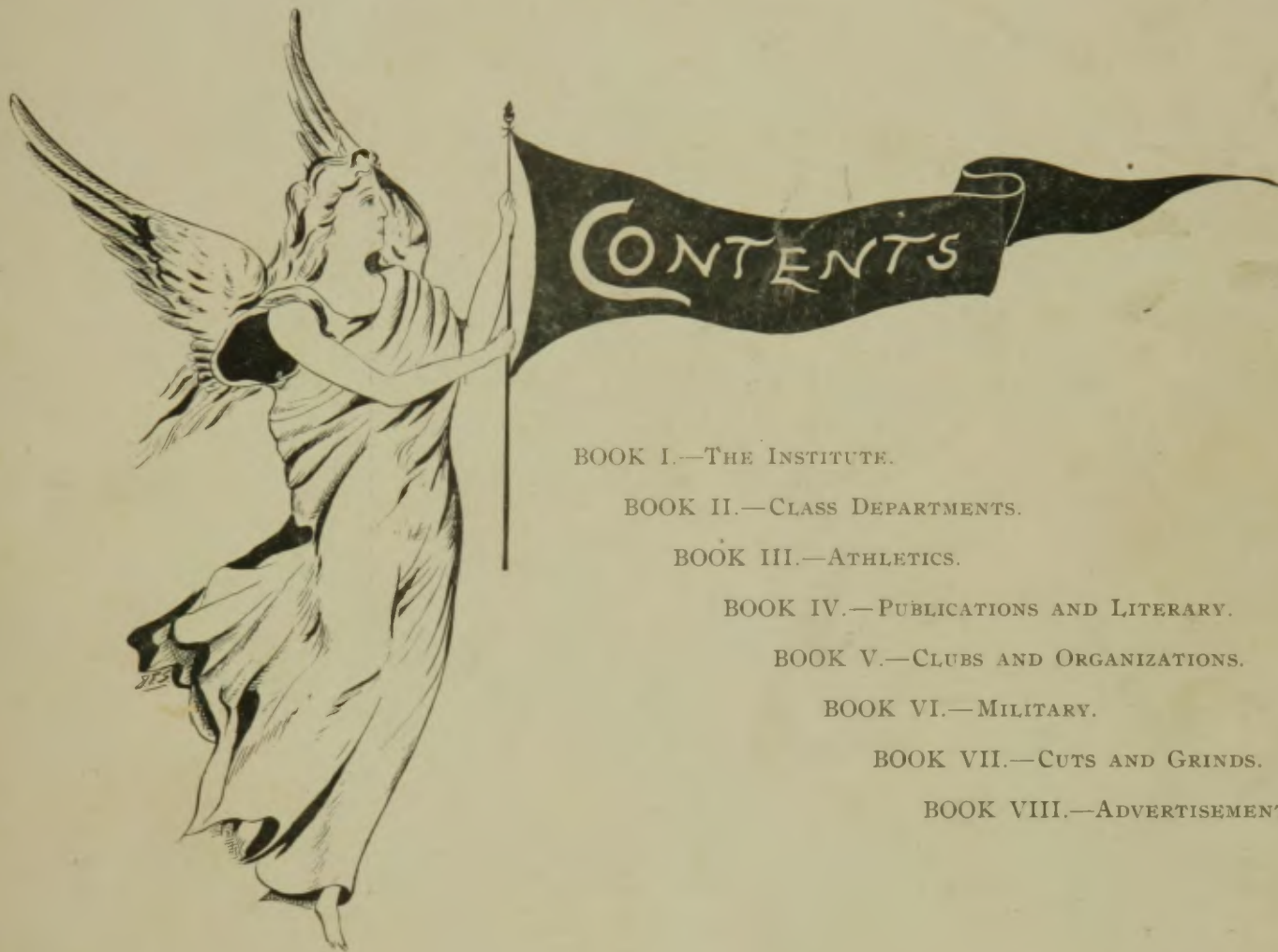


THE BUGLE.





BOOK I.—THE INSTITUTE.

BOOK II.—CLASS DEPARTMENTS.

BOOK III.—ATHLETICS.

BOOK IV.—PUBLICATIONS AND LITERARY.

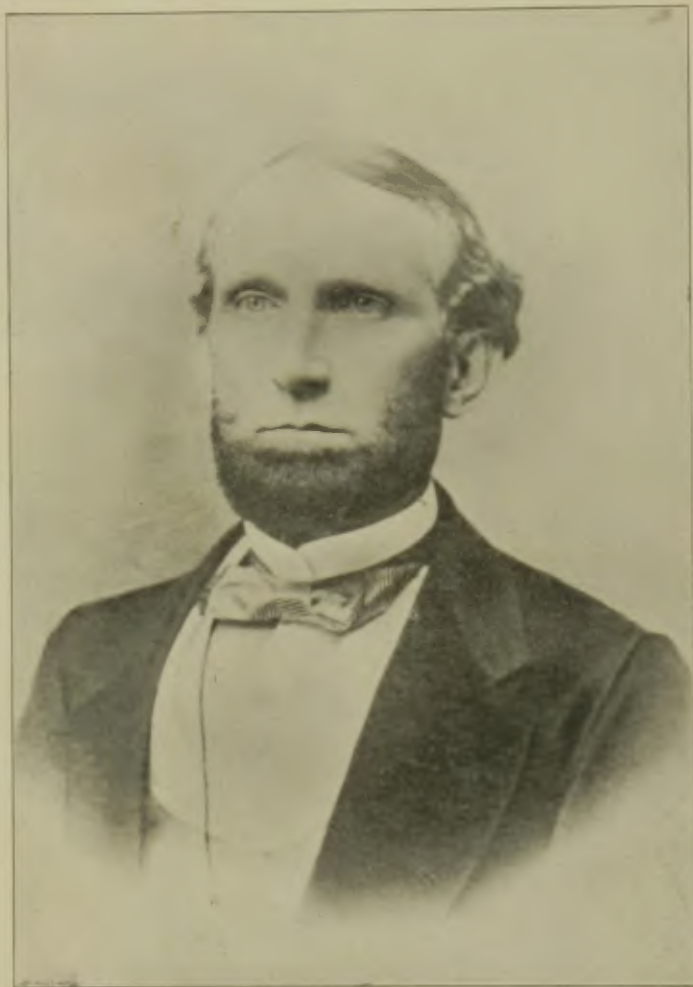
BOOK V.—CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS.

BOOK VI.—MILITARY.

BOOK VII.—CUTS AND GRINDS.

BOOK VIII.—ADVERTISEMENTS.





JUDGE WALLER R. STAPLES.

To Virginia's distinguished lawyer and eminent jurist,  
the warm and unfaltering friend of the  
Virginia Polytechnic  
Institute,

Judge Waller R. Staples,

this volume is affectionately dedicated,  
as a small token of our appreciation of his affection  
for our Alma Mater  
and of his honored career in the State  
whose judiciary he has adorned  
and whose citizenship  
he has ennobled.





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J. G. GUERRANT

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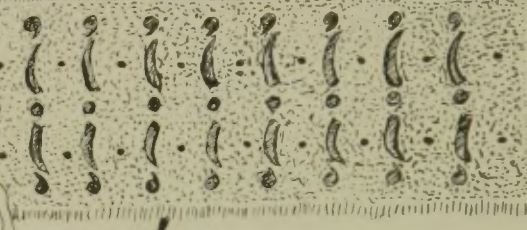
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97.



TO THE READERS of the Bugle, the Board of Editors extend a hearty greeting in presenting the third volume, hoping that in the long hours spent in its preparation, their ambition to produce a pleasing and interesting work that would reflect credit on their class and Alma Mater, has been to some small extent realized. \* \* \* \* \*







# BOOK ONE





ALL THE YEAR THROUGH



1896

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21,  
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26,  
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19,

FIRST TERM BEGINS.  
THANKSGIVING DAY—HOLIDAY.  
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS BEGIN.

1897

MONDAY, JANUARY 4,  
TUESDAY, JANUARY 19,  
FRIDAY, JANUARY 29,  
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1,  
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22,  
FRIDAY, JUNE 11,  
SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 11 A. M.,  
SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 8 P. M.,  
MONDAY, JUNE 14, 11 A. M.,  
MONDAY, JUNE 14, 8 P. M.,  
MONDAY, JUNE 14, 10 P. M.,  
TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 11 A. M.,  
TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 8 P. M.,  
TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 10 P. M.,  
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 10 A. M.,  
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 9 P. M.,

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS END.  
LEE'S BIRTHDAY—HOLIDAY.  
INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATIONS END.  
SECOND TERM BEGINS.  
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY—HOLIDAY.  
FINAL EXAMINATIONS END.  
BACCALAUREATE SERMON.  
SERMON BEFORE Y. M. C. A.  
ADDRESS BEFORE LITERARY SOCIETIES.  
CELEBRATION OF MAURY LITERARY SOCIETY.  
PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION TO GRADUATING CLASS.  
ALUMNI ADDRESS.  
CELEBRATION OF LEE LITERARY SOCIETY.  
ALUMNI BANQUET.  
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.  
FINAL BALL.

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ESTABLISHED 1890.



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1893.			
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FERGUSON, MEADE,	B. S. in Agr., '96,	Hollywood.
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KERFOOT, EDWARD JUDSON,		Millwood.
LEE, CLAUDIUS,	B. S. in E. E., '96,	Danville.
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MOORE, ROBERT EUGENE,	B. S. in M. E., '96,	Roanoke.
MARTIN, TARPLEY DOUGLAS,	B. S. in App. Chem., '96,	Chatham.
PERRY, WARREN ANDREW,	B. S. in M. E., '95,	Wylliesburg.
PATRICK, NARBON ROBERT,	B. S. in M. E., '96,	Rustburg.
PRICE, EDGAR,	B. S. in E. E., '96,	Berryville.
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STUART, ROBERT CROCKETT,	B. S. in Gen. Sci., '95,	Rural Retreat.
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TURNER, FRANKLIN PIERCE,	B. S. in M. E., '96,	Riner.
WILSON, FRANK DANIEL,	B. S. in App. Chem., '94; M. S., '96,	Chatham.

# Statistics..Session of 1896-97



## By Classes

Post Graduates, . . . . .	29	Juniors, . . . . .	46	Freshmen, . . . . .	145
Seniors, . . . . .	26	Sophomores, . . . . .	75	Sub-Freshmen, . . . . .	15
		Total, . . . . .	336		

## By Courses

Mechanical Engineering, . . . . .	82	Applied Chemistry, . . . . .	37	Sub-Freshmen, . . . . .	15
Electric, . . . . .	59	Post Graduates, . . . . .	29	Agriculture, . . . . .	11
Electrical Engineering, . . . . .	58	Civil Engineering, . . . . .	18	Horticulture, . . . . .	1
		Total, . . . . .	336		

## By States Represented

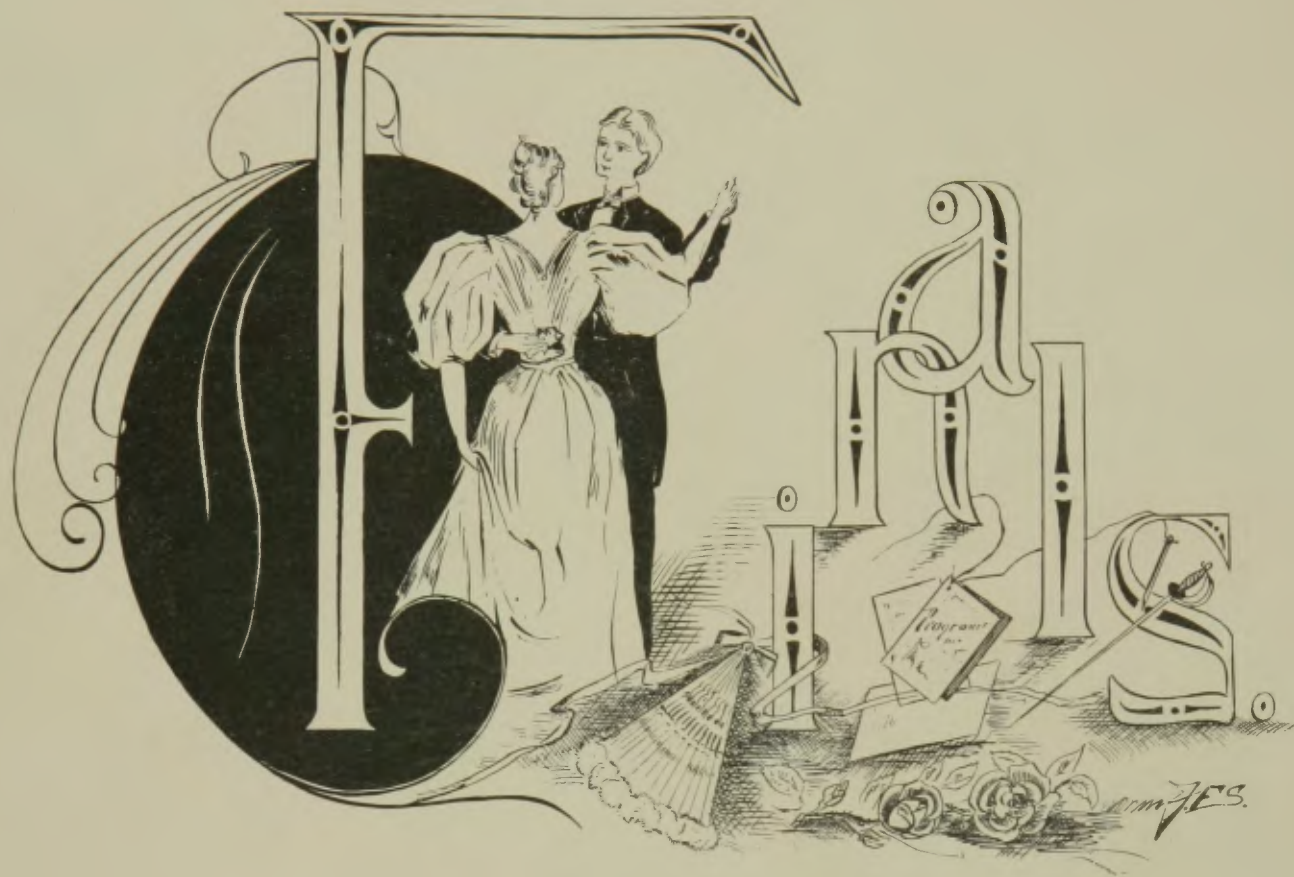
Virginia, . . . . .	298	West Virginia, . . . . .	3	District of Columbia, . . . . .	1
North Carolina, . . . . .	12	Georgia, . . . . .	2	Tennessee, . . . . .	1
South Carolina, . . . . .	9	Kentucky, . . . . .	1	Pennsylvania, . . . . .	1
Maryland, . . . . .	6	Mississippi, . . . . .	1	Brazil, . . . . .	1
		Total, . . . . .	336		

## By Church Affiliation

Episcopal families, . . . . .	109	Baptist families, . . . . .	50	Disciples families, . . . . .	2
Methodist families, . . . . .	83	Lutheran families, . . . . .	10	Unitarian families, . . . . .	2
Presbyterian families, . . . . .	74	Jewish families, . . . . .	3	Reformed Church families, . . . . .	1
		Catholic families, . . . . .	2		
		Total, . . . . .	336		

## By Ages

Fourteen years, . . . . .	1	Nineteen years, . . . . .	55	Twenty-five years, . . . . .	5
Fifteen years, . . . . .	15	Twenty years, . . . . .	44	Twenty-six years, . . . . .	3
Sixteen years, . . . . .	33	Twenty-one years, . . . . .	26	Twenty-seven years, . . . . .	2
Seventeen years, . . . . .	48	Twenty-two years, . . . . .	12	Twenty-eight years, . . . . .	1
Eighteen years, . . . . .	68	Twenty-three years, . . . . .	14	Thirty-two years, . . . . .	1
		Twenty-four years, . . . . .	8		
		Average Age, . . . . .	19		



1896



Sunday, June 21st

- 11.00 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, . . . . . REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D., Crozet, Va.  
8.30 P. M.—Sermon before Institute Y. M. C. A., . . . . . REV. A. COKE SMITH, D. D., Lynchburg, Va.



Monday, June 22d

- 11.00 A. M.—Address before Literary Societies, . . . . . HON. E. W. SAUNDERS, Rocky Mount, Va  
3.00 P. M.—Competitive Company Drill, followed by Battalion Parade.  
8.30 P. M.—Celebration of Lee Literary Society.  
10.30 P. M.—German, by V. P. I. German Club. (Admission by Invitation.)



Tuesday, June 23d

- 11.00 A. M.—Alumni Address, . . . . . W. S. MATHEWS, Big Stone Gap, Va.  
3.00 P. M.—Battalion Review, followed by Sham Battle.  
8.30 P. M.—Celebration of Maury Literary Society.  
10.30 P. M.—President's Reception to Graduating Class.



# Wednesday, June 24th, Commencement Day



## ORDER OF EXERCISES



10.30 A. M.--Procession from the Parade Ground.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR SESSION 1895-'96.

MUSIC.

### Graduating Theses

Lubricants,	A. P. ESKRIDGE.
Heredity of Acquired Characters,	M. FERGUSON.
Chloride Accumulator,	J. H. FRASER.
Compressed Air,	J. R. GUY.
Mexican Intervention—French Imperialism,	L. D. KLINE.

MUSIC.

Relation of Internal Structure to Ultimate Strength of Metals,	C. LEE.
Electro-Magnets,	R. R. LEWIS.
Compressed Air,	R. E. MOORE.
Modern Languages in their Relation to Engineering,	N. R. PATRICK.
The Development of the Dynamo,	E. PRICE.
Insect Friends and foes,	W. M. SCOTT.

MUSIC.

The Distinguishing Features of Plants and Animals,	S. H. SHEIB.
The Importance of Scientific Research to the Art of Agriculture,	O. M. STULL.
Present Methods in the Design and Manufacture of Spur Gearing,	O. E. THOMPSON.
The Effect of Overstraining Iron,	F. P. TURNER.

MUSIC.

MEDAL TO BEST DRILLED COMPANY.

CERTIFICATES AND DEGREES.

MUSIC.

Address before the Graduating Class, HON. CHAS. W. DABNEY, LL. D., Washington, D. C.

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.

## Certificate in Course of Practical Mechanics

WILLIAM WALKER MILLER,

Wythe.

### Graduates

#### Bachelors of Science

WILLIAM ERNEST BARTON,	Alexandria.
ALEXANDER PARKER ESKRIDGE,	Montgomery.
MEADE FERGUSON,	Appomattox.
JAMES HAMILTON FRASER,	Georgetown Co., S. C.
SAMUEL SIDNEY FRASER,	Georgetown Co., S. C.
JAMES RINGOLD GUY,	Norfolk.
LESLIE DUNCAN KLINE	Frederick.
CLAUDIUS LEE,	Pittsylvania.
ROBERT RHETT LEWIS,	Charleston Co., S. C.
TARPLEY DOUGLAS MARTIN	Pittsylvania.
BREVARD DAVIDSON MILLER,	Mecklenburg Co., N. C.
ROBERT EUGENE MOORE,	Roanoke.
NORBON ROBERT PATRICK,	Campbell.
EDGAR PRICE,	Clarke.
WILLIAM MOORE SCOTT,	Smyth.
SAMUEL HENRY SHEIB,	Baltimore Co., Md.
OSCAR MEADE STULL,	Alleghany.
OSCEOLA CLAIBORNE THOMPSON,	Dinwiddie.
FRANKLIN PIERCE TURNER,	Montgomery.

#### Masters of Science

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ALLEN TAYLOR ESKRIDGE, JR.,	Montgomery.
JOSEPH ANDERSON MASSIE,	Warwick.
GEORGE THOMAS SURFACE,	Montgomery.
FRANK DANIEL WILSON,	Pittsylvania.

#### Mechanical Engineer

WILLIAM GEORGE CONNOR,

Wythe.

10 P. M.—FINAL BALL.



# BOOK TWO

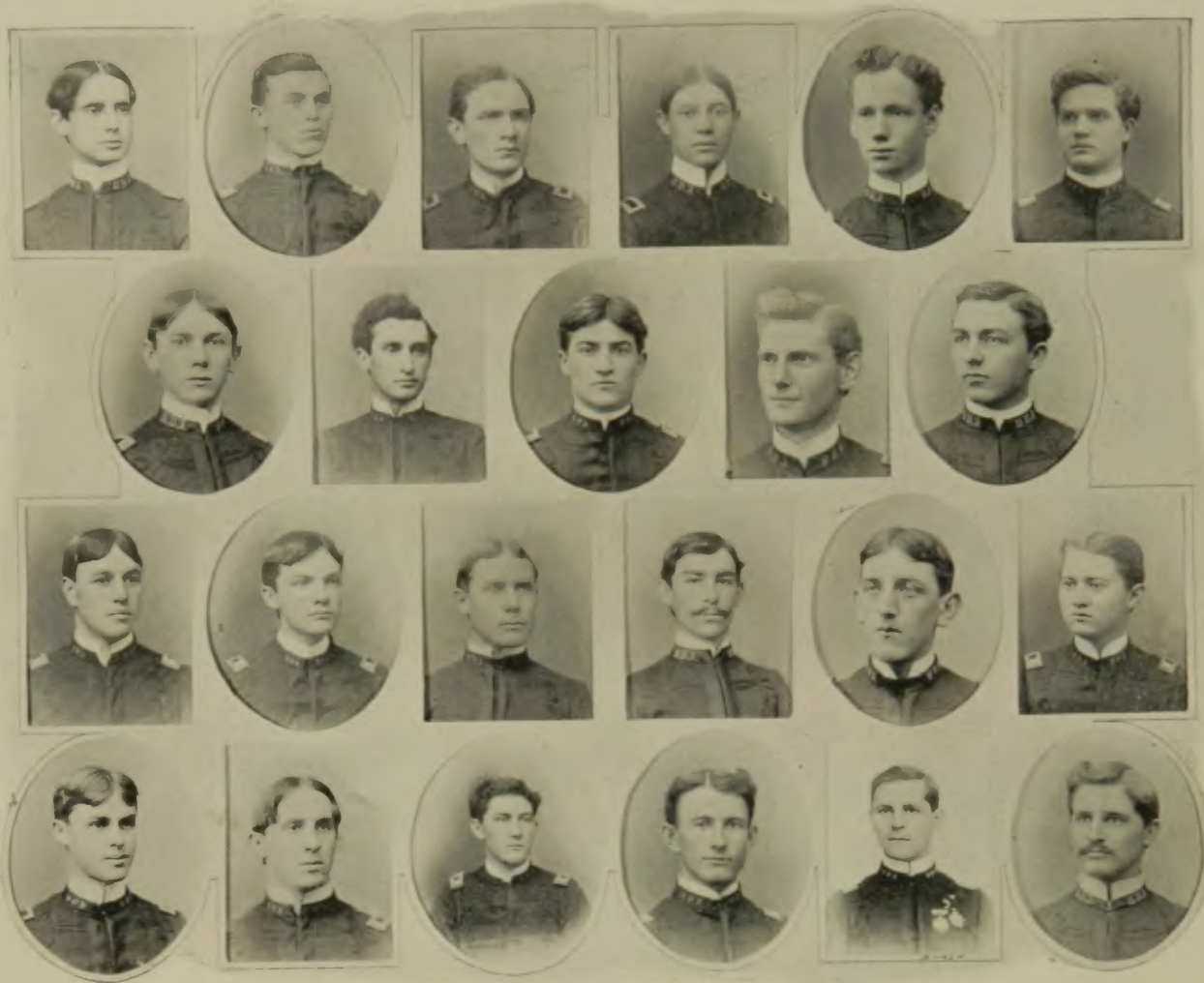






VIEW OF CAMPUS





SENIOR CLASS

S. FRASER	R. KIRKPATRICK	W. C. EAKIN	H. C. ELLETT	C. E. HARDY	E. V. JONES
C. B. JUNKIN	J. G. GUERRANT	R. TURNBULL	W. A. EARHART	J. L. PHILLIPS	
T. H. EPES	H. H. HURT	J. H. WOOLWINE	F. J. CHAPMAN	J. M. M'BRYDE	J. B. URQUHART
F. SAUNDERS	J. L. JOHNS	W. R. KARR	D. F. MORTON	L. PRIDDY	H. A. JOHNSON





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JAMES BURWELL URQUHART,	Vice President.
DAVID FLOURNOY MORTON,	Secretary.

COLORS — Royal purple and gold.      MOTTO — Au raug suprême pades voies étraites.  
 We have stopped yelling until we get out of the woods.



## Senior Statistics

NAME	COMMONLY KNOWN AS	ADDRESS	COURSE	CHARACTERIZED BY	WANTS	WHAT ST. PETER WILL SAY
F. J. Chapman	"Goat"	Salem, Va.	E. E.	{ Resemblance } { to a goat..... }	To go fishing.....	Butt through if you can.
T. H. Epes	"Fanny"	Nottaway, Va.	Gen. Sci.	Good looks.....	{ To stand in with } { the Juniors..... }	{ The door is locked; go chew the rag } { with '98. }
H. C. Ellett	"Puss"	Christiansburg, Va.	E. E.	Nichts.....	Nil.....	Nit.
W. C. Eakin	"Frosty"	Blacksburg, Va.	Gen. Sci.	Frosty head.....	To play baseball...	{ You are from Blacksburg; no admit- } { tance. }
W. A. Earhart	"Preacher"	Snowville, Va.	M. E.	Piety.....	To be an angel....	Cast that mote out of your eye.
S. Fraser	"Sam"	Georgetown, S. C.	E. E.	Affinity for Colin	Colin Junkin....	Go whistle for Colin.
J. G. Guerrant	"John"	Pilot, Va.	E. E.	Devotion to a girl	To get married....	Your girl has gotten you a pass.
C. E. Hardy	"Gen'l"	Rome, Ga.	E. E.	Great schemes ..	{ A pass on electric- } { ity at Finals..... }	{ You roasted others while editor of the } { BUGLE; it is your time to be roasted } { now. }
H. H. Hurt	"Doc"	Chatham, Va.	App. Chem.	{ Sleepyhead- } { ness..... }	A Civil Service job.	Crawl in the window.
E. V. Jones, Jr.	"Parson"	Cismont, Va.	M. E.	{ Conscientious- } { ness..... }	To ask a question.	{ Late, late; so late, but you can enter } { still. }
C. B. Junkin	"Colin"	Christiansburg, Va.	E. E.	Affinity for Sam.	Sam Fraser.....	Go whistle for Sam.
J. L. Johns	"Pick"	Millersburg, Pa.	Gen. Sci.	Policy.....	{ To stand in with } { the Faculty..... }	No professors up here.
H. A. Johnson	"Big Johnsing"	Cotman's, Va.	M. E.	{ Original (?) } { "Drags"..... }	To buck a Rat.....	{ You did your duty on the football team; } { enter. }
W. R. Kirkpatrick	"Kirk"	Alone, Va.	M. E.	Irish mug.....	To be a soldier...	"Thermo." studied below.
W. R. Karr	"Bob"	Blacksburg, Va.	Hort.	Witty (?) remarks	To be smart.....	{ They need you to read temperatures } { down at the lower "station."
J. M. McBryde, Jr.	"Jack Rabbit"	Lexington, Va.	E. E.	Jack rabbit ears.	{ To borrow some- } { thing..... }	Hardly.
D. F. Morton	"Dummy"	Eureka Mills, Va.	E. E.	Peculiar ideas...	Sense.....	Go study German on the floor below.
J. L. Phillips	"Prac"	Massey, Va.	Agr.	{ Agricultural ap- } { pearance..... }	{ Wider roads or } { smaller feet..... }	{ You may go in if the gate is wide } { enough. }
L. Priddy	"Rip"	Keysville, Va.	Gen. Sci.	Unmitigated gall	The earth.....	Have the BUGLE's come?
F. Saunders, Jr.	"Flim"	Evington, Va.	E. E.	Modesty.....	To be an athlete ..	{ You had to stay in Dummy's company } { long enough at Blacksburg; enter. }
R. Turnbull, Jr.	"Bull"	Lawrenceville, Va.	M. E.	Independence...	To raise h—.....	{ Of all the beasts that enter here, I'd } { rather not have a bull. }
J. B. Urquhart	"Jimmie Jesus"	Portsmouth, Va.	C. E.	Puddin' face.....	{ To be a civil en- } { gineer..... }	You will have to stay with "Flopsy."
J. H. Woolwine	"Wunk"	Pilot, Va.	Gen. Sci.	It's hard to tell..	To pass on "Dutch"	You have flunked now, certain.

## Character Readings



FROM THE SIGNATURES OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS.\*



*F. J. Chapman*

You have a nervous temperament and have not perfect health. You lack the strong resolution necessary to win entire success. You are a bit susceptible, and your heart will govern your life to a very great extent. You have shrewdness and diplomacy, and are not apt to get the worst of a bargain. You are sometimes too good-natured and are apt to be imposed upon. Cultivate your physical strength.

*H. C. Eastin*

You have hopefulness strongly developed, are not easily discouraged, and will succeed fairly well, but need a little more force and energy in your work. You depend a little too much on the opinions of others, lacking self-reliance. You do quite well what you have to do, but have not learned to plan ahead for yourself, as you will have to do by and by. Are practical, and would succeed well in work giving employment to both brain and muscle.

*M. A. Easthart*

You are obstinate and fond of having your own way. You are a fluent talker and often tell what you would do under certain circumstances, but perhaps when you stood face to face with the reality your actions might be far different from those you had planned. You have intuitive judgment, sometimes jumping to conclusions too hastily, and your affectionate nature can be easily wounded by criticism or the coolness of those you admire. Deliberate in what you do, you would succeed best in some line of work where there is no competition.

*H. C. Elett*

With a resolute will, not easily swerved from its purpose, you are assertive in your opinions and will stand up for your rights. You have keen penetration, study well and try to master those things that interest you. Your judgment is good, although at times a little more theoretical than practical, and you would succeed better in technical work than in business of a mercantile nature. You are loyal to those whom you love, but could be jealous. Will be, in many respects, quite fortunate.

\* Written by Mrs. Frankliu Hall, Graphologist, East Orange, N. J.

*T. H. Egan*

You have originality and inventive talent, but are not overfond of work, and are very partial to the luxuries and refinements of life. You rarely think of your personal safety, and would make a good sailor. A fluent talker, generally candid, but can sometimes get around things you do not wish to tell in a neat and diplomatic way. Would succeed best in professional life. Like to make a good impression.

*Saul Fraser*

You are a fluent talker, and are quick to see what needs to be done under certain circumstances. You have a strong will that is not easily swerved from its purpose. You are hopeful and will make an effort to gain success in your undertakings. You are thrifty and not extravagant in your tastes, although fond of pleasure. You have self-confidence and that kindly assurance that is a great aid to one in winning success. You have a good fate line.

*Jos. G. Guenard*

You are ambitious and anxious to gain certain things, and if you will be a little more resolute and firm there is no apparent reason why you should not win in the battle of life. You need a little more energy and grit to overcome the obstacles that arise. You are a genial companion and win many friends, but you are not always systematic. Would make quite an excellent teacher.

*Carl E. Hardy*

You have a passionate nature that loves or hates with equal ardor, a defiant will, and are assertive in your opinions. Your almost morbid imagination often bewilders your clear judgment and leads you to do things you afterward have cause to regret. You have a fine intellect, one that sees with clear perception, and are sufficiently self-confident to be active and energetic in your work. You have a literary and artistic temperament, strengthened by practicality.

*H. H. Hurst*

You have very high aspirations and can apply yourself well to tasks that are congenial. A somewhat nervous temperament that is quick to resent an injury. You rarely think of your personal safety, and are very generous to those whom you love. You have a strong sense of honor, and are not easily led to do those things which your better judgment tells you that you ought not to do. Have pride, but are unassuming. Would succeed best in intellectual pursuits.

*J. L. Johns*

You have marked individuality, a resolute will not easily swerved from its purpose, and the courage of your convictions. You are generous to a fault and have a defiant nature. Systematic in your work, with a fine memory. You are not faultless, and have not yet learned strict economy. You will be quite fortunate in your undertakings. You win friends readily and are always willing to lend a helping hand to those who are in trouble.



*Edw Valentine Jones*

You have sequence of ideas and the power of concentrating your thoughts well upon any subject. You have a resolute will and some egotism. You like approbation when you feel that you have done something worthy of praise. You can be very sarcastic when it pleases you.

Have quite a keen sense of honor. You are curious and inquisitive, and ask a good many questions regarding those things you want to understand. Would make a very good lawyer.

*Colin B. Junkin*

You have very high ideals, and would like to have the best of everything if you could afford it. You are sometimes obstinate and you like to argue; are a little selfish in some things, but you will make your way in the world and get along without very much

trouble. You are sensitive and quick to resent an injury; neat and like to make a good impression. What you do is well done. You are sometimes swayed by those things which appeal to the senses.

*W. Johnson*

You are ambitious and hopeful and are going to try and do the best that you can with the opportunities that are yours. You have self-confidence and not much fear but what you can do the work you have to do as well as any one else. You are quite fond of social pleasures and always ready to help entertain your friends. You are secretive to the point of dissimulation; practical, and care little for

display. You will always have the comforts of life.

*W. Robt. Karry*

You are changeable in your moods, sometimes full of hope and ambition, and again despondent. You have tact and an individuality that has a certain magnetic power, giving you considerable influence over others. You are very sensitive, easily wounded. You are careful in your work, with deductive reason-

ing faculties. Sometimes difficult to please. You are conservative in your friendship. Intellectual and capable of attaining success.

*W. R. Kirkpatrick*

You have an impatient will and a somewhat hasty temper that is quick to resent an injury. You are secretive and make few confidants. Have a good memory and are very methodical in your work, doing well what you have to do. Your tastes are simple and refined.

You are practical, enjoy good books. A little more pride might not do any harm. Be careful that you do not allow yourself to become discouraged. Have mechanical ability.

*D. F. Norton*

You have an impatient and emotional nature, yet there is *strong will power* and resolution when you assert it. You *reason well* and *carefully*, and can keep a secret when necessary. Your head will govern your life to a

great extent. You enjoy the society of women, but are not susceptible. You have *clear judgment* and plan your work well. A fluent talker; might deceive to serve a purpose.



*J. M. McBryde*

You are in many ways original. Your life will be governed more by your head than your heart. Ambitious and hopeful, you seldom borrow trouble. Shrewd and diplomatic, and not always free from prejudice. You have a fine memory that pays close attention to the minute details of your work, and you exact the same system from others. You have a dominant will that likes to command and to be obeyed. You need a little more persistent firmness. Very good business ability. Will prosper through your own efforts.

*J. Lloyd Phillips*

You are susceptible and will have more than one love affair, your heart governing your life to a greater extent than your head. You can keep a secret when necessary. Judge greatly from your intuitive thought. Have a somewhat nervous temperament. You will have a good many changes in your life, and it will be an intermingling of joy and sorrow. Kind and, in many things, unselfish.

*Lawrence Ruddy*

You build many castles in the air, and are always telling of what you are going to do "by-and-by." You have strong resolution and tenacity of purpose, with good business talent in some directions, but you are extravagant and apt to build larger than there is capital; yet you are generous to prodigality, and would spend your last cent and trade on the future a little to aid a friend in trouble. You are not easily swerved from your purpose; affectionate, true, fluent talker, and a bit excitable. Will in many ways be fortunate.

*F. Saunders, Jr.*

You have high ideals and often indulge in building air castles and talking of what you are going to do by-and-by. You possess a keen sense of humor and are quick to see the ridiculous. You like to tease and are especially fond of teasing those whom you love. You are secretive, and might prevaricate to serve a purpose. Your aspirations are high, and you are kindhearted and generous, but you need a little more decisiveness and firmness. Would succeed in technical work.

*P. Amshutz*

You are very practical and when you have anything to do go right to work at it and get it off your hands as soon as possible. You are very matter-of-fact, and plan your work nicely. Should judge you to be quite young. You are unassuming, have economical tastes, are full of determination, and would probably succeed well as a chemist.

J. B. Uguent

You are fond of the luxuries of life, and it is difficult for you to apply yourself, more especially so to those things that are not congenial to you. You are pleasing and gracious in manner, winning many friends by your affability, and are in many ways peculiar. You are quite a favorite with ladies, are possessed with a ready wit and quite apt in *repartee*. You need to cultivate more steadfastness of purpose. Would succeed best in professional life.

J. H. W. Woolwine

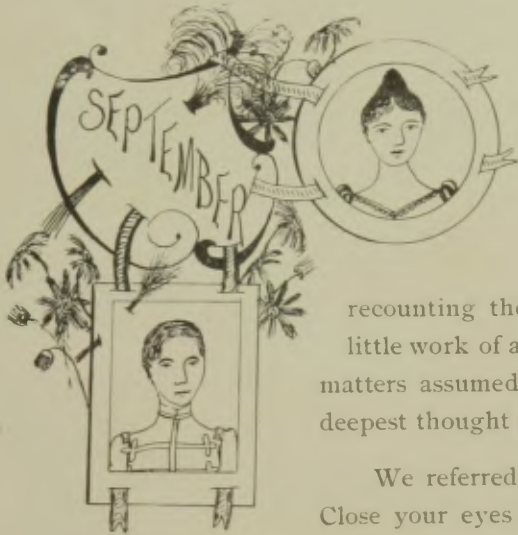
You are changeable in your moods, sometimes hopeful and building for the future, and again despondent. You have many peculiarities, and are not always understood, even by those who know you best. You are opinionated, and it is often difficult to convince you when you are in error. Secretive. Have a hasty and somewhat aggressive temper. Possess inventive and mechanical genius, and you will, by your energy, force your way through. Your will and your affections are often at war with each other.







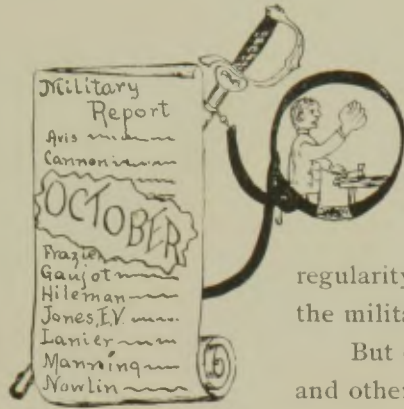
# SENIOR HISTORY



None of us will soon forget the opening days of '96 and '97. Having just returned from the scenes of our summer vacation, feeling prime, and wearing the Senior's uniform and shoulder straps, surrounded by great numbers of the protoplasmic Rats, it was naturally, we think, with a feeling of some pride and a sense of our considerable importance that we adjusted ourselves to our new conditions of college life. After matriculation, the few remaining days of the month were occupied in straightening out things generally; greeting old friends, recounting the scenes of vacation, and writing to *her* about every other mail. Very little work of any kind was accomplished then, but about the beginning of October certain matters assumed such an importance that we felt called upon to give them at once our deepest thought and consideration.

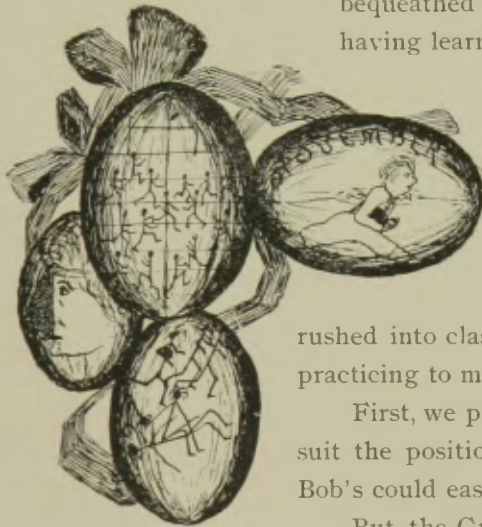
We referred in the above to the numerous class meetings we held about this time. Close your eyes gently, and you will be able now to picture to yourself Kirk standing before the class in that imposing manner of his, and, rapping with fist upon the table, hear him call for order. Military was the mighty subject that engrossed our attention, and such a promising lot of commissioned officers as the discussion of this subject developed, has seldom been seen upon these cinders. We





do not wish to smile too blandly upon those early meetings in which we discussed our relations to the President and Commandant, but, in the light of seven or eight months of experience, involving the questions which we then debated with so much warmth and feeling, does it not appear amusing that we should have thought it was expected of us to administer the military medicine with such regularity and precision? We did not then know the harmless nature of the contents of the military capsule.

But discussing the military soon gave way to a consideration of "Thermo," "Dutch" and other narcotizing subjects. Then Hardy and Johnson had the football to occupy all their time, Johns, the Gray Jacket, and Priddy, the management of half a dozen interests, while nearly all the others had great demands upon their time outside their studies. So we all soon decided in our own minds that being Seniors and successfully carrying the responsibilities and obligations that they are expected to shoulder, in no degree warrants the idea that first class men have a comparatively easy time of it. And here, let us say, that it is our conviction that the way in which these obligations have been borne by preceding Seniors does not justify the bombastic display and triumphal entry style of the histories they have bequeathed to us. So we take this opportunity of putting ourselves on record, as having learned in a short time that we had a hard year before us, and, not being super-human, as our predecessors almost claim for themselves, we could not expect our work to be perfect. Yet we hope to "be there" when the "sheepskins" are handed around, to show that our work has, at least, been satisfactory.



Some time during the early days of this month, "Bull," we believe it was, suggested our organizing a football team. The idea was at once rushed into class meetings, and embodied in solid bone and muscle, and we commenced practicing to meet the Juniors forthwith.

First, we put the Irishman in the centre, but decided that Bob Karr's avordupois would suit the position better. Then, too, we did not wish to spoil Kirk's face, and thought Bob's could easily stand the pressure.

But the Guards were our pride—"Hatchet" and "Prac." The only fault we could possibly find in their magnificent playing was their "opening out" invariably when they should have "opened in," and *vice versa*.

Then for tackles we had "Sox" and Sam, both rather small, but full of the game. "Sox" was "scared to death" nearly the whole time, but it did n't seem to make a bit of difference in his playing.

Johns and Guerraut were the ends, and the way they attempted to break up interference is worthy of mention.

"Fanny" and "Bull" were the half backs, and they played the game *a la Ingles*.

Kirk was full back for a while, but he was "laid out," and we substituted "Parson" Earhart. "Parson" let everybody know that he was in the game by getting in the way. He requests us to state that he had some skin knocked off his shins that has not grown back yet. Too bad.

"Dr." Kernan was quarter back, and put up a very plucky game.

"Rip" was manager, and called meetings of the class to act upon challenges about twice a day for a week.

We played only one match game—with the Juniors. Somehow, perhaps through a misunderstanding among the players as to which was our goal, we did not score quite as often as did the Juniors, and the referee decided that it was their game.

But we had a lot of fun, not to speak of bruised noses and broken shins, and brought about what we most desired, an improvement in "class spirit," the lack of which is so apparent at our college.

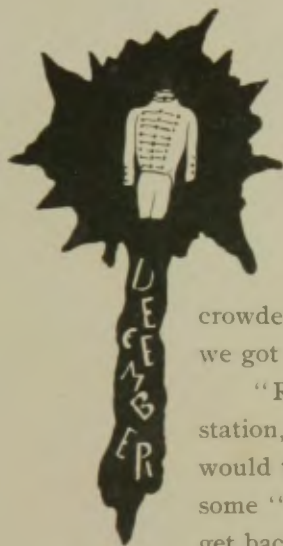
Within the first few days of this month we had the coatee bill before the Legislature. Every inch of the ground was hotly contested, but the measure was finally lost by a vote of 1 to — 47.

It was then announced that the Christmas holidays would begin a week earlier than usual. So we all looked forward to the 18th with such pleasurable anticipation that local matters were crowded out of mind to make room and time for considering and talking about what we would do when we got home.

"Rip" said he would do nothing less than stop at Virginia College, meet the Hollins girls at the station, and see that the Richmond elements of both schools were safely landed at home. He said he would then pencil the town a beautiful vermilion, after which he would go to North Carolina to see some "warm members," take in all the female seminaries along the line, stop at home a few days, and get back here about two weeks after the college had opened.

Sam thought of the girls, too, but was more modest in his assertions, saying that his complete pleasure and enjoyment would be found in Christiansburg.

But we must not forget to mention Kirk with the above. For the first time in several years he

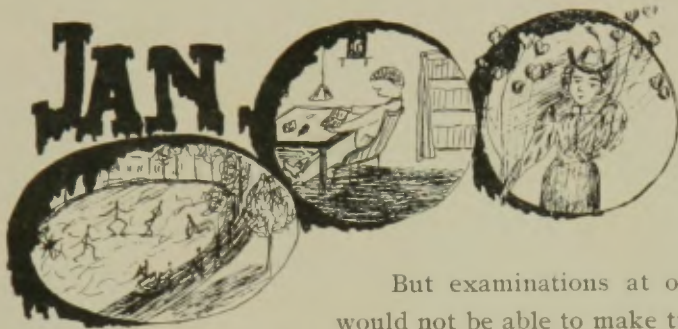


decided to go home; and he told us that while there, "rushing calico" was to be his chief occupation. We know his smiles must have won him many hearts.

"Prac." thought he would read — read whole books and stock his mind with useful information.

"Dummy" didn't know exactly what he would do, but his spare moments were to be devoted to the evolution of many of such decidedly original and scintillating ideas as characterize his conversations.

So everybody looked eagerly forward to the time when books could be laid aside, and, when the 18th arrived, with many a hand-shake and merry "good-bye" the fellows resigned themselves to the care of Brother Grissom.



Vacation over, we all got back to college and to work. A few of the boys boasted of the possession of several "hearts," others were happy and contented with having preserved their own intact, but many clearly showed either a total loss or an exceedingly fragmentary condition of the mighty "hearts" they took away with them.

But examinations at once became the absorbing subject. Jones was afraid he would not be able to make two stars on everything, and thinking of the "fairs" he had made on "Thermo" during the session, and how they would pull down his "numerical grade," quite destroyed his peace of mind. "Wunk" was slightly afraid of "Dutch," and so was "Frosty." "General" didn't expect to pass a single subject, and Sam, who still had Christiansburg in his bones, did n't give a —.



But we are happy to state that Jones did get through handsomely, and his smile of satisfaction as he announced that he was "Distinguished," was really inspiring.

But poor Sam! He was washed away by the chilly waters of "Dutch," dried and roasted by the simoons of "Thermo," and then shaken to pieces by a charge of Professor Pritchard's electricity. Pity, was n't it?

Everybody else passed, clearly indicating the mastery of "Ole Lady" Thompson's book on "Cramming." Even Hardy, who had scarcely looked at a book during the football season, passed everything like a spirited breeze from Newport down the slopes of the Alleghany.

We drew a sigh of relief and breathed more freely with the opening of the month of February, for it marked the completion of the intermediates and the turning of the last page of our college history. The awful days and



nights we spent during examinations, making up time lost the first term, taught us for the seventh time the value of a little study of the texts, day by day, and for the seventh time we promised ourselves that we would clear away the mysteries of what would follow as we went along. Alas! everybody but "Parson" broke his promise for the seventh time about the third day after he had made it.

Sam's promise to the class of a champagne supper will be kept in mind. While, no doubt, we would much enjoy his entertainment, we trust there will be no excuse for the fulfillment of his promise, as it was made to take effect upon the condition that he "flunked" the Finals.

## MARCH



Until the early days of this month we had lived in serenity and happiness. Little adversities arose, from time to time, but we shook them off with a happy disposition. But about this time, wave after wave of affliction rolled over us, and storms of distress broke violently upon our unsuspecting heads.

First, Kirk's birthday was announced to be the 6th. How sorry we all were that our beloved President should have been born on the 6th of March, 1832. We felt strongly moved towards him, and tried to impress him with the depth and sincerity of our sympathy. Poor Kirk was so completely overcome that he laid himself, face downward, upon a trunk, and put his head between John's knees. It certainly was sad. And each one of us sympathized with him twenty-four times, too. That is, he received about four hundred and eighty separate and distinct sympathies. It was, indeed, sad. Then it was reported that Sox intended leaving us. That nearly broke our hearts. The report was, ah, too true. But before he left, we all went to his room to bid him "good-bye" and to congratulate him upon his appointment to the United States Military Academy. Sox was so deeply moved while we were congratulating him, that he seemed to lose control of his emotions, and could only cry out, as in pain; and he afterwards told us that it was the most painful experience he ever had—bidding "good-bye" to all his dear old classmates. It was, indeed, very sad.

But our cup of bitterness was not full until "Geesy" announced his departure for Nashville. We naturally felt hurt that "Geesy" should not wish to say "good-bye" to us old friends. But "Flem" and "Rip" persuaded him to come back to the barracks after breakfast, so that all together we might see him once again—have a nice, social gathering with "Geesy" in our midst for the last time.

But it was hard to say "good-bye," and each of us, instinctively, grasped a little strap we had there for support. And "Geesy" was so sensitive about it, too; so full of "nerves." He said each fellow's "good-bye"



seemed to him like eighteen, and that with each one of the eighteen he felt a distinct pang. We felt sorry that our "good-byes" should cause him such burnings. Truly, it was a sad occasion.

But we would not close this history leaving the mind of our esteemed reader dwelling upon the gloomy picture just portrayed. The beautiful days of spring and the merry carols of the songsters have filled us with new pleasures in which our woes are all forgotten. Then, too, the closing days of the session are at hand, and, while they bring more arduous labors, yet bring they also richer satisfaction in the earlier completion of our four years' work.

But sadness mingles with our gladness at the thought of separation, for these years of college life have bound our hearts with silken cords, and strong. So we trust the friendships formed in these four years, are friendships formed for life—that the hand of time may ne'er unloose these silken cords of love.







JUNIOR CLASS

## Class of Ninety-Eight



### Officers

BENJAMIN HARRISON, JR.	Virginia,	<i>President.</i>
RALPH EDWARD FRAZIER,	North Carolina,	<i>Vice President.</i>
JAMES L. AVIS, JR.	Virginia,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
JOHN BUCHANAN DANFORTH,	Virginia,	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>



GEORGE POEHLMANN,		<i>Lord Chief Barber.</i>
GEORGE KING,		<i>First Assistant Barber.</i>



YELLS—Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah!! Rah!! Rah!!  
"98!" "98!"  
Zis! Boom!! Bah!!!

Chicky go-runk, go-runk, go-rate,  
Chu-ru-ru for "98."

COLORS—Orange and olive green.

MOTTO—Nunquam non paratus.

BANQUET NIGHT—June 12.

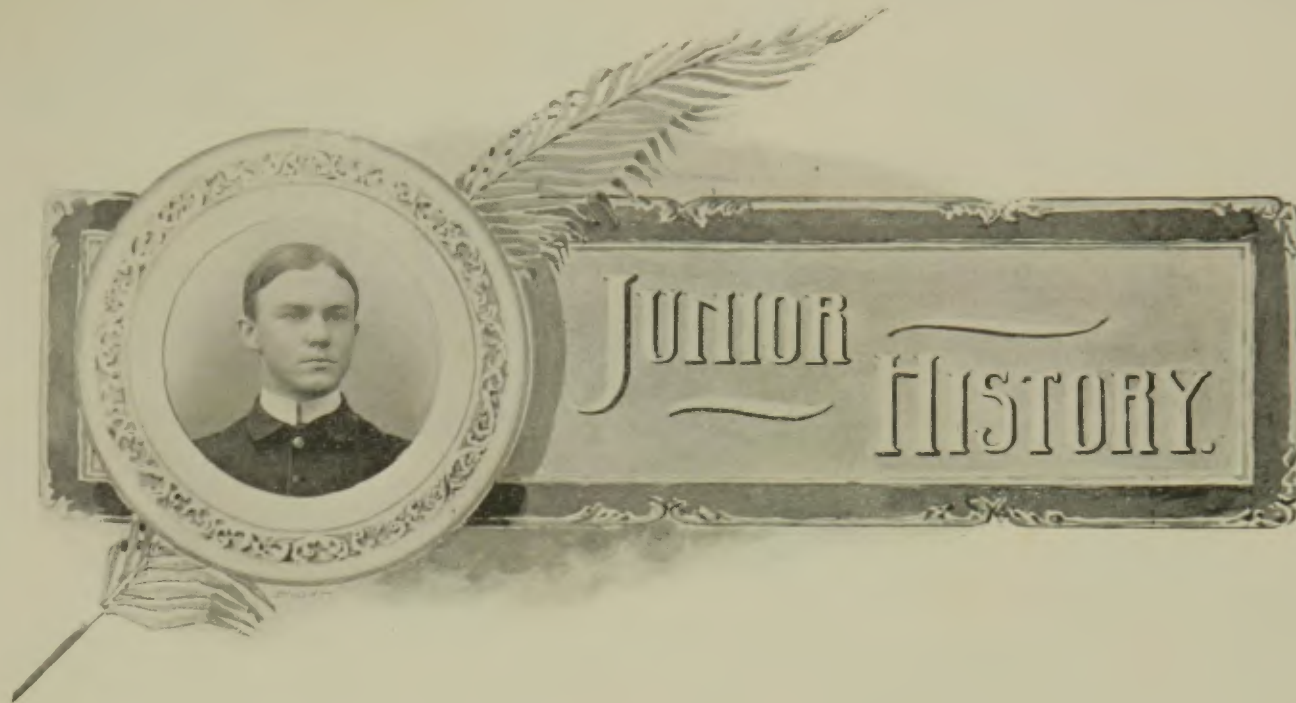


## Members



<i>Name.</i>	<i>Postoffice.</i>	<i>County.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Postoffice.</i>	<i>County.</i>
Adams, Jack, . . . . .	Lyuchburg, . . . . .	Campbell.	McBryde, Meade, . . . . .	Blacksburg, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Avis, James Little, Jr., . . . . .	Harrisonburg, . . . . .	Rockingham.	McNeil, Ballard Faral, . . . . .	Kuob, . . . . .	Tazewell.
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Baskervill, George, . . . . .	Baskervill, . . . . .	Mecklenburg.	Mayer, William Lawrence, . . . . .	Norfolk, . . . . .	Norfolk.
Bason, William Henry, . . . . .	Charlotte, . . . . .	Mecklenburg, N. C.	Mitchell, Richard Sharp Mason, . . . . .	Rappahannock, . . . . .	Essex.
Bloomberg, Milton Lee, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.	Painter, James Snidow, . . . . .	Blacksburg, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Boush, William Robert Haydon, . . . . .	Pulaski City, . . . . .	Pulaski.	Palmer, John Ingles, . . . . .	Roanoke, . . . . .	Roanoke.
Burgess, Samuel Hardy, . . . . .	Goor, . . . . .	Southampton.	Perry, William Montgomery, . . . . .	Wyllesburg, . . . . .	Charlotte.
Burruss, Julian Ashby, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.	Poehlman, George Henry, . . . . .	Baltimore, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
Cochran, Charles Weedon, . . . . .	Winchester, . . . . .	Frederick.	Price, Harvey Lee, . . . . .	Price's Forks, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Covington, Lewis Clyde, . . . . .	Crewe, . . . . .	Nottoway.	Reid, James Taylor Soutler, Jr., . . . . .	Norfolk, . . . . .	Norfolk.
Dauforth, John Buchanan, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.	Reid, George Cornelius, . . . . .	Norfolk, . . . . .	Norfolk.
Ferneyhough, James Goss, . . . . .	Washington, . . . . .	Dist. of Columbia.	Rosenfeld, William, . . . . .	Radford, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Frazier, Ralph Edward, . . . . .	Charlotte, . . . . .	Mecklenburg, N. C.	Smith, Edward Sexton, . . . . .	Danville, . . . . .	Pittsylvania.
Graham, Edward, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.	Taylor, Doward Miles, . . . . .	Chesterfield C. H., . . . . .	Chesterfield.
Guerrant, Robert Alfred, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.	Taylor, Edward Colston, . . . . .	East Radford, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Haig, Maham Hume, . . . . .	Charleston, . . . . .	Charleston, S. C.	Treadwell, William Baker, . . . . .	Norfolk, . . . . .	Norfolk.
Harrison, Benjamin, Jr., . . . . .	Petersburg, . . . . .	Dinwiddie.	Van Ness, James Henry, . . . . .	Charlotte, . . . . .	Mecklenburg, N. C.
Hileman, Joseph Leonard, . . . . .	Irou Gate, . . . . .	Alleghany.	Waring, Francis Malbone, . . . . .	Charleston, . . . . .	Charleston, S. C.
Hobday, Paul Archer, . . . . .	Grafton, . . . . .	York.	Warren, Howell Benjamin, . . . . .	Millboro Depot, . . . . .	Bath.
Ingles, James Lewis, . . . . .	Radford, . . . . .	Montgomery.	Whitehurst, Obed Francis, . . . . .	Norfolk, . . . . .	Norfolk.
Johnson, John Samuel Adolphus, . . . . .	Cismont, . . . . .	Albemarle.	Williams, Hunter McGuire, . . . . .	North Garden, . . . . .	Albemarle.
Jones, Walter Nelson, Jr., . . . . .	Petersburg, . . . . .	Dinwiddie.	Wise, Henry Argyle, . . . . .	Craddockville, . . . . .	Accomack.
King, George Hild, . . . . .	Charlotte, . . . . .	Mecklenburg, N. C.			





BELIEVE that when one sits down to write the history of his class, it is expected that he say something clever and original, or failing in this, that at least he be eloquent. As I sat down, I flattered myself that I possessed both cleverness and eloquence; but no sooner had I touched the pen than my eloquence fled, and my cleverness and originality quickly followed. So, I hope that you, whoever you may be, who attempts to wade through these lines will not object to prosy, homely style. If such a style bores you, pass over these pages. If, however, you venture to proceed, and then should discover a single thought that is not utterly stupid, I pray you make the most of it.

Since we of "'98" first met as class-mates and joined ourselves together as a little band, two years have flown; two stages have been passed. In the first of these we were "Rats." Ah fellows, how well do we remember that time: the ride from home; the arrival and its accompanying warm reception; the first night and the second—indeed, many of them. We were innocent, and—very, very green. We trembled to hear the dull thud of a pillow, and at the sight of an old boy the earth seemed to move swiftly beneath our feet. How we did study, and with what fear we attended the daily "receptions" of the Commandant! At reveille we were up before the drum. Were we not everybody's lackeys, and somehow in everybody's way? Would the year never end? Well, the end came at last, and with it such a change.

The verdant Freshman, an unsightly grub, was metamorphosed into a beautiful butterfly—wonderfully beautiful in the eyes of a Sophomore—with a knowledge and a wisdom comprehended and properly appreciated by no one in this wide world but a new-made Soph. The lackeys turned masters—masters fully trained to impress the new lackeys with the proper sense of the master's importance and the lackey's nonentity.

A new-born courage swelled in our breasts. We feared no man; no, not even the woman book agent. The Faculty displayed unwonted interest in us, and was constantly sending invitations to one or the other of our class to be present at its sittings; and the President seemed to have us in mind always. We knew all things, so we thought, and so we studied little. In our own minds any one of us could easily have performed the duties of the President and Commandant, and frequently we sympathized with those officers when they seemed not able to see things as we saw them; for, were we not the all-important factors in this College? Was it our fault if others were unable to appreciate us as we deserved to be appreciated? Maybe we did n't strut! Can others be expected to hold in reverence him who does not show in his bearing that he places a proper estimation on his own importance? Naturally, we discouraged familiarity with other classmen—that is, Juniors and Seniors, not Freshmen. Who thinks of a miserable Freshman except as a lackey or a slave! Whenever anything funny occurred, that is if it did not originate with a Sophomore, we'd smile a sickly depreciatory smile and look a little bored; it seemed so strange that a Junior or Senior should try to be funny! In short, we were Sophomores, and we "felt our oats."

And now I'm where I ought to be. Another vacation has passed, and we are again assembled—the same College and the same fellows—but what a change, aye, and what a pleasant change! Now we are Juniors, of beautiful proportion; not too staid and haughty, not too hilarious; just jolly, studious Juniors, proud of our name, proud of our class, and inspired by a deep affection for all things related to the College. It begins to dawn upon us that even a Freshman may conceal qualities which, if carefully nurtured, may insure the salvation of that barbarian.

This is the year for good, hard, earnest, solid work; for like all Junior classes which have preceded us, and undoubtedly like all which may follow, we are what each Professor considers as legitimate prey—intended to supply him with an agreeable pastime in inventing new forms of excruciating torture. But in spite of cruelty practiced upon us, in spite of hardships innumerable, much pleasure is ours; for Juniors are philosophers, and manage to enjoy themselves where others would grieve, complain and weep.

In after years, when care shall oft have laid its hand upon us and claimed us as its own, what phantasies will cluster about these well-remembered days! How fondly will we hug to us the memory of each little incident; with what childlike pleasure will we recall the names of old companions and their dear old faces.



Before beginning this little scrap of modern history, and in order that no link shall be missing, brief mention must be made of those who walked with us last year, but who fail to grace our ranks at present.

Barton is at home, an earnest student of practical agriculture; Benny Brown is studying medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Richmond; "Ching" is making a systematic investigation as to the best method of doing the least work in the most time; Charlton is at home, courting, it is said; "Yat" is in business in Washington; "Rooster" is at home, with promises of returning next fall. What a welcome he shall have if only he will keep his word! Hale keeps us in beautiful collars and immaculate linen, with the aid of the Blacksburg Steam Laundry; David Houston is in Kentucky, nevertheless sober, it is to be hoped, studying medicine; Baby Ingles is studying how to become rich at the Southern Business College in Richmond; "Dr." Johnson is wearing blue goggles, walking up and down the Battery at Charleston and making (?) money selling (?) stereopticon views; Pedigo is a gentleman of leisure in this City of Palaces, Blacksburg; Thornhill—"Sergeant Thornhill," I should have said—is moving about at Glen Falls, and Wall is pursuing a course similar to Barton; "Mouse" is at Williamsburg—he does n't board at the Asylum, but is taking a course in chemistry at William and Mary College; "Lord" White, when last seen, wore a ten-cent sun bonnet and a pair of patched trousers; he had on some other clothes besides. He was industriously laying out a tobacco patch. His twenty-dollar patent leathers were not with him. "Mug" White is taking care of "Lord"; "Silly" Wise is instructing young Americans—preparing future Juniors, perhaps; Charley Womack is acting Siamese twins with "Mouse."

Would that the list of missing ended here, but no; a few—I'll mention no names—having become ensnared by the wiles of Sophomore frivolity, left undone those things which they ought to have done, did those things which they ought not to have done, became disgusted with the finals, and as a result concluded to remain a little longer in the congenial atmosphere of hyperbolic French verbs. But fortune has not been entirely unkind, since it sought to recompense us for our loss by giving us "Butsy" and Taylor.

Upon our return to College, we found ourselves in the midst of "Rats," fat and juicy, whose freshness could scarcely be contained by the bounds of a paraboloid. Of course we protested against such freshness. Yet, as we were no longer "Knights of the Strap and Paddle," how should we with proper dignity proceed against this new crop of precocious verdure? Finally, we decided to call upon the Sophomores and inform them that we expected that they would perform their whole duty. It is needless to add that each "Rat" rode the goat in the most approved manner.

Once made easy in mind respecting this important matter, we immediately turned our attention to football, for the season was now full upon us. We are all cranks, perhaps 't is well that we should be, for were not three of the best players from our class, not to mention three substitutes?



Toward the last of the season the Seniors, thinking to give us a few points on the game, challenged the little team we had made up among ourselves. So, one fine day a game was begun, and it was also concluded. When that end came, the Seniors had certainly given us points—to the number of sixteen, in fact—and in turn themselves had found the true value of a zero.

Then shortly followed the time when everybody goes football crazy, even Bill Bland. All dignity is lost on Thanksgiving. Even the Commandant becomes a boy once more—laughs outright, and occasionally gives a monstrous whoop. We went to Roanoke; saw pretty girls without number; saw samples of the electric cars to be used on the Roanoke-Blacksburg Railway; gazed at the high buildings; and shouted our lungs loose when our team came off victorious, and then returned to Blacksburg. It was awfully jolly.

But I have forgotten to mention an important event which occurred some little while before Thanksgiving:

Tooter            got            a            Sarg.

So did Avis, King, Poehlmann, and Waring.

The coming of Thanksgiving produced a most startling effect upon us all. A state of complete demoralization set in. A short time before that day the Commandant gave a reception. Only three of *us* were honored with invitations. When we, the invited, went into the spacious, mahogany-furnished reception room, he did not rush to meet us, nor did he pass around the cake immediately, but proceeded to take down a large black book, and in it showed us many things of interest. Then the reception was over, and strange to say, neither of the invited felt very highly elated. Soon after this "Brownie" went to sleep in Dr. Sheib's lecture room, and failed to repress those hideous noises consequent on ill-gotten sleep. "Growley" essayed to do likewise. He appeared to be in a much greater stupor than usual. He closed his eyes and threw back his head. Doctor's eyes moved toward the corners; he picked up a book. There was a whiz, a dull and sickening thud, as the novels say. "Growley" awoke, and even blushed.

Right here was ushered in the bleak December, and it was during the first part of this month that there arose among us one of those great movements which occur but once in a century, "the coatee movement." Everybody became enthused with the idea of having a chest, and then became even more enthused. At last the crisis came—the Juniors and Seniors had a joint meeting. Nearly everyone at the meeting made a speech. Then came resignations, afterward explanations; then resignations were withdrawn. Everybody appeared satisfied, and soon things were moving along in their normal order—almost as smoothly as Mrs. Jarley's wax works.

This excitement past, our thoughts were turned towards the Christmas time, and for a while we floated about most delightful dreams of pleasure; but only for a while, for we were soon rudely awakened from our

reveries to find that we must plug, plug, plug, for the professors were upon us, and lessons of great length were to be our lot from then on.

Our velocity in hydraulics became startling. We were rushed through the dark valley of differentiation, and emerged as Napierian logarithms, only to be ground around among "Dutch" verbs of very irregular and jagged form, mixed with mechanics, shocked by electricity, and then stuffed full of constitutions and codes.

Towards the latter part of this same month—I'll not mention the date, for I suspect that we all know it—the Christmas holidays began. Every fellow was seen to be industriously packing his trunk with books. His head was full of resolutions to study every spare moment during the holidays. But, alas! both books and resolutions were as naught, for Christmas has its joys, and for a time college is entirely forgotten.

The 4th of January found many of us here, and very few days elapsed before our number was complete, save for one, "Strap." Sad to relate, he has left us. We were all, without exception, chock full of New Year resolutions, fruit cake, blues, and homesickness. 'Tis true that our greetings of each other were warm, but there was a sadness in our tone and a far-away look in our eyes. We missed our dear cousins (?). For several days no man, save for meals, was seen about the campus, and great was the gloominess thereof, and the outgoing mail increased to enormous proportions.

But this state of affairs could not last long, for approaching with monstrous strides came those hideous bug-bears, those stern realities—the examinations. We hurried about to remove the kinks from our brains, heaped books upon our tables, and burned the midnight electricity. While we unkinked, the "exams" approached. Indeed, the approaching was much more rapid than the unkinking. We talked, we thought, we dreamed of nothing but exams. I'm afraid we dreamed too much, for the time flew rapidly by, and before we realized it, there they were looking up right before us, and we were unprepared. Whew!

Then, and only then, does a Junior weep and wail and tear his hair, and finds that his knees, even though his legs are bowed, have a strong inclination to knock together and grow weak. His teeth chatter, and his voice trembles whenever he speaks, for then it is that he finds that many, many things lie hidden in His Satanic Majesty's own book, the Calculus, and the equally inviting Hydraulics, which he has utterly failed to see during the term.

Let us not stop here to dwell upon those times of misery and woe. We'll pass on, simply saying that the exams assailed us with great force, but we conquered, for nearly all passed. A good number did very well; two remarkably well.

There appeared upon the campus about this time a strange visitor. He was white. He was large, particularly his head. You can judge for yourself whether he had pretensions toward being handsome or not when I tell you that some say that he looked like Rasche. This visitor was the Junior Class snow man. It was truly a work of art.

Scarcely had the snow man been converted into liquid when Washington's birthday made its most welcome appearance. Then happened an event which will be remembered by us all for many days to come. Two of the less dignified of our class contrived a scheme by which "Rats" might be distinguished from old boys. The scheme was not a dignified one. People are not supposed to be dignified during holidays. It was to treat every "Rat" to the very refreshing operation of having his cranium exposed to the rather chilly February air. It carried remarkably well. Every "Rat" was shorn of his locks—not one was slighted. Even the sun acknowledged the success of the scheme, for fearing that he would fare badly as to shininess, when compared to the pates of the "Rats," he hid himself for full two days.

A few more cold days, and the weather changes. Reveille becomes far less burdensome. Radiators need no longer be encased in red flannel, and they actually emit some heat. Spring comes forth in all its glory, with its baseball and its poems, with its spring fever and battalion drill. As the season becomes further developed the surrounding country grows more beautiful, the calculus grows harder, and the grindstone at the shop slowly fades away. The finals arrive. Another short season of misery, and all troubles for this year are past. Then comes Commencement week with all its ceremonies. Vacation! We are Seniors!

Now comes the hardest part of all—the ending. A hearty hand-shake, a fond farewell; we part. Ah, fellows, may we all meet here again next year to advance one more step together up the steep and rugged pathway of life.









W S BURNER



J P LINKOUS



W R PRICE



M A SALE



G P COX



D G LANGHORNE



G F DELARUE



F H COX



R HUNTER



J L MORRIS



G D VAUGHAN



H W FERRATT



J M BRANDER



G L FENTRESS



D T POINDEXTER



J G HANKINS



C B CONNELLY



J G WOLFENDEN



K WELSIGER



J V BIDGOOD

SOPHOMORES



F. L. MCGINN



G. HOSWELL



O. P. BOURKE



G. E. GIBSON



A. B. HUBARD



A. R. SMITH



E. H. HERBERT



J. G. CARTER



C. L. ALLEN



B. V. JONES



J. W. WARREN



W. F. COX



F. WILSON



E. A. SEPAK



W. D. LIGON



H. A. DOBIE



R. J. NEELY



O. B. NEWTON



W. F. TIMBERLAKE



A. E. MYERS

SOPHOMORES

## Class of Ninety-Nine



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FRANK HALLOWELL COX, Virginia,	<i>President.</i>
MATHEW ALBIN SALE, Virginia,	<i>Vice President.</i>
JAMES McCAW BRANDER, Virginia,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
WYATT FLETCHER TIMBERLAKE, Virginia,	<i>Sergcant-at-Arms.</i>



YELL — We are the stuff, do or die,  
Sophomores, V. P. I.!

COLORS — Maroon and Blue.

MOTTO — Sapere aude.

BANQUET NIGHT — June 14th.

## Members



<i>Name.</i>	<i>Postoffice.</i>	<i>County.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Postoffice.</i>	<i>County.</i>
Allen, Charles Lyle, . . . . .	Buchanan, . . . . .	Botetourt.	McGavock, Ephraim, . . . . .	Graham's Forge, . . . . .	Wythe.
Barnwell, James Foster, . . . . .	Abbeville, . . . . .	Abbeville, S. C.	McGinn, Frederick Lee, . . . . .	Charlotte, . . . . .	Mecklenburg, N. C.
Barrett, Robert Leighton Crawford, . . . . .	Louisa C. H., . . . . .	Louisa.	Merrick, George Sampson, . . . . .	Glendower, . . . . .	Albermarle.
Beverley, Richard Henry Carter, . . . . .	Broad Run Station, . . . . .	Fauquier.	Miller, Wade Hamilton, . . . . .	Blacksburg, . . . . .	Montgomery.
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Boswell, Garland, . . . . .	Brook Hill, . . . . .	Henrico.	Myers, Archer Ellis, . . . . .	Christiansburg, . . . . .	Montgomery.
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Brander, James McCaw, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.	Neely, Robert Jonnson, . . . . .	Portsmouth, . . . . .	Norfolk.
Bryau, John Willie, . . . . .	Quincy, . . . . .	Onslow, N. C.	Newton, Ottway Byrd, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.
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Carper, Frank Clifton, . . . . .	Salem, . . . . .	Roanoke.	Pack, Henry Broderick, . . . . .	Blacksburg, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Carter, Jones Green, . . . . .	Casanora, . . . . .	Fauquier.	Pack, Leon Early, . . . . .	Blacksburg, . . . . .	Montgomery.
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Cox, Frank Hallowell, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.	Payne, Edward Malcom, . . . . .	Newport, . . . . .	Giles.
Cox, George Piper, . . . . .	Manchester, . . . . .	Henrico.	Poindexter, Dabney Thomas, . . . . .	Forest, . . . . .	Bedford.
Cox, William Franklin, . . . . .	Cascade, . . . . .	Pittsylvania.	Preston, Blair Dabney, . . . . .	Seven Mile Ford, . . . . .	Smyth.
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Delarue, Gus Faris, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.	Proctor, Virgil Duncan, . . . . .	Portsmouth, . . . . .	Norfolk.
Dobie, Henry Ashton, . . . . .	Norfolk, . . . . .	Norfolk.	Randolph, Benjamin Franklin, . . . . .	Colleen, . . . . .	Nelson.
Fentress, George Lynwood, . . . . .	Norfolk, . . . . .	Norfolk.	Randolph, Lewis Carter, . . . . .	Colleen, . . . . .	Nelson.
Ferratt, Hunter Walleth, . . . . .	Norfolk, . . . . .	Norfolk.	Sale, Mathew Albin, . . . . .	East Radford, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Gibson, George Edgar, . . . . .	Perth Amboy, . . . . .	Middlesex, N. J.	Separk, Edward Augustus, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.
Hawkins, Thomas Gilbert, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.	Shieb, Edward Sexton, . . . . .	Blacksburg, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Harrison, Gwynn Page, . . . . .	Milwood, . . . . .	Clarke.	Skelding, Edward James, . . . . .	Covington, . . . . .	Alleghany.
Herbert, Edward Henry, . . . . .	Norfolk, . . . . .	Norfolk.	Smith, Aubrey Randolph, . . . . .	Greenville, . . . . .	Augusta.
Holt, Howard Houston, . . . . .	Chase City, . . . . .	Mecklenburg.	Starke, William Edwin, . . . . .	Lawrenceville, . . . . .	Brunswick.
Hubard, Archibald Blair, . . . . .	Colleen, . . . . .	Nelson.	Thomas, Charles Martin, . . . . .	Blacksburg, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Hunter, Roy, . . . . .	Sassin, . . . . .	Pulaski.	Thomas, Sidney Johnson, . . . . .	LaFayette, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Hutchinson, George W., . . . . .	Staunton, . . . . .	Augusta.	Thompson, Theron, . . . . .	Sterling, . . . . .	Loudon.
Johnson, Bradley Smithson, . . . . .	North View, . . . . .	Mecklenburg.	Timberlake, Wyatt Fletcher, . . . . .	Lynchburg, . . . . .	Campbell.
Jones, Benjamin Vaughan, . . . . .	Petersburg, . . . . .	Dinwiddie.	Traynham, Benjamin Lanier, . . . . .	North View, . . . . .	Mecklenburg.
Kinckle, James Grammer, . . . . .	Lynchburg, . . . . .	Campbell.	Vaughan, George Dennis, . . . . .	East Radford, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Langhorne, David Gray, . . . . .	Pulaski City, . . . . .	Pulaski.	Warren, Joseph William, Jr., . . . . .	Milboro, . . . . .	Bath.
Lanier, John Edward, . . . . .	Chatham, . . . . .	Pittsylvania.	Weisiger, Kendall, . . . . .	Richmond, . . . . .	Henrico.
Linkous, Archer Duvall, . . . . .	Blacksburg, . . . . .	Montgomery.	Wilson, Fred, . . . . .	Harrisonburg, . . . . .	Rockingham.
Linkous, James Patton, . . . . .	Vicar's Switch, . . . . .	Montgomery.	Wolfenden, James Gilroy, . . . . .	Barren Spring, . . . . .	Wythe.
Lewis, Harold Benjamin, . . . . .	Lynwood, . . . . .	Rockingham.	Yarbrough, Dabney Randolph, . . . . .	Radford, . . . . .	Montgomery.
Ligon, Willie Daniel, . . . . .	Montreal, . . . . .	Nelson.			





**T**WICE in our history we have come together for the purpose of pursuing our studies and fitting ourselves for future usefulness—once at the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College and once at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute (it must be remembered that the two names represent but the one institution, one loved and honored by us all); once as Freshmen and once as Sophomores. What a contrast between these two meetings! As Freshmen, we came fearing everything, trusting no one; as Sophomores, fearing nothing and trusting in our own ability—conceited things.

With what freeness, ease and gracefulness (?) we walk around over the campus is known only to those who have been Sophomores. How important we feel, as, with our arms dangling far out from our sides, our heads well up in the air and our "corporal" chevrons gleaming upon our arms for the first time (with the exception of "corporal" Ligon), we parade up and down the stoop, out across the campus, for the benefit of the "Rats." Our ears burn, and we throw back our heads still farther. Why?

We think we hear some "Rat" say "He is a Sophomore." How dear to us is the word "Sophomore" and how proud we are of being Sophs!

Many who were with us as Freshmen have not the honor of being Sophomores. Some are still Freshmen, while others were unable to return. Among the missing ones we notice particularly "Shorty," "Dutchy," "Squire," "T. Wiley," "Jubal," "Skipper," "Pants," "Gladstone," "Hearytoe," "Uncle," "Boozy," "Grimco," "Zack" and "Bricktop." I almost forgot "Cheesy."

Such vacancies can never be filled; but surely a class was never supplied with a better set of new men than ours. "Cat," "Socrates," "Christiansburg Joe," "Cuspidore," "Boozy," "Dobie's Double," "Bishop," "Bottle," "Turkey" and "Eel" coming in and acquitting themselves with honor. We also rescued a few stragglers from last year's Sophomore Class, and thus started upon our year's work.

It was certainly a great pleasure to greet our old friends upon our return in September, and oh how differently were we greeted this time than on our first arrival! It was so nice to greet them cordially and be greeted in like manner; but, above all, the greatest pleasure was the reception of "Rats." The universal greeting, "Hi, you Rat," could be heard at all times. This was not the only greeting accorded them, but they were made to feel thoroughly at home in a way much appreciated by all "Rats," especially those who wear tight trousers.

Such amusements soon came to a close, and were followed by that most important period of a Sophomore's life—drilling Rats.



Why is it so many things present themselves to Sophs to make them feel their own importance? We shall never forget our first day's experience in this great sport (?). True, some of us did feel slightly nervous at giving commands to and having control of others, for, of course, we felt that the eyes of all were upon us and each command criticised, if not admired; but this soon wore off, and, long ere we had finished, another feeling had

taken its place. The Sophs know what that feeling was. We realized that our work was to be much harder than ever, and that if we made a success as Sophs, we must apply ourselves with a zeal and determination such as none of us had ever done before. Appreciating this, we started in for work, but thus far our labors have not been crowned with that success of which we so often dreamed. Many incidents occurred to distract the mind and prevent our men from applying themselves as they had hoped, and one of the most important was a great sorrow. If any of us failed in our studies, it can be traced to a great extent to the Seniors. They stopped speaking to us! They manifested their interest in us by reporting us.

One of the most memorable events of the year was the so-called "Coatee Movement." The origin, the movement itself, and the result, were all interesting and amusing. First came talk, hope, promises; then re-tractions, resignations, explanations, blighted aspirations and reparations, but no coatee.

Our class has been well represented in athletics, especially in football. "Murphy," "Sid" and "Becky" were on the first team, while "Ben," "Cascade," "Fatty," "Celery," "Trixie" and "Long Jim" were substitutes at nearly all the games.

The positions played were: "Sid," centre; "Murphy," full back; "Becky," left tackle; "Ben," end and tackle; "Cascade," guard; "Celery," tackle; "Trixie," end; "Long Jim," guard.

All of these men acquitted themselves very creditably, especially "Long Jim" at the University of Virginia game.

At last dawned the day to which we had looked forward with so much pleasure. The morning of November 26th will always be remembered by us as we started for Roanoke to do battle (?) with Virginia Military Institute. Roanoke was fairly alive with Virginia Polytechnic Institute cadets, and we know that the Roanoke girls were never happier in their lives, and certainly were we equally happy.

The Virginia Polytechnic Institute cadets made Roanoke Hotel their headquarters, while the Virginia Military Institute cadets took charge of Ponce de Leon. One lone Virginia Polytechnic Institute cadet had the face to stop at Ponce de Leon, and as he walked into the dining room he was mistaken by some Virginia Military Institute men to be our Commandant, except that he lacked several pounds avoirdupois.

Then came the game. Virginia Military Institute was not in it! Surely our revenge was complete.

So ended the football season with us. Three cheers for the "champions of '96"!!!

In baseball the Class of '99 bids fair to be well represented. Of the applicants from our class, "Murphy" and "Becky" seem to think they have a soft snap of it and can easily be of the chosen nine. Our best wishes for your success, fellows!

In the various other departments of athletics it is yet uncertain what part our fellows will play; but, be it as it may, we have no fear for the success of *our* representatives.



Indulgent reader, do not suppose that we think of nothing but athletics; it is not true. By us each subject, each project, and each department receives that amount of attention due them as they present themselves.

As soon as the football season was over we thought we could get down to hard work; but, to our sorrow, we found we could not because Christmas was drawing very, very near.

Even if we did, to some slight extent, neglect our studies, were we not excusable for allowing ourselves to dream of the glorious times we were going to have?

The Sophs were especially anxious to be at home a few days before Christmas on account of the numerous marriages which were to take place, in which we were so much interested. With serious misgivings we told some of our men "good bye," simply because leap year was not yet over. Who could tell what might happen within a few days? Almost daily we would scan the papers to see if any of the "suspected" had fallen. Ask "Canoe" if he was not in danger?

It was with great joy that we all (except those doomed to spend Christmas here) awoke on the morning of December 18th, knowing that the next morning would find us sleeping at home. To ourselves we moralized continually in a strain similar to this: "What will the people at home think of me, a *Sophomore*? Ah, won't I captivate the hearts of the girls! They will not even look at a Freshman, and as for a Junior or a Senior, why, I am so far superior to him that I shall hold "full sway." And, so it was (at least we thought so).

While on the way home it was quite natural for us to be in the same coach with girls returning home from college, and it was also quite natural to attempt to get acquainted with them. Of course, none of *our* class failed. "Snake" Morris can vouch for that.

The skating, the dancing, the parties, and above all the eating in which we indulged, tended to make this the most pleasant Christmas ever spent. (I almost forgot to mention the pleasure of wearing "Corporal" chevrons.)

For those who stayed in Blacksburg, let me say that this is not such a bad place in which to spend the holidays after all.

Some came back sadder but wiser for their experience, while others were in their seventh heaven. The former, we imagine, probably got kicked, while the latter must have been unusually successful in what the Soph considers his "Christmas duties." For the former, the wise and experienced members of our class are sorry; for the latter, we are sorry also.

Having fallen victims to the wiles of some fair maidens, or at last realizing the meaning of the old adage, "There is no place like home," quite a number of our men did not return. Those gone, perhaps forever,



from our midst are "Frosty," "Captain," "Fatty," "Newport," "Major," "Randolph, B. F.," "Randolph, I. C.," "Sid," "Trixie," "Ben" and "Farmer." In their places, though not exactly supplanting them, "Fitzsimmons," "Corporal" and "Sambo" were enrolled, and give promise of doing good work. Each day they expected the Commandant to call them up and give them a "corp." One of them became impatient and sent in his application, which was never after heard from. Who says the Sophs are not ambitious?

It is needless to say that we nearly died of homesickness and that *awful* craving for something to eat, which invariably follows a trip home; but these were soon forgotten in the preparation for intermediate examinations. The delights of examination week were increased perceptibly by the extreme cold weather. Oh, how we did hug our radiators and study our books! It was *so* pleasant. Of course we were all sorry when the time had past; but of our fine records we were jointly proud, especially those made on French and Physics. "Scab," "Cuspidore," "Green," "Boozy" and "Parson" carried off the honors. "Dobie's Double" made a manly effort but "flunked" on Physics.

Immediately after examinations, a diversion, such as is seldom offered to the minds of college boys, was given in Commencement Hall. This was "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works." Following the rule of *all* college events, this could not be complete without a full representation from the Sophomore Class. The Sophs in it were "Senator," "Mark Twain," "Maiden" and "Turkey."

"Senator," as little Nell, was just "too cute," while "Mark Twain," as a Chinese Giant, was just the opposite. "Maiden" played the New Women to perfection. From his name it might well be inferred that not a better one could have been found. "Turkey" represented George Washington excellently, but I think did George's reputation for truthfulness not a little damage, owing to a certain squirrel (?) hunt and the interesting result.

It might be well to remind the Sophs that Washington's birthday has not been set aside as a holiday simply for them to make great and memorable celebrations. Even if it be not for that purpose, old '99 has not failed to celebrate yet.



Buzz-z-z-z.

Well do we remember last year's celebration, and better still do we remember the one of this year. The fact is this: for quite awhile there has been wanting a particular mark by which to distinguish "Rats" from "old boys." Two pairs of clippers were kept going regularly for many hours, and when the job was finished there could be seen going single file out of the entrance to New Barracks about one hundred and fifty *bald heads*.

The Sophs were represented in two ways. Some did the hair cutting while others had their hair cut.

On the following morning bees could be heard humming whenever a bald head could be seen, attracted, no doubt, by the inviting appearance of the poor "Rats'" pates; and, when the bee struck home, a cry of delight could be heard coming from that particularly unfortunate "Rat" upon whose head the bee had lit.

This Sophomore Class history would not be complete without mentioning some of the particularly renowned characters of the class. All classes, as a matter of fact, have quite a number of such men, and this class can hold its own in this as well as in all other respects.

"Mark Twain" is one whose ambitions run, not only in the literary, but the football and military departments as well. He has walked nearly two years for a "corp," and it is the opinion of all that Colonel Shanks is blind to his proficiency in that line, for the reason that he has not yet rewarded "Mark's" earnest endeavors.

How proud are we of having for a classmate the "Professor," "the man who has never found his equal."

"Cascade" and "Murphy" may well be classed together. In football they are equally fond of slugging; they vie with each other in the noble arts of pillowing and hair-cutting, and make about an equal number of visits to the President and Commandant.

"Skunt" is now in training for a hotel waiter, and says he thinks by the time the season opens he will be able to hold a position in that capacity at Ocean View. He is also very fond of cats, chickens, French and physics.

"Buck," who hails from Lynchburg, has quite a fancy for freight trains, Blacksburg and bookwriting, while "Georgie Dear" fancies Farmville, and feeling slightly *a la blizzard* on a wintry night in Roanoke.

My task is finished. I have endeavored to do my best, and write something which would reflect credit upon the class, and at the same time show my appreciation of the honor conferred upon me—but alas! several matters of importance I have had to leave untouched. Returning home before Commencement, I missed those exercises, and also the Richmond trip. With promises of help in writing up these events from many of my classmates, this article has to go into print without mention of these matters. Verily, he goes a sorrowing who abides by promises.

And now, fellows, as you glance over this be lenient, and remember that I am but a Sophomore. Soon we will be Juniors, and our efforts will be crowned with more success. And then in one more year we will be Seniors. What will be done then, time alone will reveal.







## Class of Nineteen Hundred



### Officers

SCOTT H. MACGREGOR, Va.,	<i>President.</i>
JAMES L. BUGG, Va.,	<i>Vice President.</i>
RICHARD A. HERBERT, Va.,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
EDWARD H. RICHARDSON, Va.,	<i>Class Editor.</i>



### COLORS :

Cream and Crimson.

### MOTTO :

Finem Respice.



### YELL :

Razzle dazzle, hobble gobble,  
Siz, boom, bah!  
Nineteen Hundred, Nineteen Hundred,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

## Members



<i>Name.</i>	<i>Postoffice.</i>	<i>County.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Postoffice.</i>	<i>County.</i>
Allen, Edwin Wood,	Buchanan,	Botetourt.	Kipps, John Harry, Jr.,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.
Archer, William Meade,	Richmond,	Henrico.	Kipps, Lewis Leonard,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.
Archer, Deas,	Richmond,	Henrico.	Kite, James Luther,	Graves Mill,	Madison
Armistead, Claude Lee,	Hampton,	Elizabeth City.	Latane, John Wilson,	Oak Grove,	Westmoreland.
Ayre, John Andrew,	Ufferville,	Fauquier.	Lawson, John William, Jr.,	Smithfield,	Isle of Wight.
Baker, George Francis,	Graham's Forge,	Wythe.	Levi, George Howard,	Lynchburg,	Campbell.
Barton, Randall McGavock,	Pulaski,	Pulaski.	Maclin, Willie Walker,	Belfield,	Greenville.
Begg, Robert Burns Haldane,	Bedford Springs,	Campbell.	Mallicote, Lewis Franklin,	Abingdon,	Washington.
Beverly, Richard Carter,	Champlain,	Essex.	McBroom, Jackson,	Abingdon,	Washington.
Boorman, James Albert,	Catletts,	Fauquier.	McGavock, James Hamilton,	Graham's Forge,	Wythe.
Boswell, Robert,	Mt. Vernon,	Fairfax.	McGhee, James William,	Bedford City,	Bedford.
Bowen, Reese Tate, Jr.,	Knoble,	Tazewell.	MacGregor, Scott Hutton,	Avon,	Nelson.
Bowley, Charles Littler Wood,	Winchester,	Frederick.	Messervy, Willie Hummel,	Charleston,	Charleston, S. C.
Bradley, Samuel Collins,	Abingdon,	Washington.	Mitchell, Henry Milnor,	Tazewell,	Tazewell.
Broce, Cecil Miminger,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.	Nisbet, William Alexander,	Charlottesville,	Meckl'n'bg. N. C.
Brokenbrough, Hugh Bowyer,	Coffee,	Bedford.	Nicewonger, Olney Warren,	Winston,	Forsyth, N. C.
Brown, Walter Keith,	Holston,	Hawkins, Tenn.	Oakes, Alonzo Whitfield,	Swansonville,	Pittsylvania.
Brunier, Harry August,	Baltimore,	Baltimore, Md.	Pack, William French,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.
Bugg, James Tuckin,	Farmville,	Prince Edward.	Page, Clarence Christian,	Richmond,	Henrico.
Burnet, Wallace Claypole,	Norfolk,	Norfolk.	Page, James Robert,	Christiansburg,	Montgomery.
Calfee, William Augustus Sanders,	Pulaski City,	Pulaski.	Painter, Edwin Sidney,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.
Campbell, Charles Chatham,	Danville,	Pittsylvania.	Palmer, Frederick Lynn,	Otlee,	Hanover.
Carr, John Lewis,	Harrisonburg,	Rockingham.	Patterson, Henry Martin,	Chatham,	Pittsylvania.
Carter, Henry Poindexter,	Chatham,	Pittsylvania.	Paxton, Edward Preston,	Buena Vista,	Rockbridge.
Clements, Halstead Maynard,	Halstead's Point,	York.	Payne, George William,	Rixeyville,	Culpeper.
Cook, William Luther,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.	Peck, Henry Vawter,	Lindside,	Monroe, W. Va.
Conrey, George Bennett,	Elkton,	Cecil, Md.	Pelter, Joseph Glenwood,	Riner,	Montgomery.
Copenhaver, John Oscar Dennis,	Knoble,	Tazewell.	Persinger, William Burwell,	Roanoke,	Roanoke.
Crowgey, Henry Beaufort,	Wytheville,	Wythe.	Phelps, James Franklin,	Caves Spring,	Roanoke.
Dabney, Chiswell, Jr.,	Chatham,	Pittsylvania.	Phlegar, Archer Allen, Jr.,	Christiansburg,	Montgomery.
Davidson, William Alexander,	Hicksville,	Bland.	Pochlman, Leonard August,	Baltimore,	Baltimore, Md.
Daosing, James Burnett,	Catawba,	Roanoke.	Porter, James Edward,	Louisa C. H.,	Louisa.
Dundas, Thomas Archibald,	Buckland,	Prince William.	Price, Walter Robert,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.
Ellett, Andrew Symington,	Christiansburg,	Montgomery.	Price, William Brooke,	Lawrenceville,	Brunswick.
Epps, Hugh Baylis,	Richmond,	Henrico.	Price, Lawrence Taylor,	Gale,	Botetourt.
Faulkner, Hugh Nicholas,	Ashland,	Boyd, Ky.	Reynolds, Charles Luther,	Fall Creek,	Pittsylvania.
Ferguson, Robert Thrift,	Rustburg,	Campbell.	Richardson, Edward Henderson,	Farmville,	Prince Edwa rd.
Fickling, Thomas White,	Roanoke,	Roanoke.	Seaton, Turner Ashley,	Delaplane,	Fauquier.
Fleet, Robert Madison,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.	Shelton, Thomas Henderson,	Tindall,	Floyd.
Garth, George Michael,	Wolfstown,	Madison.	Smith, Eugene Auderson,	Christiansburg,	Montgomery.
George, William Oscar,	Tazewell,	Tazewell.	Snider, Cecil,	Price's Fork,	Montgomery.
Gerber, Milton Edling,	Baltimore,	Baltimore, Md.	Snidow, James Harvey,	White Gate,	Giles.
Gibson, Olin Clay,	Jonesville,	Lee.	Stoneman, George Jacob,	Island,	Goochland.
Gildersleeve, John Robison,	Grattan,	Tazewell.	St. Clair, John Witten,	Tazewell,	Tazewell.
Givens, Robert Tilden,	Looney,	Craig.	Summerson, Charles Richard,	Dublin,	Pulaski.
Glass, Henry Jefferson,	Peytonsburg,	Pittsylvania.	Tatum, William Edward,	Settle Ridge,	Patrick.
Goldsmith, Duval Pope,	Warrenton,	Fauquier.	Terry, John Coles, Jr.,	Bent Mt.,	Roanoke.
Guy, Lewis Edmonds,	Norfolk,	Norfolk.	Traynham, Bernin Crawford,	Roanoke,	Roanoke.
Harrison, Joseph Kent,	Staunton,	Augusta.	Triplett, Clayton Macimanto,	Bethel Academy,	Fauquier.
Hawkins, Edgar Lee,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.	Trolinger, William Hoge,	Childress,	Montgomery.
Herbert, Richard Ainsworth,	Portsmouth,	Norfolk.	Tufts, Arthur,	Atlanta,	Fulton, Ga.
Hodges, Willie Sidney,	Danville,	Pittsylvania.	Turnbull, George Harrison,	Lawrenceville,	Brunswick.
Hoffman, Joseph David,	Flint Hill,	Rappahannock.	Twyman, David Nicol,	Uno,	Madison.
Hopkins, Mathew Smith,	Highland,	Howard, Md.	Uher, George Dennis,	Alexandria,	Alexandria.
Hundley, Henry Hurt,	Mt. Laurel,	Halifax.	Waddell, Joseph Addison,	Garths,	Albemarle.
Jackson, James Alfred,	Richmond,	Henrico.	Walker, Robert James,	Chase City,	Mecklenburg.
Jacocks, Jonathan Wilbur,	Berkeley,	Norfolk.	Walters, George Derry,	Christiansburg,	Montgomery.
Jacocks, Henry Morgan,	Berkeley,	Norfolk.	White, Frank Robertson,	Washington,	Washington.
Jamieson, William Jordan,	Buffalo Junction,	Mecklenburg.	Williams, James Addison,	Red Spring,	Robeson, N. C.
Jewel, Lindsay Louin,	Christiansburg,	Montgomery.	Willis, Hugh Goodson,	Lexington,	Rockbridge.
Jirdone, Francis,	Orange C. H.,	Orange.	Withers, John Thornton,	Suffolk,	Nansemond.
Jones, William Catesby,	Iron Gate,	Alleghany.	Wolfe, Elmer Brooks,	Bristol,	Washington, Va.
Jordan, Glen Thomas,	Pulaski City,	Pulaski.	Wood, Charles Morton,	Glenwilton,	Botetourt.
Keffer, Mark Peyton,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.	Wysor, William Washington,	Dublin,	Pulaski.
Keister, John Taylor,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.	Zink, Jack,	Christiansburg,	Montgomery.
Keister, Yerley Bright,	Blacksburg,	Montgomery.			



**T**HE Class of 1900 answers the "Bugle's" call with a history that will excite a feeling of regret in the breast of many a Freshman yet to come. We say regret, for that word will express his feelings when he realizes that he is too late to be one of our noble band; and we, realizing this fact, can not help sympathizing with these gentlemen, and, so long as it remains in our power, shall endeavor to give them all the consolation (?) to be obtained from the "Sophomore's Sure Cure for Melancholia."

Our class being an unusually large one, it will be impossible for us to take up every incident that has occurred, which, were it smaller, might be mentioned. So we will mention only those things which have been of greatest importance, and which will interest the largest number of us. Glancing back, then, over that part of our Freshman life that has passed, naturally the first thing that presents itself to our minds is what has long been known as "the Freshman's first night." How well do we remember this important epoch in our history! And even now as we recall it to mind a cold chill creeps over us, and none can regret that it is a thing of the past. It would be folly for us to attempt to describe what we experienced ere the long-wished-for morning came, so with just a note of the hospitality (?) which was shown us as we descended from the various conveyances that brought us from Christiansburg, we will leave this "night of horrors" and recall for a moment the great matriculation day, and the peculiar errands upon which many of us were sent by our more advanced

friends. These duties we performed of course with the usual good nature which characterizes all Freshmen, and long will we remember the looks of surprise and wonder which were given us by those to whom we were sent as we explained our errands.

After the first few weeks of excitement and various experiences, until the football season opened, nothing worthy of note happened to break the monotony with which we were surrounded, save the occasional "baptising" of some one of our number as he performed the dreaded duties of Barracks Orderly. Ah! now we come to the front, and how important we feel as, with a pride known only to ourselves, we send into the field such representatives as "Jumbo" Pelter, "Dick" Herbert, and "Splinter" Wood! It is not necessary for us to enter into the details of each game and name separately the many star plays which were made by our representatives, as these are known by us all. We will simply state that they held their respective positions on the first team and in every game did excellent work. Aside from these three of our number on the first team, we had also representatives on the scrub team who did fine work and who promise to give their more experienced players a hard time to retain their positions next season.

The baseball season now soon to open promises to bring to the front a larger number of our class than did football. It is hard to determine as early as this who will be our representatives on the first team, as so many of our class have applied for it. Among those who have applied are, Carr, J. L., Bugg, J. L., Jewel, L. L., and Wood, C. M.; these men are training regularly, and, so far as we can judge now, all of them seem to "know the game."

Leaving athletics, we will review, so to speak, and consider separately a few members of our class who have made themselves conspicuous. Going back, then, to the first of the session, the first figure that presents itself to our minds is that of G. J. Stoneman. We can never forget how popular (?) he was among the higher classmen, and whenever a "rat" was needed to run an errand, Stoneman's "big mouth" was sure to cause him to be chosen. Perhaps some of us were in the postoffice just a few days after our arrival here, when he came rushing in and excitedly called to the postmaster: "Mr., I want a bowl of 'hot tamalies'. Quick, please; the man's in a devil of a hurry."

Notwithstanding the many good qualities with which our class seemed to be endowed, one of our members soon decided that, as a military man, he was far superior to his classmates and should be thus recognized; so, acting according to his decision, we find the noble Wolfe applying for a "corp.", and, as we all know, it was only a question of a few days before he received "stripes" in abundance.

In speaking of military men we are reminded of three of our number who seemed so very fond of drilling in the "awkward squad"; they were J. R. Gildersleeve, W. E. Tatum, and G. H. Turnbull. A certain member



of our class reports that, after listening to quite a lengthy discussion between these gentlemen, he disgraced himself by laughing at one of them when he made the following remark: "It is a shame for a fellow to be forced to keep step with that darned old drum; the first thing I know I will get in the habit of taking those little short steps and never will be able to get tobacco hills the right distance apart again." Decide for yourselves, boys, which one it was.

The unusual brilliancy of our class can be better shown by a suggestion made by one of our members soon after his arrival here. It was that "The battalion should drill under umbrellas during rainy weather." We will not disclose the gentleman's name, as he does not desire to be complimented, but will only say that it was one of the "Ja — k's."

In mentioning conspicuous members of our class, it would never do to leave out such men as R. T. Ferguson and W. B. Price. In them do we find the "long and short" of freshness, which has caused them to be quite popular, judging from the number of "storm parties" which has been given them.

Well do we remember the general feeling of sorrow and regret that prevailed, not only in our class but throughout the college, when our classmate, J. E. Porter, was stricken with paralysis and forced to leave us. Although he had been among us but a short while, he had in that time won many warm friends and promised to be one of our most active members. He was taken home as soon as possible after he was paralyzed, and we are happy to state that in a very short time he was entirely well again.

Having thus far mentioned incidents concerning more especially individual members of the class, we will now mention one that concerned quite a large portion of it. The night following Thanksgiving night the memorable event happened, and while the Thanksgiving german was in full progress. A very large bonfire had been lighted in honor of the football team's victory of the day before, and, it being quite late, the greater portion of the class had retired. We had, however, enjoyed but a few hours of peaceful slumber when we were suddenly awakened by being pulled out of bed and quickly transferred to what was called the "ambulance," which was nothing more than about two-thirds of an old wheelbarrow. We had scarcely been seated in this before down the steps we were carried at a terrific rate, and then across the stoop and far out on the campus, where the bonfire could be plainly seen, but was too far to counteract the effect of the cold wind, which of course had every advantage of us. Here we were left to return to our rooms as best we could, while the "ambulance" hastily returned for another unfortunate sleeper. Those of us who experienced this delightful (?) ride will never need this account to remind us of it, but for the benefit of some of our class who were fortunate enough to miss it, we record this event.

After the eventful night just recorded, nothing of special interest happened before the Christmas holidays,

and at last when they came, the class was indeed a happy one. These days of enjoyment were soon over, however, and, as with sad and homesick hearts we again assembled here and called the roll, we found that H. B. Brokenbrough, H. J. Glass, H. H. Hundley, and Jack Zink were missing from our ranks; but with intermediate examinations staring us in the face, we had no time to mourn the loss of these members. We soon settled down to a month's hard work, and at last, when it was over and our examination marks known, we found that Scott H. MacGregor and E. H. Richardson received the grade of "Highly Distinguished," while L. L. Jewel, W. W. Wyson, and R. J. Walker (the latter as a special<sup>1</sup> student) each received the grade of "Distinguished."

Examinations over, the second term soon began, and at this time the vacancies in our ranks were filled by W. K. Brown, C. Dabney, Jr., D. P. Goldsmith, W. W. Maclin, J. W. McGhee, G. D. Uhler, J. F. Phelps and C. M. Triplett joining us. Among these new men there are two who must, by all means, be especially mentioned. The first is "Little Willie" Maclin, who will be remembered as being not only the handsomest (?) member of our class, but especially noted for his superb (?) military bearing and brightness (?) in the classroom. He has also, on several occasions, shown his ability as an orator, and those of us who have had the pleasure of hearing him will long remember the feeling of awe that we experienced as he addressed us in a manner which words can not describe. The second is D. P. Goldsmith, better known as "Goldbug," who, having once made an improvement on a farm gate at home, has come among us, as he says, to study "that stuff which they call electricity." He thinks that in a few years he will make some "valuable discoveries" in this science, and that ere the class of 1900 rolls up its sheepskins, the name of "Goldbug" Goldsmith will be known the world over.

Now that Messervy has left us, we feel that, in remembrance of him, we must record the night that he returned from the familiar "snipe hunt" with such a frightened expression on his face. As many doubtless remember, he had been permitted by the Sophs to accompany them as they taught, what he thought to be, a brother Freshman the sport, and was also permitted to carry the bag; but ere the time came for it to be held open, as he said, "a dreadful shooting occurred," and the next thing that he could remember was his hurried flight across wide field and deep gullies, and that feeling of relief which he experienced as he rushed into the dear old barracks door.

Although "Barber" Mallicote has recently made an "impression" on many of us that will cause him to be remembered quite well for a time, it will soon be gone, and he, having played such an important part in our history, must by some means be long remembered. We will record, then, as a reminder of him, that experiment which he was carrying on so gracefully before the first chemistry class, when a glass tube which he was using suddenly bursted and caused "Barber" to become so frightened that he has since decided to try no more experi-

ments. We can never forget how readily he found his seat when the accident happened, and how his face gradually brightened up as he realized that he was still alive.

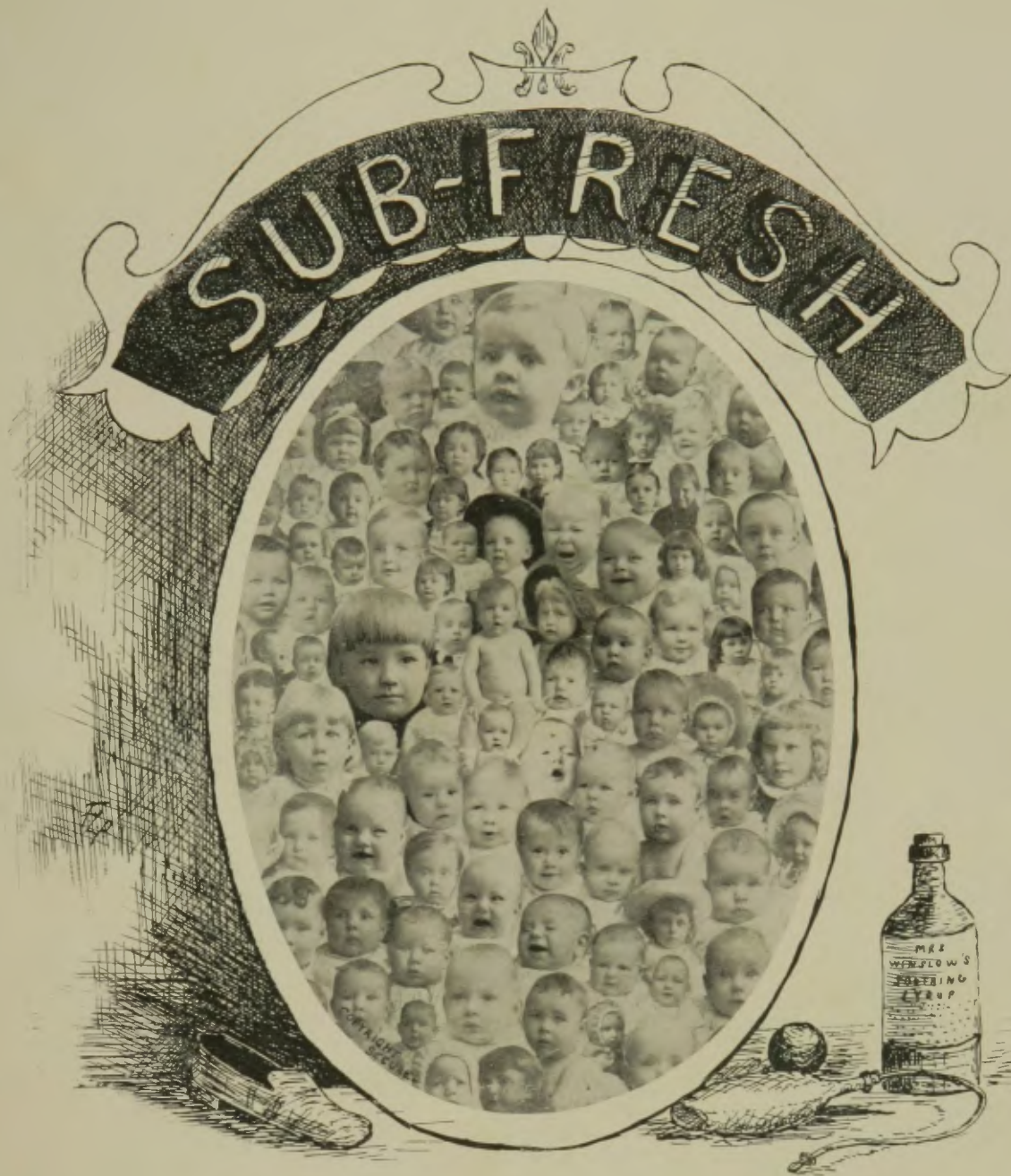
We have already mentioned our class-mate, "Dick" Herbert, in connection with football, but before closing we must, by all means, express the "deep sympathy" which we have felt for him since the football season closed. As all of us remember, his knee was injured somewhat in one of the games, but, strange to say, gave him no trouble until the season was over, when it immediately "got very sore," and he was forced (?) to give up all military duty. He was excused for three months, and just before the time came for him to resume his place in the ranks the Sophs "gave him a chase," and he, forgetting in his fright that his knee was still a little sore, ran quite a long distance. The result, of course, was that he was again unable (?) to resume military duty, and at least three more months would be required for him to recover. He says that he is going to be "very careful" with that knee, but that he hardly thinks it will be well enough to allow him to resume military duty this session.

Now, fellow Freshmen, there remains but one incident of any importance that we have not recorded, and, although this was one that concerned nearly every member of our class, we shall, for several reasons, give no account of it. However, for the benefit of some member of our class who might read this in future years and not remember the incident referred to, we will say that if he will look at the picture of some of his class-mates and remember the twenty-second day of February, he will need no further reminder.

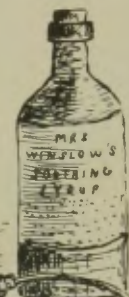
Thus ends the history of the class of 1900; and now, class-mates, remember the feeling of pride with which we record this history, and each succeeding year that we shall be together see to it that this feeling of pride shall increase with each history that we record.





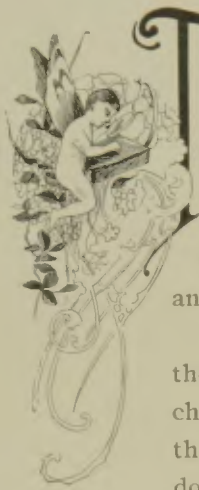


SUB-FRESH





## The Sub



THE Sub has no history; he is incapable of producing any. His past has been an indescribable chaos of bawling, teething, soothing syrup, baby rattles, dolls, marbles, stumped toes, building blocks, paregoric, spanking, mud pies, colic, tops, kites, knee pants, and the innumerable other accompaniments of childhood, together with a few glimpses of reading and spelling books, arithmetic and geography, thrown in for good measure. In his present condition as a Sub he might, in one sense, be termed a hybrid—he is neither a free school boy nor a college student. His future, of which it never occurs to him that he has any, is full of possibilities, and of impossibilities.

The Sub is loosed from "mamma's apron strings" before he is able to stand up without their support, and comes to Blacksburg with a mind in the incipient stage of development and a character as unsettled as an April day. He sees some of the college men smoking cigarettes, and thinking that he need only follow their example to be a college man himself, straightway goes and does likewise. He forms other bad habits also. School closes and he goes home to bring down maledictions upon the institution he is supposed by others to represent; his parental ancestors denounce colleges in general, and Blacksburg in particular, as having a most baneful influence upon the youth of our country and as leading numbers of them from the path of rectitude and righteousness.

When the Sub first comes to Blacksburg he develops a proclivity that soon grows into a determination—viz., to do no studying and to occupy his entire time in "laying in," eating, sleeping, breaking window panes, knocking down plastering, defacing walls and benches, and creating as much noise as possible while other people are attempting to study; in other words, doing as much damage and as much petty meanness as he possibly can—a determination to which he adheres with unerring zeal.

But the Sub has one redeeming virtue that overbalances by far his many faults—he swells the matriculation book; therefore he is an indispensable factor, and will always be here to play his part and to shed luster upon the "fair name of the College."

## Members of the Sub-Freshman Class



<i>Name.</i>	<i>Postoffice.</i>	<i>County.</i>
ANGLIN, JOHN TYLER, . . . . .	Martinsville, . . . . .	Henry.
BETTS, CHARLES EDWIN, . . . . .	Accotink, . . . . .	Fairfax.
BOWLEY, HEYWARD WARGHMAN, . . . . .	Winchester, . . . . .	Frederick.
BROWN, JAMES MONTGOMERY, . . . . .	Bennett's Mill, . . . . .	Montgomery.
BUSH, MELVIN DUPUY, . . . . .	Blacksburg, . . . . .	Montgomery.
CLINE, JOHN WEAVER, . . . . .	Hallsville, . . . . .	McDowell, W. Va.
CARTER, HERBERT KELLER, . . . . .	Washington, . . . . .	District of Columbia.
DUNN, EDWARD WASHINGTON, . . . . .	Vernon Hill, . . . . .	Halifax.
GAUJOT, ANTOINE AUGUST MARKET, . . . . .	Williamson, . . . . .	Mingo, W. Va.
GLEAVES, JAMES TAYLOR, . . . . .	Wytheville, . . . . .	Wythe.
JOHNSTON, JAMES LYNN, . . . . .	Bennett's Mill, . . . . .	Montgomery.
MCGAVOCK, JOSEPH CLOYD, . . . . .	Max Meadows, . . . . .	Wythe.
MERO, CHARLES BALLINGER, . . . . .	Mero, . . . . .	Fairfax.
OWEN, ROBERT CALDWELL, . . . . .	Perryville, . . . . .	Bedford.
PAGE, JAMES OWNEY, . . . . .	Charlemont, . . . . .	Bedford.
ROBINSON, HERBERT HALL, . . . . .	Walton Furnace, . . . . .	Wythe.
SCOTT, ROBERT MAYO, . . . . .	Childress, . . . . .	Montgomery.
WILKINS, ROBERT SHERWOOD, . . . . .	Wilson, . . . . .	Wilson, N. C.
WARREN, EDGAR BOOTH, . . . . .	Hot Springs, . . . . .	Bath.





# BOOK THREE





ATHLETES



# V. P. I. Athletic Association



## Officers

CHAS. M. CHRISTIAN, . . . . . *President.*  
FLEMING SAUNDERS, . . . . . *Vice President.*  
JOHN I. PALMER, . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer.*

## Board of Directors

DR. E. E. SHEIB, from the Faculty. C. E. HARDY, from the Senior Class.  
S. H. SHEIB, from the Post-Graduates. M. H. HAIG, from the Junior Class.  
CHAS. M. CHRISTIAN (*ex officio*), from the Sophomore Class.

## Committees

### Football Department

DR. E. E. SHEIB, *Chairman (ex officio)*.  
H. A. JOHNSON.  
J. L. INGLES.

### Field Sports Department

C. E. HARDY, *Chairman (ex officio)*.  
PROF. E. A. SMYTH.  
C. G. GUIGNARD.

### Baseball Department

S. H. SHEIB, *Chairman (ex officio)*.  
PROF. R. C. PRICE.  
E. H. HERBERT.

### Tennis Department

F. WILSON, *Chairman (ex officio)*.  
G. C. REID.  
L. MANNING.

### Gymnasium Department

M. H. HAIG, *Chairman (ex officio)*.  
PROF. E. A. SMYTH.  
B. D. PRESTON.



FOOTBALL TEAM, '06

	COCHRAN	TOWNES	DR. JONES	LANGHORNE	WHITEHURST	COX	
POINDEXTER			HERBERT, E. H.	TRAYNHAM			
TREDWELL	WOOD	PELTER	HERBERT, R. A.	MAYER	STARKE	KING	
ESKRIDGE			MARTIN		INGLES (CAPTAIN)		JOHNSON



## Football



### Officers, 1896

J. LEWIS INGLES,	Captain.
DR. ARLIE C. JONES (U. Va.)	Coach.
CARL E. HARDY,	Manager.
GEORGE S. MERRICK,	Assistant Manager.
W. F. HENDERSON, M. D.,	Medical Adviser.

### V. P. I. in Thanksgiving Game, '96

H. A. JOHNSON, <i>Left End.</i>	W. B. TREDWELL, <i>Right End.</i>
W. E. STARKE, <i>Left Tackle.</i>	J. L. INGLES, <i>Left Half Back.</i>
W. L. MAYER, <i>Left Guard.</i>	A. P. I SKRIDGE, <i>Right Half Back.</i>
R. A. HERBERT, <i>Center.</i>	T. D. MARTIN, <i>Quarter Back.</i>
J. G. PELTER, <i>Right Guard.</i>	E. H. HERBERT,
C. M. WOOD, <i>Right Tackle.</i>	O. F. WHITEHURST,
	} <i>Full Back.</i>

### Substitutes

G. H. TOWNES, <i>End.</i>	B. L. TRAYNHAM, <i>Tackle and End.</i>
D. T. POINDEXTER, <i>Tackle.</i>	C. W. COCHRAN, <i>Half Back.</i>
W. F. COX, <i>Guard.</i>	D. G. LANGHORNE, <i>Full Back.</i>
G. H. KING, <i>End.</i>	



### Schedule of Games Played, '96

October 10, at Blacksburg—Alleghany Institute, . . . . .	0	V. P. I., . . . . .	20
October 20, at Blacksburg—Roanoke College, . . . . .	0	V. P. I., . . . . .	12
October 24, at Danville—University of North Carolina, . . . . .	0	V. P. I., . . . . .	0
October 31, at Charlottesville—University of Virginia, . . . . .	42	V. P. I., . . . . .	0
November 2, at Lynchburg—Hampden-Sidney College, . . . . .	0	V. P. I., . . . . .	46
November 14, at Knoxville, Tenn.—University of Tennessee, . . . . .	6	V. P. I., . . . . .	4
November 16, at Knoxville, Tenn.—Maryville College, . . . . .	0	V. P. I., . . . . .	52
November 26, at Roanoke—Virginia Military Institute, . . . . .	0	V. P. I., . . . . .	24
<hr/>			
Totals—Opponents, . . . . .	48	V. P. I., . . . . .	158



### Statistics



#### Touchdowns

Ingles, . . . . .	11	Tredwell, . . . . .	1
Eskridge, . . . . .	9	Herbert, E. H., . . . . .	1
Pelter, . . . . .	3	Johnson, . . . . .	1
Starke, . . . . .	2	Jones, . . . . .	1
Whitehurst, . . . . .	1		

#### Goals from Touchdowns

Johnson, . . . . .	13
Herbert, E. H., . . . . .	5
Eskridge, . . . . .	1

Total number touchdowns, . . . . .	30	Points, . . . . .	120
Total number goals, . . . . .	19	Points, . . . . .	38
<hr/>			
Total number points scored, . . . . .			158

Average weight of team, . . . . .	171 $\frac{7}{11}$ pounds.
Average age of team, . . . . .	19 $\frac{0}{11}$ years.



BASEBALL TEAM, '96

BRANDER	STARKE	JOHNSON	MAYER	RASCHE (CAPT.)	MERRICK (ASS'T MGR.)
ESKRIDGE (MGR.)	WHITEHURST				
LANGHORNE	LANCASTER	WOOD	GREENWOOD	HERBERT	



## Baseball



### Officers, 1896

W. H. RASCHE,	Captain.
A. T. ESKRIDGE,	Manager.
G. S. MERRICK,	Local Manager.

### Team

J. M. JOHNSON, <i>Pitcher.</i>	E. H. HERBERT, <i>Second Base and Short Stop.</i>
W. L. MAVER, <i>Pitcher.</i>	W. F. GREENWOOD, <i>Third Base.</i>
W. E. STARKE, <i>Pitcher.</i>	D. G. LANGHORNE, <i>Left Field.</i>
W. H. RASCHE, <i>Catcher.</i>	W. B. EAKIN, <i>Left Field.</i>
J. M. BRANDER, <i>First Base.</i>	L. H. LANCASTER, <i>Center Field.</i>
O. F. WHITEHURST, <i>Short Stop and Second Base.</i>	S. N. WOOD, <i>Right Field.</i>

### Schedule of Games, Played '96

April 11, at Blacksburg—Roanoke College, . . . 8	V. P. I., 5	May 12, at Blacksburg—St. Alban's School, . . . 23	V. P. I., 2
April 18, at Salem—Roanoke College, . . . 19	V. P. I., 15	May 30, at Blacksburg—Norfolk and Western, 5	V. P. I., 20
April 20, at Blacksburg—Hampden-Sidney Col. 5	V. P. I., 6	June 4, at Chapel Hill, N. C.—Univ. of N. C., 9	V. P. I., 0
April 25, at Radford—St. Alban's School . . . 27	V. P. I., 5	June 5, at Chapel Hill, N. C.—Univ. of N. C., 3	V. P. I., 1
May 2, at Blacksburg—Randolph-Macon Acad. 6	V. P. I., 23	June 23, at Blacksburg—Norfolk and Western, 8	V. P. I., 5
May 9, at Blacksburg—Alleghany Institute, . . 8	V. P. I., 7		



Institute Athletic Grounds, May 18, 1896

One Hundred Yards Dash	{ J. L. INGLES, '98, . . . . . 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. J. L. JOHNS, '97. J. H. WOOLWINE, '97.
Standing Broad Jump,	{ J. L. JOHNS, '97, . . . . . 10 ft. F. SAUNDERS, '97. R. M. WATTS, '98.
Throwing Eighteen-pound Hammer,	{ W. E. STARKE, '99, . . . . . 62 ft. 5 in. F. SAUNDERS, '97. A. W. WALLACE, Sub.



One Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle Race, . . . . .	{ J. L. INGLES, '98, . . . . . 17½ sec. C. G. GUIGNARD, P. G. J. R. CRAIGHILL, '98.
Running High Jump, . . . . .	{ F. SAUNDERS, '97, . . . . . 5 ft. 2 in. A. W. WALLACE, Sub. C. G. GUIGNARD, P. G. J. L. JOHNS, '97.
Putting Eighteen-pound Shot, . . . . .	{ P. J. NORFLEET, '97, . . . . . 32 ft. 7 in. A. W. WALLACE, Sub. J. L. INGLES, '98.
Throwing Baseball, . . . . .	{ A. W. WALLACE, Sub, . . . . . 221 ft. 2 in. J. M. BRANDER, '99. W. K. DAVIS, '97.
Running Broad Jump, . . . . .	{ F. SAUNDERS, '97, . . . . . 16 ft. 8½ in. O. F. WHITEHURST, '98. N. S. BROWN, '97.
Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash, . . . . .	{ P. J. NORFLEET, '97, . . . . . 23½ sec. C. G. GUIGNARD, P. G. J. H. WOOLWINE, '97.
Sack Race, . . . . .	{ F. SAUNDERS, '97, . . . . . 13½ sec. N. S. BROWN, '97. G. H. KING, '98.
Hop, Step and Jump, . . . . .	{ A. M. CANNON, '98 . . . . . 35 ft. 8 in. T. D. MARTIN, '96. O. F. WHITEHURST, '98.
Three-legged Race, . . . . .	{ W. E. STARKE, '99, and N. R. PATRICK, '96, . . . . . 7½ sec. B. L. TRAYNHAM, '99. G. H. TOWNES, '99.
Mile Run, . . . . .	{ D. G. LANGHORNE, '99, . . . . . 5 min. 40 sec. R. H. BARTON, '98. J. H. FRASER, '96.

Best All-round Athlete, . . . . . F. SAUNDERS.

Second Best All-round Athlete, . . . . . J. L. INGLES.



## Tennis



Winners of Championship Series.



May, 1896

*Singles*—J. R. CRAIGHILL.

*Doubles*—J. M. MCBRYDE, JR.  
F. SAUNDERS.

May, 1895

*Singles*—U. HARVEY.

*Doubles*—A. T. ESKRIDGE.  
U. HARVEY.



# BOOK FOUR









# The Gray Jacket



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

## Editors 1896-'97

### *First Term.*

J. L. JOHNS, '97, Maury Society,	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
W. H. BASON, '98, Lee Society,	} LITERARY EDITORS.
J. A. BURRUSS, '98, Maury Society,	
H. H. HURT, '97, Maury Society,	} LOCAL EDITORS.
J. M. BRANDER, '99, Lee Society,	
J. L. PHILLIPS, '97, Lee Society,	EXCHANGE EDITOR.
LAWRENCE PRIDDY, '97, Maury Society,	} BUSINESS MANAGERS.
C. E. HARDY, '97, Lee Society,	

### *Second Term.*

*C. E. HARDY, '97 Lee Society,	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
†F. SAUNDERS, '97, Lee Society,	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
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H. B. WARREN, '98, Lee Society,	} LOCAL EDITORS.
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LAWRENCE PRIDDY, '97, Maury Society,	} BUSINESS MANAGERS.
H. C. ELLETT, '97, Lee Society,	

\* Resigned March 20th.

† Elected March 20th to fill vacancy.



## Former Editors-in-Chief

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1893-'94.	S. VANCE LOVENSTEIN.	R. PAGE WHITTLE.	LESLIE D. KLINE.	1895-'96.	E. J. KERFOOT.

# The Bugle



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

## Board of Editors, 1896-'97

(See page 7.)

## Board of Editors, 1895-'96

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O. C. THOMPSON, '96,	}	BUSINESS MANAGERS.
A. P. ESKRIDGE, '96,		
T. D. MARTIN, '96,		
E. J. KERFOOT, '96,	. . . . .	EDITOR.
L. PRIDDY, '97,	}	ASSOCIATE EDITORS.
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## Board of Editors, 1894-'95

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C. J. RICHARDSON, '95,	. . . . .	EDITOR.
A. C. CALDWELL, '96,	}	ASSISTANT EDITORS.
W. J. WHEELER, '97,		
F. SAUNDERS, '98,		



## Young Men's Christian Association Hand-Book



A REFERENCE AND GUIDE BOOK, PUBLISHED AT THE OPENING OF EACH SESSION  
AND DISTRIBUTED GRATIS AMONG THE STUDENTS.

### Publication Committee, 1896

J. L. JOHNS.

R. N. WATTS.

J. A. BURRUSS.





THE CASCADES, MOUNTAIN LAKE.





## I Doubt It



When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,  
With no one to gossip about it,  
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?  
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

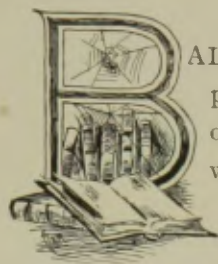
When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,  
With a velvety softness about it,  
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?  
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,  
With a wonderful plumpness about it,  
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?  
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

*Yale Lit.*



## A Trip to Mountain Lake



BALD KNOB, at a distance, is beautiful with its graceful upward sweep; on a nearer approach it presents a grand and imposing appearance. One spring day we saw it half veiled in the fine spray of a passing shower, with rainbow tints gleaming through the mist, and blending in a strange effect with the rich green of the forests that clothed the mountain. The scene was suggestive of Turner's gorgeous combinations of color—that great painter was true to Nature, because he loved her unusual and marvelous effects.

We determined to make the trip to Mountain Lake, but not afoot, and not in the incredibly short time achieved by some of our college friends. Daisy and Annie and the rest were to be provided with buggies as well as escorts.

It was a blazing July day when the journey was begun. By the time we reached the Gap the girls could not resist the temptation to get out and eat blackberries, and nothing would draw them from their feast till all were startled by a heavy peal of thunder. We hardly had time to exclaim at the grandeur of "Old Bald," now wrapped in the gloom of the approaching thunder storm. Down, down we went, wondering where Newport *could* be. Just as we caught a glimpse of its spires and white houses below us, and its pretty flower yards, a blinding sheet of rain met us. Oh, how pleasant it was, a few minutes afterward, to be snugly ensconced in the hotel, eating lunch and looking at the rushing waters, as the thunder pealed overhead and rolled away among the coves of the mountain. Daisy, who had been quaking with fear on the way down, was now her own bright self, trying to poke fun at everybody else.

All at once the sun burst forth, clear and beautiful; the horses were quickly gotten out, and everybody was on the *qui vive* for the mountain climb. "How far is it to the top of Bald Knob?" "Can we get across the creek?" "Can we get to the top before night?"—a babel of girlish voices put these and a host of other questions.

Two miles away, and just at the very base of the mountain, flowed the creek, clear and noisy, as it spread itself wide over the stones. With many misgivings beforehand, and many little shrieks in midstream, the fording was safely accomplished.

Then came the serious business of the trip; a steady climb of six miles over a winding road was before us. A mile above the creek we came into a large field and could begin to see abroad. Just then another thunder





MOUNTAIN LAKE AT TWILIGHT

peal reverberated overhead, and down came the rain. Scarcely had we emerged from this shower, and congratulated ourselves that it was past, when another dark cloud came rolling down the mountain toward us, and soon we were pelted by a heavier torrent still, and saw the lightning flashing all around us. Daisy shot a quick glance at me, that was full of awe, but she was very quiet. As quickly as it came, the shower passed down the mountain. The road was growing steep, passing at times through dripping forests, and then suddenly out into steep fields, whence we could see an ever-widening landscape.

Half an hour of steady climbing followed, when, all of a sudden, we rounded a bluff where the mountain descends abruptly for a thousand feet. An involuntary shudder and the clasping of fair hands upon my arm, gave me the proud consciousness that the sweetest girl in the world was leaning on me for protection. I turned and saw Daisy's dreamy eyes drinking in the landscape. Before us, like sea-billows, the mountains rolled away into the far distance, and were lost in violet-tinted mist. Nearer, and as if at our very feet, lay the fair valley of New River, and that romantic stream could be seen winding, like a silver thread, far beneath. Stretching far above us, we could see the stern and rocky brow of Bald Knob, on which fragments of the sullen thunder cloud still rested.

Now we plunge into a "vast contiguity of shade"; the road is wide and inviting, as it slopes gently upward, and the banks are covered with maiden-hair ferns and many lovely flowers. Everybody begins to think about the lake. We meet a boy driving a rude wood-sled. By and by, Daisy is in raptures as she sees a cloud drift across the road and lose itself amid the trees. Now we see an opening in the forest; no one speaks a word. *Now* we are on the summit, and — vision of loveliness — Mountain Lake sparkles before us in the rich evening light. Yonder is the commodious hotel, and here comes the gentlemanly clerk, who politely ignores our bedraggled and dripping appearance.

What a change in the air; we are cold, and the blazing wood fires that greet us in our rooms do not come amiss. The girls soon join us in the parlors, where the ruddy glow and warmth of the hearth make us think that October must surely be here. The supper is first class, and hunger makes it seem all the better.

What shall we do tomorrow? Why, we must ramble about the lake, and then go to the cascades. To go to Mountain Lake and not see the cascades is to miss more than half the pleasures of the trip. How beautiful the day is, now that, literally, the mists have rolled away. The road goes gently down one of the glen of the mountain, amid the fern beds that were never even dreamt of before; then come the vast groves of hemlock and black pine, towering with straight shafts from eighty to one hundred feet in the air. After five miles of such scenery, we tether our horses in an open green sward, and begin to descend the glen of the cascades.

The first falls are pleasing; then we are charmed with the fantastic overhanging rocks, and creep along

the rustic bridges that span the foam crested stream. Now the path is steep and slippery — we are coming to the great Fall. Daisy pauses and points silently to a great concave rock that sweeps upward and outward over the place where the stream has disappeared. Now we are on the rustic staircase under the concave rock ; we look beneath the mass of falling water, as it plunges ninety feet into the pool below. We climb down carefully till we can look up the silvery cascade, with its mists of spray ever rising and flashing in the sunlight. This is a scene of ideal beauty, ennobling to the soul.

But the day is waning and we must tear ourselves away. We regain the Mountain Lake, but must not pause. The summit of Bald Knob is only four hundred feet above us, but it can be reached only by a winding road, one-half mile in length. We arrive at the highest crest just before sunset. The view must be beheld and its greatness felt—it can not be described. The world seems to lie at our feet ; as our eyes scan the horizon we have glimpses into five States of the Union.

The younger girls of the party have climbed the rock masses near the precipice ; all fear has left them. Glancing down in the direction whence we have come, we see the lake. Can anything in Switzerland be more serenely beautiful? Here are the overhanging forests, and the mountain laurel fringing the lake with its lace-work of pink blossoms.

Back to supper ; and what appetites!

The moon is rising now over the lake, and we hear the voices of boating parties and the strains of Annie Laurie, keeping time with the splash of the oars. It is a witching time. Daisy is with me ; and the others, in couples, are strolling by the lakeside. I want her always to be thus near me. Shall I risk all and tell her so tonight?

Here comes the favorite boat, and a boating party is just going from it to the hotel. *Now* Daisy and I are in the boat. How the waters sparkle along the silver pathway towards where the moon hangs, dreaming, above us in the sky! How the shadows play hide and seek under the rich fringe of the laurel along the marge!

As we float over the surface of this fairy lake, a mile above the sea, heaven seems very near. Daisy is at my side ; her hand is clasped in mine, and the noisy, matter-of-fact world is shut out. Our eyes have met, and they speak more eloquently than words can do the love that will henceforth bind us to one another forever.

## The College Widow.

Written by an admirer of Mrs. Jarley after hearing her immortal speech of February 12, 1897.



There runs a saying trite and old,  
Which Father Time proves daily true,  
That there's no home which does not hold  
A closet locked from public view —  
In which a skeleton lies hidden.  
And in the kingliest banquet halls  
There sits at the feast a spectre unbidden,  
And over the splendor his shadow falls.

Our College halls e'en can not boast,  
That no such spectre they still know,  
For the College Widow, like "Banquo's Ghost,"  
Appears at each fete with a face of woe.  
Who has never seen, or heard, or read,  
Of this wretched maiden (of uncertain age),  
For enough has been written, sung, or said  
Of her sear charms to fill many a page.

A marvel she was, as one may guess  
From the faded charms which yet remain ;  
But her life of single blessedness  
Has proved a life of pain.  
Eternal Hope has ceased to spring,  
Or glow in her gentle breast,  
And she longs for the dove's proverbial wing  
To fly away to her rest.

What blasted hopes she represents,  
What "castles built"; what dreams she dreamed ;  
What efforts vain ; what prayers intense ;  
What vows and tokens unredeemed.  
Aspirings and expectations blighted,  
Cherished hopes by fate denied,  
Her tenderest love and affections slighted,  
And Heaven alone knows what not beside.

For even the giant intellects arrayed  
In the Calculus Class of the V. P. I.  
Would shrink from the very thought, dismayed,  
Were one of them ever asked to try  
To count the Widow's engagements and beaux.  
Generations of students once paid her court,  
And no one — not even Don Cupid — knows,  
Which were in earnest and which in sport.

Men of all sorts and conditions they were —  
The long and the short, the lean and the fat  
(Such differences small mattered little to her) ;  
The dignified Senior, the cheeky young Rat ;  
The men with long hair, men with no hair at all ;  
The thick and the thin-lipped; the pleasant, the mean ;  
The nice, clean young men who never play ball ;  
The men who *play* ball, and *never* look clean.



She was willing, responding, ever confiding,  
So they bent the knee and seemed to vie—  
With flattering looks their baseness hiding,  
As to which could tell her the biggest lie.  
What David said in his haste, long ago,  
She has surely proved true, in her leisure—  
About men being “born liars,” you know,  
But she swallowed their lies with pleasure.

Her affections have naturally gone to *waist*,  
Else how in the world could she withstand  
The ardor with which she was so often embraced?  
And it shows the natural deceit of man,  
That of kisses and love-tokens she had no lack;  
She was wise enough the gifts to keep—  
Flowers, jewelry, books, bric-a-brac—  
She has them now in a faded heap.

She has walked and ridden, driven and skated;  
Gone to each game of ball and every debate.  
She has cycled and waitzed, played tennis and waited,  
Watched and waited, early and late.  
But her lovers, alas, have all silently fled;  
Some were suspended, dismissed or withdrawn,  
Expelled, graduated, married or dead,  
But all are alike departed and gone.

Still they exist, impressed on her brain,  
Those lovers so heartless, so faithless and cruel;  
To attempt photographic impressions were vain,  
Even though the photographer were a jewel.  
Surely retribution must “some day” fall—  
Let us hope, in the shape of termagant wives—  
On those cruel deserters, one and all,  
Who will make them unhappy the rest of their lives.

And now to the widow, alone with her woes,  
Naught but innumerable rings remain,  
And the one consolation her sad heart knows,  
Is to count those rings over and over again;  
To handle these symbols of vanished dreams,  
And as she numbers the glittering bands,  
A wistful light in her sad eyes gleams,  
And the teardrops rain on her hands.

Rank grass and weeds men usually hold  
To be of little value indeed,  
But to the widow 'twould be joy untold,  
Could she but don the widow's weed  
(A certain interest the mourning lends).  
Or could she even rank as Grass,  
In the eyes of her numerous friends,  
Would make up for her woeful past.

But this a cruel fate denies,  
For life's evening shadows begin to creep.  
Like a faded flower she withers, she dies—  
Soon her eyes will close in death's long sleep.  
The shadows lengthen, the bright lights fade,  
But still this sorrow on her heart is pressing.  
She will die—do not say “an *old maid*”—  
But an *unappropriated blessing*.

## The Passing of the Old Man



KELETONS of the night, the bare trees stood with arms outstretched, like sentinel ghosts, guardians of the great tomb of Man. Through the blackness of the night their dark outlines were hardly distinguishable. The winds, howling and shrieking along the deserted walls, wailed through the leafless branches of the trees like the voices of the departed crying from the spirit land. Tearing through the low cedars, and bending them almost to the ground, they hurled themselves against the gloomy shadows as if angered at having encountered one obstacle capable of withstanding their tempestuous fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the already reeking ground spurned like a nauseating medicine the exuberance of waters. Little rills, and gulleets erstwhile dry, were being swollen into rivulets of madness by the angry storm. As does the merciless maelstrom of the human life, the dark, roaring whirlpools dashed onward over every obstacle to the ocean of what, to men, would be—Eternity. In their impetuous flight they heeded not what they struck, but, like the seething vortex of the multitudes of men, plunged hither and thither and against each other in their conflict for supremacy. The white, bristling locks of the lightning flashed, coiling around the dark, somber clouds with the insidious persistency of Fate around the human heart. The mutterings of the thunder reverberated among the clouds like the growlings of huge dogs, and ever and anon clashed, like the coming together of great armaments of destruction. Like gigantic serpents, the black clouds wound themselves across the sky, and shot their forked tongues of fire toward the earth with venomous hate, breathing vengeance in the hissing winds. Nature was in her wildest mood. Dense blackness reigned over all. Not a star was to be seen.

With unabated fury the storm beat upon an old Virginia homestead that, like a last year's bird's nest, nestled into the mountain. About the place the giant progeny of the primeval forest had never been leveled by the desecrating axe; the earthy, mouldy leaves of centuries covered the ground waist deep. Everything was gone to waste. The chimneys had fallen; the roof decayed. Bats and owls nested in the disused chambers. The windows had fallen in, and through them the wind whistled in the storm, and mourned, like the haunting ghosts of other days. The garden was overrun with rank vegetation, through which the scaly snake crawled unrebuked. Slimy toads lived under the moss-grown doorstep. One end of the long porch had fallen to the ground. A climbing rose bush, uncultivated many years, covered it in wild confusion. The wintry winds had piled the fallen petals in a heap against the oaken door, and there they lay seared, withered, dead—like the hopes of a people. The oak trees groaned solemnly when the winds shook them, and the aspens wailed a requiem.

Inside the dying fire threw ghastly, flickering rays of light upon the hearth. They chased each other like weird spirits in the gloom. They smiled, and the smile was ghastly, like that on the face of one dead. The rustling of the leaves against the window seemed like the memory of the dead tapping at the doors of the heart. The fire in the grate had smouldered until it was almost out, only now and then, like a passionate heart, a flame would leap suddenly upward, to sink quickly back again in sullen hopelessness.

In one corner, upon his couch, the old man lay grappling with death. Great beads of sweat stood out upon his forehead and rested in his sunken cheeks. His mouth was drawn until his teeth gleamed through his bushy beard. The bloodless lips were parted in the effort to breathe. The long hair, that once was fine as silk and dark as storm-clouds, was whitened by the snows of many winters now, and lines of sorrow and remorse were stamped upon a face that once looked gladly forth upon the smiling world. But his eyes, beneath their overhanging brows, gleamed with a wild and restless light, and his attenuated fingers clasped and unclasped themselves and clutched the cloth upon the bed spasmodically.

A young woman stood beside the window and looked out into the night. The storm grew wilder and fiercer, and beat upon the window as if longing to clasp her in its exultant arms. Fantastic images, wrought by the firelight, crept along the sill, out upon the swirling leaves of the rose bush, and was swallowed up in the darkness. In her heart raged a battle as fierce as the one outside. Indeed, of the three battles then in progress, hers was the hardest to fight. The elements warred among themselves and made a grand spectacular combat; but, except for a few uprooted trees, left the world as they had found it. The old man sparred with Death, but he was old and prepared for it. All his sympathies were with the dead, and he was glad to die; but the young woman was fighting the giant Despair. She realized that ere the sun arose her parent's spirit would have winged its way into that better land, from which none ever return. She would be left all alone. It is not pleasant to be left alone in the world, especially when one is a young and tender woman. The temptations that beset her are many, and she is practically at the mercy of unscrupulous personages. And then, she was frightened at the nearness of death. The thought of being all night with a clammy corpse dismayed her. Her wan cheek grew even paler as she thought that the shadowy Angel of Death might even then be hovering over her father's pillow, and fanning the air that she breathed with his dark wings. She thought of her father, too, that after this night she would never see him more. Her bosom rose and fell tumultuously, and her limbs trembled beneath her. But no tears came to relieve the eyes of the strained, haggard expression they wore, and the dark circles around them grew even darker with the intensity of her emotion. Her lips moved mechanically, and words, like dry sobs, shook themselves loose.

"Oh, father, father," she moaned, "what will I do without you? When the storm passes, your spirit



will pass with it. They are waiting outside now, the impatient spirits, to welcome you among them; and the king of them all, grim Death, is sitting beside you on the bed. His work will soon be over, now; he has not long to stay. It is befitting that a life as full of tumult as yours has been should pass at a season like this—when all the fiends seem leagued together to assist you to shake off the incubus of clay. But, oh! it is hard to admit the wisdom of the divine Providence, for you were all I had in the world, and I am so afraid of the future. I wish that I, too, might die. I have no home. I am an outcast on the face of the earth. Strangers will turn me from the room in which my mother bore me. Father, do you know that you are leaving your poor girl all alone in the world? I am so desolate. I ——”

A sudden movement from the bed on which the dying lay, caused her to turn sharply round. The old man had half risen to a sitting posture, and, with a long, gaunt arm outstretched, was pointing to where the water trickled down the pane. His emotion was terrible to witness. The girl, feeling intuitively that the end was nigh, sank down beside him, and threw her strong, young arms around him. He lay against her bosom like a weary child, still with a shaking arm pointing to where the water trickled down the pane. His hollow eyes were wilder than before, and his mouth was flecked with foam. The dry lips opened and closed in the effort to speak; and when words came they rolled from out the caverns of his jaws like the pent-up forces of a turbulent stream broke through a dam.

“I am dying, daughter, dying. The roaring of the swollen river sounds in my ears. I can hear the rush of the storm outside, and the rain has raised the river. But the contention of the elements is no greater than the conflict raging in my breast. It is nearly over now, and I am worsted. Death and I have wrestled over the grave of buried hopes until my lungs have nearly burst. Death has spit upon the fires of my life until they are nearly out. Only one small spark remains, and that is slowly being extinguished. Soon my spirit, freed by the everlasting sleep, will whirl through storm, and space, and darkness, into the land whereof we know not. Only, I can hear the music of the lonely river. Things become clearer as the end draws near. The range of vision is extended to things before invisible. What a beautiful land it is, over yonder. Can you not see it, daughter? There are orange groves in blossom. The pearly petals drip from the trees like rain. Beautiful people are resting beneath the trees, or walking on the shingly beach. And one stands out distinctly from the rest. See how sullenly the green waters flow between her and me. Come, pale Boatman, come! and row me to that coral strand where she is waiting. I can see the gleam of her snowy robes. Her long hair streams behind in tangled masses, and the little billowy bubbles of the water wash against her pink feet prettily, as, shading eyes, she bends to see me through the mists that mark the boundary of the spirit land. She is the being who was given unto my young youth to love me more than all things else; and now I see her waiting on the dusky



shore to welcome me. Say, can you not see her, child? It is so plain to me. She is my girl-wife, and your young mother. A maid herself, she died to give birth to a maiden-babe.

“Oh, wife, standing on the shores of heaven! Oh, venerated shades of my departed spirit-wife! if angels are, as I have heard, allowed to watch over the conduct of those whom they had known and loved before embarking for that shadowy shore from which none ever return—oh, then look down with pity on your sorrowing child, and drop one healing angel tear upon the open wound of her heart. She grew up like a wild flower, with only the rude culture that a man could give. She knew the want of mother-love from childhood up. She never had a soft, white mother hand upon her brow. She never heard a soft, caressing voice call her child. She never hid her grief upon a snow-pure breast. She never had a mother chide her. You left us on the same day that her wondering baby-eyes first opened upon this glorious world. Will you not watch her, little mother, while I tread the dark, abysmal paths that lead to thee?

“Daughter, do not weep for me when I am dead. I am only gone to join your mother in the next room—to take a journey for a day, an hour. The stream of my life will soon have mingled with the rolling waters of the river, washing the sands upon the beach on which *she* waits for me. And we will watch for you, my daughter; and he, whom you have loved, will watch with us. He is over there, somewhere, but the shadows are so thick that I can not make him out. You would not bid the old man stay this joy, my daughter? I do so long to feel her arms about me. You have known the pain of love, my child—could you see him around whose form your heart has twined itself, and hear his sweet voice calling over the wastes, would you not fain be with him? I hear her calling to me from the shore, and she is as young and lissome as before the child was born. The blood within me boils as hotly as when I married her. The years that have run themselves out since then seem now but as an hour or two, for in a minute I will have entered on the long rest and eternal.”

He paused and gasped, and his head fell back upon the woman's shoulder. Raising himself again, quickly, he muttered, “Air, girl, air! Open the window, and let the wind blow in on me! Death is pressing fiercely on my breast until I strangle, but I have not finished yet.”

The maid hastened to comply with her father's wish, and the spray dashed in and drenched her when she raised the sash. The light draperies clung about her form like mist, and more suggested than concealed her. But returning, she sat upon the bed, and held the old man's wasted hand in hers. He rested easier, now, and sank back upon the pillow, breathing heavily. The wind played among his straggling locks, and shook them over his ashen face; while, in great draughts, he sucked the damp, moist air.

“Had the war not been,” he continued, easier, “you might have been a wife, my child, with little children clinging to you; but destiny is stronger than any human strength. He never returned from the war.

It was your temperament to love passionately and well, and to love but once. I remember how you sobbed and clung to him when he rode away; but you would not have had him remain. Women love brave men. I, too, shouldered my old flint-lock and tramped away to the war. You were left alone, child; but, like many other Southern women, your duty was plain, to oversee the plantation, work for the soldiers, and pray for your country.

“Everything looked hopeful at the first, and victory was ours. We licked them, and licked them, until we got so tired that we could fight no more. Then, one day, they won a victory, and liberty fell prostrate on the ruins of the South when Lee surrendered underneath that budding apple tree. Sacred tears coursed down the furrowed cheeks of scarred-faced veterans that day, and some hearts came nigh to bursting.

“Sadly the soldiers trudged off to their homes. I reached the bend of the road, up yonder, and saw the rank weed usurping the place of the waving grain. I saw the swallows fly, unchallenged, through the doors of the cabins, that in other days had swarmed with negroes. The inmates all had fled. I saw the yard all overgrown with brambles and the house all fallen in and rotten. But no tears came until I saw you, child, standing in the door and smiling through happy tears. And then I wept, for I knew that the other for whom you waited would never come.

“All the beautiful light of hope died out of your eyes, my daughter, when I told you how I saw him lying stark and cold upon the field. He lay in a puddle of his own life's blood, and the Bible that you gave him was stained with the gore. He died cheering on his men, and his feet were toward the foe. With my sword I clipped one curly lock from its damp brothers and brought it to you. In the night we buried him. Wrapped in his country's flag, we laid him in the shallow hole scooped in the field. No chaplain was there to read the burial service. Each man said a prayer in his heart as he threw in the earth. We fired one volley from our sullen guns and left him with his God.

“It was all a dream, child—our hopes of ultimate success—and, like a dream, has perished. Our vision now lies, like a crumbling cromlech, at which the nations will gaze curiously. But not many years from now, and the new blood propagated from the coming generation shall raise the shattered remnants of our fallen idols to their pristine glory. You may live to see the day, child. I will not. I go to join my comrades of the past in immortality. And why should I not die? There is no respite on the earth. Everything is dreamlike. Nothing is real but God, and all but Him are dead. My comrades all are dead. My dream of love is dead. The South is dead.

“The South! When I hear that magic word my eyes are blinded in sorrowful tears. My country was my idol, and with an eastern devotion I knelt at the shrine of the South. Now, like a great, wounded bird, she

lies bleeding unto death. Her bosom is a sepulchre; and over it her broad wings are spread in pitying protection. Numberless as the sands by the sea are the graves of the Southern dead. Every rood of ground covers a form. None are left but old men, women and boys. The ground is soaked in blood until it is red. Even the streams now sing of death, and the pattering rain on the roof says, 'dead, dead, dead.' "

The old man flung off the girl's detaining hand, and raising both emaciated arms above his head, broke forth into such a storm of speech the one raging outside seemed to abate, that the heavens might hear them :

" 'And are they really dead, our martyred slain?  
No! Dreamers! Morn shall bid them rise again.  
From every vale, from every height —  
On which they seemed to die for right —  
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight  
In the land where we were dreaming.' "

" 'Wrapped in the dreamy mantle of imagination, we stand upon the threshold of the coming years, and gazing back along the dark passage of the century, view the shadowy procession of the dead as, with slow and solemn tread, it marches to the laurelled graveyard of antiquity. The troubled waters of the Southern rivers flow solemnly and slow, as across the frontiers of life pass the armies of the dead to invade the dark and misty shores of Eternity. The sobbing winds sway but gently the waving branches of the Southern pines, and the tinkling laughter of the brook is hushed; the pretty Southern flowers hang their heads in solemn prayer; and e'en the little warbler's twittering is sad and melancholy, as if a teardrop lingered on each piteous little note. To the drum's funeral roll, and with their rusted sabres trailing o'er the bier of those who fought so well—and died—for liberty, they are marching now beyond the lengthened shades that fill the shadowy realm where slaughtered heroes sleep the dreamless sleep of death.

" 'The dusk of the years that are fading, the glorious dream of martyred freedom, like the dead music of the past, is wafted to us through the still lapse of time. Sweet memories of bygone hours come thronging to us as the wildwoods echo once again the bugle's stirring notes, and we listen as of yore while the old hills of Virginia thunder back the Southern cheers. Life's path was strewn with flowers then; for we dreamed not of defeat. Freedom, from out the soft blue of the skies, had gathered thirteen glittering stars, and caught from the rainbow crimson bars which, blent with the blue of Dame Liberty's cap, she gave us for a banner; and for four long years—as long as there remained a man to wave—it flaunted high above us in the cause of Truth and Right; but on the bloody field of Appomattox the rainbow claimed again its blood-stained bars, the blue crept back to heaven, and left us weeping over our Southern tomb.



“ They are dead. No sleep so calm, so bright, so beautiful as theirs. Their country is their tomb, and in this gracious receptacle, where rest the great, the wise, the good of earth, they have laid them down in their last sleep—the dead reign there alone. Amid the roar of artillery, the flash of musketry, the charge, the dreadful cannonade, the din and shout, they fell. And the Southland fell with them. The page on which their exploits are recorded, the scroll of Fame, and a few tattered remnants of that gallant army—the pride of our ‘Sunny South’—are all that now remain to commemorate their deeds. They are fallen. But many a glorious name, caught from oblivion’s depths, is inscribed upon the world’s great honor roll; and while history shall last the valiant deeds of those who fought so well for Southern rights shall never be forgotten, and their *cause* will not be *lost* in heaven.

“ Let not our Southern soldiers slumber in an alien clime where along the heedless air resound the stranger’s steps and tongues!—but on their own proud land, the bosom of their common mother, let them rest. There the the sunshine of their native sky glows sadly, lovingly upon them, and kindred eyes and hearts watch by their sepulcher. And when the ages shall have rolled away, and some Southern youth shall ask his aged sire where the Confederate dead are lying, he shall point, not to a flower-decked graveyard or a country burying-place, but to the bosom of our noble Southland, where, with the fond affection of a fair young girl, the sunlight clasps their lonely graves, and the starlight kisses them.

“ Like bright meteors that flash for an instant and then go out, their dim and shadowy forms flit past me; and, until the great and final Judgment, they shall spread their silent tents upon the eternal camping-ground of Fame, and bivouac along the rolling waters of Eternity. The bugle of the skies shall sound their last grand reveille, and the sad roll of the muffled drum shall beat the cadence for their great parade before the throne of Grace. And then, at the command of that great Captain beneath whose banner they had waged a valiant fight against the world, shall the Southern cause present arms before the judgment seat of God.

“ The heroic dead—Southern soldiers slain by Northern bullets—may their souls find rest in Paradise; may their example, dying for their country, incite the Southern youth to emulate their *deeds*, when needed, to shake off the incubus that lies so heavy on our ‘Sunny South.’

“ ‘The Southern dead—their souls are happy in the spirit land.’ ”

His voice had sunk into a whisper toward the last, and now ceased altogether. But still he looked through the window in the storm, to where he said he saw the river, and smiled; and his lips moved as if framing the words, “coming, coming.” But his overtaxed strength could stand the strain no longer. His palsied arms fell, helpless, at his side. That heart, that in this life acknowledged love for one woman only, and that had beat responsive to his country always, ceased its pulsations forever. One long look at the stormy river, one of infinite



love at the daughter, and the old man fell back upon his pillow—dead. Death had plucked the last faint spark, and dipping his dusky pinions in the tears of the storm, wheeled his exultant flight to his eyrie in the clouds, and bore the spirit to its spirit-mate, waiting in the great beyond. But the daughter was left desolate.

And moaning, "father, father," straightened the bedclothes above the rigid form, and fell upon her knees, and hid her face in them, and wept. And the skies wept in sympathy, and the rain came in, and she, too, slept.



## Lamentation



1.

Comrades, comrades, I am longing to be with you once again—  
To be with you in the evening, when the mellow drum's  
refrain

2.

Wakes the echoes, echoes, echoes from the hillsides far away ;  
And is wafted back in echoes—at the close of each fair day.

3.

I can hie the sound of saddened music trembling through  
the still ;  
Glancing where the elm boughs quiver—rolling on from hill  
to hill.

4.

I can hie those martial echoes, whispered from the North, the  
South ;  
Winds that chill the Lap-girl's breathing—winds that kiss the  
Creole's mouth.

5.

I can hie the bass drum's sobbing cadence beat with phantom  
tears,  
And from out the creeping shadows stalks the ghost of other  
years.

6.

It is caught upon the wind's breast, as it sighs among the  
trees,  
While I, waiting in the shadows, catch the fleeting, fleeting  
breeze

7.

As it passes, and I listen as the sweet strains pause and die,  
For the music, like my longings, with the faint breeze passes  
by—

8.

Passes by, my comrades, passes never to return again ;  
And tears, my comrades, bitter tears, that I can not refrain

9.

Gush from my eyes and patter on the dead leaves of my past ;  
The winds will swirl the dead leaves, and my fond hopes could  
not last.

10.

I am dreaming, comrades, dreaming, and I see a pleasant land  
Where there are no weary heartaches, and there's gold upon  
the strand.

11.

It is beautiful, most beautiful, this pleasant land of dreams.  
As I wander through the dusk-light, by the pleasant sounding  
streams,

12.

I can hearken to their murmur, wishing that again I see  
Life's young path strewn with flowers, and the future bright  
for me.

13.

But the dirge the streams are singing is the song of buried  
years ;  
And again my eyes are blinded by those salty, burning tears.

14.

For my life was wasted, wasted, and my bright hopes flung  
away ;  
I had not realized my loss until today, today—

15.

'Til I had resurrected from their sepulcher of gloom  
The gravesome smell of buried things from the dark, silent  
tomb—

16.

'Til I had opened all the dusty chambers of my heart,  
And let the sunshine in, and watched the gruesome shades  
depart—

17.

'Til the distance of the years had lent enchantment to the  
scene—  
'Til, backward glanced, I saw the dearth of what I might have  
been.

18.

I was young and very restless, and the skies were very fair;  
I did not think one little cloud would ever waver there.

19.

But when the storm had gathered, and the tempest's muttered  
roar  
Rolled up the steep blue mountain, along the dusky shore—

20.

When the leashes of the lightning thundered through the  
startled skies,  
Like the look, when she is scorned, that darts from out a  
woman's eyes,

21.

Pregnant with her hellish contents, full of consequences dire,  
With a womb capacious swelled with stinking mud from out a  
mire—

22.

Then the lightning hurtled downward from its home among  
the cloud,  
Shivered all the air to splinters, while the thunders pealed  
loud;

23.

And the torrent rushed upon me—scarce had time to breathe a  
space  
Ere the torrent dashed upon me, caught me in its fierce  
embrace,

24.

Closer pressed me to its bosom—shook its wild breath in my  
hair—  
Drew me from my comrade's handclasp—sped me down the  
dizzy mire.

25.

Drew me from a land where love was, to a place where love is  
not;  
But only the remembrance of it dazzling where the sands are  
hot.

26.

Only the remembrance of it, never weary, haunting still—  
Only the remembrance of it, and the phantom comes at will,

27.

Surges through my brain like wildfire, heats my blood like  
ruddy wine,  
When her voice is emanated in the song sung by the pine.

28.

For remembrance, surging backward, meets the coming flooded  
stream;  
And a little rosy girl-child glances through my rosy dream.

29.

Oh, my Coxie, little rosebud! Oh, my Coxie, woe is me!  
Watch the drooping showers shiver from the weeping willow  
tree!

30.

Watch the golden sunlight glinting on her waving sorrel  
hair!  
Watch the yellow sunlight glancing into dark eyes morning  
rare;

31.

Whose two bottoms are obscured, like two big artesian wells,  
In whose depths, a little way, the light has pierced the dark  
and dwells!

32.

Oh, my sweeting, little Coxie! child of innocence and truth,  
I love thee well ; I sinned against thy untried strength of youth.

33.

You were young, and very dainty—I was young and very wild ;  
And you knew me in your bosom while as yet you were a child.

34.

Many a night I left my comrades when the bowl was passing  
round,  
Left the mirthful song and dance, and hied me to the distant  
town,

35.

Where, within the cooling lane, I wooed the trembling, dark-  
eyed maid—  
Where she yielded to my pleadings—yielded, yet the while  
afraid ;

36.

For her tingling bosom fluttered underneath its loosened vest  
Like two little birdlings, when she, timid, felt my fingers prest.

37.

With your round arms on me, strangling, tell me, child, was I  
to blame?  
I'd have plucked my heart out, gladly, to have saved thee one  
small shame.

38.

Yet he tore you from me, Coxie, oh, it seems so long ago ;  
What your father had against me, I declare I do not know.

39.

But we did sin, Coxie, Coxie, when the moon danced on the  
roof.  
O, the shame you must have suffered when your sin was put to  
proof.

40.

You have perished, I am glad ; but is it well to wish thee dead?  
Better to have loved thee sinning, though the world fell on my  
head.

41.

Yet we loved each other some ; but the poet speaks the truth :  
"The course of true love never, never, never did run smooth."

42.

Many a night I've watched the white stars glitter in the rosy  
West ;  
And I've wished myself beside you in your long and pleasant  
rest.

43.

Many a day I've watched the long procession pass before my  
door,  
Watched the ghostly, sable shadows creep athwart the oaken  
floor.

44.

I've stood beside the grave of Hope, and buried the form of one,  
Not a prayer or tear was said or shed as the mournful task was  
done.

45.

For to look at thee was love, and my passion now is slayed,  
It is lying in the mound where I saw thy beauty laid.

46.

I have watched a proud young mother, with her babe upon her  
knees,  
Singing slumber songs persuasive underneath the linden trees.

47.

But you never lived to feel the mother-rapture in your breast—  
Never heard the feeble wailing of an infant as it prest.

48.

Had you lived—it might have been, had you lived—I can not  
tell.  
Thou art dead, and I am racing down the pathway toward Hell.

49.

For I can not thank Thee, Father, for the ruin Thou hast  
wrought.  
And I could not love a woman whom my red gold glitter  
bought.

50.

So I wander, dreary, wander, by the waters all day long,  
And her voice comes to me ever in the wild birds' dizzy song.



51.  
Singing, "love me long, oh, love me; love is love forever,  
ever."  
Replying echo thunders back a saddened "never, never."

52.  
Singing, "dost thou love me, sweetheart?" Saying, "I love  
only thee."  
Wild winds shudder in the tree-tops, weeping, "it may never  
be."

53.  
Must I wander alway, alway, down the long deserted main?  
Not a momentary respite from my wretched, heart-break pain.

54.  
Time once was when I beheld her dancing through her child-  
hood fleet.  
Treading through the rosy hours, laughter-dimpled tiny feet.

55.  
And the wild rose blossomed twice beneath her lily-petal'd  
cheek.  
Moist lips repeating, shyly, the wild words that I would speak.

56.  
Loving each the other, clasping, we two sinned through our  
great love.  
The pure moon ne'er hid her face behind the dark cloud-banks  
above.

57.  
Angel eyes observed us. Did the watchers blush, I wonder?  
Surely God's face smiled upon us, lest He rent the clouds  
asunder,

58.  
Hurl'd his lightnings at us, made the waters heave and shake—  
Made our conscience chatter only—made our guilty passions  
quake.

59.  
Love will brave the strongest test; and our love was undefiled.  
Oh, my sad heart! Oh, my Coxie! Oh, my loving woman-  
child.

60.  
He rebuked our guilty love—took my young love's life away,  
Now I wander, weeping, wander by the river all the day.

61.  
For when the storm had gathered, and the tempest muttered  
roar  
Rolled up the steep blue mountain along the dusky shore,

62.  
I bowed my head in silence for I knew the fate was mine,  
The mills of the gods grind very slow, but they grind exceed-  
ing fine.

63.  
Now the chaff has all been garnered from the wheat of long ago,  
And Experience sheds its sunshine o'er my pathway as I go.

64.  
The star of Hope, resplendent, throws its halo o'er the land,  
And I'll reach it, comrades, reach it, leaving footprints on the  
sand—

65.  
Footprints that some other comrades, buffeting the waves of  
Life,  
Seeing, shall look toward the beacon, and renew the deadly  
strife.

66.  
Slow the veil is being lifted from my future, and I see  
Shade and sunlight in the destiny that is awaiting me.

67.  
Shade and sunlight! But more sunlight than the shade I there  
can see,  
And I long with pleasant longings for the time that is to be.

68.  
For they tell us of a river on whose other fairer shore  
Waxen fingers beckon to us, and our troubles are no more.

69.  
Roll Jordan, blessed River! Roll into Eternity!  
Roll thy human skull-bones on, conflicting man's supremacy!

70.  
Row me over the tide, pale boatman! Row me over the tide!  
Coxie is waiting for me on the strand, calling over the tide.

71.  
For the might have been I'm longing, comrades, longing o'er  
and o'er,  
But the shadows chase the sunshine, and that sweet time is no  
more.

72.  
And the future stretches onward through the length of coming  
years,  
And I see my lost, loved comrades, through a veil of misty tears.

73.  
I can see the dark Battalion still passing to and fro,  
The young hearts hot and restless—like my own heart, long  
ago.

74.  
And through the silent Companies the wavering shadows play,  
And the dark forms rest upon them—float upon them, and  
away.

75.  
And I am lonely, lonely, by the river in the woods—  
In the woods, beside the river, in the dark and silent woods.

76.  
But a sweet communication from my buried self is near,  
For Memory, sweet consoles, floats upon the waters drear.

77.  
And I sing again those wild songs that erstwhile solaced me,  
And a strange voice echoes weirdly my own voice back to me.

78.  
And I sing again those wild songs to the stars that over-  
sprinkle  
All the heavens; and the cunning eyes of night-birds twinkle,  
twinkle,

79.  
As they scrutinize in wonder this strange creature that they  
hear  
Singing wild songs in the twilight to the ripple of the mere.

80.  
For the Past is now the Present, and the Present time is dead,  
And the moaning of the wild winds echo weirdly overhead.

81.  
For Memory kills the Present, and the Past is very near,  
And the voices of other days come throbbing on the ear.

82.  
And I hear the sound of voices through the woodlands floating,  
quiver,  
Singing old songs, singing sweet songs, o'er the waters of the  
river.

83.  
And I listen with a longing born of joy, and partly pain,  
As the echoing notes, vibrating, chase the shadows home again ;

84.  
While the murky waters trembling o'er the pebbles, on and on,  
Bear the voices to the distance. And I am left alone,

85.  
With nothing but my memory to bear me company,  
As I wander through the woodlands, or over Life's dark sea.

86.  
But while this sweet communer entertains my inner mind,  
I shall listen, in the evening, for the music on the wind.

87.  
But should this grant be taken life will not be as it seems :  
My heart will be aweary, and my thoughts but empty dreams.

88.  
Hark! the somber night troops gather where the lingering  
sunbeams stray,  
I must hasten from the woodlands ere the shadows chase the  
day.

89.

Leave me here a little, comrades, where the droning wildbees  
hum—  
Leave me here, and if you want me, sound upon the mellow  
drum.

90.

I shall think of you, my comrades, through all of the livelong  
day ;  
I shall think of you at midnight, when the Naiads dance and  
play.

91.

Fairies on the roses' petals, dance upon the pale moonbeams,  
Ride the storms, and frisk and play, and dance again on the  
moonbeams.

92.

Good-bye, comrades. When the purpling shadows rest upon  
the rills,  
Think of one lone, wayward wanderer, climbing slow life's  
checquered hills.

93.

I and Memory still shall wander side by side until I die.  
Shall you meet me over yonder, comrades? Friends, good-bye,  
good-bye.

J. P. W., Ex-'98.



## From "The Forum", August, 1896

Perched high up in the Alleghanies, 2200 feet above tide-water, near the little town of Blacksburg, Va., on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, within a few miles of the celebrated Yellow Sulphur and Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, and in full view of the regal Bald Knob, blessed with an inexhaustible supply of clear spring water, the situation of

the Virginia Polytechnic Institute constitutes one of the most charming features of a country famed for its beautiful mountains and health-giving springs.

Of the newer institutions of the South, few, if any, are exerting so pronounced an influence as the Virginia Polytechnic. Although the school was founded twenty years ago, like so many of our national schools, until within a few years, it attempted too much, making its work general, not technical. With the re-organization, about five years since, under the management of one of our most able and experienced educators—Dr. J. M. McBryde—was born the idea of a great Southern School of Technology. From its first inception, this idea has been conscientiously followed, with an energy and a perseverance which justifies the expectation that in the near future there will have been created a school prepared to perform for this section a work similar to that which has been so magnificently executed by the Stevens and a few similar institutions in other parts of the country.

The policy inaugurated five years ago has produced results most satisfactory. From the four classes graduated since the re-organization, five members received appointments as Engineers in the United States Revenue Cutter Service, although there were but twenty-one successful applicants for these positions, and although the best technical schools of the country were represented at these competitive examinations. Two other graduates have gained positions as Superintendent and Assistant Superintendent of Machinery in the Kimberly Diamond Mines

of South Africa; still others have secured scholarships at Johns Hopkins and the University of Pennsylvania; and only a few weeks ago a Junior Class man headed the list of the successful applicants for admission to the Revenue Cutter

Service; still others have secured positions as chemists in the scientific departments of the Government at Washington and other points.

Naturally, with the recognition of its worth has come increased attendance; at present, with an enrollment of three hundred and thirty-six students, the College is second in numbers to one school only in the State—the University of Virginia.





With its numerous laboratories, mechanical departments, machine shops, experiment station, operating rooms, collections, and lecture rooms, the institution is well equipped for its work; yet from year to year, its rapid expansion has necessitated the erection of new buildings and the acquisition of new working plants. Thus during the past two years, there have been added new forge-shops and foundry, a new assembly hall, mess hall and kitchen, an additional dormitory building, a creamery, six additional professors' houses, and a new electric light plant, besides a further purchase of land which increases the college farm to four hundred and sixty-five acres, facilitating experiments in stock breeding.

The departments of instruction are in charge of thirty professors and instructors, and comprise General Chemistry; Analytical Chemistry; Agricultural Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology; Biology, Botany and Physiology; Horticulture; Ento-

mology and Mycology; Agriculture; Veterinary Science; Mathematics; Mechanical Engineering; Civil Engineering; Physics and Electrical Engineering; Shop Work (wood and iron), Forging and Casting. For liberal studies, there are supplied two departments, one of Modern Languages (French and German), and one of English, including Rhetoric, Political Economy, Constitutional History, Psychology and Ethics.

Seven courses for the degree of B.S. are offered, besides two shorter courses for certificate in Agriculture and Mechanics, and numerous post-graduate courses for the degree of M.S. and the degrees of Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineer.

While not a military college, the military feature is emphasized, and this department is placed on an equal footing with other departments, the Commandant of Cadets, an officer from West Point, holding also the chair in Mathematics, and having a vote in the Faculty.



## The Song of the Niterdenit



(DEDICATED TO PROF. SMYTH.)

Coasting down the cinder grit,  
While the atmosphere he split,  
Met some boys who would n't "git"—  
One the handle-bar then hit.  
Off the bridge a little flit,  
Mother Earth was what he hit,  
And he stayed right where he lit  
At the bottom of the pit.  
Now he cannot even sit;  
Cannot blow his "clarinit";  
Riding wheels he, too, has quit  
Since his bones began to knit.  
People thought he had a fit,  
But he had n't—not a bit;  
And his ready-flowing wit—  
Lor', you could n't fracture it!  
Now the doctor brings his kit,  
Tries the injured man to twit,  
Meets him with a "Riding yit?"  
But he sadly answers, "Nit."



## Annie



Dainty little Annie!  
Little warbling Annie!  
From her crimson-beaded lips  
Little trills of laughter trips,  
    Lighting all her face;  
Lightsome as a summer's breeze—  
    Dew-tears on the flowers in spring,  
    Little warblers on the wing,  
Fluttering leaves upon the trees—  
She's a little fairy thing:  
    Darling Annie.

When her bosom swelleth,  
    Underneath her gown,  
Suggestively of what may be  
By modesty concealed from me,  
I fain would clasp her am'rously;  
    But a little beetling frown  
Overspreads her dimpled face;  
    From her anger-lit blue eyes  
Little laughter-lightnings welletth;

And her glance of coy surprise  
Makes me long to ever hold her  
Red mouth pressed unto my shoulder,  
When with an artless grace,  
    Stamps her tiny foot adown,  
Swearing that she ne'er will love me  
If I do so dastardly.

Exquisite Annie!  
Rare little Annie!  
Standing, timid, on the brink  
Of her life's brief river,  
Where her merry girlhood sank  
    Forever and forever;  
And a little curv'd frown  
Overspreads her dimpled forehead,  
    As, o'er the mossy bank,  
    The wild birds stoop to drink;  
And her roguish blue eyes twinkle  
    As she gazes at her face  
Mirrored in the waters limpid,

And the laughters chase the frown,  
From beneath her clinging gown,  
With intoxicating grace,  
Peep her dainty ankles round.

Annie's breast  
Is pure and white  
As brook caressed  
By starry light.  
And her chiefest girlish charm  
Is her saucy, lithesome form.  
When my love compelleth,  
And I 'tempt to kiss her cheeks —  
Blushing cheeks that hint of blisses,  
Flushing cheeks that sue for kisses —  
With a look my heart she quelleth,  
And smiling, never speaks.

Ever-changing Annie!  
Breezy little Annie!  
Like a warbler on the wing,  
Like a little fairy thing —  
Airy sprite to vapors clinging —  
Thro' many changes thou dost range,  
Thro' many forms of fitting change,  
And your sweet voice, ever ringing,  
Makes me tremble at your feet.  
I'll swear to love you o'er and o'er,  
I'll swear to love you more and more,  
Oh, love me but a little, sweet!

When I tell her of my love,  
Swear that I will love her ever,  
Then her little twinkling feet  
Lure the rosy hours to fleet,  
Lures my own heart to beat  
With a wild and mad'ning love  
For her own sweet self forever.  
Then she claps her tiny hands,  
Lightly claps her pretty hands;  
Laughing still, and still pursuing  
My rash heart to my undoing,  
Brushes back her silky hair —  
Hair as gold as autumn leaves,  
That the busy, busy winds,  
Swirl around the cabin eaves —  
Laughing like a wayward elfin,  
Like a naiad in a fountain,  
Like a sprite upon a mountain,  
She, dancing, trips away, away,  
Lightly bounds away.

But you must learn to love me,  
Gentle Annie,  
Or, by the gods above me,  
Dainty Annie,  
I will rob your cheeks of blisses,  
I will sip your dewy kisses,  
I will ravish you with kisses,  
Maddening Annie.





## Smithfield



The following poem, until recently unpublished, was written and dedicated over a century ago to the memory of Col. William Preston, of Smithfield, who departed this life on June 28, 1783. The Prestons figured prominently in the early history of our College, and stories of the princely magnificence of by-gone days at Smithfield are familiar to all Blacksburg Cadets.

Thy plain, O Smithfield, and thy rival shades,  
Thy verdant meadows and thy fresh'ning glades ;  
There oft deep musing near some purling stream,  
As fancy led, have I pursued my theme,  
Invoked the muses as I walked along,  
And tun'd my pipe to many an artless song ;  
Where oft in sweet converse, I've passed the day,

And thought the minutes flew too swift away ;  
But ah, how changed these once delightful scenes !  
Death, gloomy death, hath blackened all the plains ;  
Nor verdant mead, nor fresh'ning glade delight,  
Nor purling stream my wand'ring steps invite ;  
Nor sweet converse from wit's enlivening store —  
Preston is dead, and pleasure is no more.



Low lies that head which solid judgment crowned,  
And mute that tongue which far and wide would sound ;  
Dim are those eyes that once in tears would flow,  
And cold that breast which felt for others' woe.

O Preston, how shall I thy fame rehearse?  
Too weak my thoughts, too feeble is my verse !  
I'll sue the music of the finest lyre  
The real warmth of friendship to inquire ;  
From the congenial glows the heaven-born flame,  
Without it sense is dull and verse is lame.  
O had I seen thee on thy death bed laid,  
And all thy struggles with these eyes surveyed  
Thy weeping partner and thy children dear,  
With grief o'erwhelmed, pour down the trickling tear,  
Whilst thou no ray of comfort could bestow,  
Nor one fond farewell from thy lips could flow ;  
How would my heart have melted at the scene !

But heaven, all wise, thought fit to intervene.  
O happy shade, freed from all toil and strife —  
From all the troubles of this mortal life,  
Tho' great thy gain, I must the loss deplore  
Of husband, father, brother, now no more ;  
Who now like thee shall soothe thy partner's breast,  
Calm all her griefs and lull her soul to rest ?

Those tender plants, thy late and early care,  
Who now shall guard them from the inclement air ?  
Like thee unwearied, daily love bestow,  
To mark their progress as they bloom and grow ?  
Where shall the sister find a friend like thee,  
A heart so tender and a soul so free ?

The passing traveler as he journeys near  
Thy plains, O Smithfield, oft shall drop a tear.  
Where now is he whose hospitable door  
Was freely opened to the sick and poor ?  
Ah, where that soul, that energy, that force,  
Which cheered his guests and brightened each discourse ?  
That tender sympathy to all he knew,  
And fellow feeling for the stranger, too ?

Virginia now may weep her patriot gone,  
And well Montgomery may his loss bemoan.  
How active was his zeal in public life !  
Lover of peace and hater of all strife ;  
Tho' warm, yet tender ; active, yet discreet ;  
By nature formed to please and captivate —  
Like some fond shepherd mindful of his care,  
To guard his flock, nor pains nor diligence would spare.  
Such was the man my verse attempts to paint,  
But words are feeble, all description faint.



# BOOK FIVE





SCENES IN THE COUNTRY AROUND BLACKSBURG



Clubs  
and  
Organizations.





## Young Men's Christian Association



### Officers for 1896-97

EDGAR PRICE,	<i>President.</i>
JULIAN A. BURRUSS,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
GEORGE BASKERVILL,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
EDWARD V. JONES, JR.,	<i>Recording Secretary.</i>
OBED F. WHITEHURST,	<i>Corresponding Secretary.</i>



The Young Men's Christian Association of this institution was organized in the year 1873, and since then it has taken an important part in life at our college. Its object is to bring the unsaved to Christ, and to promote the welfare of the Christian students, by furnishing mutual support and encouragement. The several departments of the Association offer varied work for the development of the young Christian, and being entirely non-sectarian, it appeals to young men of all evangelical churches.

Devotional meetings are held on Monday and Thursday evenings of each week. These meetings are conducted by the students, who make short talks, interspersed with song and prayer, the whole service lasting one-half hour. Occasional addresses are made by members of the faculty, the chaplains of the Institute and visitors. Special series of meetings are held usually in the fall and spring of each year.

The missionary department of our Association is now well established and is doing good work. The Bible study department offered during the present session six different courses of study, and enrolled a hundred and twenty students in its classes. The membership of the Association is at present sixty-seven active and sixty-four associate.

The Association has \$4,700 pledged towards a building, and has now the nucleus of a library of reference books, etc. Our Association was represented at the Southern Students' Summer School, at Knoxville, Tenn., by six delegates last June, and hopes to send an increased number of delegates at the close of the present session. Three delegates attended the State Convention at Petersburg in February.

The Association issues a Hand Book at the opening of each session as a guide to new students and a reference book for students, and also has a department in *The Gray Jacket*. Contributions are made to the International and State Committees annually for assistance in their work.

# Brotherhood of St. Andrew—Chapter 9:73

CHARTERED APRIL 18, 1893.



## Officers

REV. E. W. GAMBLE, Rector.  
E. V. JONES, Director.  
J. S. A. JOHNSON, Vice-Director.  
E. A. SEPAK, Sec'y and Treas.

## Members

R. C. BEVERLY.	A. B. HUBARD.
R. H. C. BEVERLY.	J. W. SATINE.
R. B. H. BEGG.	L. F. MALLICOTE.
G. BASKERVILL.	R. J. NEELY.
W. C. BURNETT.	O. B. NEWTON.
G. P. COX.	L. T. PRICE.
H. B. CROWGEY.	J. L. UHLER.
C. G. GUIGNARD.	H. G. WILLS.
D. P. GOLDSMITH.	J. G. WOLFENDEN.
G. W. HUTCHINSON.	



## Former Officers

1893-94

REV. JNO. MCGILL, Rector.  
C. G. POCHER, Director.  
L. D. CLINE, Vice-Director.  
R. V. SLAUGHTER, Sec'y and Treas.

1894-95

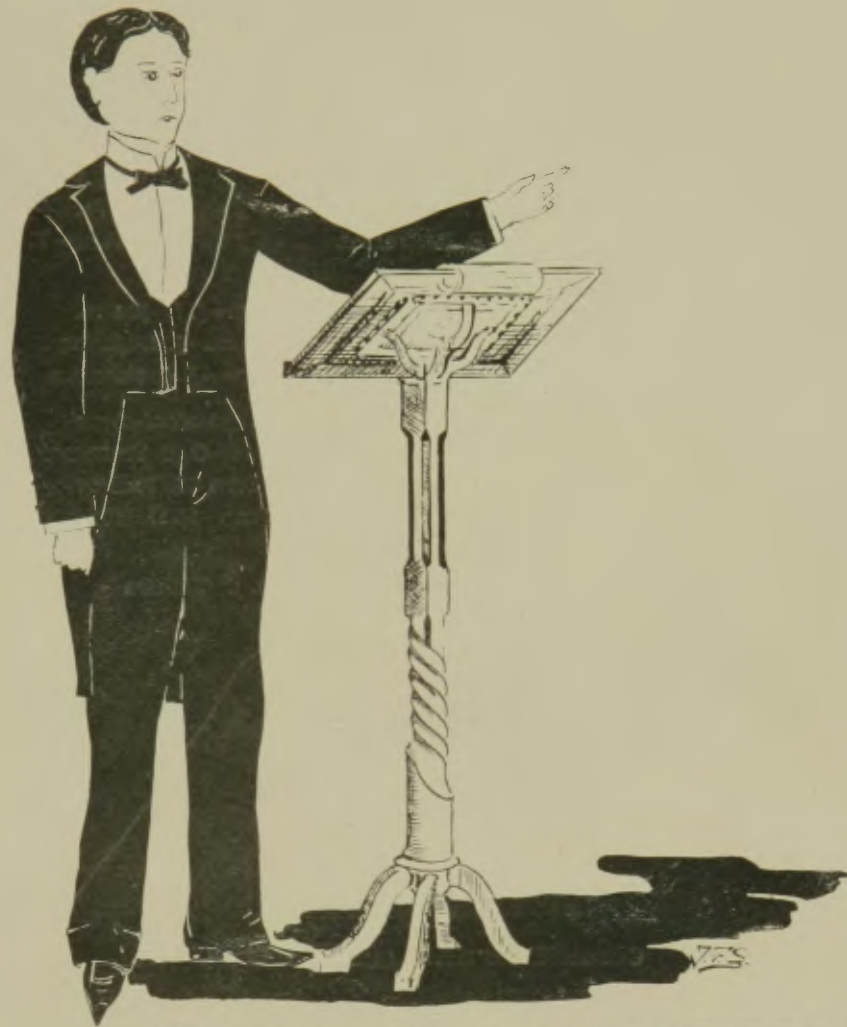
REV. JNO. MCGILL, Rector.  
F. W. SIMPSON, Director.  
F. E. DASHIELL, Vice-Director.  
R. P. JOHNSON, Sec'y and Treas.

1895-96

REV. E. W. GAMBLE, Rector.  
E. V. JONES, Director.  
A. B. HUBARD, Vice-Director.  
R. P. JOHNSON, Sec'y and Treas.

St. Andrew's Day—Nov. 23d.  
Periodical—St. Andrew's Cross.  
Convenes—Sunday afternoon.  
Hymn—"O Jesus, thou art standing."

OBJECT.—The sole object of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is the spread of Christ's Kingdom among young men, and to this end every man desiring to become a member thereof must pledge himself to obey the rules of the Brotherhood so long as he shall be a member. These rules are two: The Rule of Prayer and the Rule of Service. The Rule of Prayer is to pray daily for the spread of Christ's Kingdom among young men and for God's blessing upon the labors of the Brotherhood. The Rule of Service is to make an earnest effort each week to bring at least one young man within hearing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the services of the Church and in young men's Bible classes.



LITERARY SOCIETIES.



# Maury Literary Society



## Officers—Session of '96-'97

### *Presidents.*

First Term—L. PRIDDY.  
 Second Term—H. H. HURT.  
 Third Term—J. L. JOHNS.

### *Vice Presidents.*

First Term—W. R. KIRKPATRICK.  
 Second Term—J. A. BURRUSS.  
 Third Term—J. B. DANFORTH.

### *Secretaries.*

First Term—J. A. BURRUSS.  
 Second Term—J. B. DANFORTH.  
 Third Term—T. H. COX.

### *Treasurers.*

First Term—B. HARRISON.  
 Second Term—B. HARRISON.  
 Third Term—B. HARRISON.

### *Critics.*

First Term—J. L. JOHNS.  
 Second Term—J. L. JOHNS.  
 Third Term—J. A. BURRUSS.

### *Corresponding Secretaries.*

First Term—R. E. FRAZIER.  
 Second Term—MEADE MCBRYDE.  
 Third Term—MEADE MCBRYDE.

### *Sergeants-at-Arms.*

First Term—O. C. THOMPSON.  
 Second Term—L. PRIDDY.  
 Third Term—H. H. HURT.

## Judges of the Contests

C. G. GUIGNARD.      W. A. PERRY.      R. E. MOORE.      O. C. THOMPSON.      C. LEE.



## Commencement Ticket, June 23, 1896

*President,* . . . . . J. L. JOHNS.  
*Orators*—L. PRIDDY.      W. R. KARR.      *Debaters*—O. M. STULL.      R. E. MOORE.  
*Chief Marshal,* . . . . . J. H. WOOLWINE.

## Public Debate Ticket, March 12, 1897

*President,* . . . . . H. H. HURT.  
*Orators*—W. R. KARR.      E. A. SEPAK.      *Debaters*—J. A. BURRUSS.      J. G. GUERRANT.  
*Chief Marshal,* . . . . . J. B. DANFORTH.

## The Maury Literary Society in 1896-97



The history of this Society since its organization in 1873—then known as the Virginia Literary Society—has been fully related in former issues of THE BUGLE. As in each year new conditions arise and new events come to pass, it seems good to the writer to give a brief history of the Society through the year, hoping that his precedent will be followed in future issues of this book, thus preserving an unbroken record from year to year.

Immediately after public debate in the spring of 1895, interest centered on the contest for the medal given annually to the member of the Society making the greatest improvement in Declamation. The evening of May 30th, was appointed as the time for making the final effort. There were a number of contestants, and of these Mr. William Rosenfeld bore off the palm. Following on the heels of this event was the Commencement celebration, when the medals for best orator and debater are awarded. The ticket had been previously arranged, and was as follows:

President, J. L. Johns; orators, Lawrence Priddy and W. R. Karr; debaters, O. M. Stull and R. E. Moore. The exercises took place on the evening of June 23d, and were a success in every respect. The medals were awarded to Messrs Priddy and Moore. So closed the session of '95-'96.



MEDAL WINNERS, 1895-96

The present session opened with a goodly number of new men in the Society, but with the loss of others, among whom were Messrs. Kline, Roap, Surface, Wilson, Patrick and O. M. Stull.

The public debate took place March 12th. H. H. Hurt, President; E. A. Separk and W. R. Karr, orators; J. A. Burruss, J. G. Guerrant, Lawrence Priddy and J. L. Johns, debaters. Owing to circumstances, the two last mentioned could not fill their places, and at their own urgent request, were excused by the Society from the ticket.

During the year a new constitution was adopted. As it now stands, it is an admirable instrument for its purpose. The year has been most prosperous. There has been much good work done. An earnest spirit seems to pervade the membership to use the Society to the best advantage. The Society is not without difficulties to contend with. There has been some delinquency on the part of members. There has been indifference, if not secret hostility, on the part of those who should be its supporters. We of '96-'97 bid you of the coming year to "Take this banner, guard it, God will prosper thee."



FICKLING



PHLEGAR



J. L. PHILLIPS



R. HUNTER



J. M. BRANDER



W. M. SCOTT



C. C. CAMPBELL



ST. CLAIR



W. B. TREDWELL



WALTERS



F. SAUNDERS



C. E. HARDY



G. B. GIBSON



R. J. NEELY



DAVIDSON



J. H. VAN NESS



H. A. JOHNSON



J. B. URQUHART



H. G. WILLS



T. THOMPSON



NICEWONGER



H. B. WARREN



E. H. HERBERT



H. A. WISE



W. W. MILLER



J. W. WARREN



F. L. MCGINN



E. C. TAYLOR



WOLFE



B. F. McNEILL



H. A. DOBIE



COPENHAVER



BETTS

LEE LITERARY SOCIETY

# Lee Literary Society



## Officers

FIRST TERM.		SECOND TERM.
W. H. BASON,	<i>President,</i>	F. SAUNDERS.
J. L. PHILLIPS,	<i>Vice President.</i>	G. E. GIBSON.
G. E. GIBSON,	<i>Secretary.</i>	A. A. PHLEGAR.
R. C. REED,	<i>Treasurer.</i>	E. C. TAYLOR.
C. E. HARDY,	<i>Critic.</i>	C. E. HARDY.
J. M. RRANDER,	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>	R. J. NEELY.

## Members

A. H. APPERSON.	E. H. HERBERT.	B. D. PRESTON.
J. M. BRANDER.	R. A. HERBERT.	A. A. PHLEGAR.
C. E. BETTS.	R. HUNTER.	R. C. REED.
W. H. BASON.	H. A. JOHNSON.	J. W. St. CLAIR.
E. H. BENNETT.	E. J. KERFOOT.	F. SAUNDERS.
C. C. CAMPBELL.	G. H. KING.	W. M. SCOTT.
J. O. D. COPENHAVER.	P. KERNAN.	E. S. SHEIB.
H. K. CARTER.	J. H. KIPPS.	E. C. TAYLOR.
H. A. DOBIE.	W. L. MAYER.	S. J. THOMAS.
W. K. DAVIS.	F. L. MCGINN.	W. B. TREDWELL.
J. B. DOOSING.	B. F. McNEILL.	T. THOMPSON.
W. A. DAVIDSON.	W. W. MILLER.	J. B. URQUHART.
H. C. ELLETT.	G. T. MYERS.	J. H. VAN NESS.
W. B. ELLETT.	H. M. MITCHELL.	J. W. WARREN.
A. P. EKSBRIDGE.	R. J. NEELY.	H. B. WARREN.
A. T. ESKRIDGE.	O. B. NICEWONGER.	H. G. WILLS.
T. W. FICKLING.	A. B. PAGE.	E. B. WOLFE.
J. R. GILDERSLEEVE.	V. D. PROCTOR.	G. D. WALTERS.
G. E. GIBSON.	H. B. PACK.	H. A. WISE.
C. E. HARDY.	J. L. PHILLIPS.	D. R. YARBROUGH.
	E. PRICE.	





# V.P.I. Engineering Club.

## Officers

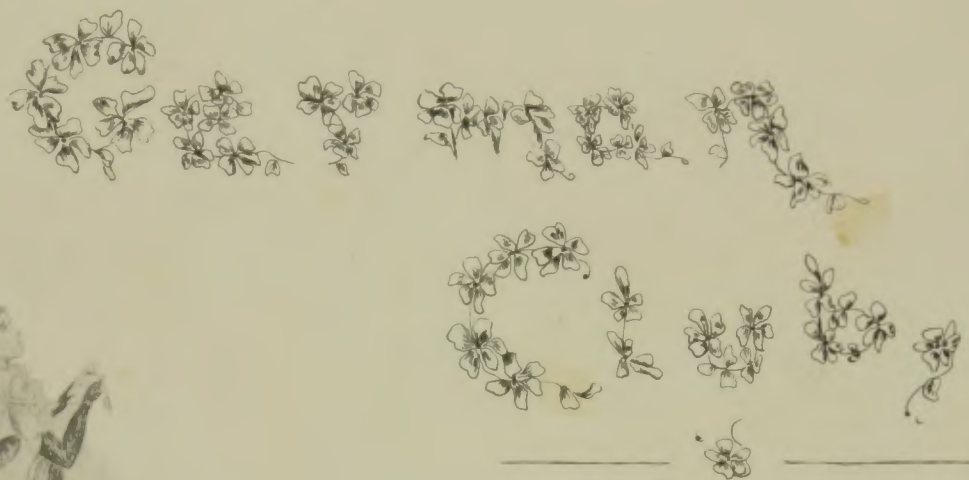
D. F. MORTON, '97,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	President.
J. A. BURRUSS, '98,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Vice President.
B. HARRISON, JR., '98,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Secretary.
R. TURNBULL, JR., '97,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Treasurer.

## Executive Committee

D. F. MORTON ( <i>ex officio</i> ).	B. HARRISON ( <i>ex officio</i> ).
C. E. HARDY, '97.	J. B. DANFORTH, '98.
	M. H. HAIG, '98.

## Members

A. H. APPERSON, B. S., '94.	E. GRAHAM, '98.	L. S. RANDOLPH, M. E.
J. ADAMS, '94.	W. N. JONES, '98.	LIEUT. D. C. SHANKS, U. S. A.
G. W. CONNER, B. S., '92.	H. A. JOHNSON, '97.	E. S. SMITH, '98.
F. C. CHAPMAN, '97.	E. J. KERFOOT, '97.	J. W. STULL, B. S., '93.
C. M. CHRISTIAN, '97.	C. LEE, B. S., '96.	O. C. THOMPSON, B. S., '96.
A. P. ESKRIDGE, B. S., '96.	R. E. MOORE, B. S., '96.	F. P. TURNER, B. S., '96.
C. G. GUIGNARD, B. S., '95.	R. S. M. MITCHELL, '98.	E. C. TAYLOR, '98.
J. H. GORE (Honorary).	W. A. PERRY, B. S., '95.	D. M. TAYLOR, '98.
	W. M. PATTON, C. E.	



#### Officers

H. H. HURT, *President and Leader.*

R. E. FRAZIER, *Vice President.*

J. B. URQUHART, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

#### Members

GEO. BASKERVILL.

JOE BIDGOOD.

R. H. C. BEVERLEY.

A. S. H. BURGES.

F. H. COX.

H. C. ELLETT.

R. E. FRAZIER.

SAM FRASER.

L. E. GUY.

G. E. GIBSON.

H. H. HURT.

M. H. HAIG.

E. H. HERBERT.

BEN HARRISON.

C. B. JUNKIN.

E. J. KERFOOT.

J. M. MCBRYDE.

M. MCBRYDE.

L. MORRIS.

D. F. MORTON.

J. B. URQUHART.

T. WITHERS.

PROF. R. C. PRICE.

COL. D. C. SHANKS.



GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUB

	STARKE	DABNEY	M'GAVOCK	BRUNIER	FRAZIER	HERBERT WEISIGER
AVIS	JOHNSON	MARTIN	JACOBS	VANNESS	URQUHART	
SEPAK		RICHARDSON	MORRIS	HURT	FRASER	NOWLIN
	PRIDY		JOHNS	MANNING		CARPER

# The V. P. I. Mandolin and Glee Club

## Officers

JULIAN L. JOHNS,	<i>President.</i>
EDWARD A. SEPARK,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
T. DOUGLAS MARTIN,	<i>Leader.</i>
HENRY H. HURT,	<i>Musical Director.</i>



## Members

### INSTRUMENTAL.

JAMES L. AVIS, *Clarionet.*  
 HENRY H. HURT, *First Mandolin (Leader).*  
 GREENWOOD H. NOWLIN, JR., *First Mandolin.*  
 LAWRENCE MANNING, *Second Mandolin.*  
 J. LESLIE MORRIS, *Second Mandolin.*  
 JAMES B. URQUHART, *First Violin.*  
 FRANK C. CARPER, *First Violin.*  
 LAWRENCE PRIDDY, *Guitar.*  
 JULIAN L. JOHNS, *Guitar.*  
 EDWARD A. SEPARK, *Guitar.*  
 SAMUEL FRASER, *Guitar.*  
 EPHRAIM MCGAVOCK, *Guitar.*  
 EDWARD H. RICHARDSON, *Guitar.*  
 W. EDWIN STARKE, *Guitar.*

### VOCAL.

T. DOUGLAS MARTIN, *First Tenor (Leader).*  
 RICHARD A. HERBERT, *First Tenor.*  
 LAWRENCE PRIDDY, *First Tenor.*  
 KENDALL WEISEGER, *First Tenor.*  
 JAMES M. JOHNSON, *Second Tenor.*  
 HARRY A. BREUNIER, *Second Tenor.*  
 LEWIS INGLES, *Second Tenor.*  
 GEORGE H. HUTCHINSON, *Second Tenor.*  
 CHISWELL DABNEY, *First Basso.*  
 JULIAN L. JOHNS, *First Basso.*  
 HENRY M. JACOCKS, *Second Basso.*  
 JOHN W. STULL, *Second Basso.*  
 JAMES H. VAN NESS, JR., *Second Basso.*





THESPIAN CLUB

OAKES  
HURT  
SEPAK

STULL

BRANDER

JOHNSON

JOHNS  
PRIDDY

PROF. SMYTH

HARDY  
JACOCKS

FRAZIER  
GIBSON

# V. P I. Thespian Club

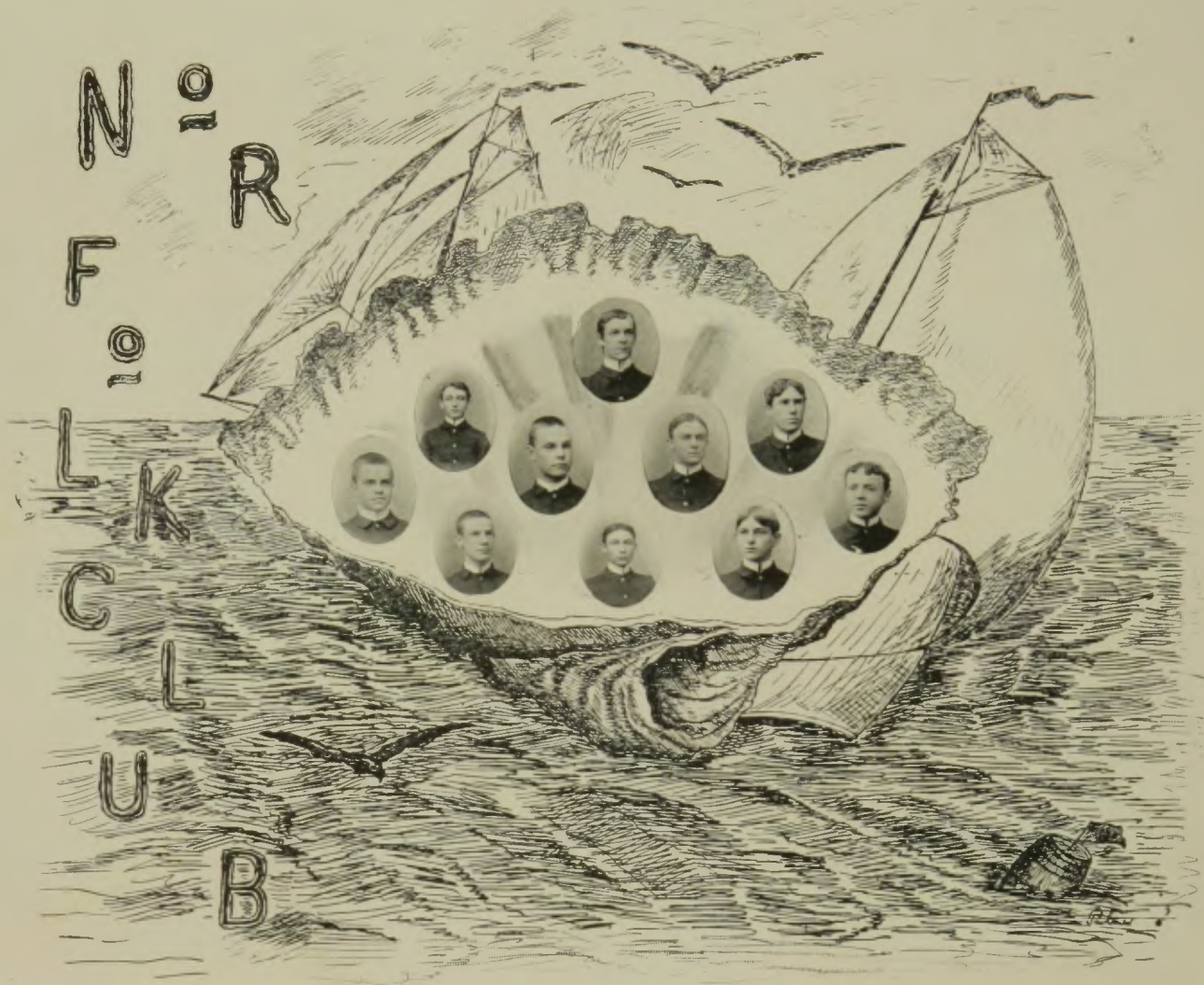


## Officers

- J. L. JOHNS, . . . . . *President.*  
 G. E. GIBSON, . . . . . *Vice President.*  
 R. E. FRAZIER, . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer.*  
 L. PRIDDY, . . . . . *Manager.*

## Members

- PROF. E. A. SMYTH.  
 J. M. JOHNSON.  
 J. W. STULL.  
 H. H. HURT.  
 C. E. HARDY.  
 J. M. BRANDER.  
 R. E. MOORE.  
 E. A. SEPARK.  
 H. M. JACOBS.  
 L. W. OAKES.





# Norfolk Club



COLORS—Orange and black.

MOTTO—Dead easy.

FAVORITE DISH—Mess fish, fresh (?)

FAVORITE OCCUPATION—Attending President's daily receptions.

FAVORITE SONG—"Home, Sweet Home."

Club meets every morning at sick call in the surgeon's office; roll is called, and absentees reported by the surgeon for neglect of duty.

YELL—Boom-a-lacker, Boom-a-lacker,

Bow, Wow, Wow!

Ching-a-lacker, Ching-a-lacker,

Chow, Chow, Chow!!

Boom-a-lacker, Ching-a-lacker,

Who are we?

We are from "the City by the Sea."

Norfolk!!!



## Officers

OBED FRANCIS WHITEHURST,	. . . . .	<i>President.</i>
HUNTER WALLETT FERRATT,	. . . . .	<i>Vice President.</i>
WILLIAM BAKER TREDWELL,	. . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
EDWARD HENRY HERBERT,	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
LOUIS EDMONDS GUY,	. . . . .	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>

## Members

GEORGE CORNELIUS REID.	HENRY ASTON DOBIE.
GEORGE LINWOOD FENTRESS.	HENRY MORGAN JACOCKS.
WALLACE CLAYPOLE BURNETT.	





J V BIDGOOD

J L MORRIS

W M ARCHER

D ARCHER

E A SEPARK

H B EPPS

F H COX



R A GUERRANT

J B DANFORTH

J A BURRUSS

A M CANNON

E GRAHAM

J M BRANDER



J. C. HANKINS

H M MITCHELL

K WEISIGER

J A JACKSON

G F DELARUE

O B NEWTON

M L BLOOMBERG

RICHMOND CLUB

# The Richmond Club



MOTTO—Do others or they will do  
you.

SONG—I long to see the girl I left  
behind.

YELL—Roi, Rio, Ri,  
V. P. I.  
Capitol City,  
Do or die,  
Richmond Club,  
Boom!

COLORS—Orange and cream.

OCCUPATION—"Killing time."

## Officers

EDWARD GRAHAM, *President*.  
JOHN LESLIE MORRIS, *Vice President*.

FRANK HALLOWELL COX, *Secretary and Treasurer*.  
ARTHUR MIDDLETON CANNON, *Sergeant-at-Arms*.

## Members

DEAS ARCHER.  
WILLIAM MEADE ARCHER.  
JOSEPH VIRGINIUS BIDGOOD.  
MILTON LEE BLOOMBURG.  
JAMES McCAW BRANDER.  
JULIAN ASHBY BURRUSS.  
ARTHUR MIDDLETON CANNON.

FRANK HALLOWELL COX.  
JOHN BUCHANAN DANFORTH.  
GUS FARIS DELARUE.  
HUGH BAYLIS EPPS.  
EDWARD GRAHAM.  
ROBERT ALFRED GUERRANT.  
THOMAS GILBERT HANKINS.  
JAMES ALFRED JACKSON.

WILLIE CRALLE McDOWELL.  
HENRY MILNOR MITCHELL.  
JOHN LESLIE MORRIS.  
OTWAY BYRD NEWTON.  
CLARENCE CHRISTIAN PAGE.  
EDWARD AUGUST SEPARK.  
KENDALL WEISEGER.

## Former Officers of the Club

SESSION 1893-94.  
WOODSON PINCKNEY WADDY, *President*.  
CHARLES THOMAS FRIEND, *Vice President*.  
JOSEPH MYERS GOODMAN, *Secretary and Treasurer*.

SESSION 1894-95.  
WOODSON PINCKNEY WADDY, *President*.  
SOLOMON VANCE LOVENSTEIN, *Vice President*.  
JULIAN ASHBY BURRUSS, *Secretary and Treasurer*.

SESSION 1895-96.  
JULIAN ASHBY BURRUSS, *President*.  
JOHN BUCHANAN DANFORTH, *Vice President*.

EDWARD GRAHAM, *Secretary and Treasurer*.  
AMBROSE PAGE, *Sergeant-at-Arms*.

# The Palmettoes



COLORS—White, old gold and brown.

YELL—Rip, Rah, Ree,  
Rip, Rah, Ree.  
Blind Tiger Liquor,  
And the Palmetto Tree!

MOTTO—Dum spiro, spero.



SONG—"Farewell forever to the star-spangled banner,  
No longer shall she wave o'er the land of the free;  
But we'll unfurl to the broad breeze of heaven,  
The thirteen bright stars round the Palmetto tree."

FAVORITE STUDY—"How not to do it."

FAVORITE OCCUPATION—Carrying out our study.

BANQUET—Postponed.

Our dish is ice cream.

Our beverage is Blind Tiger Whisky.

## Rulers

KING COTTON, . . . F. M. WARING, '98.

LORD HIGHCORN, . . . M. H. HAIG, '98.

PRINCE RICE, . . . O. P. BOURKE, '99.

PHOSPHATE "ROCKS," . . . L. MANNING, '98.

## Subjects

J. F. BARNWELL, '99.

W. H. MESSERVEY, '00.

A. TUFTS, '00.

## Honorary

PRES'T J. M. MCBRYDE, Abbeville.

PROF. E. A. SMYTH, Charleston.

PROF. S. R. PRITCHARD, Aiken.

INST. C. G. GUIGNARD, Richland.

PROF. R. J. DAVIDSON, Georgetown.

INST. R. R. LEWIS, Charleston.





# Tar Heels



YELL— Boom-a-lack-a, boom-a-lack-a, bow-wow-wow,  
Ching-a-lack-a, ching-a-lack-a, chow-chow-chow,  
Boom-a-lack-a, ching-a-lack-a, Who are we ;  
Who 's from Carolina, We, We, We !!!

N. C. rah, never in a scrape,  
Carolina Tar Heels,  
Old North State.

COLORS—  
Black and red.

MOTTO—  
Stick to 'em.

FAVORITE OCCUPATION—  
Picking cotton.

FAVORITE DISH—  
'Possum and sweet potatoes.



SONG—  
"Old North State."



## Officers

JAMES H. VAN NESS, JR.,  
*President.*

RALPH E. FRASIER,  
*Vice President.*

GORGE H. KING,  
*Secretary and Treasurer.*

## Members

J. H. VAN NESS (Jimma).

R. E. FRAZIER (Ralphie).

G. H. KING (Ole Lady).

F. L. MCGINN (Irish).

O. M. NICEWONGER (Ice Wagon).

W. H. BASON (Frog Sticker).

J. W. SAMPLE (Jack).

W. E. DODD (Billy).

R. S. WILKINS (Reddy).

J. A. WILLIAMS (Plug Ugly Jim).

J. W. BRYAN (Pie Face).

W. A. NISBIT (Uncle).

C. B. CONNELLY (Frog).

# Pittsylvania Club



First Degree: Imps.  
 Second Degree: Devils.  
 Third Degree: Demons.  
 Motto: Keep Dry.

FAVORITES:  
 Amusement: Shocking.  
 Drink: (Well Dry).  
 Food: Burnt Pig.

<i>First Term:</i>		<i>Second Term:</i>	
COX, W. F.,	High Arch Fiend.	SMITH, E. S.	
CARTER, P. H.,	Junior Arch Fiend.	CARTER, H. P.	
SMITH, E. S.,	Recording Angel.	COX, W. F.	
LANIER, J. E.,	Judas, the Watch-Dog of the Treasury.	HURT, H. H.	



## Imps

CARTER, H. P., (Chatham).	DABNEY, CHISWELL, (Chatham).
OAKES, L. W., (Swansonville).	REYNOLDS, C. L., (Fall Creek).



## Devils

CARTER, P. H., (Chatham).	HURT, H. H., (Chatham).
COX, W. F., (Cascade).	LANIER, J. E., (Chatham).
SMITH, E. S., (Danville).	



## Demons

HURT, W. W., (Chatham).	LEE, CLAUDIUS, (Danville).
MARTIN, T. D., (Chatham).	

# Petersburg Club

Organized October 1, 1895.

COLORS —

Orange and garnet.

MOTTO —

A jolly good time.



YELL —

Tolly, balally, balloo ;

Rip, rah, roo ;

Boom to rah, boom to roo ;

Petersburg, Petersburg ;

Hipity, zipity, zoo !

## Officers

W. N. JONES, JR.,	President.
BENJ. HARRISON, JR.,	Vice President.
B. V. JONES,	Secretary and Treasurer.

## Members

O. C. THOMPSON.

W. N. JONES, JR.

B. V. JONES.

BENJ. HARRISON, JR.

# The Fau-Fre-Cla

**COLORS—**

Red, old gold and  
black.

**YELL—**

Hipity rip, kerzip,  
kerzip;  
Hoo-rae, hoo-rah,  
Fau-fre, fre-cla,  
V-i-r, Vir, g-i-n, gin,  
I-a, ah!!

**SONG—**

“Hang John Brown  
on a Sour Apple  
Tree.”



**FAVORITE SPORT—**

“The Chase.”

**OUR DRINK—**

Apple Jack.

**FAVORITE DISH—**

Wind Pudding.

**MOTTO—**

“Care is an enemy  
to life.”

**Officers**

E. J. KERFOOT,	President.	J. G. CARTER,	Secretary and Treasurer.
C. W. COCHRAN,	Vice President.	G. P. HARRISON,	Historian.

**Members**

C. L. BOWLY.	R. H. C. BEVERLY.	G. P. HARRISON.	G. H. LEVI.
H. W. BOWLY.	J. G. CARTER.	E. J. KERFOOT.	E. PRICE.
J. A. BOORMAN.		C. W. COCHRAN.	
L. D. KLINE, Honorary Member.			



## Puffs and Queues



### Officers

JOHN W. STULL,	<i>President.</i>
JOHN G. GUERRANT,	<i>Vice President.</i>
FREDERICK WILSON,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
CHARLES M. CHRISTIAN,	<i>Manager.</i>

### Members

DR. EDWARD E. SHEIB.

JOHN W. STULL.

JOHN G. GUERRANT.

CARL E. HARDY.

CHARLES M. CHRISTIAN.

FREDERICK WILSON.

CHISWELL DABNEY.

HERBERT K. CARTER.



## "S. P. C."



S. P. C.



MOTTO—Mum.

COLORS—Black and yellow.

FAVORITE DISH—Turkey.

FAVORITE DRINK—"Mum's Extra Dry."

YELL.—Helle-belle-bella-bellus,  
What in the H— is the matter  
with us?  
Boom te rah! Boom te ree!  
S. P. C.!  
Turkey!!!!

### Eagles

C. B. JUNKIN, *Finder.*

G. H. POEHLMAN, *Seizer.*

A. M. CANNON, *Wringer.*

G. H. KING, *Toaler.*

T. R. BARNETTE, *Chaplain.*

### Hawks

S. FRASER, *Carver.*

H. B. EPPS, *Doctor.*

C. B. BRADLEY, *Picker.*

J. V. BIDGOOD, *Divider.*

R. A. HERBERT, *Chef.*

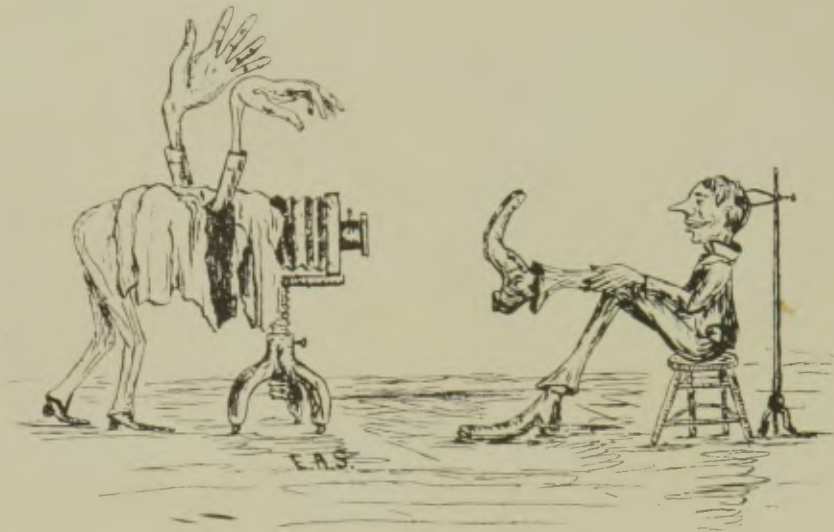
Meeting Place, "Faculty Alley."

Banquet follows *raid.*

Honorary, "H. & D."







## Knights of the Ruby Lamp



### Chiefs

Chief Knight,	C. E. HARDY,	<i>Knight of the Pyro.</i>
Lieutenant Chief Knight,	J. A. BURRUSS,	<i>Knight of the Hypo.</i>
Recording Knight,	L. MANNING,	<i>Knight of the Printing Frame.</i>

### Knightage

M. L. BLOOMBERG, Knight of the <i>Gold Chloride.</i>	J. L. MORRIS, Knight of the <i>Film.</i>
J. L. CARR, Knight of the <i>Ferrotypes.</i>	PROFESSOR PRICE, Knight of the <i>H<sub>2</sub> O.</i>
M. H. HAIG, Knight of the <i>Squeegee.</i>	E. A. SEPARK, Knight of the <i>Bath.</i>
G. W. HUTCHINSON, Knight of the <i>Tripod.</i>	PROFESSOR SMYTH, Knight of the <i>Eikonogen.</i>
W. M. JONES, Knight of the <i>Snap Shot.</i>	G. J. STONENAN, Knight of the <i>Flashlight.</i>
F. R. WHITE, Knight of the <i>Dry Plate.</i>	

# Y. M. C. A.

(YOUNG MEN'S CHICKEN ASSOCIATION.)



OBJECT—To prepare places of rest for the Professor's birds, and care for the orphans and widows.

MOTTO—Beware of the dog.

COLORS—Leghorn yellow and peacock green.



## Officers

H. C. ELLETT,	<i>The Eagle-eyed and Ever-watchful Corporal of the Guard.</i>
T. R. BARNETT,	<i>Lord High Chief of the Midnight Raids and Fascinator of the Birds.</i>
G. C. REID,	<i>Embalmer of the Dead.</i>
E. H. HERBERT,	<i>Disposer of the Viands.</i>
L. MANNING,	<i>Dare-devil of the Ducks.</i>
J. T. S. REID,	<i>Terror of the Hen Roost.</i>

# Dodekaphulon



*Qui capit, ille facit.*

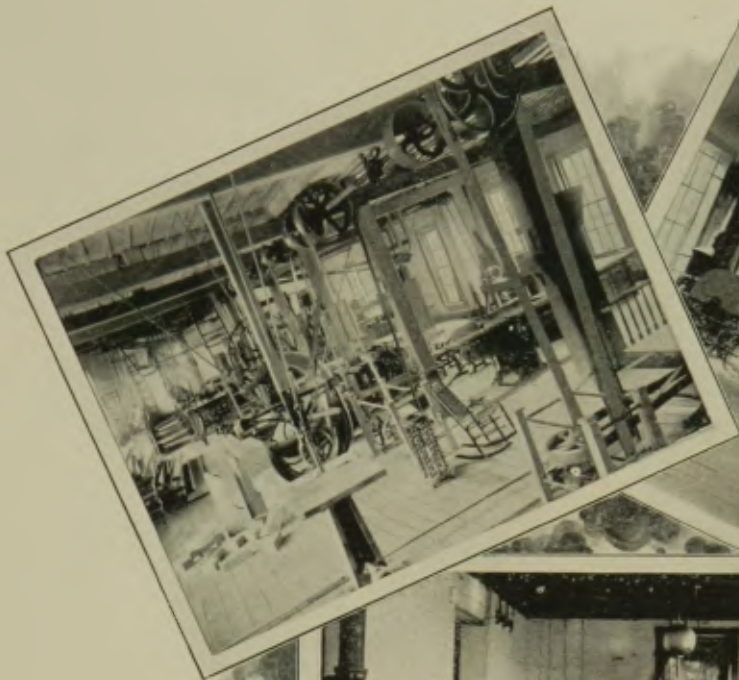
## Officers

HOWARD ARCHER JOHNSON,	<i>President.</i>
JAMES LITTLE AVIS, JR.,	<i>Vice President.</i>
ROBERT TURNBULL, JR.,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>



## Members

FRANK BOYD CUNNINGHAM.	GEORGE EDGAR GIBSON.
CARL EARNEST HARDY.	JAMES LEWIS INGLES.
GEORGE HILDT KING.	GEORGE HENRY POEHLMAN.
FLEMING SAUNDERS, JR.	HOWELL BENJAMIN WARREN.



MACHINE SHOPS—INTERIOR

MACHINE SHOPS—INTERIOR

SECTION OF DYNAMO LABORATORY





# BOOK SIX





Battery Drill



Valley Firing



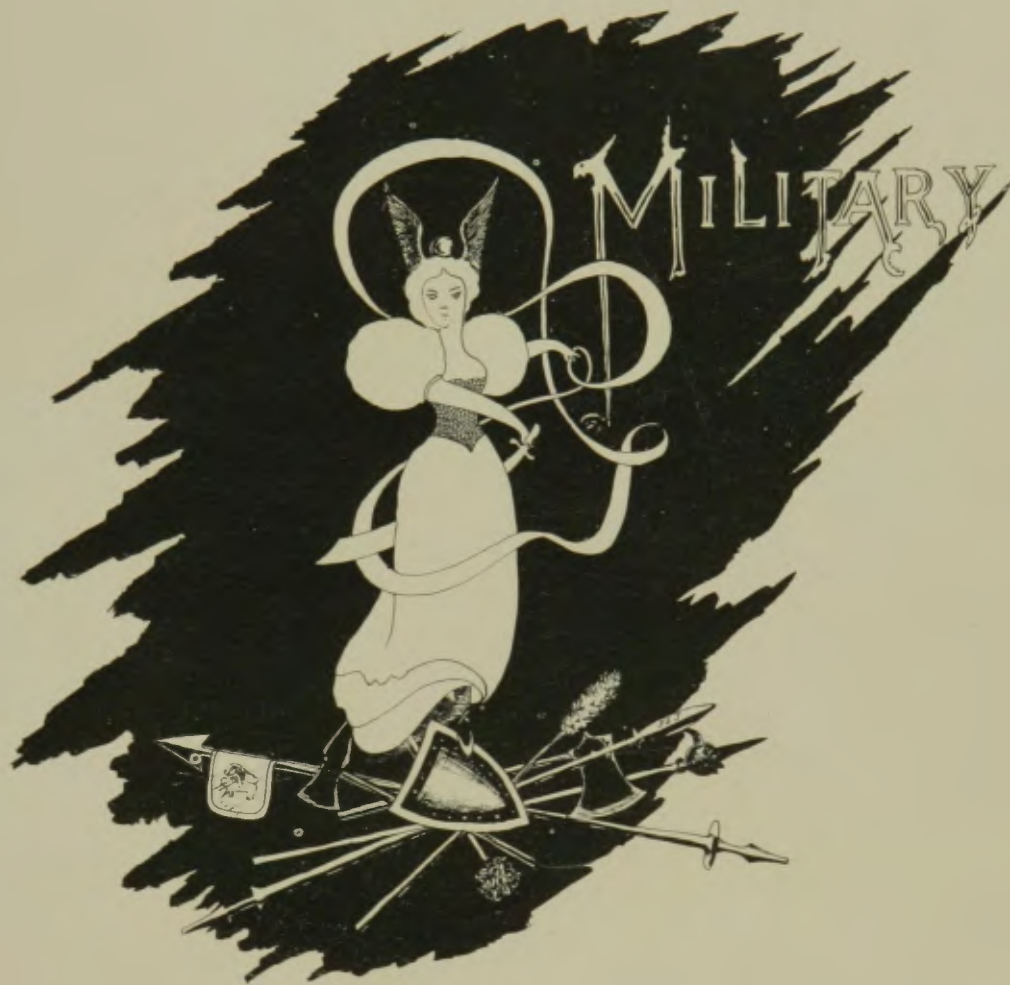
Mess & Communion Hall



Sham Battle



Foundry







COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

	2D LT. EAKIN	2D LT. SAUNDERS	2D LT. ELLETT	2D LT. EARHART	2D LT. M'BRYDE	
CAPT. EPES	CAPT. JONES	1ST. LT. JOHNS	1ST. LT. TURNBULL	1ST. LT. JUNKIN	CAPT. HURT	
			1ST. LT. PHILLIPS	1ST. LT. FRASER		
CAPT. KIRKPATRICK	CAPT. MORTON	CAPT. HARDY	COM'D'T SHANKS	CAPT. KARR	CAPT. PRIDY	CAPT. URQUHART

# Military Organization



D. C. SHANKS, First Lieutenant 18th U. S. Infantry, . . . . . *Commandant.*

## Cadet Staff

KARR, . . . . . *Captain and Quartermaster.* PRIDDY, . . . . . *Captain and Adjutant.*

JONES, E. V., . . . . . *Captain and Ordnance Officer.* PALMER, J. I., . . . . . *Sergeant Major.*

PERRY, W. M., . . . . . *Signal Sergeant.*

## Cadet Drum Corps

GIBSON, G. E., . . . . . *Corporal.* BRUNIER, DOBIE, GERBER, . . . . . *Drummers.*



## Battery E

HARDY, . . . . . *Captain.* TURNBULL, R., . . . . . *First Lieutenant.*

\_\_\_\_\_ . . . . . *Second Lieutenant.* BURRUSS, . . . . . *First Sergeant.*

### First Detachment

TAYLOR, E. C., . . . . . *Sergeant.* PRICE, W. R., . . . . . *Corporal.*

#### *Privates:*

DOOSING.	PACK, H. B.
TWYMAN.	BOORMAN.
CAMPBELL.	BURNETT.
VANNESS.	

### Second Detachment

BASKERVILL, . . . . . *Sergeant.* CARTER, H. B., . . . . . *Corporal.*

#### *Privates:*

STARKE.	COOK.
SMITH, A. R.	HARRISON, J. K.
SMITH, E. A.	HERBERT, R. A.
FERRATT.	GILDERSLEEVE.

### Third Detachment

WARREN, H. B., . . . . . *Sergeant.* VAUGHAN, . . . . . *Corporal.*

#### *Privates:*

BRALLY.	DELARUE.
LINKANS, J. P.	PACK, L. E.
GUERRANT, R. A.	BURNER.
CUNNINGHAM.	

### Fourth Detachment

WILLIAMS, H., . . . . . *Sergeant.* PRESTON, . . . . . *Corporal.*

#### *Privates:*

INGLES.	BOWLEY, C. L.
CHAPMAN.	WADDELL.
TROLLINGER.	LANIER.
PERSINGER.	

## Company A

MORTON, . . . . . *Captain.*      JUNKIN, . . . . . *First Lieutenant.*  
 SAUNDERS, . . . . . *Second Lieutenant.*      HAIG, . . . . . *First Sergeant.*

*Sergeants:*

JOHNSON, J. S. A.	COCHRAN.	HUBARD.	BOSWELL, G.
HOBDDAY.	MITCHELL, R. S. M.	LEWIS.	LIGON.

*Corporals:*

*Privates:*

ANGLIN.	DAVIDSON.	JERDONE.	PAINTER, W. G.
BAKER.	FICKLING.	JOHNSTON, J. L.	PELTER.
BEVERLY, R. H. C.	FERGUSON.	JORDAN.	POINDEXTER.
BLOOMBERG.	GARTH.	KEISTER, J. T.	PRICE, L. T.
BOSWELL, R.	GIBSON, O. C.	LATANÉ.	RICHARDSON.
BROWN, J. M.	HARRISON, G. P.	MCGAVOCK, E.	TATUM.
BUGG.	HOFFMAN.	MCGAVOCK, J. H.	TURNBULL, G.
CARR.	JAMISON.	MILLER, W. H.	WOOD.



## Company B

EPES, T. H., . . . . . *Captain.*      EAKIN, W. C., . . . . . *First Lieutenant.*  
 ELLETT, H. C., . . . . . *Second Lieutenant.*      HARRISON, B., . . . . . *First Sergeant.*

*Sergeants:*

SMITH, E. S.,	WHITEHURST.	WILSON.	CARTER, C. H.
TAYLOR, D. M.		ALLEN, C. L.	SEPARK.

*Corporals:*

*Privates:*

ALLEN, E. W.	ELLETT, A. S.	JACOBS, J.	PRICE, W. B.
BEGG.	EPPS, H. B.	LEVI.	REID, G. C.
BARTON.	FAULKNER.	MORRIS	ROSENFELD.
BURNHAM.	HERBERT, E. H.	MANNING.	REYNOLDS.
BETTS.	HAWKINS.	MACKLIN.	TERRY.
BROWN, W. K.	JONES, B. V.	MCGHEE.	TRAYNHAM.
CANNON.	JONES, C.	MITCHELL, H. M.	WEISIGER.
CLEMENTS.	JACOBS, H.	PAYNE.	

## Company C

KIRKPATRICK, . . . . . *Captain.*      FRASER, S., . . . . . *First Lieutenant.*  
 EARHART, . . . . . *Second Lieutenant.*      GRAHAM, . . . . . *First Sergeant.*

*Sergeants:*

PRICE, H. L.                      ADAMS.  
 HILEMAN.                      PAINTER, J. S.

*Corporals:*

CONNELLY.                      SALE.  
 WOLFENDEN.

*Privates:*

ARCHER, D.	GAUJOT.	NEWTON.	TIMBERLAKE.
ARCHER, W.	GUY.	PAXTON.	TRIPLETT.
BEVERLY, R. C.	GOLDSMITH.	POEHLMAN, L. A.	UHLER.
BIDGOOD.	HUNTER.	PHLEGAR.	WITHERS.
BOWLEY, H. W.	JACKSON.	ROBINSON.	WILLIAMS, J. A.
BARNETT.	KIPPS, J. H.	SHEIB.	WOLFE.
CARTER, H. P.	KNICKLE.	SNIDOW, J. H.	YARBROUGH.
DUNDAS.	LAWSON.	SKELDING.	



## Company D

URQUHART, . . . . . *Captain.*      PHILLIPS, . . . . . *First Lieutenant.*  
 MCBRYDE, J. M., . . . . . *Second Lieutenant.*      DANFORTH, . . . . . *First Sergeant.*

*Sergeants:*

BUSH.                      POEHLMAN, G.  
 BURGESS.

*Corporals:*

COX, F. H.                      FENTRESS.  
 MYERS, A. E.

*Privates:*

AYER.	GLEAVES.	MGBROOM.	SNIDOW, C.
BRADLEY.	HAWKINS.	McGAVOCK, J. C.	SUMMERSON.
CONREY.	HOLT.	NEELY.	ST. CLAIR.
COPENHAVER.	HOPKINS.	PECK.	TUFTS.
COX, G. P.	HUTCHINSON.	SCOTT.	WALKER.
CROWGEY.	KEFFER.	SEATON.	WHITE, F. R.
DABNEY.	KING.	SHELTON.	WILKINS.
GIVENS.	KITE.		





CADET BAND

		PROF. SMYTH	AVIS	JOHNS	M'GREGOR	BUSH			
		JOHNSON		NOWLIN	COVINGTON	MALLECOTE			
		PALMER	JEWELL	WALTERS	INST. HARVEY	HURT	CARTER		
STONEMAN	OAKES	NICEWONGER	COX	FRAZIER	BRANDER	PAGE	CARPER	M'GINN	KEISTER

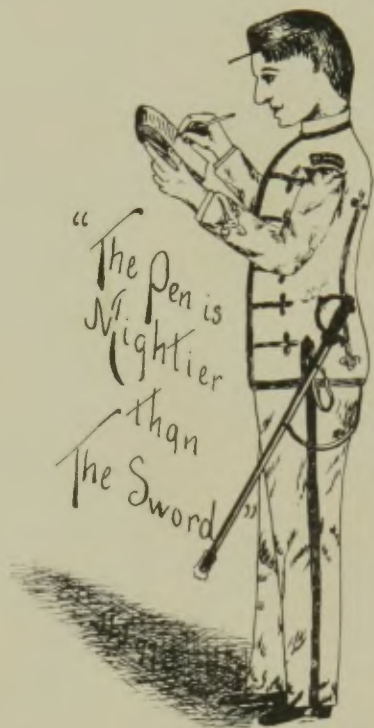


## Cadet Band



MAJ. J. P. HARVEY, SOLO E FLAT CORNET, *Leader.*

CAPT. H. H. HURT, . . . . . Solo B flat Cornet	G. H. NOWLIN, . . . . . Second E flat Alto
MALLECOTE, . . . . . First B flat Cornet	B. S. JOHNSON, . . . . . Third E flat Alto
PALMER, . . . . . Second B flat Cornet	SERG. R. E. FRAZIER, . . . . . Slide Trombone
STONEMAN, . . . . . Second B flat Cornet	CORPORAL F. C. CARPER, . . . . . Baritone
BUSH, . . . . . B flat Cornet	WALTERS, . . . . . First B flat Tenor
LIEUT. COL. E. A. SMYTH, . . . . . B flat Clarinet	JEWELL, . . . . . Second B flat Tenor
SERG. J. L. AVIS, . . . . . Second B flat Clarinet	OAKES, . . . . . First B flat Bass
MCGREGOR, . . . . . E flat Clarinet	J. R. PAGE, . . . . . E flat Bass
NICEWONGER, . . . . . First E B Cornet	W. F. COX, . . . . . E flat Bass
FIRST. LIEUT. J. L. JOHNS, . . . . . Piccolo	F. L. MCGINN, . . . . . Snare Drum
SERG. L. E. COVINGTON, . . . . . Solo E flat Alto	Y. B. KEISTER, . . . . . Bass Drum
FIRST SERGT. W. H. BASON, . . . . . First E flat Alto	H. K. CARTER, . . . . . Cymbals



"The Pen is  
Mightier  
than  
The Sword"

# BOOK SEVEN







A WINTER SCENE ON THE CAMPUS



Cuts

and

Grinds.



## The Bugle Election



CONTEST rare is this, but one which might naturally be expected if we remember that vanity and pride, ambition and jealousy, together with a great majority of the peculiarities, characteristics and eccentricities to which the human race is heir, are found in a student body such as this; therefore, dear reader, wonder not that the members of our prided corps seek thus to show in bold relief the especial virtues and characteristics of those who possess them. And it may be also remarked with due respect, that contests such as this are seldom prompted by the purest spirit of generosity; in each promoter there often lurks a selfish desire for some coveted place in the list of chosen favorites; nor can they, whose names are not mentioned, be reconciled to their fate save by the thought that there must have been some gross error that will be proven beyond a doubt by, now fancy pictured, future attainments.

How plainly it bespeaks the vanity of youth—we find the first ballot cast for the handsomest cadet. This race did not lack for contestants; indeed, but few thought they should not be chosen. Etiquette, however, allowed no one to vote for himself, and each one set to work with earnestness to secure votes for his ideal. After a contest long and hard, J. Lewis Ingles, closely followed by T. H. Epes, came off victorious.

For the mere sake of contrast, the ugliest must also be voted upon. There were not so many self-appointed candidates in this race, but that there are ugly men in college there can be no doubt, and the returns show M. L. Bloomberg to hold first place, followed in order by Nicewonger, L. E. Guy, Wolfe and J. L. Hileman. Be not discouraged by this, dear boys; remember the story of old Demosthenes, who not only had a face almost painful to look upon, but also stammered. So were Cæsar, Goldsmith and our own Clay homely men, than whom the world has known few greater.

Next, ambition asserts her sway by racing the officers for supremacy, and in this contest Captain Hardy, of Battery E, was elected best officer by a large majority.

The laziest man could not be allowed to escape unobserved, and many indeed were the candidates for the position. Mr. J. T. S. Reid polled the largest number of votes, followed by Mr. F. B. Cunningham. For you, boys, we have nothing to say, save rouse from your lethargy and awaken the inert capabilities that lie dormant within you.

Now comes the race for the most intellectual cadet, and Mr. C. E. Hardy bears off the palm, closely seconded by Mr. J. L. Johns.

Mr. H. A. Dobie is declared the most liberal cadet, Mr. T. R. Barnett coming in with the next largest number of votes.

For the greatest "sorehead," it suffices to say that Messrs. Burner and Connelly missed a tie by only one vote, which was in favor of the former, and that if these gentlemen deserve this title now, we hope that by next session their manner will be changed entirely.

The ballots declare Mr. H. H. Hurt the prettiest dancer by a large majority; Messrs. Brander and Junkin came in second and third respectively.

In the vote for the most popular professor, Dr. Sheib stands first. Professors Hurt, Smyth, Patton and Price also received a number of votes each.

Mr. C. E. Hardy is elected the most prominent cadet, second place being accorded Mr. L. Priddy.

In the race for freshest "rat," Mr. E. W. Allen won first place by a large majority. As consolation, we would remind him that this is the last year he will be eligible for that honor—if such it may be called.

Mr. L. Priddy is elected the most college-spirited cadet by an overwhelming majority.

On account of the extreme improbability of his narratives and statements, Mr. Brunier has been voted the biggest liar in college. However, Mr. A. S. Ellett was not left far behind.

The "darndest man," Mr. Fentress. As to what the term implies we leave the reader to decide.



## Wunkadoodle



"Dein Füße nicht so hoch, mein Freund,"

Professor to Herr Woolwine said.

"No sir, professor," "Wunk" replied,

"I think that's a part I have n't read."

"'Dein Füße nicht so hoch,' I say,"

And the class began to laugh.

"I must have read the wrong lesson, then,

On the thirteenth paragraph."

"Ach, mein lieber, guter Herr,

Will you please take down your feet?"

"Oh, excuse me—certainly—why—I thought—

Did n't you say something about 'meat'?"



## Brilliant Social Event

The Senior German this Year Promises to be One of the Chief Features  
of the Finals.

BLACKSBURG, VA., April 19, 1897.—[Special to THE BUGLE.]—The Senior Class of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute will hold its annual german as usual in Campbell Hall, in Academic Building No. 2. The date of the affair has not yet been definitely decided upon, but it will surely be no later than the 28th of May. Preparations for this occasion were begun on the 21st of last September, and the Seniors look forward to it with the most pleasurable anticipation. The german will be led by Mr. Theo. P. Campbell, who has officiated at this event regularly for the past six years, and is perfectly familiar with all the intricate figures danced at Senior germans. The party will be chaperoned by Mesdames D. C. Heath & Co. and Ginn & Co., and the music will be furnished by Schneider's band.

The following-named couples will participate :

Mr. T. H. EPES with Miss D. CLENSION.

Mr. H. C. ELLETT with FRAULINE BEGG.

Mr. W. C. EAKIN with Miss PRONUNCIATION.

Mr. SAM FRASER with Miss CONDITION.

Mr. J. G. GUERRANT with Miss SPECIAL.

Mr. H. H. HURT with FRAULINE UMZU.

Mr. E. V. JONES, JR. with Mrs. INTERROGATIVE.

Mr. C. B. JUNKIN with FRAULINE ZWEISTERNE.

Mr. J. L. JOHNS with FRAU VON UMLANT.

Mr. W. R. KIRKPATRICK with FRAULINE CHEMIE.

Mr. W. R. KARR with FRAU VON ABER NIT.

Mr. J. M. MCBRYDE, JR. with Miss PARSON.

Mr. D. F. MORTON with Miss CONCEPTION.

Mr. J. L. PHILLIPS with Miss BUMPY.

Mr. L. PRIDDY with Miss EXERCISE.

Mr. F. SAUNDERS with Miss SYNOPSIS.

Mr. R. TURNBULL with Miss INTERJECTION.

Mr. J. H. WOOLWINE with Miss TAKES.

# In Memoriam



DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF OUR LOST CAUSE.

## An Old Man's Story



"Grandpa, tell me a story," demanded a little maid of six, as she clambered upon the old man's knee and placed her fingers gently upon the furrowed face, and stroked with loving touch the silver locks above his temples; "the train won't be here for an hour yet, and I just can't keep still and wait. I am so glad brother won't have to go away to college for a whole week—and what a good time we are going to have!"

"Well, my little daughter, what shall I tell you about?" the old man said. "I've told you all about 'Brer Rabbit' and 'Sir Wolf,' and if I tell you Christmas stories now, I won't have anything to tell you next week when the rest go off to the Christmas dances and leave you at home."

"Oh, tell me about the time you first went off to college, and what you did; about all the boys you knew so many years ago at Blacksburg."

A shade of sadness came over the old man's face as he reached for his tobacco pouch and filled his pipe before beginning to tell his little grandchild of the friends and scenes at the old college where he had gone for the first time half a century ago. But he had scarce taken a whiff of his pipe when the little girl began to sneeze. "Where did you get that tobacco?" she cried.

"Why, my dear, don't you remember that very sporty looking old gent who came here the other day?"

"What, grandpa, the one who called me a drotted kid because I rolled his bicycle? He was too old to ride a bicycle, anyhow."

"Hush, my dear; he gave me this tobacco. He is a tobacco manufacturer now, and was an old college mate of mine named George Merrick. Those white kinks on his head used to be a most beautiful shade of tan. George belonged to that enviable class at college who were put down in the catalogue as taking an irregular course. He rode a wheel even in those days, when he could find time. And he studied so hard that he often found the noise in the barracks disturbing, so he moved downtown; 't was curious, but he found a room on Roanoke Street, very near—the *Baptist Church*."

"Tell me some more about the boys that year," cried the little girl, nestling closer in the old man's arms.

"Well, my dear, there was Dr. Cox; he took faithful charge of the patent office and government reports, which occupied shelves in a room set apart for dancing, and used as a reading-room between times. Dr. Cox also watched over the newspapers and magazines, which always reached the place a month after everybody else had read theirs; it was strange, but there must have been a side station somewhere.

"Then there was 'Rip,' and not only was he there, but here and everywhere; beside selling his complete lines of uniforms, athletic goods, stationery, etc., he was on the managing board of two college journals, insured the life of everybody who would let him, tried to lead the chapel choir, and courted all the women of courting age in the county. It was reported at one time that 'Rip' was studying, but on investigation the rumor was found to be false; it had been started by a notice posted on his door, to the effect that unless you wanted to pay your debts or buy something, you need not apply for admission. In all this, however, like Mr. Spenlow, 'Rip'

had a partner—not Mr. Jorkins, but Mr. Johns. This gentleman aided ‘Rip’ in all his schemes to trap the unsuspecting ‘Rat,’ and besides played or, rather, blew, on an instrument called a piccolo, was chief secretary to the President, and grand aide to those maidens of the vicinity, who, like Betsy Bobbitt, desired to cling; his greatest accomplishment, though, was that he wrote poetry, or at least something that you could hardly call prose. He wrote a piece once for *The Gray Jacket*, on “Sunset,” and made the king of day die in mortal agony—as if he had eaten too heartily of cabbage for dinner. Once during the holidays Mr. Johns gave a german, served an ice, and danced by five ladies and three times as many men. The music he had engaged got tight and failed to put in an appearance, so he blew on his piccolo, and so delighted the guests that they all went home about half-past nine o’clock to thaw out.

“They had captains of military companies in those days, chosen for various reasons—sometimes on account of their knowledge of military, sometimes on account of their looks, and often “just because.” The year I am telling about, if I remember correctly, Dummy Morton and Jim Urquhart had been chosen for the second reason. They roomed together, and the former was always disagreeing with the faculty; if a course was put down in the catalogue as necessary for one degree, he always decided another was better, and pursued it. Jimmie was noted for his agility in love affairs, being known to jump during six months from deep love with one female to equally as deep with another no less than seven times. The Irishman, sometimes called Mr. Kirkpatrick, was another captain, chosen for the first reason. A man named Epes was chosen for the last reason as Captain of “B” Company, and a curly-haired fellow named Hardy, was made Captain of the Artillery Company “just because,” too—because they did n’t want that company to drill much, and they knew Hardy would n’t make them do it.

“By the way, I nearly forgot to tell you about the instructors. They were legion—men whose devotion to the college had made them remain faithfully by her during many long years; they ran her lights and heating department, took care of her Sub-Freshmen, and attended to many other things. They could tell many pleasing anecdotes about men who had been there in by-gone days. I heard not long ago that they had erected a statue to the memory of Hull Apperson, ‘Grandpa’ Drinkard and ‘Papa’ Jerrell, and a bronze tablet in commemoration of the faithful service of Stull, Walter Ellett and Allen Eskridge.

“Then there was the faculty”—but here the old man looked down; the little girl was asleep.



Sing a song of mess-house grub,  
The butter full of dye,  
Four and twenty coffee grains  
To every pint of lye;  
Whiskers served with biscuits,  
Porkers served with cheese,  
Bowser served as mutton chops,  
Accompanied by his fleas.



## The Acts of the Poly Tekites in the Days of Prexie that is Called the Great



### CHAPTER I.

1. And it came to pass, that on the twenty-first day of the month called Sep, Prexie the Great, which is Peeachdee, ascended unto his council chamber.

2. And he sent messengers unto all the scribes and prophets of the land of Poly Tek, bidding them unto him.

3. And when they had come, they smote upon their breasts before him, saying :

4. Behold, we have heard thy voice, and are come before thee that we may know thy bidding.

5. And Prexie the Great opened his mouth and spake unto the prophets and the scribes, saying :

6. Behold, the time spoken of by the High Priests Boardofvisitors is now come. Therefore will I this day begin a new reign in the land of Poly Tek, which has not been peopled since the days of Vake Ashun.

7. Go ye, therefore, every man unto his own province, and make ye ready to receive the children of Poly Tek, which I shall send unto thee.

8. ¶ And it came to pass in those days that many strangers appeared in the land of Poly Tek, and when they heard the word *rhat* they were sore afraid.

9. And some would fain return to the land of their fathers, but when they had searched diligently in their garments, they found they had no mon. Selah!

10. For they had met certain of the tribe called Fa Kers, who opened their mouths with a loud voice, saying :

11. Behold, we will give thee a mahtress for two talents, a boahl and a bruhm and whatsoever else thou needest for three talents.

12. And we will exchange with thee for seventeen talents a new garment, which is called Yooniform, so that thou mayest appear after the fashion of thy tribe.

13. And the Fa Kers gave them no rest night and day till they had all their mon. Selah!

14. Verily the rhats were strangers in the land, and the Fa Kers took them in. Hokypoky.

### CHAPTER II.

1. And in those days did all the children of Poly Tek ascend unto the council chamber of Prexie the Great, and stand before him, that the words of the catalogue might be fulfilled.

2. And when he had shaken every man by the hand and told him verily he was glad to see him, he gave unto him a scroll, saying :

3. Take this unto the chief scribe, even him that sitteth hard by the Ti Priter, and he will inscribe thy name,

4. And thy parents' or thy guardian's name, and the work that I have assigned unto thee, and the work that thy parent or thy guardian now performs ;

5. And thy age, and thy faith, and the number of years thou hast been in the land, and many other things, in a book, even as I have instructed him.

6. And when all these things were written in the book, behold, the chief scribe showed unto every man a pledge, saying :

7. Verily, this pledge, must thou sign before thou leavest this council chamber, and see that thou do the things contained herein, that thy days may be long in the land of Poly Tek.

8. And every man signed the pledge with fear and trembling, and did straightway go to seek the prophets whose names were inscribed on the scroll which Prexie the Great had given him.

9. ¶ And in those days it came to pass that the prophets reasoned among themselves thusly :

10. Is not the land filled with men with scrolls in their hands who do seek us? Verily, they are almost as thick as the flies that are mixed with the mess-house butter.

11. Therefore let us hide ourselves from them, lest by their constant importuning us we grow weary.

12. And the prophets did even as they said, and the children wandered up and down the land, and because they could not find the prophets they were sore distressed.

13. And the rhats grieved much, but the oldbhoys said, Idontgiveadam ; which means, I will see them later.

14. So the prophets concealed themselves from the children of Poly Tek, but Prexie the Great knew not that these things were done.

15. ¶ And it came to pass that all the children with one accord did seek a certain prophet, for his name was inscribed on every scroll that Prexie the Great had sent out.

16. And all the children found him in his tent, and when they looked on him their knees smote together. Selah!

17. For he was a prophet and a warrior, and because of his skill in battle he was called Buck.

18. And Buck had command over the whole army of Poly Tek, and his law was mighty in the land.

19. And Buck divided the men of battle into companies, and over every company he set a captain and other officers.

20. And to every man of battle gave he an instrument of iron called ghun, but to every officer gave he an instrument of steel and brass called sord.

21. And Buck set apart certain men to make music to cheer the hearts of his men of battle.

22. And to some gave he instruments of gold and silver, to some instruments of brass, to some instruments of wood, and to others instruments made from the skins of animals.

23. And Buck also set apart a company of men of battle to fight with the Can Non and Sa Ber. Verily, with the Longsord did these men battle and put to flight the enemies of Poly Tek.

24. Thus did Buck establish the army of Poly Tek in the days of Prexie that is called the Great.

25. And all the maidens looked with pride upon the men of battle, for they were mighty and comely to look upon; and when they heard the music they were filled with rejoicing, and sang "Orange and Maroom" and "Go Tell Aunt Nancy" throughout the land. Selah!

## The Acts of the Phut Baalites



### CHAPTER I.

1. Now when it was yet early, even before the beginning of the sixth reign of Prexie the Great,

2. It came to pass that a certain manner of men arose that worshiped the god Phut Baal.

3. And they were the mightiest men in all Poly Tek, and all the children marveled greatly when they saw them worship.

4. And the Phut Baalites said: Is not our god mightier than the god of any other land of wise men? Verily, are we not very warm numbers?

5. ¶ Now, when the worshipers of Phut Baal in other lands received tidings of these things, they said among themselves:

6. Verily, these men have eaten green 'simmons—they are filled with new port.

7. Therefore, we will smite them and tear them to pieces, and when we shall have gotten through with them they will think surely they did have the ting-aling.

8. But the Phut Baalites of the land of Poly Tek wrapped themselves up in their pig skins, and thus they worshiped many days.

9. And it came to pass that after they had worshiped they sent unto other Phut Baalites, saying:

10. If thou believest not that our god is mightier than thine, meet us in battle.

11. And if thou prevailest against us, then will we bow down to thee; but if we prevail against thee, then thou must be our servants forever.

12. So they fought many battles on the plains of Grid Iron, and proved that mighty was the god of Phut Baal in the land of Poly Tek.

### CHAPTER II.

1. And it came to pass that the Va Moose Ites, which dwell in a barren district of the land of Lex Ingtong, did send unto the Man Ager, which is the ruler of the Poly Tek Phut Baalites, saying:

2. Verily we have received tidings that thy mighty men worship the god Phut Baal, and think they are hotstuff.

3. Therefore we beseech thee send them unto us, that we may teach them the valor of the Va Moose Ites.

4. Verily we shall bruise them with our breath, and the odor from our men of battle shall knock them down.

5. And we shall crush them with our little finger and tread upon them with our number elevens.

6. Therefore send them unto us on the plains of Roa Noke on the twenty-sixth day of the month called Nov, for we are boozeslingers. Selah!

7. And the worshipers of Phut Baal in the land of Poly Tek answered and said: Pick thee out eleven of thy strongest men, and we will do likewise.

8. And when thou hast picked thy men, send unto us a list of them, with the oath of thy king that they are indeed children of the land of Va Moose.

9. And we do herewith send thee a list of our warriors, with the seal of Prexie the Great, that thou mayest know that they are all children of Poly Tek.

10. ¶ Now it came to pass that when the Va Moose Ites saw the list which the Poly Tekites had sent unto them, their knees smote together.

11. And their fear was great, and when they laid themselves down they could not sleep. Selah!



12. So they drew together secretly and said, Behold, these men we know of old to be crackajacks and jimslingers.

13. If we make war upon them we will surely be put to death.

14. Therefore let us write many hard things to them, and peradventure they grow angry and refuse to fight, we will laugh them to scorn.

15. So they sent unto the Poly Tekites, saying: Behold, some of the men thou hast on thy list are hired so that thou canst prevail against us.

16. They are not Post Grads, as thou sayest, for thou hast no Post Grads, and thy prophets are not worth the shucks thou takest from thy turnips.

17. Therefore, if thou take not these men off thy list we will send unto thee our poorest fighters, for our best warriors are too helfrichthyous to fight with the warriors thou hast named.

18. Now when the Poly Tekites heard these words they were very wroth, but they answered them kindly.

19. Yet they remembered all these things against the great reckoning day, and forgot them not. Selah!

### CHAPTER III.

1. So it came to pass on the twenty-sixth day of the month called Nov,

2. That the Poly Tekites encamped against the Va Moose Ites on the plains of Roa Noke near the Temple of Ath Letics, which is called Graand Staand.

3. And the children of Poly Tek took with them many Roo Ters, who lifted up their voices and shouted with a great shout to cheer the hearts of their warriors.

4. Rip the Noisy was there with an instrument of brass, Van the Loud, and BaSon the Openface, and many others.

5. And the noises which they made were like the rushing of many waters. Selah!

6. ¶ And the warriors of both lands drew together about the third hour of the afternoon and began to fight.

7. And the Va Moose Ites fell before the first charge of the Poly Tekites—verily, they went down like grass before the mower's sickle.

8. For the wrath of the Poly Tekites was great like unto the stored-up waters of a mighty river.

9. And the Va Moose Ites fled before the Poly Tekites, and the Poly Tekites followed after them and smote them hip and thigh.

10. Yea, till the going down of the sun did the Poly Tekites smite the Va Moose Ites, and they destroyed them utterly.

11. Verily, they left not one bone upon another which was not broken, for their wrath was like the roaring of a mighty furnace.

12. And the warriors that destroyed the Va Moose Ites were these:

13. Tred Well, which is Butsie the Nogetararoundite; Wood, the Splinterite; Pel Ter, which is the Jum-boite;

14. Her Bert the Rushite, which is Dick; May Yer the Strapite; Starke, which is Becky the Slugite; Jon Son the Big, which is the Goalite;

15. Mar Tin, which is Dug the Hitite; Esk Ridge the Bull, which is the Runite;

16. Her Bert the Smiteite, which is Murphy; White Hurst the Throughthelinite, which is Obediah; and Ingles the Nig, which is the Touchdownite.

17. And these men were the mightiest of all the children of Poly Tek, for they ground to powder all her enemies and broke down their idols with a rod of iron. Selah!



## The Acts of the Haircutites



### CHAPTER I.

1. Now it came to pass on the evening before the morning of the twenty-second day of the month called Feb that certain of the tribe Yclept Jessejamesgang did arise and smite upon their breasts, saying :

2. Letsgetamoveon. Behold, are not the rhats equal every one unto an oldbhoy. Do they not talk big and with great assurance so that strangers think they are oldbhoy with little sense?

3. Therefore let us humble them before all the people, even the prophets which call themselves Fackelty.

4. Then arose a certain Jounyour named Polemaniah, which is Jessejames, saying: Throughligaritobacelamialisicorwrapholaxicalicoandgotoell, which means, I have it.

5. And all his followers shouted unto him, saying: Verily, thou hast it. Speak the thing that thou hast that we may go and do it.

6. And Polemaniah said: Let us cut off all their hair with the instrument of iron called clippers, that they may be even as baldheaded as Dok Ter Oop, which is called Ring Tail.

7. And the others answered: Verily thou art hot tomalies. We will do thy thing.

8. So they sent servants unto the children called rhats, bidding them unto the tent of one Camel, the Haircutite.

9. And many came unto the hair cutting, and when they were shorn of their locks they went away, saying, Itscoldasell.

10. And a certain rhat which is the Jumboite

strengthened his arms against the Jessejamesgang, and when they would prevail against him he walked away with a pine door hanging round about him.

11. But Polemaniah and Kingariah and their followers pursued the Jumboite even unto his tent, and there they prevailed against him and all his forces.

12. And when seven men had sat upon his legs and seven upon his arms and seven upon his body they did cut the hair close to his head, and he became weak even like unto a suckling baby, and did cry. Selah!

13. And all the children of Poly Tek laughed and made merry, but the Jumboite wept many days.

14. ¶ Now when Prexie the Great heard these things he was very wroth, and he called his servants, the prophets, unto him secretly into Fackeltymeeting, and opened his mouth before them, saying :

15. Behold, have we not always kept on our right hand the children that are new in the land of Poly Tek, and decreed that not a hair of their heads shall be injured?

16. Therefore, behold this evil thing that has been done. Verily our laws have been set at naught and our children humbled before us.

17. Let us therefore visit the oldbhoy with the wrath of our displeasure. Verily let the chief offenders be sent forever into the land of their fathers.

18. But a certain prophet which is Prich Hard the Electrolite did arise before Prexie the Great, saying, O king, live forever.

19. Verily, in our sight these men are not worthy of the death. This looks to us like hotrocks, for the rhats surely have been freshasell.

20. Therefore do they deserve to be humbled, that they may know that the oldboys are mightier than they.

21. Then was Prexie the Great very wroth against Prich Hard the Electrolite, and commanded him, saying:

22. Depart from me, for thou art truly no friend of my children that are called the rhats.

23. So the Electrolite went out from the council chamber of Prexie the Great, and these things were noised throughout all the land of Poly Tek.

24. And the children of Poly Tek praised the

prophet Prich Hard the Electrolite for his wisdom and his courage, saying: Verily, he is hotstuffroxie.

25. And others of the prophets made merry among themselves, saying: Behold, is not this a fine Jo Ache? Lulapolula.

26. But the Jessejamesgang was punished by admonishments and by being compelled to wear a tight garment called strictprobation.

27. And the men punished were these: Kingariah the Cutite, Poehlmaniah the Clipite, Starke the Holdite, Cox the Fetchite, and Her Bert the Trimate.



## Applied Quotations



FERGUSON :—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

MERRICK :—"That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man if with his tongue he can not win a woman."

FRASER, S. :—"Please, God, make room for a little boy."

REID, G. C. }  
REID, J. T. S. } :—"And both were young and one was beautiful."

PRICE, W. B. :—"I am so fresh that new blades of grass  
Turn pale with envy as I pass."

CARTER, P. H. :—"I advise that thou shift a shirt."

CHAPEL CHOIR :—"Organically incapable of turning a tune."

KIRKPATRICK :—"I wo n't have Old Ireland run down."

CUNNINGHAM :—"It is not my fault I was born tired."

IN NEW BARRACKS, SATURDAY NIGHT :—"All hell broke loose."

JONES, W. N. :—" 'Twas an explicit satire on mankind."

BLOOMBERG :—"In thy face I see the map of Jerusalem."

McBRYDE, M. :—"Practiced to lisp and hang the head aside,  
Faints into air and languishes with pride."

FERRATT :—"To look upon you was to rejoice that so fair a thing could be."

KARR, W. R. :—"Very smart, very witty, very sporty, and I want somebody to know it."

MITCHELL, R. S. M. :—"Nature abhors a vacuum, so she fills some heads with sawdust."

DRINKARD :—"Too young thou art for Cupid's darts to harm thee."

WOLFENDEN :—"Sharp misery had worn him to the bones."

DAVIS, W. K. :—"Some men were born for great things,  
Some were born for small ;  
Of some it is not recorded  
Why they were born at all."

STARKE :—"He is as headstrong as an alligator on the banks of the Nile."

ROSENFELD :—"An Israelite, indeed, in whom is no (?) guile."

FERNEYHOUGH :—“ A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits.”

AVIS :—“ Fashioned so slenderly ; so young and so fair.”

CHAPMAN :—“ And seem a saint when most I play the devil.”

JUNIORS :—“ If they are thought no worse of by others than they think of themselves, they will pass for excellent men.”

A SUB :—“ Not Hercules could have knocked out his brains, for he had none.”

MOORE, R. E. :—“ Most of the eminent men in history have been diminutive in stature.”

THE RAILROAD :—“ It is as hard to come as for a camel to thread the postern of a needle’s eye.”

TREDWELL :—“ What ! can the devil speak true ? I know him, a notorious liar.”

SPECIAL STUDENTS :—“ Their only labor was to kill the time.”

MILLER, W. W. :—“ A shallow brain behind a Senior’s mask.”

PRIDDY

SMITH, E. S. } :—“ All Gaul is divided into three parts.”

BUSH, W. R. H. }

FACULTY :—“ Some are wise and some are otherwise.”

CONNER :—“ I am not in the roll of common men.”

ANYBODY :—“ Of fools the world has such a store,  
That he who would not see an ass  
Must bide at home and bolt his door  
And break his looking - glass.”

PHILLIPS :—“ Do I look like a cudgel post, a staff, or a prop ?”

NICEWONGER :—“ He had a face like a benediction.”

FIRST DIVISION :—“ Lo, hell is empty and all the devils are here.”

ELLETT, A. S. :—“ He could lie with such ability that you would think truth were a fool.”

HANKINS :—“ An idler is a watch that wants both hands ; as useless if it goes as if it stands.”






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### RECEIPTS.

Laundry—330 Cadets, 9 mos @ \$260.00 per mo.....	\$ 85,800 00
Sales—396,782 prs. Gloves.....	396,878 20
" —300 prs. Hose @ 15c.....	45 00
" —3 Smoothing Irons @ 25c.....	75
Tobacco, Pipes, Knives & etc.....	25 32
Collar and Cuff Buttons, Shirt, Studs & etc.....	57 15
Miscellaneous Appropriations.....	500,000 00
Total.....	\$982,805 42

### EXPENDITURES.

<b>SALARIES—</b>	
Business Manager and Chief "Swiper".....	\$ 25,000 00
Mechanical Eng. and Assistant "Swiper".....	15,000 00
Revenue Collector—Office No. 1, O. B.....	500 00
Five Wenches and Skinoids @ \$50.00.....	250 00
<b>EXTRA EXPENSE—</b>	
Coal.....	10 00
Electric Lights.....	25 00
Washing.....	4 50
One Box Soap ("Tar").....	3 50
Fifteen Kegs Laundry Spikes (used for separating particles of clothing).....	22 16
One Bottle of Erasing Fluid (used in changing the laundry mark of the Cadets).....	50
Total.....	\$40,815 66



Net Profits for Year, \$941,989.76.






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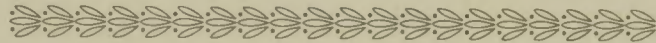
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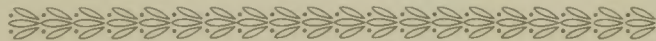
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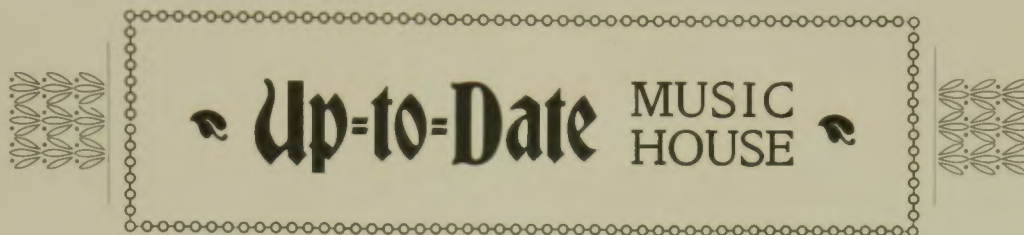
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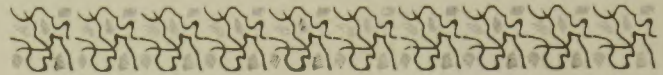
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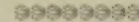
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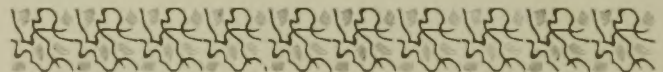
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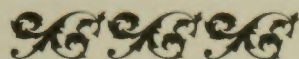


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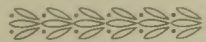
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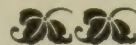


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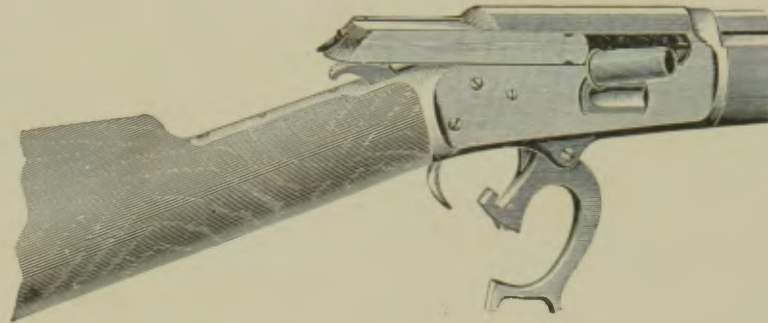
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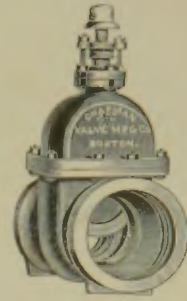
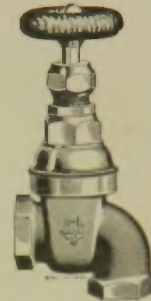
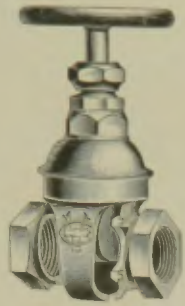
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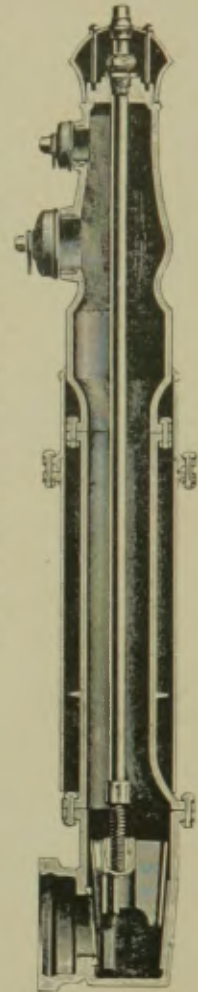
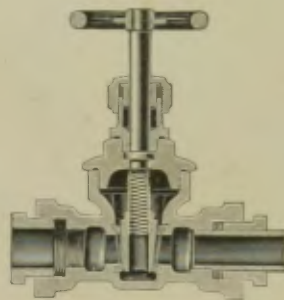
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