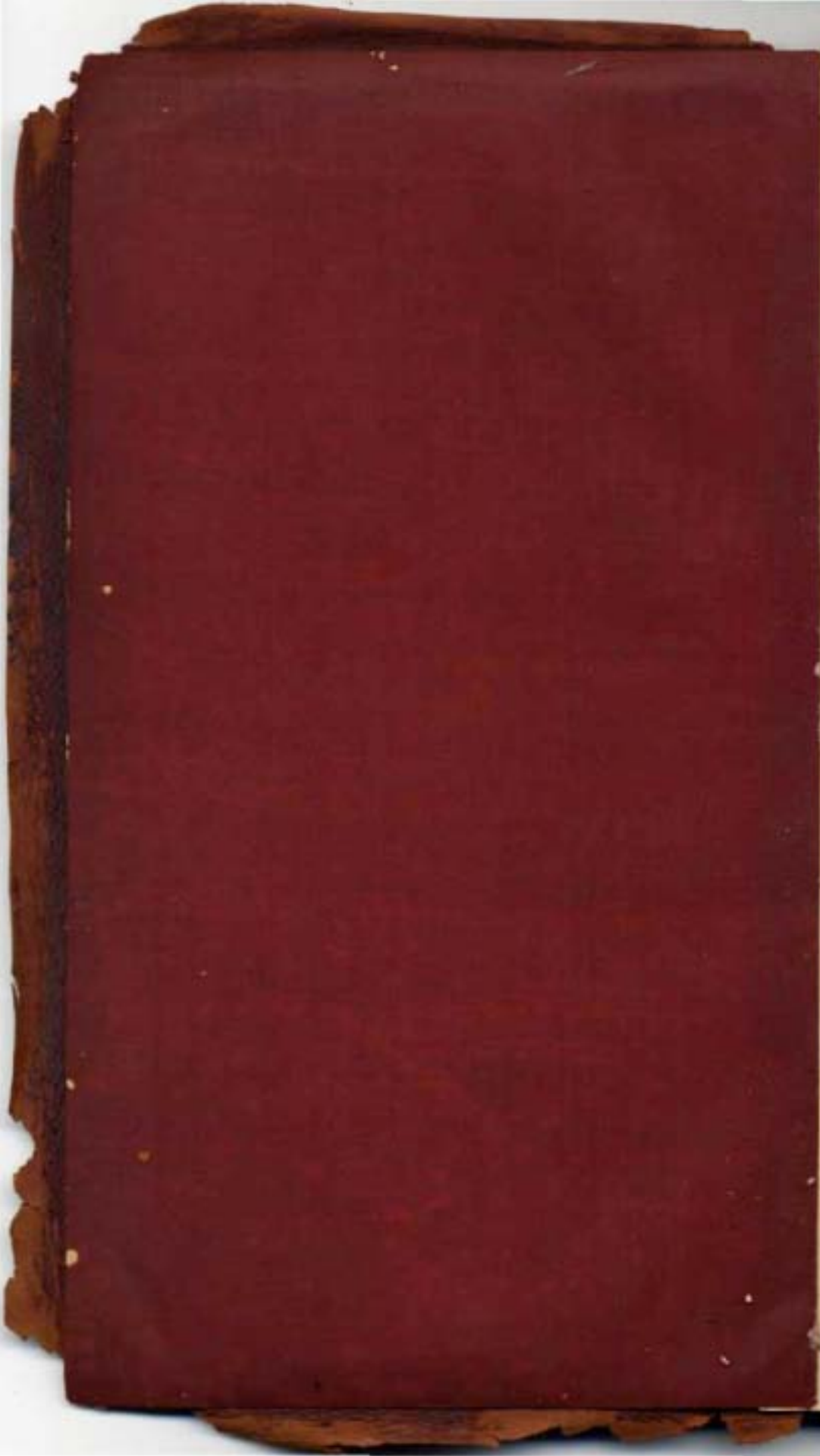
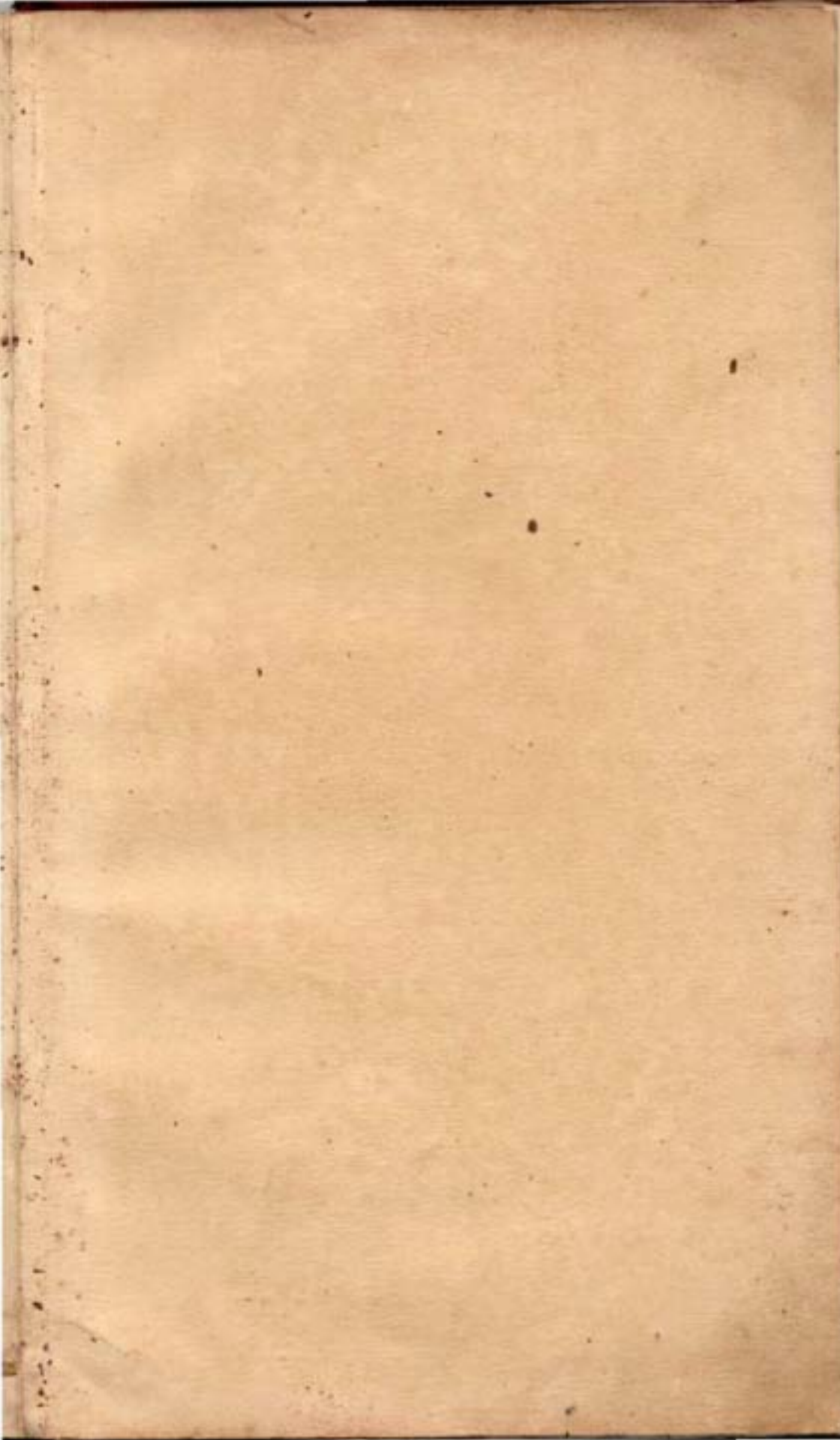


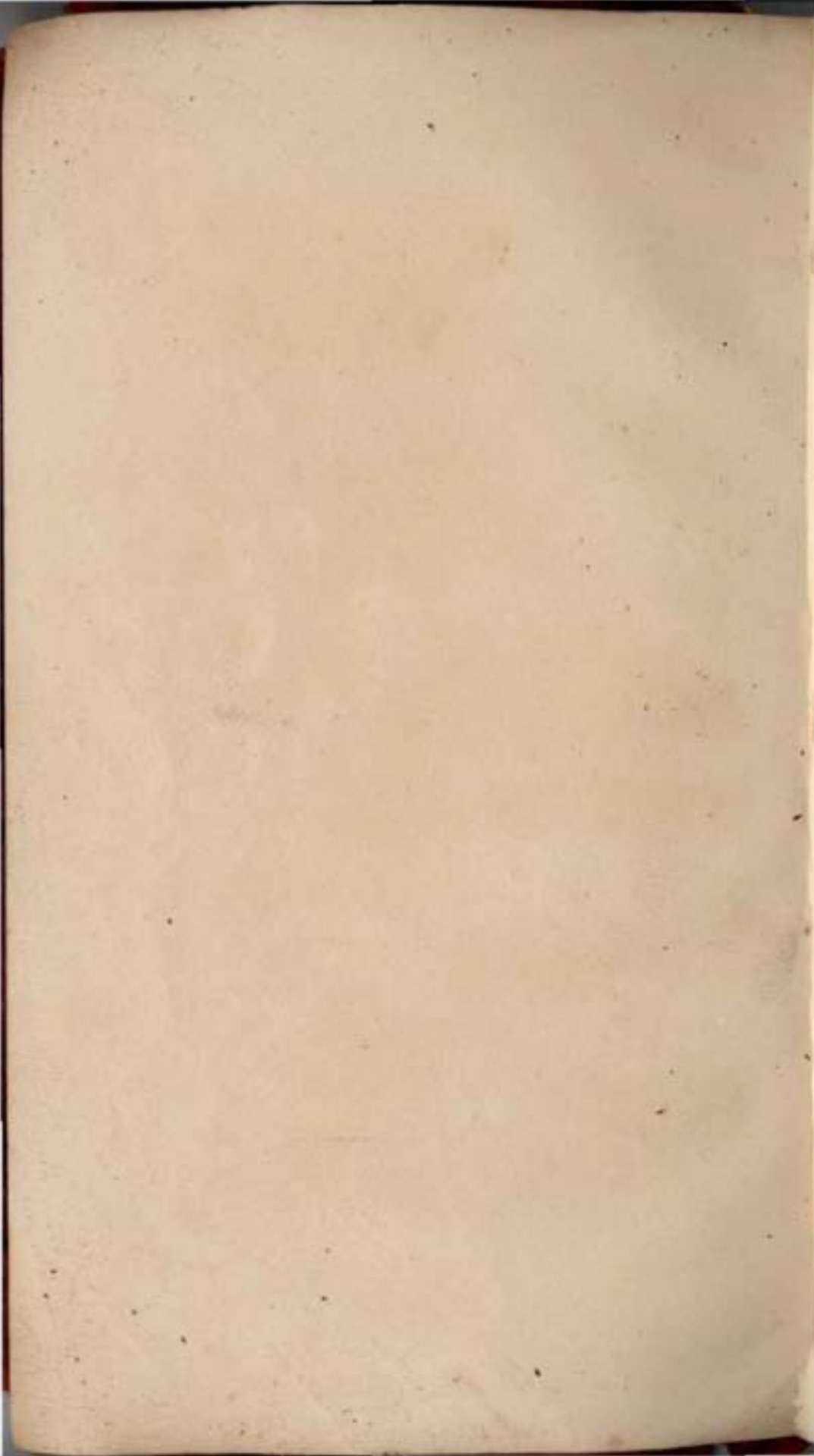
THE
BUGLE

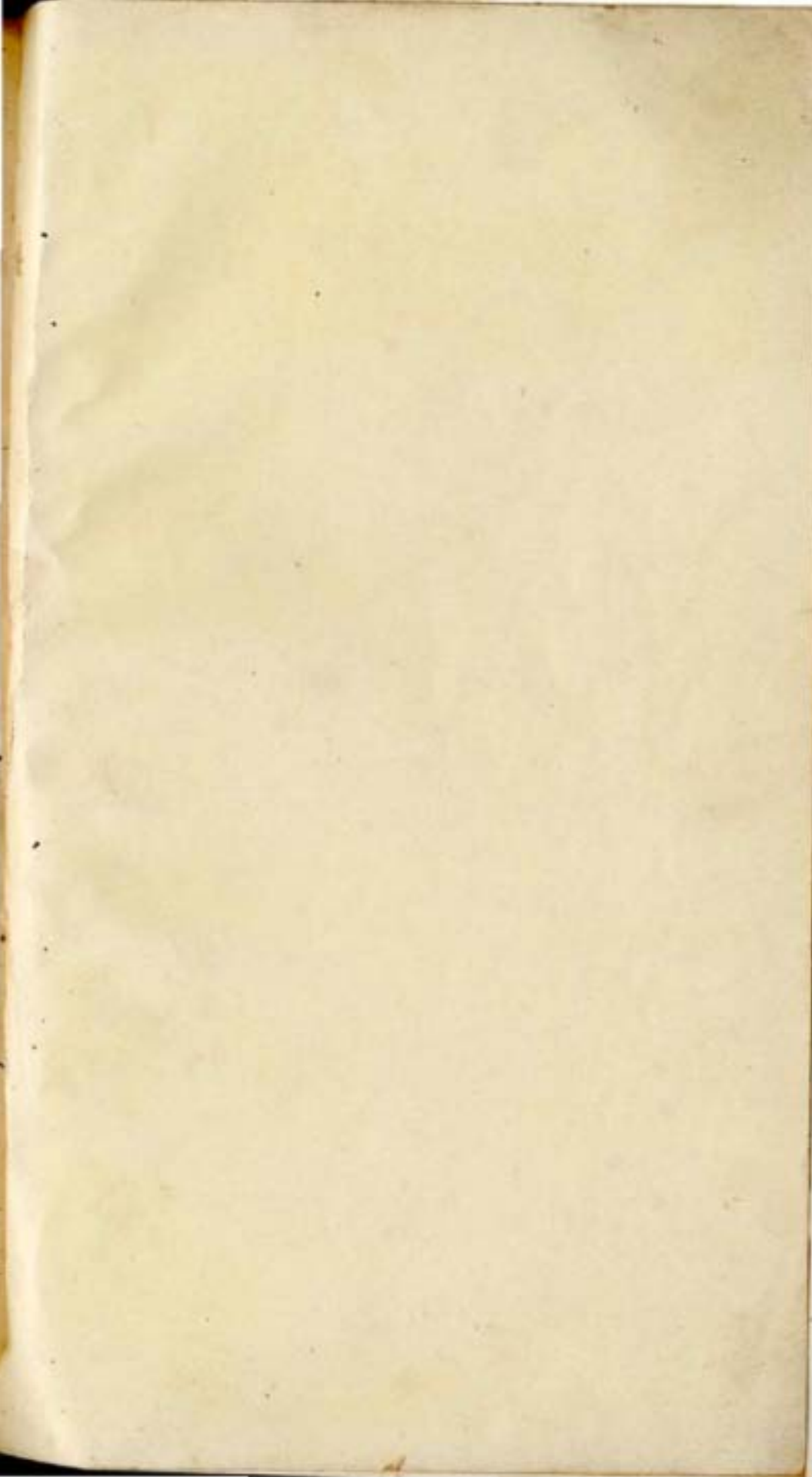


1907











The Bugle



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY.

By the Corps of Cadets of the
Virginia Polytechnic Institute

To her who,
when we were strangers,
greeted us with a mother's tender welcome;
who has gathered us as children
to her bosom, sharing alike our sorrows and our joys;
who has viewed leniently our shortcomings and lavished praise
unabated on our petty virtues;

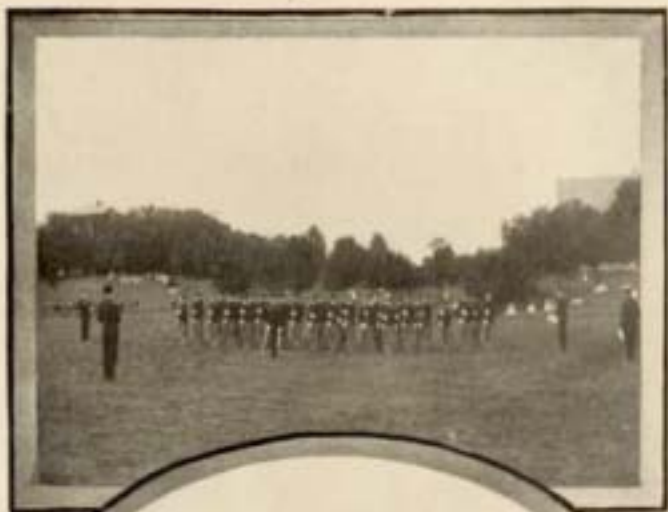
To her who has
given us freely of her best,
not counted our unworthiness against us;
to her whose watchful eye will
follow us with love as
we plod along life's dusty high road,
whose prayers will rise
unceasingly for our success, whose welcome pleads
cheer us when we grow faint hearted:

To our Alma Mater,

Dear to us now, and doubly dear in the hereafter,
this volume is affectionately
dedicated by

Her Children





JUNE



Greeting

OUR work is o'er; we've done our best; so now
We lay our labors at your feet, and ask,
Not that you give us praise, but that you view
With tolerant sympathy, what here you find.
Slight are its merits—that we know full well;
No Shelley here has sung a seraph's song,
No Poe has told weird tales of mystery,
No Rembrandt's pen has served to grace the page;
Little is here that's witty, new, or wise.
Yet, to one purpose have we bent our powers:
To make this volume, faulty though it be,
Express the spirit of the life we lead;
Reflect its varied interests, great and small;
Picture its passing days, or gray or gold;
Record its foolish and its serious side.
A labor, this, of love; for, to our hearts,
Life at old V. P. I. is passing dear.
If you, too, Reader, know and prize this life,
Your task, no less than ours, is one of love—
Love that will cover o'er a myriad faults—
Love that will lend this BÜGLE worth to you.



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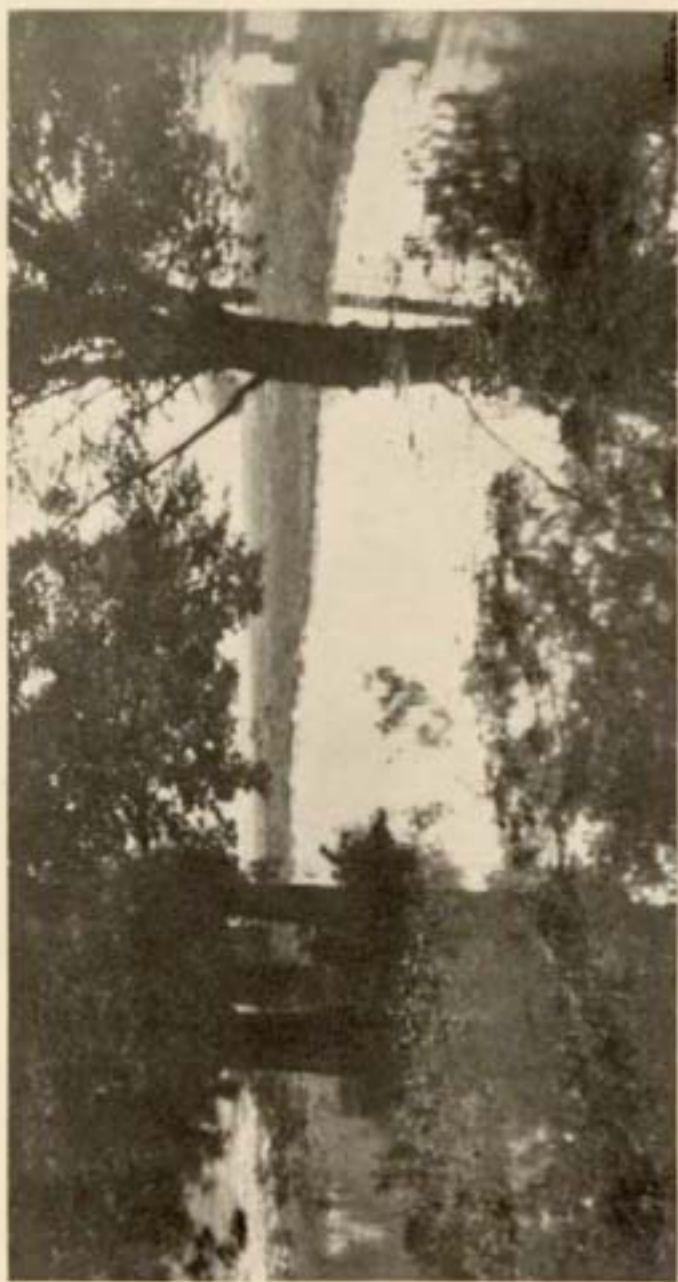
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J. C. SMITH

H. B. STEVENS

W. P. BENTLEY

BOGLE STAFF



OVERFLOW OF POND



HOKIE, Hokie, Hokie, Hi,
 Techs! Techs! V. P. L!
 Sola-Rex! Sola-Rah!
 Poly-Techs - Vir-gin-ia!!
 Rae! Ri! V. P. L!!!

ONE, two, three, four,
 Two, four, three, four,
 Who in the h——l are we for?
 V. P. L!! L!!!

LOAD! Ready! Aim! Shoot!
 Vir-gin-ia Tech. Institute!
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Team ——!!

SIS ——! Six ——! Six ——!
 Boom ——! Boom ——! Boom ——!
 Ha! Ha! Ha!
 V. P. L! V. P. L!! V. P. L!!!

WE buck their line, we do,
 We buck their line, we do,
 When the line is weak
 We buck very well,
 When the line is strong
 We buck like h ——!!
 We buck their line, we do!!



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First Term—Tenth of December,
1879, to August, 1880
Second Term—June, 1881, to
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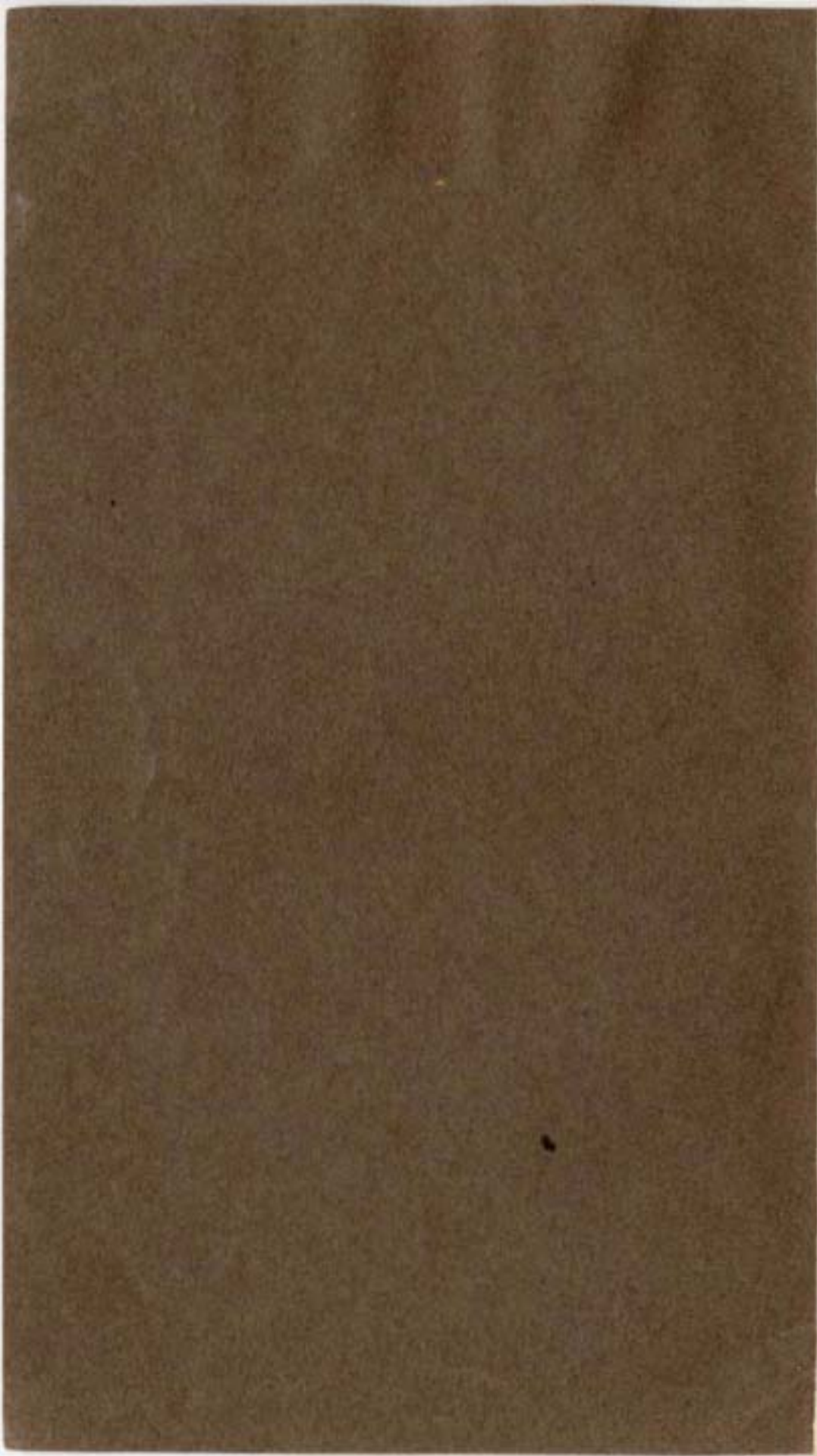
CAPTAIN T. N. CONRAD
January, 1882, to January, 1886

GEN. L. L. LOMAX
July, 1886, to April, 1891





James Taylor
J. W. McKeay



Dr. J. M. McBryde



R. McBRYDE was born in Abbeville, South Carolina, in 1841; was educated at the South Carolina College at Columbia, and then at the University of Virginia. He served in the Confederate Army from the very beginning of the war—first on Sullivan's and Morris Islands, South Carolina; and participated in the battle of Vienna, then thought to have been the first battle of the war. In 1862, a severe attack of typhoid fever, contracted while in service on the South Carolina Seaboard, incapacitated him from further active service and he was made chief in the war-tax office in Richmond, where he served with great credit to himself until the close of the war. After the war, Dr. McBryde engaged in farming near Charlottesville, Virginia, devoting himself to the study of Agricultural Chemistry and Botany. He organized a Farmers' Club at Charlottesville, of which he was elected President. His published articles attracted much attention and in the fall of 1870, he was elected Professor of Agriculture and Botany in the University of Tennessee. In 1882, he was offered a chair in the South Carolina College, and upon going there found that, the President having resigned, he had been elected as Chairman of the Faculty. So well did he serve that the Board at their December meeting declined to elect a President, but requested his continuance, and in May, 1883, elected him President. In 1886, Dr. McBryde declined the offer of the Directorship of the Texas Experiment Station. In 1887, he was elected President of the University of Tennessee at a large salary, but yielding to great pressure, remained at the head of the South Carolina College at a personal sacrifice. The latter college was created a university in 1887, and rapidly expanded under Dr. McBryde's guidance. When, in 1891, the university was reduced to a college, Dr. McBryde was again elected President. In July, 1891, he came to Virginia as President of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, then a moribund institution, with a faculty of ten professors and one instructor, and a student body at the close of the session of 1891-92 of about seventy students. The college buildings consisted of two academic buildings, with a dining-room in the basement of one; a poorly equipped machine shop, one barracks building and one barn building in bad repair; four houses were actually owned by the College as professors' residences. There were practically no shops or laboratories, no water works, no infirmary or laundry. The Small Campus was used as a meadow, and hay was cut therefrom and sold as a college revenue. There were no well-made roads or avenues.

A gentleman, for twelve years a member of the Executive

Committee of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, writes of Dr. McBryde's plans of reorganization, as then first submitted: "When Dr. McBryde outlined his plans of future development to the Executive Committee, of which I was a member, I thought it a dream that the next generation would hardly see realized. These plans have long since been realized, and much more besides."

During Dr. McBryde's presidency, the campus has been extended from ten to one hundred acres, graded, sodded and set with nearly two thousand ornamental trees along the drives and throughout the campus. Three miles of avenues and walks have been made; athletic and drill grounds provided. A complete sewerage system, with one mile of sewer; extensive garden, orchard and nursery grounds developed; large farm improvements in new modern barns and increase in varieties of stock; a well-equipped electric plant, water works, fire equipments, steam heating and power plant; creamery; modern, well-equipped infirmary; steam laundry; veterinary infirmary; four new brick barracks; large brick mess hall; storage and kitchen rooms; new science hall; shops increased to triple their original size; twenty professors' houses; a magnificent stone agricultural hall, and many other improvements. The attendance of students has passed the seven hundred mark and the faculty numbers thirty-one professors and twenty-five instructors. The Graduate Class of 1891-92 numbered four students; that of 1905-06, seventy-nine students.

Since Dr. McBryde has been President of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, he has steadily refused advantageous offers elsewhere. Thus, in 1892, he was offered the Assistant Secretaryship of Agriculture by President Cleveland; in 1897, he was strongly urged to let his name be used for the Presidency of Clemson College, South Carolina; in April, 1904, he was unanimously elected President of the University of Virginia, which he declined, and in 1906 he declined the Presidency of Sweet Brier Institute, to which he had been elected.

Dr. McBryde has in his possession a large number of letters from distinguished scholars, men of note and influence, written in connection with his resignation of the Presidency of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, expressing in the highest and most cordial terms the high regard of the writers for him and their recognition and high appreciation of his great work and high service in the cause of education in the South. Among these may be mentioned Dr. C. W. Dahney, President of the University of Cincinnati; Dr. R. H. Jesse, President of the University of Missouri; Dr. Ingersoll, of the University of Tennessee; Drs. Gildersleeve, Browne and Bright, of Johns Hopkins; Dr. Henne-man, of Sewanee; Presidents Sloan, of University of South Carolina, and Houston, of University of Texas; Judge A. C. Haskell, of South Carolina; Hon. A. C. Braxton and Judge Horsley, of Virginia; Dr. Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture, and many others.

It is a matter of great gratification to all of the friends of our retiring President to know that he has been selected by the committee controlling the Carnegie Foundation as one of the beneficiaries under that fund.



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Blue and White

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HILDRETH VERNON ANDERSON Pinta, Virginia



Electrical Engineering
Captain Company D
Class Football Team, '06-07.

"Who does not know and does
not know that he does not know."

ALEXANDER GRAHAM ANDERSON . Charlotte C. H., Virginia



Civil Engineering
Private Company F

Secretary and Treasurer Char-
lotte County Club.

"When the stream runneth
smoothest the water is deepest."

BRUCE ANDERSON

Rondo, Virginia



Agriculture

Private Company E

"But there is more in me than
thou understandest."

DAVID ALEXANDER

Petersburg, Virginia

Electrical Engineering

Private Company C

Class Baseball Team, '05-'06;
President Electrical Engineering
Club, '06-'07; Vice-President
Chesterfield and Dinwiddie Club,
'06-'07; Class Football Team,
'06-'07.

"Who scatter'd round wit and
humor at will;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a
column might fill."



IRVING HORRELL ARMSTRONG Farnville, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Private Company F

"You see how simple and fond and merry I am."

JOHN LUCAS BISHOP Riner, Virginia

Agriculture

Third Lieutenant Staff Ordnance

"Whence is thy learning? Has thy
tongue
O'er books consumed the midnight
oil?"



GEORGE SCOTT BARNARD Norfolk, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant Company D

Class Football Team, '06-07;
President Norfolk Academy Club,
'06-07; Secretary and Treasurer
Pandemonium Club, '06-07.

"Who relished a joke, and rejoiced
in a pun."

PAUL SAMUEL BLANFORD Gary, Virginia

Agriculture

Private Company A

Vice-President Maury Literary
Society, '06-07; Sergeant-at-
Arms L. M. N. Club, '03-04.

"There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from morn
till night,
No lark more blithe than he."



WALTER PUTNEY BOATWRIGHT New Canton, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Captain and Adjutant Staff

Corresponding Secretary
Maury Literary Society, '05-06;
Assistant Business Manager
"Gray Jacket," '05-06; Treasurer
Maury Literary Society, '05-06;
"Athletic Editor Gray Jacket,"
'05-06; Vice-President B. F. C.
Club, '05-06; Recording Secretary
Maury Literary Society,
'05-06; Class Secretary, '05-06;
Editor-in-Chief "Gray Jacket,"
'06-07; BUGLE Historian, '06-
07; President Maury Literary
Society, '06-07; President F. U.
A. Club, '06-07; Critic Maury
Literary Society, '06-07; Vice-
President Tennis Club, '06-07.

"Oh, why should not the spirit of
mortal be proud?"

PAUL TOWNLEY BRADLEY Crewe, Virginia

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant Company D

"Still to be neat, still to be dressed,
as you were going to a feast."



WILLIAM LEWIS BRANCH

Charleston, West Virginia



Mechanical Engineering

Fourth Lieutenant Staff

Class Baseball Team, '04-05;
Class Football Team, '04-05;
Second Varsity Football Team,
'05-06; Class Treasurer, '05-06;
Varsity Football Team, '06-07;
Elected Assistant Business Man-
ager BUGLE Board, '06-07;
President West Virginia Club,
'06-07.

"Better a day of strife than a cen-
tury of sleep."

WILLIAM CHESTER BRINGMAN

Roanoke, Virginia



Civil Engineering

First Lieutenant Company C

"Gray Jacket" Staff, '05-06,
'06-07; Secretary and Treasurer
Roanoke Club, '05-06.

"Faithful below he did his duty."

LEROY EDWARD BROWN, JR. Richmond, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Captain Company C

Secretary and Treasurer Richmond Club, '04-05; Track Team, '05-06; Manager Class Football Team, '06-07; Advertising Editor BUGLE, '06-07.

"Boy thinks he's in love,
Casts his tender eyes above,
Murmurs with a gentle sigh,
'Oh, if she were only sigh.'"

ARCHER CLINTON BROCE

Blacksburg, Virginia

Civil Engineering

Private Company A

"A man who never tells you his troubles."



GEORGE EDWARD BUSHNELL Salem, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Private Company A

"Gray Jacket" Staff, '03-04; Secretary Lee Literary Society, '04-05; Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '05-06; President Lee Literary Society, '06-07; Virginia Tech Staff, '06-07; Sergeant-at-Arms Electrical Engineering Club, '06-07.

"I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty."

ALBERT R. BAUMAN Fredericksburg, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering

Private Company B

Class Baseball Team, '03-04, '04-05; Manager Class Baseball Team, '03-04; Class Football Team, '03-04, '04-05, '05-06; Captain Class Baseball Team, '04-05; Second Varsity Baseball Team, '05-06; Medal for best drilled private, '05-06; Treasurer Rappahannock Valley Club, '05-06; Captain Second Varsity Football Team, '06-07.

"Patience, and shuffle the cards."



SAMUEL E. CARNAHAN Hiwassee, Virginia



Mechanical Engineering
First Lieutenant Company E
President Pulaski County Club,
'06-07.

"First in the field before the morn-
ing sun,
Last in the shadows when the
day is done."

FRANCES MARION COLLIER Big Stone Gap, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Fourth Lieutenant Company C
Class Baseball Team, '05-06;
Class Football Team, '06-07.

"Talking is more or less a con-
sumption of energy."



PETER GUERRANT COSBY

Lynchburg, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

First Lieutenant Band

Secretary and Treasurer
Lynchburg Club, '04-05; Vice-
President Lynchburg Club, '05-
06; President Lynchburg Club,
'06-07; Vice-President Maury
Literary Society, '06-07; Liter-
ary Editor "Gray Jacket"
'06-07.

"Was quick to learn and wise to
know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow."

THOMAS RICHESON CUNNINGHAM Buena Vista, Virginia

Chemistry

Private Company D

Mouse Baseball Team, '04-05,
'05-06; Vice-President Rock-
bridge Club, '06-07.

"The Post-master General was he."



ARTHUR BLEDSOE CARPENTER

Richmond, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

First Lieutenant Company F

Vice-President Class, '04-05; Secretary and Treasurer Roanoke Club, '04-05; Vice-President Roanoke Club, '05-06; Class Football Team, '05-06; Secretary and Treasurer Electrical Engineering Club, '06-07; Class Football Team, '06-07; All-Class Football Team, '06-07; Manager Class Baseball Team, '06-07.

"Men at some times are masters of their fates."

LEO THOMAS DOWNEY

Alexandria, Virginia

Civil Engineering

First Lieutenant Battery E

President Alexandria Club, '06-07; Secretary Camera Club, '05-06; President Camera Club, '06-07; Photograph Editor BUGLE, '06-07.

"You look wise, pray correct that error."



RUPERT NUCKOLLS EARLY

Hillsville, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Private Company A

CHARLES ELLIS FINCH, JR

Norfolk, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering

Private Company D

Mouse Football Team, '04-05,
'05-06; Mouse Baseball Team,
'04-05, '05-06; Class Football
Team, '06-07.

"Perseverance conquers all things."



SAMUEL CALE FONTAINE

Martinsville, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Private Company A

"With wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as
practice taught."

GEORGE C. FAVILLE, JR.

Norfolk, Virginia

Civil Engineering

Private Company D

Secretary Maury Literary Society, '05-06; Mace Football Team, '05-06; Local Editor "Gray Jacket," '05-06; Critic Maury Literary Society, '06-07; President Maury Literary Society '06-07.

"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."



EDWIN BROUN FRED

Middleburg, Virginia



Agriculture

Second Lieutenant Battery E

Treasurer L. F. C. Club, '05-'06;
President Agricultural Club,
'06-'07; Assistant Business Man-
ager BUGLE, '06-'07.

"Arise, and shake the hay-seed
out of thine hair."

RICHARD CLARENCE FRENCH

Sunny Side, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Private Company A

"I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
I envy none, I none disdain."

CHARLES JAMES FORD

Round Hill, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Second Lieutenant Company E

Second Varsity Baseball Team,
'04-05; Class Baseball Team,
'05-06; Treasurer L. F. C. Club,
'05-06; President L. F. C. Club,
'06-07.

"The web of our life is of a mingled
yarn, good and ill together."

JAMES HENRY GALT

Columbia, Virginia



Mechanical Engineering

Fourth Lieutenant Company F

Secretary and Treasurer B. F.
C. Club, '05-06; Sergeant-at-
Arms Mechanical Engineering
Club, '06-07.

"Each morning sees some task
begun,
Each evening sees it close."

ROBERT EMMETT GOOLRICK

Fredericksburg, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Private Company F

Vice-President German Club, '05-06; President German Club, '06-07; Historian Rappahannock Valley Club, '06-07; Secretary and Treasurer Rappahannock Valley Club, '06-07; Class Baseball Team, '04-05, '05-06; Class Football Team, '05-06; Leader Senior Promenade, '06-07.

"Bob was famous for his good looks,
Took better with girls than with
his books."

FRANCIS WALLER HARRIS

Scottsville, Virginia

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant Band

Secretary and Treasurer Tennis Club, '05-06; Vice-President Albemarle Club, '05-06; President Albemarle and Orange Club, '06-07; President Tennis Club, '06-07; Winner Tennis Contest, '05-06.

"Where is the man who has not
tried
How mirth can into folly glide?"



FRANK GUY HENLEY

Norfolk, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Captain Battery E

Sergeant-at-Arms Norfolk and Portsmouth Club, '03-04; Class Baseball Team, '03-04, '04-05; Class President, '04-05; Sergeant-at-Arms Delmar Club, '05-06; Manager Field Day, '05-06; Manager Class Football Team, '05-06; Second Varsity Baseball Team, '05-06; Vice-President Electrical Club, '06-07; Toast-Master Delmar Club, '06-07; Business Manager Virginia Tech, '06-07.

"Just as you value yourself justly,
Just so much are you valuable."

WILLIAM MORTON HANNAH, JR.

Norfolk, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Staff

Vice-President Mouse Club, '03-04; Mouse Baseball Team, '04-05, '05-06; Mouse Football Team, '04-05, '05-06; Class Football Team, '06-07.

"A small boy can spoil the most favorable circumstance."

FORREST SHEPPERSON HOLMES

Pine, Virginia



Agriculture

Captain Company E

Secretary and Treasurer Pulaski Club, '04-05; Treasurer Agricultural Club, '05-06; Vice-President Pulaski Club, '06-07; Vice-President Agricultural Club, '06-07; Editor-in-Chief "Agricultural Journal," '06-07.

"Behold! Here stands the future Commissioner of Agriculture."

NEWTON ORMAND HOLT

Spring Mills, Virginia



Civil Engineering

First Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Staff

"A book of math my close companion
be,
No other book I ever ought to see."

ROBERT LINWOOD HIGGINS Orange, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Private Company E

Class Baseball Team, '05-06;
Class Football Team, '06-07;
Vice-President Albemarle and
Orange Club, '06-07.

"Live while you live, the epicure
would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present
day."

JOHN REDD HUTCHESON Charlotte C. H., Virginia

Agriculture

Fourth Lieutenant Company E

Sergeant-at-Arms Charlotte
Club, '05-06; President Char-
lotte Club, '06-07; Vice-Presi-
dent Maury Literary Society,
'06-07; Assistant Business Man-
ager "Gray Jacket," '06-07;
Business Manager "Virginia
Polytechnic Institute Agricul-
tural Journal," '06-07; Class
Football Team, '06-07.

"Of hair oils he has a large stock
Of hair he has hardly a lock;
Spite of measures heroic, this
baldheaded stoic
Can't make the hair grow on
his block."



IRA TILTON HOLT, JR. Norfolk, Virginia



Horticulture

Third Lieutenant Battery E

Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '04-05; Debater's Medal Lee Literary Society, '04-05; Vice-President Norfolk-Portsmouth Club, '05-06; Business Manager "Gray Jacket," '05-06; Class Football Team, '05-06; Second Varsity Football Team, '06-07; Associate Editor "Agricultural Journal," '06-07; Vice-President Horticultural Club, '06-07; Editor "Virginia Tech," '06-07; Glee Club.

"Few people speak habitually—some have a monopoly on it."

HERBERT DAVID HODGSON Norfolk, Virginia

Civil Engineering

Private Company A

Varsity Football Team, '03-04, '06-07; Captain and Manager Class Baseball Team, '05-06; Sergeant-at-Arms Civil Engineering Club, '06-07; President Norfolk Club, '06-07; Glee Club.

"His slinging drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."



ALLEN BURNLEY JOHNSON

Davis Mills, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Fourth Lieutenant, Staff

Class Football Team, '03-04; Second Varsity Football Team, '04-05; Second Varsity Football Team, '05-06; Varsity Football Team, '06-07; Class Baseball Team, '05-06; Sergeant-at-Arms Bedford Club, '04-05; Sergeant-at-Arms Bedford Club, '05-06; President Bedford Club, '06-07.

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

HENRY WOOD KENT

Kent's Store, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Third Lieutenant Company A

Sergeant-at-Arms B.F.C. Club, '05-06; Vice-President F. U. A. Club, '06-07.

"The workings of his brain and of his heart thou canst not see."

JOHN RUSSELL KIRK

Port Norfolk, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Private Company E

Class Football Team, '05-06;
Second Varsity Football Team,
'06-07; Treasurer Truckers Club,
'06-07.

"I have more good horse sense
than I am given credit for."

LOUIS LICHTENSTEIN

Richmond, Virginia



Mechanical Engineering

Private Company B

"Whom the sie blows and buffets
of this world have not incensed."

EWING WATERS LAWSON

Burke's Garden, Virginia



Agriculture

Third Lieutenant Ordnance,
Staff

Varsity Football Team, '04-05;
Vice-President E. H. S. Club,
'04-05; Secretary and Treasurer
Agricultural Club, '05-06; "Vir-
ginia Tech" Staff, '05-06; Cap-
tain Class Football Team, '05-06;
Manager Junior-Senior German,
'05-06; Class Treasurer, '06-07;
Secretary and Treasurer German
Club '06-07; Glee Club; Presi-
dent Final Ball, '06-07.

"Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes, my children."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LANDES

Harrisonburg, Virginia



General Science

Private Company E

"That man must lead a happy life,
Who is directed by a wife."

WALLACE B. LIVESAY Fishersville, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Fourth Lieutenant Company D

Secretary and Treasurer
Augusta County Club, '04-05;
Secretary Augusta County Club,
'05-06.

"The mildest manners, and the
gentlest heart."

WALLACE JOHNSON LAMON Winston, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Private Company B

"The devil will catch him asleep
at his post."

LUTHER ROBINSON MADDOX

Naruna, Virginia



Civil Engineering
Private Company E

"But what has been, has been, and
I have had my hour."

JOHN BURKE MAJOR

Big Island, Virginia



Civil Engineering
Private Company F
Class Football Team, '06-07.

"And I oft have heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended."

JOHN BLACKWELL MAYNARD

Portsmouth, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Private Company D

Sergeant-at-Arms Maury Literary Society, '03-04; Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society, '03-04; Mouse Baseball Team, '03-04, '04-05; Mouse Football Team, '03-04, '04-05; Vice-President Truckers Club, '06-07.

"How facet nonsense trickles from his tongue."

JUNIUS HARVEY MINTON

Smithfield, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Second Lieutenant Company B

President C. E. Club, '06-07;
President Pandemonium Club,
'06-07.

"Who serveth his arm for life's
combat,
And looks the whole world in the
face."

JOHN TAYLOR LOMAX MAY

Staunton, Virginia



Mechanical Engineering

Second Lieutenant Range,
Staff

Vice-President Augusta Club,
'05-'06; President Augusta Club,
'06-'07.

"I've done my duty, and I've
done no more."

CHARLES DELEVAN MONTAGUE . . . Fredericksburg, Virginia

Electrical Engineering

First Lieutenant Company D

Secretary Rappahannock Valley
Club, '05-'06; Vice-President
Camera Club, '05-'06, '06-'07;
President Rappahannock Valley
Club, '06-'07.

"I am not handsome, but I swear
I have a distinguished look."



JAMES OSCAR MUNDY

Burnleys, Virginia



Veterinary Medicine

Private Company C

Mouse Baseball Team, '04-05;
Mouse Football Team, '05-06;
Treasurer Albemarle Club,
'05-06; Secretary and Treasurer
Medical Club, '05-06; President
Medical Club, '06-07; Associate
Editor "Agricultural Journal,"
'06-07.

"The man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives and nothing
gives."

HARRY VERNON NEWCOMB

Craigsville, Virginia

Civil Engineering

First Lieutenant and Quartermaster,
Staff

Vice-President Augusta County
Club, '04-05; Treasurer Augusta
County Club, '05-06; Class
Baseball Team, '05-06; Class
Football Team, '06-07; Treasurer
Civil Engineering Club, '06-07.

"Tis not in mortals to command
success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius;
we will deserve it."



ADDISON KING NUTTY

Abingdon, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Fourth Lieutenant Company B

Secretary and Treasurer Washington County Club, '05-06; President Washington County Club, '06-07; Class Football Team, '06-07; Substitute All-Class Football Team, '06-07.

"He was one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them."

CLAY OSBORNE

Saddle, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Second Lieutenant Company A

Best Athlete, '05-06; Second Varsity Football Team, '06-07.

"One drop of manly blood the surging sea outweighs."

JACOB WISE OLD

Mansfield, Ohio



Chemistry

Captain Band

Exchange Editor "Gray Jacket," '05-'06, '06-'07; Local Editor "Gray Jacket," '05-'06, '06-'07; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '05-'06; Declaimer's Medal Finalist, '06.

He is fond of elocution, "A disease which breaks out among students, but which is fatal only to the spectator."

FREDERICK BYRD PAGE

Cobham, Virginia

Agriculture

Private Company D

"Get me twenty running cooks."



WILLIAM NOEL PREAS Kennette, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Fourth Lieutenant Battery E

"Happy am I; from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all content like me?"

CLARENCE LEE PAUL Manchester, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering

Private Company D

Mouse Football Team, '04-'05,
'05-'06; Vice-President Pandemonium Club, '06-'07.

"To be, contents his natural desire."



RICHARD JETER PALMER

West Point, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Private Company E

Class Baseball Team, '05-06;
President York River Club,
'06-07; Class Football Team,
'06-07; Secretary Civil Engi-
neering Club, '06-07.

"To conclude his character, where
women are not concerned, he is an
honest, worthy man."

JAMES CLARENCE CONWAY PRICE

Blacksburg, Virginia



Horticulture

Private Company A

Treasurer Montgomery Club,
'05-06; President Horticulture
Club, '06-07.

"Man wants but little here below—
But wants that little long."

CHARLES BUCHANAN POWELL Fort Monroe, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Captain Company B

Critic Lee Literary Society, '04-05, '05-06; Athletic Editor "Gray Jacket," '04-05; Winner Orator's Medal (Lee), '04-05; Class Representative BUGLE, '05-06; Literary Editor "Gray Jacket," '05-06; President Lee Literary Society, '05-06, '06-07; Varsity Baseball Team, '05-06; Vice-President Class, '06-07; Manager Varsity Football Team, '06-07; Editor-in-Chief BUGLE, '06-07; Final Invitation Committee, '06-07.

"A man who can size himself up and forget the result."

JAMES MICHAEL PURCELL Richmond, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant Company B

President Richmond Club, '06-07; Class Football Team, '06-07.

"I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent."

ROBERT ACHILLES RUSSELL

Lawyers, Virginia



Civil Engineering

First Lieutenant Company B

Secretary Campbell County Club, '05-06; Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '06-07.

"Faithful digging may discover under-ground treasures."

JOHN TERRILL ROGERS, JR

Society Hill, South Carolina

Horticulture

Second Lieutenant Company C

Secretary and Treasurer South Carolina Club, '05-06; Y. M. C. A. Delegate Asheville, '05-06; Vice-President South Carolina Club, '05-06; Secretary Camera Club, '06-07; President South Carolina Club, '06-07; Class Football Team, '06-07; Treasurer Horticultural Club, '06-07.

*"In my work, or in my fun,
I do my best for number one."*



EDGAR SEYMOUR SHEPPARD Richmond, Virginia



Mechanical Engineering

Private Company B

Secretary and Treasurer Mouse Club, '03-04; Captain Class Baseball Team, '03-04; Assistant Manager Football Team, '04-05; Manager Class Baseball Team, '04-05; Varsity Baseball Team, '04-05, '05-06, '06-07; Assistant Manager Football Team, '05-06; Class Football Team, '05-06; Vice-President Richmond Club, '05-06; Captain Varsity Baseball Team, '06-07.

"Good name in man and woman,
dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

JACOB SACHS Lynchburg, Virginia

Electrical Engineering

Private Company C

"His cogitative faculties immersed
in cogitundity of cogitation."



WILLIAM DOKE SCOTT

Riner, Virginia



Mechanical Engineering

Captain Quartermaster, Staff

President Montgomery Club,
'06-'07; Vice-President Mechanical
Engineering Club, '06-'07.

"A man of wit and brain."

CALDER GILLIAM SMOOT

Langley, Virginia

Civil Engineering

Fourth Lieutenant Company A

"I am always pleased with that
particular time of the year which
is proper for picking of 'dills'
and cucumbers."



RUSSELL WILMER SMITH

Glen Wilton, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Private Company A

Class Secretary, '04-05; Secretary and Treasurer Botetourt County Club '04-05; Solicitor Kodak Club, '04-05; Class Football Team, '05-06; All-Class Football Team, '05-06; Vice-President Civil Engineering Club, '06-07; President Botetourt and Alleghany Club, '06-07; Warden Pandemonium Club, '06-07; Second Varsity Football Team, '06-07; Varsity Football Team, '06-07.

"Be good and you will be happy, but you won't get your name in the papers so often."

HITE PORTERFIELD SHEPPARD

Clifton Forge, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant Company F

"How long, O Lord, how long."

HORATIO SEYMOUR STAHL

Ashburn, Virginia

General Science

Chemistry

Second Lieutenant, Staff



Literary Editor "Gray Jacket," '04-05; Class Historian, '04-05; Censor Lee Literary Society, '04-05; President Lee Literary Society, '05-06; Local Editor "Gray Jacket," '05-06; Critic Lee Literary Society, '05-06; Literary Editor "Gray Jacket," '05-06; Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '05-06; Chaplain Lee Literary Society, '06-07; Critic Lee Literary Society, '06-07; Editor-in-Chief "Gray Jacket," '06-07; Literary Editor BUGLE, '06-07.

"A hard worker will never be arrested for killing time."

HAL KELLY STONE

Godfrey, Virginia

Electrical Engineering

Private Company F

"The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within."



CHARLES MARVIN SMITH

Alexandria, Virginia



Civil Engineering

First Lieutenant Company A

"Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth."

FRANK STRINGFELLOW, JR.

Norfolk, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Private Company B

"He has led such a damnable life at this place, I don't think he'll wish to come back."

JOHN HERBERT THOMPSON, JR

Norfolk, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Private Company E

Class Baseball Team, '05-06;
Secretary and Treasurer Norfolk
Club, '06-07.

"Some men are just like a mule --
because, they kick at the wrong
time."

WILLIAM HENRY ULRICH

Baltimore, Maryland

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant Company F

Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary
Society, '05-06; Secretary Lee
Literary Society, '05-06; Assist-
ant Business Manager "Gray
Jacket," '05-06; Business Mana-
ger "Gray Jacket," '06-07; Class
Football Team, '05-06, '06-07;
Captain Class Football Team,
'06-07; All-Class Football Team,
'06-07; President Lee Society,
'06-07; BUGLE Board, '06-07.

"When a man is so lazy that he
won't talk he is called profound."



HARRY HOWARD VARNER

Warrenton, Virginia



Civil Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Assistant
Adjutant, Staff

Secretary L. F. C. Club, '04-05;
Local Editor "Gray Jacket,"
'05-06; Corresponding Secretary
Y. M. C. A., '05-06; Assistant
Manager Varsity Baseball Team,
'05-06; Class Baseball Team,
'05-06; Class President, '05-06;
Second Varsity Football Team,
'05-06; Manager Class Track
Team, '05-06; Manager Varsity
Baseball Team, '06-07; President
Athletic Association, '06-07; Fi-
nal Invitation Committee, '06-07,
Business Manager BUGLE,
'06-07;

"The real thing on the farm,
but an awful thing on Broadway."

JESSIE SAMUEL WRIGHT

Winchester, Virginia

Horticulture

Private Company E

Class Football Team, '03-04;
Class Football Team, '04-05;
Second Varsity Football Team,
'06-07; Medal for Best Drilled
Private, '04-05; Secretary Hor-
ticultural Club, '06-07.

"And when a lady is in the case,
You know all other things give
place."



JOEL HILL WATKINS Charlotte C. H., Virginia



Geology

Private Company B

Assistant Manager Track Team, '05-06; Track Team, '05-06, '06-07; Leader German Club, '06-07; Vice-President Charlotte County Club, '06-07; Art Editor *The BUGLE*, '06-07; Leader Final Ball, '06-07; Captain and Manager Track Team, '06-07.

"Something a woman jumps at in the same manner in which she jumps off a street car—which is backwards."

JOHN DOUGLAS WALDROP Norfolk, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering

Fourth Lieutenant Band

President Mouse Club, '03-04; Literary Editor *BUGLE*, '04-05; Secretary and Treasurer Norfolk-Portsmouth Club, '05-06; Secretary and Treasurer Mechanical Engineering Club, '06-07; Vice-President Norfolk Academy Club, '06-07; Junior-Senior German Committee, '05-06.

"Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."



LLOYD WILLIAM WILLIAMS Berryville, Virginia



Mechanical Engineering

Captain Company A

Assistant Treasurer Athletic Association, '06-07; Secretary Senior Class, '06-07; President Mechanical Engineering Club, '06-07; Vice-President L. F. C. Club, '06-07.

"Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies
o'er its surface."

BERNARD BELFIELD WELLS Matoaca, Virginia

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant Company E

Secretary Chesterfield and Dinwiddie Club, '05-06; President Chesterfield and Dinwiddie Club, '06-07.

"This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation."



JAMES HAMLET WILSON, JR. Danville, Virginia



Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant Company C

Treasurer Pittsylvania Club, '04-05; "Tech" Representative, '04-05; Mouse Football Team, '04-05; Vice-President Class, '05-06; President Pittsylvania Club, '05-06; Mouse Baseball Team, '05-06; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '06-07.

"Wilson's a fellow we can but love,
Not wise as a serpent, but mild
as a dove."

THOMAS JUDSON WRIGHT Churchland, Virginia

Civil Engineering

Captain Company F

Vice-President Norfolk-Portsmouth Club, '04-05; Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A., '05-06; Delegate Y. M. C. A. Convention at Nashville, '05-06; Class Football Team, '05-06, '06-07; All-Class Football Team, '06-07; President Truckers Club, '06-07; Class President, '06-07; President Y. M. C. A., '06-07; Final Invitation Committee, '06-07.

"A little bird with yellow bill
Hopped upon his window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye, and said,
'Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy
head?'"



History of the Class of 1907

(A Story of Evolution)

SAVAGE
AGE

Now that the process of evolution is almost complete, as staid dignified seniors, we, with the minds' eye, run over again the ages gone and realize that we were once savages indeed, somewhat more enlightened than those that roamed through the wilds of America four hundred years ago, it is true, yet we were savages. This will be shown readily by the characteristics of the Class of 1907 at that time. They roamed at large through the woods and fields, and became a plague to all the settlers. They went to reveille, were ready for every inspection, never missed a class, and even thought that text-books were made to study.

Yet even in this age there were indications of a bright future. They formed themselves into a class, with Colonna as president; and some of them shed their "high-water" breeches for football uniforms, and so proficient did they become in this sport that none could excel them.

The process of evolution was now well under way, though occasionally they still used the war-paint; not on themselves, but on the plates in the Mess Hall or on the tank.

Now the savages were beginning to learn. They could bring water, pile "hays," sweep floors, and do other "stunts," and the Sophomore, ever their friend and instructor, kept them so busy that almost before they knew it, the age was drawing to a close. Final Examinations came with all their troubles, but we forgot these in the delightful trip to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Upon our return, there followed a week of gayety, then—then—one day we awakened to the realization of the fact that we were no longer savages, but men of intelligence. The first period of our evolution was completed.

SEMI-CIVILIZED
AGE

The story of this second period in our evolution will not take much space. It might be told in the one word, Sophomore.

The characteristics of the Class of 1907 at this period showed much progress, but our president, Blair, preferred his savage state, and returned to his native county.



Van Doren, his successor, also soon tired of this semi-civilization and withdrew from College. Henley was the third and last president for the year.

By this time we had learned to play sure-enough football, and when the Class games were over, the eagle of victory was perched on the 1907 standard, where it remains to this day.

But to be a true historian, I must not disguise the fact. So be it known, that a trace of the savage still remained. A new class of savages had entered, and while we had nothing to do with the upper classmen—they were too dignified—the Freshmen were another proposition. They would be the illustrious Sophomores of the next year, therefore they must be made to feel the importance of our Class. This we impressed upon them in a forceful manner.



Too great a change might not have been good for these savages, so we turned our trunks into stakes, our bayonets into tomahawks, and applied the torture, just to remind them of their native customs.

Although we realized our responsibilities, and gave a great deal of our time to directing matters in general about the College, some studying was done.

Time passed quickly, and without the occurrence of any unusual event, we completed the second period of our evolution.

CIVILIZED AGE

The events to be chronicled in this age bring the history up to modern times. We laid aside the self-importance of the semi-civilized age and became studious and quiet;

yet fellows with a jolly good humor, full of fun—philosophers.

A new class of savages now came into existence, but we left their welcome almost entirely to the class which we had so carefully and tenderly trained in the preceding age.

Most of our attention was at once centered on football; the Class Team again brought victory to the 1907 standard, and the first team—Ah! that deserves a history by itself. Not one will ever forget the thrill of pride he experienced when the news came Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 16; Army, 6; or the shouts of exultation when we heard that our old rival, Virginia, had been pushed twice across the goal line by the sturdy Techs. Carolina fared no better and we had won the Southern Championship. The Class of 1907 felt a just and commendable pride in being represented on this team.

Thanksgiving passed and the football season was over. We now began hard, earnest work, for we had a real purpose in view.

Christmas holidays came, and for two weeks we forgot our



troubles in the joy of being at home. Then came the hard part—we must return and delve into the mysteries of Mechanics, Dutch, and other elusive subjects.

Final Examinations came with all their troubles, followed by finals with all their pleasures. This week of gayety passed quickly. Our dream was now to be realized, we were to reach the climax of our existence. Then the President declared the session closed, and at last we became SENIORS.

And now we have entered upon the enlight-
ENLIGHTENED ened age, the last period of our evolution. In
AGE other words, we are Seniors. What visions of

Senior glory, Senior joys, and Senior happiness crowded before our eyes. How proud we felt of our dignity, and of our Senior honors! We had achieved what we thought would be the crowning glory in our lives, we had passed through the Savage, Semi-Civilized, and Civilized Ages and had reached a point at which there seemed nothing more to be desired. But sometimes that which sparkles most brightly disappoints our anticipations.

In our ignorance we supposed ourselves to be entering an ideal fairyland. But what a rude awakening we had: Our Senior honors were accompanied by other things, not always glory, and we soon found it out. There was work, and hard work, cut out for the Senior and we lost no time in getting busy; for this, the last age in our history, should be the most brilliant.

But with the work there was pleasure, too. Class football again brought victory to our team. We had held the championship for three years. The first team made a record worthy of itself and it was with a thrill of pleasure that we saw Varner, Branch, Nutter, Smith, R. W., and Hodgson awarded their V. P's.

Almost before we knew it examinations were upon us. But the Class had worked hard and they did wonderfully well, though some fell under the burden of DUTCH, and here and there one from another cause.

But these little troubles were forgotten in the joys of Christmas holidays. What happiness this time always brings! For two whole weeks nothing to do but show Senior dignity, talk to the girls, and—eat fruit cake.

But all too quickly this came to an end. We were back once more at the dear old Virginia Polytechnic Institute. It was hard to erase from our minds recollections of home and Christmas joys, but we did it; for now we entered upon our last stage as a class.

With nothing to break the monotony of military life, the



months passed, and again booming up before us like some terrible hobgoblin were examinations. Again most of us were victorious and—then the race will be run.

Those who entered as veritable savages, green, ignorant, awkward, will leave with a light military bearing; intelligent, self-possessed, trained men. The story of evolution is complete. The history of the Class of 1907 is now told. There remains only the little word—farewell.

HISTORIAN.



The Long and Short of the Senior Class

Illumination Night

The eve is just as pleasant, Frank,
The paper lanterns burn as bright,
The hearts that beat beneath their glow
Are just as full of pure delight,
As ours were, Frank, four years ago.

The lanterns hang beneath the trees
That screen the star-lit sky from view,
And in the circle of their light
Fair maids, gay youths—a merry crew—
Make glad Illumination Night.

The classes give their good old yells,
And sing again the same old songs;
And up and down the avenue
The ever-gay commencement throngs
Parade as we were wont to do.

The band-stand keeps its same old place;
And when the night begins to wane,
The crowds will join the band-men there
In pouring out the sweet refrain
Of "Auld Lang Syne" upon the air.

Juniors will smile when "Cagie" leads
With "One—two—three—together, now!"
The "Rat" and Soph. amused will be;
But Seniors' heads will lower bow
In painful, prayerful reverie.

And soon the paper lamps will fade,
And darkness o'er the campus reign;
And soon the great red summer sun
will rise o'er Palmer's Hill again;
And e'er it sets, the year 'll be done.

From under-classmen's memory
This night will doubtless vanish soon;
But pleasant scenes, and happy days,
And thoughts inspired by merry June,
The Senior 'll bear in heart always.

P. '07.



BARRACKS IS THE DISTANCE



Class of 1908

Colors

Orange and Black

Officers

L. F. SCHROEDER

President

W. IVES

Vice-President

R. S. HOFFMAN

Secretary

A. E. DORSEY

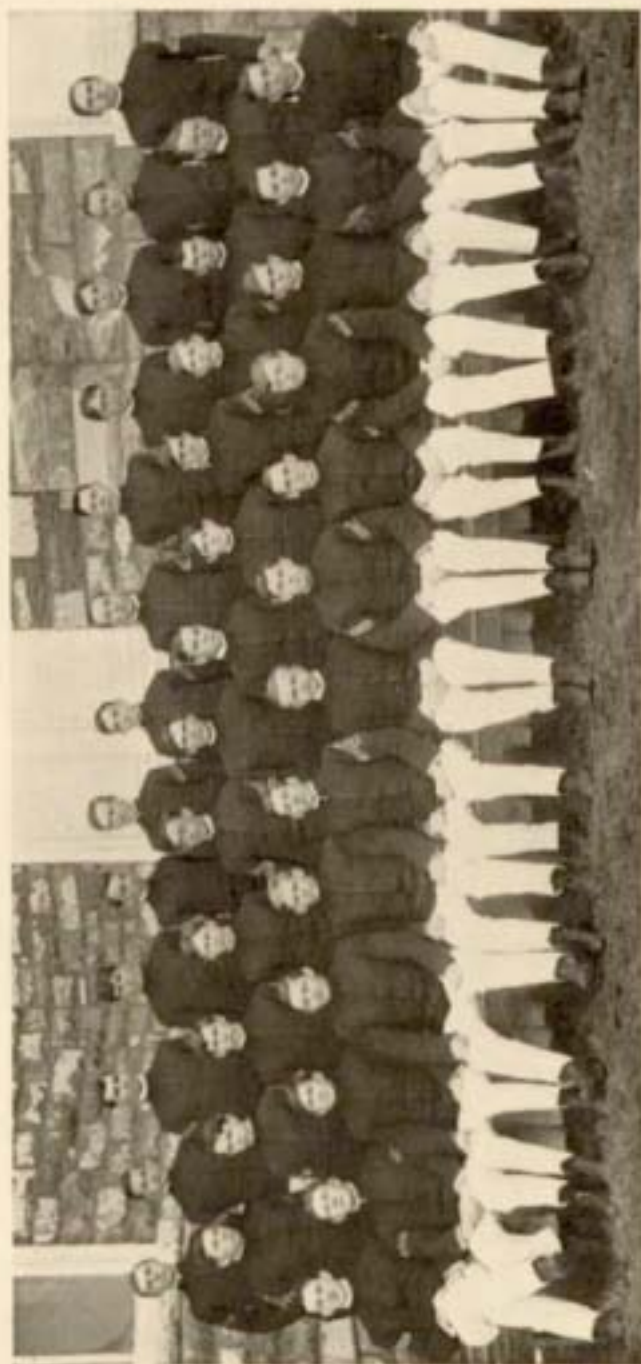
Treasurer

J. T. GRAVES

Sergeant-at-Arms

J. H. HARVELL

Historian



CLASS OF 1948

Members of Junior Class

Alexander, Elias Scarr	Charlotte	North Carolina
Anderson, Ollie Lee	Farmville	Virginia
Armistead, John Alexander	Lennig	Virginia
Beasley, Herbert Charles	Shenandoah	Virginia
Benson, Mahlon Adolphus	Wareneck	Virginia
Bonham, Hugh Goodwin	Chilhowie	Virginia
Cahill, Edward Howard	Norfolk	Virginia
Cale, William Fishburne	Middlebrook	Virginia
Campbell, James W.	Gadsden	Alabama
Campbell, James Lawrence	Bedford City	Virginia
Carson, Oscar Alexander	Peach Bottom	Virginia
Clapp, Theophilus Walton	Abingdon	Virginia
Clarkson, John Abney	Staunton	Virginia
Coffman, Samuel Henry	Keeletown	Virginia
Coker, Samuel Pressly	Society Hill	South Carolina
Cook, Bernard	Roanoke	Virginia
Corr, William Ellis, Jr	Gloucester	Virginia
Creary, Perry McWhorter	Corinth	Mississippi
Crowder, Alexander Norman	South Boston	Virginia
Day, Thurman Oscar	Blowing Rock	North Carolina
Deaton, Claude Haynes	Pocahontas	Virginia
Diffendal, Charles Edward	Danville	Virginia
Dorsey, Archer Edmondson	Houston	Virginia
Fisher, Cecil Henry	Norfolk	Virginia
Glover, Rolfe Eldridge	Richmond	Virginia
Graves, John Thomas	Toshes	Virginia
Hall, Thad Carlton	Hickory	Virginia
Harvell, John Herbert	Norfolk	Virginia
Hellmuth, William Frederick	Alexandria	Virginia
Hoffman, Raymond Sinclair	Alexandria	Virginia
Houston, Claude Edward	Baltimore	Maryland
Ives, William	Portsmouth	Virginia
Jenkins, Oba Rucker	Bluefield	West Virginia
Johnson, Robert Pilson Albert	Alexandria	Virginia
Jones, Frederick William	Gloucester	Virginia
Jones, John Houston, Jr	Corinth	Mississippi
Jordan, Frank Herbert	Draper	Virginia
Leftwich, Irvine Wise	East Radford	Virginia
Leigh, Nathaniel Macon	Petersburg	Virginia
Manson, Ashby, Jr	Warfield	Virginia
Martin, William Stewart	Shenandoah	Virginia
Marye, Ambrose Madison	Shawsville	Virginia
Millard, Charles Preston	Ridley Park	Pennsylvania

Mitchell, John Coleman	Whitmell	Virginia
Monteith, Jimmie Watters	Low Moor	Virginia
McBurney, Ralph	Alexandria	Virginia
McCulloch, John Woodward	Bluefield	West Virginia
Noland, Philip Hazall	Middleburg	Virginia
Paine, Robert Alexander, Jr	Ashland	Virginia
Parsons, George Lake	Richmond	Virginia
Poole, Robert Sheffey	Pocahontas	Virginia
Powell, John Dalrymple	Portsmouth	Virginia
Price, Samuel Jones	Gladys	Virginia
Schröder, Louis Frederick	Richmond	Virginia
Scott, Richard Christian	Forest Depot	Virginia
Sheppard, Cleveland Edward	Rice	Virginia
Smith, James Miller	Petersburg	Virginia
Stone, George Carter	Hurt	Virginia
Stringfellow, John Stanton	Norfolk	Virginia
Trolinger, Ferdinand Harvey	Riner	Virginia
Walker, Charles Baylor	Danville	Virginia
Wilbourne, Robert Graham	Johnson City	Tennessee
Wood, Cecil	Hampton	Virginia
Yonge, William Kenton	Richmond	Virginia





A FAMILIAR TREE IN THE ROAD



SOPHS

Class of 1909

Colors

Old Gold and Royal Purple

Officers

J. L. BAUM
President

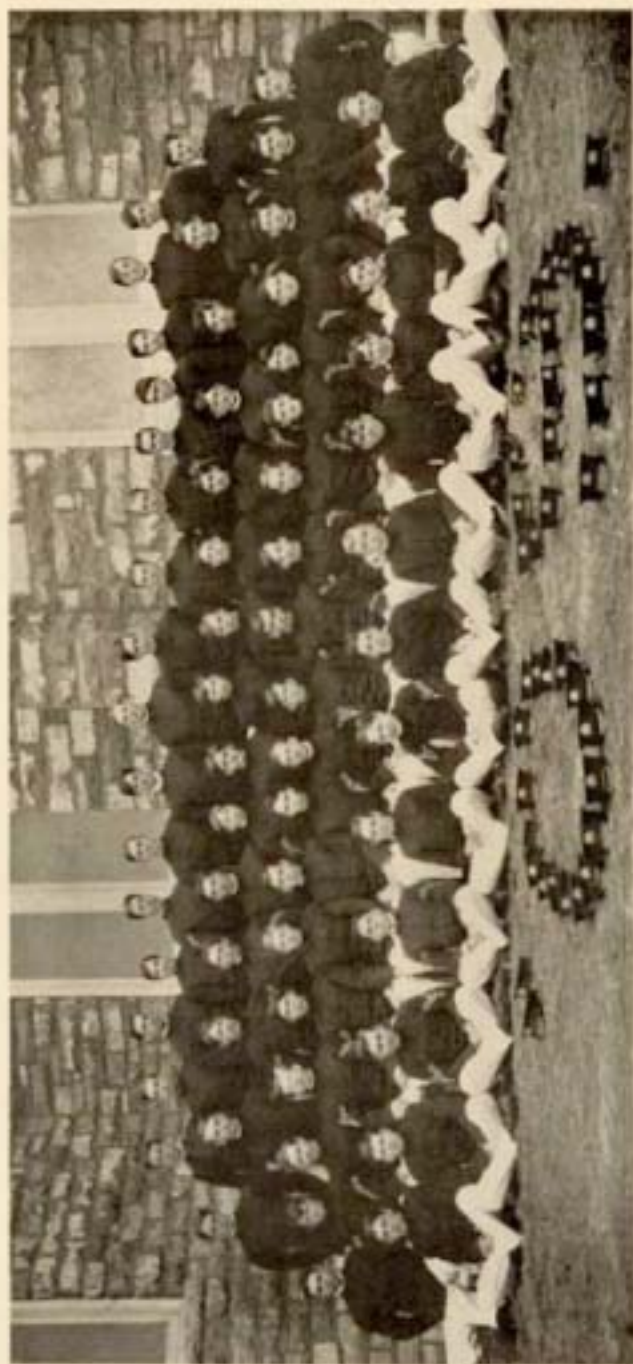
F. E. SAUNDERS
Vice-President

W. B. MARTIN
Secretary

P. P. HUFFARD
Treasurer

J. W. C. CATLETT
Sergeant-at-Arms

R. C. KENT
Historian



CLASS OF 1909

Members of Sophomore Class

Adams, William Wallace	Danville	Virginia
Ainslie, Edward Cone	Richmond	Virginia
Arrington, Winfree Lloyd	Montvale	Virginia
Artman, George Blaine	Suffolk	Virginia
Austin, Arthur Donald	Roanoke	Virginia
Addison, Arthur Downing	Eastville	Virginia
Bailey, Ernest Lawrence	Dott	West Virginia
Baker, Gordon Kenneth	Berkeley	Virginia
Baum, Jacob Lauer	Harrisburg	Pennsylvania
Beal, Frank	Tunstall	Virginia
Beal, John	Tunstall	Virginia
Bleckidge, Sidney	Pulaski	Virginia
Boggs, Robert Morris	Bristol	Virginia
Bowen, Edward Withers	Danville	Virginia
Brown, Henry Sewall	Evanston	Illinois
Blaine, John Steven	Deerfield	Virginia
Calvert, Raymond Arthur	N. Bloomfield	New York
Campbell, Theodorick Pryor	Blacksburg	Virginia
Carpenter, Jerry	Lynchburg	Virginia
Carter, John Waddie, Jr.	Martinsville	Virginia
Cash, Frank Errette	Eagle Rock	Virginia
Catlett, John Walker Carter	Bridges	Virginia
Chalkley, Thomas Vernon	Richmond	Virginia
Chandlee, Robert Hunter	Richmond	Virginia
Clark, John Lyell	Richmond	Virginia
Clark, Roland Hopkins	Phoebus	Virginia
Cochran, John Henry	The Plains	Virginia
Cooke, George Swayze	Norton	Virginia
Cosby, Roscoe Roy	Richmond	Virginia
Cowherd, Benjamin Rush	Columbia	Virginia
Cox, John Johnston	Corinth	Mississippi
Cudlipp, Frederick Olof	Blacksburg	Virginia
Chewing, Henry Magruder	Berkley Ward	Virginia
Dammann, Carl Siler	Memphis	Tennessee
Davidson, Eugene Mortimer	Tazewell	Virginia
Duffhey, John Brown	Rattle Creek	Nebraska
Du Val, Richard Adams	Lynchburg	Virginia
Edwards, John W	Arvonia	Virginia
Ellis, Wilfred Mortimer	Richmond	Virginia
Eoff, Matthew Hale Houston	Christiansburg	Virginia
Evans, George Septimus	Concord	Virginia
Ennis, John Gorden	Portsmouth	Virginia
Fary, Bernard Ashton	West Point	Virginia
Flagg, William Dandridge	McDuff	Virginia
Fitzpatrick, Guy	Washington	District of Columbia
Gardner, Harry Hampton	Christiansburg	Virginia
Giles, Egbert Leigh	Richmond	Virginia
Hall, Joseph Walton	Gordonsville	Virginia

Harman, John Henry	Vicar's Switch	Virginia
Harris, Alexander	Alexandria	Virginia
Healy, Evelyn Turner	Matthews	Virginia
Henderson, Zack Grogan	Elliston	Virginia
Hicks, Thomas Paret	Rockville	Maryland
Hoofnagle, William Thomas	Ashland	Virginia
Howard, Henry Thomas	Newport News	Virginia
Howard, Thomas Clyde	Woodlawn	Virginia
Huffard, Paul Phillippi	Wytheville	Virginia
Hutchinson, Henry Hoge	Staunton	Virginia
Hunter, William Percy	Fredericksburg	Virginia
Isaac, Louis Charles	Norfolk	Virginia
Jackson, William Congreve	Richmond	Virginia
James, Fleet Henderson	Round Hill	Virginia
Jewett, John Motley	Ivanhoe	Virginia
Jones, John Porter	Raccoon Falls	Virginia
Jones, Edward Tilley	Berkeley Station	Virginia
Jones, Wesley Tilley	Berkeley Station	Virginia
Johnston, Rufus Murray	Charlotte	North Carolina
Jordan, Henry Grady	Greenville	South Carolina
Jennings, John Cecil	Camp	Virginia
Jennings, George Meredith	Roanoke	Virginia
Keesee, James Edward	Keeling	Virginia
Kelsey, Victor Vivion	Blacksburg	Virginia
Kelsey, Vane Eugene	Blacksburg	Virginia
Kent, Robert Craig	Wytheville	Virginia
King, Herbert McGowan	Richmond	Virginia
Klepper, Frank	Norfolk	Virginia
LeStourgeon, Arthur Lloyd	Farmville	Virginia
La Prade, Benjamin Watkins	Mosley's Junction	Virginia
Lake, Maury Montgomery	Jeffersonton	Virginia
Luttrell, Joseph Talmage	Falls Church	Virginia
Lane, Harry Martin	West Esmont	Virginia
Martin, Walter Bramlette	Glade Springs	Virginia
Meade, Hodijah	Amelia	Virginia
Meyer, Clarence Charles	Georgetown	South Carolina
Miller, Frederick	Forest Depot	Virginia
Moss, William Dallas	Huguenot	Virginia
Munford, John Henry	Richmond	Virginia
Myers, Clayton Reid	Cambria	Virginia
Myers, Rolland	Buena Vista	Virginia
Martin, D. D	Gordonsville	Virginia
Moore, Lloyd Given	Staunton	Virginia
McGraw, William Sommers	Richmond	Virginia
McMurrain, Stockton Mosby	Lynchburg	Virginia
Nicholson, Ernest	Schenectady	New York
Northfleet, Henry Grady	Port Norfolk	Virginia
Nutter, James Arthur	Charleston	West Virginia
Obias, Ismael Amado	Matanzas	Cuba
Palmer, Jacob Long	Harrisonburg	Virginia
Pettyjohn, James Blaine	Birmingham	Alabama

Pool, Flournoy Petty	Gladys	Virginia
Planas, Francisco	Havana	Cuba
Rogers, Edward Pou	Florence	South Carolina
Rogers, Frank Hume	Alexandria	Virginia
Rogers, Howard Cade	Branchville	Virginia
Rogers, Mark Wilson	Roanoke	Virginia
Rogers, William Mabone	Petersburg	Virginia
Ross, Taylor Lybrook	Elamsville	Virginia
Sheppard, James R	Richmond	Virginia
Saunders, Frank Edwards	Leesburg	Virginia
Scott, Eugene Wiley	Austell	Georgia
Scott, George Ryland	Tappahannock	Virginia
Shorter, James Frank	Tola	Virginia
Sinclair, Charles Lockey	Tabb	Virginia
Singer, John Lewis	Staunton	Virginia
Smith, Charles Lowe	Richmond	Virginia
Snidow, John Jacob	Pembroke	Virginia
Somerville, Atwell, Jr	Mitchells	Virginia
Stickley, Landon Cutler	Woodstock	Virginia
Stigall, Archer Lee	Sutherland	Virginia
Sugden, Charles Edward	Hampton	Virginia
Stiles, Herbert Newton	Elliston	Virginia
Schaeffer, Frederick August	Lynchburg	Virginia
Tebbs, William Lynch	Leesburg	Virginia
Thomas, Harry Davis	Clifton Forge	Virginia
Thomas, Race	Decatur	Illinois
Tillette, Hugh Albert	Pæonian Springs	Virginia
Tilghman, Merrill Howard	Norfolk	Virginia
Tuck, Howard Irving	Cluster Springs	Virginia
Uhler, Alfred Griffith	Alexandria	Virginia
Vaught, Walter Augustus	Newport	Virginia
Villafranca, George	San Jose	Costa Rica
Villafranca, Richard	San Jose	Costa Rica
Walker, Alvan Grason	Montvale	Virginia
Walker, Clarence Gaston	Bramwell	West Virginia
Walker, Louis Ernest	Richmond	Virginia
Washer, Louis, Jr	Richmond	Virginia
Watkins, Clarence Lockett	Alexandria	Virginia
Watson, John Wilbur	Chatham	Virginia
Watson, Nell Hugh	Lexington	Virginia
Weiss, Otto Herman	Deep Creek	Virginia
Westelaken, Frank P. van de	Alexandria	Virginia
Williams, Ellison Adger	Charleston	South Carolina
Willis, Albert Edwin	Lynchburg	Virginia
Wood, William Thomas	Norfolk	Virginia
Worfolk, Clarence Alexander	Richmond	Virginia
Worthington, Gustave Tucker	Washington	District of Columbia
Wright, Reyden Eastwood	Churchland	Virginia
White, Elcon Odell	Hardware	Virginia
Young, Hubert Farris	Corinth	Mississippi
Yuille, Alexander Massie	Tyro	Virginia

UPON ARRIVAL AT THE CAMPUS



WHAT SHALL I DO?



ONE CONSOLATION
WE HAVE THE OLD
BOYS BEHIND US.

Class of 1910

Colors

Chocolate and Cream

Officers

A. G. ALDER
President

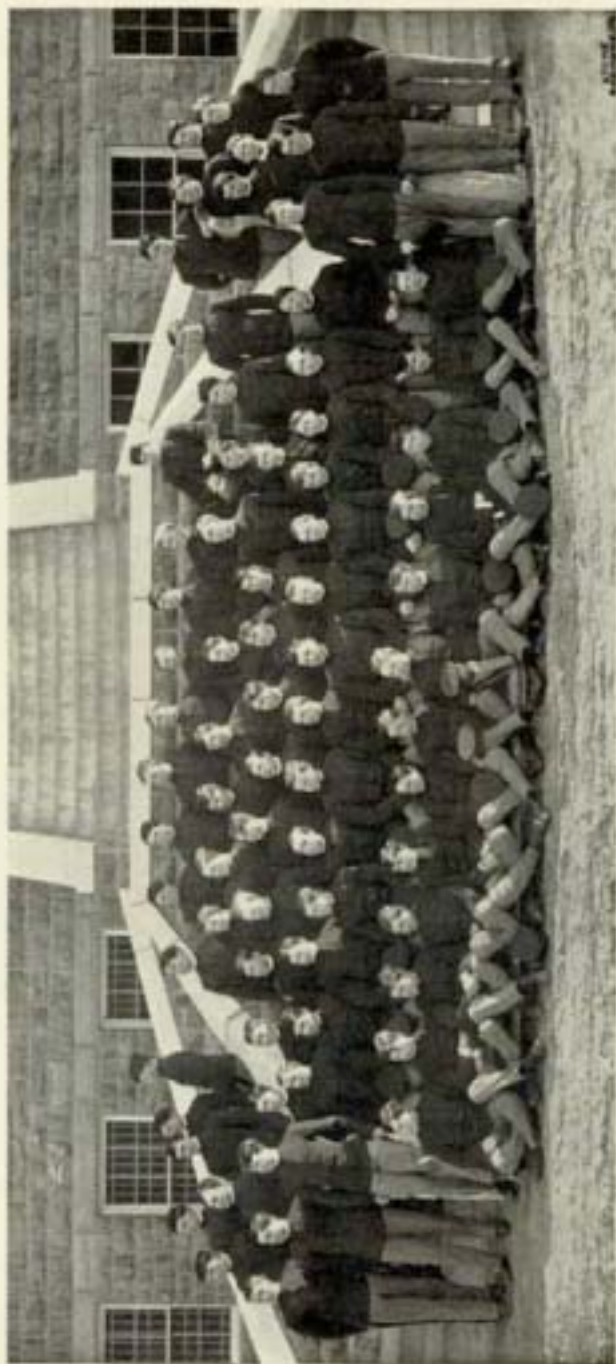
W. B. DAVIS
Vice-President

J. D. HAMILTON
Secretary

E. T. BURR
Treasurer

M. M. GOODWIN
Sergeant-at-Arms

B. Y. READ
Historian



CLASS OF 1914

Members of Freshman Class

Aaron, John Henry	Bristol	Virginia
Adkerson, Wilfred Clyde	Lynchburg	Virginia
Alder, Albert Garland	Brunswick	Maryland
Allen, John Wickman	Covington	Virginia
Alvarez, Lorenzo Justiano*	San Domingo	San Domingo
Anderson, Leland Boerhaave	Noel	Virginia
Andrews, Robert Harrison	Roanoke	Virginia
Apperson, Luther Hepburn	Tunstall	Virginia
Babcock, Thomas Homer	West Appomattox	Virginia
Ballard, Francis Stribling	Newport News	Virginia
Banks, Lawrence Iselt	Victoria	Virginia
Barnes, Earlbert Eastman	Washington	District of Columbia
Baxter, Bruce Baum	Hickory	Virginia
Beattie, Minton Jackson	Annandale	Virginia
Billups, Henry Evans	Norfolk	Virginia
Bishop, Oakley Maurice	Riner	Virginia
Blackburn, James Marquis	Staunton	Virginia
Bower, William Henry	Hollins	Virginia
Bowman, Louis	Richmond	Virginia
Breckinridge, John	Fincastle	Virginia
Briggs, Charles Norborne	Emporia	Virginia
Briscoe, James Francis	Front Royal	Virginia
Brooking, Grover Cleveland	Orange	Virginia
Brower, William John	Staunton	Virginia
Brown, James Lanie	Elkwood	Virginia
Brown, Samuel Carter	Danville	Virginia
Brown, William Johnson	Bristol	Virginia
Brown, Waller Poage	Wytheville	Virginia
Bromfield, Frank Coleman	Nace	Virginia
Burr, Edward Tremont	Danville	Virginia
Buxton, James Arnold	Newport News	Virginia
Cale, George Franklyn	Middlebrook	Virginia
Catlin, William	Chestnut Hill	Virginia
Chapin, Judson Kerfoot	Bluemont	Virginia
Chapin, John Lincoln	Bluemont	Virginia
Chappell, Edward Westray	Waverly	Virginia
Chrisman, Arthur Bowie	White Post	Virginia
Clapp, William Barnett	Abingdon	Virginia
Cleaton, Marvin Luther	Portsmouth	Virginia
Cohron, John Tobias	Stuart's Draft	Virginia
Coleman, Frederick Page	South Boston	Virginia
Connolly, Frederick William	Scranton	Pennsylvania
Cook, Archie Burton	Blacksburg	Virginia
Cooke, Cosby Crittenden	Clifton Forge	Virginia
Cooper, Joseph Harvey	Bristol	Virginia
Crespi, Gilbert Vivian	Punta Renas	Costa Rica
Crismond, Joseph	Fredericksburg	Virginia

Crowder, Carl Giles	Blacksburg	Virginia
Crumpacker, William Lesley	Blacksburg	Virginia
Dameron, George Lewis	Amherst	Virginia
Davies, Herbert Arthur	Roanoke	Virginia
Davis, Adam Clark, Jr	Goldsboro	North Carolina
Davis, Winston Bozel	Newport News	Virginia
Davis, James Lucius	True Blue	Virginia
Deans, Lorenzo Arrington, Jr	Churchland	Virginia
Dexter, Francis Earle	Campville	New York
Drumeller, William Francis	Barton Heights	Virginia
Dunlap, William Henry	Boyce	Virginia
Dunlap, Libburn	Christiansburg	Virginia
Dunlap, Clarence Milton	Kerr's Creek	Virginia
Early, Harry Edward	Galax	Virginia
Edmunds, Meade Castleton	Champe	Virginia
Elliott, Willis Thomas	Norfolk	Virginia
Estridge, Alfred A., Jr	Staunton	Virginia
Evans, Andrew Browne	Laneview	Virginia
Fitzgerald, Guy Egard	Chatham	Virginia
Forbes, Charles Wesley	Culpeper	Virginia
Ford, Herbert Moorman	Lynchburg	Virginia
Foreman, John Henry	Indian Creek	Virginia
Francis, Thomas Earnest	Burkeville	Virginia
Francis, William Sydnor	Hamilton	Virginia
Frankenfield, Mason Wayne	Pageton	West Virginia
Fry, David Warner	Achsah	Virginia
Fulton, Lester Vernon	Wise	Virginia
Gayle, Mordecai Waller, Jr	Newport News	Virginia
Gibbs, Aubrey Gravatt	Port Royal	Virginia
Gillespie, Berkeley	Tazewell	Virginia
Goodman, Max	Pocahontas	Virginia
Goodwyn, Meade M	Emporia	Virginia
Gordon, Harry Bennie	Oak Ridge	Virginia
Hamilton, John Donald	Newport News	Virginia
Harbeson, Gartrell Maria	Bluefield	West Virginia
Harman, Everette McDowell	Lynchburg	Virginia
Harnsberger, William Ingles	Grottoes	Virginia
Harrison, John Williams	Cartersville	Virginia
Harth, Le Roy David	Knoxville	Tennessee
Hawkins, Herman Bruce	Suffolk	Virginia
Heath, John Murphy	Naruna	Virginia
Hicks, Rufus Williams	Fincastle	Virginia
Holmes, Henry Hart	Pulaski	Virginia
Holt, Harry Preston	Lynchburg	Virginia
Homes, William Albert	Boydton	Virginia
Horton, James Herman	New York	New York
Hubbard, Henley Radcliffe	Williamsburg	Virginia
Hubbard, Miles Falkiner	Williamsburg	Virginia
Huddleston, John Lester	White Sul. Sp'gs	West Virginia
Hultman, Edgar J. W.	Sweet Hall	Virginia
Hunter, Thomas Benjamin	Gladys	Virginia

Ingram, William Priddy	Charlotte	Virginia
Isbell, Edward Anderson	East Richmond	Virginia
Jeffries, McChesney Hill	Norfolk	Virginia
Jenkins, William Yancey, Jr	Ashland	Virginia
Jennings, Charles Henry, Jr	Abingdon	Virginia
Jennings, George Meredith	Roanoke	Virginia
Johnson, Edgar Mitchell	Parksley	Virginia
Johnson, Frank Maupin	Churchland	Virginia
Jones, Alpheus Seybert	Doe Hill	Virginia
Jones, Harry Gullford	Doe Hill	Virginia
Jones, Catesby Graham	Gloucester	Virginia
Jones, William Strother, Jr	Trenton	New Jersey
Kane, Patrick Lee	Gate City	Virginia
Kelsey, John Walter	Blacksburg	Virginia
Kerns, Burton	Sutherlin	Virginia
Lacy, Thomas Lawrence	Winston-Salem	North Carolina
Lake, Samuel Rodgers	North Fork	Virginia
Lamb, Frank Beverley	Richmond	Virginia
Lane, Edward Hudson	West Esmont	Virginia
Lash, Edward Malvin	Newport News	Virginia
Lawson, Fayette Earl	Williamson	West Virginia
Lee, Robert Henry	Rocky Mount	Virginia
Lee, Willoughby Andrew	Studley	Virginia
Leech, Emmett Russell	Sherwood	Virginia
Leftwich, William J. W	Williamson	West Virginia
Lewis, Edward Bathurst	Howardsville	Virginia
Litz, Robert Preston	Coeburn	Virginia
Livingston, Rosser Virginia	Livingston	South Carolina
Logan, John	Lynchburg	Virginia
Long, Reuben Benjamin	Luray	Virginia
Long, Wilton Bapter	Big Island	Virginia
Lucas, James Burleigh	Childress	Virginia
Lueckel, William John	Kalamazoo	Michigan
Main, Frederick Clifton	Wytheville	Virginia
Major, Langdon Cave	Culpeper	Virginia
Malm, Carl Paul Alfred	Newport News	Virginia
Manry, Wilbur Jordan	Courtland	Virginia
Martin, John Johnston	Buchanan	Virginia
Massie, Caesar Pancratius	Richmond	Virginia
Menefee, Thomas Kenley	Danville	Virginia
Montgomery, William Maule	Clare	Virginia
Moss, John Hill	Buckingham	Virginia
Musgrave, Joseph Simmons	Pinopolis	Virginia
McCormick, James M., Jr	Berryville	Virginia
McCray, Robert Janney	Paeonian Springs	Virginia
McCue, James Massie	Richmond	Virginia
McGeorge, William Rebanan	Richmond	Virginia
McLendon, Jack	Marlin	Texas
McTier, Andrew Hamilton	Blacksburg	Virginia
Neblett, Stirling Rives	Ford	Virginia
Nester, James Lester	Abingdon	Virginia

Noble, Edward Wright	Richmond	Virginia
Norcom, Edmund Halsey	Greenville	South Carolina
Orduna, Alberto	Havana	Cuba
Overman, Edward, Jr.	Portsmouth	Virginia
Owen, Louis Hooper	Lynchburg	Virginia
Painter, Heath Campbell	Pulaski	Virginia
Pancoast, Edward Fenton	Silcott's Springs	Virginia
Parsons, Richard Campbell	Johnson City	Tennessee
Patterson, George W., Jr.	Manteo	Virginia
Pattison, Raymond Watson	Knoxville	Tennessee
Pendleton, Harry Leigh	Ashland	Virginia
Persinger, Alexander Brown	Saltpetre Cave	Virginia
Pitts, David Marion	Elk Hill	Virginia
Porter, Lawrence Ashton	Portsmouth	Virginia
Pottage, John	News Ferry	Virginia
Powers, Harry Pendleton	White Post	Virginia
Pritchard, Newbell D	Wightman	Virginia
Ramey, Frederick	Blacksburg	Virginia
Rathell, Warren Carpenter	Wye Mills	Maryland
Rawlings, Malcolm Jellis	Richmond	Virginia
Read, Burton Young	Washington	District of Columbia
Redd, John, Jr.	Sutherland	Virginia
Redshaw, Joseph Gaunt, Jr.	Lynn	Massachusetts
Reynolds, G. S.		
Riggs, Harold Ashby	Annandale	Virginia
Rives, Frank Herbert	Norfolk	Virginia
Roberts, Richmond Roscoe	Wise	Virginia
Robertson, Gholson Glasgow	Richmond	Virginia
Robinson, Russell Moore	Bowling Green	Virginia
Roderick, Walter Edmund	Buchanan	Virginia
Rogers, Frank Mandeville	Florence	South Carolina
Rogers, J. F.	Macon	Georgia
Routh, Esse Edgar	Saltville	Virginia
Russell, William Henry	La Salle	Illinois
Saut, Alan William	Norfolk	Virginia
Sears, John Edward	Appomattox	Virginia
Sedivy, G	Marmora	Virginia
Shields, Robert Douglas	Williamson	West Virginia
Shockey, Joseph Porter	McComas	West Virginia
Skinner, James	Halfway	Virginia
Slayton, Clarence Harvey	Page	West Virginia
Smith, Bernard Lewis	Richmond	Virginia
Smith, Judson Taylor	Stuart's Draft	Virginia
Stone, Gaylord Joseph	Wytheville	Virginia
Stoneburner, Frank Curtis	Edinburg	Virginia
Sutton, Louis Valvelle	Petersburg	Virginia
Swecker, Claude Eugene	Wytheville	Virginia
Taylor, Clinton George	Danville	Virginia
Taylor, Haywood Marion	Fletcher	Virginia
Taylor, John William	Beulahville	Virginia
Thorp, James Steedman	Buckland	Virginia

Timmons, Isaac Robert	Columbia	South Carolina
Turlington, John Ames	Fair Oaks	Virginia
Vawter, John Rudisill	Ansted	West Virginia
Walker, Charles Martin	Blacksburg	Virginia
Walker, Luther Sommers, Jr.	Woodstock	Virginia
Walkey, Daniel Webster	Norfolk	Virginia
Warden, Arthur Hills	Bristol	Virginia
Waring, Robert Payne	Memphis	Tennessee
Watkins, Richard Venable	South Boston	Virginia
Watts, Lucien Jess	Charleston	West Virginia
West, John Jefferson	Byrdville	Virginia
Whitlock, Otis Hillsman	Tobaccoville	Virginia
Williams, John Ebenezer	Merrimac	West Virginia
Williams, Irvine Alexander	Richmond	Virginia
Willis, Andrew Hunter	Middleway	Virginia
Wilson, Charles Vineyard	Lewisburg	West Virginia
Wilson, Eugene Munson	Scranton	Pennsylvania
Wilson, Harry Herbert	Fancy Hill	Virginia
Wilson, Monroe Osborne	Keysville	Virginia
Wingo, John Richard	Jetersville	Virginia
Womack, Henry Archer	Amsterdam	Georgia
Wright, Thomas R. B.	Tappahannock	Virginia
Wynor, Davidson Chariton	Dublin	Virginia
Yancey, Frederick Holmes	South Boston	Virginia
Zimmerman, Alfred David	Irving	Virginia



Heavy and Light Weights—Freeman Chen



In Memoriam

J. LAWRENCE ALVEREZ

San Domingo, San Domingo

DIED FEBRUARY 9th, 1907



LITERARY
DEPARTMENT



The Ter-Centennial of Jamestown



JAMESTOWN ISLAND may be abandoned, partly washed away by the floods of centuries, and overgrown by rank weeds and clambering vines. Nevertheless it is a spot dear to the heart of every Virginian who glories in the hard beginnings and matchless past of his State. After all it is not more changed from its aspect of three hundred years ago than are the spots where the Dutch first settled New Amsterdam, or the Pilgrims, Plymouth Rock. If, in the interim, it has almost returned to a state of nature, their identity has been destroyed by the tread of many feet and the busy

activities of modern days.

The only thing still remaining about any of these places is our sentiment of deep veneration for the spots where our history began, the pious wish to preserve their memories to our posterity, and their stimulation of our imaginations to the effort to picture their long dead tenants and the scenes by which they were surrounded. If these

" Dead but sceptered monarchs,
Who still rule us from their urns"

do indeed look down upon our imaginings of how they and the things about them looked, grotesque indeed must be the attempt in their sight, for the rush of civilization and progress, in the interim since their day and time, has been such that they and their doings are almost if not quite beyond our true conception. Yet, it is but right that we should make the effort. The debt of gratitude we owe to them is beyond compute. The value of their examples in courage, endurance, self-sacrifice and patriotism, is inestimable.

It is peculiarly appropriate that Virginia's sons should at this time set high the standard of her ancient prestige and rally around it, determined that her future shall be worthy of her past. A fate that was indeed hard, but perhaps inexorable, has led her for forty years through a sad vale of adversity " out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage." In the effort to assert her ancient sovereign rights she was as ever foremost in battle and bore the brunt of our great Civil conflict. Then, as ever in her past, her sons took their place as leaders, and she attained

the high water mark as mother of soldiers as well as statesmen. She was defeated, but the story of the men and deeds she gave to the world will live so long as men prize valor and constancy among the highest of manly virtues. Just as the part she bore was most prominent, so her burden of penalties for that part was greatest. Her territory was partitioned against her will. Alien authority was established over her. Her slaves were invested with franchise while her best and bravest were disfranchised. Her treasury was left bankrupt, and her people were compelled to work out their problems of recuperation under every disadvantage that folly and malice could suggest. †

Is it any wonder that for a time the light of Virginia was obscured—that her influence in federal affairs was lost—that her greatness seemed altogether a thing of the past—that hope for the future seemed dead?

Yet the time has come at last when it looks as if Virginia may, in the near future, lift her head and assume her ancient position in the American Commonwealth. Prosperity is rapidly returning to her. She is once more in the possession of those who ought to prize her thrift most and feel most exultation in her rehabilitation. It is no time for dwelling on the wrongs she has suffered, the mistakes that have been made, or past divisions among her own sons as to her internal management. They may all now unite fraternally in thanks to God for what is left to her, and resolve ever to keep in mind the high examples of her old leaders, to inspire them all in a united effort to advance her destinies to the forefront of states henceforth.

The Jamestown Celebration comes at a time when no angry political divisions make dissensions hot between her people—when the restraints of party sit more lightly upon men than they have done for many years—when there is less of sectionalism—less of race prejudice, less of acrimony in all political life than there has been for a century. Even differences concerning the appropriate place and manner of this great Celebration must be forgotten now in the face of settled and adopted plans, by all who love Virginia. There is no excuse on which any of her loyal sons may hold aloof from this great opportunity to remind the world what she has been, as an assurance of what she will be. The world has responded generously to her call, and will be represented there as it has seldom been at any like event. The place selected is as grand a setting as was ever chosen for a great performance.

Infinite restoration in population and prosperity to Virginia waits upon the success of the Jamestown Celebration. In the light of this let every Virginian resolve that from this time forth until its close the aim of his life shall be to love his brother Virginian as himself, to forget all differences that have ever divided them, to unite heartily with every other Virginian in making this exhibition a great success, redounding to her infinite credit, impressing the world that Virginia can not fail to regain any lost prestige because her people present to the world the

spectacle of a community which places love and duty to the state above all other considerations.

Such a spectacle as this will do more to bring population, capital, and all the grand old Commonwealth now lacks, back to her borders, than any material display that can be devised.

When the world appreciates that in Virginia, fraternity, loyalty, and the resolve of mutual assistance are coupled with the supreme devotion of Virginians to their State, it will see her arms opened as never before to welcome it to participate permanently in her untold blessings and her great renown.

J. S. W.

A Dirge

O errant wind, on thy wanton way,
List to the words that my heart would say;
They have laid my love where the lilacs blow,
And the cherry blossoms make drifts of snow.

O blowing wind, under summer skies,
Under the green sod now she lies.
Sing to her softly, as thou canst sing,
Faint be the voice of thy murmuring.

When the night comes down and the shadows fall,
And the earth lies hushed 'neath a sable pall,
Croon to her gently a song of old,
Fraught with the burden of love untold.

O wind of the night, come from ocean caves,
Fresh with the mist of the restless waves,
Sing her thy song with its sad, sad strain,
Till she awake from sleep again.

E. B. S.

The Whip-Poor-Will

On summer nights, when sleeping lie the meadows,
And busy sounds of day are hushed and still,
When in the woods throng dark, mysterious shadows,
I hear thy plaintive note, O Whip-Poor-Will!

Deep in the shadow of yon giant cedar,
Secure from human eye, thou wild, shy thing!
Thy thrilling note needs naught of song or meter,
Thou strikest human chords; thou dost not sing.

The stream near by goes rushing to the river,
The stars shine down serenely over all,
While on the soul rush thoughts of the "Forever"
That seem embodied in thy flute-like call.

The heart responds to natures' many voices,
Of which thy call is one, O Whip-Poor-Will;
And, as with song of lark the soul rejoices,
Thou sayest to wearied spirits, "Peace—be still!"

From hidden depths thy plaintive note is uttered;
Clear, patient, calm, it strikes upon the soul;
And wearied hearts that rose and fell and fluttered,
From thee may learn the secret of control.



Amid the stillness of earth's quiet places,
We hear the sounds the world's loud
clamors still;
Far from the haunts of human griefs and
faces,
I learn thy message, O sweet Whip-Poor-
Will!

C. B. PRESTON.



How not unlike some of the scenes.
The affairs of the various important towns.

SEVENTH

Let not the scenes that interest be sought.
On grounds of Liberty have reached there.

Rosa



Pretty Rosa's very fair—
Fair to see.

Eyes she has of azure blue,
Tresses of a golden hue,
Cheeks all dimpled, rosy too.

Neat is she;
And she moves with such an air,
That it fills us with delight
Just to look upon the sight,
Really.

That she has a lovely face,
All agree.
Sweet eyes nestle underneath
High-arched brows; such pearly teeth
Her gentle, smiling lips inwreath,
Surely we
Would be under no disgrace,
If almost a raid we planned,
When we find her just at hand—
Don't you see?

Young and old admire the ease
Of her play;
She is fond of outdoor sport—
Walking, tennis, ev'ry sort—
You might find her on the court
Any day.
Did you ever see her tease?
Fond of fun, but not too much,
She would never hurt you—such
Is her way.

Rosa has home talents too,
Well we know:
Needle work is her delight;
 Oft she brings it out at night—
'Tis a very pretty sight—
Truly so.

Girls who do such things are few
In these days of boundless pleasure,
Which they seek in fullest measure
As they go.

But we think her chiefest charm,
After all,
Is her tactful self-control;
 Surely she will reach the goal
Set before each striving soul
Since the fall.
May she never meet with harm!
 But a long and happy life
 Be her portion in this strife,
 Ere her call!

BRADSHAW B. COX, '98.



Mr. Punkin Talks of Automobiles



YUH don't look a bit well this evenin', Uncle Tobe," said Mr. Risley, as he forked up a couple of salt herrings and handed them to Mrs. Bixley's hired girl. "I'm afraid yo' rheumatism is botherin' ov yuh."

"Naw," said Mr. Punkin sadly, "it ain't that; I'm sort ov rattled, an' it's th' fust time I've ben rattled sence I stood up t' git married."

"How come it?" Euky Mears wanted to know.

"Well, Abednego Hawkins tuk me out in his ortermobile this evenin', an' I'm somewhat shuk up. I dreamt' on one occashun, after I had ben to th' Grangers' Annual Banquet, that I was carried away on th' tail ov a comet; an' this hyuh ortermobile sennashun is jist th' same. I found myse'f in th' same sort ov a cold sweat when I was through each time. I warn't built fur flyin' an' I don't feel good at it. It's only durin' th' past few years that these things have ben heered ov. They air makin' 'em faster an' faster ev'ry year, an' befo' long I expect t' hear ov one being made to go so fast that it will be back agin befo' it starts.

"I was settin' on my front po'ch, at peace with th' world, 'bout fo' 'clock this afternoon, when who should ride up hut Abednego. Sez he, 'Mr. Punkin, how 'bout a spin?' 'I ain't no top,' sez I, 'ef I do git dizzy sometimes.' 'Well, come, jump in; I'll take yuh over t' Goshen.' 'T' Goshen,' sez I, 'it's twenty-two mile an' better.' 'That's me,' he sez, 'Craw. abo'd.' Sho' 'nough, that's what I done; I crawled abo'd. With timber legs like mine I couldn't do nothin' else. Abednego h'listed me in and sot me down outuh a cushion and sbet th' do', leavin' me in thar by myse'f. I got a s'pishun right away. I know'd I was guin' t' repent ov ever gittin' in thar. Then Abednego 'cranked' her; yes, suh, wound her up like a clock. You have to wind 'em up t' make 'em go, but nothin, short ov pra'rs will stop 'em. When he had finished windin' ov her, in he jumped, an' we sot thar while th' engine caught her breath. 'Chug, chug, chug,' she went like a horse with th' heaves. Then she had a spasm or two an' tuk notice. Th' atmosphere got thick an' I felt myse'f choikin' up with greasy air. 'I'll have t' git out,' sez I; 'I'm feelin' faint.' 'That's all right,' sez Abednego, 'That's th' benzine, you won't notice it pres'ny.' 'I know that,' sez I; 'pres'ny I won't notice nothin'; I wouldn't know th' moon ef I run intuh it. I wish I had a lemon an' a pint of whiskey; that's what I wish.' Abednego said nothin', only he put his foot on a knob in th' flo', his right hand on a sort ov a

crowbar, his left hand on a wheel; an' he worked 'em all at once, while with his wheel hand he blow'd a horn—"

"Blow'd a horn," interrupted Heck Shamblin, "with his hand?"

"Yes, Heck, he blow'd a horn with his hand; how does th' ingineer on a train blow a horn? with his eyes? Or co'se he blow'd it with his hand. But t' go on with th' story. We jogged through th' village at a good lick, doin' no fu'ther damage than ruinin' a baby carriage an' killin' a couple ov ducks; an' I must confess, I ruther enjoyed th' spo't. I warn't ruuinin' th' machine an' didn't have t' settle with any ov th' owners.

"Pres'ny we hit th' big road, an' fuh a stretch ov three mile thar warn't a obstickle in sight. I wished thar had ov ben. I prayed befo' I got home that a stone wall would grow up in th' middle ov th' road. I felt a thousand times on that journey just as I uster feel when I was a boy playin' hooky from school an' had a good lickin' comin' t' me. When we got t' th' brow ov that hill in front ov Billy Rigginses place, Abednego said t' me, 'Hold on t' yo' years, Mr. Punkin, I'm goin' t' let her out.' An' ridiculous as it may seem, I grabbed them organs, too. It didn't seem ha'f so foolish as me a tellin' ov it now. Right thar in front ov Billy's the machine left me; that is, I thought she did. I can't realize I ever got away from thar, because while I was watchin' Mrs. Riggins feedin' her fowl up in th' hen yard they suddenly faded from view, an' I was passin' th' Quaker Meetin' House, two miles away. I didn't have no mo' breath than a sponge an' my face felt as clammy as a toad stool. When I left home it was mild an' bammy; now it was cold an' dreary. 'When do we git t' th' North Pole?' I asked Abednego. He hit off a chunk ov air an' laughed. Sez I, 'Ef I freeze up don't let me break in two, because I've never had much confidence in people gittin' t'gether on Judgment Day.' We passed Millville, an' all I seen ov it was th' steeple ov th' Presbyterian Church. I sorter seemed t' be flattenin' out against th' back cushions. My lungs had mo' air than they could manage, an' they didn't seem t' know what t' do with it; they felt as ef they'd ben washed an' hung out t' dry. Jist beyond Perry, a wagon load ov hay loomed up in front ov us. 'We air gone,' I mentally reserved. A bang, a chug, a few squeals, an' we was off, me with my lungs all wrapped up in hay. I tried t' think how I'd like t' be buried, but I couldn't think. I was a movin', not a thinkin' bein'. We was goin' so fast that I actually couldn't bite off a mouthful ov air t' breathe with. In th' midst ov all my troubles Abednego turned t' me and sed, 'It's a beautiful landscape along here, Mr. Punkin.' 'Yes,' sez I, 'I've seen mo' land escape today in th' same length ov time than I ever did befo'. All th' view a man gits in this thing is ov th' sky, an' he feels all th' time as ef he's swallerin' that.' That was th' last language I spoke. Abednego sed, 'We air goin' some,' an' I tried t' answer him, but my head flew off I lost feelin', hearin', sight, smellin', everything but consciousness; an' I wisht I'd a' lost that, too. I might add

for th' sake ov truth that I still had left th' ability t' feel th' bumps in th' road ev'ry time we struck one; but I was worse than a fever patient in th' delirium. I dreamt I was flyin' from th' North Pole t' th' Equator, an' t' th' Tropic ov Capricorn, an' back agin t' th' North Pole, standin' thar without any clothes on. After that I imagined myse'f back in this hyuh store laid out on th' meat counter, an' Ab over thar a-whettin' his knife t' cut off a pound ov me. Next I seen a vision ov myse'f bein' rushed at a man with a long sword as cold as ice that he would ram down my throat, clean through my sarcophagus, ev'ry time I would git within reach ov it.

"Then I felt myse'f comin' to. My memory got to runnin' agin, an' I recollected that my name was Punkin, but I couldn't think ov my fust name; next I know'd th' earth was round like a ball an' North Ameriky was a continent; then I found I could go up as fur as six countin', an' that U follered Q all th' world 'round. After that it come t' me that I had left home 'bout eighteen months befo' t' go on a journey 'round 'th world in comp'ny with C'lumbus an' Pharo', but I couldn't think who led th' Children out ov th' Wilderness; jist whether it was Mathew or Mark puzzled me some. I know'd my wife's name was Baker befo' we was married, but I couldn't git it straight whether my oldest child was a son or twins, nor could I figger out why I was on top ov th' Pyramids in Egypt smokin' a corn cob pipe. Ah, I knew all about it now, jist whar I was an' all; I was a-crossin' th' Red Sea in th' trail ov Moses, an' was laggin' behind th' rest, an' th' water was comin' over me, overwhelmin' me; I was drownin', I woke up; a short, stout man was throwin' water in my face an' I was leanin' up aginst a fodder stack in a corn field lookin' like a broken doll baby. Abednego had gone head fust intuh th' ground 'bout fifteen foot away, an' they was a crowd diggin' him out with hoe-forks. One-ha'f ov th' machine had follered us over th' fence an' th' other ha'f had clumb a tree in a jinin' graveyard. They scooped us up, an' 'bout that time 'long come Uriah Wilkins in his surrey, an' he gathered us up an' fetched us home."

"Quite an advenchure," said Dink Herring. "What was th' size ov the jiggernaut?"

"'Bout twelve foot long an' forty-horse power."

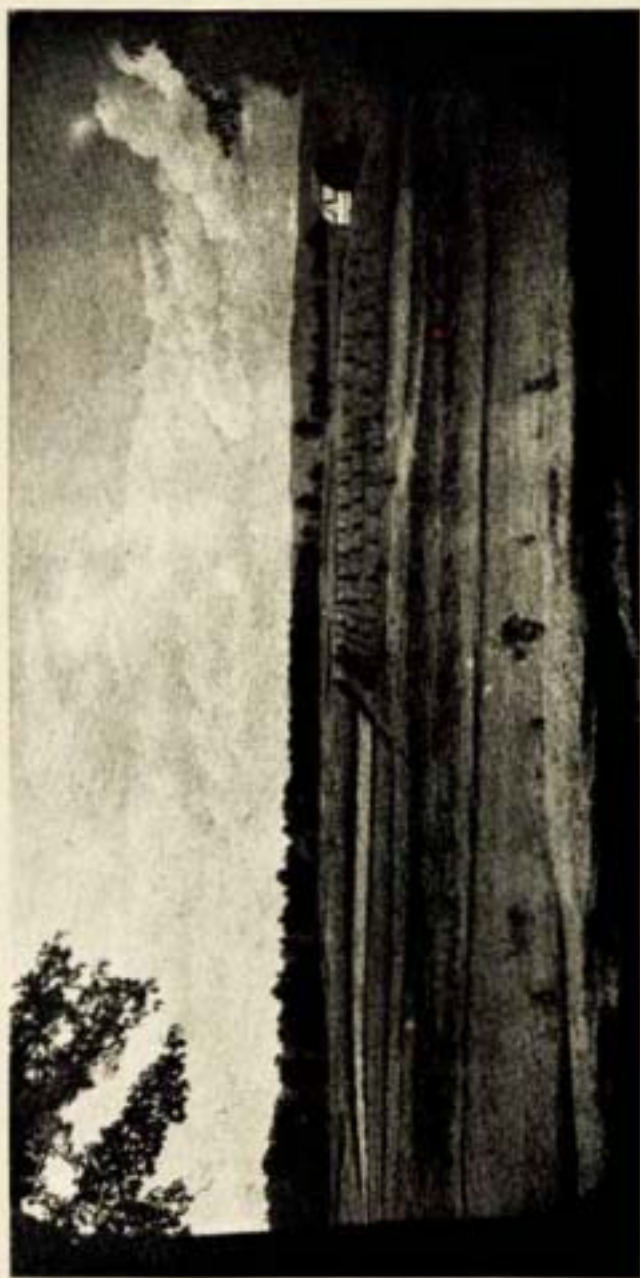
"What do yuh mean by forty-horse power?"

"A machine that can go forty times as fast as a horse in one-fortieth ov th' time."

"Why do they call 'em ortomobiles?" asked young Ab. Risley.

"T' save me I don't know," returned Mr. Punkin; "But in future th' name fur me will be hadn't-oughtermobiles."

JOHN WEYMOUTH.



AUTUMN

An Autumn Day

The peace of God is on the hills,
Sweet stillness broods within the vale,
Not e'en the sound of tinkling rills
Breaks through the silence of the dale.

Far off on knolls of brown and green,
White flocks of sheep lie down to rest,
Like stones within the mosses seen,
For which the children go in quest.

The distant trees as armies stand,
To ward the world within their scope,
While beauty lies on all the land,
And sunlight sleeps on every slope.

The lazy kine low bend the head,
To taste the cool, refreshing grass;
The creek keeps peacefully its bed,
While silently the waters pass.

Above in space a bird sails by,
Where only distance tells of flight,
A tiny speck against the sky,
An emblem of the coming night.

The peace of God is in my soul,
I feel no fear of aught to harm,
When He will make the years to roll
And bring me to His noble calm.

"BELLE HAMPTON," Nov. 3, 1906.

LILY TYLER.

A Corner on Hearts



WHO on earth was that?" cried Frances, her brown eyes wide open with astonishment. "I wouldn't have anybody hear what we've been saying for worlds."

"Well, sweetheart, if you were only brave enough and cared enough for me to let our engagement be announced at once, you need no longer live in fear that our secret will be discovered. Won't you give me just one reason for your hesitancy?" and Aldrich Tucker asked her the same old question in as pleading a manner as if he had never asked it before.

"O, dear, Aldrich, you simply can not understand. Once more you will have to content yourself with a woman's reason—because. You love me enough to believe that it is a good one, do you not?"

And one of Frances's most bewitching looks from the depths of her most bewitching black eyes, consigned all of Tucker's doubts to oblivion.

"Just one word more, dearest," he implored. "Do say that it will not be later than October. You tell me that you are sure you love me, and yet you want to wait. Can you not say October at the latest?"

"Oh, well, if you—but here's Mr. Stevens for this dance. Au revoir," and with one last look at Tucker, her eyes seeming to him luminous with love light, she glided away.

"You are very beautiful tonight, Frances," said Stevens, seriously, "and I have never been more proud of you. And yet you love a blundering, solemn, old codger like me. I can not understand it."

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," quoted Frances, demurely, and he gloried in her sweet modesty, which caused her long lashes to droop.

"But, are you sure of yourself, dearest? and 'the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts'—to itself. You may tire of me, your fancy may change, and for my sake, as well as your own, I would hate to be the one to cause you disillusionment."

"I know I am young," said Frances, earnestly, "but a woman does not measure the depths of her feelings by years. After I have told you what I have, are you not yet satisfied?"

"How can you ask me that, Frances?" Stevens's voice was tense with emotion. "But you know how much I love you—and you are so tender-hearted. Although the very thought that you may not love me causes me torture, I would prefer—yes, infinitely prefer—that you should be frank with me."

"Do I look like a gay deceiver? And, moreover," growing serious, "you are not the kind of man to be played with, Mr. Stevens—Oh, Bill, how you startled me! Bill is such an infant—the idea of a grown man staring one out of countenance on a crowded floor!"

"Heavens, but I am tired," sighed Frances the next morning, "Do not believe I ever danced so much in all my long career of three months as a debutante! And I really and truly never had as peachy a time in all my life. But here I go—a full-fledged debutante and lapse lingeringly into the vernacular of my ancient college days. That reminds me. I must write to Edith this very morning and tell her that her advice has worked like a charm. Seven men are desperately in love with me, and I have them all completely hoodwinked. And I would never have known how to do it, if it had not been for Edith with her store of worldly wisdom. Dear girl! I can hear her saying now, 'A tiny bit of attractiveness and a great deal of hot air, will make any girl popular.' They say I am attractive, though I infinitely prefer stately blonde beauty to Gypsy-like hair and coloring, myself—and I tell them all the same old story. I am so glad I know the gentle art! My! what a pile of mail! These four are invitations, of course. All these are bills, and oh! a letter from each of my adorers! I'll open Bill's first—his shortest notes are always so entertaining."

But suddenly all the light went out of her joyous little face, and her big brown eyes opened this time in unfeigned astonishment and dismay. The letter ran:

"My Dear Miss Gregory:—When you call to mind your conversation with Mr. Tucker in the conservatory, and fragments of your *tete-à-tete* while dancing with Mr. Stevens—both of which I inadvertently heard—as well as other similar circumstances which you know better than I—I think you will find no difficulty in understanding why I ask you to release me from the engagement which I had with you this evening. To my great regret, you force me to confess that the curtain has fallen upon the last act of the little farce in which I seem to have played the part of a buffoon.

Sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM HAMPTON GANT."

Without stopping a moment, Frances drew the next letter from its envelope. It, too, began:

"My Dear Miss Gregory."

Her expression portrayed even more astonishment than before. "Bill couldn't have told," she murmured, but her eyes flashed as she read:

"I dare say you can not begin to comprehend my utter bewilderment to learn of your faithlessness. As old as I am, my ideal has for the first time fallen; my air castles have crumbled. Why could you not take me at my word? But there is no need to prolong this unpleasant epistle.

"Respectfully yours,

"JOHN GORDON STEVENS."

"Oh! here is one from that cynical Mr. Ficklin. He's the one of whom I am most afraid." And Frances bit her lips as she began:

"Our forefathers had a saying that we believe every man to be a gentleman until he proves himself otherwise. In like manner, we might suppose that we should believe a girl sincere until she proves herself not to be. Experience, however, has taught us to believe a girl fickle, until she proves herself sincere. It seems that my experience should have *me* adopt this modern theory, but until last night, I thought I had discovered the *versus avis*. It suffices to say that I am once more disappointed."

Three more notes of like tenor did not serve to increase Frances's self-satisfaction and composure. By the time she reached the last of the seven, her face wore a haunted expression, but she set her teeth together, and tore it open with a grim determination, "That told of a spirit that wouldn't die." This note, however, was truly a surprise.

"Dear Frances:" she read with heightened color. "You may infer from the attitude of several mutual acquaintances that Mr. Gant has not left any of your friends—of whom, I am proud to consider myself one—uninformed as to his supposed discovery. Candidly, I do not believe a word of it, and have told him and the others so. Will you take a little spin with me this afternoon, and talk it over? As ever yours,

"ALDRICH H. TUCKER."

Now, this was a man worth knowing. But, on second thought, a note like this was hardly more consoling than the six preceding. Frances sat, chin in hand, for a long time thinking. There was nothing for her to do—they would just have to learn for themselves that she was a foolish little girl—very vain, very desirous of popularity—but as she summed it up "with perfectly good intentions." But Aldrich Tucker! Ah, this was a different problem! He believed in her so; why could she not make herself worthy of his confidence? Then there was no need to shatter his ideal by disclosing her childishness and folly.

As she was dressing for the drive, she revolved many schemes for reforming without confessing her weakness to Tucker, but in all, her hardened little conscience voiced its protest against allowing him to remain ignorantly trustful. Yet it was hard to own up and bear his scorn, as well as that of the others. Imagine the most popular debutante of the season deserted within three months by all of her followers! If Tucker remained faithful, it would be said that she was responsible for their falling off—but if he, too, deserted her there could be but one construction put upon it. She read his note again—yes, it was easy to read between the lines, that during the spin that afternoon, he would ask her for a final answer to his oft-repeated question. That was a most powerful plea for the truth! Cost what it might, she had to tell him. After the first few commonplace remarks, Frances felt that the cutting moment had arrived. All the wide and varied topics of conversation which she endeavored to introduce

had been rejected politely, but finally. Tucker would be put off no longer.

"Frances," he said, "there is no use in discussing the foolish talk of Bill Gant. I know as well as you do that it is a lie. My heart does not usually dominate my reason, but in this case, I know I am right. So let's say no more about it. I want to ask you once and for all, the same old question. You know how much I love you. Will you marry me?"

"I must tell him," thought Frances, in an agony of indecision. "It is sinful to deceive him longer—but I will be sincere—I will be all that he thinks me, and I can not ruin his happiness."

"Yes," she whispered, tremulously.

The rest of the drive should have been one of unalloyed bliss, and it was, except for the tiny rift within the lute, Frances' persistent Presbyterian conscience. "If I feel like this now," she communed with herself, "how can I stand it longer? He trusts me so implicitly and he really loves me!"

Yet her happiness was so great—so much more complete than she had ever dreamed or hoped for—that she could not give it up without a struggle. Thirty minutes of bliss and then, by her own hand, her joy would be snatched away, and the consequences loomed before her more awful than her worst fears. Now, the other six had passed from her mind completely; Aldrich's scorn was harder to bear than the desertion of sixty suitors. She stole a glance at him. He was so strong, so noble, and so true.

But for this very reason, she could hide it from him no longer.

"Aldrich," she said, falteringly, yet determinedly, "what Billy told you was true. I am—I was—a senseless little flirt, and I am not worthy of your love."

"Little girl," said Aldrich, drawing her to him, "I knew it all the time—but I knew also that you needed a friend when the other men carried out their hateful little scheme. I knew just what you were, a dear little, foolish little girl—and I love you."

M. L. H., '07.



My Messenger

River that windest thy way to the sea,
Bear on thy bosom a message for me;

Close to thy breast catch the words that I say,
And carry them on to my love far away.

Whisper them low where she stands at thy edge,
And lists to thy murmuring soft in the sedge;

Tell how her lover, far back o'er thy plain,
Bade thee to haste ere the evening should wane;

And finding his love by the old trysting tree,
Whisper the message he gave unto thee.

Breezes that follow the rivulet fast,
Bid it to haste ere the daylight is past.

Ripples that grow in the wake of the wind,
Race on your way till my sweetheart you find.

Breezes, and ripples, and river, conspire
To tell how my soul with love is afire.

Ripples, dance blithely; breeze, kiss her brow,
Whisper the ditty I croon to you now;

Sing to her slowly and sweetly and long,
As, bending her head, she lists to your song.



IN THE COURT OF CUPID,
FOR THE COUNTY OF HOPE, IN THE STATE OF
UNCERTAINTY.

O. I. WANTA	Plaintiff	} Proceedings in Attachment
vs.		
C. F. U. GETER	Defendant	

This cause, in which the Plaintiff appears to have proceeded regularly according to rules, in the manner prescribed by the laws of etiquette, came, on this night, to be heard again in vacation, upon the trips to the beach and calls formerly made, and upon the petition of the Plaintiff, this night filed by way of Courting; and was argued pro and con.

Upon consideration whereof, and it appearing to the Court that the Plaintiff is wholly and completely undone without the love of the Defendant; and it further appearing to the Court that the Defendant has not as yet granted the petition of the Plaintiff, it is adjudged, ordered and decreed that Infatuation, High Constable of this Court, do levy upon one Heart, full of love and affection, now in the possession of the said Defendant, and do deliver the same to the said Plaintiff, to be applied as a credit on the claim of the said Plaintiff against the said Defendant.

And it is further adjudged, ordered and decreed that all costs attendant upon these proceedings be paid by the said Plaintiff.

And the Court doth reserve, etc.

CUPID,
Judge.

To Mutual Love, Clerk of this Court:
Enter this Vacation Order.

CUPID,
Judge.

H. F. E.

Daffodils

I stand as once I stood of old,
Upon a meadow's green and gold,
 This sunny, April day;
The little daisies kiss my feet,
The blackbird's call is clear and sweet,
 And care is far away.

A solemn peace lies on my heart,
So lately wont to throb and smart,
 And chafe at human ills;
I lift my face to catch the breeze
That wanders thro' the budding trees,
 And shakes the daffodils.

How sweet they show to weary eyes,
These hardy, yellow blooms, that rise
 On slender, fluted stalks!
They need no culture, thought nor care,
But spring with springtime free and fair,
 On all our common walks.

On meadows green, by leafy hedge,
In woodland shade and misty sedge,
 By little, lowly rills,
While yet the north wind blows his blast,
Before the storm and sleet are past,
 Laugh out the daffodils.

They rise this year from last year's grave,
And all their tender tassels wave,
 As blithely now as then—
So I, who love their beauty so,
Rise up this year from last year's woe,
 And gather flowers again.

What tho' from many a dream I part,
I feel the springtime in my heart,
 My tired sorrows cease;
I whisper to the yellow flowers,
"This year shall bring me summer hours,
 And deeper, surer peace."

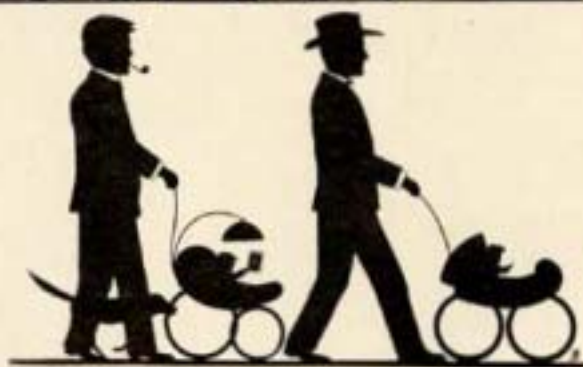
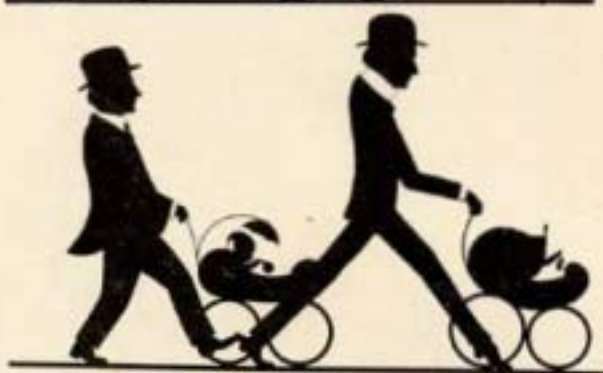
What tho' the feet that waltzed with mine,
Through last year's days of shade and shine,
 Among these beauteous hills,
Have wandered from my side, and I
Stand lonely under God's blue sky
 Among the daffodils.

What tho' the hand that held my own
In love's own clasp, while love's own tone
 Grew tender unto pain,
Has left my poor hand thin and cold—
I bring the trusting heart of old,
 To these bright flowers again.

April 30, 1907. CARY B. PRESTON.



WINTER ON CAMPUS



FACULTY PASTIMES

In Lighter vein

The First Day at U. P. J.

With Apologies to Mr. Westward Kipling

Dim dawn upon the campus—the sky is saffron yellow—

As the "Huckleberry" toots across the hills;

The apples in the orchard have gotten very mellow,

The air is full of pleasant little thrills.

Oh, the sweetness of the dawning,

Of this cool autumnal morning!

Oh, how nice to know that school begins to-day!

And the heart beats merry measure,

For the time is ripe for pleasure,

With a hundred "rats" not fifteen miles away.

Full dawn upon the campus—the sun is smiling gladly—

As the "Huckleberry" creeps around the bend,

And dumps a hundred "new cadets" to gaze around them
sadly,

And to wonder if at last they've reached the end.

Oh, the "Huckleberry's" shaking,

How it starts the bones to aching!

And the "rats" are tired because the train is late.

But if they knew the hacks O,

As well 's they'll know the whacks O,

They'd not abuse the "Huckleberry's" gait.

High noon upon the campus—the sun is laughing madly—

As the "Huckleberry" backs away from town,

And the "rat" who's carried forty trunks, and's feeling rather
bad

Finds it hard to keep his home thoughts down.

But the old boy, filled with gladness,

Makes the new forget his sadness,

In a hundred ways that none but he may know;

And the new boy likes it finely,

And bears—almost divinely—

The hundred tests the old boy puts him to.

Gray dusk upon the campus—the lights are burning brightly—

The first school day is drawing to a close,

The "rat"—we shouldn't wonder if he isn't feeling sprightly—

Finds a "hay" and seeks a blessed night's repose.

Oh, the pleasure past all saying,
That a man can get from "haying,"—
Even though the "hay" is of the Blacksburg kind!
And the "rat" is lucky—very!—
If he doesn't have to worry—
And no further cares are forced upon his mind.

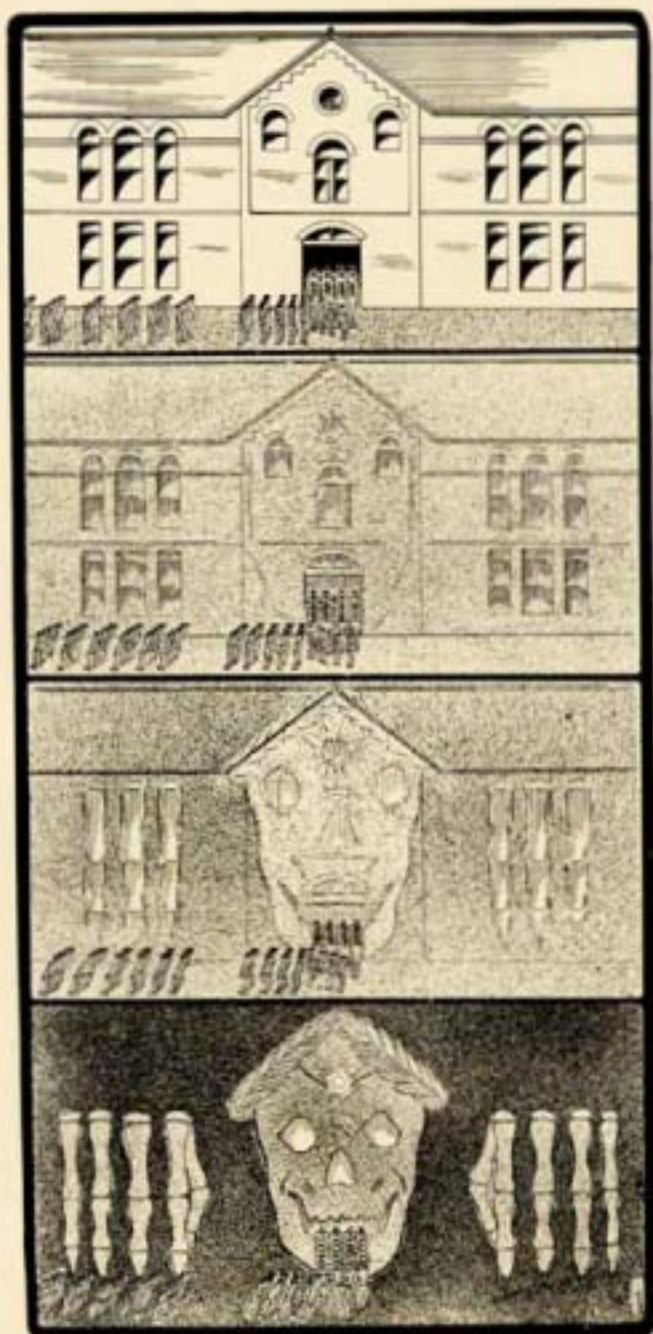
Black night upon the campus—the lights are slowly dying—
As an old boy slowly creeps in through the door,
And the "rodent," lost in dreamland, in the hay so lately lying,
Finds himself beneath his mattress on the floor.
Oh, the horrors of that waking,
How it starts the soul to quaking!
In a moment it has happened, and he wonders where he is!
'Tis that part of barracks training
Every "rat" will sure be gaining,
'Till the old boy drops such training from his biz.

New day upon the Campus—the sun comes o'er the city—
"Uncle Sporty" wakes the rodent with his drum,
And the "rodent's" bleared eyes tell us—he's deserving of our pity
"I wonder why the deuce I ever come."
Oh, the new day that he faces,
"Rat receptions" that he graces,
Singing songs and making speeches, rooting pennies from the
bowl!
It's all right to talk of knowledge
That you say you get at college,
But the getting sure is trying to the soul.

P. '07.



"TECH."



The Colonel, or The Simple Life

An Opera Bluff

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Colonel	The man behind the fun
Smoot, the faithful	Custodian of the "Patch"
Kent	} Other Faithfuls
Newcomb		
Holt, the Genius	Also Faithful
Doc	} Students of Civil Engineering
Harvey		
Pally		
Maynard	} Three of a kind.
Faville		
Bringman	Simply Cadets. A pair of Jacks
Lamon	Lord High Keeper of the "rivets"
Smith, C. M.	Follower of the horses
Osborne	Court Jester
Magnificoes of the "Patch,"	Porter
Workers (P, Skates, Gazates, Gully-Jumpers	
and other attendants.		

SCENE.—HALL OF LEARNING.

SCENE.—Hall of Learning—Curtain rising discovers Workers dancing in the drawing room. Harvey and Doc in the foreground.

Harvey (striking a heroic pose)

"I am a bold, bad transit-man;
I work eight hours each day;
I eat my supper of cold hard-tack,
And soak my 'Downey' hay.
I'm an advocate of the 'simple life'
For me care has no fetter.
The more of your work that you can shirk,
And the more you sleep, the better."

CHORUS.

"You may toil and sweat in your brown
stone front
For money, gold and powers;
But good old 'hay' will do for us,
The simple life for ours."

(Enter the Colonel. The Workers gravely salute, and having passed in review depart for parts unknown. The Colonel makes several small marks in a black book and advances jauntily to the front.)

COLONEL.—I'm a modern educator,
And a bold prognosticator.
I believe in letting students



Run their classes their own way.
Sometimes they think they bluff me,
Oftimes they thin——

O, well! There's no use keeping this up all day; you know what I mean. That's right get all the amusement you can out of it. Now, gentlemen—(he gazes around for the Workers, but no one is visible save Smoot, the Faithful, who tip-toes in at the rear, looking cautiously over his shoulder).



Smoot, have you seen (Crash! Window, No. 1); I say, Smoot, where are (Bang! Window, No. 2)—O, well, boys will be (Crash! Incandescent light!); Smoot, see if you can make those boys come in and stop throwing snow.

(Exit Smoot, who soon re-appears leading a crowd of Workers. One eye is swelling rapidly, and he holds his handkerchief to his nose. Workers all take seats, Pally placing his feet on a part of the scenery.)

Colonel.—Gentlemen, I am shocked at any such undignified behavior on your part. It is childish in the extreme, and—

(Pally overturns half of the scenery. The orchestra plays "Hail to the Chief!" Maynard enters disguised in his working clothes.)

COLONEL.—(To Nancy).—Livesay, who is that working man? He looks strange amid these surroundings. We can't have—

MAYNARD.—Not so much WE there, Colonel, or WE may tie up.

(Advances gracefully to the foot-lights, and bows to the audience.)

(Sings.)

I beg you one and all, good friends,
To sympathize with me,
The while I tell my troubles with
That little pronoun WE.
Whenever there's a little box
For me my friends all fuss,
And say that mother should have been
More generous to US.



(Loud applause from the ushers and the peanut gallery.)

Maynard collects the loose eggs, cats and cabbages, and resumes:

When Burly and I with level and rod
Go out into the field,
Burly promises from his heart
From the Colonel's wrath he'll shield.

COLONEL.—Smith, are you a good carpenter?

DEACON.—Pretty fair, Colonel.

COLONEL.—Well, I want you to make me a bench this evening. Wright, are you a good carpenter?

DOC.—(winking at Pally).—Bum, Colonel.

Well, you can do the rough work, then.

(Lamon scratches his head in an attempt to see the joke, and sticks a splinter in his finger. While he is being riveted together by Bringman, Holt enters with a basket. Holt hands his hat and stick gravely to Osborne, the porter, and sets his basket down before the Colonel.)

HOLT.—Sings).

O, Colonel, for three long years have I worked,

And "dilled" most faithfully—

And now this basket I have brought

To get what's due to me.

My signature you now have seen

On many a drawing and map;

You surely should remember me

As a good hard-working chap.

(He is here interrupted by a well-aimed boot-jack, property of Billy Canode or Uncle Friday. Carefully cementing the remnants of his "coco" he proceeds:)



With my good friends, Kent and Newcomb,

I have burned the midnight oil,

I have worn my fingers to the bone,

With good straight honest toil.

A gallon of "dills" are due to me,

And some are due to us.

We trust that you'll deliver the goods

Before we raise a fuss.

(The Colonel wipes a pensive tear from his other eye, and, too over-come to speak, signs to Holt that he deliver the basket to Smoot.)

COLONEL.—Gentlemen, as I have said before, we are going to design a plate girder such as—

(A small army of hobgoblins dance in at the door, turn cart-wheels across the stage and stop before the Colonel.)

COLONEL.—(gaspingly).—Wh-o-o-who are you?

HOBGOBLINS.—(In unison).—We are the ghosts of your famous friends. You have met us and worked with us in San Francisco, Honolulu and Alaska; and we are intimate indeed



since we have become famous. You enticed us to write what books we have written, and goaded us upward to success. Now that we have become famous we do not intend to become cast-offs, simply serving to illustrate the points of your lecture by expressing our intimate relations. What have you to say?

COLONEL.—Do you want me to be frank with you?

HOBGOBLINS.—Oh, no! Why should you?

COLONEL.—Then I will inform you, gentlemen, that the drum has beat. Good morning, gentlemen, hurry to your classes.

(Smoot turns out the foot-lights, the Faithfuls lower the curtain, and Lamson plays "Boots and Saddles" while the audience is leaving.)



G. C. F., '07.



A B C Card, '07

- A** has three Andersons "Armie," and "Scrap"
A Group that is fated to change the world's map.
- B**'s for Bauman, Bishop, Barnard and Brown
Bringman, Bushnell and Bradley—(The adjutants down.)
- C**'s for "Carnie," "Cunning," Cosby and "Pat"
And Carpenter's one of a mob such as that.
- D**owney and Dew side by side used to run;
'Twas a cold day for Downey when Dewey was done.
- E** is for Early who catches the worm
Of exams., though "Glass Eye" may wriggle and squirm.
- F**ontaine, Fred, Faville, Ford, French, Charlie Finch,
That they won't stay together is surely a cinch.
- G**alt and "Bob" Goodrick, 'Twas one of Fate's tricks
That "Jim" Galt and Robert should ever get mixed.
- H**annah, Harris, and Henley, Hodgson, Holmes and two Holts
Higgins and Hutcheson, a carload of dolts.
- I**n the twenty-five letters there's no capital "I"—
Though swell-heads may come in the sweet bye and bye.
- J** is for Johnson, a poor little mouse,
Accursed with a body as big as a house.
- K**'s for Kent and for Kirk, oh my, what a pair!
When the roll's called up yonder they'll surely be there.
- L** is for Ewing, and "Lichy" and "Nance,"
And Fate threw in Lamon because he wore pants.
- M** is for Maddox, and Mundy and May,
Major, Delevan and Maynard, a knight of the "Hay."
- N** is for Newcombe and "Addison King";
Some fame to '07 they surely must bring.

- O** is for Osborne and Jacob Wise Old;
When Osborne got in here he surely was sold.
- P** is for Palmer, Page, Powell and Paul,
"Pally," and "Free Lunch," who's "sorry that's all."
- Q** surely stands for no other than "Quiser";
We can class Jacob Sachs nowhere better than here.
- R** is for Russell, a hard-working "Scribe,"
And "Write it in Latin" belongs to this tribe.
- S**'s for Scott, Shepherd, two Smiths and a Stone,
Smoot, Stahl and Stringfellow, forlorn and alone.
- T** is for Thompson, the Cinnamon Bear,
His bark's worse than his bite, if he does tear his hair.
- U** is for Ulrich, without any more,
A chap who is sure to get in through Fame's door.
- V** is for Varner of Bugle Board fame,
Since hairy's his nature, why Harry's his name.
- W**illiams and Johnny, "Bunny," Judson and Joe,
Wilson and "Dan" too, Good Lord! What a show.
- X** Y, Z, behold unknown quantities three!
Sachs, Mallory and Bringman they surely must be.
- &**c. means June, Nineteen hundred and seven,
When the ties that have bound us asunder are riven.
When the banner of life for each is unfurled,
And the men of '07 go out on the world.

So here's to Dame Fortune, may she smile on each one,
'Till the work of '07 in this world is done;
May each point with pride to the records of friends,
And make good with his own 'till eternity ends.

G. C. F., '07.

A. Clam Comes to U. P. J.



AFTER my visit to M. the President Roosevelt, I have left Washington. I had heard much of a city American that was even larger, more busy and more interesting than New York or Chicago.

This city it was Blacksburg. A desire irresistible did consume me to see this wonderful metropolis. Mon Dieu! I would go. My voyage American would not be complete if I saw not Blacksburg and the Institute Polytechnic of Virginia. En avant! I am departed.

It was in the morning, of good hour. I was traveling since one week from Washington by the railroad Norfolk and Western. Suddenly I have heard a loud cry: "Christiansburg." I descended from the train. We were arrived in Christiansburg. He'las! It was not Christiansburg; it was Cambria. It was the Station Union.

In front of me stood a train, strange, bizarre, unique. I had never seen a such train. There was a locomotive which walked backward. It could not run. Behind this locomotive was a carriage. This carriage did contain several compartments, one for coal, another for suitcases of the quart size, a third for the post, and a fourth, very small and almost full of dirt and cinders, for victims, that is to say, passengers. A shield attached itself to the rear of this car, in order to prevent these monsters American, the cows, to trample under the foot the train.

After some hesitation I have mounted into the compartment of the victims. The train started—backwards. There was no motion. It was jolting. In a few moments M. the Captain Fagg, the most ancient captain of the train, did approach me through the cinders.

"Tickets, s'il vous plaeti," gasped he.

"Mais, M. Fagg," cried I, in great excitement, "if we continue to walk backward, how will we ever arrive at Blacksburg?"

"Oh," said M. the captain, in smiling with compassion, "on the railroad Huckleberry everything moves itself backward, the locomotive, the train, the clock, the time-table. Moreover, that which does not go backward will never arrive at Blacksburg."

Two hours later M. the captain did enter again and cry "Blacksburg." I was all excited. In haste the most great I did descend from the train which had stopped. Not a single habitation was in sight. It was not Blacksburg. It was the junction Huckle-

berry. I stepped into the mud. One has told me to follow the mud. Finally I did arrive at the Rue Main.

It has made rain, snow, hail, thunder and lightning, and the sun has shone all at the same time. It made cold, it made hot. The weather it was frightful, it was delightful. It was the weather of Blacksburg.

In reaching the Rue Main I have heard a wonderful symphony of discord. The operas of Paris were not to be compared to this production, marvelous, dazzling, intoxicating. One has told me it was the Club of Glee which did practice *cher M.* the Professor Buckabbot. I do not appreciate the music. I have reminded myself of the cats who do make hideous the night.

The Rue Main, it is an avenue grand, sublime, astonishing. The street is a road, rough and full of mud. On the one side there is that which they call a pavement, on the other there is not. Many of the edifices majestic are situated on Rue Main. There find themselves the *Chambre de Usury* of M. Hubbert, the *Palais de Barbarism* of M. Campbell and the *Hotel des Invalides* of M. Turwiler, in which one sees the celebrated *Ante-Room Four Aces* of MM. Monte Tuppague and Goodly Freelee. A torrent, dirty, raging, tempestuous does traverse the Rue Main. It is the *Creek Scruples*.

At the end of this avenue interesting I have seen a beautiful gateway. It calls itself the preventative of Parrot for the cows strayed. *Grand Dieu!* What a name imposing! In passing through this entrance I have gone into the fields of the Institute Polytechnic of Virginia.

I have walked through the fields. I have arrived at a palace of windows—the *Hall Agricultural*. There I did find many of marvels. Outside did stand a greater *Tower Eiffel*. It was of concrete. One has told me that it was a *Stack of Air Hot*. I was confused, astounded. *Ma foi!* I had never seen a such stack. I did question them more. M. the Professor of Agronomy, did explain to me very kindly this stack.

"*Voyez, M. Clam,*" said he, "The agriculture at Virginia Polytechnic Institute is advanced very far. We have not any more need of earth, of seed, of fertilizer. The air hot does accomplish everything. In order to be an agriculturist successful here, one must generate the air hot. That stack yonder was constructed to carry off the air hot excessive from our staff experimental. Their supply is not limited."

"*Grand, wonderful, incredible!*" I exclaimed in a fever of excitement.

M. the Professor *Mighty All*, who is, they say, a colossus of modesty, did meet me at both ends of the winding stairs.

"*Juste ciel, M. Clam,*" puffed he, "I am gushing over to see you here. Upon me does rest the future of the world agricultural. Have the great kindness to allow me to show you our *Plat Experiments celebrated.*"

These *Plat Experiments* they are extraordinary. There is a student agricultural who names himself *Jacques Hutcheson*.

His large head it is bald. This surface enormous has one divided into a hundred plats. Upon each plat has one planted a different tonic for the hair. Already one could distinguish the shoots of one hundred hairs, different colored, white, red, green, blue, beginning to sprout. When this crop is ready for harvesting, the effect variegated will be dazzling. Diable! The department agricultural, it is progressive.

Then after traversing the Bridge Dilberry, I did visit other departments. In passing the Building Second Academic I did hear some one to speak the beautiful French of Paris. Diantre! in a paroxysm of joy surprised, I did rush inside rapidly as the lightning. Malheur! It was a phonograph.

Upon the first floor a professor was expounding an example amazing, simple. "If the Battle of Hastings was fought in 1066, when will M. Whitehurst graduate in English? Add 1,000 to 1066. Two is one-fifth of ten. Multiply 2 by one-half of 66. Subtract from the sum of the first two numbers: 1066 — 66 — 2000. Answer, 2000 A. D." The discoverer of this method surprising, it was M. the Professor Dates. The Building Second Academic, it is scholarly, philosophical.

At the Building First Academic I did hear many sounds curious. "Come with me and I'll break that out. Got you? See here! I say now, look me square in the eye. There should be one million of steel hoops per foot square for each concrete stack of air." The speaker, it was M. the dean and professor in charge of the department civil. From the entre sol there did issue forth a volume of voice stupendous. It was M. the Professor Boscoe, who was describing Geometry. One has told me that M. Boscoe descends from the cannibals. He devours them alive. In the distance I could hear a "Hoo Hoo!" continuous. They said it was the man with the eye of glass.

In the Hall of Science more of astonishments did amaze me. M. the Professor Chemical was telling to his class of his farm perpendiculaire, where he had planted the potatoes on the one side and had dug out the crop on the other side. M. the Professor Mathematical was demonstrating that the straight line, PARTRIDGE, and the spiral, SNIPE, can meet in only one point: that point it is the mouth of a dorg yaller, who does name himself Tucker. In another room M. the Professor Physical, was inventing. His invention, the most great, the most recent, the most talked of by himself, it is an Electrical Recording Angel. Dieu du ciel! The Hall of Science it is bewildering, perplexing.

Ever since my arrival in the fields of the Institute Polytechnic of Virginia, I was hearing a noise, dull, continuous, as of gas escaping. Now I did see the cause of this sound. It was M. the collier Pat.

"Bony jury," quoth he with an excellent accent Durtch. "M. Clam, vooly voo me to show you around our barracks?"

His gas it was irresistible; I could not, like the gas, escape him. I did follow him in silence. He talked without cease. We did enter the barracks.

In that which they call a room, that is to say a barn, I did see a young man standing with the cheeks pink, the eyes brown, soft, beautiful, the heart palpitating. They have told me it was M. the Major Sneed. He never seats himself. He might destroy the crease in his trousers. He might wrinkle his uniform M. the Major, he is a lover, he is a winner of the calico.

The next room did contain many mirrors. In the center there was a chair revolving. In this chair there was seated a youth who did regard himself in each mirror successively in soliloquizing. "I am not handsome, but I swear I have a distinguished look." This youth it was M. Montague, C. D. He is not handsome. He swears. The look distinguished, it had reported off that day.

A third room did call itself the *Chambre of Paradoxes*. One of these is M. the Doc Wright. He is not a doc; he is a sleeper unceasing. The second was M. the Sergeant Bauman. He is not a sergeant. He never was it, he never will be. The others were MM. the mouses Johnson and Goodwin. Neither the one nor the other is not a mouse. The former, he is an elephant splendid; the latter, he is a rat enormous.

In another room there were two woodchucks, M. the Colonel Big Woodchuck, of the pose statuesque and the suits seventeen, and M. the Major Little Woodchuck. They are animals extraordinary. They ride the mules with a dignity imposing. They hunt cadets with an enthusiasm unbounded. One of their associates, intimate in this sport is M. Smoot. He is not M. Smoot, the Senator, he is M. Smoot, the sticker. He does not stick all the world, but the Seniors they are his favorites.

After some time I did depart from the barracks and go to the Field of Athletics, Gibboney so-called. It was the afternoon. Upon a place, bald, square, smooth, many cadets did run to and fro. One has told me it was baseball, the great mystery American. I did regard it with interest.

Leaning over a polygon white has stood one cadet who did brandish a club. In front of him has stood another who did hurl a sphere, petit and hard, straight over the polygon. The cadet of the club has beaten at it. *Parbleu!* One has cried "Strike." All on the contrary! He did not strike it. The second time one has called "Ball." *Naturellement!* It was a ball. Did one think it was an elephant? A third time the cadet polygoral has beaten with his club the sphere which did fall back bounding upon the earth. Then the cadet did run away fast, very fast. *Pourquoi!* He was terrified, *n'est-ce-pas?* A third cadet did extend the hands and seize the sphere bounding. One has said it was a grounder hot. Evidently it was very hot, for he did throw the sphere at another player. This player did hold it in the hands which were of asbestos probably.

Then the crowds immense upon the benches have raised themselves and shouted: "Out! Out! Robber! *Au Voleur!*" They did look all at me. In an excitement feverish I was demanding of myself, "Comment? Out where? *Que faire?* The

robber am I it?" All at a blow something did strike me on the head.

* * * * *

No, my dear readers Parisian, these are not asterisks. They are the bodies celestial which I did see. One has told me that it was a foul ball that did strike me. Without doubt it was that. I can not remember.

Dieu me pardonne! I am now in the hospital. I have a pain violent of the head. M. the Doctor Henderson has prescribed for me two pills the half of a minute. Helas! I have fear that I may not die. Oh, that I were in the dear native land. Au revoir, my countrymen. Come to America if you can, visit Blacksburg only if it is absolutely necessary, but above all do not regard the baseball. It is a play perplexing, brutal, murderous.



Bygle Election, 1907

The Brainiest Cadet	(1) W. D. Scott; (2) L. W. Williams.
The Hardest Student	(1) J. D. Powell; (2) H. A. Womack.
The Most College-Spirited Cadet	(1) C. B. Powell; (2) H. H. Varner.
The Most Dignified Cadet	(1) W. P. Boatwright; (2) G. M. Parsons.
The Most Popular Cadet	(1) C. B. Powell; (2) J. Cova.
The Best All-Around Cadet	(1) C. B. Powell; (2) E. S. Sheppard.
The Handsomest Cadet	(1) R. E. Goolrick; (2) J. H. Wilson.
The Best Officer	(1) T. J. Wright; (2) L. W. Williams.
The Best Sergeant	(1) R. McBurney; (2) R. C. Scott.
The Best Corporal	(1) J. L. Baum; (2) W. M. Rogers.
The Best Drilled Private	(1) A. R. Bauman; (2) A. E. Dorsey.
Greatest Ladies Man	(1) J. Cova; (2) P. H. Noland.
Greatest Lady Hater	(1) C. M. Smith; (2) M. H. Eoff.
The Most Fickle Cadet	(1) L. T. Downey; (2) W. P. Boatwright.
The Most Popular Professor	(1) Col. Marr; (2) Dr. Williams.
The Best-Natured Liar	(1) G. C. Faville; (2) A. R. Bauman.
The Biggest Goat	(1) J. Sachs; (2) C. D. Montague.
The Biggest Kicker	(1) J. H. Thompson; (2) I. T. Holt.
The Greatest Bore	(1) J. Sachs; (2) F. O. Cudlipp.

The Most Conceited Cadet	(1) G. M. Parsons; (2) M. D. Pritchard.
The Laziest Cadet	(1) C. S. Dammon; (2) G. T. Worthington
The Cheekiest Cadet	(1) I. T. Holt; (2) G. E. Bushnell.
The Tightest Cadet	(1) C. H. Fisher; (2) R. E. Glover.
The Freshest Rat	(1) Taylor; (2) W. F. Francis.
The Professor Lover	(1) C. G. Smoot; (2) W. M. Ellis.
The Biggest Eater	(1) F. Ramey; (2) F. G. Henley.
Best All-Around Athlete	(1) C. Osborne; (2) C. E. Diffendal.
Most Boastful Cadet	(1) F. M. Collier; (2) J. M. Smith.
Cadet Most in Love	(1) E. W. Lawson; (2) R. McBurney.
The Biggest Loafer	(1) A. R. Bauman; (2) R. E. Goolrick.
The Nerviest Cadet	(1) C. E. Diffendal; (2) R. W. Smith.



Grinds

Professor Sachs von Sternburg und Monte Carlo offers his services to anyone desiring lessons in the art of vocal music.

Fourth Lieutenant C. G. Smoot (O. D. rapping unwittingly on Colonel Woods' door after taps): "Say in there, put out your light. Steve's inspecting, and I'll have to stick you if you don't."

Colonel Wood: "Oh, go on!" Smoot recognizes the Colonel's voice and flees precipitately.

Cadet Bushnell: "We are all made of dust."
Sachs, J.: "Then why don't you dry up now and then, George."

Little bit of oatmeal,
Little bit of hash,
Little bit of "growley,"
And then, oh, what a crash!

A war-whoop and several prolonged cheers are heard from one of the apartments of the mechanical laboratory. "Sunshine" May bursts out of the door with one bound, screaming, "Eureka! Eureka!!!" The Colonel inquires of him the cause of all his commotion. "We've got the gas engine started, Colonel." And then goes off into uncontrollable convulsions once more.

Does "Charlie" wear corsets, or is that shape of his natural?

Dull Rat: "Say, what's the matter with that Lieutenant's back, standing behind D Company?"

Wise Rat: "Oh, that's only C. Delevan Montague assuming his posture preparatory to getting military. He's a follower of 'Charlie.'"

Charlie Finch has twenty-two girls—just enough to make two football teams. He ought to constitute himself a coach and organize them into two rival teams.





SCENES NEAR V. P. L.



ATHLETICS

WALTER BLOSS



General Athletic Association

Officers

H. H. VARNER, '07	President
L. F. SCHROEDER, '08	Vice-President
J. R. SHEPPARD, '09	Secretary
PROFESSOR H. L. PRICE, '07	Treasurer
L. W. WILLIAMS, '07	Assistant Treasurer
A. D. WILLIAMS, '05	Graduate Manager

Athletic Council

A. D. Williams, Chairman		
Professor S. R. Pritchard	Dr. J. E. Williams	
Professor H. L. Price (ex officio)		
H. H. Varner	C. B. Powell	J. H. Watkins
L. F. Schroeder	J. R. Sheppard	

Faculty Committee on Athletics

Professor S. R. Pritchard	Dr. J. E. Williams
Professor J. B. McBryde	
Professor W. H. Rasche	Professor H. L. Price

Auditing Committee

Professor S. R. Pritchard	
A. D. Williams	H. H. Varner

Football Department

C. B. Powell, '07, Manager	J. A. Nutter, '08, Captain
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Baseball Department

H. H. Varner, '07, Manager	E. S. Sheppard, '07, Captain
----------------------------	------------------------------

Crack Department

J. H. Watkins, '07, Manager and Captain



FOOT BALL

W. H. H.



VARSITY TEAM

Football Department

J. A. NUTTER, '08	Captain
C. B. POWELL, '07	Manager
R. P. A. JOHNSON, '08	Assistant Manager
C. P. MILES	Coach

Team of 1906

R. W. SMITH Full Back	M. M. GOODWIN Right Guard
J. A. NUTTER Right Half Back	G. H. CUNNINGHAM Left Guard
H. D. HODGSON Left Half Back	W. L. BRANCH Right Tackle
E. M. WILSON Quarter Back	C. E. DIFFENDAL Left Tackle
A. B. JOHNSON Center	G. T. WORTHINGTON Left End
H. H. VARNER, Right End	

Substitutes

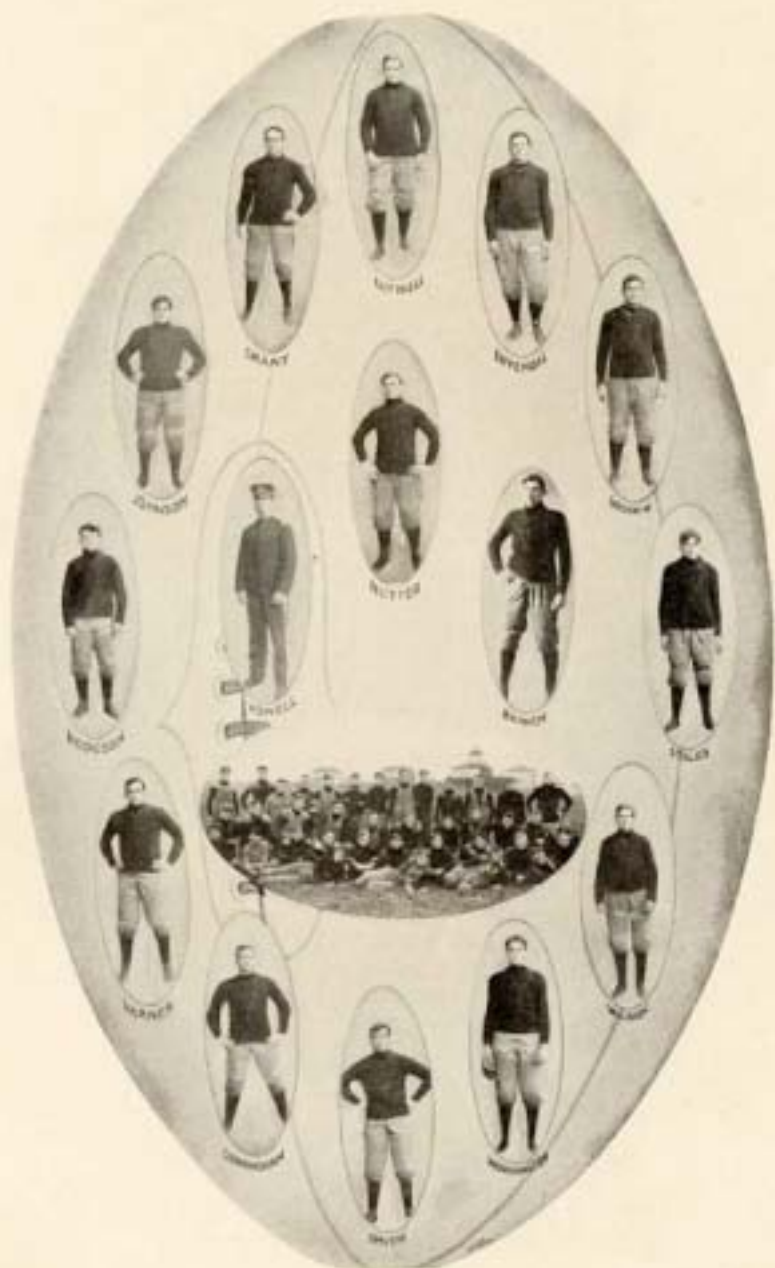
LUTTRELL	STILES	GRANT
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FOOTBALL



COACH

C. F. MILES, VI



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Football Editorial



ONE bright, sunny day last spring, we were all startled by the sudden announcement of a corps meeting, said meeting to be held immediately after dinner in the chapel. It was the period of the year between second term and finals, a season of extreme dullness, and a corps meeting at this time was to be regarded with suspicion. Everyone was at his wit's end to know its purport, and at the appointed hour, cadets and plain-clothes men (P. G.'s) filled the edifice to its utmost capacity. Excitement was at fever heat, when suddenly a yellow-haired youth was ushered up the aisle, held firmly in the grasp of Messrs. Gibboney and Williams, Graduate and Student Managers, respectively.

A hasty introduction was reeled off by Mr. Gibboney, and Vincent M. Stevenson, Pennsylvania's pet, and an all-American quarterback stood before the gaze of a surprised and dazed corps of cadets.

He told us in choice words and palavering manner how gratified he was to see us, to look into our smiling countenances, and last, but not least, that he had been elected to coach the football team that was to represent V. P. I. on the gridiron for the season of 1906. Then with much bowing and shuffling of feet, he beat a hasty retreat.

And the yellow-haired youth we have never seen more.

Thus began the football season of 1906; direful in its beginning but happily not to continue so.

August and September came but no Stevenson. What was to be done? The season was already on. It was now too late in the year to procure a Northern coach, as all had secured easy berths in various parts of the country. There was a hurried consultation of the "Athletic Sages." A letter was written to Steuffer, the former Pennsylvania star. He agreed to come down twice a week, \$100 a trip, all expenses; we to guarantee him no loss of time from his extensive Philadelphia law practice. The "Sages" protested. They declared in accents loud that it would bankrupt a Rothschild, that they were not the overseers of the poor, and furthermore didn't propose to be bamboozled in such a high-handed manner. There was only one thing to do and that was to procure the old, reliable "Sally" Miles, if possible.

It was hard work for the management, but they worked on with dogged determination and grim persistence, until finally they landed the big fish.

It was a hard proposition that Miles had to confront when he took the "Techs" in hand. But, with only three veterans to start with, he developed a team that V. P. I. sympathizers everywhere could look upon with pride, and established for himself an enviable record as a football coach of the first water.

Towards the latter part of the season, Coach Miles was ably assisted by Treadwell, and the season's success is due in no small measure to his ability and thorough knowledge of the game.

Games were played with William and Mary and Roanoke Colleges, preliminary to the big contests. These games fell to V. P. I. by wide margins. It was not until V. P. I. went South to play Clemson that she was able to measure up her team's strength. This was a hard-fought battle from start to finish, and resulted in a scoreless game. This same performance was repeated a week later with the University of North Carolina in Richmond.



Davidson fell an easy victim to the "Tech" warriors on the home grounds, and the next big game was played in Norfolk, with Bucknell as our opponents. V. P. I. lost this game mainly on account of the miserable decisions of Umpire Metzger and the game was protested to the "Rules Committee" on this account.

The "Techs" outplayed their opponents in every part of the game, but there was no chance for them to win, on account of the rulings of Metzger. The U. S. Naval Academy ran on a snag when they met our team, so confident were they of beating by a large score, that a telegram was received by our management to the effect that they wanted a real game of football, and to bring the best in the shop, and they barely beat us by an insignificant five points. The most pleasant surprise of all came on Thanksgiving Day when the "Techs" went up against the strong team from North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical.

A. and M.'s strength had been heralded all over the South. They were coached by the famous Heston of Michigan, and after Carolina's coach had finished at Chapel Hill, he also was engaged by A. and M. Both teams were in fine fettle, and there was never a more royal battle fought. Everybody remembers the result, and sad was the homecoming of the boys from Raleigh.

This game closed the season for V. P. I., a season fraught with success from every point of view. With a lot of green men to choose from, a winning team was developed, a team whose football knowledge was gained at V. P. I., and a product of V. P. I. pure and simple.

Hurrah for the football team of 1906!!!!



The Scrubs

They bore the brunt of it all. Day after day were knocked about by the Varsity, for whom they were no mean opposition. Theirs the hard work; no trip to reward their efforts; no V. P. to crown their labors. We point to them with pride—the SCRUBS made the VARSITY what it was.

Gordon, '10	Kirk, '07	Alder, '10	Gibbs, '10
Connolly, '10	Bauman, '07	Holt, '07	
Breckenridge, '10	"Dan" Wright, '07		
Noland, '08	Sinclair, '09	Hufford, '09	
Smith, '10	Jones, '10	Villafranca, '09	
Austin, '09	Lane, '09	Lewis	
Billups, '10		Walker, '10	
Creary, '08		Osborne, '07	



OCT 6
W. S. M. - 0
V. P. I. - 12



OCT. 8
W. S. M. - 0
V. P. I. - 28



OCT 13
CLEMSON - 0
V. P. I. - 0



OCT 27
N. C. - 0
V. P. I. - 0



NOV. 3
R. C. - 0
V. P. I. - 18



NOV 10
BUCKNELL - 10
V. P. I. - 0



NOV 17
DAVIDSON - 0
V. P. I. - 10

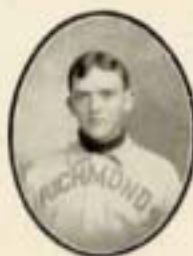


NOV 24
NAVY - 5
V. P. I. - 0



NOV 29
N. C. - A. S. M. - 0
V. P. I. - - 6





Baseball Department

E. S. SHEPPARD, '07	Captain
H. H. VARNER, '07	Manager
R. MCBURNEY, '08	Assistant Manager
S. S. ECKSTONE (Richmond, 1906)	Coach

"V. P." Men of 1906

COOPER	POWELL	LEE
FEUERSTEIN	DAMMON	
SQUIRES	MEEKS	
J. R. SHEPPARD	COX	
WHITEHURST	E. S. SHEPPARD	

Record of Games 1906

March 30	Roanoke College	4	V. P. I.	17
April 6	Wash. and Lee	2	V. P. I.	4
April 7	Wash. and Lee	13	V. P. I.	4
April 14	St. Johns	7	V. P. I.	5
April 16	Roanoke College	0	V. P. I.	11
April 23	Randolph Macon	1	V. P. I.	0
April 30	Roanoke College	3	V. P. I.	15
May 16	V. M. I.	22	V. P. I.	10



BASEBALL TEAM



WATKINS



LUTTRELL

Track Department

J. H. WATKINS

Captain and Manager

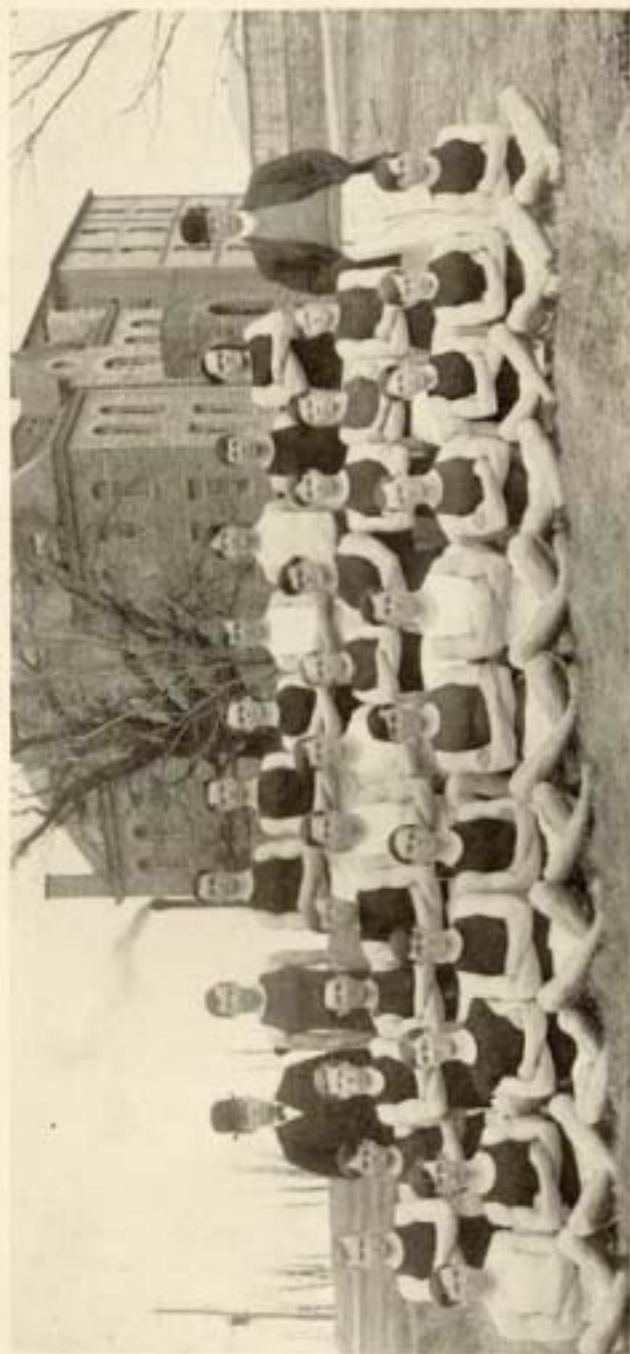
P. H. NOLAND

Assistant Manager

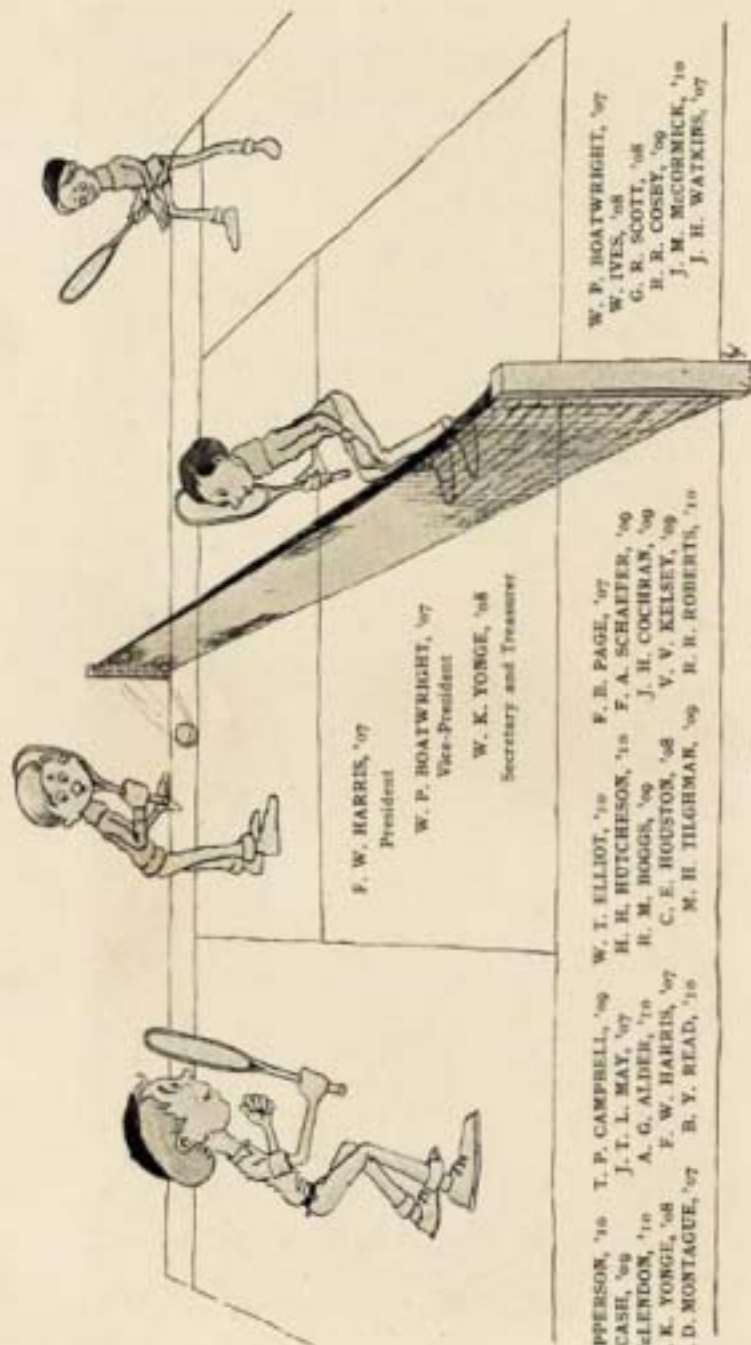
H. D. LUTTRELL

Coach





TRACK TEAM



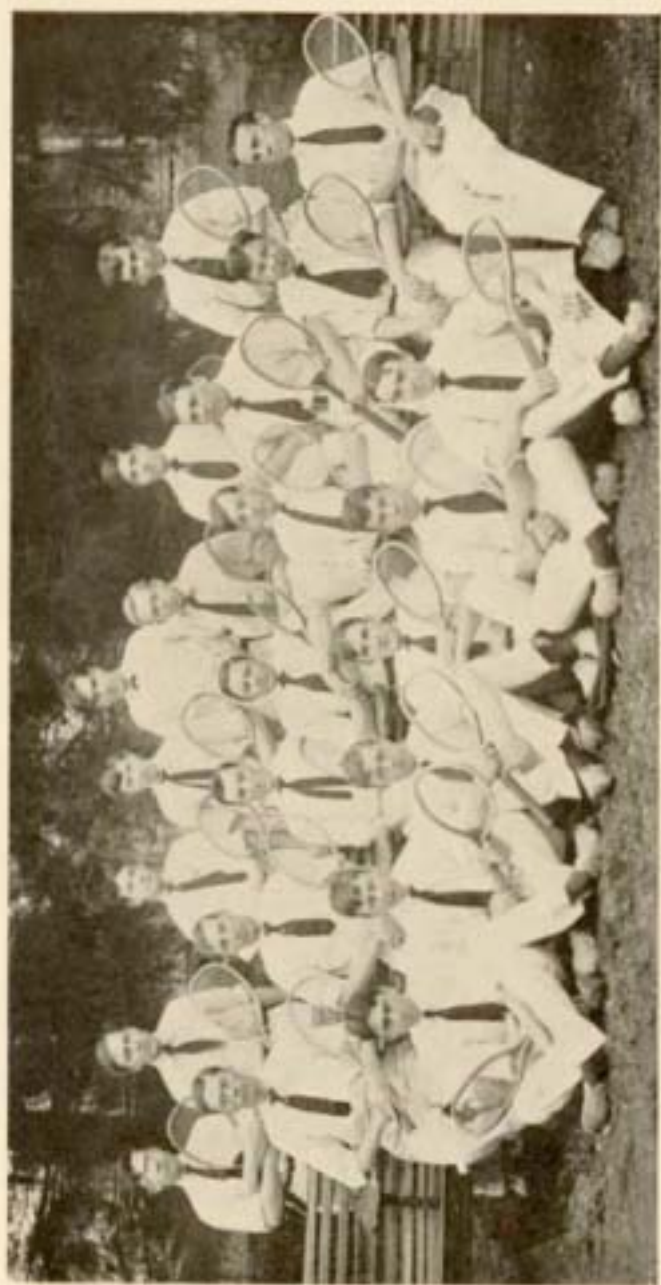
W. F. BOATWRIGHT, '07
 W. IVES, '08
 G. R. SCOTT, '08
 H. R. COSEY, '09
 J. M. MCCORMICK, '10
 J. H. WATKINS, '07

F. B. PAGE, '07
 F. A. SCHAEFER, '09
 J. H. COCHRAN, '09
 V. V. KELSEY, '09
 R. H. ROBERTS, '10

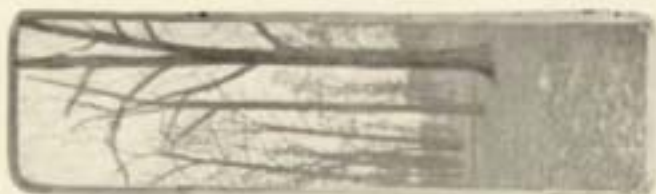
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 W. F. BOATWRIGHT, '07
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 T. P. CAMPBELL, '09
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 B. Y. BEAD, '10
 H. R. HUTCHESON, '10
 R. M. BOGGS, '09
 C. E. HOUSTON, '08
 M. H. TILGHMAN, '09

Tennis Club



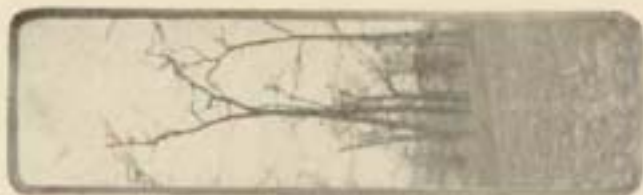
TEXAS CLUB



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL TEAM



FREDMAN FOOTBALL TEAM



Class Football Teams

Seniors		Sophomores
Purcell	Center	Arrington
Carpenter	Guards	(Rogers, F. H.
Hutcheson		(Tebbs
Nutty	Tackles	(Jones, J. P.
Wright, T. J.		(Sugden
Barnard	Ends	(Hicks
Finch		(Johnson, F. M.
Ulrich (Captain)	Full Back	Cook
Palmer	Half Backs	(Giles
Higgins		(Rogers, W. M.
Alexander	Quarter Backs	Chewning, H. M.
Brown (Manager)		Cash (Manager)
Anderson, H. V.	Substitutes	(Addison
Newcomb, H. V.		(Cox
Hannah		
Major		

Juniors		Freshmen
Scott, R. C.	Center	B. Y. Read
Graves	Guards	(Watkins, R. V.
Wood, C.		(Brown, W. P.
Benson	Tackles	(Massie
Armistead		(Swecker
Beasely	Ends	(Cleaton
Alexander		(Briscoe
Johnson, R. P. A.	Half Backs	(Barnes
Schroeder (Captain)		(Pritchard
Fischer	Full Back	Davis W. B. (Captain)
Harvell	Quarter Back	Rathell (Manager)
Ives (Manager)		Hubbard
Parsons	Substitutes	(Timmons
		Elliott

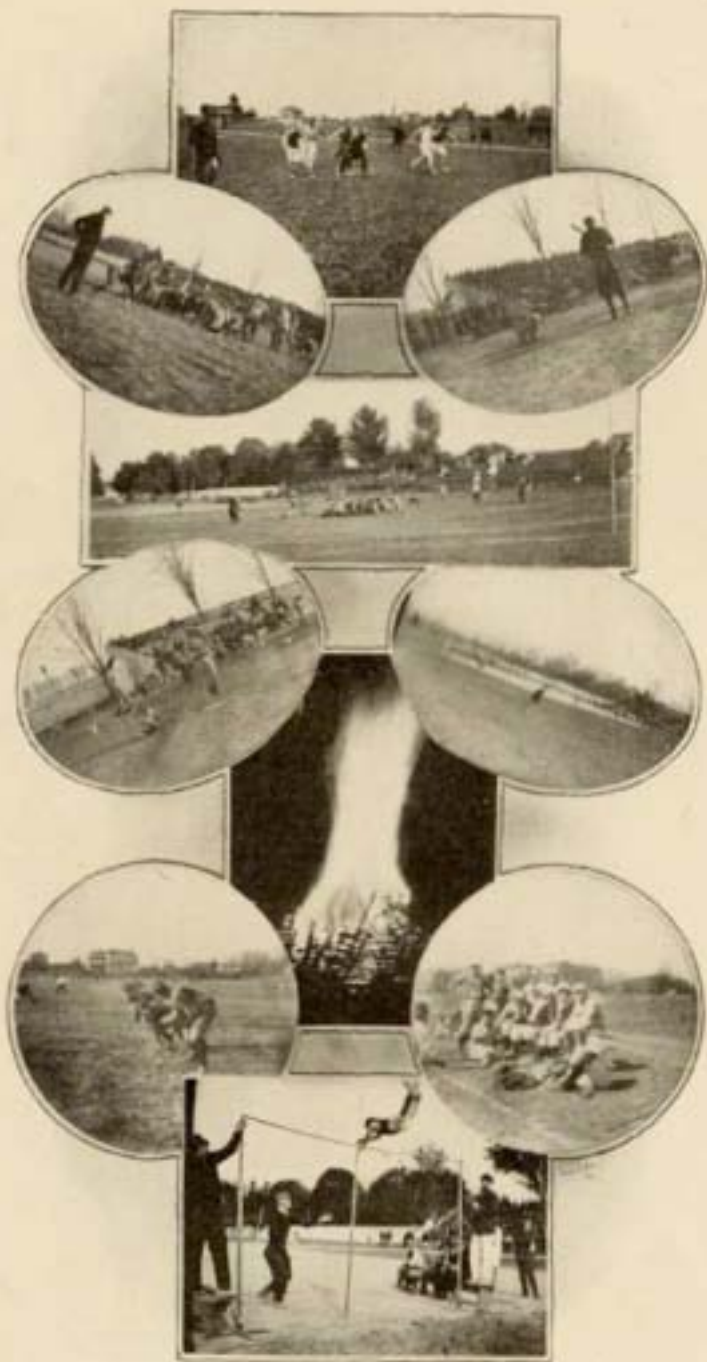
Scores.

Seniors	11	Freshmen	5
Seniors	0	Sophomore	0
Juniors	5	Sophomore	0
Juniors	0	Freshmen	0
Sophomore	6	Freshmen	0

[No game between Seniors and Juniors.

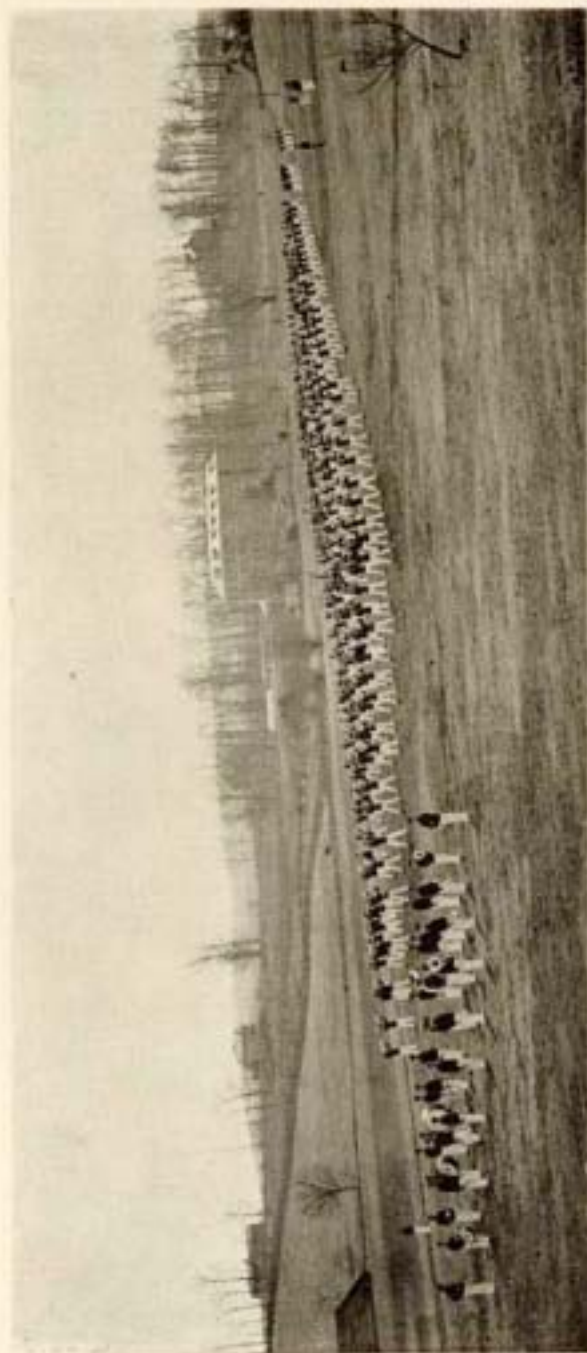


ATHLETIC FIELD



STAP SHOTS—ATHLETIC FIELD





HAYSTACK EXERCISE



LIEUT. COL. W. H. BICKEL



LIEUT. COL. T. G. WOOD



COL. G. H. JAMESON
1867-1871



MAJOR T. H. WOOD



MAJOR C. D. SHEARD

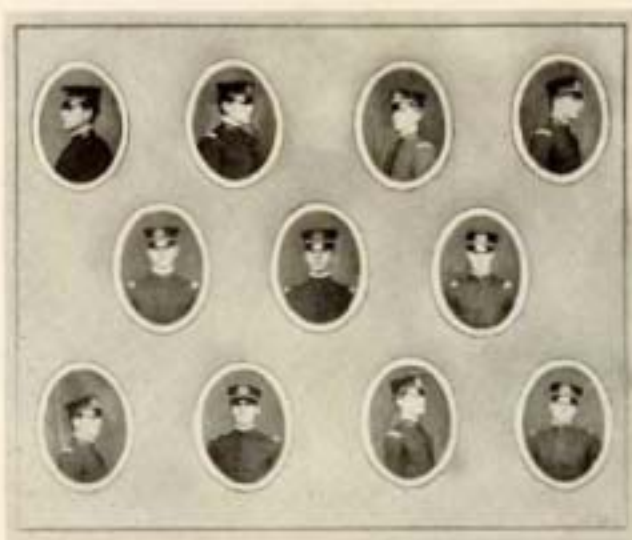
GENERAL STAFF

Cadet Staff



MISS CATLIN

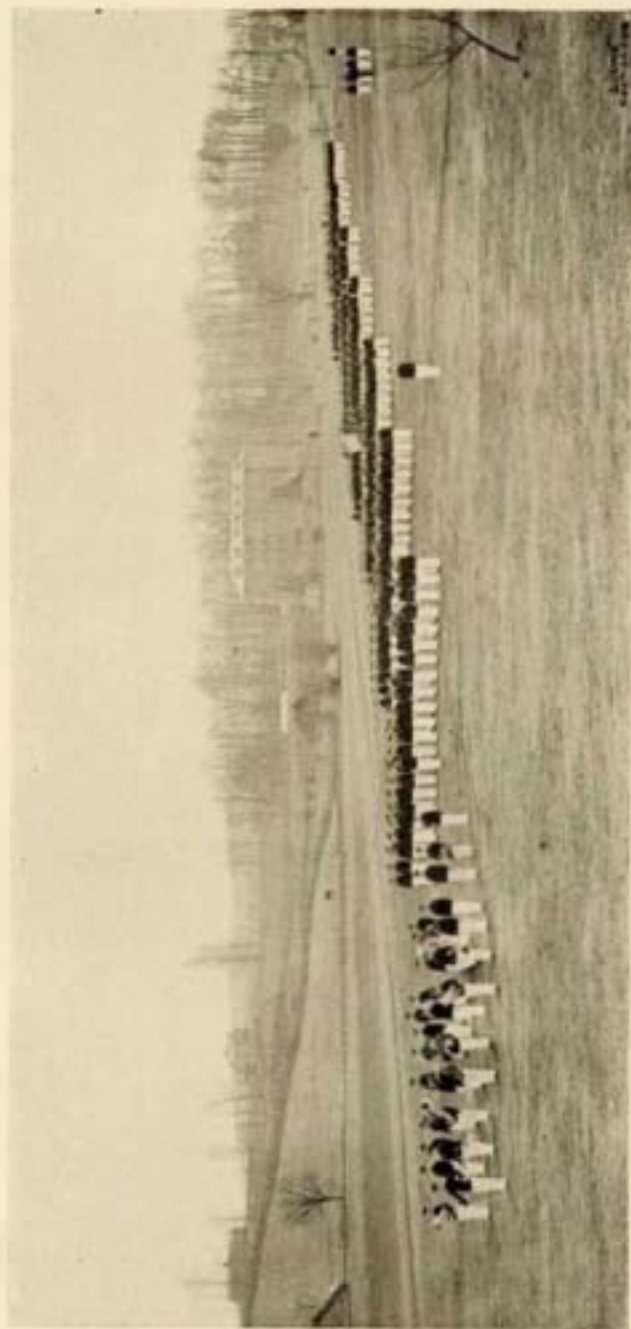
Sponsor



W. P. BOATWRIGHT	Captain and Adjutant
W. D. SCOTT	Captain and Quartermaster
N. O. HOLT	First Lieutenant and Quartermaster
H. V. NEWCOMB	First Lieutenant and Quartermaster
H. H. VARNER	Second Lieutenant and Adjutant
H. S. STAHL	Second Lieutenant and Range Officer
W. M. HANNAH	Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster
J. T. L. MAY	Second Lieutenant and Range Officer
J. L. BISHOP	Third Lieutenant, Special Duty
E. W. LAWSON	Third Lieutenant and Artillery Quartermaster
A. B. JOHNSON	Fourth Lieutenant, Special Duty

Non-Commissioned Staff

G. L. PARSONS	Sergeant Major
J. D. POWELL	Quartermaster Sergeant
F. H. TROLLINGER	Color Sergeant
C. P. MILLARD	Color Sergeant

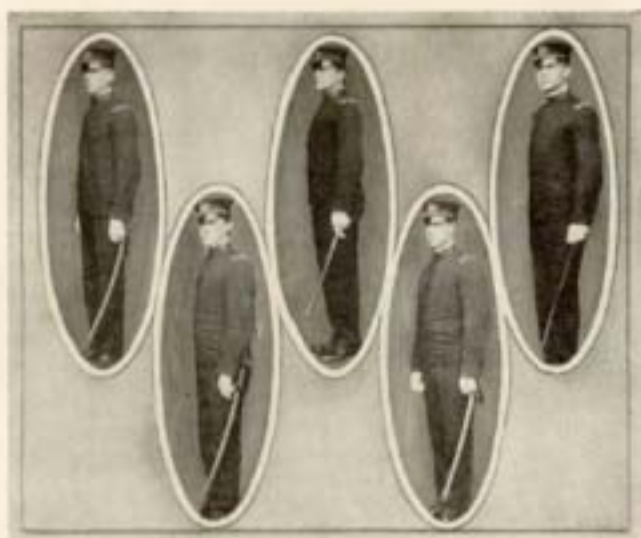


BATTALION

Battery E



MISS KEMP
Sergeant



F. G. HENLEY
L. T. DOWNEY
E. B. FRED
I. T. HOLT
W. N. PREAS

Captain
First Lieutenant
Second Lieutenant
Third Lieutenant
Fourth Lieutenant

Sergeants

C. H. FISHER, First Sergeant
C. B. WALKER
C. E. DIFFENDAL
P. H. NOLAND,
L. F. SCHROEDER

Corporals

W. M. ELLIS
L. E. WALKER
P. P. HUFFARD
D. D. MARTIN

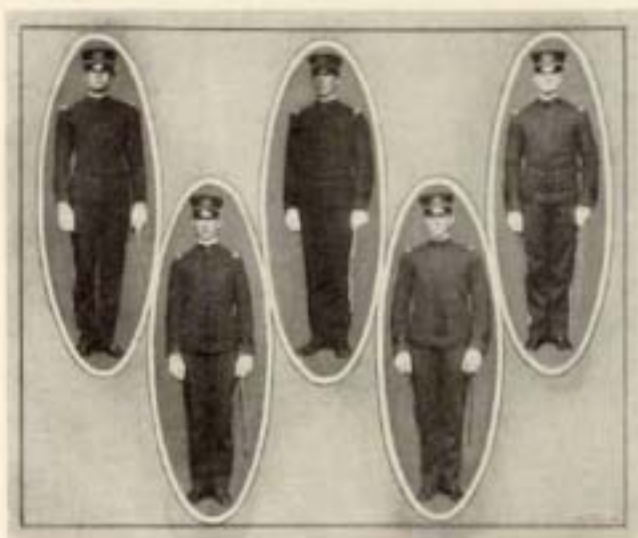


BATTERY "E"

Company A



MISS CAMPBELL
Sponsor



L. W. WILLIAMS	Captain
C. M. SMITH	First Lieutenant
C. OSBORNE	Second Lieutenant
H. W. KENT	Third Lieutenant
C. G. SMOOT	Fourth Lieutenant

Sergeants

R. S. HOFFMAN, First Sergeant	
F. H. JORDAN	W. K. YONGE
J. C. MITCHELL	S. J. PRICE

Corporals

B. W. LaPRADE	J. L. CLARK
V. V. KELSEY	F. P. WESTLAKEN
R. H. CLARK	



COMPANY "A"

Company D



MISS LEWELLING

Organizer



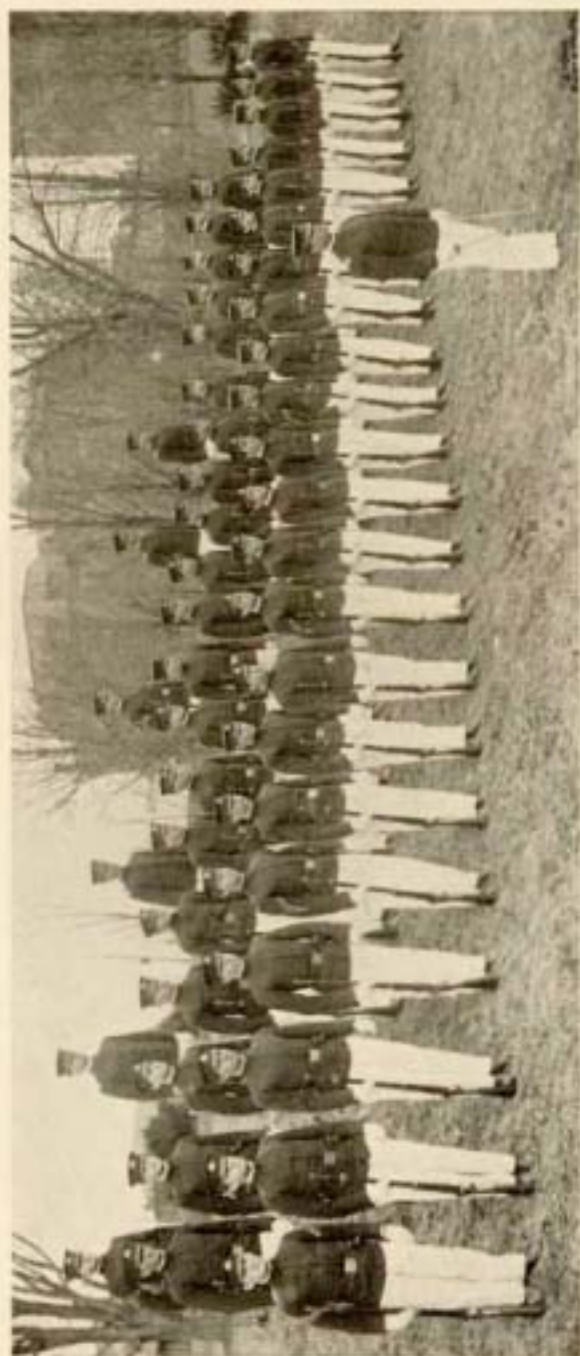
C. B. POWELL	Captain
R. A. RUSSELL	First Lieutenant
J. H. MINTON	Second Lieutenant
J. M. PURCELL	Third Lieutenant
A. K. NUTTY	Fourth Lieutenant

Sergeants

R. McBURNEY, First Sergeant	
R. C. SCOTT	H. C. BEASLEY
G. S. BONHAM	A. M. CROWDER

Corporals

A. HARRIS	A. EVANS
W. M. ROGERS	E. P. ROGERS

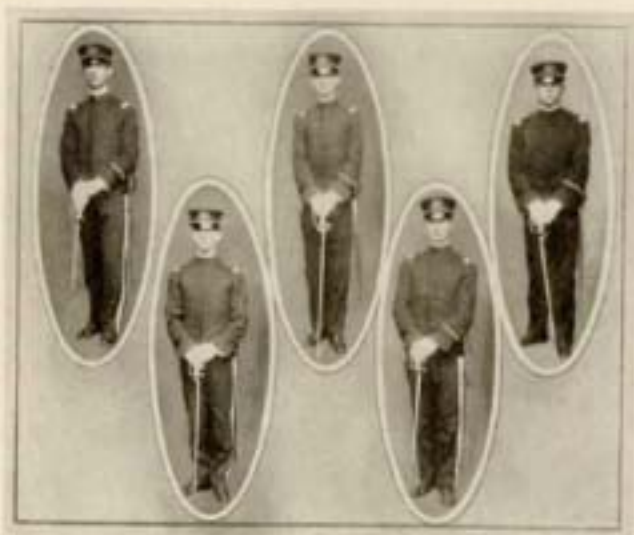


COMPANY "B"

Company C



MISS SCOTT
Sponsor



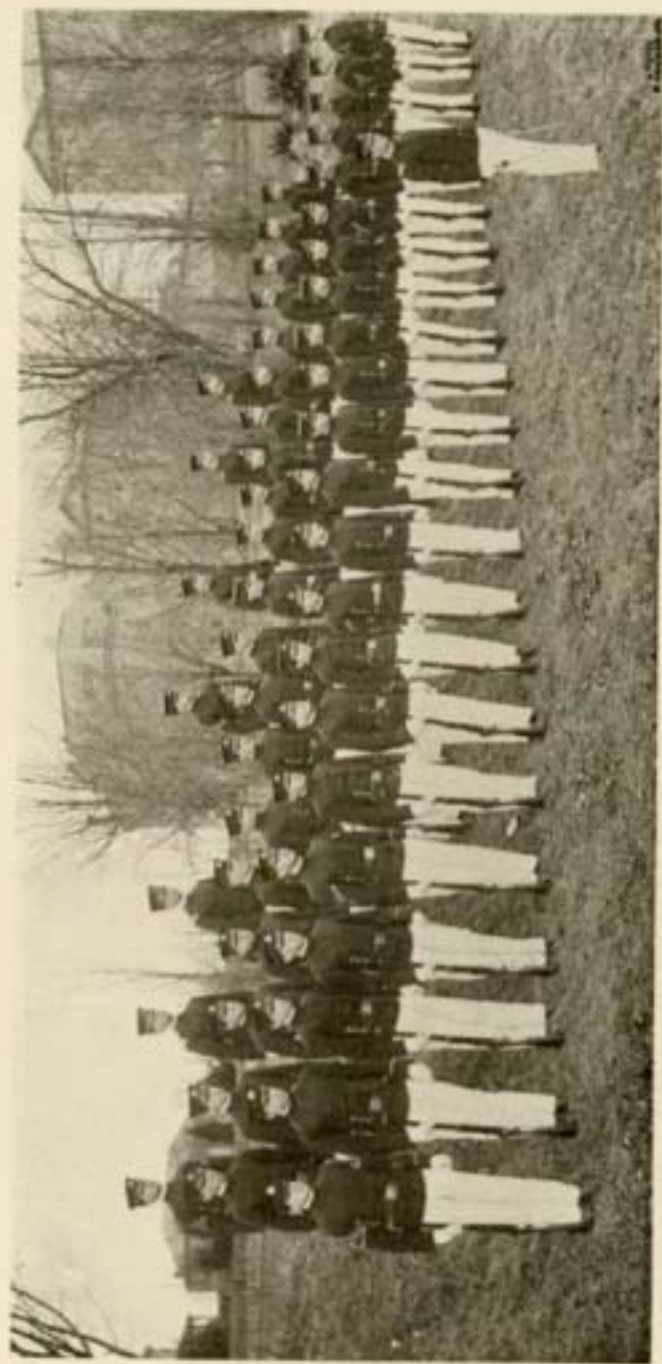
L. E. BROWN, JR	Captain
W. C. BRINGMAN	First Lieutenant
J. T. ROGERS	Second Lieutenant
J. H. WILSON	Third Lieutenant
F. M. COLLIER	Fourth Lieutenant

Sergeants

J. W. CAMPBELL, First Sergeant	
J. H. HARVELL	R. E. GLOVER
A. MARYE	R. A. PAINE

Corporals

A. G. WALKER	C. L. WATKINS
F. E. CASH	A. L. LeSTOURGEON



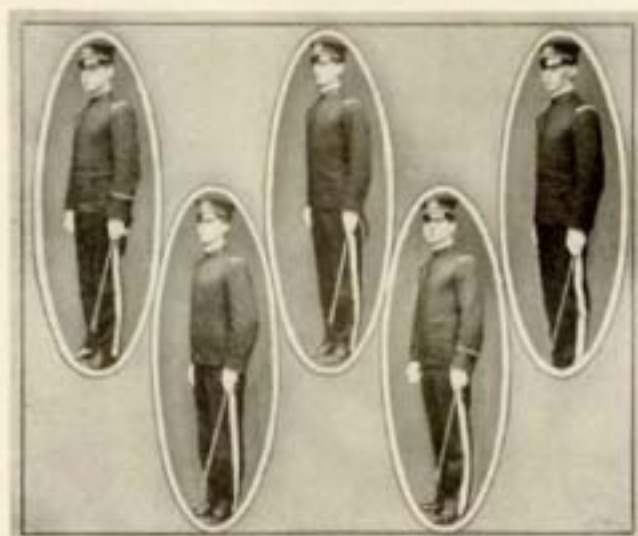
COMPANY "C"

Company D



MISS PAYNE

Sponsor



H. V. ANDERSON	Captain
C. D. MONTAGUE	First Lieutenant
P. T. BRADLEY	Second Lieutenant
G. S. BARNARD	Third Lieutenant
W. B. LIVESAY	Fourth Lieutenant

Sergeants

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F. O. CUDLIPP	A. E. WILLIAMS
E. NICHOLSON	



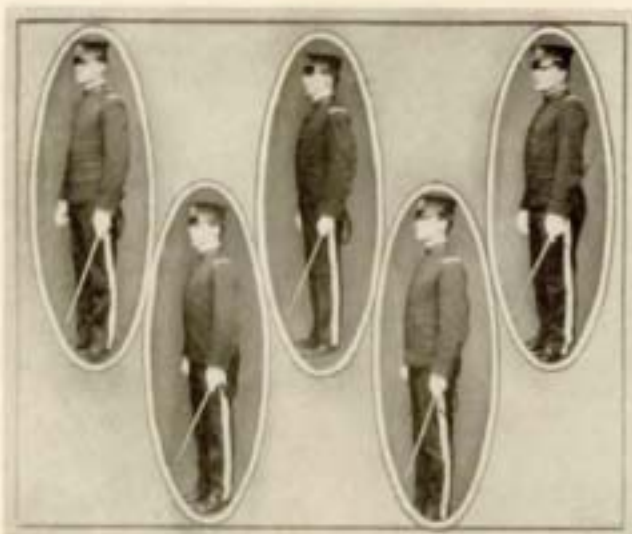
COMPANY "B"

Company E



MISS KOEBER

Sponsor



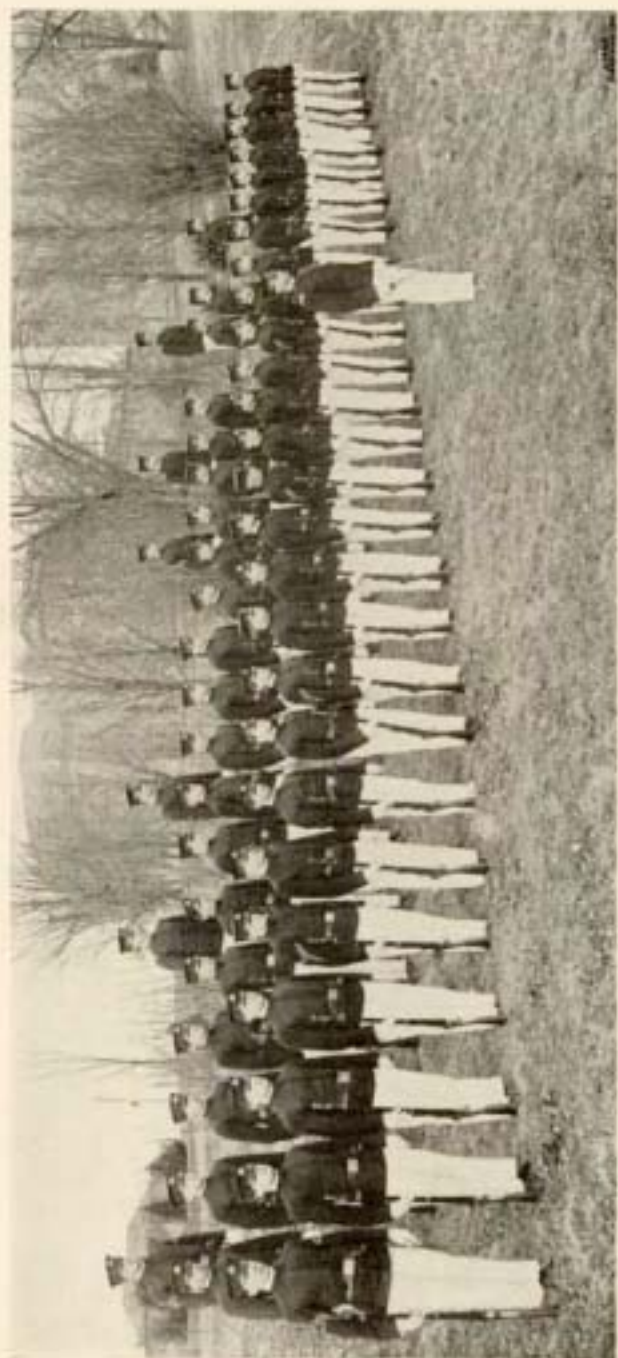
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C. J. FORD	Second Lieutenant
B. B. WELLS	Third Lieutenant
J. R. HUTCHESON	Fourth Lieutenant

Sergeants

R. P. A. JOHNSON, First Sergeant	
T. O. DAY	C. E. SHEPPARD
J. W. MONTEITH	W. E. CORR
P. M. CREARY	

Corporals

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L. C. ISAACS	L. WASHER
W. T. WOOD	

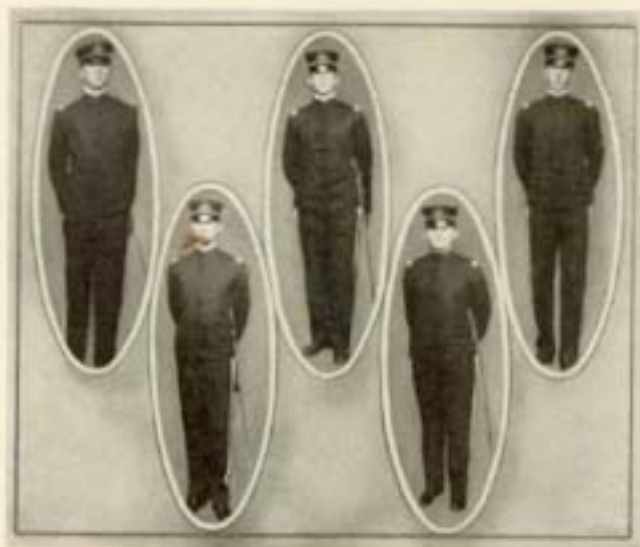


COMPANY "B"

Company F



MISS CARNEY
Squad Leader



T. J. WRIGHT

A. B. CARPENTER

W. H. ULRICH

H. P. SHEPPARD

J. H. GALT

Captain

First Lieutenant

Second Lieutenant

Third Lieutenant

Fourth Lieutenant

Sergeants

G. C. STONE First Sergeant

C. H. DEATON

W. S. MARTIN

O. L. ANDERSON

M. A. BENSON

Corporals

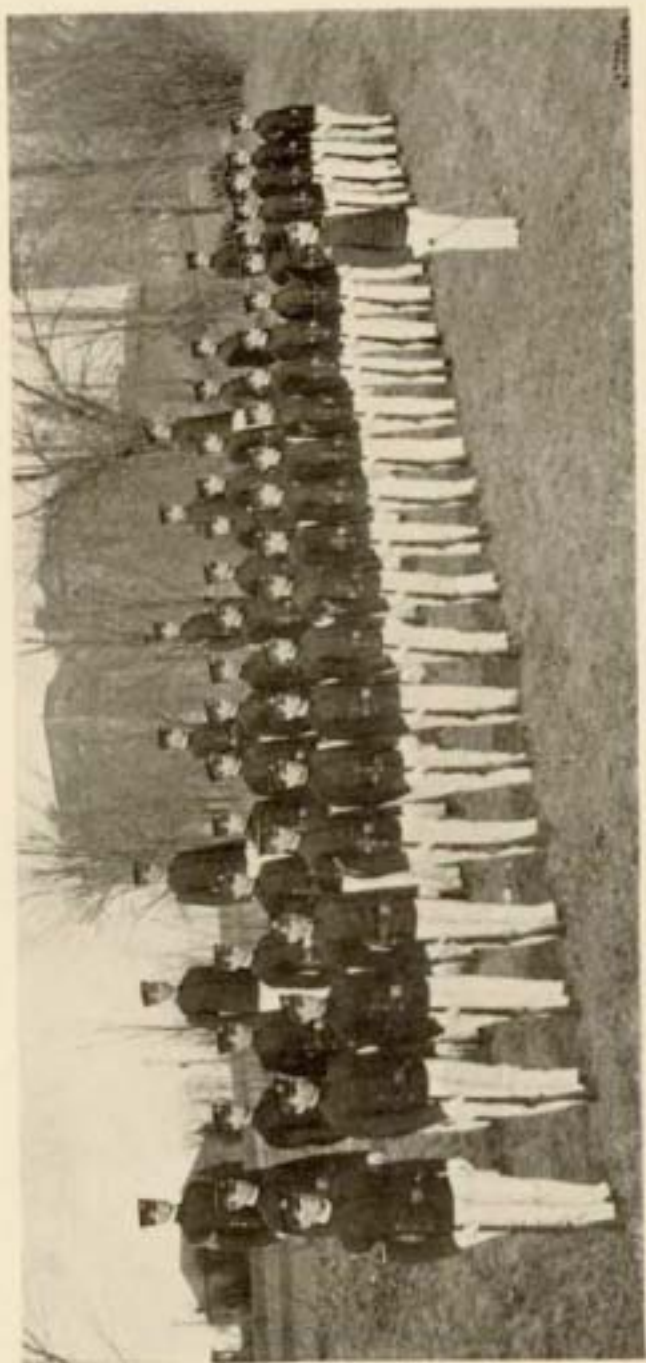
F. MILLER

W. D. MOSS

F. P. POOLE

H. D. THOMAS

J. L. PALMER



COMPANY - F

Band



MISS LUCAS

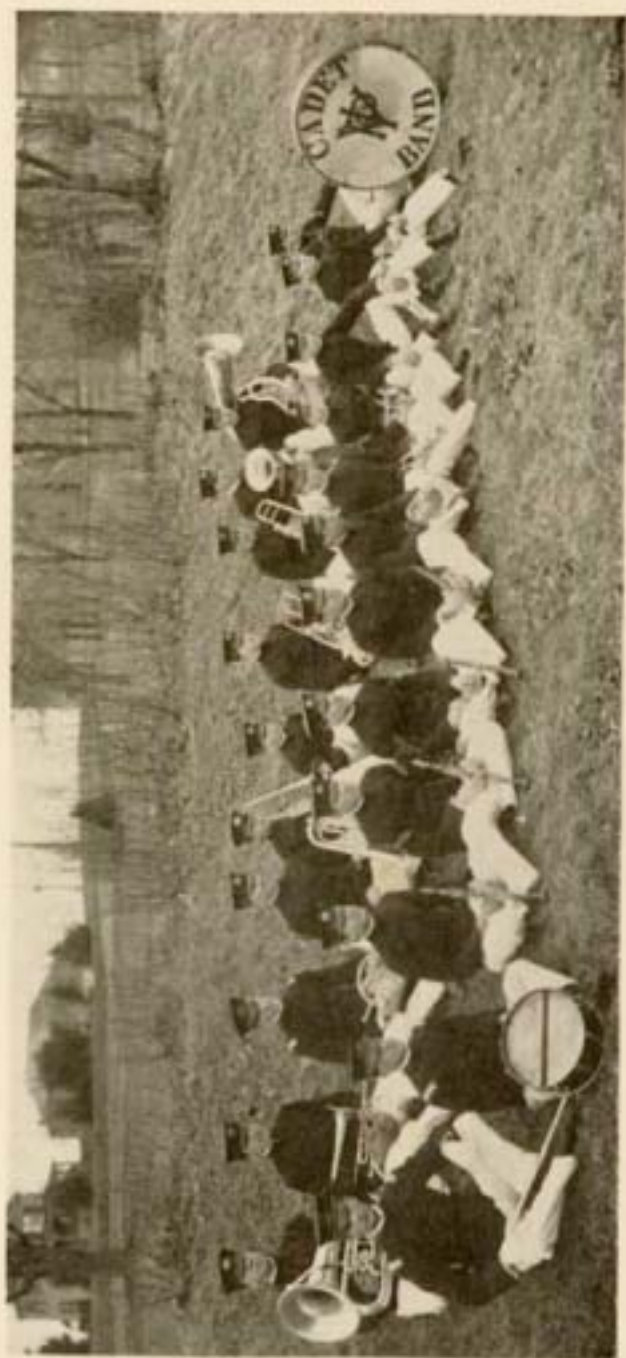
Spencer



Major H. D. McTier (Director)	Subs "bb" Cornet
Major J. H. Shultz	First "bb" Trombone
Major L. M. Hale	First "bb" Trombone
Captain J. W. Old	Drum Major
First Lieutenant P. G. Cosby	Third "bb" Alto
Second Lieutenant F. W. Harris	Solo "bb" Cornet
Third Lieutenant J. D. Waldrep	Snare Drum
First Sergeant R. S. Poole	Tuba
Sergeant J. W. McCulloch	Bass Drum
Sergeant R. G. Willbourne	Solo "bb" Cornet
Sergeant O. R. Jenkins	Solo "bb" Clarinet
Corporal H. S. Brown	Second "bb" Clarinet
Corporal R. A. Calvert	Helicon Bass

Privates

R. R. Cosby	Third "bb" Tenor	W. P. Angel	Slide Trombone
A. A. Eskridge	Third "bb" Clarinet	J. W. Carter	Third "ab" Alto
W. S. Jones	Third "bb" Trombone	B. P. Litz	Solo "ab" Alto
H. G. Jordan	Second "bb" Clarinet	J. M. McCue	Liternian
R. H. Lee	Second "bb" Cornet	A. H. McTier	Barytone
L. A. Ohio	Solo "bb" Cornet	W. H. Russell	Piccilo
C. H. Jennings			First "bb" Cornet



BAND



109 A. M.



111 A. M. (Hilary)

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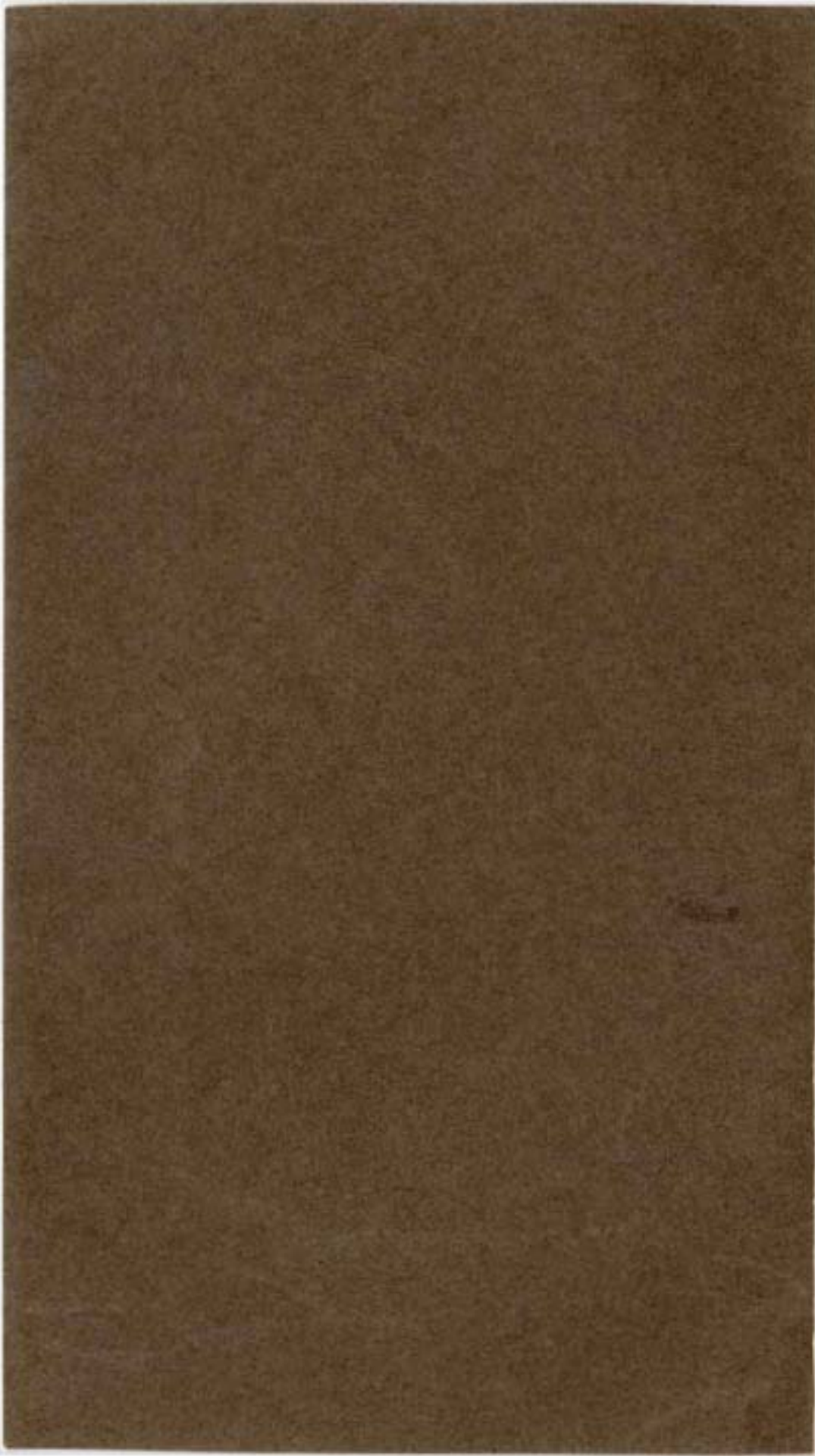
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Debate

Orator
A. W. DRINKARD

Declamation
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The Mikado

or

The Town of Titipu

(Given in the old Chapel November 2d, 1906, for the benefit of the 1907 BUGLE. A great success from an artistic as well as from a financial standpoint.)

Cast of Characters

Mikado (Emperor of Japan)		Mr. O. R. Jenkins
Nanki Poo (The Emperor's son disguised as a wandering minstrel in love with Yum Yum.)		Prof. F. H. Abbot
Ko Ko (The Lord High Executioner)		Mr. Albert L. Baker
Poo Bah (Lord High Everything Else)		Mr. I. T. Holt, Jr.
Pish Tush (A Noble)		Mr. J. L. Baum
Nee Ban (Attendant to the Mikado)		Mr. E. W. Lawson
Yum Yum (A little maid just out of school)		Miss Virginia Means
Pitti Sing	Sisters. Wards of Ko Ko. Just let loose from a ladies' seminary, and out for a good time	Mrs. Newman
Peep Boo		Mrs. Mast
Katisha (An elderly lady of the Mikado's Court, in love with Nanki Poo)		Mrs. Tutwiler

Chorus of Japanese Ladies

Mrs. Roop, the Misses Lancaster, Walker, Dinwiddie, Jennings, Dowdy, Henderson and Wickham.

Chorus of Japanese Noblemen

Messrs. Hutcheson, Redshaw, Calvert, Pritchard, Johnstone, Dewis, Davis, Watkins.

Miss Smythe Pianist

Special numbers by the College Orchestra.



German Club

Officers

R. E. M. GOOLRICK	President
P. H. NOLAND	Vice-President
E. W. LAWSON	Secretary and Treasurer
J. H. WATKINS	Leader

Members

A. D. Austin	C. D. Montague
C. Bauman	P. H. Noland
W. L. Branch	W. B. Oglesby
J. Cova	R. J. Palmer
C. C. Cook	W. Rueger
G. H. Cunningham	R. C. Scott
J. J. Davis	C. D. Snead
H. F. Day	L. V. Sutton
W. R. Galt	H. H. Varner
E. G. Giles	J. H. Watkins
R. E. Goolrick	J. D. Waldrop
A. M. Goodloe	J. H. Wilson
A. W. Grant	H. H. Wilson
O. R. Jenkins	A. D. Williams
J. P. Jones	C. Williams
Z. R. Lewis	H. C. Whitehurst
M. McCormick	G. T. Worthington
W. T. Montague	W. K. Yonge



Illustration by [illegible]



Kodak and Camera Club

Colors: Black and White Pastime: Printing and Developing Drink: Hypo.

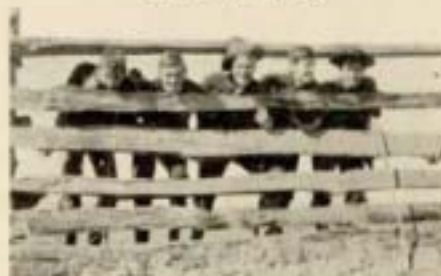
Favorite Saying:
How did your pictures turn out?

Officers

L. T. DOWNEY, '07	President
C. D. MONTAGUE, '07	Vice-President
J. T. ROGERS, JR., '07	Secretary
J. H. JONES, '08	Treasurer

Members

W. C. Bringman, '07	S. Blocksidge, '09
G. S. Barnard, '07	J. W. Campbell, '08
J. Carpenters, '10	L. T. Downey, '07
C. H. Deaton, '08	H. H. Hutchinson, '10
C. E. Houston, '09	W. Y. Jenkins, '10
J. H. Jones, '08	F. Klepper, '09
J. H. Minton, '07	C. D. Montague, '07
J. S. Redshaw, '10	J. T. Rogers, Jr., '07
L. S. Walker, '10	E. O. Williams, '09
O. H. Weiss, '09	





CAMERA CLUB



Favorite Quotation

"Blessings be on him who first
invented sleep."

Motto

Fressen, trinken, und sein
fröhlich.

Members

F. W. HARRIS
Presiding Elder

F. G. HENLEY
Toast Master

J. T. ROGERS
Entertaining Committee

T. J. WRIGHT
Carver

C. D. MONTAGUE
Caterer

A. B. CARPENTER
Chief

N. O. HOLY
Head Waiter

H. V. NEWCOMB
Doorkeeper

T. R. CUNNINGHAM
Leg Puller

J. D. WALDROP
Wasser Knabe



Cosmopolitan Club

J. DE LA COVA, President, '06	Cuba
J. W. CAMPBELL, Vice-President, '06	Alabama
C. P. MILLARD, Secretary, '08	Pennsylvania
J. H. JONES, Treasurer, '08	Mississippi
E. S. ALEXANDER, '08	North Carolina
A. G. ALDER, '10	Maryland
E. E. BARNES, '10	District of Columbia
J. L. BAUM, '09	Pennsylvania
H. S. BROWN, '09	Illinois
R. CALVERT, '09	New York
F. W. CONNOLLY, '10	Pennsylvania
G. H. COULON, '06	Louisiana
G. V. CRESPI, '10	Costa Rica
C. S. DAMMON, '09	Tennessee
A. C. DAVIS, '10	North Carolina
T. O. DAY, '08	North Carolina
G. FITZPATRICK, '09	District of Columbia
H. B. GORDON, '10	New York
A. W. GRANT, '06	Maryland
T. P. HICKS, '09	Maryland
R. W. HICKS, '10	North Carolina
J. H. HORTON, '10	Massachusetts
C. E. HOUSTON, '08	Maryland
R. M. JOHNSON, '09	North Carolina
T. L. LACY, '10	North Carolina
W. J. LUECKELL, '10	Michigan
J. T. LUTTRELL, '09	District of Columbia
J. McLENDON, '10	Texas
E. NICHOLSON, '09	New York
I. A. OBIAS, '09	Cuba
R. W. PATTISON, '10	Tennessee
J. B. PETTYJOHN, '09	Alabama
F. PLANAS, '09	Cuba
B. Y. READ, '10	District of Columbia
W. C. RATHELL, '10	Maryland
J. B. REDSHAW, '10	Massachusetts
H. C. ROGERS, '09	North Carolina
W. H. RUSSELL, '10	Illinois
R. THOMAS, '09	Illinois
H. A. TREADWELL, '06	Illinois
R. VILAFRANCA, '09	Costa Rica
G. VILAFRANCA, '09	Costa Rica
E. M. WILSON, '10	Pennsylvania



PROFESSOR F. H. ABBOT, Director

First Tenor

COURTNEY WILLIAMS

WALKER, L. S.

BAUM, J. L.

Second Tenor

FRITCHARD, M. D.

GRANDY, J. W.

Second Bass

HOLT, I. T.

JENKINS, O. R.

DAVIS, W. B.

First Bass

LAWSON, E. W.

HODGSON, H. D.

LEWIS, Z. R.



Mechanical Engineering Club

Motto: "Grease Forever."

Officers

L. W. WILLIAMS	President
W. D. SCOTT	Vice-President
J. D. WALDROP	Secretary and Treasurer
J. H. GALT	Sergeant at-Arms

Members

A. R. Bauman	"Sarge"
S. E. Carnahan	"Carnie"
C. E. Finch	"Roanoke"
J. H. Galt	"Rosa Lee"
L. Lichtenstein	"Hicky Hacky Poky Pi"
J. T. L. May	"Sunshine"
C. L. Paul	"Oom"
W. D. Scott	"Duke"
E. S. Sheppard	"Pete"
J. D. Waldrop	"Johnnie"
L. W. Williams	"Bill"

Honorary Members

L. S. Randolph	J. S. A. Johnson
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The C. E. Club

Officers

J. H. MINTON	President
R. W. SMITH	Vice-President
R. J. PALMER	Secretary
H. V. NEWCOMB	Treasurer.
H. D. HODGSON	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

A. G. Anderson	L. E. Brown
W. C. Bringman	A. C. Broce
F. M. Collier	L. T. Downey
G. C. Faville	C. J. Ford
N. O. Holt	A. B. Johnson
H. W. Kent	J. R. Kirk
W. J. Lamon	W. B. Livesay
H. R. Maddox	J. B. Major
J. B. Maynard	A. K. Nutty
C. Osborne	W. N. Preas
R. A. Russell	C. M. Smith
F. Stringfellow	C. G. Smoot
H. H. Varner	T. J. Weight



CIVIL ENGINEERING CLUB

E. E. Club

Senior Series Parklers Ready Reliable reckoners of Puzzling Parallel Problems

Officers

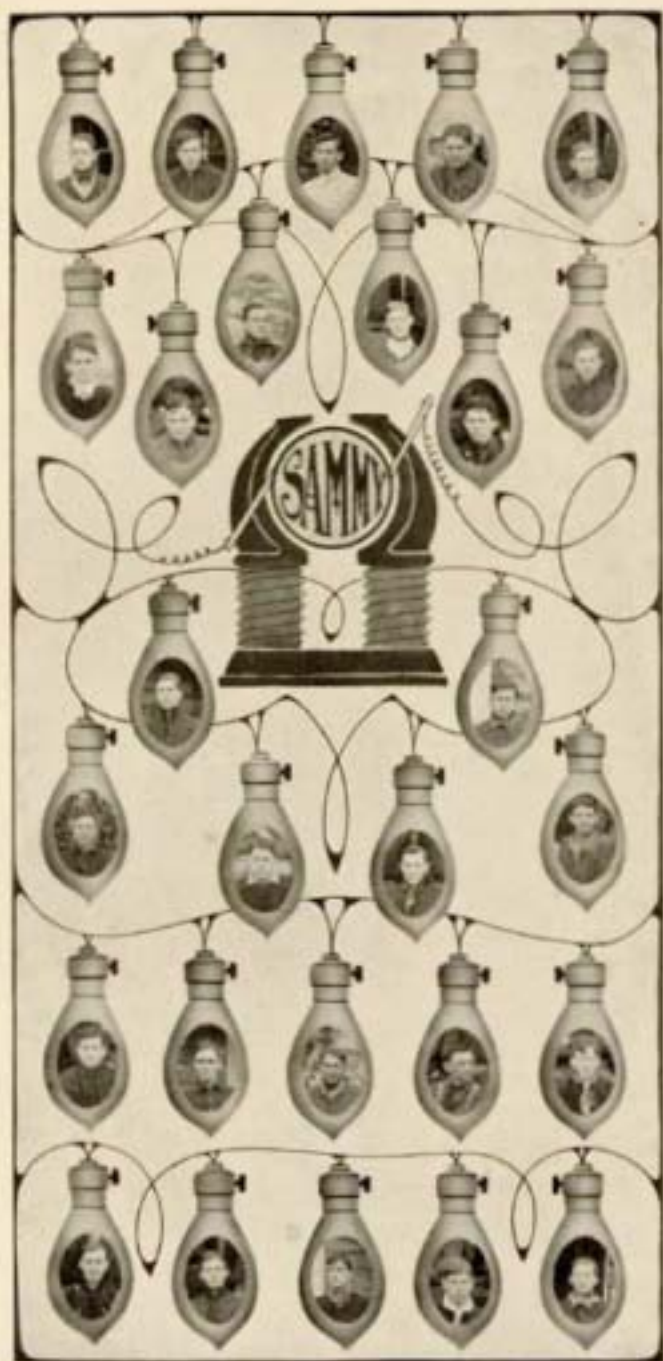
ALEXANDER, D.	President
HENLEY, F. G.	Vice-President
CARPENTER, A. B.	Secretary and Treasurer
BUSHNELL, G. E.	Switch Keeper

Members

PROFESSOR PRITCHARD	Generator
MAJOR LEE	Exciter
MONTAGUE	E. M. F.
SACHS	C. E. M. F.
FONTAINE	Current
SHEPPARD	Long Shunt
BUSHNELL	Flux
WELLS	Switch
BRADLEY	Commutator
ARMSTRONG	Pulley
FRENCH	Shaft
BARNARD	Yoke
ANDERSON	Frame
HENLEY	Battery
GOOLRICK	Pole Piece
HIGGINS	Insulator
THOMPSON	Bearing
WILSON	Starting Box
STONE	Foundation
EARLY	Field Coil
COSBY	Spark
CARPENTER	Armature
HARRIS	Brush
POWELL	Air Gap
ULRICH	Reluctance
ALEXANDER	Short Shunt
HANNAH	Fuse
BOATWRIGHT	Resistance
PURCELL	Bar

Master

S. R. PRITCHARD, JR.



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING CLUB

Agricultural Club

Officers

E. B. Fred, '07	President
F. S. Holmes, '07	Vice-President
F. H. Jordan, '08	Secretary
F. H. James, '09	Treasurer
I. P. Sedivy, '10	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

B. Anderson, '07	E. W. Lawson, '07
P. S. Blandford, '07	W. P. Long, '10
J. L. Bishop, '07	M. R. Leech, '10
M. A. Benson, '08	M. A. Manson, '09
J. Beale, '09	J. W. McCullouch, '08
W. S. Barksdale, '10	W. M. Montgomery, '10
J. Breckenridge, '10	R. J. McCray, '09
S. P. Coker, '08	J. K. Menslee, '10
J. Carpenter, '09	W. K. Mallory, '07
J. A. Clarkson, '08	F. E. Pancoast, '10
J. W. C. Catlett, '09	F. Pianos, '09
Cameron, '09	F. B. Page, '08
G. Fitzpateric, '09	H. P. Powers, '10
W. S. Francis, '09	M. Pease, '10
J. R. Hutcheson, '07	J. B. Skinner, '10
T. C. Hall, '08	F. E. Saunders, '09
R. M. Johnston, '09	J. F. Shorter, '08
M. O. Wilson, '10	T. Jones, '08
J. J. West, '10	C. Jones, '10
A. M. Yuille, '09	E. S. Kegley, '08





Medical Club

Officers

J. O. MUNDY, '07	President
D. D. MARTIN, '09	Vice-President
J. P. JONES, '09	Secretary and Treasurer
J. B. LUCAS, '10	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

W. D. Adkinson, '10		
J. A. Turlington, '10	W. A. Hames, '10	
J. P. Jones, '09	J. B. Lucas, '10	F. E. Lawson, '10
D. D. Martin, '09		
J. O. Mundy, '07	A. E. Willis, '10	



South Carolina Club

Officers

J. T. ROGERS, JR., '07	President
M. H. WATSON, '08	Vice-President
E. P. ROGERS, '09	Secretary
E. A. WILLIAMS, '09	Treasurer
J. R. TIMMONS, '10	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

S. P. Coker, '08	H. G. Jordan, '09
H. V. Livingston, '10	C. C. Meyer, '09
E. H. Narcum, Jr., '10	F. M. Rogers, '10
E. P. Rogers, '09	J. T. Rogers, Jr., '07
I. R. Timmons, '10	M. H. Watson, '08
E. A. Williams, '09	H. A. Womack, '10

Honorary Members

Dr. J. M. McBryde	Professor R. J. Davidson
Professor S. R. Pritchard	Professor E. A. Smythe
Albert S. Johnstone	

Pandemonium Club

Colors: Fiery Red, Sulphurous Blue and Smoky Black.

Favorite Saying: Give me a Drop of Water.

Motto: Better to Dwell in Pandemonium than to Rule on
"Midway."

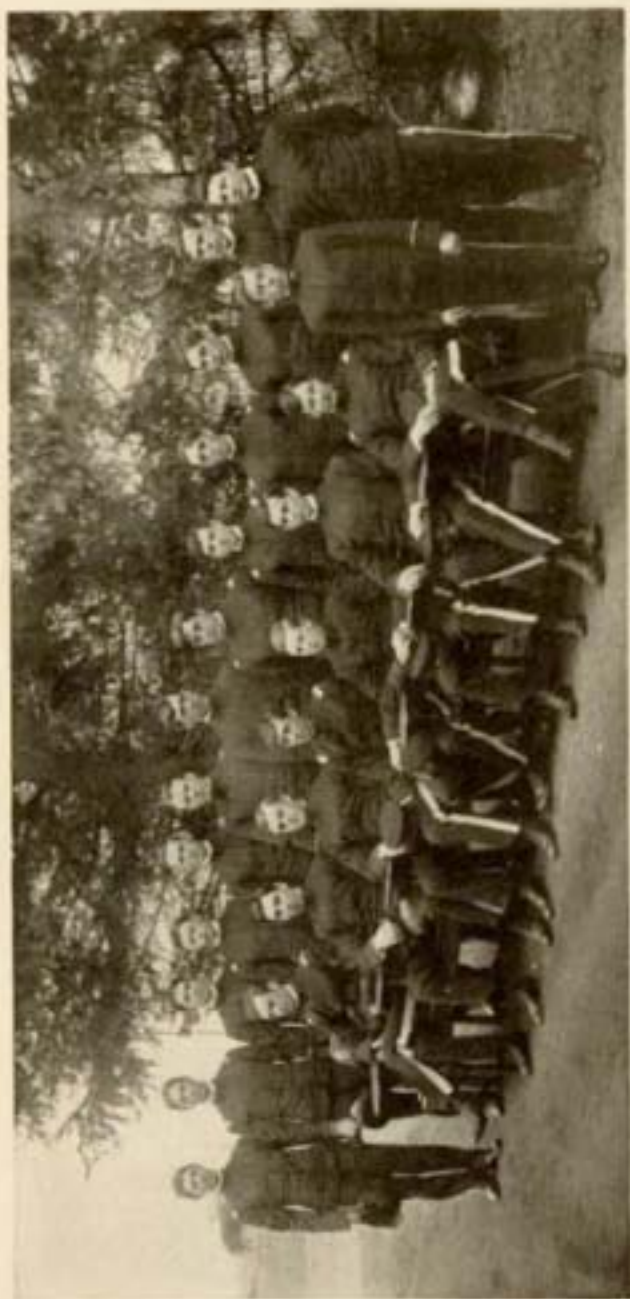
Favorite Occupation: Hunting Trouble.

Officers

J. H. MINTON	Satan
C. L. PAUL	Beelzebub
G. S. BARNARD	Mammon
A. B. JOHNSON	Sin
R. W. SMITH	Death

Fallen Angels

I. H. Armstrong	A. G. Anderson
D. Alexander	W. C. Bringman
P. T. Bradley	P. G. Cosby
F. M. Collier	L. T. Downey
R. N. Early	R. C. French
R. L. Higgins	H. D. Hodgson
W. B. Livesay	L. Lichtenstein
J. B. Major	J. T. L. May
J. W. Old	R. J. Palmer
R. A. Russell	W. D. Scott
E. S. Sheppard	



PANZERKORPS CLUB



Officers

J. M. PURCELL	President
W. K. YONGE	Vice-President
L. E. WALKER	Secretary and Treasurer
B. L. SMITH	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

Ainslie, E. C.	Bowman, L.		
Brown, L. E.	Chamlee, R. H.		
Carpenter, A. B.	Catlin, W.		
Chalkley, T. V.	Clark, J. L.	Cosby, R. R.	
Drumeller, W. M.	Giles, F. L.	Ellis, W. M.	
Glover, R. E.	Hubbard, M. F.	King, H. McG.	
Isbell, E. A.	Lamb, F. B.	Lichtenstein, L.	
McCue, J. M.	Massie, C. P.	Moss, W. D.	McGraw, W.
Noble, E. W.	Parsons G. L.	Schroeder, L. F.	
Paul, C. L.	Purcell, J. M.	Robertson, G. R.	
Sheppard, J. R.	Sheppard, E. S.	Woolfolk, C. A.	
Smith, B. L.	Walker, L. E.	Washer, L.	Yonge, W. K.



RICHMOND CLER



1907

At the city by the sea
Where the Jintown is to be

There we go without a fear
As will many from far and near

For the sights there to behold
Things both new and very old
Much to see and more to learn
On every hand and at each turn



Even the troops new England's best
Also a slice of Germany's best



From the ships of Columbus' time
To the Navies now sublime

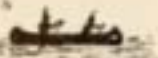


The time honored caravan of Timbuctoo
And the mighty, modern, speedy, Choo-Choo
French - and their old "parlez-vous français"
Little Japs - and their jintrickshaw.



Chinks and Poles, and others too
If for you these will not do.

Troops to the right and left of us
But they will not make a fuss.



As for pleasure, nothing more,
They have landed on our shore.

All of this and even more still
Can be seen from our door sill.

So a welcome to you all
Promerly in spring to late in fall.





West Virginia Club

Officers

C. H. DEATON, '08	President
R. S. POOLE, '08	Vice-President
O. R. JENKINS, '08	Secretary
C. G. WALKER, '09	Treasurer
E. L. BAILEY, '09	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

E. L. Bailey, '09	W. L. Branch, '07	C. H. Deaton, '08
M. W. Frankenfeld, '10		O. R. Jenkins, '08
J. L. Huddleson, '10		J. W. McCulloch, '08
F. E. Lawson, '10		R. D. Shields, '10
R. S. Poole, '08		C. H. Slayton, '10
J. P. Shockey, '10		L. J. Watts, '10
C. V. Wilson, '10	C. G. Walker, '09	
J. E. Williams, '10		



Norfolk Academy Club

Colors:
Orange and White

Favorite Drink:
Cheap Charlie's Lemonade

Officers

G. S. BARNARD, '07	President
J. D. WALDROP, '07	Vice-President
M. H. TILGHMAN, '09	Secretary and Treasurer
E. F. JONES, '09	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

H. M. Chewning, '09	M. S. Cleaton, '10
G. S. Barnard, '07	J. G. Ennes, '09
M. H. Jeffries, '10	W. T. Jones, '09
E. T. Jones, '09	F. H. Rives, '10
M. H. Tilghman, '09	J. D. Waldrop, '07



Augusta County Club

Officers

J. T. L. MAY, '07	President
J. A. CLARKSON, '08	Vice-President
L. G. MOORE, '09	Secretary
J. L. SINGER, '09	Treasurer
J. T. SMITH, '10	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

J. M. Blackburn, '10	J. S. Blain, '09
W. F. Cale, '08	G. F. Cale, '10
J. T. Cochran, '10	A. A. Eskridge, '10
H. H. Hutchinson, '09	W. B. Livesay, '07
W. M. Montgomery, '10	H. V. Newcomb, '07



Truckers Club

Composed of men from Norfolk and Portsmouth Counties.

Motto: On to Jamestown.

Officers

T. J. WRIGHT	President
J. B. MAYNARD	Vice-President
W. IVES	Secretary
J. R. KIRK	Treasurer

Members

M. L. Cleaton, '10	L. A. Deans, '10
J. G. Ennes, '09	W. Ives, '08
F. M. Johnson, '09	J. R. Kirk, '07
J. B. Maynard, '07	H. G. Norfleet, '09
E. Overman, '10	J. D. Powell, '08
L. A. Porter, '10	O. H. Weiss, '09
R. E. Wright, '09	T. J. Wright, '07

Honorary Member

Miss E. B. Bowen



C. S. C. Club

C. J. FORD, Secy, President
 J. H. COCHRAN, Secy
 W. H. HUSLAP, Secy
 C. J. FORD, Secy
 F. H. JAMES, Secy

L. W. WILLIAMS, Secy, Vice-President
 J. W. MCCORMICK, Secy
 R. P. PARSONS, Secy
 H. S. STABLE, Secy

F. H. JAMES, Secy, Secretary
 F. E. SAUNDERS, Secy
 H. H. YARBER, Secy
 J. H. CHRISTMAN, Secy

H. A. TILLEY, Treasurer
 E. B. ZIEGLER, Secy
 W. S. FRANCIS, Secy
 R. J. MURRAY, Secy

W. L. TERRY, Secy, Sergeant-at-Arms
 W. L. TERRY, Secy
 J. B. WRIGHT, Secy
 L. W. WILLIAMS, Secy



Newport News Club

Motto: Grab or go Hungry

Favorite Dish: Murphy's Favorite Drink: Adams Ale

Favorite Pastime: Hitting the Hay

Officers

H. T. HOWARD, '09	President
F. S. BALLARD, '10	Vice President
W. B. DAVIS	Secretary and Treasurer

Members

F. S. Ballard, '10	J. A. Buxton, '10
W. B. Davis, '10	M. W. Gale, '10
J. D. Hamilton, '10	H. T. Howard, '09
E. M. Lash, '10	C. P. Malm, '10



HUNTER'S ALUM SPRINGS

Hulaski County Club

Favorite Pastime: Dancing at Hunter's Alum.

Favorite Drink: Hunter's Alum Water

Officers

S. E. CARNAHAN, '07	President
F. S. HOLMES, '07	Vice-President
F. H. JORDAN, '08	Secretary and Treasurer
S. BLOCKSIDE, '09	Master of Ceremonies

Members

F. S. Holmes, '07	S. E. Carnahan, '07
F. H. Jordan, '08	S. Blocksidge, '09
H. C. Painter, '10	H. H. Holmes, '10
D. C. Wysser, '10	



Lynchburg Club

Colors: Sky-blue and White.

Motto: Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow.

Occupation:

Cure for Homesickness: Climbing Stairs.

Officers

P. G. COSBY, '07	President
R. A. DuVAL, '08	Vice-President
F. A. SCHAEFER, '09	Secretary and Treasurer
H. M. FORD, '10	Sergeant-at Arms

Members

W. C. Adkerson, '10	J. Carpenter, '10
P. G. Cosby, '07	R. A. DuVal, '08
H. M. Ford, '10	E. N. Harmon, '10
J. Logan, '10	T. K. Menefee, '10
L. H. Owen, '10	J. Sachs, '07
F. A. Schaefer, '09	A. E. Willis, '09

Honorary Members

C. Williams, '03	C. M. Bowman, '05
C. D. Sneed, '06	



Mythe County Club

Colors: Sky-blue and Pea Green.

Favorite Food: Persimmons.

Motto: Never let a good thing pass.

Favorite Song: "I'd rather be a Sausage than a can of Boston Baked Beans."

Favorite Drink: Cod Liver Oil.

Favorite Occupation: Pressing Brick.

Officers

R. S. POOLE, '08	President
R. C. KENT, '09	Vice-President
P. P. HUFFARD, '09	Secretary
J. M. JEWETT, '09	Treasurer
W. P. BROWN, '10	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

W. P. Brown, '10	P. P. Huffard, '09
J. M. Jewett, '09	R. C. Kent, '09
E. S. Kegley, '10	F. C. Main, '10
R. S. Poole, '08	G. J. Stone, '10
C. E. Swecker, '10	

Honorary Member

W. B. Oglesby



Washington County Club

Officers

A. K. NUTTY, '07	President
W. B. MARTIN, '09	Vice-President
R. M. BOGGS, '09	Secretary and Treasurer
A. H. WARDEN, '10	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

J. H. Aaron, '10	W. J. Brown, '10
R. M. Boggs, '09	T. W. Clapp, '08
W. B. Clapp, '09	J. H. Cooper, '10
G. M. Harbeson, '10	C. H. Jennings, '10
W. B. Martin, '09	J. L. Nester, '10
A. K. Nutty, '07	E. E. Routh, '10
A. H. Warden, '10	



Pittsylvania Club

Officers

C. E. DIFFENDAL, '08	Junior Arch Fiend
J. C. MITCHELL, JR., '08	High Arch Fiend
C. B. WALKER, '08	Recording Angel
E. W. BOWEN, '09	Judas, Watch Dog of the Treasury

Demons

J. H. Wilson, '07	B. Anderson, '07
G. C. Stone, '08	J. T. Graves, '08
A. L. Stigall, '09	J. E. Kesen, '09
J. W. Watson, '09	W. W. Adams, '09

Debits

B. Kerns	J. Redd
C. G. Taylor	C. L. Bailey
S. C. Brown	E. T. Burr
G. C. Fitzgerald	



Montgomery County Club

Officers

W. D. SCOTT, '07	President
F. H. TROLLINGER, '08	Vice-President
M. H. EOFF, '09	Treasurer
J. B. LUCAS, '10	Secretary
J. H. HARMAN, '09	Sergeant-at-Arms
J. C. C. PRICE	Artist

Members

A. C. Bross, '07	J. L. Bishop, '07
O. M. Bishop, '10	T. P. Campbell, '09
A. B. Cook, '10	A. G. Crowder, '10
H. H. Gardner, '09	V. V. Kelsey, '09
V. E. Kelsey, '09	J. W. Kelsey, '10
H. M. Marye, '08	C. R. Myers, '09
C. M. Walker, '10	

Honorary Members

Professor H. L. Price	Dr. W. B. Ellet
F. M. Lucas	



Rappahannock Valley Club

Officers

C. D. MONTAGUE, '07	President
G. R. SCOTT, '09	Vice-President
R. E. M. GOOLRICK, '07	Secretary and Treasurer
A. G. GIBBS, '10	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

A. R. Bauman, '07	J. H. Crismond, '10
W. D. Flagg, '09	R. E. M. Goodrick, '07
A. G. Gibbs, '10	W. P. Hunter, '09
C. D. Montague, '07	R. M. Robinson, '10
G. R. Scott, '09	



Albemarle and Orange Club

Officers

Motto: "Faire Sans Dire."

Chief Occupation: "Dear Hunting."

Favorite Drink: Orangeade and Pippin Cider.

F. W. HARRIS.....	President
R. L. HIGGINS	Vice-President
J. O. MUNDY.....	Secretary
D. D. MARTIN.....	Treasurer
R. H. STRATTON.....	

Members

G. C. Brooking	J. L. Davis
J. W. Hall	F. W. Harris
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Editor's Note.



WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one class of men to do what numerous other classes have done before them, i. e., get out an edition of THE BUGLE, it is but natural that they should ask themselves "How can we do this thing in a way different from that in which it was done before?" And, having asked themselves the question, what is more natural than that they should proceed to discover for themselves an answer?

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that variety is the spice of life; that a change of diet now and then is good for the very best of men; that a BUGLE must not be too nearly similar to the BUGLE of a preceding year if that BUGLE would win the appreciation that it probably deserves. And, holding such truths to be self-evident, motive was lent to a natural desire for something new.

Man's motives play an important part in the growth of a nation. You, O reader, may see what part motive has played in the growth of the 1907 BUGLE. Thus may you account for the many changes that we have made.

Not a work of art, O fellows. Those who do not know as we know may stand off and criticise it for its many faults—for it has many. Worthless it may seem to them, but to you and to us, one time wearers of the V. P. I. Blue and Gray, it is a pleasant reminder of the days that we have spent happily together. Some summer evening we'll waste an idle hour in musing over its contents. Page after page as the leaves turn will lift the veil that hides the past and show a multitude of things, dear to the heart, that the flow of years would cover up. Then, will we value the book, not for what it is in itself, but for the past that it commemorates.

THE BUGLE Board desires to express its thanks and acknowledge indebtedness for assistance in various ways to Professor Vawter, Professor and Mrs. J. B. McBryde, Dr. Newman, Professor Campbell, the ladies, Glee Club, Orchestra, Professor Abbot, and all others who took part in and worked so persistently to make the "Mikado" a great success; last, but not least, to our contributors, of both art and literature, many of whom were not members of the Corps.

We deeply regret that lack of space prevented our publishing several pieces of merit, whose only fault was great length. We desire to express to the contributors of such pieces our appreciation.

EDITORS.

Farewell

The beach was long and low and wide;
In front a great sea rolled away;
Behind, a granite cliff stood high;
Behind the cliff, a safe-locked bay.

And, lo, this bay a harbor was,
Where ships were fitted for the sea;
The ship-ways never empty were—
The builders wrought eternally.

Now through the granite cliff a gate
One day did open wide, and lo—
A fleet of ships with sails all set
Were launched into the ocean's flow.

Upon the cliff five hundred stood
And watched the ships sail out of sight,
Praying that God would steer them well,
And keep them safe through day and night.

The new sails caught the morning breeze;
The morning sun lit up the shrouds;
The standards flying from the masts
Waved out aloft to passing clouds.

And thus they sailed in glory on;
And ever as the distance grew,
Five hundred stood upon the cliff
And waved a last and sad "Adieu."

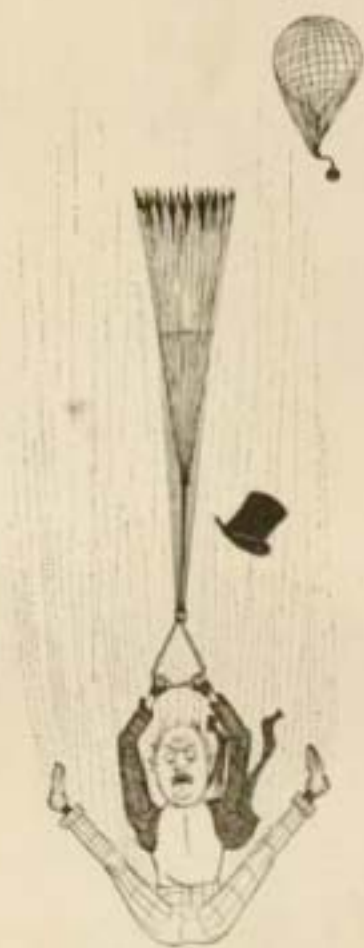
Until at length each sail grew small—
How far away one might not tell—
And as each ship sank out of sight,
Five hundred breathed a last "Farewell."

Back o'er the sea the wavelets came,
And as they raced, each wave did sigh,
Each brought sweet messages of love,
But murmured just one word—"GOOD-BYE."

P. '07



VACATION



THE END



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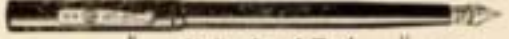
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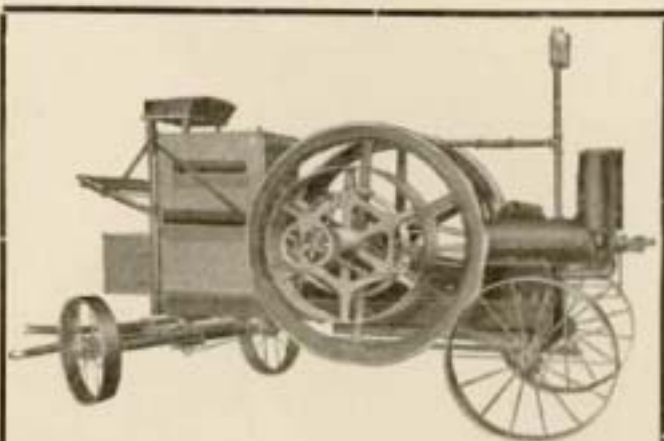


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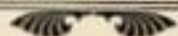
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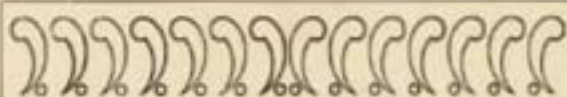
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