience.

By LASALLE CORBELL PICKETT (author of "Pickett and His Men," "In de Miz" Series, etc.).

THE wind dashed down the mountain side and seized upon the gigantic pine trees, and wrestled with them in deadly embrace. Then it went rushing on down into the valley, and beat against the little mining cabin that stood near the foot of the mountain. But old and rickety as the cabin seemed, its foundations were not shaken; in vain the wind beat against the doors and on the sodden walls, and crept under the eaves, as if trying to lift the roof and dash off with it across the world.

A vivid flash of lightning shot out from a heap of ebony clouds, piled up in ragged masses over a towering range of mountains. Thunder crashed through space and reverberated again and again, as if striking in succession against every peak in the long range. The blinding sheets of rain that dashed down the mountain beat against the cabin.

Inside the cabin was no light, save the glare of some flaming logs in the fireplace. They threw out long lines of light, bringing out black shadows which took strange and awful shapes, waving and flickering in the changing glare and flinging out despairing arms, like restless ghosts come back to haunt some scene of former crime.

The only form except the ghosts was that of an old man sitting on a low stool by the fire and stooping so that the light fell across his face, showing its lines in striking distinctness. A face which held a history no man would care to read, unless it might be some student of physiognomy, pursuing his investigations in the darkest phase of the science. It was a face from which all the attractiveness Nature gives to every human countenance, whether beautiful or plain, had been destroyed by friction with the rough side of life. The small eyes had a malicious twinkle, like eyes that are accustomed to look for something bad and, consequently, never fail to find it. His thin lips were closed tightly as if unwilling to bestow a word upon the world, except for good and valuable consideration. His hands had an eager involuntary movement, like hands whose nature is to grasp violently and hold tenaciously. They were clutching fiercely at the air and the long, bony fingers closed nervously.

He went to a far corner of the room and drew out a box and brought it to the fire. He sat down by it and opened it slowly with a soft movement, as one might caress some beautiful loved one. He put back the lid with eager haste as

a gleam of the firelight crept into the box and was reflected back with an added glow which overcame the tender care with which he had begun to uncover his treasures. He dabbled in them with swiftly moving hands, as a child plays in the water. He drew out bars of shining gold, and great heavy nuggets newly dug from the mines. Under the rest was a heap of golden coins.

"Oh, my pretty shiners!" he cried in an ecstasy of glee. "You grow more and more beautiful every day. How you gleam in the firelight! You are yellow like her hair when she lay in the coffin. But her hair was never so beautiful, so golden bright as you. Not even when the sunlight crept through the window and trailed into her coffin and turned the rippling mass of yellow curls into a river of gold. No, no; nothing was ever so beautiful as you, my sweet darlings!"

He laved his hands in the golden pile, bent his face down until it was buried in the shining heap, lifted the coins and laid them against his lips and kissed them as a lover kisses his adored.

"Men die for you," he said. "For you a man will kill his friend. You separate fathers and sons, husbands and wives. For your sweet sake brothers hate each other. You drive men out into the world to do battle with their fellow-men, to work ruin to men and women."

A fagot in the fireplace fell apart and a red flame darted forth, illumining his face, creeping over it as if seeking its most sinister lines to bring out in demoniac effect. Like a subtle limner with chisel steeped in malice, it wrought out of the semi-dusk in which the face had been half-hidden deep lines of vice, cruelty, meanness, and wretchedness. It reveled like an infernal flame in the evil curves around the mouth, in the crafty expression of the deep-set eyes, in all the villainy of that dark face.

Beyond the circle of the malevolent flame the night lay heavy and chill. Faces seemed to come to the edge of the darkness and peer out into the angry red light; wild faces, faces heavy with crime, mournful faces with accusing eyes fixed upon the cruel visage that was the center of that angry light.

A stage-coach, unheard in the rage of the storm, had been driven up for protection under the lee of the old miner's cabin. In the lull of the fierce wind a sweet voice rang out:

"Guide me, oh, Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land."

Out of the darkness and song of praise there dawned a presence unlike the others that had peopled the gloom. Arising like a faint mist, it gradually assumed shape on the edge of the dark circle until a shadowy form seemed to look out, uncertainly at first, as if restrained by the unconsciousness of the face bent over the box of gold.

A long, slow shudder passed through the bowed form. The dark face was slightly lifted from over the box, the hands let fall one by one the bars of gold

and the shining coins, the eyes left the golden magnet which had held them so long enchanted and peered into the gloom. The red gleam from the broken fagot could not conceal the livid pallor of that face as the Presence looked out once more from the darkness and caught the half uplifted eyes.

"You here?" asked the old man in a husky voice.

"Yes. Did you think I was dead; or had forgotten you? I never forget. I may stay away for a long time, but I remember and always come back. How long has it been since we met? Forty years?"

The voice from the darkness came through a brief lull in the wind:

"Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow."

The old man bowed his head helplessly.

"Forty years. That is longer than I usually stay away. I did not mean to leave you so long, but you were so absorbed that I had no opportunity of arresting your attention. It is difficult for me to visit a man after he has applied himself so closely to selfish pursuits, but there comes a time at last when I rivet his attention. What friends we used to be. Do you remember?"

"Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through."

Remember? The veins stood out in great cords on the man's face. He had forgotten through all these years, but now memory came back with a thousand scourges steeped in infernal fires to lash him to death. Step by step he went back through the long dead years, and every step was over coals of fire.

"How willingly you used to hold counsel with me," said the Presence. "You were wont to sit with me at eventide and go over each step of the day and seek my approval. You were a college youth then, and men said you were brilliant—and the soul of honor. That was before you killed her. The only gold you cared for then was the gold of her long hair that clung to your fingers as you caressed it."

Again a long, slow shudder ran through the old man's frame.

"Feed me with the Heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness."

"I remember how she trusted you and gave up all the refinements of her luxurious and beautiful home and all the blessings that friends and love and kith and kin bring to share your life, to be your slave, your drudge, and when her grace and beauty and winsomeness faded away because of the sacrifices she made for your sake you grew weary of her, and, when later you thought her existence was the only barrier between you and a coveted alliance to wealth and voluptuousness, you inserted a bubble of air into the vein of her little white arm which she held out trustingly to you, and the heart whose every pulse was yours ceased

to beat. You added another and yet another sin to your calendar to woo the coarse spirit who, though she had accepted you as her lover, scorned the legal tie that binds. I looked out at you the night you killed her, but you thrust me away with all your strength, you crushed me down. We have not met since. You would not look at me the night you murdered your partner. You rushed by me and would not heed. Then I left you to yourself. You have gone your own way since."

The old man dropped the gold from his cold hands and was leaning breathlessly forward with an agonized expression in his eyes. The Presence came a step nearer.

"Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness."

The voice rang sweet and clear through the outer darkness and storm.

"He was your friend for years. He saved your life once when you were ill with fever and had no one but him. He watched by your side night after night. When you were well enough to know what he had done for you, you seized his hand in a fervor of love and hoped that you might some day do something to show your gratitude. It was a bright Summer day when you first left your bed and stood by the window and, looking out, thought how fair and good was this life to which he had brought you back.

"Shall I show you another picture? This good friend has made a great strike. He makes you his partner. You and he alone know of that wealth. In the deep, dark mine that patient, generous man is arduously toiling. A slender, delicate man, sometimes pausing with fatigue, then starting on and with unflagging will pursuing his way. He stops and raises his hand to his brow. He does not turn. If he did he might see the dark form of one stealthily following him. On and on it creeps till it is directly behind the toiling man and very near him. It lifts its hand and a heavy weight falls with a deadly crash upon the head of the unsuspecting man and he sinks to the ground without a sound. It is very unlike the other picture except that the figures are the same."

The old man falls heavily against the iron box. The red light flares up and envelops him for a moment and then dies away and leaves him in darkness.

"Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side."

A Page of Theses.

COMPILED BY JEREMIAH JENKINS.

For some years scientific men and the world-at-large have recognized the worth and value of the theses written by Senior Classmen of V. P. I. These theses, written only after years of hard study and deep research, furnish invaluable storehouses of information in regard to all the problems of life. At the request of the Royal Society, Mr. Jenkins has compiled the following list of subjects which have been exhaustively studied by a number of profound thinkers in the Class of '04, who now give to the world the results of their labors in book form under the following titles:

- "How to Hold Down a Shop," by Louis Moichette, M. E. (Time spent in study and investigation, 325 hours.)
- "Sure Cure for Insomnia." J. N. Hyde, M. D. (Time spent in practical experiment, 21 years.)
- "Life Made Easy." V. P. Paulett, B. S. (Purely theoretical discussion.)
- "Love and Its Consequences." J. J. Davis, D. L. (The author's own experience.)
- "Much Ado About Nothing." Vol. II. P. V. Gantt, B. L. (For the young.)
- "Art of Dilling as Applied to Every-day Life." Eoff. (An invaluable hand-book for chemical students.)
- "Content and Discontent." J. W. and J. L. Hortenstine. (Written as a practical guide to happiness.)
- "The Boring of Artesian Wells." Watkins. (The author for years bored everybody with whom he came in contact.)
- "Stimulants and Their Use." Morris and Gibson. (Practical, useful, and elevating.)
- "How to Train Wild Animals." R. L. Humphrey, S. S. (Results of a series of experiments.)
- "How to Woo a Woman." J. A. Johnston. (Thoroughly practical.)
- "How to Avoid Work." Newman. (From an industrious man's standpoint.)
- "How to Increase the Vocal Powers." Scott. (For military men.)

Les Voyageurs.

We drifted thru the moonlight,
Thru the starlight, soft and fine,
As the glittering gold of tresses,
Spun in the sun and wind.

With Vega and Saturn gleaming
For lights on an altar dim,
With perfume of priestly garments,
And the chanting of the wind.

And ever eyes looked on us,
And ever voices came
From mermaids on their chargers
That none can ever tame.

"And what do the human weaklings
Here in our watery realm?"
Shouted the circling Dancers
At mast and prow and beam.

"Ha! ha!" they cried, as they mocked us,
"Ho! ho!" they laughed aloud,
"Weave, for the reckless mortals
Of the fleecy foam, a shroud."

Dawns of a fiery splendor,
Days of a burning blue,
And the throbbing nights of dusk and lights,
Past lands we never knew.

And our souls drew near and shuddered
Over nectar of the gods,
That we drank to our own disquiet
In our ancient home of clods.

And out of the depths of being
Shivered a broken sigh,
Half a tribute to the glory
And all a mystery.

And night drew close around us
And felt for our living soul,
That quivered and pulsed in the starlight,
A thousand cycles old.

And ever the vessel bore us
Into stranger, duskier seas,
And ever the throbbing billows
Sighed like a soul released.

Altar and lights and incense,
But the priest we never knew,
As we drifted in the night time
Thru the starlight and the dew.



Mr. Punkin on Hazing.

IT was evening in the village of Pathacket. Ab. Risley's store, the Mecca of the loafers, was full to overflowing. Heck Shamblin was there, tall, raw-boned, ugly, good-natured; Euky Mears was there, short, stout, profane; Ab. Risley, the storekeeper, postmaster, and village banker, busied himself behind his counter; Barney Squash, a prosperous farmer, sat on a flour barrel and swore at the firm which sold him his last lot of fertilizer; Ab. Risley's boy, age seventeen, the Pathacket interrogation point, stood behind the counter, nibbling a piece of cheese, while he thought out posers for the older heads. These were there, and more. Old man Ben Gimpkins half reclined in a slat-chair and indulged his rheumatism, which he said was the "greatest case that ever doubled a man up;" Tom Jokum was trying to talk politics, but no man heard him speak; and the small boys—for it was Friday night, and there were no lessons for the next day—played "Jacks" in the rear of the store.

In all that assembly, however, there was only one man to whom everyone else turned with interest when he spoke. That was Tobe Punkin. Tobe was a farmer by inclination, a philosopher by instinct, and an erudite by cultivation. He read all the papers and digested their contents for the loafers in the village store. If a man in Pathacket wanted to know about a matter he did not consult the cyclopedia; he went to Tobe Punkin; and, whether he got the truth or not, he always got an answer.

On this particular night the crowd which gathered around the stove were much exercised over the question of hazing, about which they had seen so much in the papers. The V. P. I. investigation had excited their interest and their curiosity.

"Quite a lot ov hazin' be'n goin' on," observed Heck Shamblin.

"Yes," said Tobe, as if challenging a further investigation.

"Mr. Punkin," asked Ab. Risley's boy, "what is th' meanin' ov haze?"

"Well, Abby," drawled Tobe, settling himself still further back in his chair, fashioned out of a sugar barrel, "I hev looked intuh th' dickshunary fuh th' word, an' I see thet it means kinder 'misty, foggy, cloudy' and so on; an', f'um th' answers th' kadepts is givin' th' Investigators, thet's a good meanin'."

"What do they do it fuh?" pursued the boy.

"T' make a man out ov a man; er rather, a man out ov a boy; sometimes they makes a man out ov him, an' sometimes they makes a corpse out ov him; it's like throwin' dice. Th' substance ov it is somepin' like this: A young man

hundred an' ninety, an' kin lick a Rat ev'ry time th' watch ticks. We'll make a
 with Billy Sprigs ov th' fir's class. An' they trot out Billy Sprigs; he weighs a
 git hiked, an' yuh ain't s'posed t' stan' no show: yuh'll hev t' spar forty rounds
 bizness. Oh, naw; sez a razor-faced chap f'm Pulasky, yo' bizness is t'
 dog f'm Patrick, ef yuh'll give me a man ov my size, I'll put him out ov th'
 After he does th' Eagle, a feller sez, 'Kat, kin yuh fight?' Well, sez th' raw
 a-goin' fuh th' chine bone; an' it ain't half t' comfortable z th' toothache.

"Well, they spread a man out somepin' like yuh range a hog when yuh air
 "What is a 'Eagle'?" asked Ab, Risley's boy.

han. An' they show him t' do a 'Eagle, an' he does a thousand ov 'em."
 done 'em with a shot gun over in Patrick. 'Ho, sez one ov 'em, listen t' th'
 agin'. 'Did yuh ever do a 'Eagle?' sez one ov 'em. 'Oh, yes,' sez he, 'I've
 I ain't got any?' Well, we'll put some in yuh, an' then take it out ov yuh
 consert out ov yuh; sez a square-jawed feller f'm Henry County. 'But s'pose
 gits his curiosity up, an' he sez, 'What's th' meanin' ov all this?' 'I take th'
 Now, bow very low, an' say, 'I thank yuh, yo' majesty.' But th' one f'm Patrick
 jaws firm; chist throw'd out; years well back; an' don't breathe; thet's good
 toes out; stomach contract; teeth clenched; fingers on th' seams ov yo' pants;
 ov traps f' 'em. 'Hi thar, Rat; take th' p'ishun ov a soldier—eyes t' th' front;
 'Hi thar, Rat (they calls 'em Rats, I f'arn, because they air continually a-settin'
 day they ketch him outside ov th' school room, nine ov 'em, an' one ov 'em sez,
 "Now, Patrick thinks he's be'n put th'ough it all, but he ain't. Th' nex

Then th' meetin' breaks up.
 is commodatin', so he gives a sort ov a P. T. Barnum intoxication ov th' word.
 yuh mus' stan' on yo' head between ev'ry letter. Th' young man f'm Patrick
 cordin' t' McGuffey, but th' Chief ov th' Hazers sez, 'Oh, naw, yuh way off;
 a bay net scabbid with Spell Schmitzberger. Th' lad f'm Patrick starts out
 th' corn-shelher, an' we'll see about thet; thar won't be enuff ov yuh lef' t' grease
 understand yuh.' 'Yuh don't, eh; well, jes' wait till yuh've be'n run th'ough
 be s' be'n taught manners; but this is more'n he's be'n use ter. So he sez, 'I don't
 please, naam. But th' boy f'm Patrick don't see th' pint. This is manners;
 Chief ov th' American Army; yuh mus' say, 'Yes, I thank yuh, sah, ef yuh
 it?' 'Absolutely.' Then he sez, 'Thet ain't right, I am th' commander-in-
 'What air y' f'm?' 'F'm Patrick,' he sez, with a dash ov pride. 'Shore ov
 sighs, some feller thet weighs a good deal more'n he does comes up an' sez;
 with th' razor adges an' th' black stripe down th' sides an' starts out t' see th'
 his things, an' gits measured fuh his close. Th' fust time he puts on his pants
 makes fuh th' burg. When he gits thar he is showed t' his room. He ranges
 t' be th' great soldiers they was. Well, th' boy f'm Patrick packs his grip an'
 Julius Seegar an' Napoleon Bonypart an' Laetrichy Borges was all eicated thar
 Representative, gits t' backburg. A. P. L.'s whar they learn 'em t' be soldiers;
 f'm th' backwoods ov Patrick County spells 'em all down, an' in spite ov his

man ov yuh,' say they all; it 's very gentl'munly sort ov sport; perfectly harmless—wouldn't hurt a baby.' He gits his lickin' an' thanks 'em fuh it. It' very kind ov 'em t' tech him.

"As soon as he kin walk, he is tuk up agin, an' he has t' eat brass buttons, an' rubber balls, an' wire nails, an' mockoranges, an' goosegrease, an' olives, an' a kind ov sass that 's manufaeshured down at Hotel del Shultz, out ov red peppers an' horse reddish, an' sulphuric acid an' laffin' gas: it 's called patapsco sass, an' it goes fuh a mighty hot sass."

"Why don't they tell th' teacher?" Ah, Risley's boy wanted to know.

"What 's th' use? Th' teachers is all ben up aginst it th'erselves. But some ov these days," continued Tobe, shifting his quid, "a feller 's goin' thar with a nussell ov iron, an' th' reach ov Bob Fitzsimmons; an' he 's goin' t' clean up th' Burg, fum th' Rats up t' th' Pant'ers; an' he 's goin' t' wind up with th' janitor an' th' guns on th' ramparts, an' thar won't be enuff ov th' army lef' t' scrap over th' promotion ov Gen'l Wood."

"I can't imagine whar they git holt ov th' forms ov punishment they use up thar," said Etiky Mears.

"I know," returned Tobe; "I've seen pictyuls ov 'em in Foxes Book ov Marters."

NAT PRUNE





To Daisy.

My gentle, little lady
In trailing silken gown,
With dainty, high-heeled slippers,
And soft eyes drooping down.

Could you leave ball and party
To come and live with me,
Here, in my humble cabin,
And share my poverty?

For gatherings gay, and dances,
Where your lovely form would glide;
You should go sitting with me,
Our Winter store provide.

You would hear on Autumn evenings
The ceaseless pour of rain,
While, dry and snug, we'd listen
To its musical refrain.

You should not miss the music
Of ballroom, or salon
When the wind, all through the Winter,
The pine trees played upon.

And when from gay companions
You'd grieve to be away,
We'd watch, on walls and rafters,
The dancing fire-light play.

I do not say "I love you,"
But you shall never feel
The pangs of cold or hunger
When I am by to shield.

My rifle in the mountain,
My fish-line in the stream,
Would bring you fare as dainty
As spread for any queen.

The fox's fur in Winter
Should help to keep you warm,
The wild duck's soft, white feathers
Should line your cloak with down.

Then, come, my little lady
While the frosty star-light gleams,
And in the dancing fire-light
We'll hull our Winter beans.



Bill Bland: Soothsayer.

THE boys on the Midway, having decided that evening work was entirely unnecessary, had all collected in the room which afforded the most pleasant accommodations for loafing, with the fixed intention of telling jokes and enjoying themselves for the afternoon. After they were comfortably settled and a few were asleep, Bill's voice was heard in the hall crying his wares. He was called in and relieved of a part of his burden, after which he was asked to give the long-awaited-for history of his life.

As it happened, Bill was in a good humor, and finally consented.

He placed his numerous baskets and sacks where they could all be watched and took a seat.

"Waal, boys, I just don't exactly remember all the important things I've done, but I'll tell it the best I can.

"When I was fifteen years old, I started through the country with my tin-type outfit, taking pictures at ten cents a take.

"I met up with an old friend of mine and he says: 'My boy, I want to give you a piece of advice. What I am referring to is the complaint called the swell-head. I've had it myself, and, as a matter of fact, I never found a man yet who escaped it in his youth. It ain't quite as bad on the jaws as the mumps and you don't have to drink as much catnip tea as with the measles, but it's bad as long as it lasts.' I thanked my friend kindly and went on rejoicing. It wasn't long till I began to step high and spit sideways and wear my cap on my ear. But when Winter came and the stump-water froze in my head and thawed out in the Spring, I found it left a vacancy. There are several of us in the United States.

"When I was traveling through Logan County, I heard there was going to be a baseball game up on the mountain—it was seven miles from the village I was stopping at. I was traveling as a dilapidated gentleman making a few remarks for humanity and morality's sake; also a few temperance speeches, but I had to leave on account of that game. They played there in new ground, so as to loosen stumps. When I got there, a large crowd had gathered—ladies ninety years old as never had a shoe on their foot in their life, holding boys that weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds in their arms to see the game. When the crowd gathered, the umpire went out on the diamond and says: 'Ladies and gentlemen, we haven't but one ball in the crowd, and when the batter hits the ball he has got to run and keep a-running until the ball comes back to the pitcher.

The second batter hits the ball and, by an accident, it went down the hill, lodging in a squirrel-hole in a big oak tree that was three feet and a half across the stump. They had to go back to the village—it was seven miles—after an axe. The next day at two o'clock the game was ended at a million runs for that side.

"After the ball game, I went on into Smith County and, in a few days, got a job preaching at \$18 a year. I had to walk twenty-five miles every Sunday and back, eat a cold snack, and preach three sermons. When the year was out, the congregation said that I was getting stuck-up and wanting to wear store-clothes, so they cut my salary down to \$12.

"I took a trip to Montana once, to sell electric ash-removers. While there, I saw a man hung to the limb of a tree for whipping a bear without boxing gloves. When the coroners examined the body, they all signed a verdict, to send to the county-seat, that the deceased had come to his death by too much wobbling of the heart.

"As I came back, I had to travel through Indian Territory. I had to fight my way through wildcats for four miles, with a three-bushel sack of panthers thrown in every hundred yards. It caused me to throw away my trusty old horse pistols that I'd raised from Colts.

"After I had got back in God's country, I was called off to the county of Patrick to cross lightning-bugs with honey-bees, so as they could see how to work at night, as well as in the daytime. I came to a little town called 'Git-up-and-Git' that set on seven hills and a hollow.

"I stopped at the postoffice to buy a dozen fresh stumps and a half a pound of postal cards to write to my uncle in Texas, who was painting a snow storm on a big hotel to cool the weather and kill out the yellow-fever epidemic. He answered the letter, saying that the snow storm was so natural that four of the visitors froze to death before they could get inside.

"When I started to take the train home, I came across a man lying by the roadside who seemed to be in distress. I asked him what was his trouble, and he said he'd fell out of his cornfield and broke his arm in three places. He wanted me to summon the coroner. I asked him what that was, and he said it was the doctor who inspected dead bodies, after they had died without medical assistance.

"When I got on the train, I found it was not the fast express. The cow-catcher was on the caboose to keep the cows from running into the train. After a while the train got to running a good deal smoother and I jumped up and asked the conductor what the matter was. He took me aside and told me not to mention it, but that the train was off the track.

"When I got back from that Patrick trip, I had to go to Kentucky to buy a cartload of pointer dogs to ship to Mississippi. I was selling them to some sportsmen down there what did a good deal of fishing. On my way back, I met a man, about the size of a woman, barefooted, with wooden shoes on, with pink

eyes and sunset-colored hair, wearing a beef-colored overcoat with a sour-kraut lining. His aunt was a policeman, and the last time he was seen he had an empty sack on his back with three railroad-tunnels in it. Wanted to sell them for twenty-five cents to get a ticket to the football game.

"After that I came to V. P. I., and commenced selling double-jointed peanuts at two bags for a nickle each. I sell sometimes to horse-traders, passing through the town. I sold one bag to a gentleman for his aunt, who lived on Peters Mountain in West Virginia. Two months afterwards there was an old lady, ninety years of age, called at my room and says, 'are you the gentleman that has them fresh-roasted peanuts to sell? I eat one bag of them peanuts and they almost cured me of rheumatism.' She left town happy when she got to the foot of Brush Mountain, three miles from this place, she threw her crutches away and hadn't gone far till a rabbit jumped up. She caught it in a half-mile race, carrying a dog under her arm that weighed one hundred pounds.

"There are indications of great improvements around here now. A big railroad is coming through here and a oil-spring has been discovered at the foot of Brush Mountain, and they say that the next exposition is going to be at Price's Fork and all of us can walk to it.

"I'll tell you some of my other experiences as soon as I get through wheeling sunshine in on the Christiansburg road to keep it dry."

The bell sounded Release from Quarters and Bill, in spite of the protests from the listeners, slowly shouldered his bag and then slowly stooped down and gathered up his baskets, hurried out of the room and across the parade-ground with the characteristic hump and stride that could belong to no one else but Bill Bland.



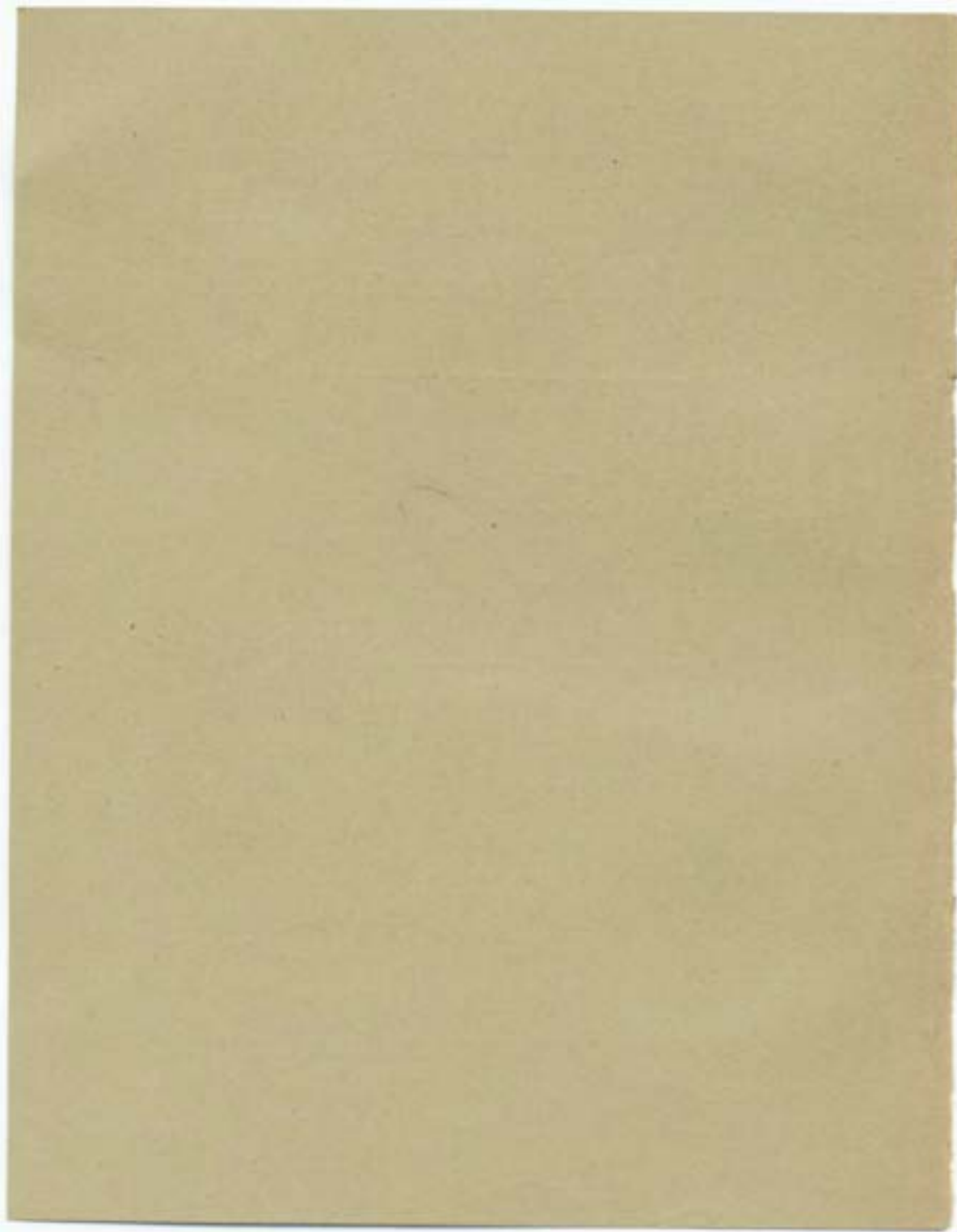


VIEW FROM TOWER

BUGLE PRIMER



Published by
BUGLE ELECTRIC CO.



PREFACE.

The Bugle Primer, published by the Bugle Election Company, consists of the presentation of the successful candidates, elected by ballot by the Corps of Cadets.

Difficulty in arranging this election to the satisfaction of the Corps at large and the successful candidates, has been a great drawback to the Literary Editors for years back.

With this point in view, the Editors have decided that to arrange this work in a form that would suit the tastes and capacity of the illustrious Rats of '07 would be the only way out of this difficulty, hence the Bugle Primer.

LITERARY EDITORS.

LESSON I.

THE INTELLECTUAL MAN.

What Kind of a Man is This? This, Children, is a Man of Much Brains. Is he a Busy Man? No; he is not. He uses his Brains whenever he gets Good and Ready. Do All Brainy Men do this Way? Not always, but as a Rule. This Man is Guy Wade from Bluefield. Do All Brainy Men come from Bluefield? Yes; but very few go there unless they are endeavoring to leave the Officers only a Shadowy Trial.

LESSON II.

THE STUDIOUS MAN.

Here we have Frank Robeson. Why is this Man so Small? Because he believes in Working All the Time, whether he can stand it or not. Do All Men do this Way? No; if they did, then Midnight Stunts would cease. Are there any More Studious Men? Yes; there are Wysor and Bell, J. E. If these Men take a Spruce they will be elected Next Year.

LESSON III.

THE COLLEGE SPIRITED MAN.

This is "Peter" Willson. He is a Big Man, and Rats flee from him in Terror. Would "Peter" hurt the Rats? O, No; he gets them to awaken College Spirit in Them. How does he do This? I do not know, Children. Cora is the next Man in This. These Men are what a College needs. What Good are Such Men? Why, they build up a College and then keep it from falling Apart. Do Colleges ever fall Apart? Yes, indeed, but the More Men in them like These, the Less Chance they have of doing So.

LESSON IV.

THE DIGNIFIED MAN.

Is not this a Strange Thing? What is Strange? For a Man to be Dignified. No; This is not Strange, it is Natural and often fits the Man. Who would you call Dignified? Well, Page and Captain Heth, but this is not Bad. Some People would do Better if they were more So. What makes Men Dignified? We can not say, it is born in Them and often bespeaks Good Qualities.

LESSON V.

THE POPULAR MAN.

Here is the Popular Man. What is a Popular Man? He is a Man who does a Stunt and Everybody else wants to do the Same Thing. Who is this Man? His name is Lindsay. What does he do? O! He does just as he pleases, and Everybody says that he does Exactly Right. Why does not Everybody do This? Because They are not Popular Men. Is he the only Popular Man? O, no; Tiffany and Frank Butler are Popular Men.

LESSON VI.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND MAN.

"Peter" Willson and Lindsay are All-Round Men. This means Much and They should be Proud of it. Are they Proud? Maybe so, but not too Much, because All-Round Men don't let Pride run the Pig over them.

LESSON VII.

THE HANDSOME MAN.

This, Children, is Cook. Look at his Picture and then be Good.

LESSON VIII.

THE MILITARY SCRIBE.

This Man's Name is Captain Gary. Why is he a Military Scribe? Because he is such a Big Man at Drill. What is Drill? Drill is a Thing which no one except a Military Scribe likes. Is Gary the only one who likes Drill? O, no; "Buck" Scott and Heth are Military Scribes also.

LESSON IX.

THE BEST OFFICER.

Here we have Tiffany and Scott. They are Great Men. Why are They Great Men? Because they can stand in Front of a Company and make the Poor Fellows do what they Command. Why are these Men the Best Officers? Because the Privates would rather do what these Men say than what the other Officers say. Do the Privates like to go to Drill? Yes; if it is not Battalion Drill or Company Drill.

LESSON X.

THE BEST SERGEANT.

A Sergeant is a Great Man. Why is a Sergeant a Great Man? Because, if he is a First Sergeant, he can stand in Front of a Company. Does he stand there All the Time? No; as soon as the Big Man comes he has to hide in the File Closers. Are File Closers Men? O, no; They are People who like to scare Rats and yell "Pay Attention!" Who are the Best Sergeants? Myers and Martin. Some Day they will be Big Men, too, and make the other Sergeants run and hide.

LESSON XI.

THE BEST CORPORAL.

Here are the Best Corporals—Turner, Ferrell and Beltran. What are Corporals? They are Men who count "Four!" after Roll Call. How do we know that these Corporals are the Best? Because the Big Men say so. Do Corporals ever make Mistakes? Not Often, except when there is Guard Mount. Guard Mount is held Every Morning. Do the Big Men punish them? That depends on whether or not the Corporal looks Sad after making the Mistake. If he does, he may not get "Stuck," but it is Beyond the Power of a Corporal to look Sad.

LESSON XII.

THE BEST DRILLED PRIVATE.

What is the Best Drilled Private? He is a Man who would have been a Sergeant or Corporal if he had been more Careful when not in Ranks. What are Ranks? They are Things in which the Military Scribes put the Privates when they Drill. Who are the Best-Drilled Privates? Froehling and Rueger are the Sharks.

LESSON XIII.

THE GREAT LADIES' MAN.

This is the Calico Fiend, Children. What is that? He is one who would rather talk to a Lady than to Study. Is this a Good Way to do? Yes, Most Boys think it is a very Fine Thing to do. Don't the Boys like to Study? O, Yes. They always study when there is Nothing else to do. Who is the Greatest Ladies' Man. The Booster's Name is Borum.

LESSON XIV.

THE HEART SMASHER.

Is not This a Barbarous Man? Yes, and his Name is Johnston, J. A. What does this Man do? Why, he smashes Hearts all the Time. Whose are they? Why, the Hearts of All the Pretty Girls, who get a Glimpse of him. And he does not suffer any Remorse, for he keeps it up all the Time. This must be a Big Man. O, no; He is only Four by Five. He has done many Great Stunts in his Day. Some think he is the Man who is not Afraid to set Brush Mountain Afire.

LESSON XV.

THE LADY HATER.

Did you ever see a Lady Hater? Well, I will show you One. His name is "Bunker" Hill. A Lady Hater is a Man who looks the other Way when he sees a Lady, if he's with a Crowd, and then runs around the corner to call on One when the Boys have gone. These are not Peculiar Men, they only try to Bluff as all People do. Do Lady Haters ever marry? O, yes; they are the First Ones in their Class to do So.

LESSON XVI.

THE POPULAR YOUNG LADY.

Is not it Peculiar for a Young Lady to be Popular? O, no; Most Young Ladies are Popular. What is a Popular Young Lady? She is one who is Kind and Pleasant to all the Boys and is liked by Them. Do the Boys like Her? Yes, they like all Young Ladies. Who is the most Popular Young Lady? Miss Susie McBryde is by far the Most Popular, but Miss Lacy, Miss Virginia Patton, and Miss Brockenborough are also Popular.

LESSON XVII.

THE POPULAR PROFESSOR.

This is Dr. Wilson, and the Boys like to go to his Classes. Why do they like to go? Because he does not Bore them and he does not Flunk any except the Blockheads. What do we mean by Flunk? We mean that the Boy does not know Everything that the Professor happens to put up for an Examination. Are All Professors Popular? No. Are any of them Popular? There are none Popular except Dr. Wilson, Dr. Williams, and Prof. Randolph.

LESSON XVIII.

THE BORING PROFESSOR.

Why is ———— called a Boring Professor? He is not a Machinist or a Carpenter, is he? No; he is called Boring because he "Augers" his Classes. What does he do to them? Why, he gives them Fifty Pages of English and One Hundred Dates to get up every Day, and then gives the same Lecture from the same Notes he has been using since the Founding of the College. Does he love his Classes? Yes; and the Feeling is Mutual. When ———— makes a pretty speech all the Class applauds so he can't make any more; they enjoy Them so much. Is he called Auger? O, no; He is called "Dates."

LESSON XIX.

THE BIG LIAR.

What an Awful Thing to be. Isn't it Bad to tell Lies, and do the Boys like the Big Liar? O, yes; the Boys like the Big Liar and he does not tell Lies to be Bad. He tells Lies as Jokes and Everyone understands that he means them for Lies. He is called the Good-Natured Liar and his name is Bruce Tinsley from that dear Radford, Va.

LESSON XX.

THE GOAT.

This is a Goat. Do you see his Horns? He uses them to go where he is not wanted. Hobson is a Goat of the Tin Can Variety. Hyde, Smith, R. C., and Wallace are Goats, too, but their Horns are not so long as Hobson's. Do the Boys like Goats? Yes, the Boys like to Laugh at them when they are not Around, which is Seldom.

LESSON XXI

THE BUM.

What a Horrid Man is This! He bums Everything from a Chew of Tobacco to a Ride to Pocahontas. Do these Men have many Friends? O, yes, they are Fine Fellows and Everyone likes them. But Bumping is their Weakness. Little Gibson and Guigon are the Scribes in this Art.

LESSON XXII.

THE GROWLER.

Run and Hide, Children, here comes the Growler. Look at him! His name is Dunn, and here comes his Rival, Paulett. Hide quick because if they see you they will Growl because they do, and if they see you run, they will growl because you did not Run fast Enough. Can these Men be stopped from Growling? O, yes; A Log Chain and a Muzzle might help. Once the Fairies carried them to a Land full of Everything they wanted so they couldn't Growl. But when they got ready to leave and got in the Air Ship they Both began growling because the Captain couldn't turn the Air Ship into an Automobile to run after landing on the Ground.

LESSON XXIII.

THE GROWLEY SNATCHER.

This Growley Fiend's Name is Capers Taylor. He eats with the First Battalion at Every Meal and snatches Everything from the Second Battalion after the First has gone. This Man once tried to eat Ten Meals a Day but while eating his Eighth Plate of Automobile Brand Oatmeal at the Beginning of the Tenth Meal, he worked too Fast and Choked. Since then he has been Mournful and Sad and has tried ever Since to make up for that Half Meal he missed.

LESSON XXIV.**THE BORE.**

Children, run to the Uncut Timber; for here comes the Bore, Peale and Watkins, W. M. What is a Bore? O! That is Something we cannot explain. To be a Bore is Enough. Let us pass on to the Next.

LESSON XXV.**THE SISSY.**

Long is this Man's Name. Long, without a Rival. You all know what a Sissy is, Children. This Man once fainted because his Room Mate wrote his Name on the Ace of Hearts for A Room Orderly Card. He is a Great Creation and we won't Auger the Primer Class any More with the Sissy. Next!

LESSON XXVI.**THE CONCEITED MAN.**

Some said this Man is Kelly but the Corps doesn't know. Kelly ran in the Va. Tech. and of course every one voted for him, but This does not mean, Children, that it is True. Be not Quick to believe flying Reports.

LESSON XXVII.

THE UGLY MAN.

Who is the Ugly Man? This, Children, is Shaw. The Creamery employs him to Turn the Milk by looking at it, and he often turns the Meat in the Mess in the Same Way. Is this a Strong Man? Only in his Face, which would stop an Eight Day Clock. To the Timber, Children; here he comes.

LESSON XXVIII.

THE LAZY MAN.

Here they are. Hamilton and Bell. Can we have a Look at them? O, no, my Dears; they can't be seen now. They went to Sleep last Week and haven't finished their Nap. Do these Men ever leave the Hay? How Foolish, Children, to ask such a Question. Of course, the Hay wears out every six Months and they have to get up Long Enough to have a New One put in. Once upon a Time Bell got Hungry and had his Meals sent up to him every Week. But Hamilton went One Better. He dreamed of Eating and thus won over Bell. When "Pete" wakes up we will tell him about This.

LESSON XXIX.

THE CHEEKY MAN.

Priddy is the Cheeky Man, Children. Is this not Enough to be said of Any Man?

LESSON XXX.

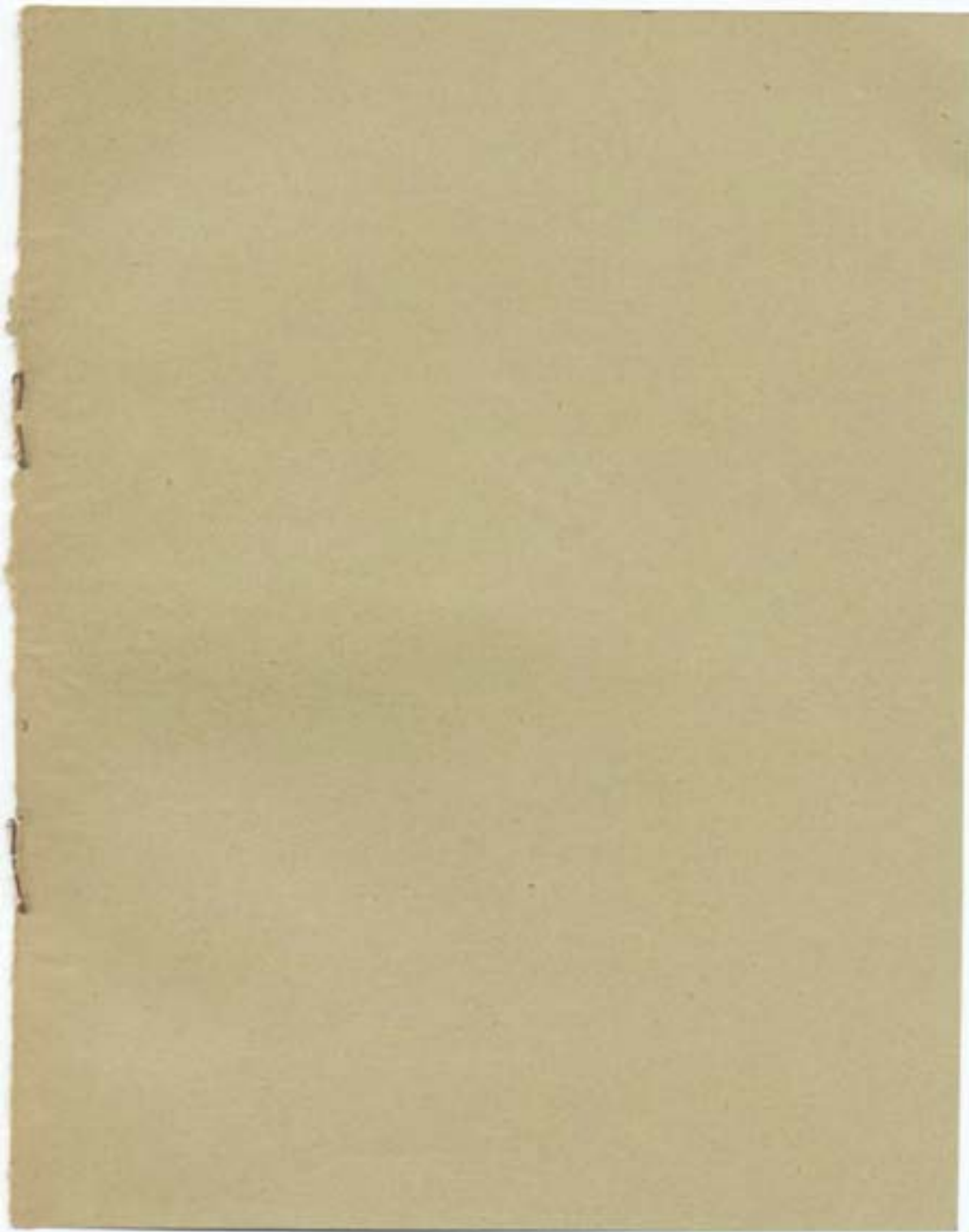
THE TIGHT MAN.

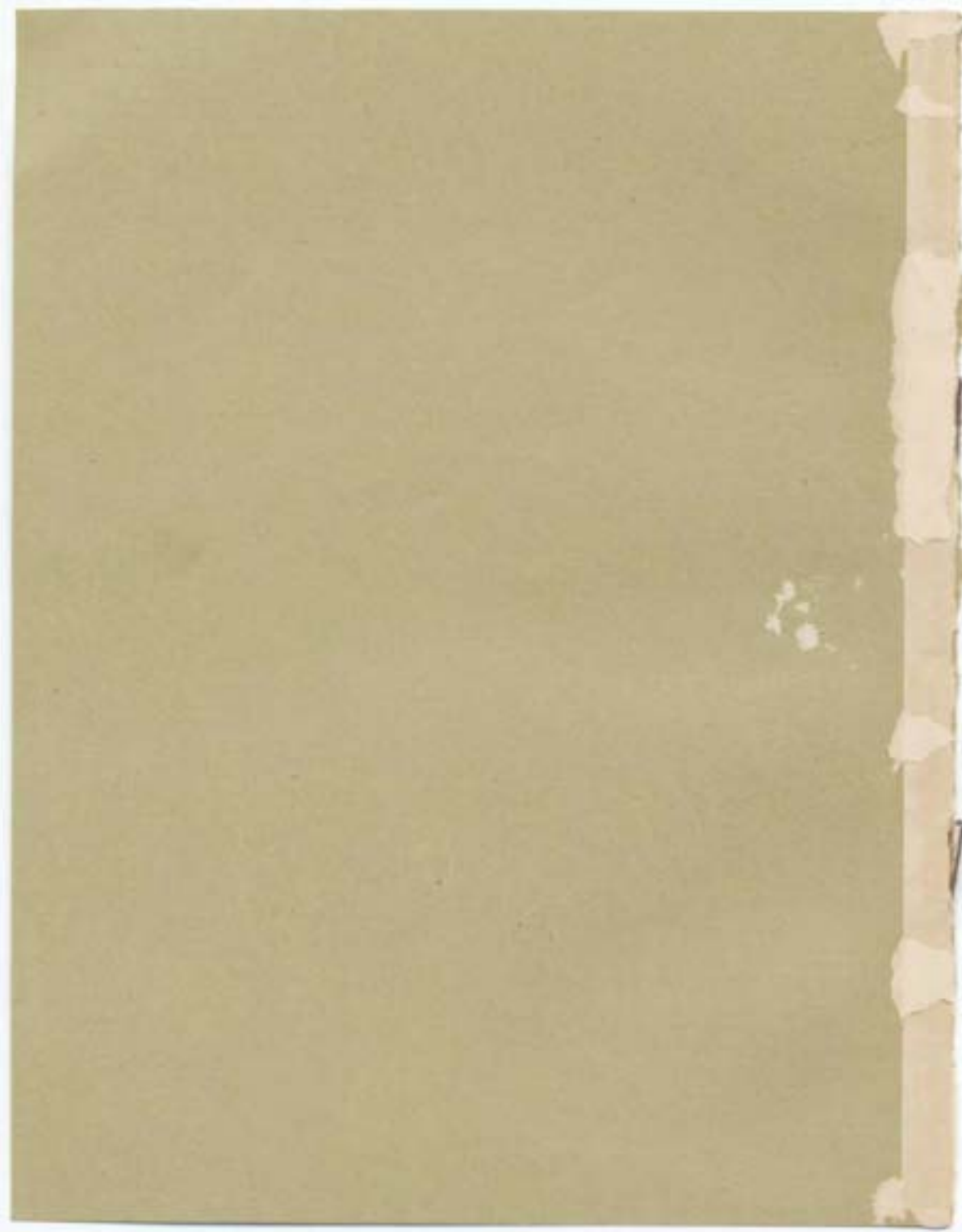
What Kind of a Creature is This? O, this is a Man who never Loosens Up. He smashes Windows and knocks down Plaster so as to get the Worth of his Contingent Fee, and goes to the Doctor Every Day and sells the Pills and Cough Syrup he gets to a Patent Medicine Shark. Will this Man ever Loosen Up? O, yes. When Hughes and Shaw pose for Christy, and Taylor fasts for a Week, then, and not until then, will Selater, I. H., Loosen Up.

LESSON XXXI.

THE SLEEPY HEAD.

Once a Professor asked Hyde how to prepare Oxygen. Two Hours Later Hyde woke up and meekly said: "Fuse a Mixture of Platinum and Radium." Does this not show what we mean by Sleepy Headed?









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PROF. H. L. PRICE, '04	Treasurer
R. M. BYERS, '05	Assistant Treasurer
J. H. GIBBONEY	Director

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G. C. WILLSON, Tennis	
F. M. YOST, Track Department	R. R. BROWN, Coach





Football Department.

OFFICERS.

C. P. MILES	<i>Captain</i>
G. C. CHALKLEY	<i>Manager</i>
F. M. YOST	<i>Assistant Manager</i>
R. S. ROYER	<i>Assistant Manager</i>
DR. C. A. LUEDER (Cornell)	<i>Coach</i>
R. R. BROWN (Dartmouth)	<i>Assistant Coach</i>

TEAM, 1903.

COUNSELMAN	Full-back	ABBOTT	Right Guard
CARPENTER	Right Half-back	WALSH	Left Guard
BYRD	Left Half-back	MILES	Right Tackle
BEAR	Quarter-back	WILLSON	Left Tackle
STYLES	Center	LEWIS	Right End
	BOBINS		Left End

"SUBS."

DEAN		TINSLEY	HARLAN
	BRENT	HODGSON	

1904 RECORD.

October	14.	At Blacksburg	V. P. I.	29	St. Albans	0
October	17.	At Blacksburg	V. P. I.	21	N. C. A. and M.	0
October	24.	At Richmond	V. P. I.	0	University of Va.	21
November	7.	At Norfolk	V. P. I.	21	University of N. C.	0
November	21.	At Annapolis	V. P. I.	11	U. S. Navy	0
November	25.	At Roanoke	V. P. I.	26	Davidson	0
				108		21



FOOTBALL TEAM



Second Varsity Football Team.

1903-1904.

Captain
W. H. DEAN

Manager
J. A. JOHNSON

Center, NORFLEET

Guards, AINSWORTH, JOHNSON

Tackles, SHAW, HARLAN (also Full)

Ends, DEAN, BEALE

Quarter-backs, MONTAGUE, FIVEASH

Fullback, J. C. CARPENTER

Right Halfback, COX

Left Halfback, NETTLETON



Baseball Department.

OFFICERS, 1904.

W. J. WALSH *Captain*
V. P. PAULETT *Manager*
R. S. ROVER AND G. E. PENN *Assistant Managers*

"V. P." MEN OF 1903.

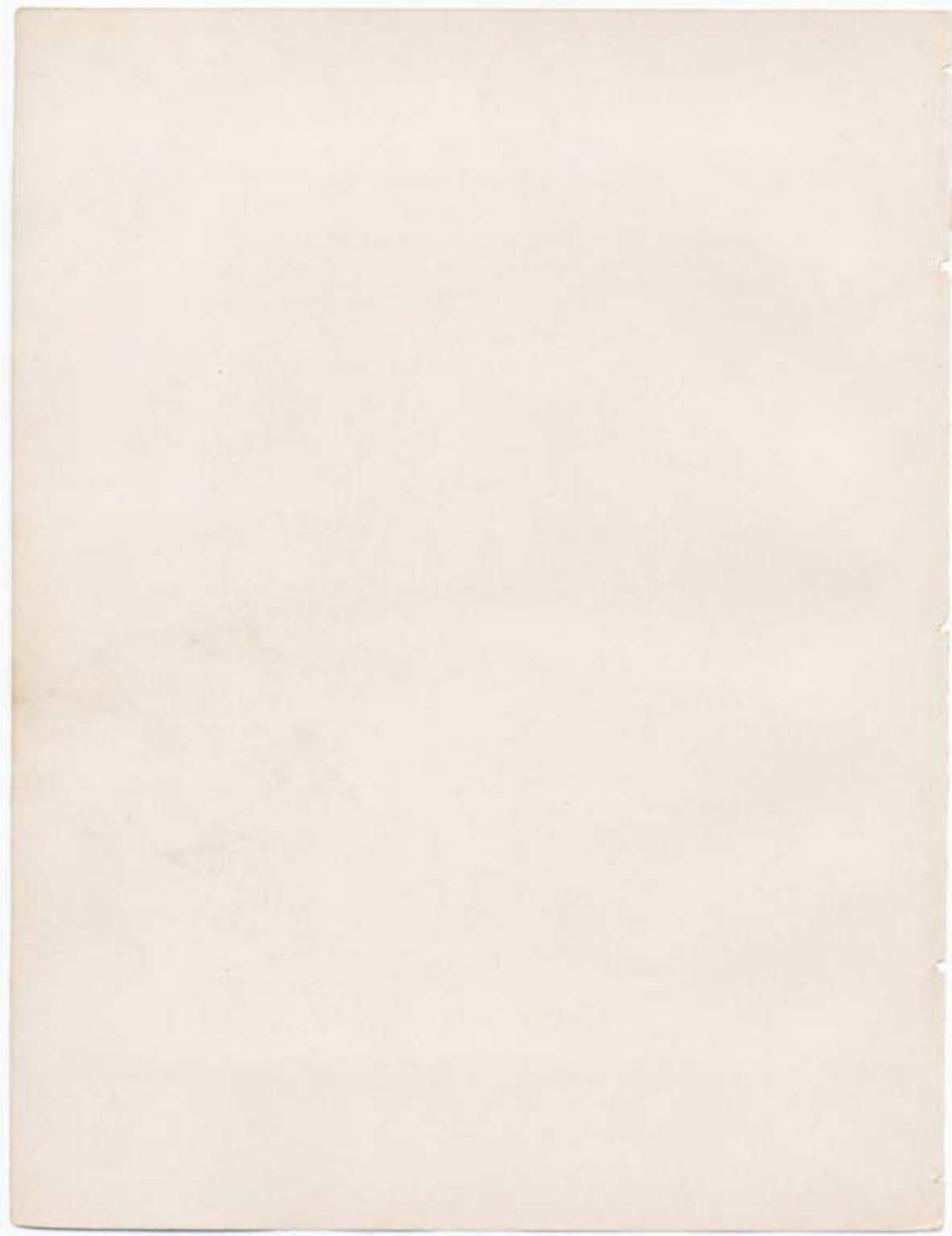
CARPENTER	ROSE
MILES	SINCLAIR
NEELY	SHAFFER
PALMER	TINSLEY
POINDEXTER	WALSH

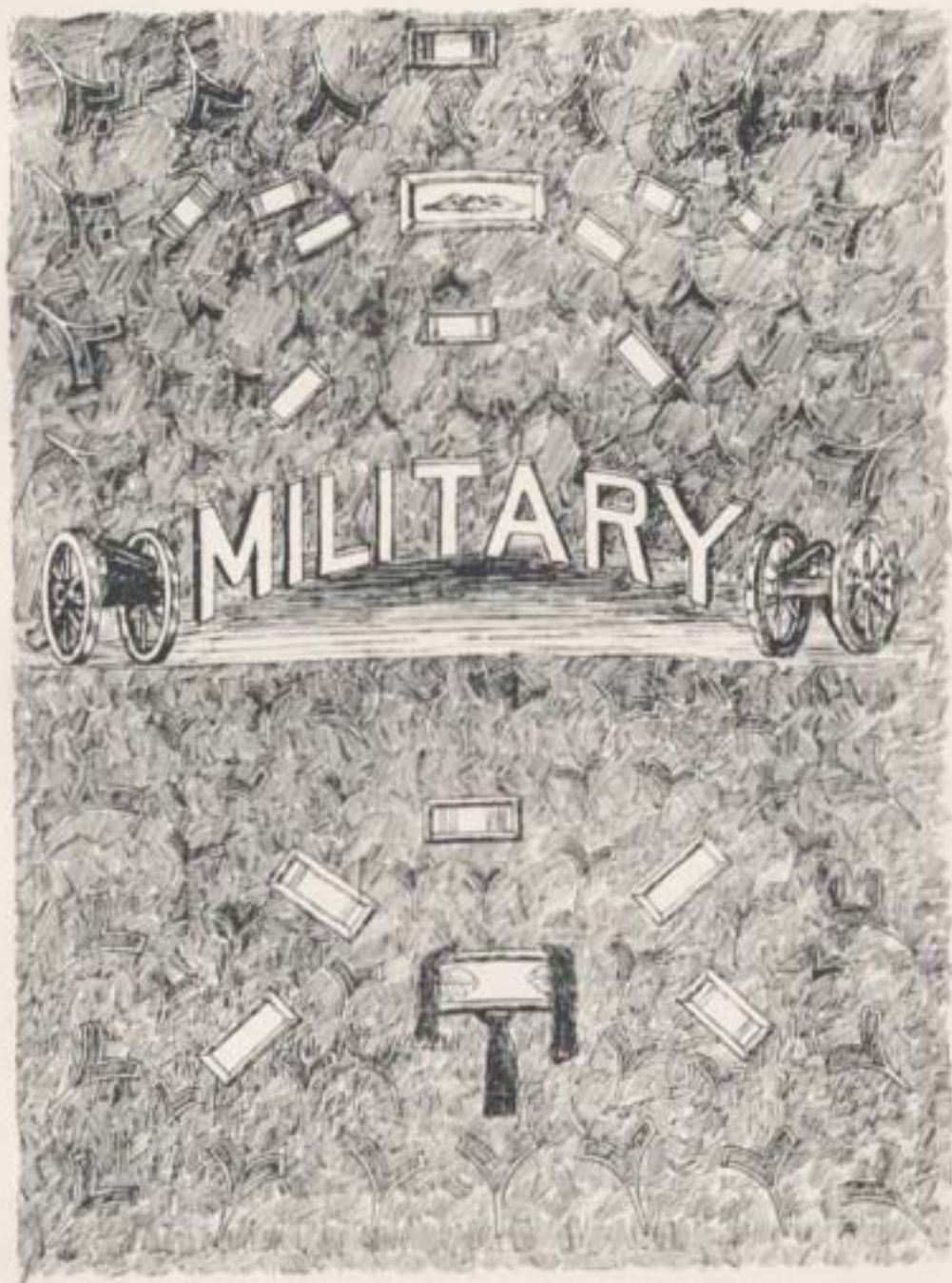
APPLICANTS FOR TEAM OF 1904.

CHASE	WALSH
PAULETT, R. L.	MILES
RICHARDSON	KELLY
LONG	BUTLER, F. R.
LEE, S. H.	TAYLOR, F. L.
GIBSON, E. H.	ROSE
LANGHORNE	SHAFFER
FITZPATRICK	TINSLEY
SINCLAIR	BACHR
ROBSON, G. C.	



BASEBALL SQUAD







MISS TYLER, Surgeon.

FIRST LIEUTENANT THEODORE
Quartermaster
FIRST LIEUTENANT HEATH
Ordnance
SECOND LIEUTENANT LIGON
Quartermaster
SECOND LIEUTENANT ANDERSON
Ordnance
SECOND LIEUTENANT YOST
Special Duty

Battalion Officers.

General Staff.

COLONEL J. S. A. JOHNSON,
Commandant

MAJOR W. M. BRODIE,
First Assistant Commandant

MAJOR T. GILBERT WOOD,
Second Assistant Commandant

MAJOR H. L. BLAIR,
Third Assistant Commandant

MAJOR G. M. BUERMAN,
Fourth Assistant Commandant

Cadet Staff.

CAPTAIN GARY
Regimental Adjutant

FIRST LIEUTENANT GANTY
Adjutant of First Battalion

FIRST LIEUTENANT CHILTON
Adjutant of Second Battalion

SECOND LIEUTENANT BAXTER
Range Officer

THIRD LIEUTENANT LEE
Ordnance

THIRD LIEUTENANT WILLSON
Range Officer

CADET HILDEBRAND
Sergeant-Major

CADET TYNES
Quartermaster Sergeant



MISS HULLETT, Sponsor

Artillery.

Officers.

TIFFANY
Captain

CORELL
First Lieutenant

HUGHES, S. T.
Second Lieutenant

DEAN
Third Lieutenant

HENNING
First Sergeant

Sergeants

CASTRO GOODLOE
BYERS GARY, C. B.

Corporals

SUGDEN MORRIS
HOPE, R. D. SHAW
TISLEY HARLAN



MISS DIBB, Sponsor

Company A.

Officers.

LINDSAY

Captain

MARTIN, F. L.

First Lieutenant

GUY

Second Lieutenant

HORTENSTINE, J. L.

Third Lieutenant

ROBSON

First Sergeant

Sergeants

SCOTT, S. D.

POSQUE

ROHR

CABELL

WOOD, E. P.

Corporals

TIPTON, W. F.

McCHESNEY

HOFFMAN

GRUBERT

LATHAM

CARPENTER



MISS HARRELL, Sponsor

Company B.

Officers.

CLOYD, D. M.
Captain

BYRNES, J. W.
First Lieutenant

BELL, L. P.
Second Lieutenant

DUNN
Third Lieutenant

WITHERS
First Sergeant

Sergeants

PATTISON MARTIN, C. L. SALLEY SYKES

Corporals

ANDERSON, B. G. WILLIAMS, A. B.
BROOME HARRISON
JACKSON, C. V.



MISS LANGHORNE, Sponsor

Company C.

Officers.

SCOTT, G. H.

Captain

BUTLER, F. R.

First Lieutenant

BUTLER, E. W.

Second Lieutenant

GIBSON, J. A. B.

Third Lieutenant

BELL, J. E.

First Sergeant

Sergeants

COYNER

HUDGINS

WILSON, A. R.

WILSON, W. L.

Corporals

FERRELL

LEE, S. H.

RUFFIN

JACKSON, G. P.

SNEAD

WOOD, T. H.



MISS HENDERSON, Sponsor

Company D.

Officers.

KELLY
Captain

HYDE
First Lieutenant

WINE
Second Lieutenant

PEALE
Third Lieutenant

WATKINS, R. C.
First Sergeant

Sergeants

HOBSON

SCLATER

SCOTT, C. L.

LANFORD

WILSON, J. A.

WINGO

Corporals

OGLESBY

WHITEHURST

WYSOR

ROBY

GOODMAN

NEALE

STAPLES

PAGE F. B.



MISS ARMISTEAD, Sponsor

Company E.

Officers.

WADE
Captain

JOHNSTON, J. A.
First Lieutenant

WILLIAMS, S. W.
Second Lieutenant

GIBBONEY, P. L.
Third Lieutenant

MYERS, W. G.
First Sergeant

Sergeants

PRIDDY
JOHNSON, M. R.
BRODIE
McKENNA
WALKER, F. S.

Corporals

TURNER, R. A.
PRATT, R. T.
WOOD, H. R.
KYLE
WILSON, W. C.



MISS MORGAN, Sponsor

Company F.

Officers.

HETH

Captain

PAGE, R. R.

First Lieutenant

PERKINS

Second Lieutenant

ROYER

First Sergeant

Sergeants

SMITH, E. W.

JERRELL

WOOD, W. W.

BLUE

LYON

Corporals

BELTRAN

PAXTON

OSBORNE

COULON

Band.

OFFICERS.

H. H. HILL *Captain*
HARDESTY *First Lieutenant*
EOPF *Second Lieutenant*
COOK *Third Lieutenant*
WILLIAMS, J. T. *First Sergeant*

SERGEANTS.

BOWLES PAYNE SINCLAIR ROUTTEN

Signal Corps.

OFFICERS.

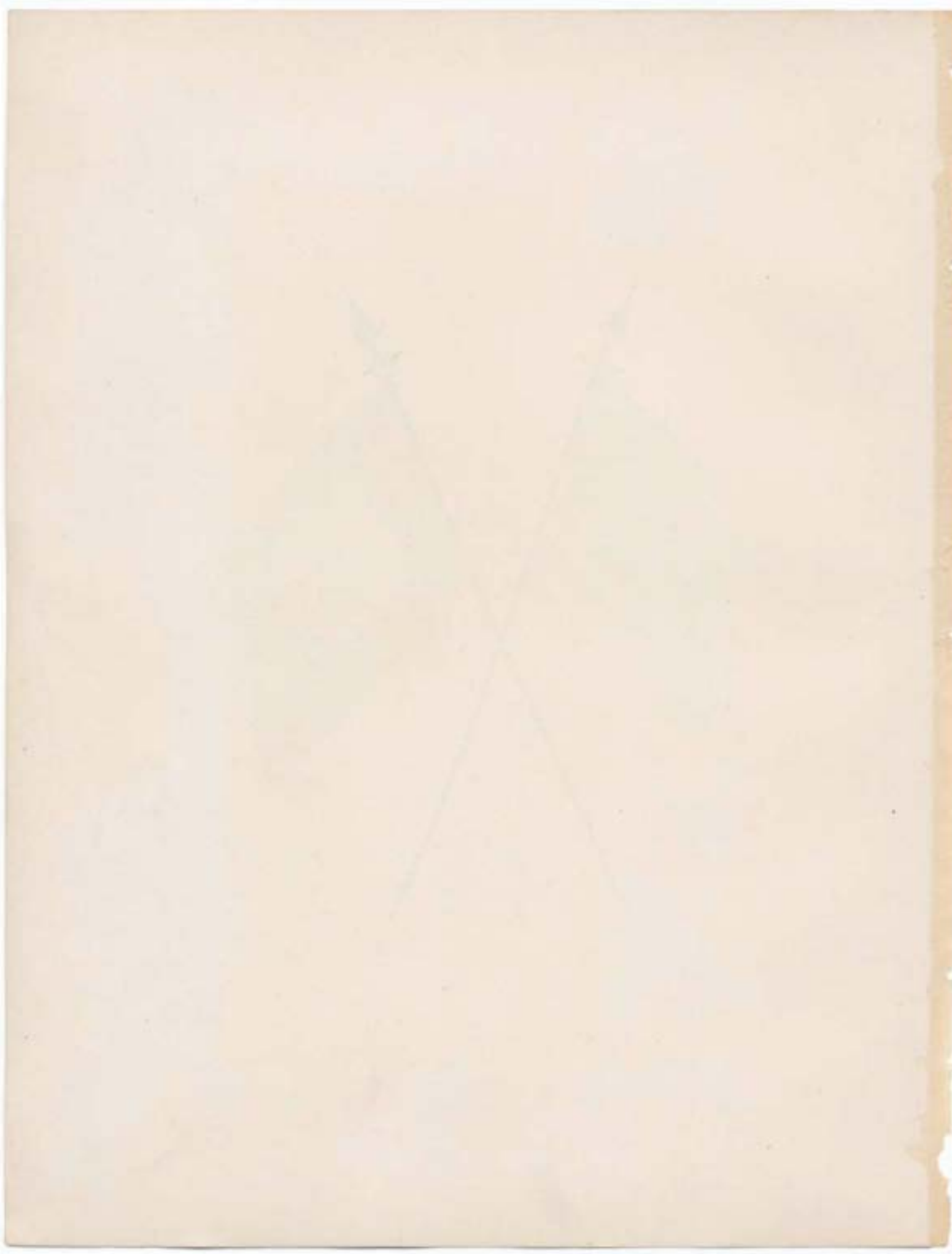
WHITE *Captain*
ROBESON *First Lieutenant*

THIRD LIEUTENANTS.

WEBB HORTENSTINE, J. W. WHITTEKER
FONTAINE BARCLAY WRIGHT
WALKER SMITH, J. E. BURTON, L. C.

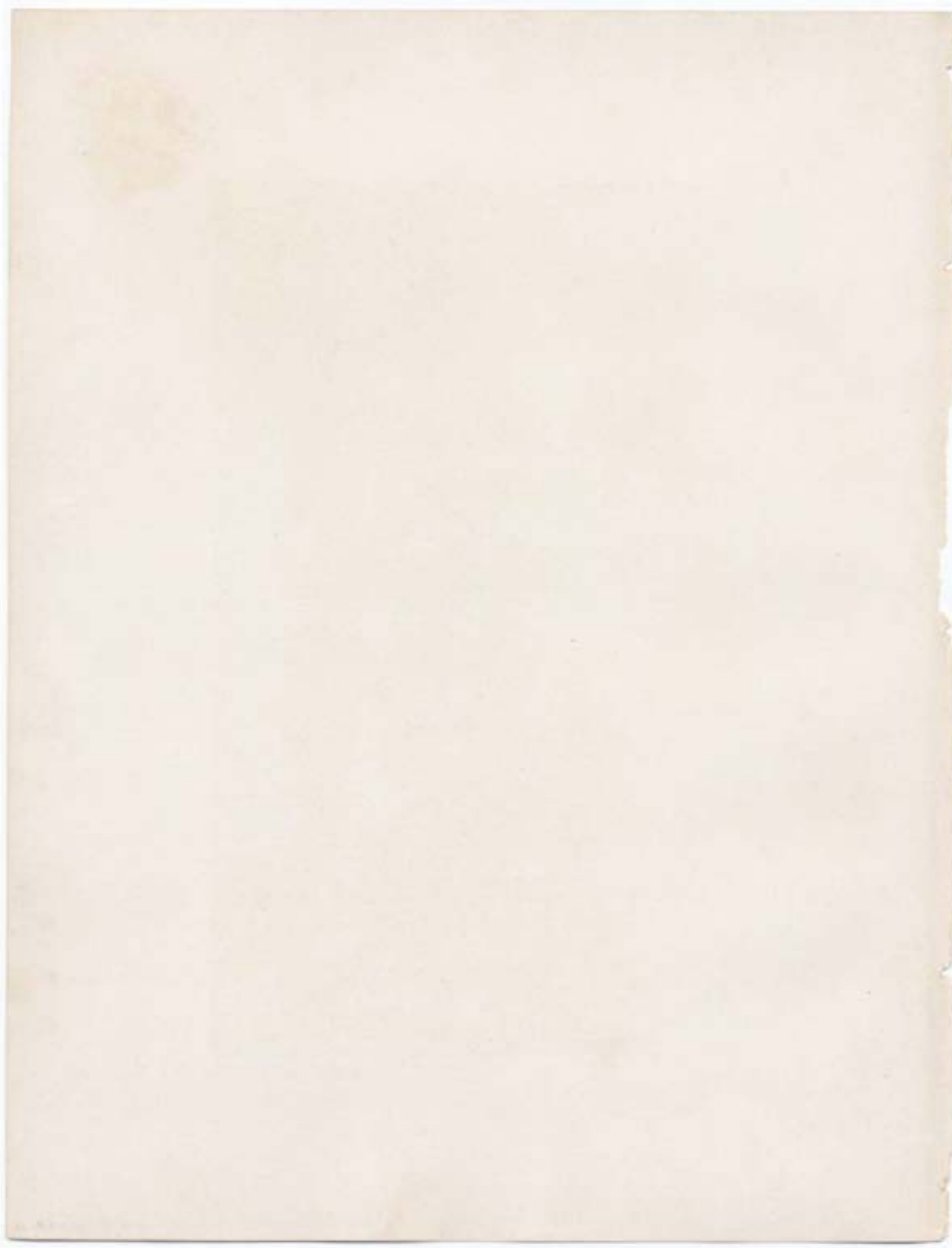


W. B. D. 1877



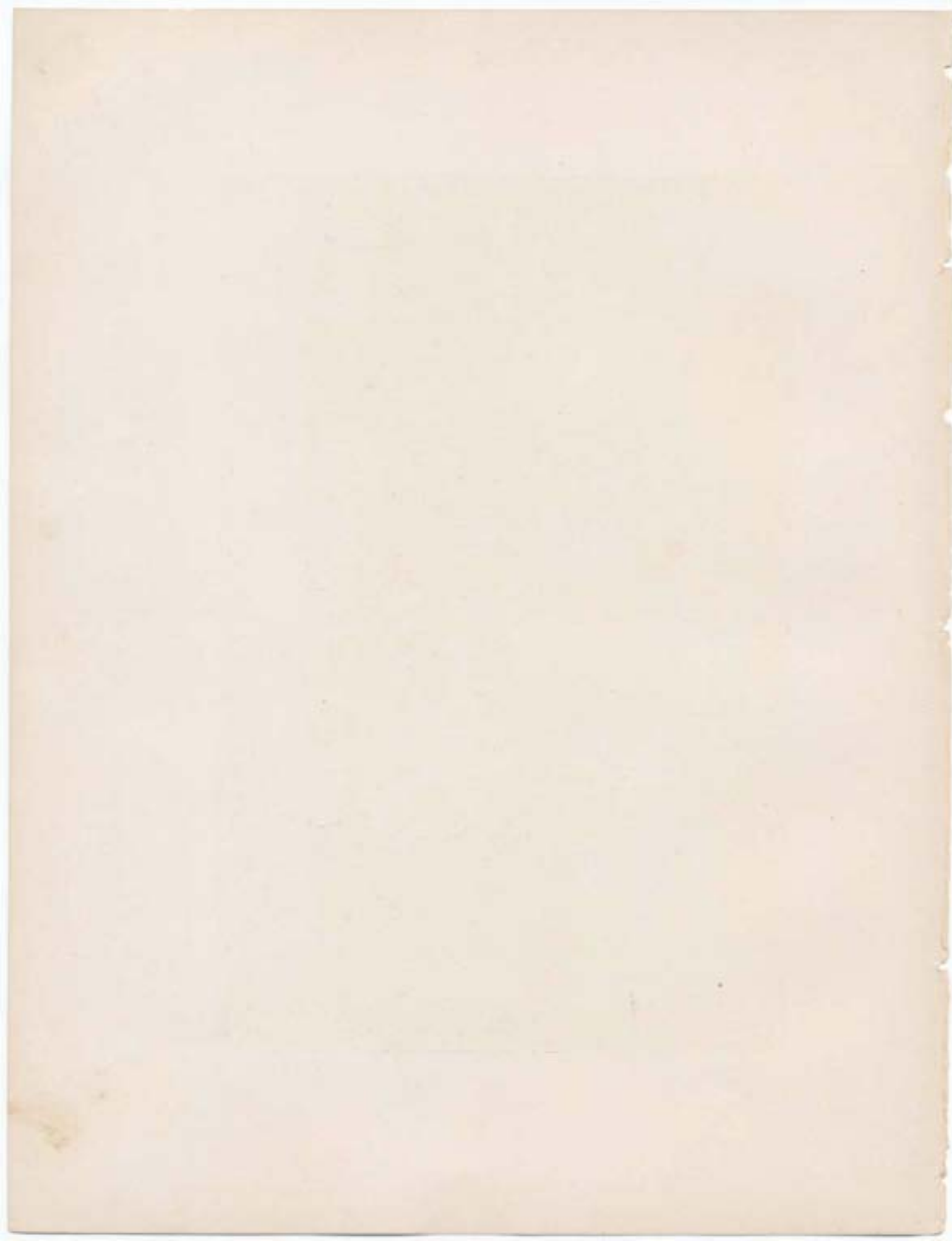


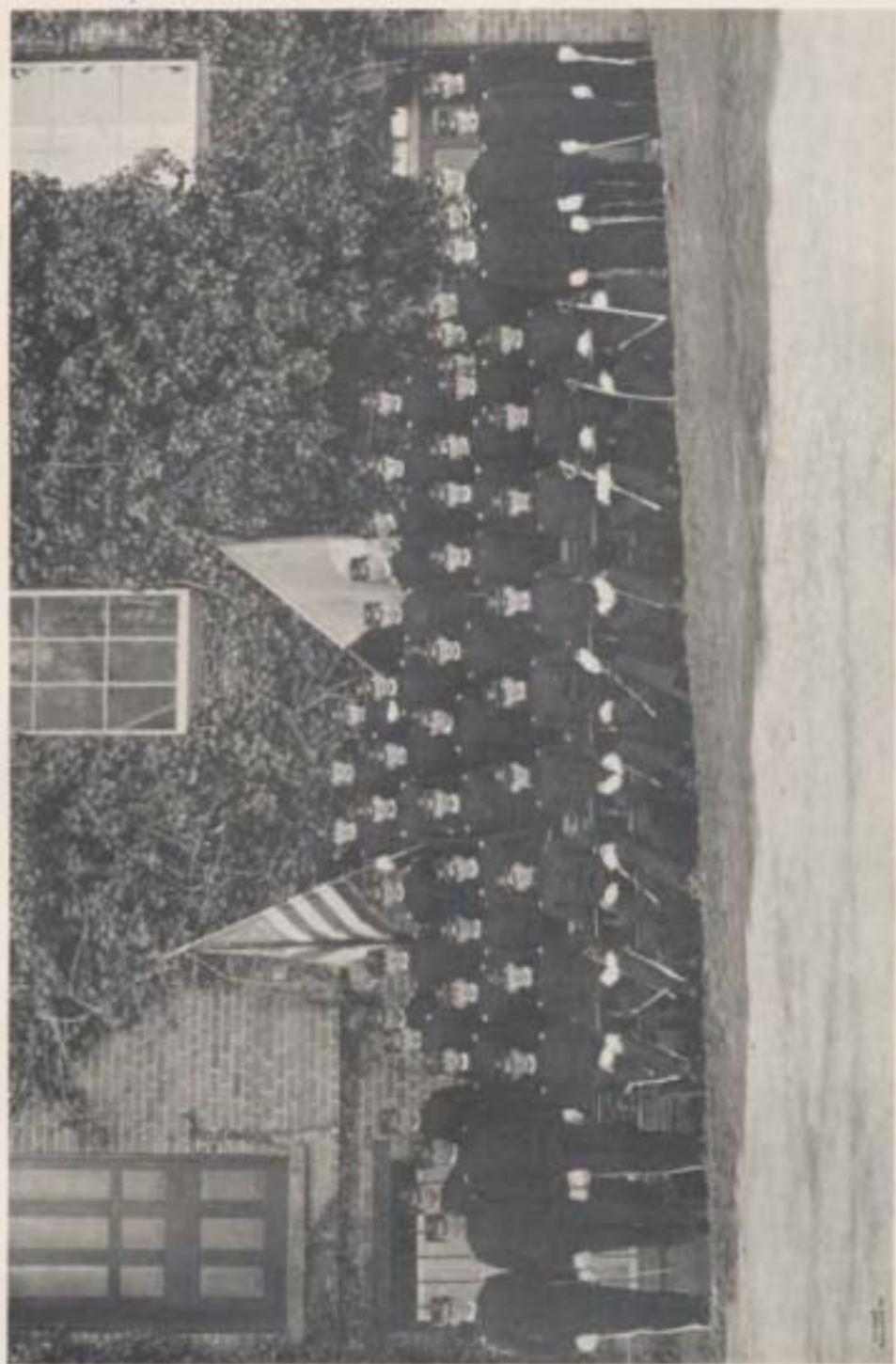
BATTALION DRILL





"THE BATTERY"





BATTALION OFFICERS



HEADQUARTERS, SENIOR CLASS.

Orders.

No. 144

Blacksburg Va. 4, 3, 04.

- I *After careful consideration and consultation it has been deemed necessary by the Highmucketaucks that the Majors and minor officials and members of the Corps in general shall have one more exhibition of that long disused formation LONG ROLL, and that this noble spectacle shall be performed in ye small hours of the morning of the 4th day of the 4th month of the year of 1904. Owing to the disinclination of the college officials to undertake the management of this magnificent exhibition, the class of 1904 has considered it as most becoming their dignity to fill this long felt want. Therefore it is ordered that the drum shall be beat and the bell rung at 3:45 AM and that the bugle shall sound the assembly at 3:55 AM tomorrow.*
- II *At 3:44 AM the Senior Class will report to the parade ground be formed and marched to the gun shed, secure the guns, load each with 4lbs of powder and 44lbs of sod, and report with them immediately in front of the Academic Buildings, where instructions for their disposal will be given.*
- III *At 4 AM the signal commence firing will be sounded and the gunners will fire a salute of 4 guns at intervals of 44 seconds.*
- IV *The gunners will then haul the ball to their respective tents and bat the hay.*

By order of,

Genl. Jno. Samuel Adolphus Spindle Woodchuck Reddy Behrman.

Moonlight and Mathematics.

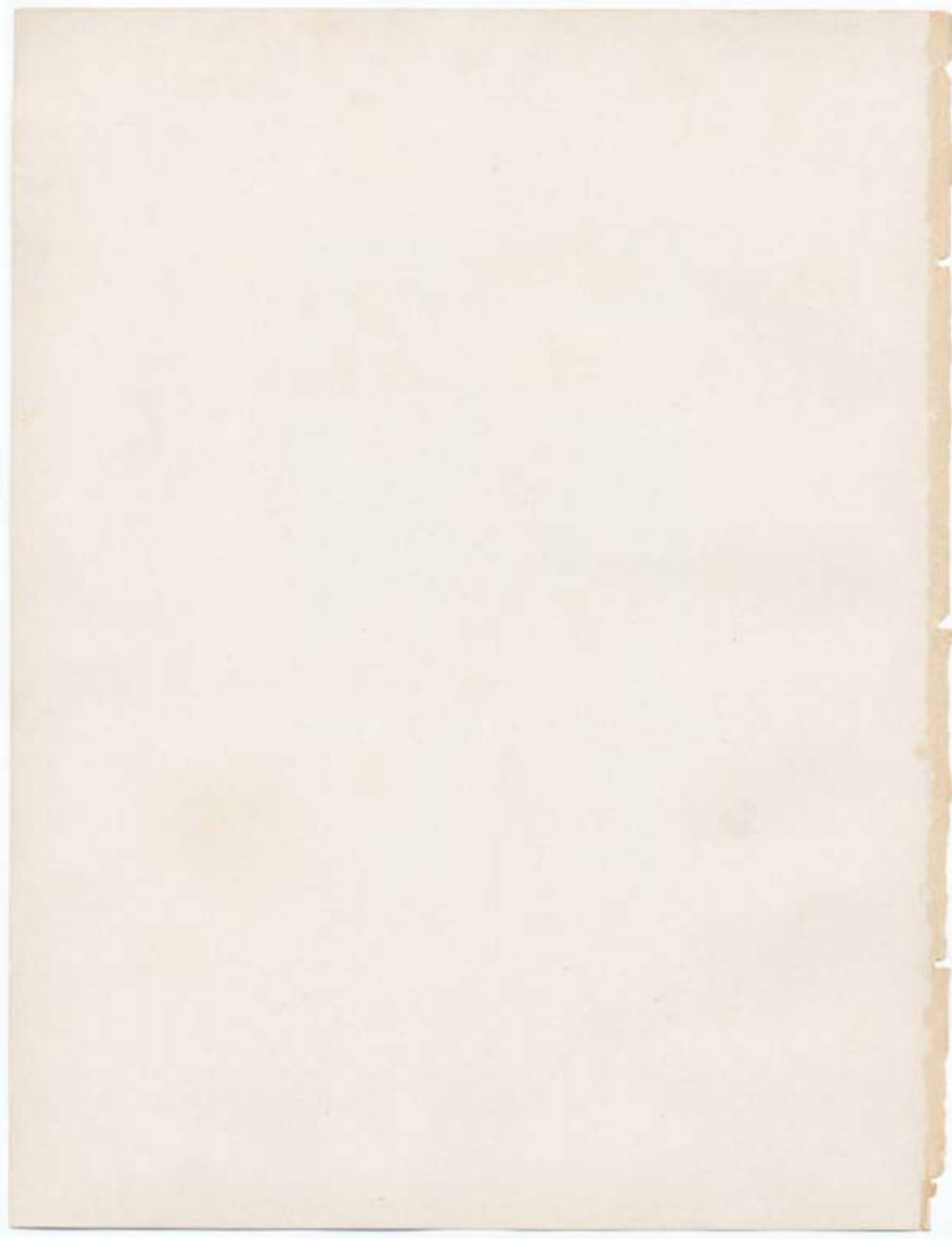
The soft mists drift across the hills,
And are they Dian's robes,
At whose light touch a shiver thrills
The silent fields and groves?

The river tries in vain to flee;
Enchantment, like a net,
Has caught it in a witchery
That all its waves reflect.

But ah, untouched by spell or dream,
High up among the stars
Appear the lasting figures traced
By never-changing laws.

In their pure lines we find repose
More than from spoken word,
So clearly do they manifest
The steadfastness of God.









Maury Literary Society.

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Vice-President	MARTIN, F. L.	HEATH, M. Y.	LIGON, P. G.
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Treasurer	BARKER, V. C.	KENNEDY	KENNEDY
Corresponding Secretary	WOOD, W. W.	MCKENNA, T. J.	WILSON, J. A.
Sergeant-at-Arms	BACH	ROBSON, D. G.	MCKENNA, J. T.

MEDALIST, 1903.

<i>Orator.</i>	<i>Declamation.</i>	<i>Debate.</i>	<i>Reading.</i>
GOODLOE, H. B.	ROSENFELD	DEAN, W. H.	BACH

FINAL CELEBRATION, JUNE 15, 1903.

<i>Orators.</i>	<i>Declamation.</i>	<i>Debaters.</i>
GOODLOE, H. B.	ROSENFELD	DEAN, H. W.
BARKER, V. C.		WERTH, J. R.

Lee Literary Society.

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Critic	SCLATER, R. H.	Censor	———
Secretary	THIBODEAUX, E. A.	Chaplain	STEINSPRING

SECOND TERM.

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Critic	ROBESON, F. L.	Censor	EPES, H. B.
Secretary	McNUTT, R. T.	Chaplain	CORK, J. R.

THIRD TERM.

President	WRIGHT, D.	Treasurer	SCLATER, R. H.
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Critic	EPES, H. B.	Censor	WATTS, J. A.
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INTERMEDIATE TICKET.

DECLAIMERS.

EPES, H. B.

COLONNA, E. H.

DEBATE.

Resolved, That the Women of the Time of Our Grandmothers Were More to Be Admired than Those of To-day.

AFFIRMATIVE.

WRIGHT, D.

NEGATIVE.

CORK, J. R.

The Virginia Tech.

The official organ of the General Athletic Association, devoted to college news.
Published weekly, on Wednesday, throughout the college year.

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A literary magazine published once every month by a joint board of editors selected from the Maury and Lee Literary Societies.

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CH

Smith Bros.
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SUBJECTS
AND



ORGANIZATION

Young Men's Christian Association.

Organized in 1873.

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Terms Expired March, 1904

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Terms Expire March, 1905

Term Expires July 1, 1904.

A. F. JACKSON, General Secretary.

OBJECT.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute is an organization primarily of Christian students. Its purpose is to foster among the students of the College, so far as may be possible, by earnest, honest, and faithful work, a spirit of reverence and respect for the teachings of Jesus Christ; to declare itself openly and unflinchingly the foe of every form of vice and dishonesty; to do all in its power to cause a spirit of honor, purity, and morality to permeate the lives of all men in this Institution; and to convince men by precept and example of the ideal excellence of a manly life patterned after the life of the only Perfect One.

The Association is intensely practical and broad in its aims and work. The latter embraces gymnasium work, Bible and mission study, religious meetings, etc., while the reading and game rooms are open to all the Students and the baths to the members at all hours. Membership in the Association is open to all students of the College of good moral character. Under provision of the constitution, however, only members of Evangelical churches are eligible for active membership, but the ranks of the associate membership are always open to men of upright character who desire to identify themselves with the Association, or think that they can be benefited by any departments of the work.

The home and headquarters is a handsome stone building, built exclusively for the work of the Association, and includes a small chapel, a gymnasium, and gymnasium lockers, game, reading, and committee rooms, and sixteen living rooms, all of which are well furnished.





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WHITEKER, R. E.
HOFFMAN, P.

Second Tenors

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MASSENBURG
RICHARDSON

First Bass

TYNES
EOFF, J. R.
CHILTON

Second Bass

HODGON
WILSON, W. C.
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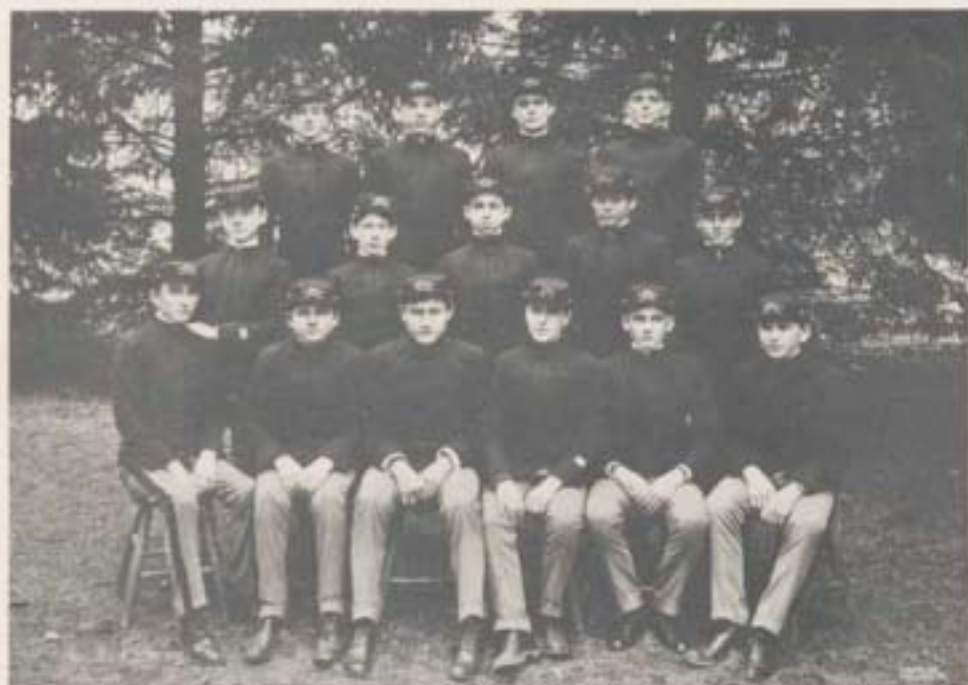
ANDERSON, O. W.	HARRIS, T. J.	FRIDDY, W. M.
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	PATNE, L.	

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PRIVATE A. M. HARRISON	First Clarinet
PRIVATE O. R. JENKINS	Second Clarinet
PRIVATE H. W. BAKER	Third Clarinet
FIRST SERGEANT J. T. WILLIAMS	Eb Clarinet
SERGEANT W. W. ROUTTEN	Piccolo
CAPTAIN H. H. HILL	Solo Cornet
PRIVATE G. E. PENN	Solo Cornet
PRIVATE J. R. BENTLY	First Cornet
PRIVATE E. M. MCCULLOUGH	Second Cornet
SERGEANT L. PAYNE	Solo Alto
MAJOR T. J. WALSH	First Alto
PRIVATE F. L. LONGLY	Second Alto
PRIVATE J. K. WHITE	Third Alto
MAJOR J. P. SHULTZ	Solo Trombone
MAJOR L. M. HALE	Second Trombone
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THIRD LIEUTENANT P. K. COOK	Eb Base
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SERGEANT W. P. SINCLAIR	Bass Drum
PRIVATE F. D. HOBART	Cymbals
PRIVATE W. W. CHASE	Drum Major
PRIVATE C. MOREHEAD	Librarian



BAND



House Club.

Colors:

Mouse Gray and Cheese Yellow

Favorite Dish:

Cheese

Motto:

Little, but loud

Favorite Occupation:

Keeping away from the cats (old boys)

OFFICERS.

WALDROP	President
HANNAH	Vice-President
WILLIAMS	Secretary
SHEPPARD	Treasurer
BAHEN	Sergeant-at-Arms
STAFFORD	Jester

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HANNAH	ROBINSON, R. R.	WRIGHT, W. P.	MUNDY
O'NEIL	SHEPPARD, E. S.	MAYNARD, J. B.	



H. H. J. Agricultural Club.

Motto:

Omnia ex terrâ

Colors:

Green and straw

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R. S. MOFFETT, '05, Sergeant at-Arms	

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J. BOLTON MCBRYDE Vice-President
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J. G. FERNEYHOUGH J. H. GIBBONEY J. B. MCBRYDE
W. A. P. MONCURE W. H. RASCHE J. E. WILLIAMS
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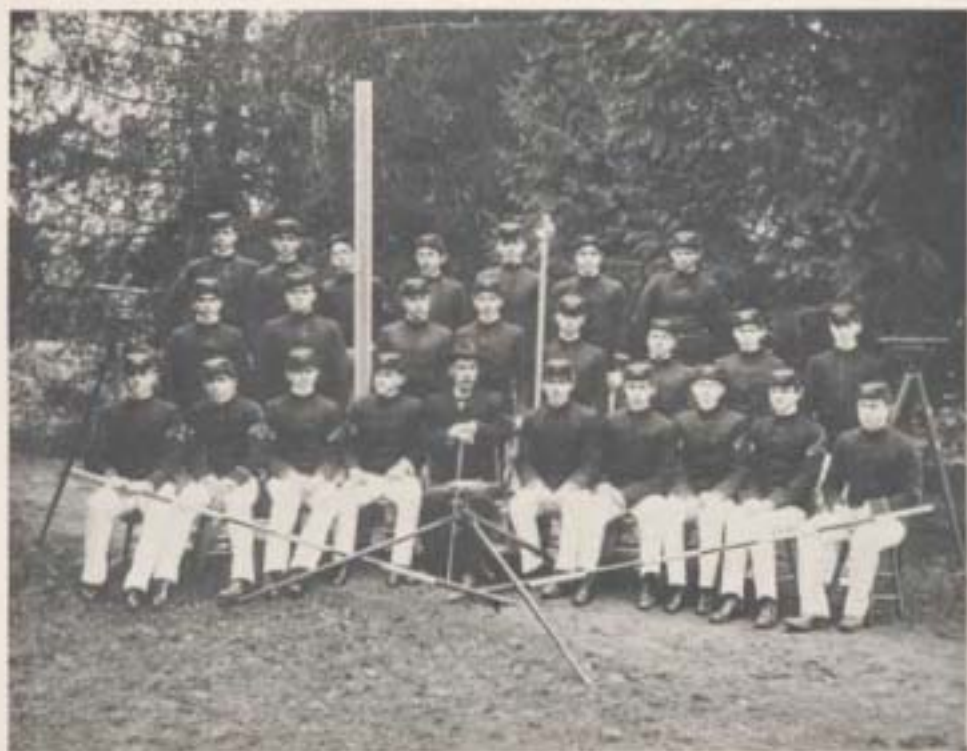
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MISS MARGARET SPENCER



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BELL, J. E.	JOHNSON, P. L.	NETTLETON	STEPHENS
BYERS	LATANE, R. P.	PARSONS	SYKES
COX	MELTON, W. W.	PENN	TROWER
GALT	MYERS, R. A.	PRICE, R. E.	WILLIS, W. N.
GIBBONEY	MYERS, W. G.	ROHR	WITHERS
GILKERSON		ROYER	

Honorary

COL. WM. M. PATTON



German

Club

H. M. Smith



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BROWN, R. R.	LAMB, J. B.
BUTLER, F. R.	LYON, C. L.
BRENT, T. N.	LATANE, R. P.
CAMPBELL, C.	MONCURE, W. A. P.
COURTNEY, C. P.	MILES, C. P.
CARPENTER, J. C.	NOWLIN, P.
CARPENTER, C. H.	POINDEXTER
CHALKLEY, G. A.	PALMER, J. P.
COUNSELLMAN, J. S.	PENN, G. E.
COVA, J.	ROBINS, W. N.
DEAN, W. H.	ROYER, D. R.
DARNALL, H.	ROYER, R. S.
DAVIS, T. N.	SPILLER, F. M.
DAVIS, T. J.	SPILLER, S. M.
FROHLING, H. C.	SALLEY, N. E.
GUY, H. I.	SINCLAIR, A. P.
GARY, H. H.	SALE, R.
HYDE, J. N.	WILLIAMS, C.
HUGHES, S. S.	WILLIAMS, S. W.
HUGHES, S. T.	WILLIAMS, T. J.
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Composed of College men initiated where Greek letter Fraternities are represented.

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C. C. CAMPBELL, Alpha Tau	Hampden-Sidney College, Va.
J. D. JONES, Eta	Richmond College, Va.
R. P. LATANE, Zeta	Randolph Macon College, Va.
W. A. P. MONCURE, Alpha Zeta	William and Mary College, Va.
S. J. NICHOLS, Delta	Wofford College, S. C.

PI KAPPA ALPHA.

C. E. BEAR, Phi	Roanoke College, Va.
TAYLOR GARNETT, Gamma	William and Mary College, Va.
H. S. GILL, Omicron	Richmond College, Va.
S. S. HUGHES, Gamma	William and Mary College, Va.
A. F. JACKSON, Upsilon	Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Ala.
J. B. LAMB, Gamma	William and Mary College, Va.
M. B. LANGHORNE, Iota	Hampden-Sidney College, Va.
J. P. PALMER, Phi	Roanoke College, Va.
A. W. TAYLOR, Zeta	University of Tennessee, Tenn.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

E. R. BROWN, Pi	Dartmouth College
H. K. FOSTER	Kenyon College, Ohio

PHI GAMMA DELTA.

R. C. POINDEXTER, Rho Chi	Richmond College, Va.
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PHI KAPPA SIGMA.

J. B. CARV, Phi	Richmond College, Va.
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FRATERNITY CLUB



*West Virginia
Club.*

[Stylized monogram]

Mortani Semper Liberi

West Virginia Club.

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A. H. OSBORNE	Vice-President
J. R. CORK	Secretary
W. BLUE	Treasurer
P. L. JOHNSON	Sergeant-at-Arms

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E. M. McCULLOCH, '06	A. H. OSBORNE, '06	
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J. A. NUTTS, '07	C. E. PARKS, '07	
J. WETHERELL, '07		

DATES TO BE REMEMBERED.

October 31, 1902

March 18, 1904.



CHURCH NEAR WILMINGTON BURNED BY LORD CORNWALLIS DURING REVOLUTIONARY WAR

Tar Heel Club.

OFFICERS.

President	W. A. DUNN
Vice-President	R. R. PAGE
Secretary and Treasurer	R. A. MYERS
Sergeant-at-Arms	E. C. CONGER

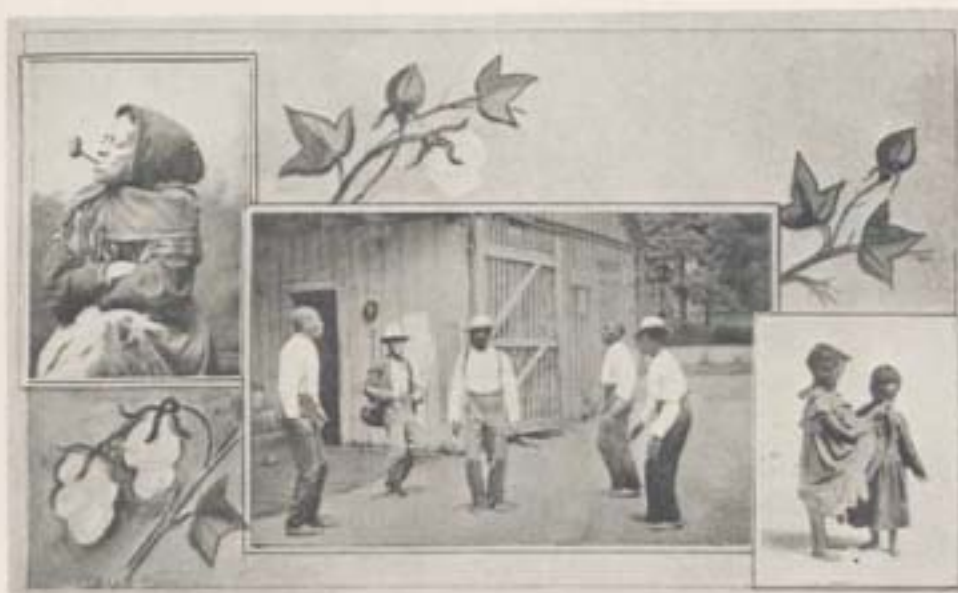
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W. A. DUNN, '04	Wilmington, N. C.
M. A. EASON, '06	Speight's Bridge, N. C.
C. D. EVANS, '07	Statesville, N. C.
C. S. LEFTWICH, '07	Greensboro, N. C.
R. A. MYERS, '01	Charlotte, N. C.
R. R. PAGE, '04	Edenton, N. C.
W. M. WATKINS, '04	Milton, N. C.
J. W. WHITE, '06	Durham, N. C.
J. C. WIGGINS, '06	Edenton, N. C.
L. S. WILLIAMS, '06	Williamston, N. C.

Long will these men be remembered:

J. M. SAMPLE, '01

E. W. WHINNANT, '03



SCENES IN DIXIE.

South Carolina Club.

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 STEPHEN T. HUGHES, JR. Vice-President
 NORMAN E. SALLEY Secretary and Treasurer
 WILLIAM H. THOMAS Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS.

DAVID A. HENNING, JR. STEPHEN T. HUGHES
 SAM. J. NICHOLS JOHN T. ROGERS, JR.
 NORMAN E. SALLEY EDWARD H. TAYLOR
 WILLIAM H. THOMAS

HONORARY MEMBERS.

DR. J. M. MCBRYDE PROF. E. A. SMYTH, JR.
 PROF. S. R. PRITCHARD PROF. R. J. DAVIDSON



MARYLAND CLUB—CHARLES STREET.

Maryland Club.

Motto: "Fatti Maschi Parole Femine"

Colors: Orange and Black

Favorite Dish: Oysters and Maryland Biscuits

Favorite Drink: Oriole

Favorite Smoke: Maryland Club Tobacco

Banquet Hall: Room 21

OFFICERS.

M. N. LYON, '04	President
G. H. SYKES, '05	Vice-President
W. C. HOOPER, '06	Corresponding Secretary
J. G. ROGERS, '06	Financial Secretary
J. N. GAITHER, '06	Treasurer
R. D. ROGERS	Sergeant-at-Arms

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J. N. GAITHER	G. H. SYKES	R. D. ROGERS
W. S. SHAW	T. C. WILTSHIRE	A. T. POEHLMAN

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. F. D. WILSON	R. R. STABLER	H. L. DAVIDSON
------------------	---------------	----------------





Motto:

Dig deep while sluggards sleep

Colors:

Peacock Green and Old Gold

Favorite Drink:

Soblett's Lithia Water

Favorite Pastime:

Courting

Favorite Song:

O! Good-bye Booze

First Degree:

Imps

Second Degree:

Devils

Third Degree:

Demons

OFFICERS.

High Arch Fiend	J. T. WHITE
Junior Arch Fiend	L. B. COX
Recording Angel	H. F. DAY
Judas, the Watch Dog of the Treasury	J. H. WILSON

IMPS.

B. ANDERSON	G. T. BLAIR	H. F. FITTS	JOHN GRAVES
J. L. PUGH	C. B. WALKER	L. B. WHITEHEAD	J. H. WILSON

DEVILS.

O. W. ANDERSON	L. B. COX	H. F. DAY	J. T. WHITE
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DEMONS.

DR. F. D. WILSON	C. LEE	MAJ. W. L. BLAIR
------------------	--------	------------------



Eastern Shore Club.

Motto:
Keep Your Eyes Open
Favorite Dish:
Maninose

Colors:
Terrapin Brown and Potato Green
Favorite Drink:
High-balls

YELL.

Reka! Reka! Reka! Ra!
Garden spot of Virginia,
What can we say more
We are from the Eastern Shore.

OFFICERS.

J. D. FOSQUE, President
H. E. PARSONS, Secretary and Treasurer

R. S. TROWER, Vice-President
S. D. WAPLES, Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS.

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G. S. MARTIN
J. W. WEST

C. H. LEATHERBURY
H. E. PARSONS
S. D. WAPLES

F. W. LEATHERBURY
R. S. TROWER



Mythe County Club.

OFFICERS.

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GIBBONEY, F. L.	Vice-President
HEUSER, A. C.	Secretary
THORN, E. G.	Treasurer
SPILLER, D. D.	Sergeant-at-Arms

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WILLIAMS, T. J. ('07)	DUMONT, E. G. ('07)
CASSELL, E. M. ('07)	ROBINSON, H. M. ('07)
SIMMERMAN, J. W. ('07)	ROBINSON, R. R. ('07)
	SIMMERMAN, S. S. ('07)

HONORARY MEMBERS.

GIBBONEY, J. H.	SPILLER, F. M.
SPILLER, S. M.	COUNSELMAN, J. S.



L. F. C.

OFFICERS.

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Motto :

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Favorite Dish :

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Motto:
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Favorite Drink:
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Colors:
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Motto:
No palms without labor

Favorite Dish:
Roast Pig, Dillberry Sauce

Colors:
Orange and Blue

Favorite Drink:
Pippin Cider

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Walther Von Der Vogelweide.

*Did you sing among this people
In the dim far long ago,
Ere the maddening rush for Mammon
Laid the music-angel low?*

*But the people dimly hearing
Echoes from that ringing past,
Thought of you and to your memory
Raised this Denkmal in the place.*

*You were fair and tall and stately,
So the marble tells the tale,
With a wreath of laurel resting
On the brow so high and pale.*

*Troubadour, your songs went ringing
Thru these mountain valleys deep,
Ere the march of human progress
Left Divinity to sleep.*

*Some faint glimmer of that twilight
Threw its rays on Bozen Stadt
O'er the cliffs of Rosen Garten
Ere the blessed light went out.*

*While the music swelled and faltered
I was thinking of your songs,
Wondering if their echoes linger
Near the place of your renown.*

*Fancy, is it? But the music,
Where your form and name is found,
Has a sweetness far exceeding
Music of the other towns.*

*Walter von der Vogelweide,
By this Denkmal I can see
How it helps us to remember
Love and Art and Poesy.*

*For their strivings ever fitful,
If forgotten, pass away
Leaving but the hearts that perish,
Empty vessels made of clay.*

*But this people wise and thrifty
Gathered in the melodies
That you scattered like the sunshine,
Prodigal in charities.*

*And their hearts repeat the echoes
Pass them downward thru the years
And I heard O Minne-singer
While my eyes were filled with tears.*



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Editorial.

THE *BUZZ* of 1904, with its many imperfections and shortcomings, is launched for the consideration of those into whose hands it may fall.

If its object, viz., to record those things which go to make up our college life and bind us together with ties that can never be broken, is attained, we feel that at least some measure of success has attended our efforts. In dedicating the result of our work to "The Commencement Girl," we do so realizing that to her is due the pleasure, but not the pain, of Commencement time and hoping that by this we may show some part of the appreciation of her presence. To those who have so generously aided us with contributions of drawings, etc., we extend our sincere thanks, for to them is due whatever merit our annual may possess.

Without further explanation THE *BUZZ* of 1904 is sent on its way.

EDITORS.



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
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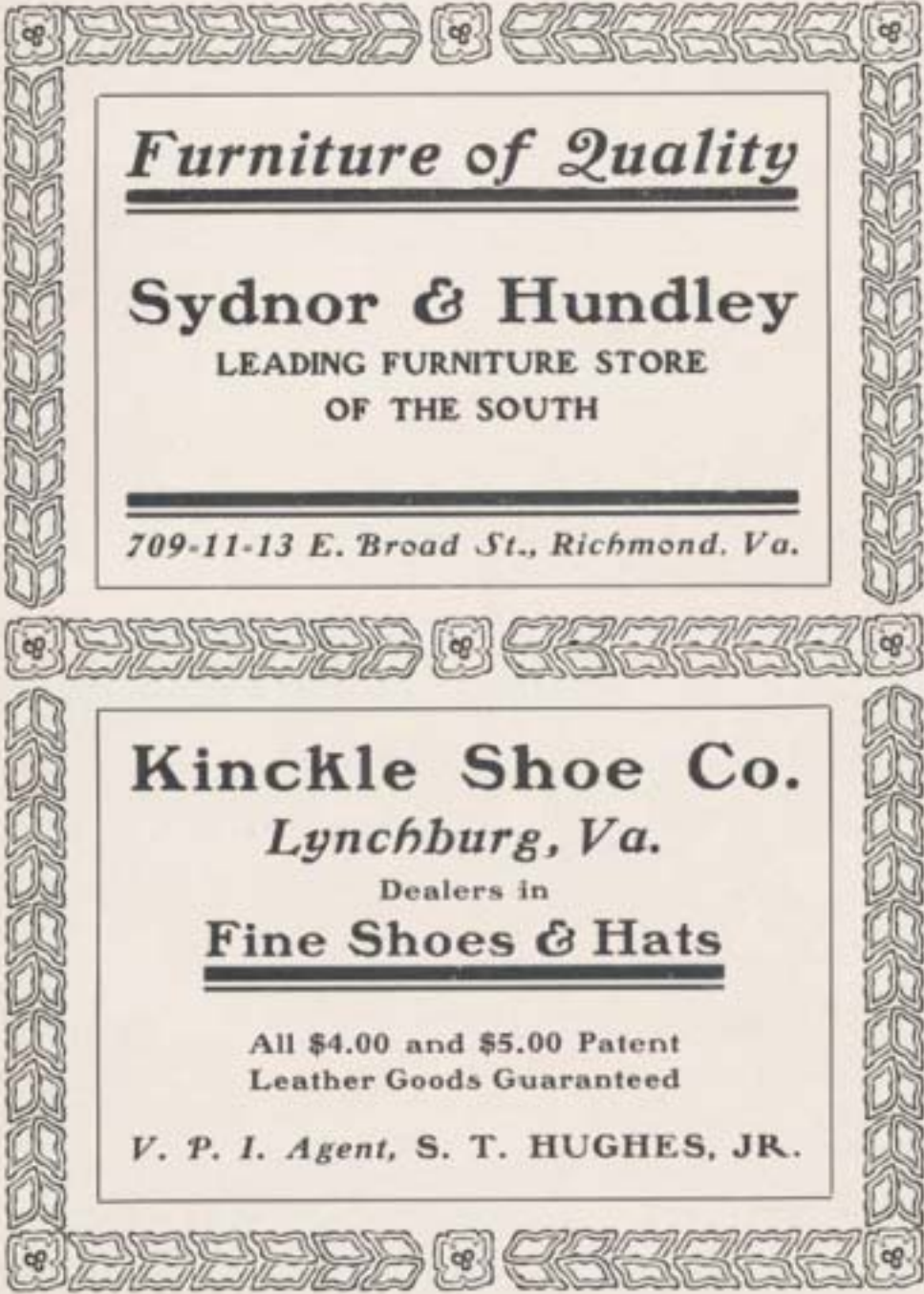


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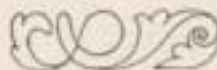
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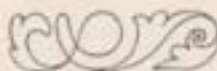
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