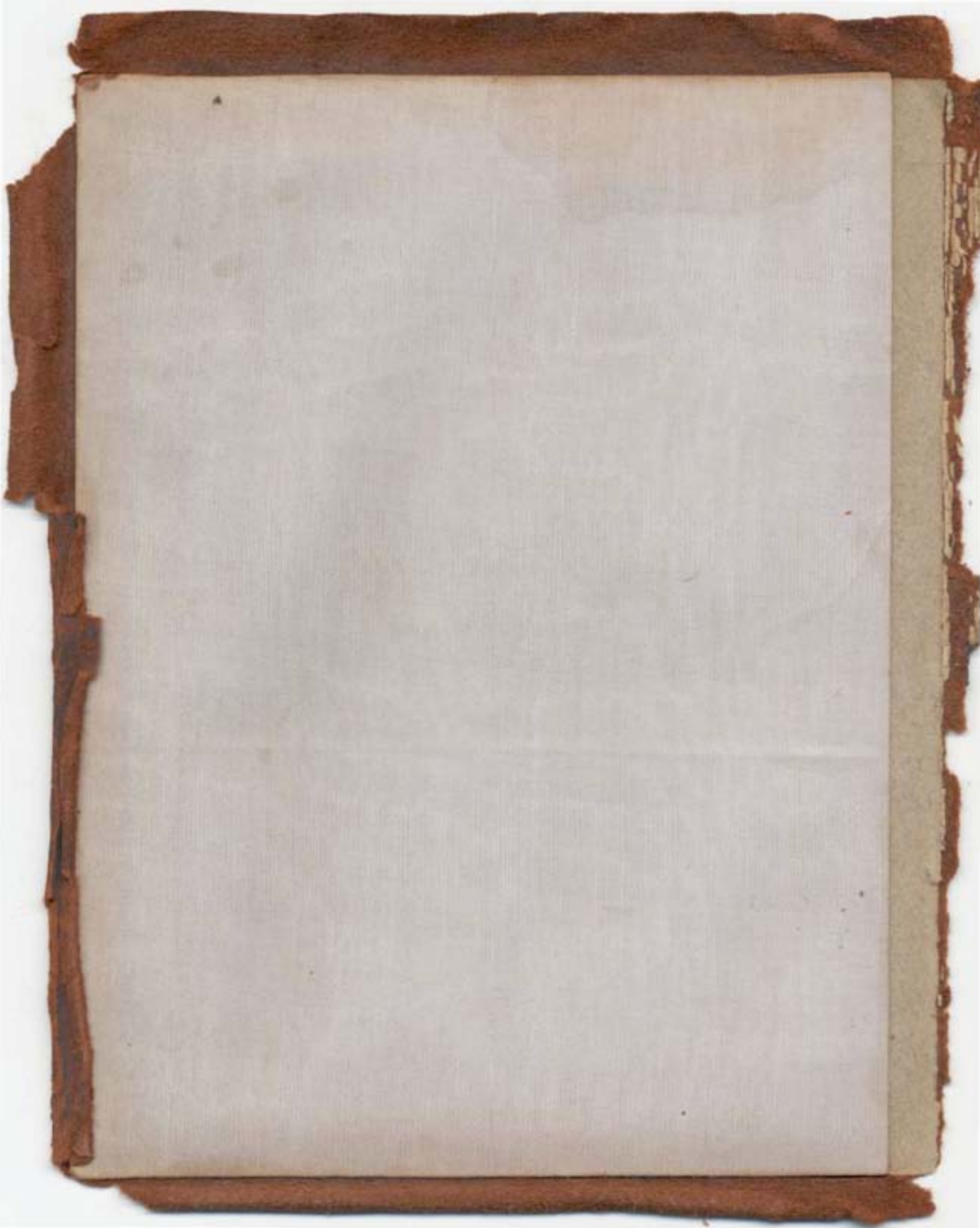


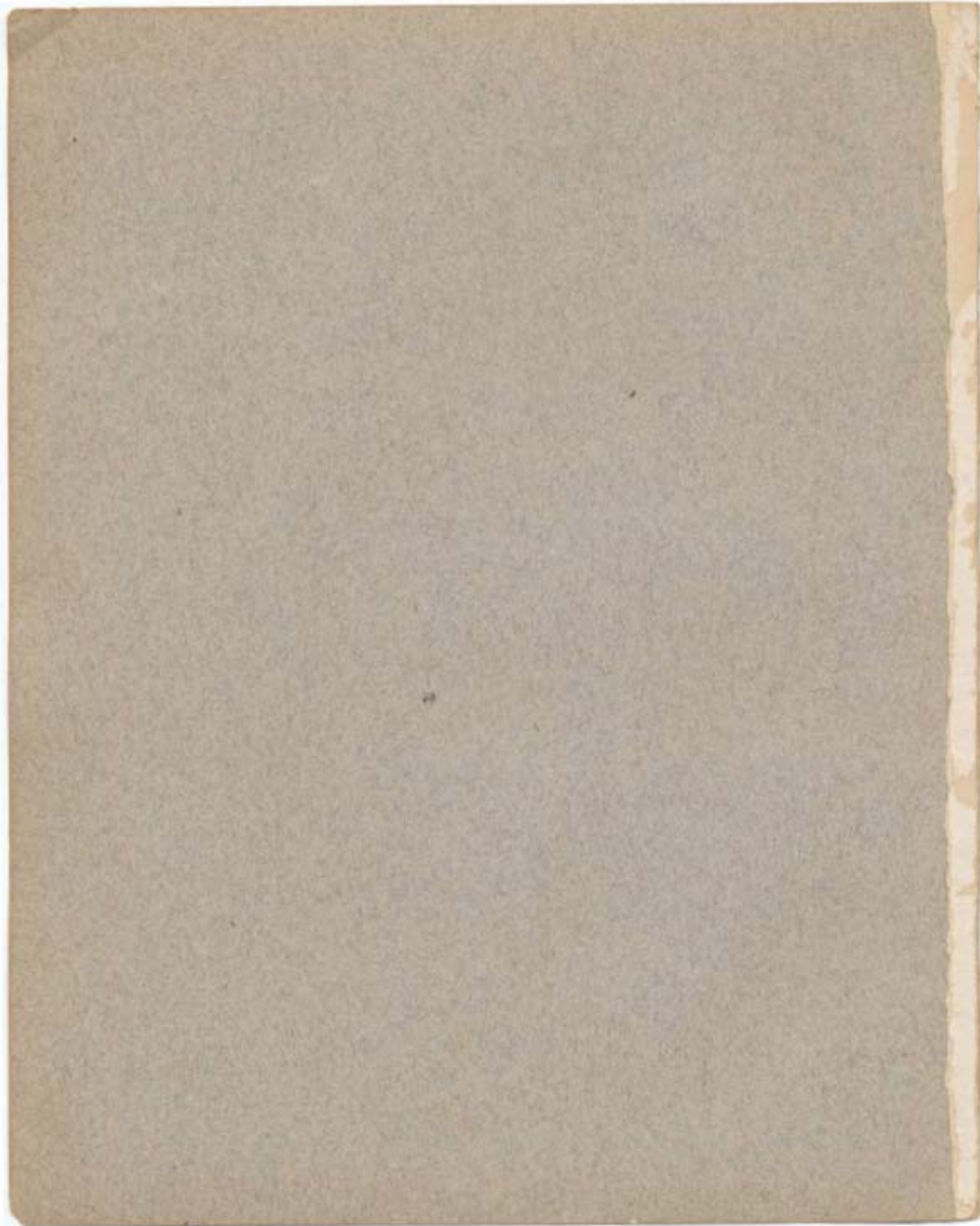
THE BUGLE

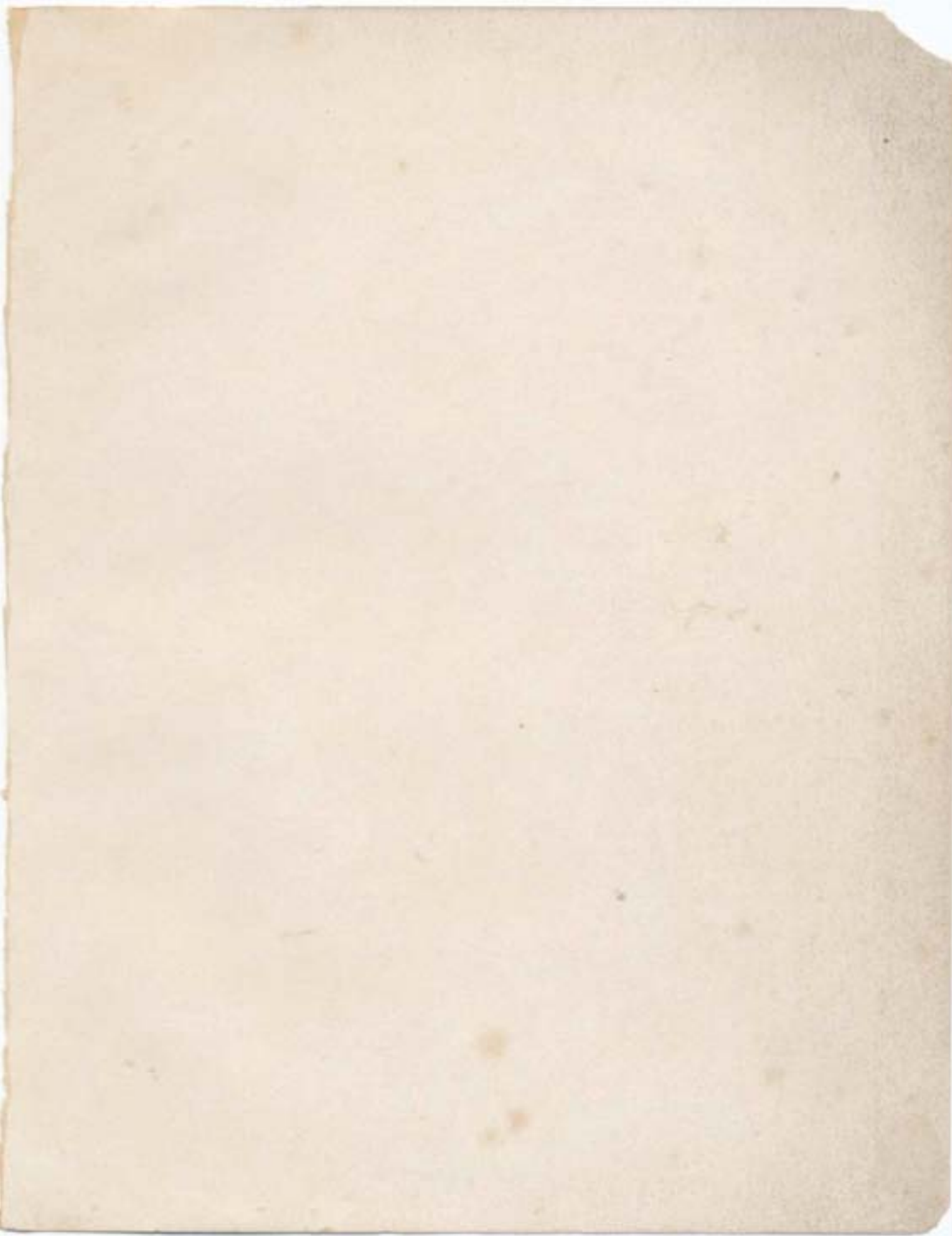
1910





1







Foreword

Because we aren't real witty,
Because we print sad jokes,
Because we cannot argue
In ways to suit you folks,
Don't sigh and cuss and knock us
And heave us on your shelf;
Just grab a pen, sweet reader,
And try to write yourself.



1910

VOLUME XVI.

NUMBER 1

THE BUGLE

1910



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

RICHMOND, VA.
EVERETT WADDEY CO.
1910

Contents

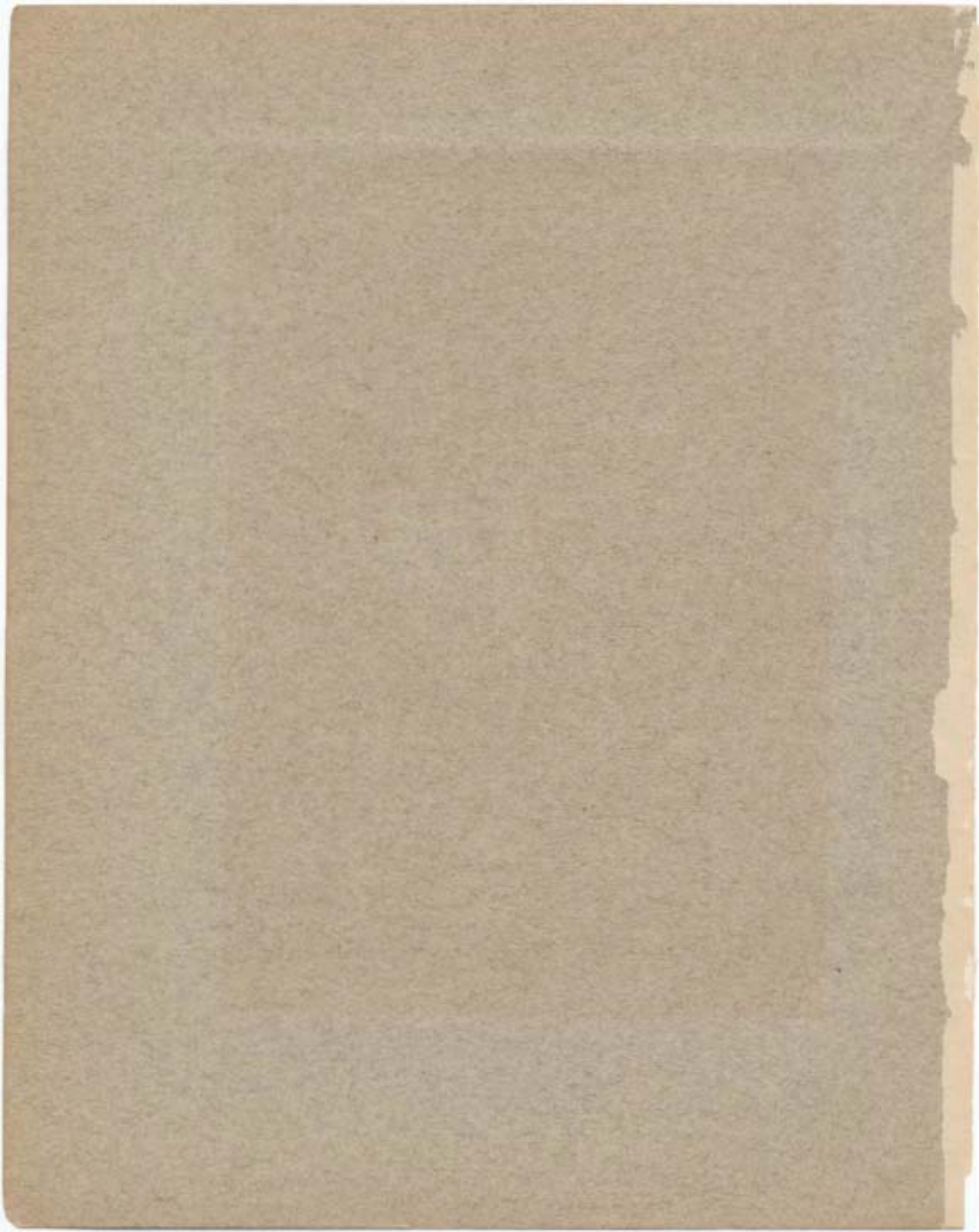
	PAGE
FOREWORD	0
FRONTPIECE	
DEDICATION	10
THE BUGLE BOARD	13
EDITORIALLY	14
BOARD OF VISITORS	15
OFFICERS AND INSTRUCTORS	23
SENIOR CLASS	89
SENIOR CLASS HISTORY	105
JUNIOR CLASS	111
SOPHOMORE CLASS	117
FRESHMAN CLASS	121
SECOND YEAR APPRENTICES	124
DR. GEORGE W. WALKER	127
LITERARY DEPARTMENT	
I Am Asked to Write a Poem	128
A Double Shuffle	130
Last Tips	132
Rascoc's Waterloo	133
I Wonder	140
Why Don't You Write	142
Seeing V. P. I. Through a Megaphone	146
Hamlet on the Mess Hall	152
Victuri Salutamus	154
Uncle Sporty	156
His "Lie"	157
Who's Who	158
Nelson S. Mayo	161
Wm. K. Dashiell	162
ATHLETICS	163
Athletic Association	164
Football	165
The Varsity	167
Scrubs	168
Football, 1909	169
Baseball	171
The Team	173
Basket Ball	175
The Team	177
Track	179
The Team	181
Tennis	183

	PAGE
The Team	185
Records	188
MILITARY	195
The Battalion	196
Battalion Officers	197
Company A	201
Company B	203
Company C	205
Company D	207
Company E	209
Company F	211
The Band	213
CLUBS	217
Roanoke Club	219
German Club	220
Bone Club	223
Norfolk Club	227
Shenandoah Valley Club	229
McGuire's Club	230
Glee Club	231
Portsmouth Club	232
Hampton Roads Club	233
Montgomery County Club	239
Agricultural Club	240
L. F. C. Club	242
Pulaski County Club	245
Fallen Angels	247
Cosmopolitan Club	248
Southside Virginians	251
The Bachelors	253
Albemarle and Orange Club	254
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION	255
YELLS	256
SONGS	257
OUR ARTISTS	258
ADVERTISEMENTS	261



To
Captain George H. Jamerson
Captain 29th Infantry, U. S. A.
as a token of our respect and
esteem, we dedicate this
the sixteenth vol-
ume of the
Eagle







THE 1916 "BUGLE" BOARD

1910 Bugle Board

G. GUY VIA, Editor-in-Chief

J. E. VAWTER, Business Manager

Assistant Business Manager

E. J. W. HULTMAN

Literary Editors

O. M. BISHOP

J. L. HUGHES

Advertising Editors

F. C. STONEBURNER

A. D. AUSTIN

Secretary

K. W. MACKALL

Art Editors

R. M. ROBINSON

I. R. JOHNSON

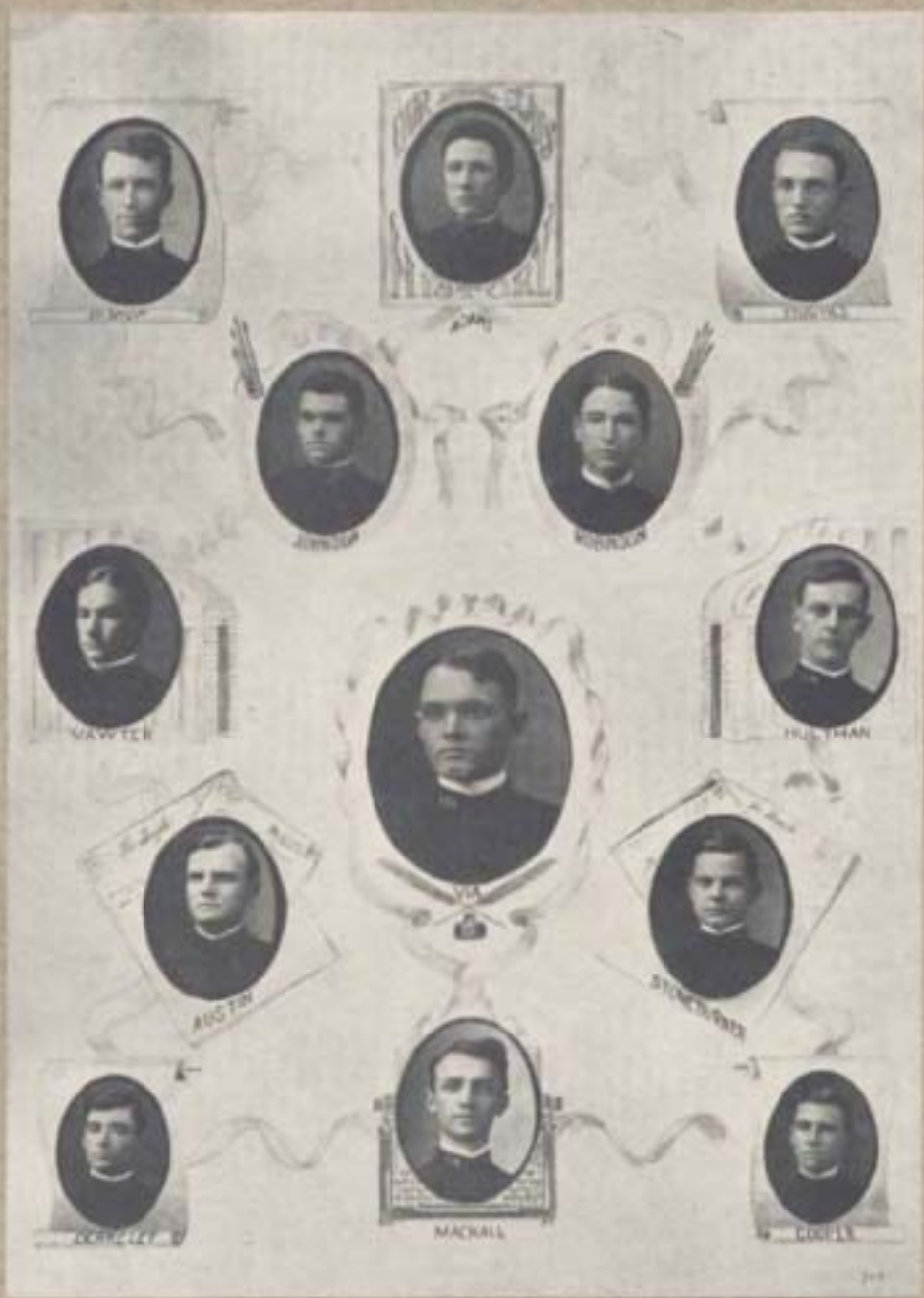
Representatives

G. I. BERKELEY

F. C. COOPER

Historian

C. T. ADAMS



JOHNSON



SMITH



HARRIS



JOHNSON



HARRIS



MAYTER



HULLMAN



AUSTIN



STANFORD



DOUGLASS



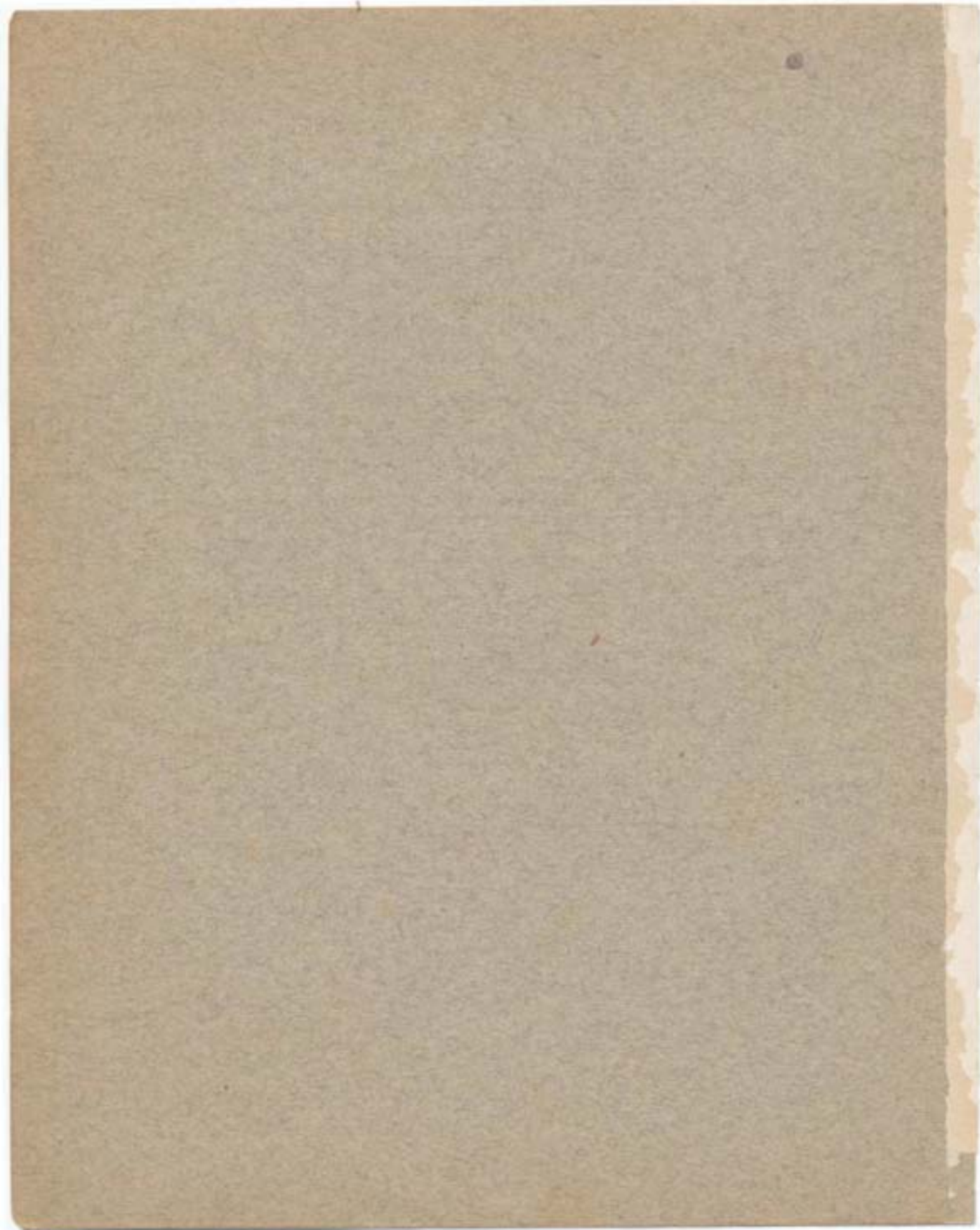
DOUGLASS



MACKALL



COLE



Editorially

WHEN, after four years of diligent labor and hard-fought battles, a class approaches the final separation which must needs come, it is but befitting that they should leave behind them a memorial of their achievements to be a constant reminder in after years of the happiness of college days which have been and are no more. With this idea in view, we have compiled a record of the events dear to a student's heart, as an embodiment of which we present the 1910 "Bugle."

It is scarcely possible that the average reader can conceive of the enormity of the task which we have undertaken—of the trials we have undergone, of the difficulties we have met, of the sleepless nights we have spent in our endeavor to produce a meritorious publication. It has, nevertheless, been a work fraught with pleasure, and it is with a tinge of sadness that we lay it aside.

For our Annual we claim nothing of unusual merit. Be generous, dear reader, in your criticisms, for its intrinsic value lies almost wholly in the deeds which we have depicted herein with pen and brush—deeds which we hope will serve to recall, in time to come, fond memories, fonder because of the days which will have since passed. If in this volume there is a page which shall strike a responsive chord in your nature, then indeed has our labor not been in vain, and we shall rest secure in that peace which proceeds from a knowledge of duty well performed.

We wish to thank all whose contributions have gone to make this volume a possibility. We are fully conscious of the futility of our lone efforts, and for this reason we are all the more appreciative. To you should be the credit, not us.

To all that is lofty and ennobling in college life, and to all that tends to uplift our Alma Mater, we consecrate this, the sixteenth volume of "The Bugle."

Ecce opera nostra!

Board of Visitors

J. C. CARRINGTON, Rector, Charlotte, Charlotte County

(Term expires July 1, 1912)

C. G. KIZER Norfolk, Norfolk County
J. S. MUSGRAVE Pinopolis, Southampton County
H. M. SMITH, JR. Richmond, Henrico County
P. F. ST. CLAIR Bane, Giles County

(Term expires July 1, 1910)

L. E. JOHNSON Roanoke, Roanoke County
R. J. NOELL East Radford, Montgomery County
L. D. KLINE Vancluse, Frederick County

(Term expires July 12, 1912)

J. D. EGGLESTON, Superintendent of Public Instruction, *ex-officio*, Richmond, Va.

J. M. BARKER Axton, Va.

C. I. WADE, Secretary of the Board, Christiansburg, Va.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

J. C. CARRINGTON, Chairman C. G. KIZER
P. F. ST. CLAIR H. M. SMITH, JR.

P. B. BARRINGER, President of the Institute, *ex-officio*

The Faculty

OFFICERS OF ADMINISTRATION

PAUL BRANDON BARRINGER, M. D., LL. D.
President

WILLIAM ROBERT DASHIELL, Captain Twenty-fourth U. S. Infantry
Commandant of Cadets

ROBERT J. DAVIDSON, A. M.
Dean of the Scientific Department

ROBERT A. MARR, C. E.
Dean of the Engineering Department

HARVEY L. PRICE, M. S.
Dean of the Agricultural Department

CHARLES I. WADE
Treasurer

ROBERT T. ELLETT
Secretary of the Faculty
Librarian

OFFICERS OF INSTRUCTION

THE INSTITUTE FACULTY

(In order of seniority of appointment)

PAUL BRANDON BARRINGER, M. D., LL. D.
President

JOHN McLAREN McBRIDE, Ph. D., Sc. D., LL. D.
President Emeritus

ELLISON ADGER SMYTH, JR., A. M., LL. D.
Professor of Biology

THEODORICK PRYOR CAMPBELL, A. M.
Professor of Modern Languages

ROBERT JAMES DAVIDSON, A. M.
Professor of Chemistry and Dean of the Scientific Department

LINGAN STROTHER RANDOLPH, M. E.
Professor of Mechanical Engineering

SAMUEL REYNOLDS PRITCHARD, A. M.
Professor of Electrical Engineering

- RICHARD HENRY HUDNALL, M. A., Ph. D.
Professor of English
- CHARLES ERASTUS VAWTER, B. S.
Professor of Physics
- JOHN ROBERT PARROTT
Professor of Mechanic Arts and Director of Shops
- GEORGE WILLIAM WALKER, A. M.
Professor of Latin and Head Master of School of Apprentices
- FRANCIS DANIEL WILSON, M. S., Ph. D.
Professor of Chemistry
- JOHN EDWARD WILLIAMS, M. A., Ph. D.
Professor of Mathematics
- HARVEY LEE PRICE, M. S.
Professor of Horticulture and Dean of the Agricultural Department
- ROBERT ATHELSTANE MARK, C. E.
Professor of Civil Engineering and Dean of the Engineering Department
- WILLIAM DABNEY SAUNDERS
Director of Creamery
- WILLIAM GEORGE CONNER, M. E.
Professor of Mechanic Arts
- WILLIAM HENRY RASCHE
Professor of Graphics
- JOHN SAMUEL ADOLPHUS JOHNSON, M. E.
Professor of Experimental Engineering
- CAROL MONTGOMERY NEWMAN, M. A., Ph. D.
Professor of Rhetoric
- JAMES BOLTON MCBRIDE, A. B., C. E.
Professor of Chemistry
- WILLIAM EDWARD BARLOW, M. A., Ph. D.
Professor of Metallurgy and Metallography and Dean of the Graduate Department
- STEVENSON WHITCOMB FLETCHER, M. S., Ph. D.
Director of Virginia Experimental Agriculture Station
- LYMAN E. CARRIER, B. S.
Professor of Agronomy
- OTTO CORNELIUS BURKHARDT, E. M., C. E.
Professor of Mining Engineering
- ROY JAY HOLDEN, B. S.
Professor of Geology and Mineralogy

- HOWARD S. REED, A. B., Ph. D.
Professor of Mycology and Bacteriology
- WALTER KIRK BRAINARD, B. S.
Professor of Dairy Husbandry
- NELSON SLATER MAYO, M. L., D. V. S.
Professor of Animal Husbandry and Veterinary Science
- ALFRED WASHINGTON DRINKARD, M. S.
Associate Professor of History and Economics
- FRANCIS HARRIS ARBOT, M. A.
Associate Professor of Rhetoric
- HUGH SKIPWITH WORTHINGTON, M. A.
Associate Professor of Modern Languages
- CLARENCE PAUL MILES, M. S.
Associate Professor of Modern Languages
- CLAUDIUS LEE, M. E.
Associate in Electrical Engineering
- WILLIAM MAYO BRODIE, M. E.
Associate in Mathematics and First Assistant Commandant of Cadets
- HARRY EARL ALLEN, B. S.
Associate Professor of Animal Husbandry

INSTRUCTORS AND ASSISTANTS.

- JOHN JAMES DAVIS, B. S.
Instructor in Modern Languages
- WILLIAM PIPER ANGEL, M. A.
Instructor in Mathematics
- HARRY GUDHEIM, M. E.
Instructor in Graphics
- CHARLES WILLIAM HOLDAWAY
Instructor in Dairying
- THOMAS BARKSDALE HUTCHESON, B. S.
Instructor in Agronomy
- JAMES MASSIE JOHNSON
Instructor in Foundry Work
- CHARLES HERBERT MOOREFIELD, C. E.
Instructor in Civil Engineering
- HORATIO SEYMOUR STAHL, B. S.
Instructor in Botany
- D. RALPH MIDYETTE, A. B.
Instructor in Modern Languages

FREDERICK REDLICH, Architect,
Instructor in Graphics
JOHN WILLIAM TEANEY
Assistant in Forge Work
HUGH NICHOLAS FAULKNER
Assistant in Wood Work
HUGH DOUGLAS MCTIER
Assistant in Wood Work
ROBERT ALEXANDER PAINE, B. S.
Assistant in Physics
FORREST SHEPPERSON HOLMES, B. S.
Assistant Commandant
CHARLES BAYLOR WALKER, B. S.
Assistant in Chemistry, Assistant Commandant
HENRY HOGE HUTCHINSON, B. S.
Assistant in Mechanical Laboratory; Assistant in Mathematics; Assistant Com-
mandant
ALVAN GRAYSON WALKER, B. S.
Assistant in Physics
JAMES STEEDMAN THORPE
Assistant in Physics
JOSEPH TALMAGE LUTTRELL, B. S.
Assistant in Surveying
THOMAS PARET HICKS, B. S.
Assistant in Surveying
*HENRY GRADY JORDAN, B. S.
Assistant in Electrical Engineering
JACQUELIN SMITH COOLEY, A. B.
Assistant in Plant Pathology
FRANK EDWARDS SAUNDERS
Assistant in Agronomy
OAKLEY MAURICE BISHOP
Student Assistant in Chemistry
HEATH CAMPBELL PAINTER
Student Assistant in Chemistry
JAMES BURLEIGH LUCAS
Student Assistant in Chemistry
DAVID WARNER FRY
Student Assistant in Latin

*Resigned.

OTHER OFFICERS

CHARLES I. WADE

Treasurer

MARY G. LACY (resigned)

Librarian

WILLIAM F. HENDERSON, M. D.

Surgeon

DANIEL O. MATTHEWS

Superintendent of Grounds, Buildings and Laundry

JOHN L. PHILLIPS, M. S.

State Entomologist

JOHN H. SCHULTZ

Steward of the Dining Hall

WIRT DUNLAP

Superintendent of Book Department

ANNA G. HANNAS

Superintendent of Infirmary

JOHN H. KELSEY

Superintendent of Tailoring Department

HUGH D. MCTIER

Musical Director

ROBERT T. ELLETT

Assistant to Treasurer and Secretary of Faculty

CORA JAMES CRAWFORD

Secretary to President

LOUISE A. NEILSON

Executive Clerk

VIRGINIA M. PATTON

Clerk to Commandant

REVS. D. J. WOODS, E. B. JACKSON, J. M. KILLIAN, R. B. NELSON and H. P.

HAMMIL, Chaplains

Corps Organization

O. M. BISHOP, '10	President
F. C. STONEBURNER, '10	Vice-President
A. N. HODGSON, '11	Secretary
G. G. GARRISON, '11	Treasurer
W. H. BURRUSS, '12	Sergeant-at-Arms
J. L. HUGHES, '10	Prosecuting Attorney
C. T. ADAMS, '10	Defending Attorney

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

O. M. BISHOP, Chairman

J. D. HAMILTON	R. E. STEELE
A. D. AUSTIN	D. D. HOWE
J. L. HUGHES	G. G. GARRISON
W. B. DAVIS	S. A. MANN
E. E. STAFFORD	H. B. HUGHES
P. A. TANNER	F. Q. WINGFIELD





September, 1906

Senior Class



MISS DAVIS
Sponsor

J. W. EDWARDS	President
A. D. AUSTIN	Vice-President
E. R. HODGSON	Secretary
R. M. ROBINSON	Treasurer
C. T. ADAMS	Historian
A. G. GIBBS	Sergeant-at-Arms



John Henry Aaron

BRISTOL, VA.

Chemistry.

Retire within thyself, and thou wilt discover
how small a stock there is.

Private, Company D

Johnnie Aaron is nice, soft, sleek, and roly-poly, and one knows just by looking at him that some day he is going to be paunchy and very choleric and important. Even now he can appreciate the fine points of a joke or a racquet better than most fellows. He ought to be a great chemist, since he began his course as an engineer and spent many grimy days in the shops. Johnnie isn't what you might call meek and lowly, but he'd make the cutest little minister ever; that is, if he could throw away his bones and forget the lure of flesh-pots.



"CHING-CHING"



Charles Taylor Adams

RICHMOND, VA.

Horticulture.

A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A weekly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemned to drudge, the meanest of the
mean,
And furnish falsehoods for a magazine.

Member German Club.

Member Athletic Council.

President Richmond Club.

Vice-President of Agricultural Club.

Managing Editor of "The Tech.," '09.

Editor-in-Chief of "The Tech.," '10.

Associate Editor of the "Gray Jacket."

Defending Attorney of the Corps.

Class Historian.

Taylor has the hot-air supply of Montgomery County cornered, trussed up and stored away. And that isn't the worst of it. If he'd keep it where he's got it, we would not object so strenuously. But he always has it on tap. Unlike Growley Walker, who emits tornado-like gusts of self-adulation, the hot-air in question comes in a steady, continuous stream, and you never can tell what is and what isn't true.

Taylor is always getting reported absent from classes, too, because unless the Prof. gets a full front view, the impression of Taylor doesn't register on the optics. But he'll pass, and nobody expects him to keep his mouth shut.



"TAYLOR"



Arthur Donald Austin

ROANOKE, VA.

Horticulture.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.

Private, Company F

- Member Scrub Football Team, '06-'07.
- 'Varsity Baseball Team, '07-'08.
- Secretary of Horticulture Club, '07-'08.
- Vice-President of German Club, '08-'09.
- Captain 'Varsity Baseball Team, '08-'09.
- Vice-President of Athletic Association, '08-'09.
- Vice-President of Class, '08-'09.
- Member of Executive Committee of Corps, '08-'09, '09-'10.
- Member of Athletic Council, '08-'09, '09-'10.
- Treasurer of Camel Club, '08-'09.
- President of Athletic Association, '09-'10.
- President of Agricultural Club, '09-'10.
- Advertising Editor of "The Bugle," '09-'10.
- Manager Senior Football Team, '09-'10.
- President of Camel Club, '09-'10.
- President of Final Ball, '09-'10.

Doc says his specialty is "running men." Nay, nay, Josephine, not if Doc has to keep up with the men. But he is some Frith at running a bluff. He spends half his time telling everybody else how little he studies and what low marks he is going to make. But no one believes him. Doc has front teeth which they use for dentifrice ads, and a heart like all out-doors. You couldn't help liking Doc to save your life. We can't tell whether Doc is going to the farm and raise potatoes or whether he will return to Roanoke and raise Hades—with the ladies, we mean. He's going to have a brilliant future, however, for he can run men so well.



"DOC"



Vivian Eastwood Ayre

WATERFORD, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

Night after night, he sat and bleared
His weary eyes with books.

Private, Company A

Sergeant-at-Arms of the L. F. C. Club,
'07-'08.

Class Football Team, '09.

When Vivian becomes famous, his biographers are going to rave over his Carlyeo-Rodenesque physiognomy. He's the boy with the beetling brows, all right. Ponderous, that's the word for him. The preponderance of his ponderosity is simply ponderous. Heavy thought is his specialty. Heavy? Whew! If any of it ever slides on you, when they pry you out, you'll look like a sheet of gold-leaf which has been starved to death. When he was taking civil they used him for bridge buttresses, masonry piers and other heavy draft work. Draft, did we say? Hold—Cyclone—Heavy? Say, his atomic weight runs out to four figures. He's some ponderous—eh, what?



"GAS"



Henry Evans Billups

NORFOLK, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

A devil abroad, and a saint at home.

Lieutenant, Company D

'Varsity Football Squad, '06-'07.
'Varsity Football Team, '07-'08.
Class Baseball Team, '07-'08.
'Varsity Baseball Team, '08-'09.
Manager of Class Football Team, '09-'10.
Sergeant-at-Arms of Norfolk Club, '06-'07.
Vice-President of Norfolk Club, '08-'09.
President of Norfolk Club, '09-'10.

By bounding billows at beautiful Buckroe Beach was born Billups. Some allit, eh? They say Peggy was a lovely lad when a youth, and had an awfully romantic affair with a mermaid, but the jade ran away with another shark and left Peggy in the lurch, so he bought a pea-jacket and went to sea. He's the only original, grizzled old sea-dog, all right. Avast there, me hearties, heave hard and stow the for-ard to-glant s'ls. Shades of Captain Marryat, what a bo'sun would our Peggy have made in the days of Paul Jones!



"PEGGY"



Oakley Maurice Bishop

RINER, VA.

Chemistry.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

Captain, Company A

Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society,
'07-'08.

Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary
Society, '07-'08.

Winner Declaimer's Medal Maury Literary
Society, '07-'08.

Sergeant-at-Arms Maury Literary Society,
'08-'09.

Local Editor of the "Gray Jacket," '07-'08.

Local Editor of the "Gray Jacket," '08-'09.

Class Representative "Bugle," '08-'09.

Vice-President Montgomery County Club,
'08-'09.

President Montgomery County Club, '09-'10.

Literary Editor "Bugle," '09-'10.

President of the Corps, '09-'10.

Chairman Executive Committee of the
Corps, '09-'10.

Maurice—accent the "ice," and pronounced
same like Greece—has got one on all of us.
They print the honor roll forms with Maurice's
name at the top, always, Jessie, always. Saves
Miss Nielson lots of trouble, and there isn't any
earthly chance of his missing it. Some keen,
Maurice's intellect. He's a military scribe, and
level-headed and all sorts of classy things, just
like the hero in the Alger books you used to read.
For further information, turn to life of Wysor.



"SCRIBE"



Grover Cleveland Brooking

ORANGE, VA.

Civil Engineering.

Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill,
Of moving gracefully or standing still;
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from 'other.

Lieutenant, Company A

Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.

Class Football Team, '09-'10.

Treasurer of Orange and Albemarle Club,
'07-'08.

Grover Cleveland Brooking—Shorty—Yea, Mabel, that blur on the horizon is he. Nobody ever got his exact altitude, but we feel proud to know that we can estimate it within ten feet. They say when Shorty was a little fellow, almost six feet or so, he was real cute. Now he's only tall. We admire the superlative anywhere. Well, it most certainly is in Shorty. His name, by the way, is his biography. G. Cleveland Brrrr—Big larly, beap fine. That's how he *looks*. Brooking—visions of woodlands, streamlets, purling, babbling rills—that's how he *is*. And he doesn't eat half as much as Stonewall Jackson.



"SHORTY"



James Arnold Buxton

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Civil Engineering.

Lean as the fork with the wind whistling
through the prongs.

Private, Company A

Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.

Class Football Team, '09-'10.

Secretary Newport News Club, '07-'08.

Buck is always under a cloud. You see, he's got a head like a brass tack and knows the deuce of a lot, but he's so chary about imparting his knowledge, that the Profs. don't see it that way. Then, too, his tongue has a way of laying down on him and balling him all up, which isn't a very nice thing for a fellow's tongue to do, but which happens, just the same. So Buck keeps his mouth shut and uses his head instead.



"BUCK"



David Preston Clemmer

MIDDLE BROOK, VA.

Mechanical Engineering.

How much a dunce who has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce who has been left at home.

Lieutenant, Company B

Sergeant-at-Arms Shenandoah Valley Club.

Member German Club.

Captain Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.

News Editor of "Tech", '09-'10.

D. Preston hasn't been here but two years, so we can't find out much about him. He's got a laugh and a system of dancing which are all his own; original, to say the least. He also owns a camera and is somewhat of a picture shark—nothing like Dutch Slayton—but a real, sure enough shark. That laugh, however, will make his way for him; why, it would file through steel armor plate. It is indescribable, but we aren't afraid to try it. Anyhow, it sounds like—oh, well, we mustn't get personal, but we are some joyed to know that all laughs aren't infectious—whew, think of an epidemic.



"D. P."



Frederick Page Coleman

SOUTH BOSTON, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

Remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow.

Lieutenant, Staff

Assistant Business Manager "Gray Jacket,"
'07-'08.

Local Editor "Gray Jacket," '08-'09.

Rifle Team, '08-'09.

President Halifax County Club, '08-'09.

Class Football Team, '09-'10.

Ever been to South Boston, gentle reader? Neither have we, but we're betting that they haven't got street cars there, else Coleman wouldn't be so retiring. Coleman reminds us of the Retreat from Moscow. His retiring isn't as much a retreat as it is a stampede, a rout, a regular haul-the-ball. But he's real good-natured, whenever you catch up with him, and it is on record that he really jokes on occasions. We've never been present on any occasion, but my, how retiring that boy is!



"FRED"



William Slater Cowart

COWART, VA.

Civil Engineering.

Again I hear that creaking step!—
He's rapping at the door!
Too well I know the loading sound,
That ushers in a bore.

Private, Company F

Noodle soup is a very humble and unprepossessing structure. Not so with Noodles Cowart. When he shows up with that three-decker hirsute of his and goes down the concrete with that double-action knee movement, he's about as imposing as the Washington Monument or Louie Isaacs, and his way of saying "aw" is certainly cute and cunning, and "aw"-fully *distinguished*. Bec-"aw"-se Noodles is a personage out in Northumberland. They named the town after him, anyhow, which looks like some pumpkins. But he *does* cheat Charlie Campbell out of a livelihood.



"NOODLES"



Carl Giles Crowder

BLACKSBURG, VA.

Mechanical Engineering.

But heaven defend me from a friend who
comes—but never goes.

Private, Company A

"Mouse" Football Team, '06-'07.

Class Baseball Team, '06-'07.

Class Football Team, '08-'09.

Scrub Baseball Team, '08-'09.

Behold another of Blacksburg's famed sons!
Or is this the first? Well, there are more
coming, which would seem to show that the
village doesn't run to Friths and yaller dogs all
the time. Now and then you get a real, live
man—a man who ought to be doubly patted, be-
cause he has overcome such obstacles in life.
Some of these days we'll hear about Crowder, of
Jonesville, or Smithtown, but not of Blacksburg.



"DICK"



Harry Edward Early

GALAX, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

The bookful block-head ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

Private, Company A

Unlike his distinguished namesake, Jubal has novelistic proclivities. Now, don't mistake us or fear a pun on his name; we mean he reads novels—pores over them, devours them, so to speak, together with more chocolate candy than any man here. We predict the failure of Mr. Dunlap when Early leaves. Sort of an *early* failing, y' understand. Jubal whistles now and then, but in an unobtrusive way.



"JUBILEE"



John W. Edwards

ARVONIA, VA.

Chemistry.

You look wise;
Pray correct the error.

Private, Company C

Class Baseball Team, '05-'06, '06-'07,
'08-'09.

President Senior Class, '09-'10.

Here we have another retiring one, only once did the underlying strata of ability burst forth and proclaim itself, and things should have happened about then. John came out just long enough to be President of the Senior Class, and then he went back to Pat's lab, and the ways of the oxygen atom. People say lots of things about John, one way or another, and then some, but we don't believe anything we hear. He prowls around a heap, though, and if you didn't know what he was doing, you'd say he was real dangerous. You see, when a man is president of his class, he has got to do something to keep up his dignity.



"JOHN"



Mason Wayne Frankfield

PAGETON, W. VA.

Electrical Engineering.

Soon as thy letters, trembling, I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.

Lieutenant, Company A

Secretary West Virginia Club, '06-'07.

Treasurer West Virginia Club, '07-'08.

President West Virginia Club, '08-'09.

Secretary Electrical Engineering Club,
'09-'10.

From the coal fields of rough-and-ready West Virginia comes this stalwart Dutchman. Aside from a very tapering torso and a most euphonious cognomen, there isn't anything particularly illustrious about Frank. He tends to his own business—a thing nine-tenths of his classmates know nothing about—and he's some shark with the pasteboards. But then, he's from West Virginia, and you never can tell about those people.



"FRANK"



David Warner Fry

ASHASH, VA.

Civil Engineering.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters out
tongues, was once thought honest.

Captain, Company F

Secretary Orange and Albemarle Club,
'08-'09.

Vice-President of Civil Engineering Club,
'09-'10.

Fricasseees, barbecues and cassaroles are usually fine ways of stewing up victuals, but when you come to just a plain fry, you aren't always sure of getting what you ordered. That's just about how it is with Fry, of ours—something, maybe the butter, or maybe the flavoring, but plainly something was sour and consequently the finished dish isn't palatable. At least that's what they say over in "F" Company. This may sound like a roast, but it isn't, not by a darn sight—it's a *fry*.



"STEW"



Aubrey Grabatt Gibbs

PORT ROYAL, VA.

Mechanical Engineering.

A mighty pain to love it is,
'Tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all the pains, the greatest pain
Is to love and love in vain.

Private, Company A

Class Baseball Team, '06-'07.
Class Baseball Team, '07-'08.
Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.
'Varsity Football Team, '08-'09.
'Varsity Football Team, '09-'10.
Vice-President Mechanical Engineering Club

Uncle Aubrey is the hub of the 'varsity wheel-center, you know, and Spalding says he's a mighty good one. He's always falling over stubs, and is in love, but he can't get the fair ones to look at things his way. Aubrey don't sound just right as a handle to him, though. Aubrey, you remember, was once such a nice, soft-spoken, curly-haired youth. Our Aubrey is there with the horse laugh and the go-easy method of inserting himself *hintercin*.



"SEASHORE"



John Donald Hamilton

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Mechanical Engineering.

The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.

Private, Company F

Secretary Class, '06-'07.

Treasurer Class, '07-'08.

Executive Committee, '08-'09, '09-'10.

Vice-President Newport News Club, '07-'08.

Assistant Manager Tennis Team, '08-'09.

Assistant Business Manager "The Tech,"
'08-'09.

President Camel Club, '08-'09.

Manager Tennis Team, '09-'10.

Member Athletic Council, '09-'10.

President Mechanical Engineering Club,
'09-'10.

The canny Scot—Hoot, mon—come awa! Hammie ought to make a kien caddie, not a tea caddie, Eveline, but one of those braw laddies who tote the cleek and brassie. He's also one of those deceptive people who keep their mouth shut, and because they say nothing, get up an awful "rep" as to what they *could* do if they *would*. That is, until you come to know them. But John *can* appreciate a joke, and he was a good foil for Mike Yancey in the Executive Committee.



"JOHN D."



Nathan David Hargrove

RICHMOND, VA.

Agriculture.

He who falls in love meets a worse fate
than he who leaps from a rock.

Private, Company A

Captain of Class Track Team, '08-'09.

Basket Ball Team, '08-'09.

Lee Literary Society, '08-'09.

Assistant Manager Basket Ball Team,
'08-'09.

Track Team, '08-'09.

Class Football Team, '08-'09.

Manager Basket Ball Team, '09-'10.

Behold Porthos—worthy Porthos, who could throw Englishmen out the windows and drink Maitre Jacques under the table. Piggy used to be able to level out all sorts of things on his good right arm, but since he got to writing transcontinental epistles, his strength has dwindled. It is an even bet that Piggy would rather sleep than eat, but that's about all he ever does—sleep and eat. Of course, he goes to a class now and then, mostly when Doc Henderson is away, however.



"PIGGY"



Herman Bruce Hawkins

SUFFOLK, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

Ho-y-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way.

Captain and Adjutant

Class Historian, '08-'09.
Chairman Press Club, '09-'10.
Athletic Editor of the "Tech," '09-'10.
German Club.
Treasurer Camel Club, '07-'08.
Vice-President Camel Club, '08-'09.
Treasurer Camel Club, '09-'10.
Secretary and Treasurer Final Ball, '10.

Bill was raised on peanut butter coming from Suffolk; that is, Bill came from Suffolk. Of course, the butter came from Suffolk, too. Some of it came in Bill. Bill is long and distinguished looking, and made a fine adjutant, until heart trouble gave him the kibosh. Bill's got it bad—daily letters, telegrams and all that. That heart trouble is going to get Bill in bad, too, some day. Some fellows *do* have awfully soft hearts, though.



"BILL"



Emory Riddling Hodgson

FALLS CHURCH, VA.

Agriculture.

Thou shouldst eat to live; not live to eat.

Lieutenant, Company A

Sergeant-at-Arms, Class '08-'09.
Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '08-'09.
Manager Baseball Team, '09-'10.
Captain Football Team, '09-'10.
German Club.
Secretary Class, '09-'10.
Athletic Council, '09-'10.
Varsity Football Team, '07-'08, '08-'09,
'09-'10.

Sound the screaming sweinet! Bang the booming brass! Hooray! Wow!! Whee!!! Behold the conquering 'ero—'Ere comes Emory—"Ole Hoss"—ought to have lived in the days of Rome. He'd have beat 'em all out when it came to horse flesh to pull the chariots of the conquerors. Sure, he's got a big "rep"—we know it—he knows it—so wherefore—why, even the kids in Roanoke try to look like him. All the babies in Falls Church are named after him. William Jennings Bryan and Chauncey Olcott aren't in it with Hoss. But he is sure some square. The man of Elba must have thought of Emory when he figured out the Square Deal. For that's Emory—all over—square.



"OLE HOSS"



Henry Hart Holmes

PULASKI, VA.

Civil Engineering.

"Comparisons are odorous."

Lieutenant, Company C

Secretary Pulaski County Club, '07-'08.
Treasurer Pulaski County Club, '08-'09
Class Football Team, '09-'10.

"Plucker" used to be the mainstay of the military department, but during his senior year the spirit of unrest entered his soul, and he became a most awful L. raiser. That is, to his own imagination and to the minds of those who drink in his yarns of prowess. He's harmless and has a genius for gathering; otherwise he's all right. It was a shame that they didn't make him ranking captain, but these military scribes never get their deserts, anyhow.



"PLUCKER"



John Lejburn Hughes

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Civil Engineering.

But owned a smile, if oft' observed and near,
Waned in its mirth, and withered to a sneer

Private, Company F

Class Football Team, '07-'08.
 Scrub Football Team, '08-'09.
 Varsity Track Team, '07-'08.
 Captain Basket Ball Team, '08-'09.
 Varsity Track Team, '08-'09.
 Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.
 Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '08-'09.
 President Lee Literary Society, '08-'09.
 Varsity Football Team, '09-'10.
 Varsity Basket Ball Team, '09-'10.
 Captain Varsity Track Team, '09-'10.
 Prosecuting Attorney of the Corps, '09-'10.
 Executive Committee, '09-'10.
 Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '09-'10.
 Exchange Editor "Tech," '09-'10.
 Literary Editor "Bugle," '09-'10.

Talking about the Star Chamber methods and Spanish Snquisitions—shades of military explanations—what a rasping tongue! Big jaws, number eight files, and Malay creeses aren't in it with that vocabulary of Piker's. Unlike Musser, of ours, who has gotten a "rep" because he keeps his mouth shut, not having anything to say, Piker has built up a name because he always has something to say—and he always says it—and it is always hot, hissing and horrendous. Piker is going to make some cheese of a lawyer one of these days.



"PIKER"



Edgar Joseph Waldemar Hultman

SWEET HALL, VA.

Chemistry.

When I was stamped, some coiner with his
tools
Made me counterfeit.

Captain, Company D

Assistant Business Manager "Bugle," '09-'10.

Dainty, debonair, always right, keen-headed and soft-spoken, this little man with three letters to his name. Has all the ear-marks of the embryonic success. Alas for prophecy—some day you are going to drop into a country store to buy crackers and sardines for the women in the tonneau, and you're going to be surprised to see E. J. W. behind the counter. Of course, he'll overcharge you for the provender, just the same.



"ALPHABET"



Edward Anderson Isbell

RICHMOND, VA.

Civil Engineering.

His only labor was to kill the time;
And labor dire it is, and dreary woe.

Private, Band

Class Baseball Team, '07-'08.
Football Squad, '07-'08.
Baseball Squad, '08-'09.
Track Squad, '09-'10.
Class Football Team, '09-'10.

Hark now, Geraldine, for great deeds are going to be recorded. Hast e'er heard of Izzy, the Trombonist, the Intrepid Indian Investigator, the Doer of Much Stunts in Fourth Division? Alas, that space is limited. To be sure, Izzy is a (catch the euphony, reader?) very important personage. He has tried more things up here than any man since Rip Priddy, and he is still attempting. But he's a good scout, and with his pal, Doney Vaughan, is of great historic interest about campus.



"IZZY"



William Harrison Jackson

JETERSVILLE, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

Lieutenant, Company C

Rifle Team, '08-'09.

"Stonewall Jackson" Jackson. Suffering snakes! Why *didn't* they stick "Napoleon Bonaparte" somewhere in his name and send the boy to West Point? Jack is wise beyond his years; in fact, he's a regular wisecracker. Speaking of acres reminds us that Stonewall is fresh from the farm—like the butter you buy in the city. That is, he was fresh from the farm, just like the butter was—once, years ago, this was. But you couldn't help liking him any more than you could real country butter.



"STONEWALL"



William Vancey Jinks

ASHLAND, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

My dear sir, take any road; you can't go
amiss. You'll make any place a vast insane
asylum.

Lieutenant, Company D

Vice-President Ashland Club, '07-'08.

Rifle Team, '08-'09.

"The annals of quiet people are short," or words to that effect, somebody once said. That's about how it is with Jinks. And if you don't know what annals means, why look at William Y.; he's short and hard-headed and very, very good indeed. But we were speaking of annals of Jinks. They're short—Jinks is likewise. He's also quiet, and never blows his own trumpet under any circumstances.



"JINKS"



Harry Guilford Jones

DOE HILL, VA.

Civil Engineering.

O bed! O bed! Delicious bed;
That heaven upon earth to a lazy head.

Private, Company A

- * Varsity Football Squad, '06-'07, '07-'08.
- * Varsity Football Team, '08-'09, '09-'10.
- * Varsity Track Team, '06-'07.
- Captain Class Baseball Team, '07-'08.
- * Varsity Baseball Team, '08-'09.

Big Hal, from Doe Hill, that's him. However, when they named him they got the right play but the wrong character—Hal. "Nay, nay, Geraldine"—say Falstaff, and you've hit it. Ben Greet is simply crying for Griz, but Griz is also crying for something—his little doggie. The canine was lost in the lobby of the Jefferson Hotel, and Griz has never recovered. My, what a butt of Mahmsey it would take to drown this "fat Jack of the Bonehouse!"



"GRIZ"



Jacob Harry Kerlin

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Civil Engineering.

A little, idle, good-for-nothing
And mischief-making monkey from his birth.

Private, Company C

Lo, we have used all our adjectives of effacement and quiescence and retirement, and now we want some to attach to J. Kerlin. We had meant to ask him for what he was famous, but he's gone on a cross-country jog. He's from Newport News, but that isn't anything to tell about a man. He's a fine reflector for Piker Hughes' radiance, and he is very valuable to the C. E. Department. They use him for a float when they want to find the current rate of a stream.



"JAKE"



Frank Beverly Lamb

RICHMOND, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

It is the peculiar quality of a fool to perceive the faults of others and to forget his own.

Lieutenant, Company E

Highest Shot on Rifle Team, '08-'09.

Class Baseball Team, '09-'10.

Class Football Team, '09-'10.

President Omicron Club, '09-'10.

Lord Chesterfield must be turning in his grave these days. The polish, politeness and suavity of Beverly is of a greatness. Polish! Why, if Lummy goes out in a windstorm, he comes back all scarred, so great is the polish. He's President of the Omicron Club, too, and in many other ways a real, high-toned, *distingue* chap. And he wears chamois skin gloves so he can preserve the polish. Polished? Yea, Bo, that's the cue.



"LUMMY"



Edward Bathurst Lewis

HOWARDSVILLE, VA.

Mechanical Engineering.

So perfumed that the winds were love sick.

Staff Captain and Quartermaster.

Secretary Albemarle County Club, '07-'08.

Vice-President Albemarle County Club,
'08-'09.

Vice-President Episcopal Church Club,
'08-'09.

President Junior, Senior German, '08-'09.

Vice-President Class, '08-'09.

German Club.

Square—that's the word. They lay off the U. S. G. S. triangles by E. B.'s shoulders, and then he's pretty square otherwise. Don't say much, y' understand, but thinks a heap—and is right on the level always. Lewis don't even let love ruffle the calm tenor of his way. When we were Rats, we used to think he used T squares in his shoulders, but we have since found out that it is his natural squareness.



"BATTENBURG"



James Burleigh Lucas

RINER, VA.

Chemistry.

The real thing on the farm, but Hell on the parade-ground.

Lieutenant, Company F

Secretary Montgomery County Club, '06-'07.
Sergeant-at-Arms Medical Club, '06-'07.
Secretary and Treasurer Medical Club,
'07-'08.

Lee Literary Society, '06-'07, '07-'08.

Local Editor "Gray Jacket," '08-'09.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10.

"The plowman whistled blithe." "Way back in Milton's time there used to be a plowman. And what would we have done in Revolutionary days if Farmer Starke hadn't been plowing? So, you see, plows are pretty important articles. What's all this got to do with it? Why, Jim Burleigh Lucas used to be the "champyun" plowman of Montgomery County, and they say that when you put your hand to the plough share you shouldn't turn back. J. Burleigh might take notice.



"LUKE"



Kenneth Walker Mackall

BALTIMORE, MD.

Electrical Engineering.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body;
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it at some little cost.

Private, Company C

Mouse Football Team, '07-'08.
Class Football Team, '08-'09.
Warden Cosmopolitan Club, '09-'10.
Lee Literary Society, '07-'08, '08-'09.
Press Club, '09-'10.
Tennis Squad, '07-'08, '08-'09.
Secretary "Bugle," '09-'10.

When Mr. Mackall blows in as he always does, there is something fearfully breezy about him—and blows out again, you feel as if a young-sized tornado had passed. You read in picture books about men who have "an air of importance" about them. That's Mr. Mackall. The air of importance is so thick that you could cut it with a knife. It's mostly air, however, and what isn't air is cigar smoke.



"MAC"



Carl Paul Alfred Malm

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Mechanical Engineering.

The fault rests with the gods who made him
so stupid.

Private, Company D

Here's another of these three-initial chaps. Funny, isn't it, how peculiar three letters before a man's name will make you feel. Carl—that's German; Paul brings up visions of Tarsus and Asia Minor. Alfred—that's Saxon. You can almost smell the cakes burning. But how to correlate such diverse diversities? Hum—ah, we have it! Malm—Marmalade—That's the idea—one of these tutti-frutti marmalades. And yet they say Malm is a Swede.



"GLOOMY GUS"



Caesar Pancratius Massei

RICHMOND, VA.

Civil Engineering.

You can and you can't,
You will and you won't;
You'll be damned if you do,
You'll be damned if you don't.

Captain, Company E

Class Football Team, '06-'07.

Class Baseball Team, '07-'08.

'Varsity Football Team, '09-'10.

Sergeant-at-Arms C. E. Club, '09-'10.

Caesar Pancratius. My gracious, what high-sounding cymbals. Caesar's ghost, (not Caesar Massei's, but J. Caesar, him whom damned Casca like a cur stabbed in the neck), what a fine specimen of a man we have here! That's a true bill; Caesar Massei has got the right idea about things, and one of these days he's going to be great and famous, and—fat. He couldn't help it—that softly, beseeching, sunny Italy voice would coax fortunes from stones.



"BLACK TURK"



Wallace McVeigh Montgomery

CLARE, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

'Umble we are, 'umble we have been, 'umble
we ever shall be.

Private, Company A

Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.

Class Football Team, '09-'10.

Monty isn't exactly retiring or unassuming—he's just plain modest. He hasn't any good reason for being even that, but he is, just the same. You know you generally expect a modest fellow to be real scribey and smart. On the other hand, you shouldn't judge a fellow by the splash he makes, so we will withhold judgment on Monty. Stay on the fence, so to speak. He's a pretty boy, however, don't you think?



"MONTY"



Harry Plaine Musser

SALEM, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

Flatterers are but the shadows of professors' bodies.

Private, Company D

Censor Lee Literary Society, '07-'08.
Chaplain Lee Literary Society, '08-'09.
Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '08-'09.
Exchange Editor "Gray Jacket," '08-'09.
Local Editor "Gray Jacket," '08-'09.
Chairman Bible Study Department, Y. M.
C. A., '09-'10.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath." Gee, but we're up on our Scriptures—so is Musser. We'll lay you at any odds that Musser ate at least a ton of chalk at some period of his life. Soft? Why, a flute couldn't hold a candle to Musser's vocal timbre. There isn't anything soft in his upper works, though. Over in A. C. they say, "Well, Musser got this answer, so it must be right." But he's going to have a bad lump when he gets shoved out into the cold, cold world.



"MOOSE"



Sterling Rives Neblett

McKENNY, VA.

Mechanical Engineering.

There is nothing more frightful than active
ignorance.

Private, Company C

Can you think of a thing remarkable about Neblett? Most interesting history we ever saw, but it isn't Neblett's fault, for he's nothing if not real accommodating, and we feel sure if he had known we would have had all this trouble writing him, he would have gone and gotten killed, or drunk, or beat up a major. For, as we said, he's awfully accommodating, and everybody likes to be handed down to posterity in some other receptacle than a rosewood coffin.



"GIBBETS"



Death Campbell Painter

PULASKI, VA.

Chemistry.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Private, Company C

Mouse Football Team, '06-'07.

Mouse Baseball Team, '06-'07.

Mouse Football Team, '07-'08.

Mouse Baseball Team, '07-'08.

Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.

Vice-President Pulaski County Club, '08-'09.

Ever talk much to B'rer Painter? Queer sort of fish, eh? Funniest way of looking at a man we ever saw. Sort of isometrical projection of the visual rays. What do you call him? Side-ways Painter, isn't it? He always stands side-ways when he looks at you. You see, then, the nickname. "He's "Pat" Davidson's right-hand man, because he always agrees with you. "Pat" won't have any other kind.



"MOUSE"



David Marion Pitts

ELK HILL, VA.

Agriculture.

Arise and shake the hayseed out of thine hair.

Private, Company A

Dave surely does deceive one. On first view you would put him down right away as a mountaineer, so long and lank and shambling is he. Looks like a three-story frame coal elevator, which is beginning to disintegrate. But D. Pitts is from Goochland, where there isn't hill enough to see the sun after 3 o'clock. Now and then he bursts out into glory and goes to a stag hop, but usually he wears Emory's sweater hind part before, and goes round singing like a steam calliope.



"DAVE"



Lawrence Ashton Porter

PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

With sails full set, with rudder wildly swinging, hell-bent for nowhere—such is the Musterer.

Lieutenant, Company C

Mouse Football Team, '06-'07.

President Portsmouth Club, '08-'09, '09-'10.

Secretary Class, '08-'09.

Class Football Team, '09-'10.

Treasurer E. E. Club, '09-'10.

Here's another hard one—not speaking of head now—but meaning that Porter isn't what you'd call prolific of sensational features. Wait! We beg your pardon; he's got the reddest hair hereabouts, and red-haired men are always interesting, if not sensational. They say he is some scribe on gasoline launches, and when he cocks his weather eye at the clouds and speaks knowingly of nor'-nor'westers, it's time to get out your tarpaulin; bad weather's ahead. But that's to be expected; Porter hails from Portsmouth. Avast there! Hard a' port!



"KNEE-DEEP"



John Cooper Dottage

NEWS FERRY, VA.

Mechanical Engineering.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run rippling all the way.

Private, Company C

Secretary Halifax Club, '08-'09.

Class Football Team, '08-'09.

Now, of course, you are thinking that we are going to say something about Jacob and Esau, but *accuse* you first and aren't. Anyhow, if Pat had figured around the days when history was still in the baking stage, there'd be his finger prints all over the whole business. John's always in on anything in the way of devilment, and he's a good Canadian to have along. That is John—but deliver us from his pipe.



"PAT"



Karl Emil Edward Quantz

HILDESHEIM, GERMANY.

Agriculture.

Be wise with speed; a fool at forty is a fool indeed.

V. P. I. Orchestra.

Hoch mit der Kaiser—*Grumpelschwatt!* Gee! Don't we wish we had a German band to do the honors. Yes, ladies and gents, this is a real, live Teutonic extraction, raised on *bier* and *pretzelkopf*. But we shall lay aside persiflage for once and take off our hats to a *real* man. If you, gentle reader, knew of the hardships, the setbacks, the discouragements which this gentle-hearted Teuton has undergone, and how nobly he has overcome all obstacles, finally winning the goal of his ambition, you wouldn't find heart to guy him. Karl Quantz, here's to you.



"FRITZ"



Warren Carpenter Rathell

WYE MILLS, MD.

Electrical Engineering.

Hell and destruction are never full, so the eyes of man are never satisfied.

Private, Company D

Manager Class Football Team, '06-'07.

Secretary and Treasurer Cosmopolitan Club,
'08-'09.

Vice-President Cosmopolitan Club, '09-'10.

Secretary and Treasurer German Club,
'09-'10.

Rathell thinks so much and so hard that his hair is getting gray, and the sad part about it all is that he thinks in a circle always—he never gets anywhere. Of course, he passes Thermo and Mechanics, but they aren't such pumpkins, you know, as compared with some other things. Neither is Rathell—speaking relatively. He's a great shot and a most ravishing dancer—you understand, we are speaking relatively again—and that's all there is to Rathell.



"RAT-HELL"



Heath Montgomery Robinson

DUBLIN, VA.

Geology.

I live an idle burden to the ground.

Lieutenant, Company D

Class Baseball Team, '07-'08.

Class Football Team, '08-'09.

Associate Editor "Tech," '08-'09.

President Pulaski County Club, '09-'10.

Heath is in a class almost by himself. It is tough luck, that "almost," especially when Bud Wysor is the other one who makes the almost. Bud and Heath are the only two applied Geologists in the class. Wait a minute—we'll take back that first sentence, for Heath *is* the only Geologist in the class; Bud, you see, stands for the applied part of the stuff. Heath will get there, just the same; watch and see if he doesn't.



"Bonnie"



Russell Hoort Robinson

BOWLING GREEN, VA.

Civil Engineering.

Moping melancholy and moon-struck madness.

Lieutenant, Company F

Art Editor "Bugle," '09-'10.

Secretary Class, '07-'08.

Class Treasurer, '09-'10.

President Rappahannock Club, '08-'09.

Treasurer C. E. Club, '09-'10.

Altitudinously, he's of an elevation, but volumetrically, the factor is almost negligible, so that when you average him up, he is just about ordinary. This is as to stature, you understand. Otherly he is some scenario, which, you remember, we said was to mean a sign and scenery painter. He used to letter suit cases with his brother, until he was elected Art Editor of "The Bugle," whence he now draws a fat stipend letter alone. Did you catch that last?



"SPHINX"



Randolph Shackelford

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Electrical Engineering.

Nothing but himself can be his parallel.

Associate Editor "Tech," '09-'10.

Class Football Team, '08-'09.

German Club.

He's the man with the silvery hair and the heart of gold, the most distinguished-looking man in a "biled" shirt and a "claw-hammer" coat you ever saw. And his accent—to attempt description were desecration. It surely should be handed down to posterity on indestructible Amberol records. Taylor Adams spent years trying to imitate this same accent, and then tried to commit suicide because he couldn't succeed. Shack is from the land where they grow rice and Ben Tillman, and reed birds and crums, but that doesn't matter when it comes to R. Shackelford. He's a class by himself.



"SHACK"



James Bernard Shanks

CREWE, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

One may smile and smile and still be a villain.

Private, Company D

Vice-President Randolph-Macon Club, '08-'09.

Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '09-'10.

Such a variety of accomplishments should require a card index, and Shanks would be the first man to fix it up. Business methods have been brought down to four decimal points in Shanks. He's the last word in things commercially. Some of these days he's going to own a big department store or a railroad. Why? Man, he's got a typewriter and he can use it, and he's the most awfully persistent fellow with "follow-up" letters you ever saw. He generally gets what he goes after, though, so we recommend him to your admonition.



"SHANKS"



James Benjamin Skinner

HALF WAY, VA.

Agriculture.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.

Lieutenant, Company F

Class Baseball Team, '06-'07.

Class Football Team, '08-'09.

Secretary and Treasurer of L. F. C. Club,
'08-'09.

Assistant Business Manager Agricultural
Journal, '08-'09.

Assistant Manager Track Team, '08-'09.

Manager Track Team, '09-'10.

Athletic Council, '09-'10.

German Club.

President Senior Prom, '09-'10.

Leader of Final Ball, '09-'10.

President L. F. C. Club, '09-'10.

Shades of Cincinnatus, what a specimen of country gentlemen have we here! If you'd dress Buck in red-top boots and a long-tailed coat of red, and a beaver hat, you couldn't tell him from a cartoon of John Bull to save your life. That's Buck all over. He's the best dancer and the finest judge of horse flesh and the hardest lover of them all, and when he gets back on the farm he's going to make Sir Roger de Coverly and his life look like a cheap and shoddy imitation. For Buck is the only original and genuine article in country gentlemen.



"BUCK"



Clarence Harvey Slayton

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Mechanical.

By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me
to rhyme and to be melancholy.

Private, Company C

Treasurer Junior Class, '08-'09.

Vice-President Cosmopolitan Club, '08-'09.

Assistant Business Manager Virginia "Tech,"
'08-'09.

President Cosmopolitan Club, '09-'10.

Clarence Harvey Slayton, better known as "Dutchie," hails from Missouri, and, as usual, has to be shown. A friend once took "Dutchie" to Pulaski to show him the beauties of the place, and now he can't be kept at school longer than twelve days at a time; seems as if he fell in love with one particular beauty of the place, at any rate. There seems to be a pretty good joke out on him in connection with an advertisement in the *Saturday Evening Post* of the Union Pacific Railroad, and it is also rumored that it bears directly on his monthly telephone bill, which, by the way, is something frightful. But "Dutchie" is as silent as the hills about the matter, and when questioned, simply laughed and looked foolish. He'll get there, just the same, however, and we predict for him a very happy future. Here's luck, "Dutchie," and may all your troubles be little ones.



"DUTCHIE"



Daniel Hoag Spindle

CHRISTIANSBURG, VA.

Chemistry.

Tell the truth once and shame the devil.

Class Football Team, '07-'08.
Treasurer Montgomery County Club, '07-'08.
Assistant Leader German Club, '08-'09.
Leader Junior-Senior German, '08-'09.
Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.
Leader German Club, '09-'10.
Leader Senior Prom, '09-'10.

"The noblest Roman of them all"—Dingee Spindle, of Christiansburg. What a name to conjure with! Even the bones back to Dingee's calling. Dan is another of those well-beloved sons of the South who can dance well, ride well, fight well, and who can go into everything with a happy-go-lucky, care-free laugh, which puts the devil and his works at naught. There isn't anything in anybody's heart but love for Dingee, save now and then when the luck goes his way and he goes through a crowd.



"DINGEE"



Frank Curtis Stoneburner

EDINBURG, VA.

Mechanical Engineering.

An empty vessel makes the greatest sound.

Lieutenant, Company B

Class Baseball Team, '06-'07.
Captain Scrub Baseball Team, '07-'08.
President Class, '08-'09.
Assistant Manager Varsity Football Team,
'08-'09.
Varsity Baseball Team, '08-'09.
Treasurer Shenandoah Valley Club, '08-'09
President Shenandoah Valley Club, '09-'10
Manager Varsity Football Team, '09-'10.
Athletic Council, '09-'10.
Vice-President Corps, '09-'10.
Advertising Editor "Bugle," '09-'10.
Secretary and Treasurer Senior Prom.,
'09-'10.

Stoney does make a heap of fuss for a little man. You'd think to hear him that Shenandoah County was the only spot on the earth where a man can live in peace and prosperity; so it is, perhaps, but there are others that Stoney don't know about. He is real scared of the feminine, too. They say that once he saw a— but that is too long to tell. There never was a better manager of a better team than Stoneburner, and out in Shenandoah County they think that Stoney is quite a great man. He has his picture on the backs of a lot of post cards.



"STONEY"



Louis Valvelle Sutton

PETERSBURG, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

Why don't the men propose, mamma?
Why don't the men propose?

Captain and Adjutant

German Club.

Class Football Team, '08-'09.

'Varsity Football Squad, '09-'10.

Leader Omicron Club, '09-'10.

Sergeant-at-Arms Electrical Engineering
Club, '09-'10.

We said "Lummy" Lamb was polished. Well, Louis Valvelle is courtly, also captain and adjutant. He's a good adjutant, too, and very good in the courtly line. Fact is, he's courting most of the time—all save when he is being courted. You know from his name in a minute that he's real polite and graceful, and has charmingly nice manners. We surely do regret that Prince Charley curls and lace collars have gone out of style in men's haberdashery. Poor Louis, how becoming they'd be to him!



"SALOME"



Henry Milton Trenor

NEWPORT, VA.

Civil Engineering.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples,
for I am sick of love.

Captain, Company C

President Civil Engineering Club, '09-'10.
Class Football Team, '09-'10.

Ranking captain, we believe. Not very rank, either, just enough to be interesting. Spends most of his time in his room and the rest rushing the calico hereabouts. He don't say very much, and what he does say he lets out in a low tone. Same fact about his doings. He's real agreeable when you know him well, but there aren't many in the privileged class. Queer fellow all around, but lots of nice things are said about him.



"HENRY"



Harry Briggs Vaughan

NORFOLK, VA.

Civil Engineering.

The fates were unkind and gave him a head
like a soap-bubble.

Librarian, Band

'Varsity Football Squad, '07-'08, '08-'09,
'09-'10.

Class Football Team, '07-'08.

Captain Scrub Football Team, '08-'09.

Manager Class Track Squad, '09-'10.

Vice-President Senior Prom, '09-'10.

German Club.

Doney is dapper and real fresh and clean-looking always. That is, almost always, some mornings excepted. Very few, however. And the cute and cunning way in which he toddles around on the athletic field is worth seeing. For Doney is a great athlete, you know, and just because he's small isn't any reason why he shouldn't be very great. Sounds paradoxical, eh? Well, it isn't. Doney, himself, is a pair of 'em, by the way.



"DONEY"



James Elliott Walter

BLACKSBURG, VA.

Mining Engineering.

What the weak head with the strongest bias
rules,

Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Business Manager "Bugle," '09-'10.

President German Club, '09-'10.

Class Football Team, '08-'09.

Why on earth should they call Elliott "Bone" we have never been able to figure out, for he's got more brains per square inch of head, and more head, too, for that matter, than most any man here. But he *is* peculiar—whew! Some of his ways are beyond all understanding. Perhaps he is a genius, you never can tell, but, however that is, he is surely some all-fired peculiar.



"BONE"



Gilbert Guy Via

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Lieutenant, Company E

Editor-in-Chief "Bugle."

President Newport News Club, '08-'09.

President Hampton Roads Club, '09-'10.

President Electrical Engineering Club, '09-'10.

Glee Club.

Say it real fast, dear reader, several times. G. Guy Via. Sort of a tongue twister, eh? Via himself is musical, via a mandolin, also via a steenth bass voice, and he is going to achieve fame and fortune via a job of Editor of "The Bugle." That's what some people think. Via, it be can think at all after six months' striving on the Annual, is going to think unprintably, so we won't try to reproduce it.



"G. GUY"



Robert Trigg Mosby Wade

CHRISTIANSBURG, VA.

Chemistry.

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

Private, Company D

Lazy—Whee! You don't mean lazy surely; just lazy is putting it mildly. That word is only the very beginning of a scale of several thousand adjectives, all of which apply to R. T. Mosby. Shades of Uncinariasis—that's the book-worm, you know. Here we have some indolence. But Mose is almost as fine a lot as Dan Spindle, his boon companion, and he's also from Christiansburg. 'Nuff said.



"MOSE"



Arthur Hills Warden

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Electrical Engineering.

A man who makes such vile puns would not scruple to pick a pocket.

Private, Company A

We might say of Doc that he reminds us of the mistletoe clinging to the oak anent his affection for Bishop, but Doc would get mad at us for saying he is so green, and someone might misunderstand us as to what we meant by likening Bishop to an oak. Of course, we could refer to his head, but we really refer to his name—Oakley. But Doc and Bishop have more of a clinging, gummy sort of attachment, something like that of an urchin for an all-day sucker. Now, you can fix up this last to suit yourself; we leave it to you.



"DOC"



Henry Archer Womack

DARLINGTON, S. C.

Electrical Engineering.

We are such stuff as dreams are made of.

Lieutenant, Company B

Treasurer Maury Literary Society.

Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary Society.

Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society.

Critic Maury Literary Society.

Literary Editor "Gray Jacket."

Secretary and Treasurer South Carolina Club.

Secretary of Corps, '08-'09.

Captain of Class Football Team, '09-'10.

Vice-President Presbyterian Brotherhood, '08-'09.

President Presbyterian Brotherhood, '09-'10.

Vice-President Electrical Engineering Club, '09-'10.

He of the flashing eye and the ready tongue and the big "rep" for scribiness. How pleasant it must be to bask in the paths of rectitude and to feel the balmy breezes of public approval fanning your laurel-wreathed brow. Oh, piffle. You know we are just slinging the bishwah. That's all we can do for Womack. When he talks you'd swear he was the whole cheese, and so he is the hole. Otherwise you'd never think about him at all.



"BIG CHIEF"



William Levin Wright

KEEZLETOWN, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

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

Private, Company E

Bill is nearly always asleep, but now and then he gets up and wanders around 3rd "E." He is very like a snail in his general characteristics, but if he is ever deluded into liking you, you've got a friend for all time. That's a very nice thing to say, we think, and we don't just feel right about it, but as it is Wright we are talking about, why, it must be all right. Phew! Rotten!



"BILL"



David Charlton Wpsor

DUBLIN, VA.

Geology.

What can't be cured, must be endured.

Captain, Company B

Secretary Pulaski County Club, '07-'08.

Vice-President Pulaski County Club, '09-'10.

No man ever started life with a greater handicap than did Bud. Think of having numerous brothers, who had each and every one and all made most highly distinguished when in college, and who are now doing great things out in the "crool" world. You'd think Bud would have gone to the bad and raised the devil just to add a dash of variety to the family. Yes? But no! Bud's got a great big lump of conscience, or emulation or maybe just plain bone, so he sits up all night and goes after those brothers. But we think it is a terrible thing to do to start a man out with such a handicap, and we wouldn't blame Bud a bit if he got busy just once and put off a big jag. Gee! It would do him good.



"BUD"



Harold Clark Deaton

RICHMOND, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

Just as a blockhead rules his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool.

Private, Company E

*Varsity Track Team, '07-'08.

Treasurer Camera and Kodak Club, '08-'09.

Vague rumors preceded him of prowess on the cinder path of marvelous Marathons with the pride and flower of the North. Alas for rumor, wafted away in summer's breeze, away to where the birdies build. But Yeaton is a pretty good engineer, and for all his Billiken cast of countenance, he can reckon up with some of the best. Thusly he is normal. Otherwise he is all off.



"SHUNT"

To V. P. I.

'Tis here the gods do revel as of old,
'Midst hills that top the earth and still aspire,
Where autumn turns the leaves from green to gold,
And Orpheus sometimes smiles upon his lyre.
'Tis here that royal weddings do occur
'Midst irksome tasks of demonstrate and parse;
For every man at Tech's a worshiper
Of Ceres, and 'tis here she's wed to Mars.

Strong may their union be and ever blest
By loyal sons who strive at V. P. I.;
Whose efforts ne'er shall grant them peace or rest
To keep her standard pure and plant it high.
Sweet Ceres soothes the grizzled brow of Mars,
And peace on earth shall take the place of wars.

JOHN WEYMOUTH.

Auf Wiedersehen

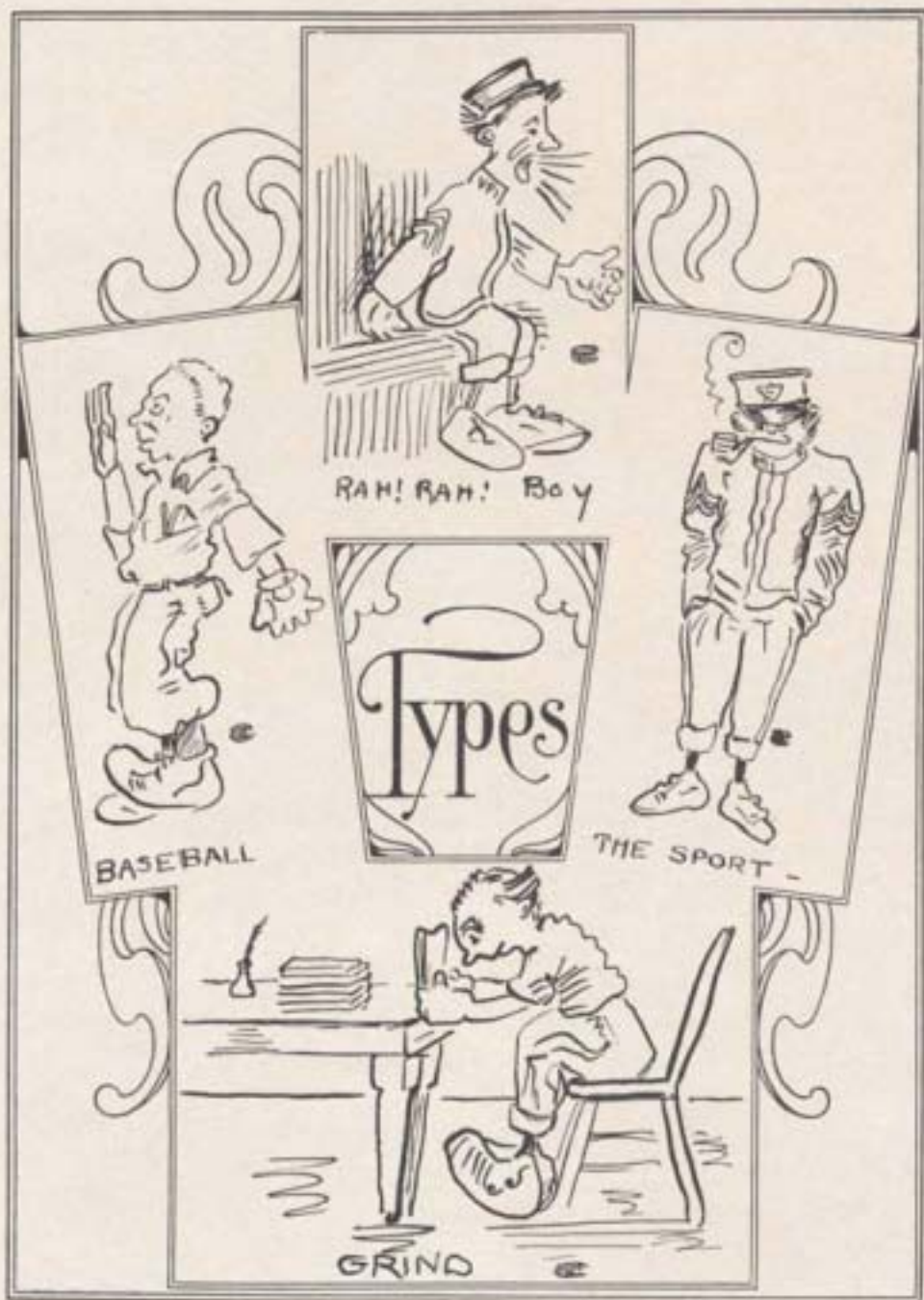
Long and bitter was our struggle,
But 'tis harder still to part,
From the old school and you fellows,
There's an ache in every heart.

Four years here within the barracks,
We have spent, and now we go
Forth to fight in life's great battle,
'Gainst a more than mortal foe.

'Tis not that we fear the issue,
Of that battle makes us sigh,
Well we know success awaits us,
But 'tis hard to say good-bye.

We're off to battle, comrades,
Join us there next year again;
We can't say good-bye, old fellows,
Let's make it "Auf Wiedersehen."

S. C. B.



Senior Class History

In the Rathood of Great Jamie,
In the year Old Prexie passed,
When the Harvest Moon was Shining,
When the haze hung o'er the mountains,
Came there to the Polytechnic
Lo! The Class of Nineteen Ten.
Came with lunches packed in boxes;
Came with bedclothes, Bibles, booze,
Great coats, admonitions, kisses,
Fearing muchly, looking greenly, saying naught.
Packed and jammed in antique coaches,
Sad and sore and open-mouthed;
Saw the Tank upon the hillside,
Saw the crowd upon the platform,
Felt the queerful Huckleberry,
'Neath the hand of Cap'n Fagg,
Gliding smoothly, softly sliding,
Down the gently sloping steel.
Stepped they off the broken coaches,
Stepped on Blackburg's fateful soil.
Saw about them many shanties,
Each adorned with football scores,
And there woke within each corner
Pride of Alma Mater first.
Heard about them old boys greeting
Firmly, fondly, last year's friends,
Heard the dreaded, fearful branding
Of their shame, "Just see the Rats!"
Grabbed their handbags, stumbled dumbly
Out across the open space,
Down the long, lone lane of Blackburg,
Past the shop of Charley Campbell,
Past the negroes playing marbles
In the yard by Woolwine's store;
Through the queer, cow-catching stile,
Down the long, green aisle of maples
To the place where all is lost,
To the deanery, where one forfeits
Name, and fame, and shekels dear.
Stood there in long lines of waiting.

Marshaled by a corps or two
Harkening to the cheerful comments
Of the old boys, loit'ring near.
After hours of silent standing
Came there to each man his turn:
Was admitted to the sanctum,
Stood before the Lord-of-All,
Gazed upon the face of Jamie,
As upon some demon dire,
Tried to say a chirp, "Good morning,"
Or essayed a poor salute.
Furtive, looked about the office,
Saw the campus map there hung,
Saw the piles of rifles standing,
Saw the safe, the order book,
Saw the charts of barrack floors,
In the distance, beaming, smiling,
Rubbing hands and looking serene,
Stammering, hemming, as it were,
Saw the form of Steve the hireling—
Looked upon his gainly form,
Had no hunch that in the future
Paths of his and yours should cross,
Questioned, measured, duly given
Ticket, room and company;
Sent adown the winding hallway,
Where you entered circumspectly
Other rooms—and stood before
Men of learning, deeply solemn,
Giving out certificates,
Then they placed you in your classes,
Told you what you knew or not:
Bluffed you into Freshman English,
Held you back for half a point,
Unless, perchance, you had been lucky,
Knew before an old boy wise,
Who had coached you on the quiet;
Put you on to all the ropes,
Bluffing happened just the same,
But 'twas you who bluffed the profs;
Squeezed your way past Junior English,
Hunked 'em for a Sophomore,
For 'tis here as 'tis with every
Other game of give and take—
Someone's got to do the bluffing,
Someone's got to get the book.

So, at last you wriggled forthly,
Minus money, mind and manners;
Armed with sundry slips of paper,
Feeling more at sea than ever—
Wandered o'er the drear quadrangle,
Saw the stoop of Number One.
Strangely hazy, unfamiliar,
Piled with trunks—the trunks of others—
Yours got left at Christiansburg.
Found a face or two familiar,
(Friends forms fast in days of stress,)
Got your mattress, bowl and bucket,
Found your room—went in—and then—
Sat you down in lonely sadness—
In the dreary, dusty bareness
Thought of home, perhaps—of dinner,
Wondered what your fate would be,
Till there came a knocking, calling,
From without your chamber door.
Fled the thoughts of home and mother,
Went you out and did fool stunts—
Rooted pennies, toted water,
Sang a song, got beaten up—
Days of Rathood stood before you,
Days of careless joy and fun,
Days when ideals smashed and sundered,
Days you'd love to live again.

1906-1907.

In the fall the pig-skin spheroid
Occupied the minds of all—
Many battles, hard and heavy,
Gave the Techs full chests of pride.
W. L. and Georgetown Uni.,
And the doughty A. & M.,
Old North State's own lusty 'varsity,
V. M. I.—the arrogant,
All went down in sore defeat.
Only did the Navy, huttling
As they ne'er had fought before,
Stem the rushing, surging tide.
Mind you of the trip to Richmond?
Band and banners—bouquets, beer—
Jumbled now—kaleidoscopic,
As the big day mem'ries do.

Then—the ten upon the Tank,
And the bucking herd which followed—
And the bonfire—roaring high,
Glaring, flaring, singing praises
To the team that ne'er said die.
Boxes on Thanksgiving—bursting—
First the box—and then yourself—
Cudding, fighting, sometimes—thirsting
For the blood of fellowman.
Cutting classes, working sick call—
Ah! the mem'ry of those days,
Came there Christmas; joyful season,
Then the dreaded second term—
Sickness, shipping, dire blue devils,
Rotten weather, naught to do.
Till some brilliant-minded genius
Thought of firing bombs—and then,
Reign of terror—pandemonium—
Spite of wrathful watch of Jamie,
Spite of sleuthy, lynx-eyed Steve,
Spite the guards in hall and stairway,
Grew the terror—spreading,
Veloped all in noise and smoke,
Till the pent-up ire was spent,
Many men they shipped for doing
What they had to do—or bust—
Not a gym to work off surplus,
Not a drill to tire one out.
Boys aren't saints—they're merely creatures,
And they've got to raise the deuce,
Then the sad days came upon us—
Days of silence, awe and calm—
When there went out from amongst us
Classmate—to his last long sleep,
Flag at half-mast; snare drum muffled,
And the moaning dirge was heard
As we took him to the station;
Took him softly, took him sadly,
With the flag upon his breast,
For the long, long journey home,
Home, to far-off Hispanola,
Where the palm trees softly sing,
Where the moon tips wavelet silver
By the grave of Alvarez.
Turned we from deep introspection,
With the coming of the spring.

Took up gaily ball and bat,
 But Dame Fortune frowned upon us,
 Scores were small, or negative.
 Came exams—the Seniors packing,
 Talk of Jamestown, summer, home,
 Rumors vague, and lowly whispers
 Then began to creep about
 Of a deep, dark plot and project
 For the night before we left.
 On that night—Can we forget it?
 Hell arose and stalked about,
 Bursting bombs—the crack of rifles—
 Burning hays—and powder stench.
 Rising, flaming, from each barrack
 Came the roar of demon wrath,
 Cursing, sweating, firing, shouting,
 Toiled as imps in Satan's path.
 Twenty thousand rounds of cartridge—
 Property of Uncle Sam—
 Bags of powder—floors of barracks—
 Up in smoke—Who gave a damn!
 Came the dawn—and Jamie—crying,
 Reveille at half-past three.
 Grimy, blear-eyed, tired and sleepy,
 Fell in ranks they could not see.
 Breakfast o'er—no time for chapel;
 Marched down to the Huckle track,
 Board the puffing, waiting special;
 On to Jamestown—Ne'er come back!

1907-1908

Came we back as Sophomores;
 Came as lions, lusty blood;
 Came upon the cow'ring rodent;
 Came with thunder; came with buckster;
 Came with supercilious air.
 Found we many, many changes;
 Saw old Prexie's face no longer;
 Saw Oom Paul the snave, the sbrewd one,
 Ladling out the mush of power.
 Greeted Jamie, greeted Steve
 Frankly, as old friends should do,
 Hands grew tired with constant shaking,
 Faces wore a constant grin—
 As became lords of creation,

As became the Sophomore,
Yet the year was uneventful,
Big things happened few and far,
Many discords rose among us;
Party schisms opened wide,
Thinner were our ranks than last year—
Classmates could not—classmates would not
Come again to V. P. I.
Football once again embraced us
In its wild, enthused arms,
Stood we breathless on the bleachers,
Keyed to keenest, highest pitch,
Felt the laurel wreath of vict'ry,
Felt the bitter sting—defeat,
Journeyed to the Magic City,
Where we played the cute tin soldiers—
Played them twenty-two to naught,
Other rivals fell before us,
Rivals strong and full of craft,
Passed the year as many others—
Christmas—Mid Term—Easter—June—
And again did fortune frown
On a luckless baseball team
In the spring the mighty leaders
Met in conclave, solemnly
Drafted up the Constitution;
Organized the student body,
Wrote they many laws of wisdom
For the guidance of the corps,
Honor to these men of foresight,
Lab'ring, building for the future,
Well they builded, and the structure
Point we to with seemly pride,
Came again the longed-for Finals,
Came with mirth and revelry;
Came the banquet of the Soph'mores,
Bringing fear to heart of Rat,
Sang we "Auld Lang Syne" for Cagle;
Packed again—and journeyed home.

1908-1909

Autumn came and found us Juniors,
Steady, staid; with wiser heads;
Found us now a potent factor
In the congress of the students,
In the councils of the college.

And the roarings of the Soph'more,
And his joyous, blust'ring ways,
Fell from off us as a mantle,
As the winter snows in spring.
For there now awoke within us
Longings for the gleaming goal;
Turned our thoughts and ideals upward,
Labored long, and hard and sore.
Labored through the year of college,
Called by all men hardest far,
Called the turning point of college,
Called the long, the serious year.
Came not often down to practice
When the 'varsity met the scrubs,
Yet, when need was, found us standing,
Cheering, swearing, rooting hard.
Shiv'ring, cheering—on the bleachers—
Saw old 'varsity struggling hard,
Saw them bend in sore defeat,
Saw them bend—and bending, break;
Saw the tide roll o'er them;
Saw with bitter tears of anger;
Saw triumphant G. W. U.
And again—the foeman found us,
When we could not lay him low,
By the sad sea waves in Norfolk,
A. & M. the vict'ry won.
Went we cheering, singing, laughing,
Down to slow old Lynchburg town;
Raised the hair on many heads;
Raised the dough for many bets;
Raised the dence before we finished;
Raced the team from Lexington.
Then arose the hazing movement—
"Down with hazing," was the cry.
Met in chapel, hall and stairway,
Talked and talked—both pro and con.
Met again in solemn conclave;
Voted—counted—and there rose
Out of all the chaos—order;
Hazing was to be no more.
Better things were sure to come,
And the move could not be stopped;
Bitter words there were, and many
Said we'd done a heinous thing,
But it has not proven so.

Better are the men who come here;
More there are who come to stay.
Proud we are that hanging 'er us
Is no longer such a stain.
In this winter came the new sports--
Basket ball was organized.
Fair success came to the quintet.
Small the schedule which they had.
But from such a small beginning
Came there much of sterling good.
Came an interest for the Mid Term;
Came a next-year champion team.
Then--one night when all were sleeping,
Rang the tocsin overhead--
Shouted orders, clang and clatter,
Down the row the firemen sped.
Saw they westward, flaring, roaring,
Show'ring sparks and crackling fire,
Saw the faded creamery burning
Like some ancient funeral pyre.
Once again was flag at half-mast,
Heard again the muffled drum,
And we wept for college mate.
Took the form of W. S. Martin,
Laid him in his narrow bed,
And as always--found that writing
Were the things we'd always done;
Went about the paths of living,
All despite the silent deed.
Lack came to us in that springtime,
Such as ne'er we'd seen before,
Went a winning team from Blackstone,
Venging former hard-hoist battles.
Took three straight from V. M. L.,
Broke at even--W. L.,
Took full fourteen out of sixteen;
Proud because of prowess ours,
Track was also favored fully
By the fiddle godless chance;
Won the meet by many places,
Won by speed--agility.
And withal were nights of roaming,
Nights of plots and stunts and things--
Cutting hair and donning majors
'Neath the hozy springtime skies,
Just a quee to lighten foreheads

Weary grown with toil and toil,
Just a lark to kill dull care.
Finals saw another triumph
For the class that ever led;
Saw a brilliant Junior-Senior,
Such as ne'er was seen before.
Thus passed nineteen eight and nine,
Outlined briefly—sans detail,
Passed the big year—year of happenings,
Year of changes—year of toil.

1909-1910

Seniors now and nearly finished;
Visions of the goal ahead;
Visions of a sheep-skin gleaming,
Spurred us on to efforts new.
Quickly passed the year, and many
Fell beneath the telling pace—
Fell and finished not amongst us,
Finished late or not at all.
Seasons passed, and passing, saw us
Boning, cramming, minding naught,
Looking sadly—looking brightly
At the dreaded posted marks.
Bocock marshalled now athletics,
Greater year was never known.
Football—Techs—the Southern Champions—
Undefeated save by Princeton.
Basket ball—unbroken record—
Not a foe was there who won.
Baseball, Track—the games went with us;
Drank we of the winner's cup,
When the springtime buds were opening
Came there sorrow to us all,
For there passed Professor Walker,
Friend, preceptor, greatly loved,
Full of years and honors was he,
Straight and true, and always kind;
Living rightly—helping others.
Stood we silent at his death.
Also 'peared the Welfare bunch,
'Peared with papers—armed with charges—
Tried to hull old Prexie out.
But the Board was not so willing;
Turned away the motley crowd;

Turned them 'way—but could not stop them
From their slanders and their spite.
Finals came—the final Finals—
Closing days of collegehood—
Days of sadness—days of parting—
Days of gladness—golden days.
Got your "dip" and listened stonily
To the Baccalaureate.
Told your girl the same sweet story;
Felt the same sweet thoughts;
Felt at peace with military;
Felt as he who's fought and won.

Thus four years of Life's short story
Passed, and passing, left behind
Wisdom, folly, fun and failure;
Better body—surer mind.
Passing—left us deeper, broader,
Better fitted for the fray;
Left us friends and recollections
Death alone shall take away.





IMRE
H. JOYNSON
1893

The Acts of the Watercurites

And lo, it came to pass on the fourteenth day of the month called December, in the reign of Dash, the Stick-like-Hellite, that certain of the Seniorites drew nigh unto one another, saying:

Let us arise and bestir us; behold, doth not Holmes, the Majorite, daily wax bolder and bolder, and vex us Seniorites with unjust sticks?

Therefore, let us humble him before all the Techites, even unto Prexie, the Great.

Then arose a certain Senior of the tribe of Jupiter Pluvius, saying, "Verily, if ye will hearken unto me, then shall the name of the cursed tyrant become a hissing and a byword to future generations of the Polytechites."

And they all cried with a loud voice, saying, "What thou biddest we will do, even unto the shedding of our blood."

Then spake the follower of Jupiter Pluvius: "Let us tonight in the early hours, before the cock croweth, descend upon the hated wretch, and wash away his foulness with streams of living water. Yea, let him be immersed in the flowing liquid, until it doth penetrate, even unto the marrow of his bones. Then, perchance, he may repent of his wrong-doing, and peace may reign in the tents of the Seniorites."

At which a great shout arose, and they all cried with one voice, saying, "Verily, thou art alltothemustard. It shall be done as thou sayest."

Then arose two of the holdest, who were braveashell, in whom the spirit of Beelzebub moved mightily, saying, "We will tie fast the doors with ropes, lest perchance the dog seek in this way to escape the roaring flood."

And others of the number arose, saying: "We will procure a hose from its resting place and hold it in readiness until the appointed hour draweth nigh."

And lo, it came to pass after the S. G. had made his nightly rounds that all of the Watercurites were gathered together with one accord in one place.

And straightway the spy returneth unto them saying, "Lo, the villain slumbereth, and is now wrapped in the arms of Morpheus."

At once the emissaries of Satan sallied forth, and slickashell tied fast the doors with Gordian knots.

Meanwhile, other of the Watercurites laid the hose, and having fastened it to the hydrant tightashell, held themselves in readiness.

Likewise, certain others gathered together missiles of all descriptions in

order that they might destroy the windowlites, and thus make clear the opening for the refreshing streams.

And immediately afterward there arose a great sound of crashing glass and seething waters, like unto the roaring of Niagara.

And lo, it continued, and the waters increased and prevailed mightily; two cubits upward did the water prevail in the tent of Holmes the Majorite.

And when the Watercurites saw these things they were exceeding glad, and betook themselves to their tents with great joy.

And on the morrow there was great rejoicing in the tents of the cadetites, but Dash, the Mighty, was exceeding wrath.

And gathered unto him the captainites and inquired of them, "Who among you hath wrought this evil?"

But they were tightmouthbedasclams and answered him not a word. So that his wrath was spent in vain.

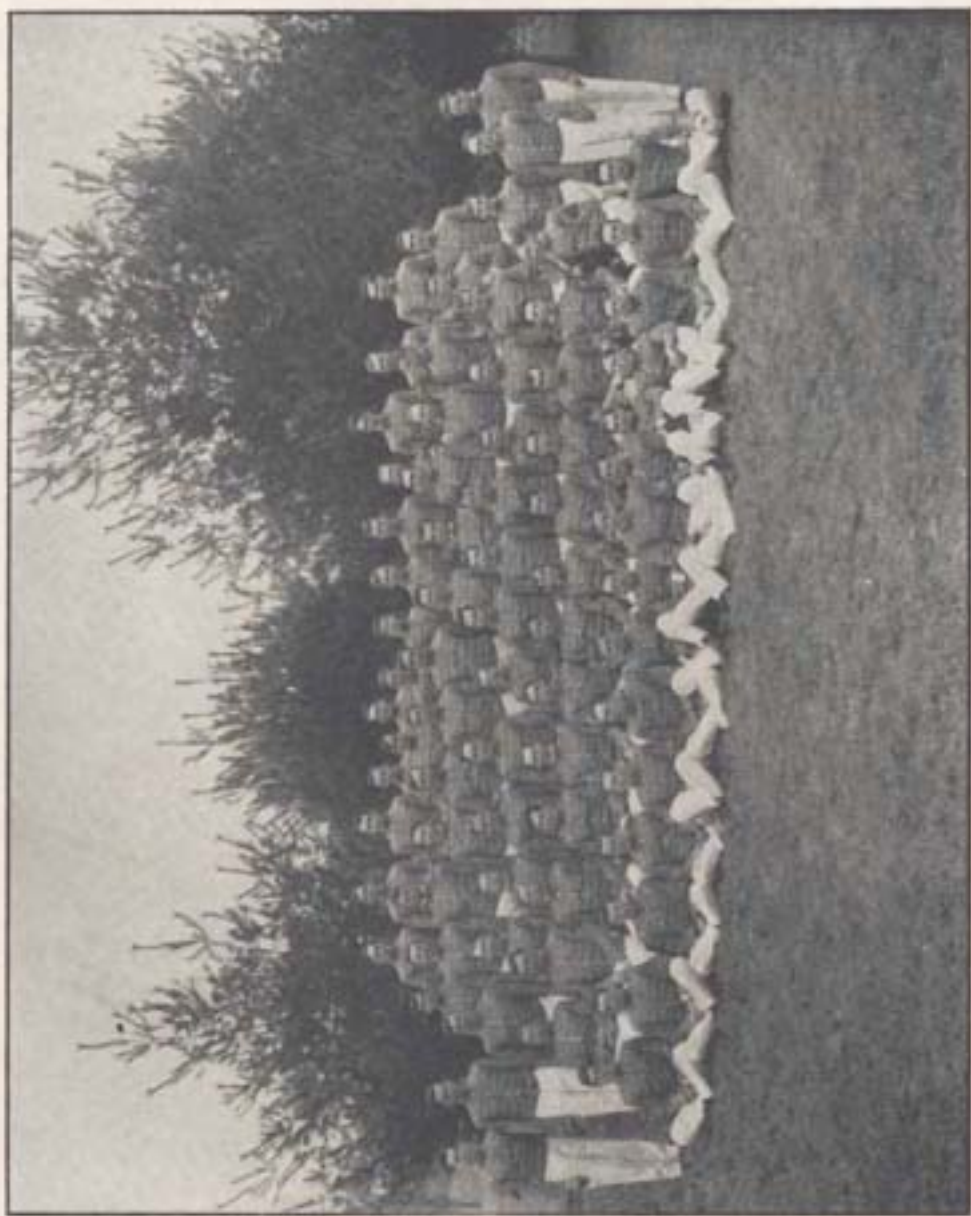
Thus peace and joy reigned in the land of the Polytechs for many days.

Selah!





Copyright F. A. Stokes Co.



Junior Class



MISS JENNINGS,
Sponsor

J. A. HALE	President
J. O. BEARD	Vice-President
J. P. RICHTER	Secretary
P. A. TANNER	Treasurer
E. E. STAFFORD	Historian
R. W. FUQUA	Sergeant-at-Arms



Class of 1911

ASHBY, BERNARD TURNER, Agr.	Culpeper	Culpeper
AUSTIN, DENNIS URBAN, C. E.	Fincastle	Botetourt
BEARD, JOSEPH OWEN, Agr.	Livville Depot	Rockingham
BELL, JAMES HARLEE, E. E.	Suffolk	Nansemond
BENSON, FRANK ROBERT, M. E.	Portsmouth	Norfolk
BERKELEY, GEORGE IVERSON, E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
BLACKBURN, JAMES MARQUIS, E. E.	Staunton	Augusta
BOWMAN, JOHN JAY, Agr.	Rochelle	Madison
BRIGHT, GRAHAM BERNARD, C. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
CARTER, LOUIS GORDON, E. E.	Martinsville	Henry
CHILTON, RALPH HENRY, M. E.	Lancaster	Lancaster
CLEATON, MARVIN LUTHER, A. C.	Portsmouth	Norfolk
COOPER, SAMUEL MARVIN, E. M.	Prospect Dale	Giles
COUSINS, RUSSELL JOHN, E. E.	Portsmouth	Norfolk
CRABILL, CHARLES HARVEY, Agr.	Galax	Carroll
CRUMMETT, RICHARD HARDING, Agr.	Monterey	Highland
DARNEY, JOHN COLLINS, JR., M. E.	Lynchburg	Campbell
DARNEY, WILLIAM TAYLOR, JR., E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
DAVIS, ADAM CLARKE, JR., M. E.	Goldsboro	North Carolina
DAVIS, MARVIN LEE, C. E.	Chincoteague Island	Accomac
EIFFERT, CHARLES HERBERT, M. E.	Rural Retreat	Wythe
EUBANK, JAMES NORVELL, C. E.	Richmond	Henrico
FARTHING, FRED GARDNER, C. E.	Lightfoot	James City
FLETCHER, ARTHUR AMOS, M. E.	Fredericksburg	Spotsylvania
GOODWIN, ERNEST GRAPTON, M. E.	Bybee	Fluvanna
GRAYATT, GEORGE FLIPPO, Hort.	Roanoke	Roanoke
GRAVELY, WILLIAM SEYMOUR, C. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
HALE, JUBAL ANDERSON, C. E.	Rocky Mount	Franklin
HALL, JOHN ROBERT, E. M.	Pulaski	Pulaski
HANKINS, CYRUS, M. E.	Williamsburg	James City
HARRIS, WALTER CAMPBELL, E. E.	Bedford City	Bedford
HARRIS, WILLIAM GIDEON, A. C.	Alexandria	Alexandria
HARRISON, THOMAS RANDOLPH, E. E.	Tunstall	New Kent
HART, JOEL CECIL, Agr.	Meherrin	Lunenburg
HARVEY, WILLIAM THURMOND, E. E.	Minden	West Virginia
HENLEY, ERL KUNKEL, E. E.	Norfolk	Norfolk
HERRIN, WILLIAM MONROE, Agr.	Zuni	Isle of Wight
HODGSON, ASBURY NATHANIEL, Hort.	E. Falls Church	Alexandria
HOWARD, WARREN WESTON, M. E.	Hampton	Elizabeth City
HURT, GEORGE WILLIAM, E. M.	Pounding Mill	Tazewell

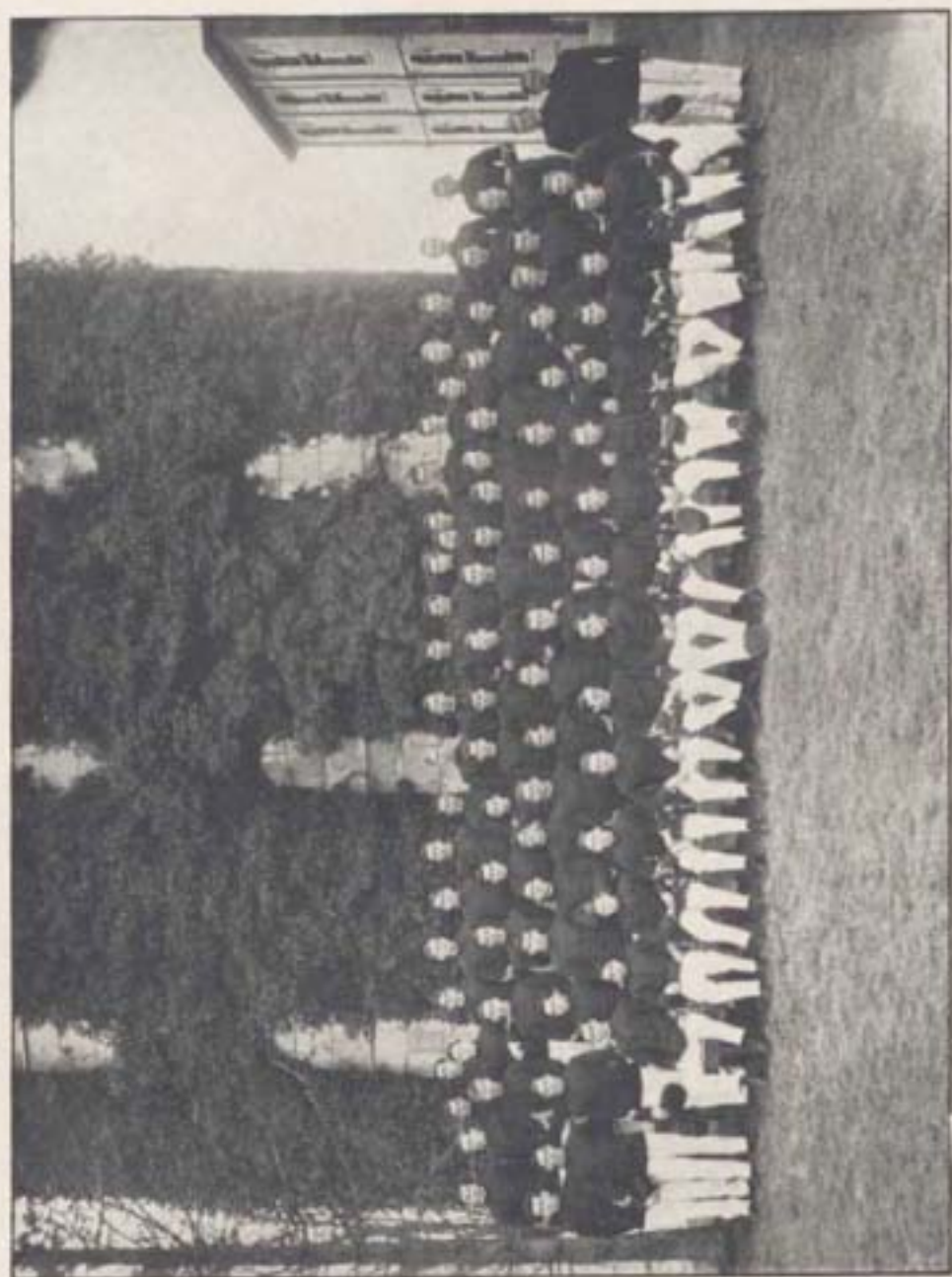
JEFFERY, ALBION GEORGE, E. E.	Suffolk	Nansemond
JEWETT, JOHN MOTLEY, E. E.	Ivanhoe	Wythe
KENNER, ERNEST LINWOOD, E. E.	Front Royal	Warren
KIRKBRIDE, PAUL, C. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
LEGG, FREDERICK HUGHES, E. M.	Washington	District of Columbia
LEHR, HARRY ENDERS, C. E.	Lykens	Pennsylvania
LOCKHART, ANNE, AGT.	Wadesboro	North Carolina
LURRY, FRANK JEROME, E. E.	Delaplane	Fauquier
MALONEY, JOHN PAUL, C. E.	Hosmer	Charlotte
MARCHANT, EARL LINWOOD, A. C.	Cricket Hill	Mathews
MARSHALL, JAMES MARRHAM, C. E.	Marshall	Fauquier
MEADE, RICHARD EGGLESTON, C. E.	Amelia	Amelia
MINTON, HUGH CHAPMAN, C. E.	Smithfield	Isle of Wight
MOOMAW, JOHN CLAYTON, E. E.	Ben	Alleghany
MORRIS, JAMES MAURY, M. E.	Trevilians	Louisa
MORTON, D'ARCY PAUL, M. E.	Richmond	Henrico
MURGRAVE, JOSEPH SIMMONS, JR., A. C.	Boykins	Southampton
NEWBILL, JOHN WILLIAM, M. E.	Centre Cross	Essex
OMOHUNDRO, FLOYD ALVIN, C. E.	Maple Grove	Westmoreland
PROSSER, FRED KELL, C. E.	Ashland	Hanover
RICHESON, LANCELOT MINOR, A. C.	Buena Vista	Rockbridge
RICHTER, JOHN PAUL, M. E.	Earlburst	Alleghany
ROBERTS, WILLIAM SAUNDERS, E. E.	Rocky Mount	Franklin
SATTERWHITE, JAMES HARRISON, M. E.	Richmond	Henrico
SAVAGE, WILLIAM WARREN, E. E.	Mappsville	Accomac
SCOTT, EVAN WILLIAM, C. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
SMITH, MARSDEN CHURCHILL, A. H., E. E.	Fredericksburg	Spotsylvania
SMITH, WILLIAM EDWIN, E. E.	Kimball	West Virginia
STAFFORD, EDWIN EARL, E. E.	Eggleston	Giles
STUART, QUINN WORD, E. M.	Christiansburg	Montgomery
SYFAX, ROLLINS CAMPBELL, M. E.	Richmond	Henrico
TANNER, PAUL ALEXANDER, C. E.	Lynchburg	Campbell
TAYLOR, RUPERT GRAY, E. E.	Stillwater	Minnesota
THOMPSON, PERCY HUTCHESON, A. C.	Keysville	Charlotte
WALDROP, ALEXANDER ATKINSON, M. E.	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
WALKER, LUTHER SOMMERS, C. E.	Woodstock	Shenandoah
WASHER, LOUIS, JR., C. E.	Richmond	Henrico
WATKINS, JOHN BENJAMIN, JR., Hort.	Midlothian	Chesterfield
WAUGH, WILLIAM SWIFT, Gen. Sci.	Galax	Grayson
WEISIGER, CARROLL, E. E.	Ashland	Hanover
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM VEALE HERRERT, E. E.	Portsmouth	Norfolk
WILLIAMSON, JAMES, JR., E. M.	Newport News	Warwick
WILSON, MONROE OSBORNE, AGT.	Keysville	Charlotte
WINSTON, JOHN ROBINSON, AGT.	Hanover	Hanover
WOOD, DAVID MILLER, A. C.	Baldwin Station	Botetourt
WREN, JOSEPH ROMERY, E. E.	Chilhowie	Smyth
WYATT, FRED TATE, E. E.	Buchanan	Botetourt
VANCEY, FREDERICK HOLMES, E. E.	South Boston	Halifax



The Tete-a-tete.



Copyright, F. A. STOKES



Sophomore Class



MISS De JARNETTE
Sponsor

D. D. HOWE	President
O. P. ECHOLS	Vice-President
P. F. KENNEDY	Secretary
W. G. JONES	Treasurer
F. T. WALL	Historian
E. R. ANDERSON	Sergeant-at-Arms



Class of 1912

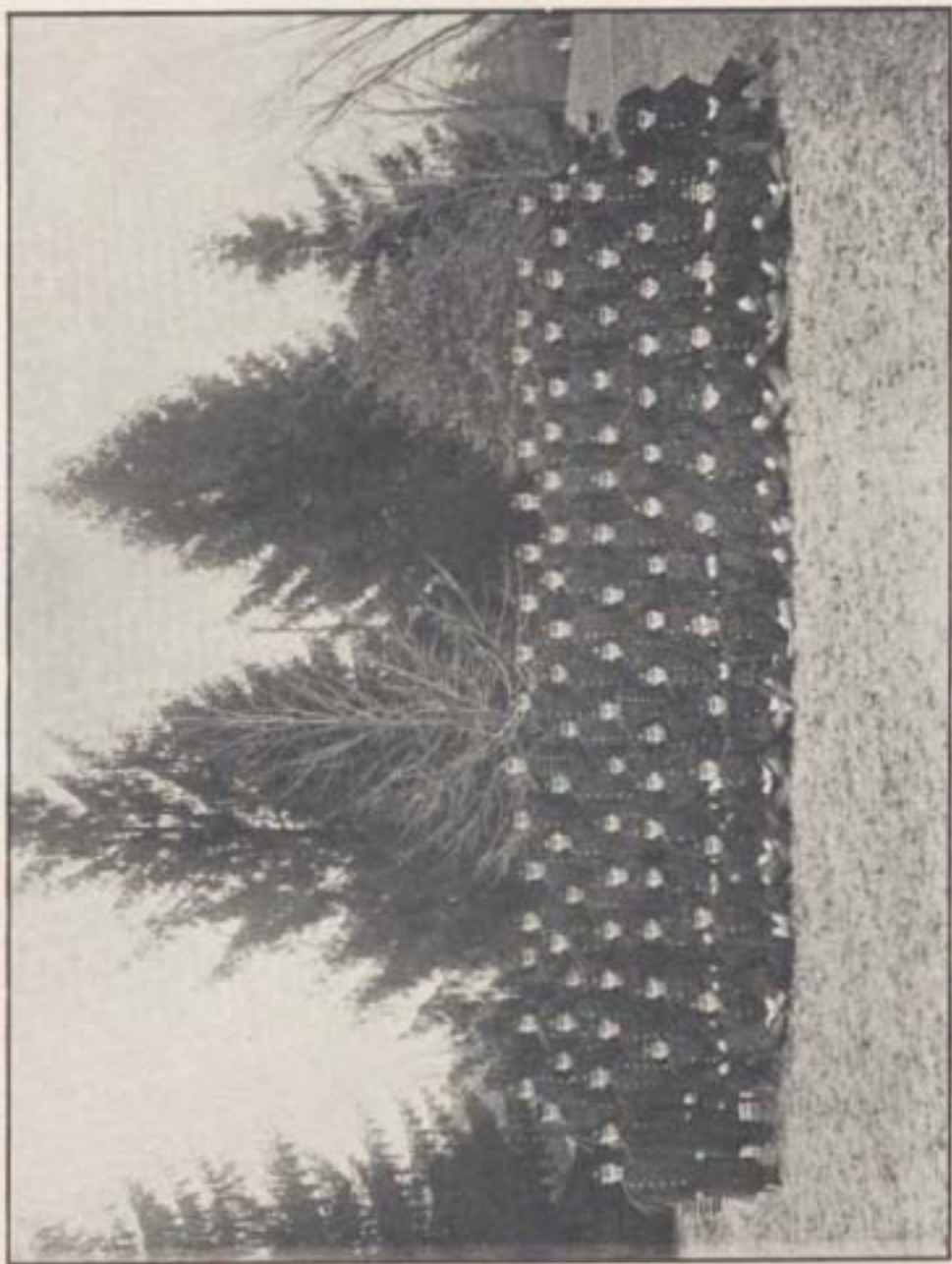
ATWELL, ROBERT LEROY, M. E.	Manchester	Chesterfield
BARRETT, ROBERT HARWOOD, C. E.	Norfolk	Norfolk
BARRINGER, VICTOR CLAY, HOPE	Blacksburg	Montgomery
BEALE, WILLIAM HILL, E. E.	Washington	District of Columbia
BERKELEY, JOHN CAMPBELL, E. E.	Danville	Pittsylvania
BERRY, ROBERT MARTIN, E. E.	Bedford City	Bedford
BLANKENSHIP, CHARLES ASHTON, E. E.	Manchester	Chesterfield
BOWLES, JOSEPH OTEY, E. E.	Chester	Chesterfield
BRINKLEY, GEORGE ERNEST, E. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
BURGESS, HERBERT PENN, E. E.	Ridgeway	Henry
CARSON, JOSEPH RANDALL, MCL.	Pittsburg	Pennsylvania
CHAPPELEAR, GEORGE WARREN, AGT.	Delaplane	Fauquier
CHILTON, CYRUS HARDING, AGT.	Lancaster	Lancaster
COOPER, FRANK CULLEN, E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
COPLAN, HARRY, C. E.	Newport News	Warwick
COX, RICHARD MENDENHALL, E. E.	Portsmouth	Norfolk
CUNNINGHAM, BRANT ADAMS, M. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
DAMRON, CECIL EUGENE, M. E.	Brooklyn	New York
DAVIS, WINSTON BOZEL, C. E.	Newport News	Warwick
DENY, GUY BLAIR, E. E.	Salem	Roanoke
DICKINSON, WINSTON, C. E.	Marion	Smyth
DIXON, WALLACE CLARK, M. E.	Saltville	Smyth
DRUMMOND, FRANK CAMM, A. C.	Amherst	Amherst
ECHOLS, OLIVER PATTON, E. E.	University of Va.	Albemarle
ENDERS, WILLIAM HENRY, E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
ENSLAW, LINN HARRISON, A. C.	Richmond	Henrico
EPLER, WILLIAM LEVI, JR., E. E.	Baltimore	Maryland
FALCONER, JOHN WALLER, JR., C. E.	Tappahannock	Essex
FOSTER, CLIFFORD SMITH, M. E.	Ocean View	Norfolk
FRIEDLIN, THOMAS HENRY, C. E.	Portsmouth	Norfolk

FUNSTON, WILLIAM PRATT, AGT.	Port Royal	Caroline
FUQUA, RICHARD WILSON, AGT.	New Canton	Buckingham
GARRISON, GEORGE GLENN, E. E.	Norfolk	Norfolk
GOODMAN, JOSEPH PENDLETON, E. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
GRAVELY, WILLIAM SEYMOUR, C. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
GREGORY, JAMES NORMAN, C. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
GROVE, MAURICE JEROME, E. E.	Max Meadows	Wythe
HAMILTON, PERCY CLAYTON, E. E.	Newport News	Warwick
HARDY, ROBERT NELSON, E. E.	Chase City	Mecklenburg
HECKMAN, EDWARD, E. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
HILL, MARION SMITH, P. V. M.	Suffolk	Nansemond
HIX, ROBERT HARKNESS, E. M.	Prospect	Prince Edward
HODDSON, VIVIAN BURNETT, P. V. M.	Norfolk	Norfolk
HOLLADAY, LEWIS LITTLEPAGE, AGT.	Rapidan	Culpeper
HOLMES, JOSEPH CLARENCE, AGT.	Belton	Pulaski
HOWE, DAN DUNBAR, C. E.	East Radford	Montgomery
JEFFRIES, MCHESNEY HILL, HORT.	Norfolk	Norfolk
JONES, WARREN GIBSON, AGT.	Paris	Fauquier
KEESLING, LLOYD NEFF, E. E.	Rural Retreat	Wythe
KENNEDY, PETER FREEMAN, E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
LAND, GEORGE WILLIAM, E. E.	Norfolk	Norfolk
LEDGERWOOD, GUY TEMPLETON, A. C.	Blacksburg	Montgomery
LIVESAY, EDWARD ALEXANDER, C. E.	Fishersville	Augusta
LOVING, MORRIS WOODEN, E. E.	Cusmont	Albemarle
LIPPERT, WILLIAM JOSEPH, JR., A. C.	Winston-Salem	North Carolina
MCCARE, ARTHUR MATTHEWS, E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
MCFADEN, WILLIAM ALEXANDER, E. E.	Suffolk	Nansemond
MCGUIRE, JOHN GRATTON, AGT.	N. Tazewell	Tazewell
McKNIGHT, CHARLES HERSCHEL, E. E.	Lynchburg	Campbell
MANN, SAMUEL ALEXANDER, AGT.	Fort Spring	West Virginia
MASSIE, CHARLES WILLIAM, E. E.	Sandhedges	Amherst
MAXWELL, ELMER ST. CLAIR, E. E.	Woodstock	Maryland
MILLER, SIDNEY SHELTMAN, AGT.	Christiansburg	Montgomery
MOSES, O'NEAL, E. E.	Lexington	Rockbridge
NOTTINGHAM, SPENCER CLARK, AGT.	Culpeper	Culpeper
OLIVER, JAMES GUY, E. E.	Crewe	Nottoway
OROZCO, ALBERTO, E. M.	San Jose	Costa Rica
OVERMAN, WILLIAM JOSEPH, E. E.	Portsmouth	Norfolk
PAUL, RAYMOND WILLIAM, A. C.	Manchester	Chesterfield
PEAKE, THOMAS TAYLOR, E. E.	Norfolk	Norfolk
PEASELEY, GABRIEL BRADSTREET, E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
PURCELL, MCDANIEL, AGT.	Schuyler	Nelson
PURCELL, SIDNEY BRUN, E. E.	Round Hill	Loudoun
QUINTERRO, JOHN CLEAR, C. E.	Poughkeepsie	New York
RANDOLPH, JAMES ROBBINS, M. E.	Blacksburg	Montgomery
REAGAN, HARRY, E. E.	Danville	Pittsylvania
ROGERS, HOLCOMB, M. E.	Lovingston	Nelson
SAUNDERS, RICHARD ERNEST, A. C.	Suffolk	Nansemond
SCALES, WAIGHTTILL MOREHEAD, AGT.	Byrdville	Pittsylvania
SCOTT, LEVI MITCHELL, HORT.	Anstell	Georgia

SEDDON, BRUCE, M. E.	St. Louis	Missouri
SHIELDS, ROBERT DOUGLAS, E. E.	Welch	West Virginia
SIERRA, RAMON, C. E.	Guanabacoa	Cuba
SLICER, HARRY THOMAS, C. E.	Colora	Maryland
SMITH, OTIS SPOTSWOOD, JR., HORT.	Suffolk	Nansemond
SMITH, WILLIAM HENRY, JR., M. E.	Charlotte	Charlotte
SPANGLER, BYRON DEMENT, M. E.	Buena Vista	Rockbridge
ST. CLAIR, JOHN C., C. E.	Bane	Giles
ST. CLAIR, PALMER, M. E.	Saltville	Smyth
STEELE, REX ERIC, AGT.	Pounding Mill	Tazewell
STICKLEY, CLAUDE BAKER, AGT.	Vauchuse	Frederick
STINSON, WILLIAM LOUIS, E. E.	Wingina	Buckingham
TAYLOR, GEORGE, A. C.	Washington	Kentucky
TAYLOR, ROBERT FLOYD, M. E.	Hampton	Elizabeth City
THOMAS, MITCHELL BOYD, E. E.	Texarkana	Texas
TRIMBLE, JOSEPH MARSHALL, AGT.	Swoope	Augusta
WALL, FRANKLIN THOMAS, E. E.	Graham	Tazewell
WARNER, PAUL AMBROSE, HORT.	Purcellville	Loudoun
WAUGH, DAN BLAIR, AGT.	Galax	Grayson
WELCH, STANLEY WILLIAM, C. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
WESTON, SAMUEL CHARTERS, E. M.	Norfolk	Norfolk
WIENER, WILLIAM MITCHELL, C. E.	Harrisonburg	Rockingham
WILLIAMS, BRUCE STOCKTON, A. C.	Roanoke	Roanoke
WILSON, GEORGE BARRY, C. E.	Norfolk	Norfolk
YARBOROUGH, CHANNING HOLT, JR., AGT.	Richmond	Henrico







Freshman Class



MISS DRIVER
Sponsor

F. Q. WINGFIELD

C. B. TERRE

M. W. GILLIAM

F. W. HIGGINS

M. H. RICHARDSON

A. G. HUGHES

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

Historian

Sergeant-at-Arms



Freshman

ANDERSON, EDWARD RANDOLPH, (M. E.)	Blackstone	Nottoway
APPERSON, HARVEY BLACK, C. E.	Marion	Smyth
ARMISTEAD, HENRY KINN, M. E.	Churchland	Norfolk
BAKER, ROBERT ERNEST, HOYT	Budle	Wythe
BARRS, CLINTON NEWBERRY, AGT.	Pounding Mill	Tazewell
BATES, HARRY HOWARD, M. E.	Kerneysville	West Virginia
BEGGON, GEORGE FLORY, E. E.	Penn Laird	Rockingham
BLAIR, MONTGOMERY McLEAN, C. E.	Richmond	Henrico
BONHAM, JOSEPH PARK, AGT.	Chilhowie	Smyth
BOYE, JAMES HAROLD, HOYT	Bon Air	Chesterfield
BOWLER, ROLAND TOMLIN EVANS, M. E.	Washington	District of Columbia
BRINSON, STANLEY WOOD, E. E.	Portsmouth	Norfolk
BROWN, HOUSTON, AGT.	Wytheville	Wythe
BURKE, JOSEPH EDWIN, C. E.	Richmond	Henrico
BURTON, AUGUSTUS ALLEN, A. C.	Petersburg	Dinwiddie
CHAPLAIN, RUSSELL WILLIAM, E. E.	Princess Anne	Princess Anne
CLARK, EDWARD FRANKLIN, E. E.	Newport News	Warwick
COCKE, ALEXANDER REED, M. E.	Petersburg	Dinwiddie
COOD, RICHARD MARSHALL, AGT.	Portsmouth	Norfolk
COLAW, JOSEPH MARVIN, C. E.	Monterey	Highland
COOPER, JOSEPH HARVEY, A. C.	Bristol	Washington
COX, CLARENCE EDWARD, M. E.	Amherst	Amherst
COX, FELS MACK, AGT.	Independence	Grayson
CRAIG, MILTON McCOY, AGT.	Deerfield	Augusta
CROCKER, MARVIN FRANKLIN, C. E.	Suffolk	Nansemond
CROCKETT, ALEXANDER GRAHAM, AGT.	Max Meadows	Wythe
DALTON, HEATH ASHBY, E. E.	Hillsville	Carroll
DALTON, PLEASIE SAMUEL, M. E.	Front Royal	Warren
DEARL, HORACE THEODORE, A. G.	Berryville	Clarke
DERBY, CLAUDE PALMER, C. E.	Norfolk	Norfolk
DICKSON, JAMES NEWTON, E. E.	Organ Cave	West Virginia
DIGGES, DUDLEY DICE, E. E.	Meherrin	Lunenburg
DOGSON, WILLIAM PETTIT, JR., A. C.	Norfolk	Norfolk
DOWNY, JULIAN O'KANE, C. E.	Alexandria	Fairfax
DYVALL, SEVERN PARKER COSTIN, E. E.	Shady Side	Northampton
EPPINGER, WILLIAM FRANKLIN, AGT.	Blacksburg	Montgomery
ESKRIDGE, ALFRED ARMSTRONG, A. C.	Staunton	Augusta
EVANS, PEYTON RANDOLPH, C. E.	Amherst	Amherst
FINKS, GARNETT HOLSTEIN, E. E.	Saltville	Smyth
FOSTER, JOHN BROOKS, A. C.	Ocean View	Norfolk
FOWLE, BERNARD HOOK, JR., M. E.	Washington	District of Columbia
GARDNER, CHARLES STEWART, AGT.	Bluefield	West Virginia
GARNETT, WALTER RALPH, C. E.	Buckingham	Buckingham

GILLESPIE, FRED O'KEEFE, AGT.	Pounding Mill	Tazewell
GILLESPIE, HARVEY GEORGE, E. E.	Pounding Mill	Tazewell
GILLIAM, MARION WILLIAMS, E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
GIVENS, HARRY CLARENCE, AGT.	Sinking Creek	Craig
GRAHAM, LLOYD, C. E.	Bridgewater	Rockingham
GRAHAM, WILLIAM RANDOLPH, C. E.	Suffolk	Nansemond
GRIFFIN, THADDEUS WILLIAM, JR., E. E.	Petersburg	Dinwiddie
GRISSOM, CLISSY TROUT, AGT.	Blacksburg	Montgomery
GRISSOM, JOHN THOMAS, A. C.	Blacksburg	Montgomery
GROVES, WALTER EDMON, E. E.	Phoebus	Elizabeth City
HANKS, ENOCH OLIN, M. E.	Drewn	Carroll
HART, EDWIN BADGER, C. E.	Louisburg	North Carolina
HASHAGEN, GEORGE LOYE, E. E.	Wilmington	North Carolina
HENLEY, CHARLES TEMPLE, M. E.	Winterpock	Chesterfield
HOBART, CHARLES MONTGOMERY, E. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
HOBBS, WILLIAM NELSON, HOFL.	Roanoke	Roanoke
HOLMES, JOHN WILLIAM ATCHLEY, AGT.	Pulaski	Pulaski
HOLTZMAN, GEORGE BENJAMIN, AGT.	Edinburg	Shenandoah
HUBBARD, CLIFFORD WILSON, AGT.	Forest Depot	Bedford
HUGHES, HOUSTON BOYD, M. E.	Newport News	Warwick
JAMES, RICHARD THOMAS, A. C.	Pulaski	Pulaski
JANUTOLO, PETER UBALDO, A. C.	Graham	West Virginia
JOHNSON, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, E. E.	Manchester	Chesterfield
JOHNSON, CHARLES FRANKLIN, E. E.	Beaverdam	Hanover
JONES, EDWIN MONTEZUMA, JR., M. E.	Corinth	Mississippi
KEENAN, WILLIAM HENRY, E. E.	Washington	District of Columbia
KEESLING, ERNEST BASIL, M. E.	Rural Retreat	Wythe
KELLINGER, JOHN SCHREMER, AGT.	Marion	Smyth
KNOX, ELSMIE HIGGINBOTHAM, M. E.	Rio Vista	Henrico
KYGER, EARL WHITT, E. E.	Port Republic	Rockingham
LANE, EDWARD HUDSON, E. E.	Esmont	Albemarle
LANFORD, ROBERT PRESTON, JR., E. E.	Staunton	Augusta
LAREW, JAMES HOUSTON, E. E.	Staunton	Augusta
LEGGE, WITHROW REYNOLDS, M. E.	Washington	District of Columbia
LEWIS, HAROLD WILLIAM, M. E.	Manchester	Chesterfield
LEWIS, LAWRENCE TAYLOR, E. E.	Arlington	Maryland
LUSBY, EARLE SOUSA, M. E.	Delaplaine	Fauquier
MARTINEZ, RICARDO, E. E.	San Jose	Costa Rica
MANNIE, JOSEPH PAGE, A. C.	Richmond	Henrico
MAYNARD, GEORGE CHAMBERLAINE, E. M.	Portsmouth	Norfolk
MINSHALL, ROBERT EDWARD, C. E.	Piedmont	West Virginia
MITCHELL, HERBERT FLOYD, E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
MONTGOMERY, CORNELIUS TAYLOR, M. E.	Clare	Augusta
MOORE, JOHN RUCKER, E. E.	Stuart	Patrick
MORSE, ALBERT, A. C.	Abbeville	South Carolina
MOWBY, RALPH SANDERSON, M. E.	Richmond	Henrico
NERLETT, JOHN GILLIAM, E. E.	McKenney	Dinwiddie
NORRIS, EDWARD RAYMOND, M. E.	Hampton	Elizabeth City
OAKY, FRANK GRIFFIN, M. E.	Salem	Roanoke
OLINGER, THOMAS HABERN, C. E.	Olinger	Lee
PALMER, EARL HUGHES, A. C.	Berkeley	Norfolk
PARKER, THOMAS REGINALD, E. E.	Jared	West Virginia
PEAKE, JOHN MORTIMER, E. E.	Churchland	Norfolk
PERRY, CHARLES FUDGE, C. E.	Tazewell	Tazewell
PETTIGREW, JOSEPH CRANE, E. E.	Staunton	Augusta
PHLEGAS, BENJAMIN GRAY, E. E.	Christiansburg	Montgomery
PIERCE, WILLIAM LUTHER, JR., E. M.	Christiansburg	Montgomery
PITTS, CHARLES LINDSAY, C. E.	Fredericksburg	Spotsylvania
POAGE, ROBERT HAMILTON, A. C.	Wytheville	Wythe
PRYOR, WILLIAM BANISTER, E. M.	Washington	District of Columbia
RAIFORD, RALPH WALTON, AGT.	Ivor	Southampton
RAYSON, EARL LEVAN, M. E.	Longdale	Alleghany

READ, DANIEL WARWICK, JR., E. E.	Forest	Bedford
REYNOLDS, ROY ROSS, AGT.	Blacksburg	Montgomery
RICHARDSON, MORGAN HARRON, C. E.	Blacksburg	Montgomery
ROBERTSON, JULIAN CARELL, C. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
ROGERS, JAMES BOOTH, E. E.	Lovingston	Nelson
ROSE, ROBERT BYFORD, M. E.	Richmond	Henrico
ROUNTREE, HENRY WATKINS, JR., E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
ROYER, RALPH DOUGLAS, E. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
RUBUSH, ROBERT MILLER, E. E.	Buena Vista	Rockbridge
SANTOS, BONIFACIO LOUIS, M. E.	Bahia de Caraquez	Ecuador
SCOTT, JAMES POWELL, M. E.	Howardsville	Buckingham
SCRUGGS, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, E. E.	Salem	Roanoke
SEARS, CECIL EASTWOOD, C. E.	Newport News	Warwick
SEARSON, JOHN RUSH, AGT.	Raphine	Augusta
SHELburne, JAMES THOMAS, P. V. M.	Christiansburg	Montgomery
SHILES, JOHN WESLEY, E. M.	Washington	District of Columbia
SLEAR, JOHN KLUMP, E. E.	Fairwood	Grayson
SMITH, CHARLES EDWARD, M. E.	Richmond	Henrico
STEPHENS, FRED CHRISMAN, E. M.	Vernon	Texas
STEWART, LINCOLN, C. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
TALIAFERRO, RICHARD McCULLOCH, E. E.	Durham	North Carolina
TAYLOR, CHARLES EDWARD, AGT.	Lynchburg	Campbell
TAYLOR, EDMUND KEITH, C. E.	Hanover	Hanover
TERRE, CHARLES BINNS, M. E.	Leesburg	Loudoun
THOMAS, CHARLES MITCHELL, C. E.	Wytheville	Wythe
TICE, HENRY KIRSECKER, E. E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
TOMPKINS, GEORGE PHILLIPS, E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
TOWNSEND, CHARLES EARLE, E. E.	Norfolk	Norfolk
TURNER, ALEXANDER SCOTT, E. M.	The Plains	Fauquier
UPTON, RICHARD ROY, A. C.	Norfolk	Norfolk
VAUGHAN, CAIUS PAUL, AGT.	Bumpass	Louisa
VAWTER, EDMUND LONGLEY, E. M.	Blacksburg	Montgomery
VIVAR, RODERICK SEBASTIAN, M. E.	Ipsjapa	Ecuador
WACHTEL, HOWARD RAYMOND, C. E.	Fredericksburg	Spotsylvania
WALDRON, WILLIAM ROBERT, E. E.	Lynchburg	Campbell
WALKER, WILLIAM IRA, JR., C. E.	Rocky Mount	North Carolina
WALLACE, WILLIAMSON NEWELL, C. E.	Charlotte	North Carolina
WALTERS, JOHN WILLIAM, JR., AGT.	Christiansburg	Montgomery
WARE, JAMES VERNON, C. E.	Norfolk	Norfolk
WHITLEY, MILLARD TURPIN, AGT.	Windsor	Isle of Wight
WILKINS, CHARLES FREDERICK, JR., E. E.	Eastville	Northampton
WILLIAMS, HARPER, E. E.	Hot Springs	Bath
WILLIS, EDMOND SHIELDS, M. E.	Hampton	Elizabeth City
WILSON, GORDON BELVIN, AGT.	Cheriton	Northampton
WINGFIELD, FRANK QUINBY, E. E.	Richmond	Henrico
WOOD, ROBERT FRANKLIN, AGT.	Concord Depot	Campbell
WYANT, FRANK ALBERT, M. E.	Hinton	West Virginia
YOUNG, GLENN BAYLOR, AGT.	Chilhowie	Smyth



Second Year Apprentices

(Special Agriculture)

BROWN, FRANK REPASS	Rural Retreat	Wythe
GILLETTE, WILLIAM PERCY	Capron	Southampton
HARRIS, RICHARD PEGRAM	Charlotte	North Carolina
HUMSTON, EARL BEN	Middletown	Frederick
OZLIN, HERBERT WARREN	Eanes Cross Roads	Lunenburg
RICHTER, SWEPSON JOSEPH	Earlhurst	Alleghany
SHARP, CHESTER JAMES	Washington	District of Columbia
WILSON, SAMUEL BAXTER	News Ferry	Halifax

Apprentices.

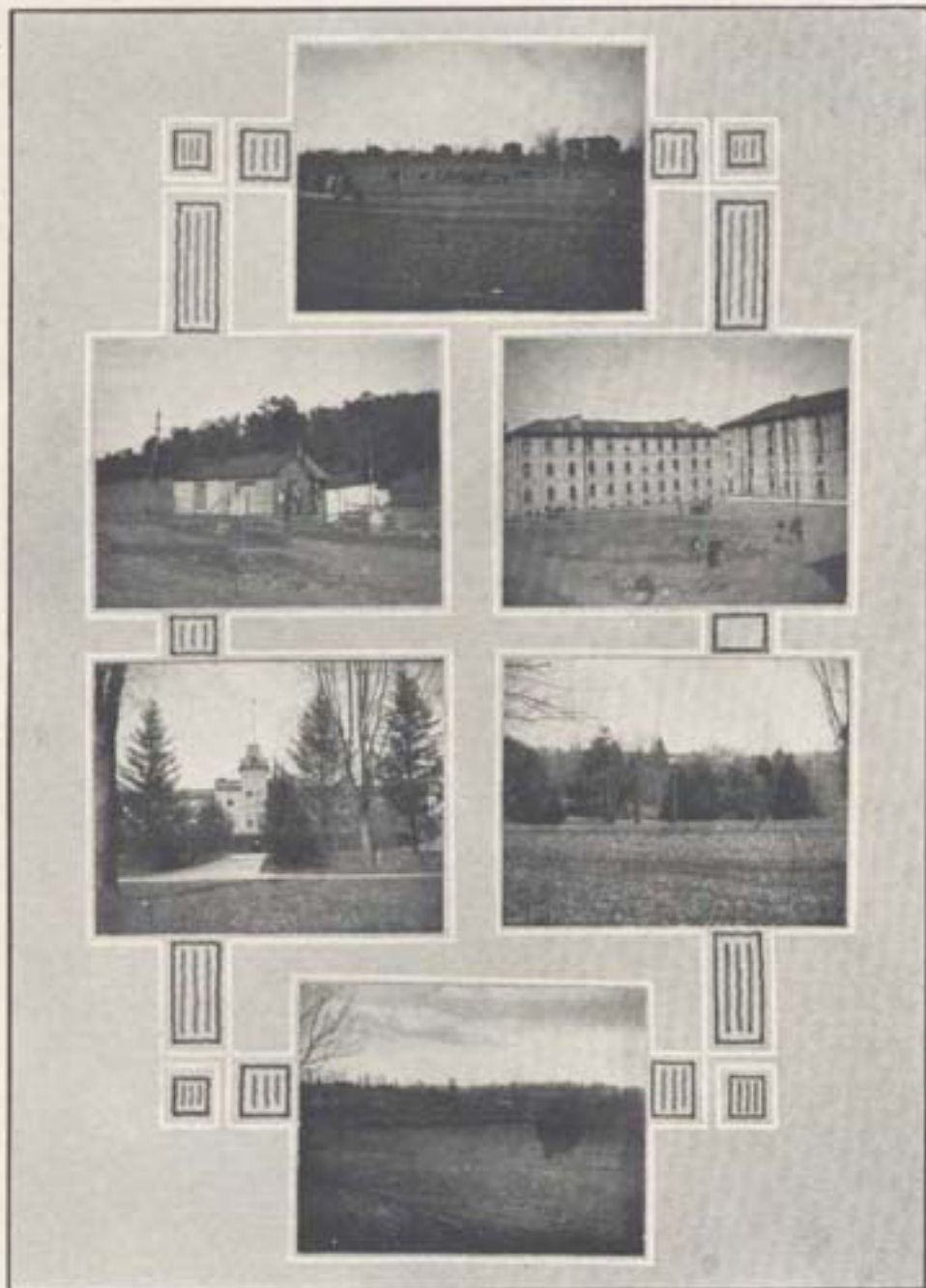
BANNER, GEORGE HOUSTON	Lebanon	Russell
BARBOUR, JOHN SAMUEL	Roanoke	Roanoke
BELL, WILLIAM ERVIN	Bridgewater	Augusta
BURNAP, GEORGE WASHINGTON	Chatham Hill	Smyth
CALE, GEORGE FRANKLYN	Middlebrook	Augusta
CLIFFORD, LEO MICHAEL	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
COLE, SHIRLEY LEON	Simpson	Floyd
COLEMAN, GEORGE CARTER	Danville	Pittsylvania
COURTNEY, CLIFTON CONVERSE	Richmond	Henrico
DICKINSON, HALLOWELL	Richmond	Henrico
DURNAS, FRANCIS	Bahia de Caraquez	Ecuador
ELETT, WILLIAM HUNDLEY	Middlethian	Chesterfield
FELTS, GORDON CREED	Ethelfelts	Carroll
FLORA, CHARLES CURTIS	Callaway	Franklin
FUGATE, GROVER LEE	Hansonville	Russell
HARMAN, EDWIN HOUSTON	Dublin	Pulaski
HENDERSON, JAMES MCCONKEY	Blacksburg	Montgomery
HIGGINS, FREDERICK WILLIAMS	Orange	Orange
HODGES, ROBERT E.	Roanoke	Roanoke
HODGES, WALTER LEE	Roanoke	Roanoke
HOWELL, OMAH LESLIE	Fincastle	Botetourt
HUDGINS, REUBEN BOATWRIGHT	New Canton	Buckingham
HURT, WILLIAM NORMAN	Bremo Bluff	Plutanna
INGHAM, ARNOLD GLADSTONE	Richmond	Henrico
JOHN, JAMES EDWARD	Blacksburg	Montgomery
KERR, MILTON LEEDS	Sterling	Loudoun
KIRKBRIDE, EDWARD LOUIS	Roanoke	Roanoke
LESTER, LAMAR	Blacksburg	Montgomery
LUKE, HOWARD AUGUSTUS	Holland	Nansemond

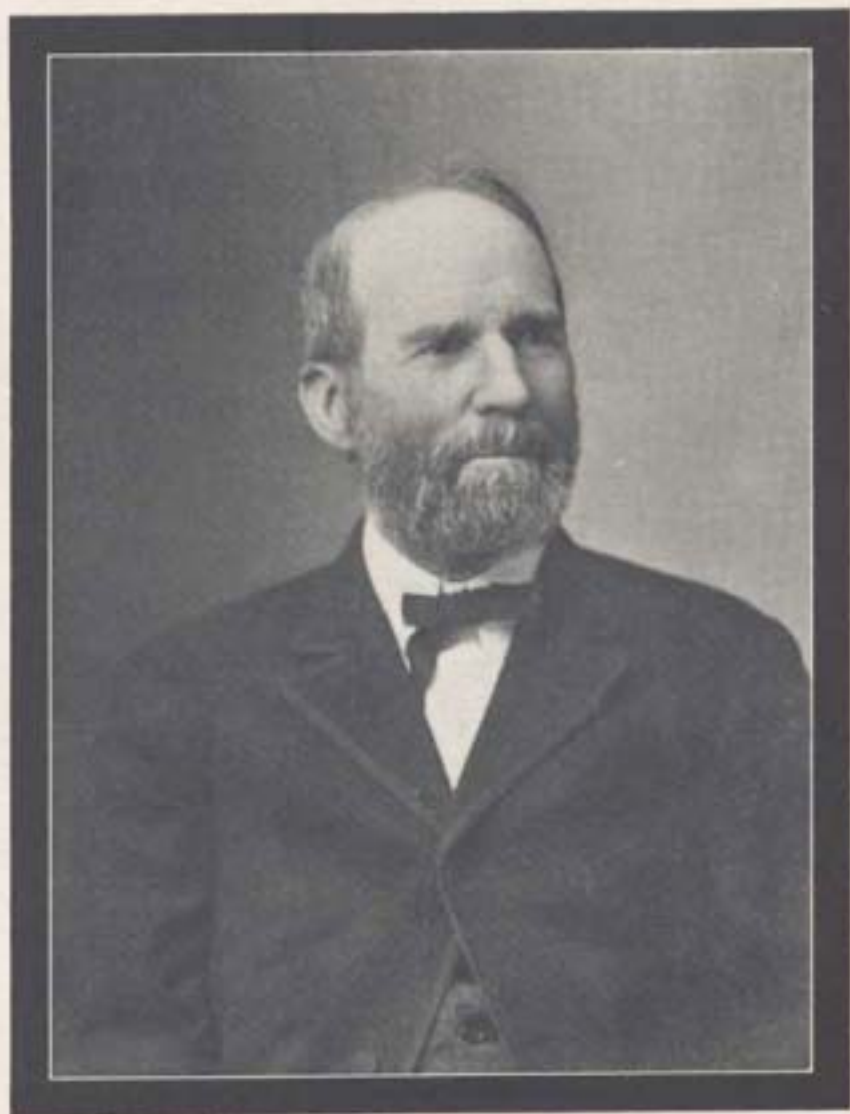
MASSIE, HARRY SNEED	Tyto	Nelson
MAST, RALPH MYERS	Reboak	Charlotte
NEWCOMB, ROBERT LEWIS	Craigsville	Augusta
OLIVER, GEORGE LYLES	Clarksville	Mecklenburg
OTRY, WALTER MAYNARD	Montvale	Bedford
PAYNE, BUCKNER HARRISON	Woodstock	Shenandoah
PHILPOTTS, ALVIN THORNTON	Norfolk	Norfolk
POWELL, MARCUS LUNDY	Woodview	Brunswick
PRESTON, WILLIAM BALLARD	E. Radford	Montgomery
PRICE, GEORGE WASHINGTON	Dillon's Mill	Franklin
RANDOLPH, ORLANDO ROBBINS	Blacksburg	Montgomery
RENFER, ERWIN	Falls Church	Alexandria
SAUNDERS, JAMES LEE	Thurman	Bedford
SCHOLE, WERNER JOSEPH	Roanoke	Roanoke
SCHWALBE, OTTO JOHN	Orange	Orange
SCOTT, EVERETT	Amherst	Amherst
SEARSON, WALTER CALVERT	Raphine	Rockbridge
SHANER, CLYDE TERRY	Lynchburg	Campbell
SIBOLD, ARTHUR PLEASANT	Eggleston	Giles
SIERRA, AMBRONIO	Guanabacoa	Cuba
SMITH, CHARLES WILLIAM JACOB	Boston	Culpeper
SPENCER, WILLIAM SCOTT, JR.	Fincastle	Botetourt
STERRINS, JACK RAVENSCHROFF	Ashland	Hanover
URDARETA, FRANCISCO	Bogota	Columbia
WHITE, ALLEN NEVE	Ivy Depot	Allemarle
WILLIAMS, GEORGE CADRELL	Dry Fork	Pittsylvania
WIMBUSH, JOSEPH HOPKINS	Phillia	Mecklenburg
WOOD, JOSEPH MOIT	Concord Depot	Campbell
WRIGHT, CHARLES PEGRAM	Tappahannock	Essex

Special Students

BURBESS, WILLIAM HENRY	Lynch Station	Campbell
HOLDAWAY, CHARLES WILLIAM	Blacksburg	Montgomery
LUTTRELL, DAVID HARRIS	Falls Church	Fairfax
MARSH, ROBERT KYLE	Roanoke	Roanoke







Dr. George W. Walker, A. M.

Died March 16, 1910.

George W. Walker, Professor of Latin and Head Master of the School of Apprentices at V. P. I., was born October 5, 1843, near Martinsburg, Va. He was educated at the Martinsburg Academy and at Hampden-Sidney College; enlisted in the navy at the age of eighteen and belonged to the Stonewall Brigade;

was married in 1872 to Miss Emma Wysor, of Pulaski; taught for twenty-three years in public and private schools of Pulaski County, and for twelve years at the V. P. I., and was a member of the Board of Visitors of the State Female Normal School at Farmville. He died near Ashland, N. C., March 16th, 1910, and two days later was buried in the Blacksburg Cemetery. A wife, five sons and six daughters survive him and mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father.

Professor Walker's remarkable activity was one of his most striking characteristics. He had almost reached the allotted three score years and ten, yet his step was quick and elastic. He was active and vigorous until the last. He often grew tired in the work, but never tired of it. "Better wear out than rust out," was his motto. "Literally worn out," was the physician's last pronouncement upon his condition. His life was consecrated to a noble purpose. He did a fine work as a teacher and educator. Many a young man was prepared for his life-work in his class room. He loved teaching. At the V. P. I. he was not only the oldest member of the Faculty, but he had more teaching hours per week than any other professor. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of his pupils. The educational world recognizes in his death the loss of a disciplinarian and teacher of the first rank. In his work he was always cheerful and optimistic. Adverse circumstances—and there were many in his life—were met with a cheerful attitude. He had a heart that betokens great courage and hope. No word of impotence or complaint fell from his lips during his illness. The sunshine played upon his face, even in the hour of his death.

No one could be associated with Professor Walker for even a brief time and not be impressed with his moral and spiritual attributes. He cherished always high ideals and lofty aspirations. He was in sympathy with every movement looking to the moral and spiritual uplift of the people. An enthusiastic Sunday School and church worker, he represented the highest type of the Christian gentleman. The Bible was his great text-book, faith his guiding star. The family altar was sacred to him and he preached Christ and practiced Christianity. Faithfulness to every duty was his ruling principle in life.

A man of such vitality, diversity of interests and high ideals exerted a wide and wholesome influence, not only in his immediate community, but throughout the South. He was very progressive and public spirited, profoundly interested in all the vital questions of the day. To serve his fellowman and advance in every way the interests of his country seemed to be his mission in life. Great was his devotion to the Southern Cause and to his State. His influence does not and cannot end with his earthly career. It will certainly be felt down through the coming ages. The world is all the better for his noble and consecrated life. Ex-Governor Montague paid him a fitting tribute when he said, "I am grateful for his inspiring confidence and friendship. His life was wholly for good, and even in politics, candid as he was, he was nobly patriotic and brave against wrong. He did a great service for his country, not only as a teacher in the schools, but as a teacher of the people in an application to their public responsibilities. I loved him deeply. In my political struggles I had his counsel and help; but what gave me most satisfaction was the way in which he made me feel that his support was not so much for me as for the State. I shall always recall and revere his memory."



LITERARY



I am Asked to Write a Poem for the "Bugle"

I really don't know what I'm going to write,
And maybe I shan't write at all;
But they told me most clearly in plain black and white,
That a "pome" from my brainbox must fall.

So I hopefully, trustingly start to compose
An ode, or a sweet little song;
But the muse has dropped off in a fathomless doze
Which appears to be centuries long.

And pencils are bitten, and paper is chewed
Till I can't think a minute with ease;
But feel like a rodent most thoroughly stewed
In a mixture of garlic and pease.

Which state has continued for over an hour,
But no "pome" from my brainbox has fell;
So I tear up the message with vigor and power,
Consigning the "Bugle" to H—!!

C. T. A.



A Double Shuffle

"Up, Golly! Who'd have thought it? Old Professor Hayloft could never have drawn out this in a lifetime of labor, while that girl, with one look from her merry eyes— Well, well, it all goes to show what a powerful factor love is in the life of a man."

And Bob, the Youthful, after sealing but not addressing, his divinely-inspired effusion, fairly strutted across the floor, the dignity of first love weighing heavily on his heart.

Once in the hall, however, his carriage lost its pompousness, and he crept along cautiously, feeling his way with care to the door of the dining-room. He felt for the matches on the stand by the door, but found none. Muttering imprecations against his aunt for living in such an out-of-the-world place, where electric lights were unknown; he found the dining-table, counted the plates from the corner, and was depositing his new and peculiar culinary attempt under the third plate, when he heard cautious footsteps approaching down the hall. Visions of his aunt's pistol, kept ever ready for burglars, coupled with a disinclination to make his identity known and have an explanation of his presence demanded, convinced Bob that safety for limb and romance lay in flight. As the second midnight stroller gently opened the dining-room door, the first made a hasty exit via the window.

Once inside, the actions of the second stroller were, strangely enough, identical with those of the first, except that his offering was placed under the second plate, and in his efforts to locate that plate, several small articles on the table were overturned. Such minor details, however, disturbed this night walker not at all, and, nothing happening to prohibit a normal departure, specter number two cautiously retraced his footsteps.

Just as Bob, the Youthful, crept as silently as might be, through the window of his room and proceeded to plaster back, where practicable, that skin which

his unaccustomed scaling of the porch pillars had displaced from his shins and elbows, Bob, the Elder, nodded off into rosy dreams of a life no longer lonely, but shared and blessed by the now perverse but charming widow, Betty, whose winsome daughter, with loving remonstrance, should calm down and at last conquer that obstreperous youngster, Bob, the Youthful.

How far on the road to subjugation the obstreperous youngster was would have been plain to the anxious father had he but known of the romantic visit to the dining-room preceding his own, or of the dreams that filled the sleeping hours of Bob, the Youthful—dreams in which Betty, Junior, after enticing him up endless porch pillars, bound his wounded elbows with honeysuckle and bits of his own inspired note.

But the course of true love never runs smoothly, and Fate, in the shape of Diana, the cook, now took a hand in this game of hearts. The next morning that person, calling down unutterable maledictions upon the head of the miscreant who had overturned the mustard-pot, proceeded to dress the table anew, and in so doing, discovered the romantic epistles of father and son to mother and daughter. Love of romance may dwell even in the heart of a cook, and Diana carefully replaced the missives under the plates, failing only in that, by the will of Fate and clumsy fingers, an exchange was accomplished.

In her own room the next morning the Widow Betty read a note that struck her as being strangely unlike its predecessors. There was a dashing boldness, a summary taking things for granted that captivated her, while its daring fairly took her breath away. An elopement—and at her age! What would the world say? And yet she could but acknowledge that there was no other way, for, by her late lamented husband's will, she was forbidden to marry until Betty, Junior, had attained the age of twenty-five years, under penalty of forfeiting to a home for the infirm, or such an institute, all of the property, real or personal, which Betty, Junior, had inherited from her deceased parent, unless, so the document provided, Betty, Junior, should enter into the matrimonial contract before that age, in which her property became hers, regardless of her mother's actions.

The Widow Betty glanced from her window at the careless, fickle-minded, nineteen-year-old offspring, animatedly entertaining no less than eight beardless youths at one time, and smiling with equal graciousness upon all. Truly, matrimony and all other serious considerations looked far distant. The dreary length of six interminable years stretched in vista before her mind's eye. The Widow Betty sighed. Indeed, and in truth, this life is hard. Then she read her note again. The audacious daring of it fascinated her; its reckless romance appealed to the youth of her. With one last gasp, prudence and common sense died, and the Widow Betty, gazing in the mirror at her own flushed and still youthful face, rejoiced in their death.

It was very dark in the garden and the Widow Betty, with a feminine fear of all creeping things, held her skirts high with one hand, while she groped her way along with the other. She had barely reached the gate, when her free hand was seized, and, without waiting for a word from her, a firm voice directed:

"Get in quick. There is another machine around at the other gate. It has been there about fifteen minutes; some of the boys going to take the late train, I guess, but it's strange I heard nothing of it. We must get out of the park gate before they start, or we will run into each other in the drive-way. Are you fixed?"

The widow gave a weak assent. "Chug-chug," went the machine. They were off. The Widow Betty felt as she imagined the captured princess in the old fairy tales did. Her heart was doing double duty, and a little wildly ecstatic sixteen-year-old thrill shot up and down her spine. Here was a belated romance. Yet truly it was worth the weary wait.

They circled around the driveway and were continuing their headlong flight to the gate, when quite unexpectedly a dark object loomed up from out of the gloom ahead of them and a voice demanded, "Who's there?"

The Widow Betty felt the machine come to a sudden halt, and then a very indignant voice from the front seat replied, "And so it was you spying on me, was it? Well, I've got her, and I defy you and that widow both to take her from me!"

"What?" exclaimed two startled female voices simultaneously. Lights flashed from two hastily-lighted lanterns, and then—

"Up Golly, Par!" stuttered Bob, the Youthful, "what do you say to a trade?"

I. R. L.



Last Taps

O'er the meadow, past the bleachers,
Far away to east and west,
Farther still, but fainter ever
Runs the call of taps—"To Rest;"
North and southward swings the echo,
Palmer's Hill and Turkey's Breast,
Lover's Leap and Bald Knob's summit
Catch the midnight call—"To Rest."

Hill and valley, hark the summons,
Wood and farmland, welcome give
To the rest the bugle brings them
Where the Polytechnics live.
Brings, and murmurs softly "Slumber,
Day was long but night is short,
Catch the sleep the evening brings thee,
Fit reward for day-deeds wrought."

Down lover's lane beneath the maples,
'Mong paper lanterns legion strewn,
The echoes linger long, and warn the
Joyous crowds that day comes soon:
Telling hearts athrob with gladness—
"Beat ye thus, while thus ye may,
Tomorrow's sun may bring thee sadness,
Laugh Illumination Night away."

Eastward through the rifts of starlight,
Down the campus summer clad,
To the dance-hall brightly lighted,
Still the echoes low and sad;
Through the upper casements floating
With the scented air of June,
To admonish happy dancers—
"Dance awhile, the day breaks soon."

"Midnight now, but hours fly swiftly,
Soon the east foretells the morn;
Soon the Senior Prom is done with,
And the dancers all are gone."
And the dancers cease from dancing
Till the last faint echo dies—
"Last, last taps"—a maiden murmurs,
"Last, last taps"—a Senior sighs.

P— '07



Rasco's Waterloo

(A comedy sketch, typifying one phase of life at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.)

SCENE ONE—Rasco's Lecture Room

Characters: PROF. RASCO, the Wild Man (He eats 'em alive.)
GRIZ JONES, the Football Hero,
REDDY RUNT, the Rambunctious Rat,
Rest of Section B, in Descriptive Geometry.

Time: Third Period, Tuesday Morning.

(Enter class, gathering around the stove, laughing and talking. Bell rings).

PROF. RASCO: "Take your seats, please."

BRINKLEY: "Hey there, Rat! that's my seat." (Grabs him by the hair.) "Beat it!"

P. R.: "Answer to your names, please." (Calls the roll, stopping to speak only to those who were absent the time previous.) "Mr. Eubank, where were you last time?"

BANKS: "Sick."

P. R.: "Excused?"

BANKS: "Mm—m—mm—mm—m."
P. R.: "What was that? Speak louder. Were you, or were you not excused?"
BANKS: "Yes, sir; I were not excused."
P. R.: "How's that? Say, Mr. Eubank, what's the matter with your lungs?"
BANKS: "Nothing. Somethin's the matter with your ears."
P. R.: "Well, were you excused?"
BANKS: "No, sir."
P. R.: "Aha, that's one of them. You know what happens when you get three. Mr. Moomaw, where were you last time?"
MOO: "Sick."
P. R.: "Excused?"
MOO: "Yes, sir."
P. R.: "Who excused you? your room mate?"
MOO: "No, sir; the doctor."
P. R.: "Mr. Yancey, where were you the last time?"
YAN: "In the hospital."
P. R.: "Sick, or just bluffing?"
YAN: "What?"
P. R.: "I said, 'were you sick?'"
YAN: "Yes, sir."
P. R.: "Excused?"
YAN: "Yes, sir."
P. R.: "Oh, I thought perhaps you were down there trying to get out of band practice."
YAN: "I like my military."
(Rasco adjusts the lantern, and everybody starts coughing.)
P. R.: "Now, if there's anyone in here who can't control his coughing, there's the door. Get right out. I won't mark you absent." (Half a dozen students leave the room.) "I just simply can't bear to talk if there's the slightest noise. I'm too nervous." (Walks over to wall and looks for his pointer. Can't find it, everybody laughs. He looks all over the room for it, and then out in the hall.) "Mr. Jones, will you go outside and see if you can find my pointer? It's probably down by the front door getting some fresh air." (Jones goes out. Rasco paces up and down, the class giggles.) "O, enough!" (Groans like a dying calf.) "Isn't it funny?" (The class roars.) "You think it's worrying me, don't you? But it isn't. Not a bit." (Raging up and down the room.) "It's not doing me any harm. I won't teach the lesson without my pointer. O, it's awfully funny now. But wait till I get you all in the examination room for finals. There'll be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth then, instead of all this confounded monkey business. You'll sweat blood then, all right. Just wait. You fellows think a professor's life is an easy one. All pie. A regular sinecure. But it

isn't. In the first place, we don't receive half enough to live on. We're cooped up here in this God-forsaken hole in the hills and subjected daily to the most aggravating annoyances from the students."

RAMBUNCTIOUS RAY: "You can hike if you don't like it here. You're not tied."

P. R.: "Don't get funny, Mr. Runt. If there's anything funny to be gotten off in here, I'll get it off, see? We're compelled to associate daily with some of you ruffians and toughs that ought to be in a reformatory. Yes, in a reformatory. I don't mean this little incident of my pointer especially. That is nothing more than I could expect from your infantile brains. Honestly, sometimes I dream all night that this section is the kindergarten class in an orphan asylum. You know sometimes when you dream a horrible dream, and then wake up and find that it isn't true, what a grateful sense of relief comes over you? Well, I never feel that relief when I wake up after dreaming of you fellows. I don't mean to be hard on the class as a whole. I think, in fact, that there is as gentlemanly a set of fellows here as anywhere, but once or twice or three times in awhile, you'll run across a brazen ignoramus who is probably the first of his family that ever went to school; who hasn't the male sense he was born with; who probably doesn't associate with the white people in his pig-pen; who can't make his presence in his class felt by his intelligence, but who has to squeal and grunt and whistle and stamp his hoofs on the floor when my back is turned. O, it's awfully funny. I'll bet that fellow is almost human. Awfully funny? Awfully, awfully, awfully funny. Almost as funny as the funeral of a widow's only child." (Sound of kick-kick-kick along the floor of the hall outside.) "Ah! I reckon that's Mr. Jones now. If you ever want anything found, Mr. Jones is the man to send for it." (Enter Griz triumphantly, wielding the pointer.)

GRIZ: "Here it is, 'Fessor. Found it way down under the front steps."

P. R.: "Much obliged, Mr. Jones, I was just remarking to the class, that if anyone ever wanted anything you'd be the man to send for it. And look here. Tell what I'll do. I can't exactly promise you a pass in descriptive, but I *will* make you a handsome present, in fact, a very handsome present, a ten-dollar bill, if you will find the idiot who hid my pointer and give him a genuine, good old-fashioned bucking. I mean a real sound thrashing, and if you need any help, bring him over here to me. I mean it. Now to the lesson." (Just as he points to the problem on the board, the bell rings for dismissal.) "Look at that, a whole period wasted. O, it's awful. It's awful to be a teacher." (Class rushes out, leaving him wildly gesticulating.)

SCENE II—Griz Jones' Room

Characters: GRIZ JONES.
REDDY RUNT.

Time: Shortly after S. G. I. that night.

(Griz is seated at the table studying when Reddy comes in.)

R. R.: "Hello, Griz, how'd you like to make five dollars?"

GRIZ: "Five dollars! Whew, lead me to it!" (Grabs his hat and starts toward the Rat.)

R. R.: "Wait a minute, Griz. No use rushing into the thing headlong. Now, how'd you like to play a joke on Rasco?"

GRIZ: "Who? Me?"

R. R.: "Yes, you and me too. I've got a dandy scheme."

GRIZ: "Well, let's have it. (They sit down and talk in low tones for quite a while. Finally Reddy gets up and turns to leave.)

R. R.: "Then it's a go, Griz? I get five and you get five."

GRIZ: "Yes, it's a go all right, but I don't see much nourishment in it for Rasco."

R. R.: "O, well, he gets the experience. So long." (Exit R. R.)

SCENE III—Rasco's Lecture Room

Characters: Same as before.

Time: Third period on Thursday morning.

(Enter class as usual. They take their seats and Rasco starts to call the roll. Enter Griz Jones exhibiting a bandaged eye and followed by the remains of Reddy Runt. Reddy is leaning on a crutch; both his eyes are blacked, one of his arms is in splints, his face is scratched and bruised and in the seat of his trousers is a pillow. A strong odor of iodoform pervades the room.)

GRIZ: (Pointing to Reddy, who is sullenly taking a back seat.) "Well 'Feasor, have you got that ten dollars handy?"

P. R.: "Well, I guess yes! I only wish I could make it more."

GRIZ: (Aside) "So do I."

P. R.: "You got a nice one in the eye yourself, didn't you? Why didn't you bring him over here?"

GRIZ: "I was afraid you'd want a commission out of the ten dollar bill."

P. R.: (Holding up the ten dollar bill.) "Gentlemen, you know I am not a very rich man, but I feel that this money is not wasted. I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have been the innocent cause of a small-sized reform movement in V. P. I. Mr. Jones, I now take great pleasure in presenting to you here before my class, in my own behalf, the slight token of my heartfelt gratitude." (Hands Griz the money.)

GRIZ: "And I, 'Fessor, now take even greater pleasure in accepting, here before the class, in behalf of myself and a friend, this same heartfelt token of your slight gratitude, that is—I mean this same heartfelt gratitude of your slight token,—I mean—"

P. R.: "I notice you said in behalf of yourself and a friend. So it took two of you to turn the trick, eh?"

GRIZ: "Yes, sir, it took two of us all right."

R. R.: "May I be excused?"

P. R.: "Yes, sir. With pleasure, and I don't care if you never come back." (Exit R. R.) "Now to the lesson."

GRIZ: "'Fessor, may I be excused?"

P. R.: "I reckon so. Going out to find your friend and whack up with him?"

GRIZ: "How's that?"

P. R.: "I say are you going out to divide that ten dollars between you and your friend?"

GRIZ: "Yes, sir. How'd you guess it?" (Exit Griz.)

P. R.: "Now, Mr. Harrison, what does this figure represent?"

HAR: "I don't know, sir."

P. R.: "Why don't you know? Any particular reason why you shouldn't have studied this problem?"

HAR: "Yes, sir. I have been sick in the hospital."

P. R.: "Humph! Mean to tell me that it's more important to go to the hospital when you're sick than to study your descriptive?"

HAR: "Yes, sir. I do think my life and health are more important than this—stuff."

P. R.: "Why, Mr. Harrison, that's nonsense. Your life would be utterly blank and worthless if you didn't study descriptive. Mr. Keesling, what can you tell me about this figure on the board?"

KEES: "Nothing."

P. R.: "Ah, Mr. Keesling, that's a fine game of basket ball you put up, a fine game. Wish you could put up as good a game at descriptive. Mr. Legge, what do you know about this problem?"

LEGG: "Nothing."

P. R.: "Ah, Mr. Legge, fine on basket ball, fine! Nix on descriptive. Mr. Yancey, can you enlighten us a few as to this figure?"

YAN: "No, sir."

P. R.: "Ah, Mr. Yancey, fine on private theatricals, fine! Well, what can you tell me, Mr. Massei?"

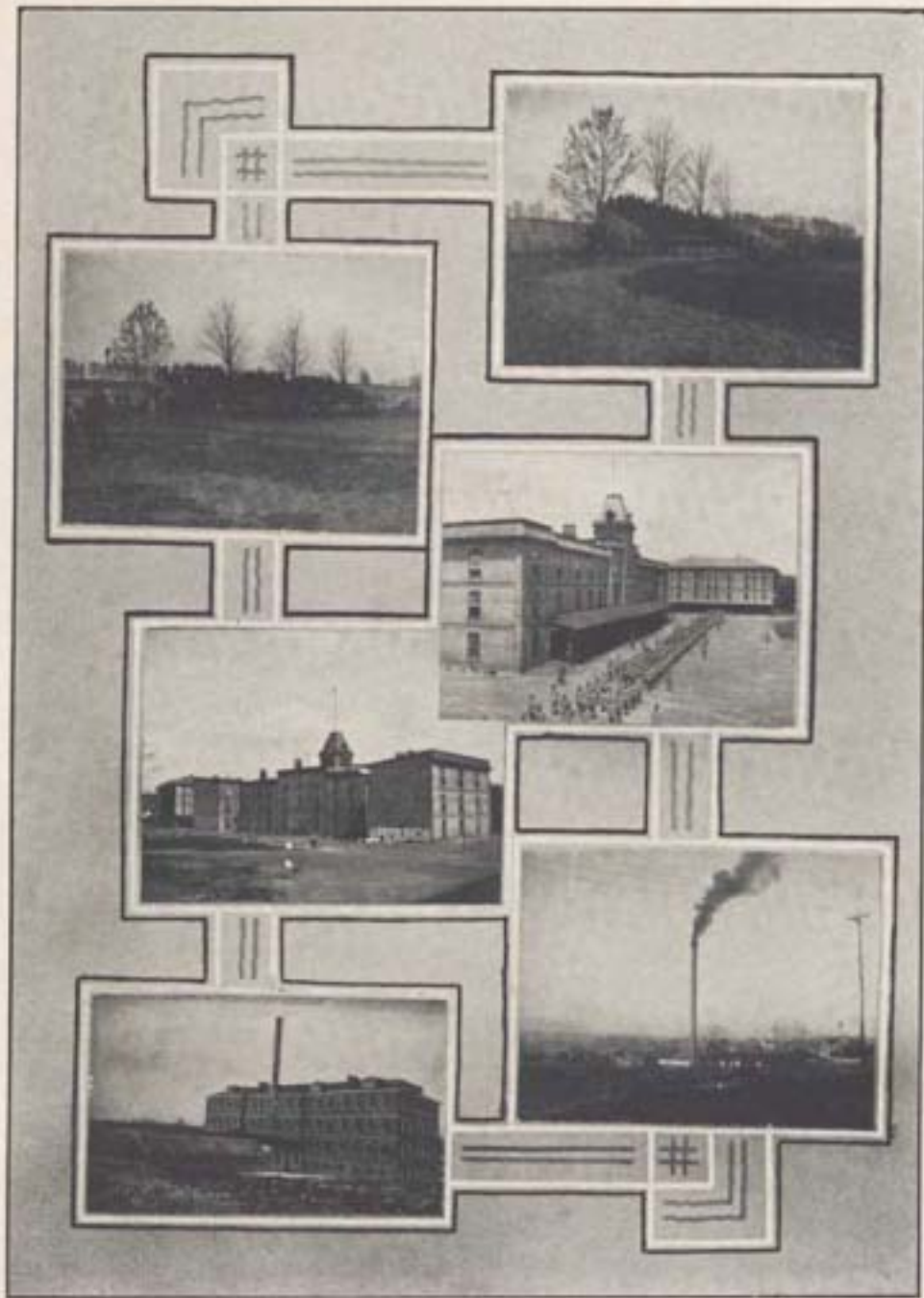
MASSEI: "Nothing."

P. R.: "Ah, Mr. Massei, fine on *nothin'*, fine! Say, does anybody here know any descriptive. Don't all speak at once. Ah, just as I thought. Not a solitary one of you knows what descriptive is." (Enter Griz and Reddy Runt, arm in arm, puffing big fat cigars. Neither one of them shows any signs of injuries whatsoever. Crutches, splints, bandages and pillow are all discarded. Black eyes are washed clean of their grease paint and even the odor of iodoform is missing.)

REDDY: (Holding out a handful of cigarettes to Rasco.) "Have a smoke, 'Fessor; you paid for 'em. Take two. By the way, 'Fessor, did you ever find out who hid your pointer last Tuesday?"

(Tableaux.)





I Wonder

Why is it, I wonder, why is it?
It seems that I'll ne'er understand
Why some of us, even the sanest,
Do things beyond reason of man.
Why does "Doc" Warden look conscious,
As perhaps you've all seen him do,
When perchance one happens to mention
The simple numeral "2" ?
And when we were down in Norfolk,
Think you 'twas for "rep" or for fame,
That "Peggy" played so miraculously
In this particular game?
Why "Caesar" Massei insisted
That the corps go to Richmond to play?
Why "Piggy" 'phones to Snowville—
Well, shall we say every day?—
And Rathell, who's surely no botanist,
In fact found the study quite hard;
Has become so excessively interested
In the "Rose" in Cagey's yard?
And when the team was off playing,
Do you think 'twas because they were broke
That "Stoney" got left in Blackstone,
And "Emory" as a rule in Roanoke?
And what is the possible reason
"Venus" Sutton loves "U. N. C.?"
Or why disappeared so suddenly
"Gris" Jones' hard earned "V. P.?"
And why is it Trenor decided
He ought not to smoke any more?
And why is there nothing feminine
Which now can interest "Seashore?"
I wonder, I wonder, I wonder,
Whatever the reason can be?
Dear Reader, a hint from the writer,
Just look on the next page and you'll see—



THE REASON

Why Don't You Write?

I hear the mail-bell ringing,
And it sets my heart to singing,
For I am looking for a letter long delayed;
There's a step upon the stair,
'Tis the mail boy coming there,
Then my fears begin to rise and hopes to fade.

Yes, he passes by my door,
As he's done so oft' before,
And it means there isn't any mail for me;
Then the loud cry in the hall
Makes my spirits sudden fall
As he yells, "No mail tonight for 2nd D!"

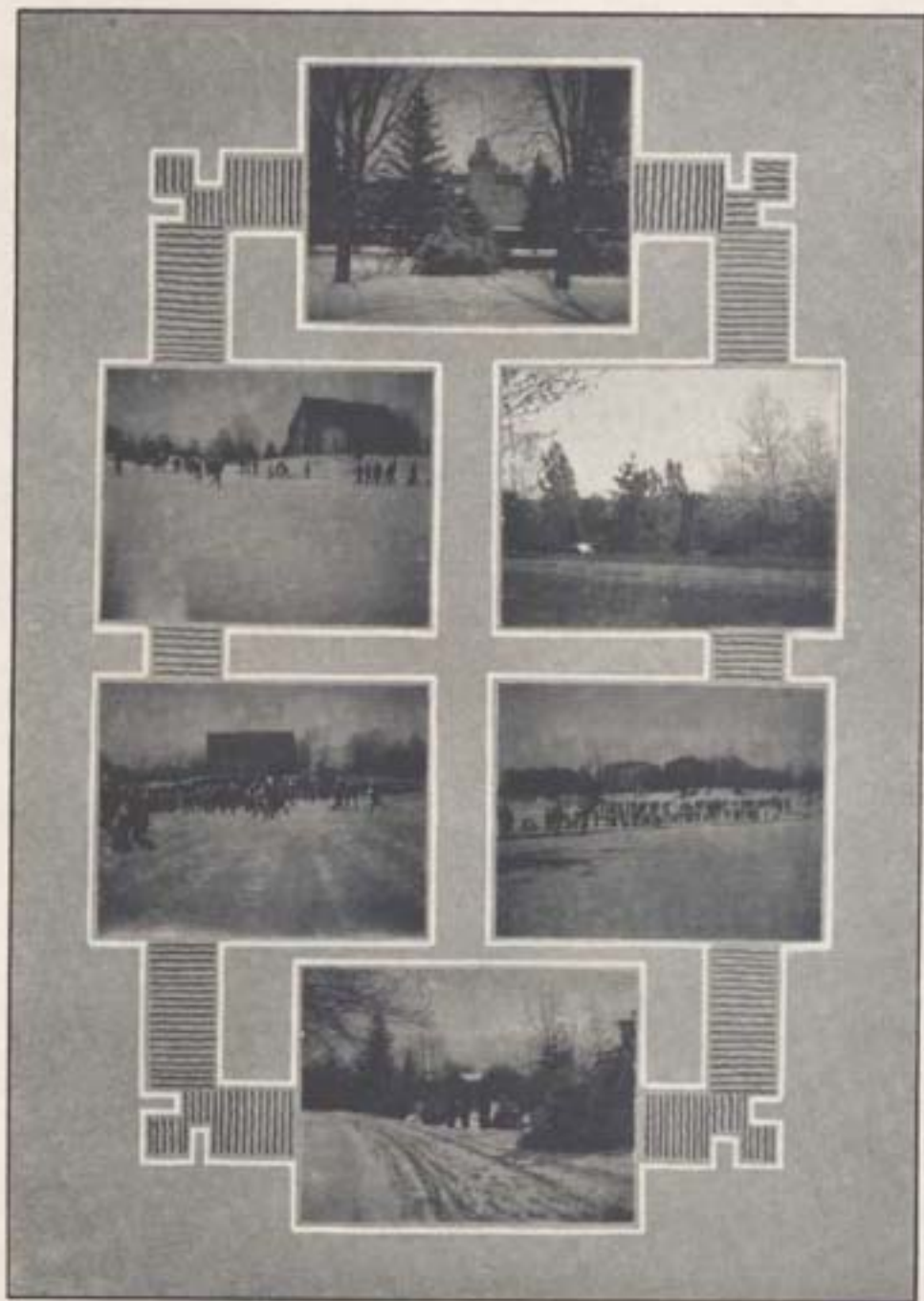
And you've pledged yourself a friend,
And a helper to the end,
I do not care to cut my words too fine;
It really dosen't matter
If you didn't write the letter,
And yet you could have written me a line.

Another day gone by,
And still I'm wondering why
You're leaving me without a single sign;
Perhaps there's some mistake,
And yet for old times' sake
I think you might have written me a line.

WHAT WE PURSUE

 <p>Chemistry, steers, Dairying breeds, "Aggie Engineers" From near-by ponds.</p>	 <p>Apples and pears, Peaches and plums, Sprays when he dares, Grafts too, by jove!</p>
<p>Test tubes, glasses, And retorts, fed Whited gases, A terrible smell.</p> 	<p>Furnace and smelter, Alloy and slags, Herd when they smelter, Clad only in rags.</p> 
<p>Mine shafts, ores, Fossils, stones, "Rocks" by the score, Also some "bones".</p> 	<p>Horses and cows, Piggies and pets, Cause many rows Among the young wets.</p> 
<p>Transit and tape, Level and rod, Hope we escape Carrying the hod.</p> 	<p>Diagrams, books, Engines and grease, Baker explodes, Then wire at pace.</p> 
<p>Ampere and watt, Misfortune it spells, Hope that we'll not, Be familiar with cells.</p> 	<p>Pickax and shovel, Iron and coal, Live in a hovel, Work in a hole.</p> 



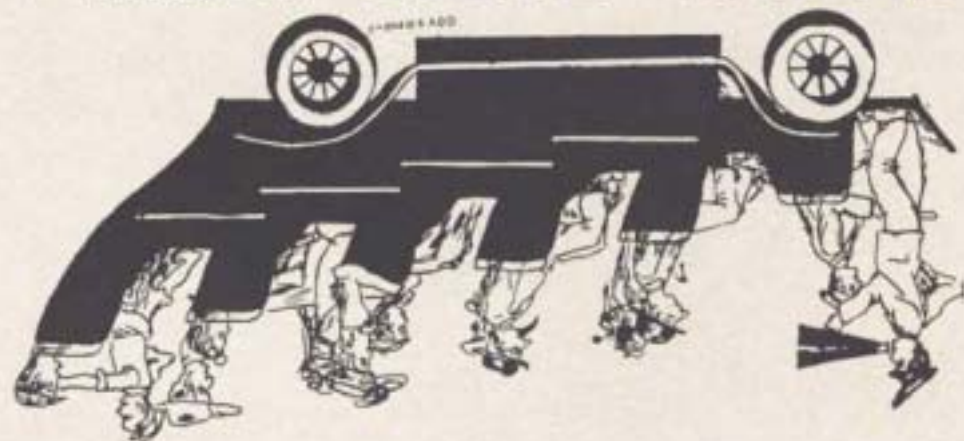


"All aboard now, ladies and gents, for a sight-seeing trip through historic Backsburg and the V. P. I. campus. Our comfortable auto guarantees comfort; our skilled driver (Bill here), insures safety; and our polite conductor, which is me, promises all desired information, even engaging to translate college slang.

"All right, Bill, crank 'er up.
 "The imposing edifice we have just left, ladies and gents, is facetiously known as 'Huckleberry Junction.' It is an instance of remarkable conversion—a hen-house into a railroad station. This is one of the great achievements of Professor G. E. Kandolph, of the Institute.
 "We are now on Main Street. All who carry watches are advised to have them regulated immediately after the trip.
 "Let us pause for a minute. It would never do to miss what I am about to point out. This grass-colored building on your left you probably have taken for a store. Right, but yet wrong. No, this is something in a class by itself. It is a combination soda-water fountain, gents' furnishing store, cafe, stationery and confectionery shop, to say nothing of a complete haberdashery, art store, and, running as a side line, an embryonic 'Monte Carlo,' where guitless, unsuspecting youths wager their sons on the possibility (or rather the impossibility) of winning one of 'Deader's' five pounders. But what makes this place notorious is that for generations it has been the council chamber of the Sons of Blacks-burg, their heads enveloped in a halo of stogie smoke and their feet steaming forth unsavory odors of tobacco juice, etc.

"Before us is the main campus of the V. P. I. This mass of twisted iron pipe at the foot of the steps, you, of course, won't recognize. It was neither built,

SEEKING VPI THROUGH A MEGAPHONE



designed nor arranged; it was put there to keep out animals. Although effective against cows, horses, etc., it prevents in no way the passing in and out of donkeys.

"Be careful, Bill. Don't run over that herd of cattle. That will do. Here we are at Ellett's, and incidentally at the parting of the ways. This corner witnesses the quandary of countless cadets, the question of whether to spend the last lingering quarter of last month's allowance in chocolate and soda at Ellett's or risk the throes of indigestion on Wright's pie and sandwiches. In either case it means inward physical pain and an empty pocket.

"On our left we see the V. P. I. shops, truly a strange and bewildering place. In there I once saw a *monkey wrench* a *plane square box* into *bits*, and a *servec driver* out because she broke the *rules*. Here are many *shavings*, but never a barber. The cadets do most of their *drilling* in this building. While there are many interesting things here, there are many *boring* ones. Though all of the students have their *vices*, their work is always on the *square*.



Ellett's Drug Store

ling in commodiousness and wealth of scenic production the celebrated Milan Theatre, and which is absolutely without a peer in Blacksburg. Here, for the munificent sum of ten cents, one can enjoy every form of entertainment known to the theatrical world, at the same time (no extra charge) listening to a third-hand phonograph reproducing by fits and starts the metallic strains of 'Heine Waltzed Round on His Hickory Limb.'

"This is called the Dining Hall in the catalogue; the students call it the Mess. Its aims are beneficent and often misunderstood. It was once thought that the Mess was meant solely as an aid to conversation and fudge-makers. Recently this view has been assailed and proven incorrect. It has been stated on good authority (that of Mr. Schultz himself), that '*groutley*' affords excellent exercise for the jaws; that the soup is as good as vaccination; the chicken teaches control of the temper. The students say that macaroni, when properly prepared, makes fine bucksters, but then hazing is no more. 'Only the Brave Deserve Such Fare.'

"Above the 'Mess,' whence you can hear the straggling strains of the college orchestra laboring through



Entrance and Shops

His choice matters little. In either case it means inward physical pain and an empty pocket.

"We have here on our right the Lyric Theatre, ladies and gents, which was modeled after the Metropolitan, of New York, rival-



The Lyric



Mess Hall

might be worse off. A musical comedy is enacted here every morning, the 'lyre' (liar) being the predominant instrument. The Recording Angel has to have a special agent present at every performance, showing up very badly for the character of the place.

"Note the splendid concrete walk. The long, straight crack, like a key-hole, forms an excellent test for sobriety. The material composing this walk has a strong attraction for water. Always in wet weather, and sometimes in dry, there is some three inches of water standing on it, seemingly defying all the laws of gravity. None of our wise ones have as yet been able to explain this fact.

"Just there at the top of this rise you see a little clump of bushes. This is not a toy house. No, and that is not a tin soldier. He is a real, live, flesh-and-blood and fiercely mustached factor of Uncle Sam's Army. This tall barricade of pines was placed there to lessen the concussion of sundry bombs which have a most disagreeable habit of announcing themselves at very unseemly hours.

"The building on the right is the First Academic. The line of cadets at such a rapid rate have just been kicked out of the Descriptive room by Professor Rasco, who is also responsible for the indistinct bellowing noise, sounding like a bull in a well. The Personal Reminiscences are due to Professor Randolph, of the Huckleberry Railroad, and the Polite Profanity has its origin with Colonel Marr, head of the only *civil* department of the college. The various noises issuing from the lower parts of the building come from the Mechanical Laboratory, where the mechanical engineers are trying to start a gas engine, and the civil engineers are breaking up chunks of iron and making balls of mud.



The Infirmary

the dissonorous bars of 'I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now,' is the hall dedicated to Terpsichore and Euterpe, and, (as says the H. F. C.), nightly given over to the orgies attendant upon the worship of the goddess. Who are the demoniacal-looking creatures moving spectre-like through this endless round of dance? Yes, they are, or were, real persons. That sad, wan and pallid face was once seen in the vigor of youth—on the floor of the 'Maury Literary Society.' Will they never stop? No; they must do this in order to furnish topics for the sermons of the local pulpits.

"The Infirmary, a place arranged to prove that no matter how badly you may feel, you



German Club Hall



Commandant's Home

with a conglomeration of all varieties of destructing and confusing machines and specimens for the illumination of the cadet mind. These machines and specimens are exhibited and explained incomprehensibly by other machines or specimens known as professors. Here holds forth Professor Holden, a geological specimen; formerly he was *Gneiss* (nice), but in ancient geological ages he was metamorphosed the second time, and is now a molten magma emitting a nebular hypothesis of IV's. Another shining light of science is C. Erastus Vawter, the fathomless physicist, a man of ergs and Watts, Centigrade and Fahrenheit. Down in the subway is Dr. Barlow, a man of a *melting* disposition. Here, in an obscure hole, we find Dr. Williams, the high scribe on Math, who integrates an irrational function without batting an eye; is quite familiar with the *Osculating Circle*, and who speaks of the fourth dimension as an old friend. The Department of Chemistry is ably led by Professor Patrick Davidson, who produces more crops, theoretically, than the whole agricultural staff claim they do, practically. He is closely followed by Dr. 'Cagey' Wilson, the great alumnus and leader of the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'as rep.' In the Electrical Department there is Little Sammy Pritchard, Big Chief of the 'Juice Pushers,' and 'Knight of the A. C.,' and Major S. Lee, with whom gassing is an *inherent property*.

"This building is the Y. M. C. A. (You May Come Again)—however, it is very rare that one does. The inmates are a very cosmopolitan set. This is the real Bohemia of the V. P. I. Here are collected the 'Great Spirits' of the college. Here you find the poets, singers, athletes, actors, booze-fighters, anarchists, outlaws and 'Peedle-Dee.'



Y. M. C. A.

"On the second floor of this building, the Second Academic, is the library, containing over thirty thousand agricultural bulletins and some books. The terrible groan from the lower region announces to the initiated that Mr. Buck Abbott has just completed his daily composite lecture on music, art, science, philosophy, his proposed home, and Bettina's pedigree.

"The Science Hall, ladies and gents. This building is only five years old, but is already filled



Academic Building

In the Electrical Department there is Little Sammy Pritchard, Big Chief of the 'Juice Pushers,' and 'Knight of the A. C.,' and Major S. Lee, with whom gassing is an *inherent property*.

"This building is the Y. M. C. A. (You May Come Again)—however, it is very rare that one does. The inmates are a very cosmopolitan set. This is the real Bohemia of the V. P. I. Here are collected the 'Great Spirits' of the college. Here you find the poets, singers, athletes, actors, booze-fighters, anarchists, outlaws and 'Peedle-Dee.'

"Who is the little fellow coming down the steps with the self-satisfied smile, armed with a microscope and a line-toothed comb? No, that is not Sherlock Holmes in military disguise, but Colonel Hyphen, just returning from a round of investigation and trunk inspection. And the tall, spooky-looking individual laden with the bags and belts of ammunition is Mr. Worn, who, before he made himself famous as an assistant detective, was secretary of this



Chapel

deceitful. It contains thirty-seven separate and distinct wings, nineteen porches and forty-three offices. In the midst of this labyrinth is the den of Prexie. This great man is much occupied with the affairs of State, and it is very difficult for the average cadet to gain admittance to his august presence, but there is at least one instance on record of a cadet, who, with only a few dills, did actually interview this potentate. Note the cadet coming out wearing a look of despair; he has just failed to gain credence to his tale of woe to the Commandant. Mark the contrast between him and this other, who has just settled for a month's dues with a double eagle and is jingling the change in his pocket.

"This collection of buildings you see to the right, resembling a long row of chicken brooders, is commonly known as Faculty Row, but deserves a more impressive name, for there reside Socrates, Aristotle and Shakespeare, not to mention other celebrities of perhaps equal merit, such as 'Buttermilk Tucker,' 'Long-Winded Charlie, the Physicist,' and 'Portly Pat, the Potato Producer.'

"This, ladies and gents, is what is known as company drill. Certainly, madam. Go slow, Bill, while I attempt to explain this company to the ladies. The gentleman in front with an air of importance and a voice of tyranny and the racking gait of a mechanical doll, is the captain of this company. Note him well; some day his fame as a military genius will rival that of the Great Napoleon or Carrie Nation. Behind the line are the file closers. The full-moon-faced young man is



Agricultural Hall

Y. M. C. A., a quasi-religious society of some seven or eight members, who were accustomed to meet here on Sunday mornings in prehistoric times.

"No, madam, this is not a barn, though it may appear to be such to the unesthetic. This important pile of stone with a slate roof, ladies and gents, is the 'Mistaken Idea' of the campus. It had to be abandoned, like the Tower of Babel, because of its faulty acoustics.

"Yonder plain, unassuming building is



Administration Building

the first lieutenant; he of the 2x4 build, engaged in profound reverie, is the second lieutenant; the countrified youth cutting grass with his sword is the third. Notice the privates near the right of the front rank, the mule-faced cadet, the human sloth, the wild and woolly specimen and the humorous gent on the parenthesis. They are all Senior Privates, a class of men characterized by their know-nothingness at drill. The cadet with the haughty voice and the brusque manner engaged in 'lawl-



The Grove

a tax payer, behold here a monument to your generosity. This building contains the class rooms, laboratories, offices, dark rooms, moving-picture shows, stenographers, dungeons, pedestals for the high dogs of this department, a bulletin library, aviary, creamery, cheese factory, a museum of natural history, a stock-judging arena, and a weather bureau. Drive on, Bill.

Just through the oak trees on our right is seen 'The Grove,' a place, of a rather shady character, abode of Prexie, the Great, the Agriculturist, the Doctor, the Diplomat, the Born Ruler, yea, even *Prexie* himself. Retired here among the solace of his trees and squirrels, he revolves and evolves the weighty questions pertinent to that part of the universe outside of the Land of the Polytechs.

And last, but by no means least, let me call your attention to the college barns. Stretching away to the right we have the college farm, where we raise tomatoes and make hay while the sun shines. Just in front of the main barn here is the water tank, upon which each 'Rat' class paints its numerals in the fall, and later suffers just punishment at the hands of the Sophomores.

"This completes our tour of the campus, and in a few minutes we will again be on Main Street. If anyone of you feels that you have not gotten his money's worth in witnessing the sights and wonders of the V. P. I., your fare will be gladly refunded. All out! Be sure and recommend us to your friends. All aboard for the next trip!"



The Tank

ing out' the cadets in the rear rank, is known as the 1st 'Sarge'; he it is who keeps the key to the 'dill patch.' The important-looking 'skadet' on the right of the company is known as the quartermaster of the company. Perhaps he was once the master of a quarter. The sergeants can be distinguished by their fierce arrogance and the banana-peel effect on their sleeves. You may pick out the corporals by their scared look. You notice that only one man in the company has his gun on his shoulder; he is evidently an absent-minded Junior Private.

Just over the River Styx here we have the Agricultural Hall, headquarters of our embryonic agricultural engineers. This is Prexie's hobby, and if you are

Hamlet on the Mess Hall

To eat, or not to eat, that is the question;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the body to suffer
The hash and oatmeal of Hotel de Schultze;
Or to take arms against a sea of "murphies,"
And by fasting, end them? To starve,—to eat
No more! and by not eating to say we end
The stomach ache and the thousand natural shocks
That those who eat here are heir to—
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
To starve! To eat?
To eat! And then to dream:—Ay, there's the rub,
For in that dreaming sleep what horrors come
When we have fed upon this wretched fare,
Must give us dyspepsia.
There's the thing that makes misery for us all,
For who would bear the soggy rolls and chicken stew,
The greasy pork and ancient eggs,
The dried up prunes, the watery milk,
The odoriferous cabbage and the
Lies made up by the villainous steward,
When he himself might his quietus make
By simply starving?
Who would further bear
To groan and sweat under this weary life;
But that the dread of Dash after rebellion
And Prexie's hallowed shrine—from whose bourn
No Cadet returns unharmed—puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear our hungry lot
Than fly to pitfalls that we know not of?
Thus the growley doth make sluggards of us all.

A Skadet's **DAILY ROUTINE** in Techland



Victuri Salutamus

O, Alma Mater, we who are about to live,
Salute thee! 'Tis but little we can give
And yet thy sheltering care we'd fain repay,
Ere forward in the world we forge our way;
O, ye familiar class-rooms, O ye halls,
Ye mouldering, time-stained but still hallowed walls!
That oft' re-echoed to our care-free tread
In those dear days which now fore'er are sped.

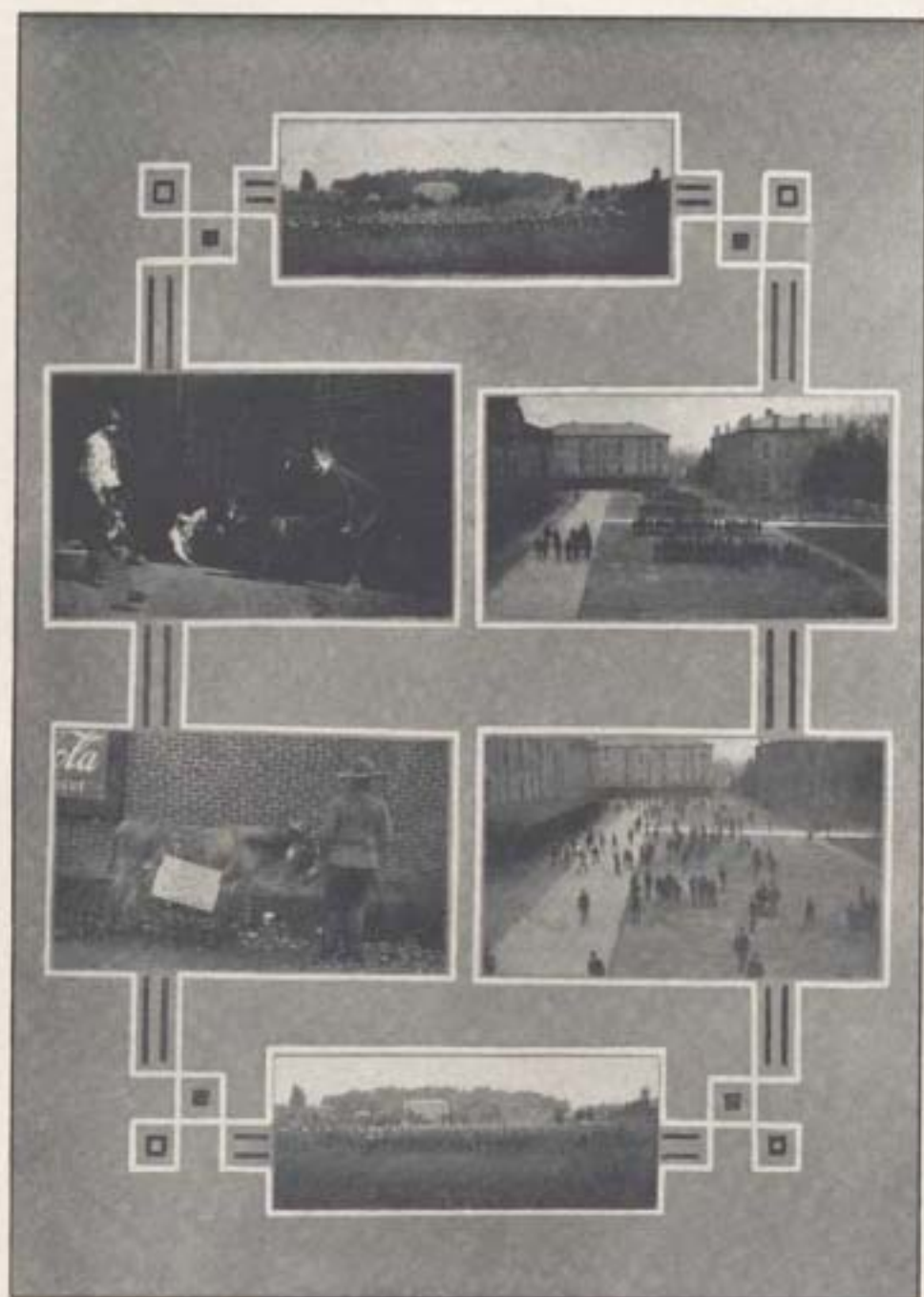
The roseate dreams of young ambition rose
And flourished; we who are about to live,
Salute you; may succeeding years still give
New laurels to your crown of memories sweet,
Tho' in your halls, thy sons no longer meet,
Ye answer not; is it ye cannot hear?
Will ye forget us? Wherefore so austere?
In your calm indifference do ye little care
When we come or when we go or where?
From all the classes which have filled your halls,
Whose merry voices echoed from your walls,
Heed us, who from thy shade about to part,
Dare boast ourselves as nearest to thy heart.

But you professors, who so many days
Have guided us thro' learning's maze;
Taught us to set life's tangled skein aright,
And each day armed us for the coming fight,
Ye answer us—alas that we must part!—
Enshrined ye are in every loyal heart;
Ye'll still be here when we are gone,
To battle with the world—each one—
We, whom ye trained to live, salute
When faithful service claims her fruit,
May every blessing earth bestows
Be freely poured before your doors.

And now, ye Juniors, who must tread the way
By which we came to this triumphant day;
We who upon the hilltop stand
And overlook the dim, long-promised land;
We who are strong, and are about to live,
Salute you, take your hands and give
You for motto, these words so true,
"Be honest, pure and brave in all you do."

And now, O Seniors, tho' today we stand
And look on life as on a distant land,
Before us many perils, dangers lie,
Be ever this our watchword, "Do or Die."
Meet boldly, bravely every battle shock;
Stand forth in time of peril as a rock;
Climb ever upward, tho' the way is rough;
Upon the heights awaits us rest enough
Forward! Today all doubt, all indecision ends,
Hail teachers, schoolmates, classmates, comrades, friends!
Victuri Salutamus!

S. C. B.





Charles Owen
"Uncle Sporty"

For twenty years his drum had called
Youth from its slumbers sweet
At dawn, in winter's freezing blast,
And summer's scorching heat.

'Mong us he moved,—a kindly soul
Beloved by one and all,
'Till the Great Reveille summoned
To the last roll call.

No longer now upon our campus
Is old "Uncle Sporty" seen ;
But countless hearts throughout this land
Will keep his memory green.

His "Lieu."

*There was a young Senior named Jim,
Whose chance for promotion was slim,
But just the same he was as gay as could be,
And swore a Lieu. waited for him.*

*His friends curled their lips in disdain,
And swore the Lieu. waited in vain,
"Poor Jim has gone daft," they said as they laughed,
"His mind is beginning to wane."*

*At first it was chapel—late twice—
And then it was drill—absent thrice,
Slept through reveille, cut Lab. and A. C.,
Nor heeded any good friend's advice.*

*The grit path soon hailed into view;
Jim cut it—and manfully, too—
And hummed all the while with a large spreading smile—
"I'm sure I'm marked out for a Lieu."*

*May came. Promotion!—not yet!—
Still Jim was all madness to bet
That before he got through, he would get him a Lieu.—
But Lieus. are not easy to get.*

*June brought him a B. S. degree,
Sent him North with a big company,
And there one bright day in the glad month of May
He blurted his secret to me.*

*"I told you," he said, "I would get her,
You laughed and you thought you knew better,
But now I've my Lieu., and I'll whisper to you
I spell it—not LIEU—but LUGETTA."*

P., '07.







Nelson S. Mayo

PROFESSOR OF ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

Professor Mayo was born and raised on a farm in southern Michigan, and there obtained his preliminary education in the common schools. Later he attended both the Michigan Agricultural College and the Chicago Veterinary College, graduating from both institutions. As a graduate student at the Michigan Agricultural College he won the Master's degree. Later he studied as a graduate student in the Veterinary College of Cornell University. His degrees are, therefore, M. S. and D. V. S. In his professional work he has occupied a variety of positions. For two years he was assistant in the Veterinary Department of the Michigan Agricultural College. In the Connecticut Agricultural College, for four years he was Professor of Veterinary Science, Physi-

ology and Bacteriology, and Veterinarian for the Cattle Commissioner of Connecticut. In the Kansas Agricultural College, for ten years he was Professor of Veterinary Science and Physiology; also Veterinarian to the Kansas Experiment Station and *ex-officio* State Veterinarian. For the past five years he has been Chief of the Department of Animal Industry and Vice-Director of the Central Agricultural Experiment Station of the Republic of Cuba.

Professor Mayo's influence has been felt not only by those in immediate association with him, but by a larger circle through his writings. He is the author of *Diseases of Animals* in the Rural Science Series, and a contributor to the *Encyclopedia of American Agriculture*. He is a member of the editorial staff of *La Hacienda*, the leading Spanish agricultural magazine of the Americas, and a contributor to many other agricultural publications.



William R. Dashiell

CAPTAIN 24TH INFANTRY, U. S. A., PROFESSOR
OF MILITARY SCIENCE AND TACTICS AND
COMMANDANT OF CADETS

Captain Dashiell was born in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, during the Civil War. Previous to his appointment to the United States Military Academy, in 1884, his youth was spent in Norfolk. At West Point he gained an excellent reputation as a student, and graduated with his class in 1888. His first active service in the army was in the Pine Ridge campaign, against Sitting Bull, during the severe winter of 1890-'91.

During his first service in the Philippines, as quartermaster of the 24th Infantry, he was in charge of a supply line 120 miles long, involving the feeding and clothing of one entire regiment and parts of two others. During the greater part of his last tour in the Island of Leyte, 1905-'07, he was in command of

the 3d district during an extensive outbreak of Pulajanes. His zeal contributed largely to the successful termination of this outbreak.

He returned to the States in 1907. He comes to us fresh from graduation from the special army service school at Leavenworth, Kansas. Captain Dashiell is not only a regular in all that pertains to a military life, but has more interests along the line of college activities than the average military man. This is his second assignment to college duty, and in 1901, while on assignment to recruiting service at Knoxville, Tennessee, he took the law course at the University of Tennessee, and graduated with the regular law class of that institution in 1903. Captain Dashiell is now ranking captain, and we may reasonably expect to have Major Dashiell for our Commandant before his term of service here expires.



Athletic Association

A. D. AUSTIN	President
G. W. LAND	Vice-President
G. G. GARRISON	Secretary
PROF. H. L. PRICE	Treasurer
PROF. H. S. WORTHINGTON	Acting Graduate Manager

FACULTY MEMBERS' ATHLETIC COUNCIL

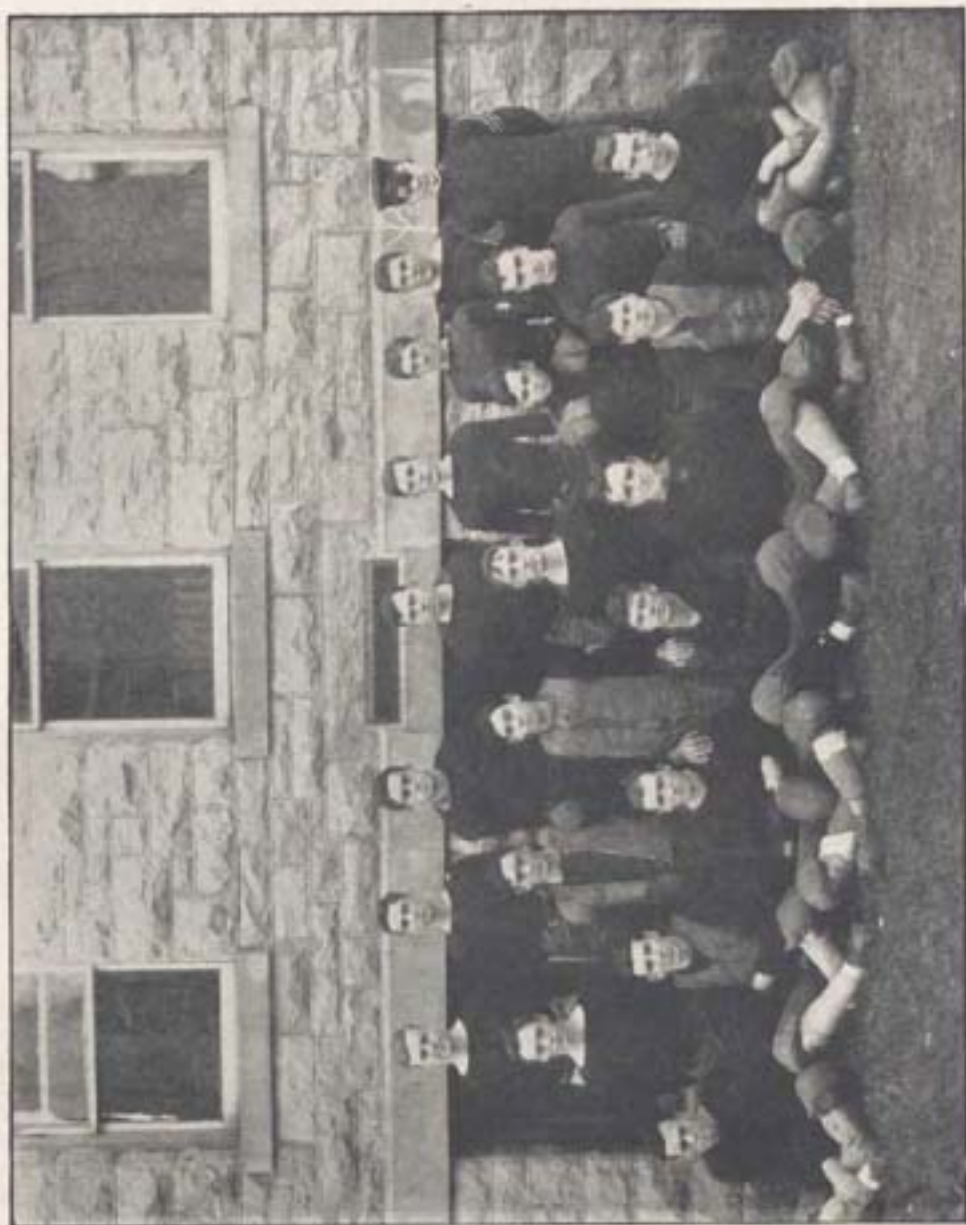
PROF. C. E. VAWTER

PROF. J. E. WILLIAMS

BRANCH BODOCK, Athletic Director

FOOT-BALL





THE 'VARSITY SQUAD



The 'Varsity

LINE UP

HICKS, T. P.
Left End

BURRUSS, W. H.
Left Tackle

JONES, H. G.
Left Guard

GIBBS, A. G.
Center

HUGHES, J. L.
Quarter Back



E. R. HODGSON
Captain

LUTTRELL, J. T.
Right End
NORRIS, E. R.
Right Tackle
HODGSON, E. R.
Captain
Right Guard
HODGSON, A. N.
Left Half
BILLUPS, H. E.
Right Half
HODGSON, V. B.
Full Back
DAVIS, W. B.
LEGG, F. H.
MASSEI, C. P.
Substitutes



F. C. STONEBURNER
Manager

Scrubs

CLEATON, M. L.,
Left End

SMITH, W. E.
Left Tackle

ANDERSON, E. R.
Left Guard

JEFFRIES, M. H., Captain
Center

VAUGHAN, H. B.
Quarter Back

LANGFORD, R. P.
Left Half Back

LEGG, W. R.
Full Back

GARRISON, G. G.
Right End

PROSSER, F. K.
Right Tackle

BROWN, W. R.
Right Guard

COOPER, S. M.
Right Half Back

Football, 1909

"No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground won by meritorious victory."

THE 1909 football season at V. P. I. may justly be considered a success from every standpoint. But one game was lost during the entire season, and that was won by Princeton, 8 to 6. Clemson, Richmond College, Washington and Lee University, University of North Carolina, George Washington University and North Carolina A. & M., were defeated in the order named.

The team was slow in rounding into form, and it was not until the Richmond College game that it began to show the snap and vigor which characterized its play in the later season contests. The consistency with which it performed was the cause of much favorable comment by the press and the athletic public. In each game played, except that with Princeton, V. P. I. more than doubled the score of its opponent. Every victory, with the possible exception of the opening game with Clemson, was clean-cut and decisive. No effort was made to put the team in shape for the Clemson game, the intention being to utilize that period of the season's work in developing the individual ability of the players in preparation for the big games to follow.

The earnestness and sincerity of purpose displayed by each member of the squad made possible a perfection in team work that, otherwise, could not have been. Every man was ready and willing at all times to put forth his best effort. Each realized the importance of concerted action, and regulated his play accordingly. These qualities, together with the possession of an indomitable "fighting spirit," accounts for the success of the season's work. At times the individual brilliancy of some particular player was conspicuous, but that was exceptional, compared to the ever present ability of the men to work in unison. Possessing a strong defense, a wonderfully good kicker, supported by clever fast ends, and offensive power developed more particularly for use when within scoring distance, the team represented a well-balanced combination.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the young men who composed the 1909 football squad. In the estimation of one who has followed most intimately the fortunes of their lot, they deserve to the fullest extent, the admiration and respect of every loyal V. P. I. man. They have fought hard and faithfully, and through their untiring efforts, additional lustre and glory has come to V. P. I. In understanding the enthusiastic spirit which prompted their earnest efforts, one could not help but respect and admire them.

To Captain "Hoss" Hodgson, right guard, belongs the enviable honor of being the leader of the 1909 championship team. His punting ability has won for him the distinction of being the foremost kicker in this section. For four consecutive years he has been chosen as an "All-Southern" guard. His high-class work during the 1909 season was a fitting climax to the career of a wonderful player. Many days will pass before his equal will again be seen on the gridiron.

Gibbs, center, was an exceptionally strong player. His passing was faultless, and his ability on defense was of an especially high class. He was considered the best center of the year, and won the distinction of being chosen for that position on the "All-Southern" team. He has one more year of football, and if the same aggressive spirit characterizes his play, his final year should be the best of his career.

Burruss, tackle, played his first year on the 'varsity. His work was of the highest order. A fighter every inch, his great strength and weight made his presence a source of encouragement to his team mates and of regret to his opponents. He possesses great promise for the future, and with more experience, should become a wonderful player.

Jones, guard, was a tower of strength in the line. His ability as a defensive player was particularly noticeable. Few gains were made over him during the entire season. His great strength and weight made him a most valuable man to the team.

Norris, tackle, played a hard, consistent game. He possessed exceptionally good fighting qualities, and could be counted on to do his best at all times. His playing was not conspicuous, but his good team work made him a valuable man.

Masset, tackle, although he joined the squad late in the season, developed into a splendid player. His work in the A. & M. game, where he was pitted against a man thirty pounds heavier, was extremely clever. Game to the core, a hard, consistent fighter, he could be relied upon to give the best that was in him at all times.

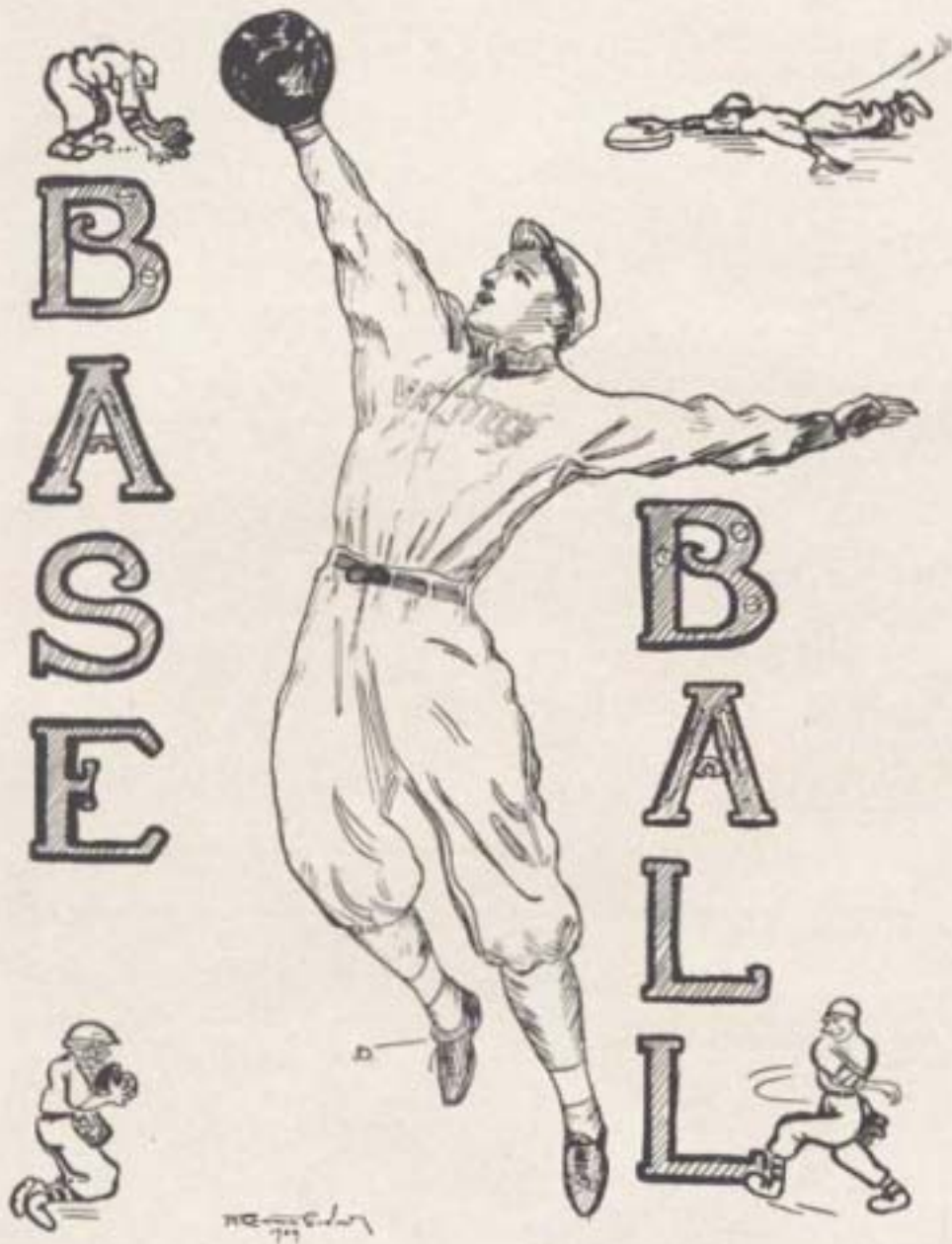
Luttrell and Hicks, ends, were a pair hard to beat. Fleet of foot, good fighters, these versatile players performed splendidly at all times. Both men were selected as "All-Southern" ends by various authorities. Their ability as tacklers and their great speed in getting down under kicks constituted one of the strongest features of the team's style of play. Both men are seasoned players and their loss next season will be a hard blow to the team.

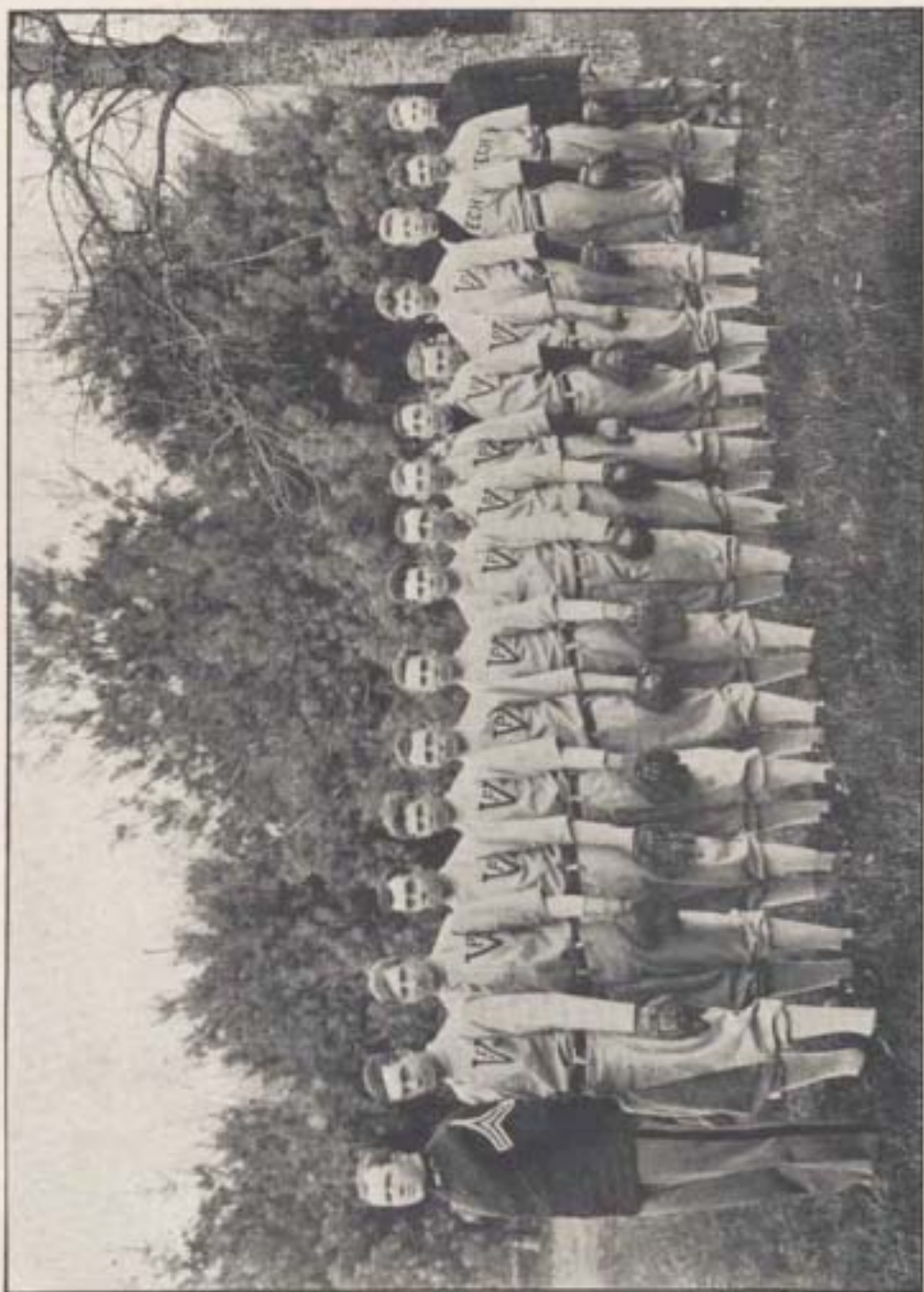
Hughes, quarter back, played his first year on the 'varsity. His work was splendid and at times brilliant. Handicapped at the outset by a lack of experience, his playing under the circumstances was remarkable. Possessing an aggressive, "never-give-up" nature and a natural ability as a leader, his worth as a field general was exceptional. He made an unusual record by playing every minute in six straight games, without, in a single instance, causing time to be taken out on his account. As an open field runner, his cleverness was at times most spectacular. With more experience, he should become one of the greatest players in this section.

Hodgson, V. B., full back, was an unusually strong player. His work in the Washington and Lee and George Washington games was of the highest order. As a ground gainer, when within scoring distance, his ability was unexcelled by any player in the South. His team mates have elected him to the captaincy for 1920, and under his leadership there is every reason to believe that V. P. I. will again have a winning team.

Billups, Hodgson, A. N., Legge and Davis, half backs, were hard, consistent players. Billups and Legge were especially strong on running back punts, a phase of the game at which V. P. I. outclassed all of its opponents except Clemson. Both men were also strong offensive players from scrimmage formation. Billups' ability as an interferer was a noticeable feature. Hodgson and Davis were good aggressive players, the former being especially strong on defense, and the latter a ground gainer of unusual merit. Each man of the four possessed distinctive qualifications in comparison with his running mates, and for this reason they constituted a set of backs who could be used to great advantage as the occasion required.

Vaughan, Gravely, Anderson, Pitts, Smith, Garrison, Brown, Cleaton, Echols, Sharp, Jeffries and Prosser are men who deserve much credit for the faithfulness and sincerity which they displayed during the season. Day after day these men worked faithfully. Their lot was beset with many hardships, and the spirit with which they played entitles them to the greatest respect and admiration. With the same perseverance, and more experience, their ability will increase, and they should become 'varsity players.





BASEBALL TEAM

1910 Baseball Team

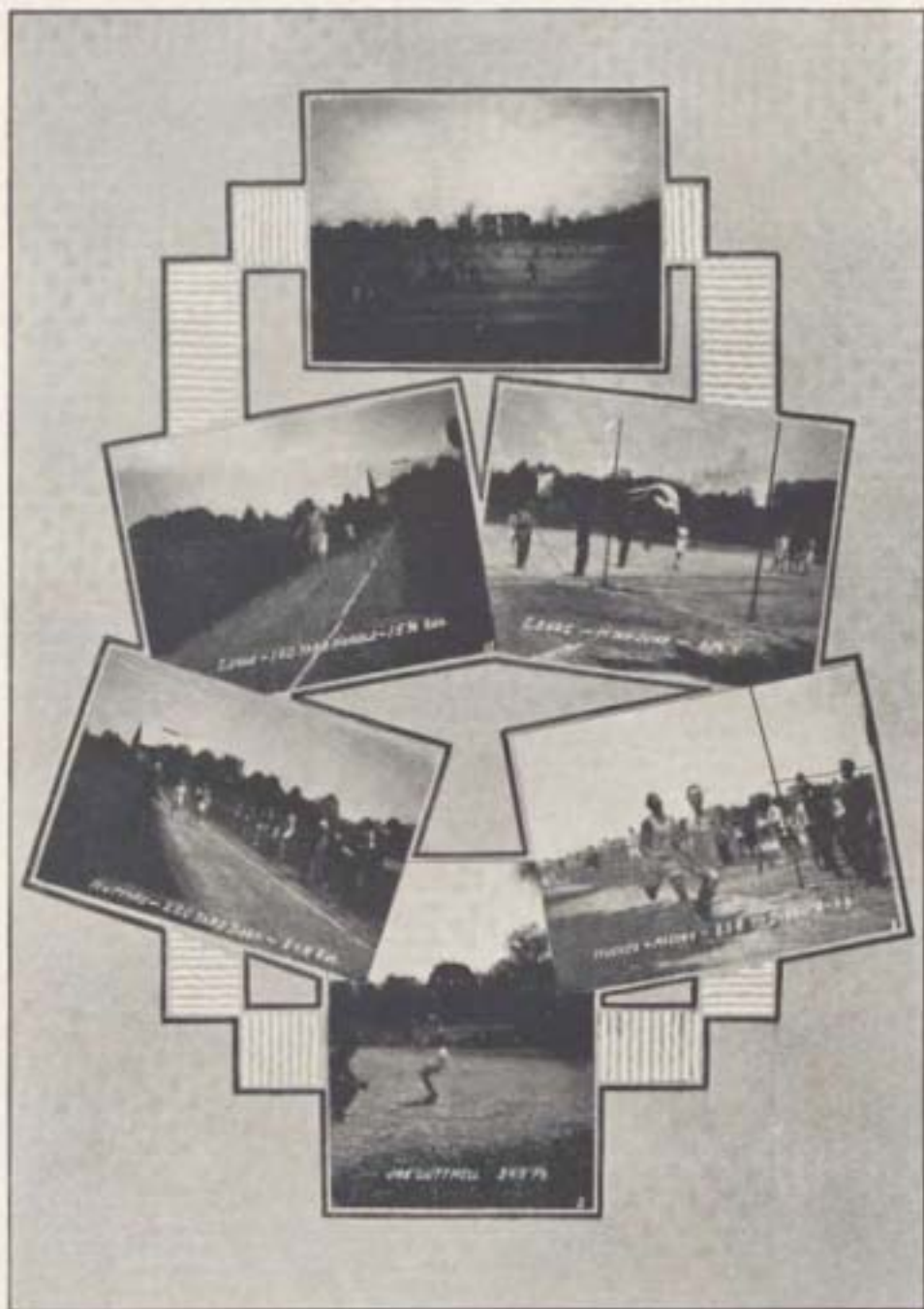


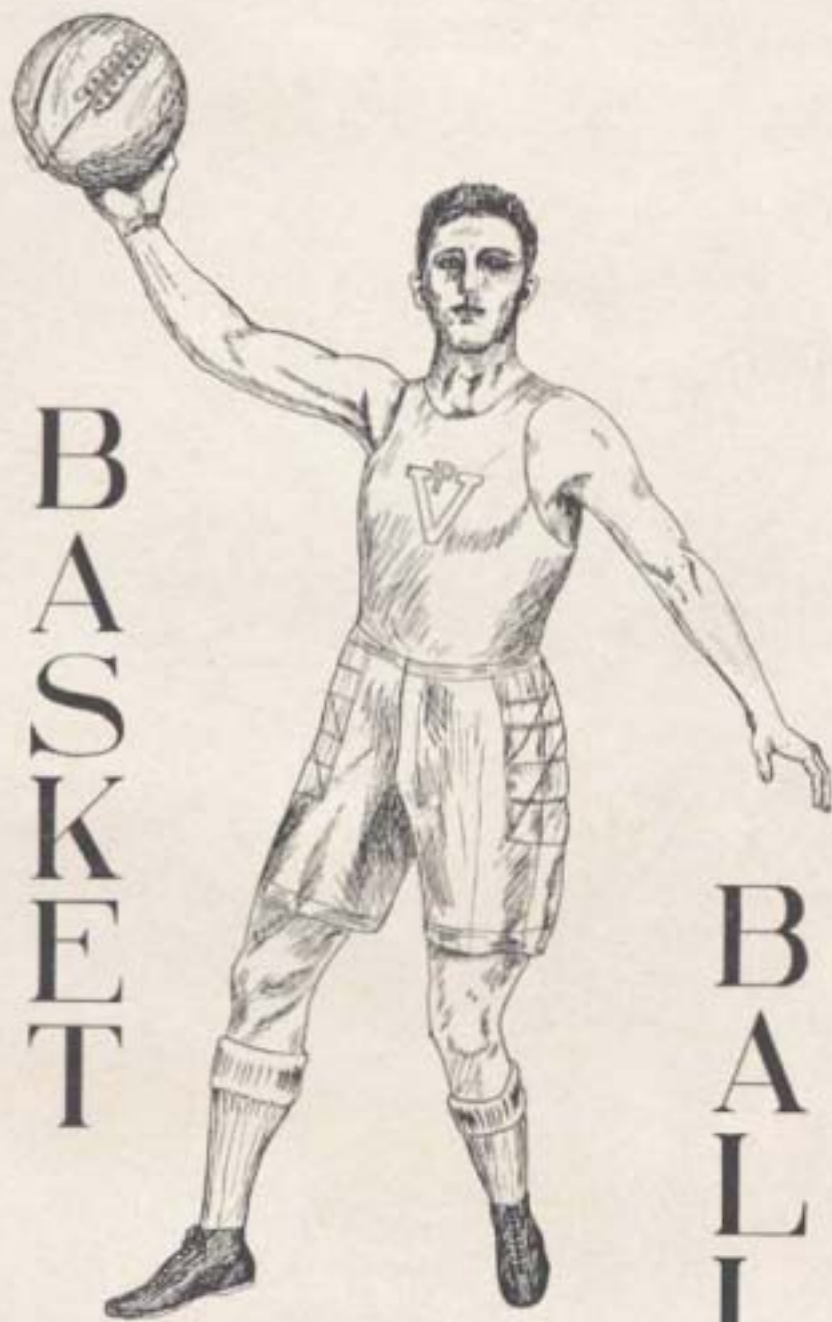
T. P. HICKS
Captain



E. B. HODGSON
Manager

HICKS, T. P., Captain	Left Field
LEGG, F. H.	Center
STONEBURNER, F. C.	Center
STEELE, R. E.	Center
HOBBS, W. N.	First Base
HURT, G. W.	Second Base
HOLZMAN, G. B.	Second Base
HODGSON, A. N.	Shortstop
KENNER, E. L.	Third Base
FUQUA, R. W.	Center Field
RENFER	Pitcher
EVANS	Pitcher
JONES, H. G.	Pitcher





B
A
S
K
E
T

B
A
L
L



BASKET BALL TEAM

1910 Basket Ball Team



F. H. LEGGE
Captain



N. D. HARGROVE
Manager

HUGHES, H. B.
Left Forward

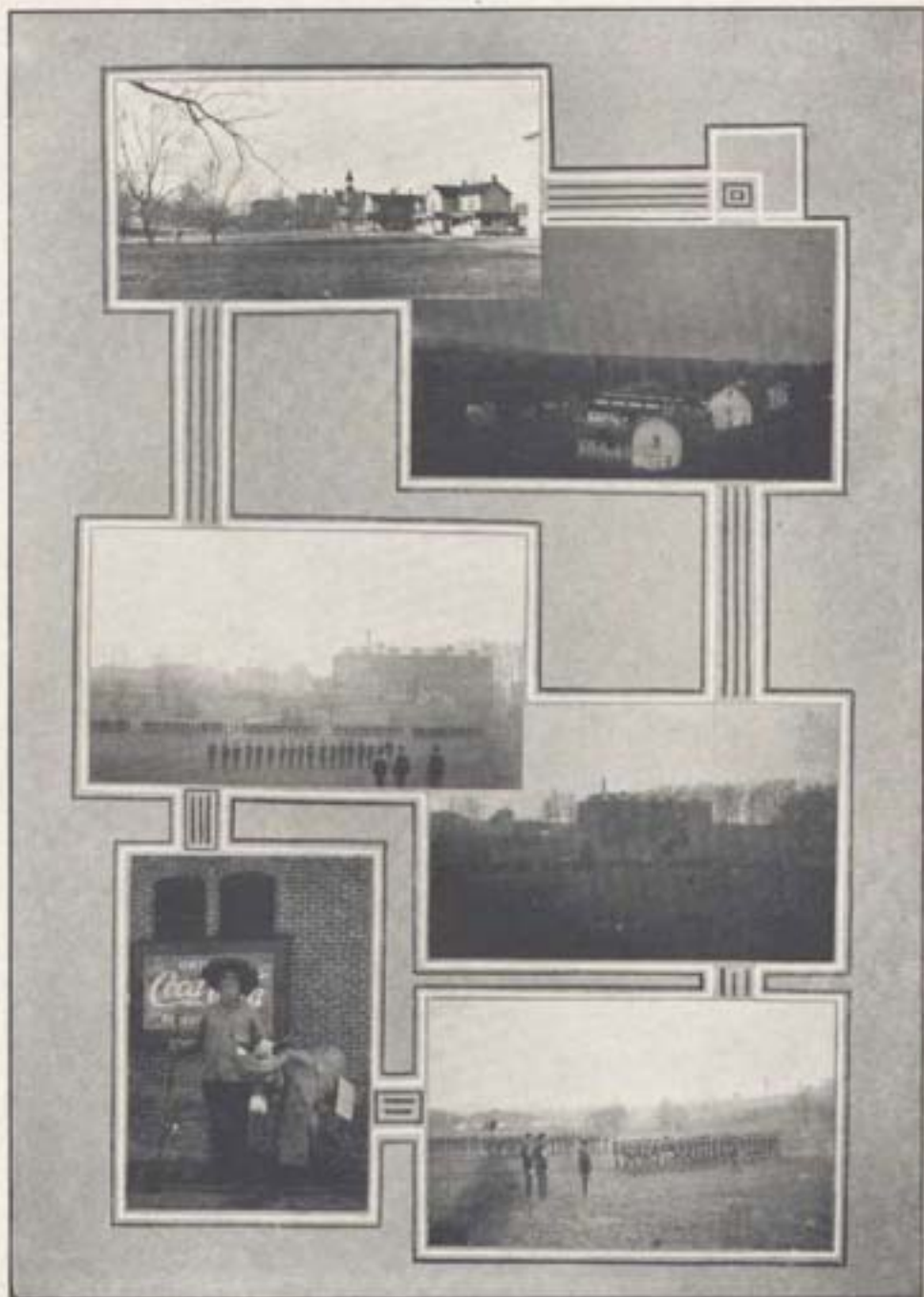
HARGROVE, N. D.
Right Forward

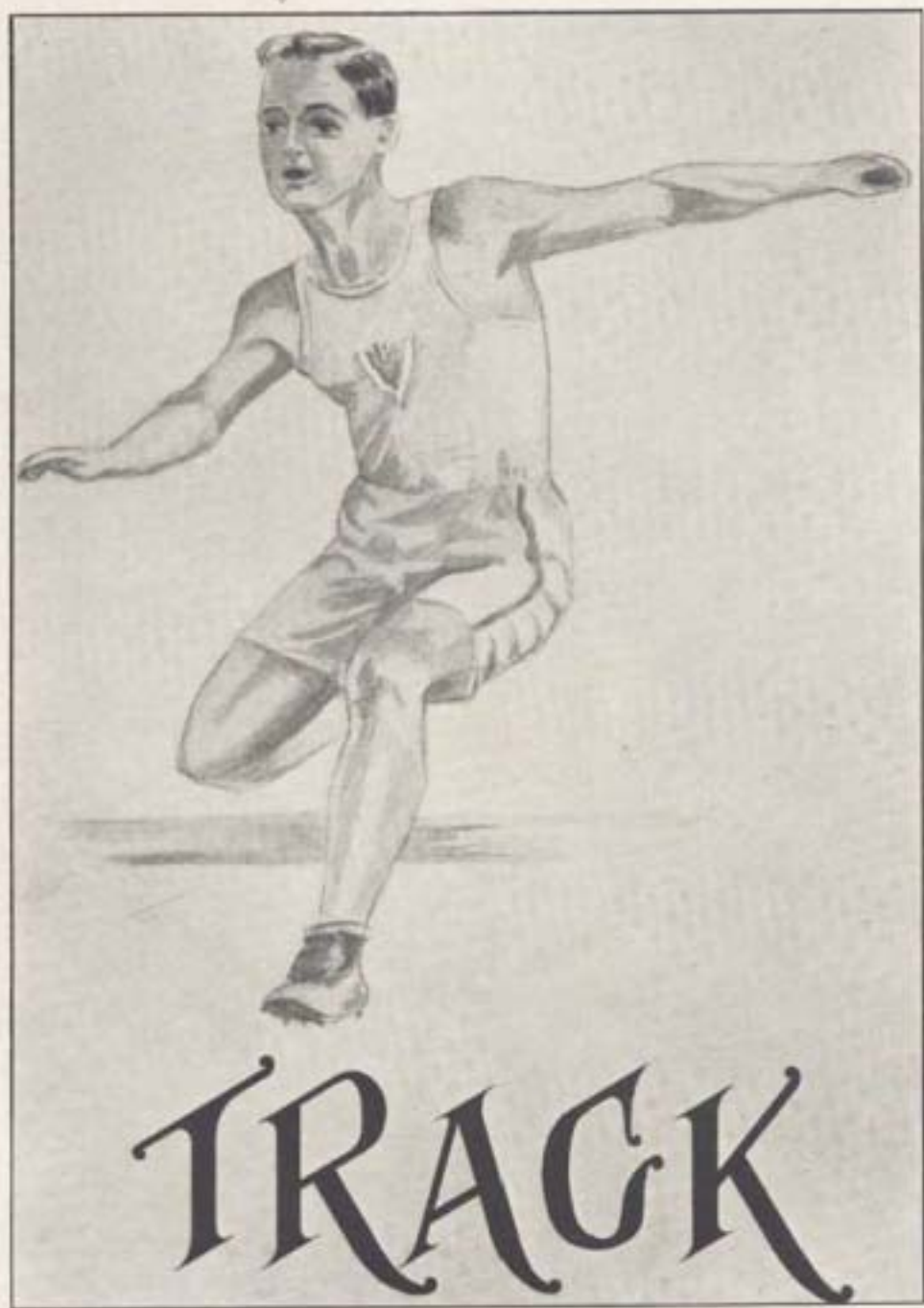
HUGHES, J. L.
Center

LEGG, F. H., Captain
Left Guard

KEISLING, B. G.
Left Guard

Substitutes
HUGHES, A. G.
LANGFORD, R. P.







TRACK TEAM

1910 Track Team



J. L. HUGHES
Captain

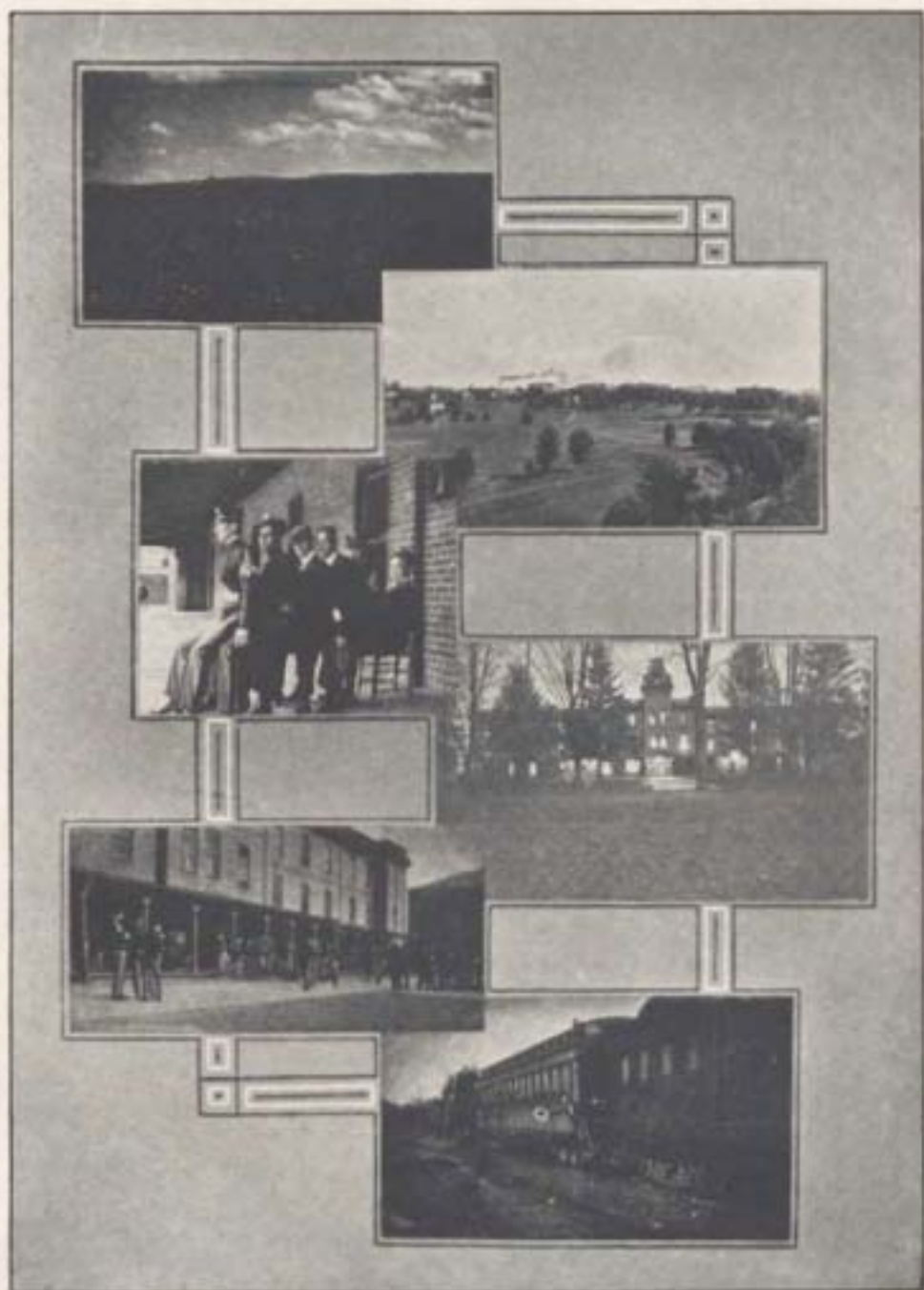


J. B. SKINNER
Manager

MEMBERS

ANDERSON, E. R.
BURKE, J. E.
CRABILL, C. H.
COOPER, F. C.
DAVIS, W. B.
DEBRY, C. P.
DENIT, G. B.
FARTHING, F. G.
GIBBS, A. G.
HARGROVE, N. D.
HODGSON, V. B.
HODGSON, A. N.
HOWARD, W. W.

HUGHES, A. G.
HUGHES, H. B.
HUGHES, J. L.
ISELL, E. A.
LEGGE, F. H.
LEGGE, W. R.
LEHR, H. E.
LUTHELL, J. T.
MINSHALL, R. E.
MOSES, N. O.
RICHTER, J. P.
SYFAN, R. C.
TURNER, H. A.







TENNIS SQUAD

1910 Tennis Team



G. G. GARRETON
Captain



J. D. HAMILTON
Manager

MEMBERS

BARRINGER, V. C.
BERKLEY, J. C.
DUVAL, S. P. C.
GARRISON, G. G.
HAMILTON, J. D.

HAWKINS, H. B.
MACKALL, K. W.
PITTS, C. L.
SHACKELFORD, R.
VAWTER, E. L.



BRANCH BOCOCK
Coach

What the Fellows Think of Him

"Honest, sincere, frank and a splendid coach; but what we remember most of all is the Man."—"DOC" AUSTIN.

"His name may be Branch, but he is the whole *tree* when it comes to athletics or, in fact, any phase of college life."—"PIKER" HUGHES.

"He stands for clean, manly athletics and is a true sportsman in all athletic games."—"FRITZ" LEGGE.

"Coach of all coaches—the best coach the South has ever produced."—"HOSS" HODGSON.

"As a coach, the best V. P. I. has ever had. As a gentleman, above reproach. As a college man, an ideal. As an all-around good fellow, none can surpass him."—"STONE" (F. C. STONERBURNER.)

His deep sense of justice, his fair dealings as a coach, and his gentle, manly behavior on all occasions, have won for Mr. Boccock the respect and admiration of every man on the team. In every sense of the word, he is both *man* and *coach*."—"BUMBLE" HODGSON.

"Deeds, not words, count. He is a whirlwind of action. A manlier and more magnetic man we have never had among us."—O. M. BISHOP.

"A coach of unsurpassed ability, a friend of us all and a jolly good fellow."—T. P. HICKS.

"Branch Boccock—the truest gentleman that has ever raised blond hair on a bald head."—C. TAYLOR ADAMS.

"Mr. Boccock is the best all-around coach I have seen in my fifteen years' observation of athletics. In addition to being a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, he is a wonderful coach, both on and off the field."—HUGH WORTHINGTON.



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

FOOTBALL

Champions of the South

V. P. I.	6	Clemson	0
V. P. I.	6	Princeton	8
V. P. I.	52	Richmond College	0
V. P. I.	34	Washington and Lee	6
V. P. I.	15	North Carolina	0
V. P. I.	17	George Washington	8
V. P. I.	18	N. C. A. & M.	5
V. P. I.	148	Opponents	27

BASKET BALL

Champions of Virginia

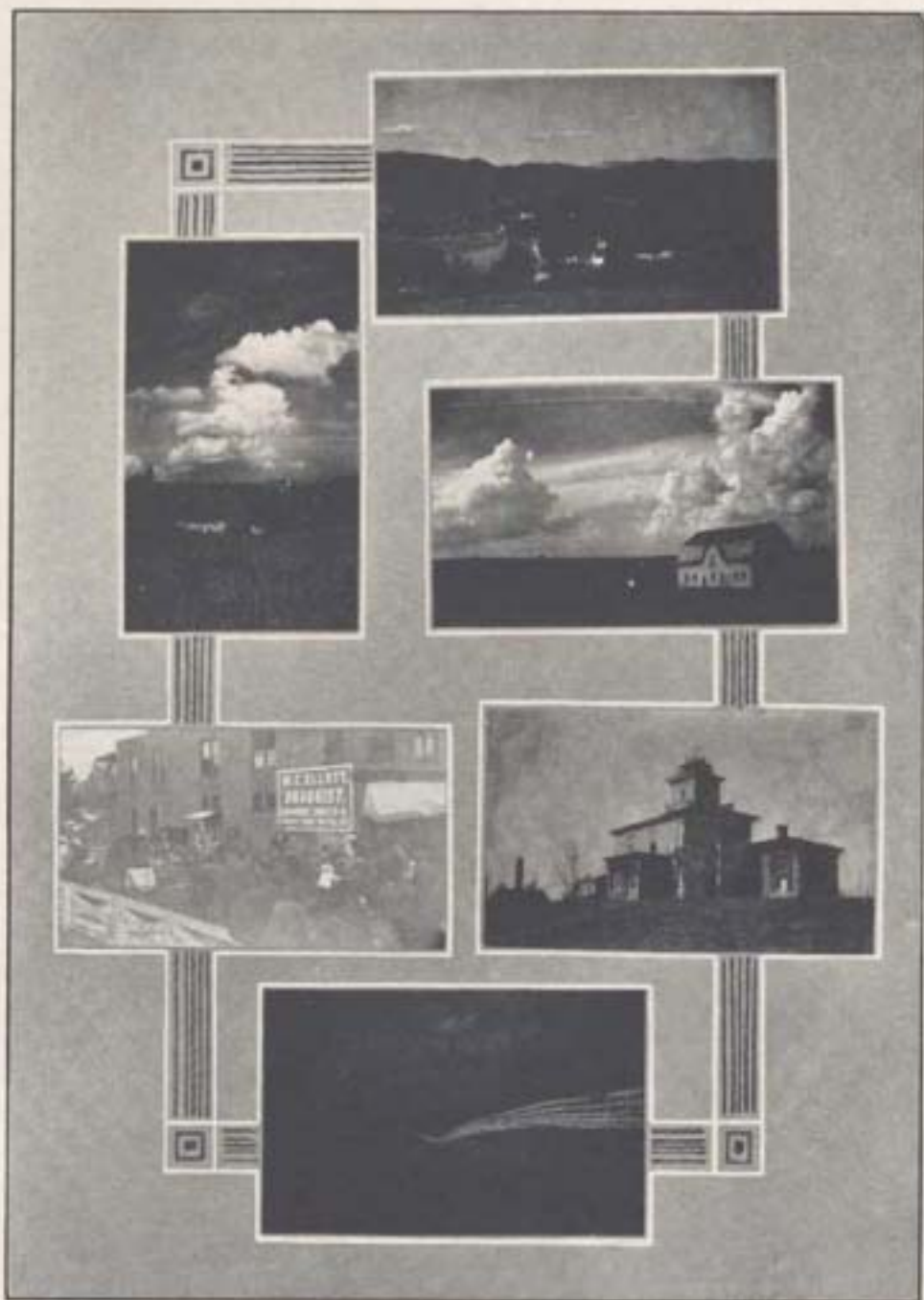
V. P. I.	68	Davidson College	12
V. P. I.	47	Emory and Henry	11
V. P. I.	26	Emory and Henry	21
V. P. I.	60	R. M. A.	19
V. P. I.	60	Hampden-Sidney	16
V. P. I.	43	Lynchburg Y. M. C. A.	26
V. P. I.	27	Staunton Military Academy	13
V. P. I.	31	Washington and Lee	18
V. P. I.	37	V. M. I.	14
V. P. I.	42	Washington and Lee	29
V. P. I.	70	Hampden-Sidney	15
V. P. I.	513	Opponents	197

BASEBALL, 1909

V. P. I.	13	St. Albans	0
V. P. I.	5	Roanoke College	17
V. P. I.	7	St. John's	9
V. P. I.	15	V. M. I.	4
V. P. I.	2	Hampden-Sidney	3
V. P. I.	7	Roanoke College	2
V. P. I.	6	Eastern College	0
V. P. I.	6	Eastern College	5
V. P. I.	10	Bridgewater	2
V. P. I.	6	Roanoke College	4
V. P. I.	6	Emory and Henry	2
V. P. I.	5	Emory and Henry	0
V. P. I.	3	W. & L.	2
V. P. I.	5	V. M. I.	4
V. P. I.	9	V. M. I.	8
V. P. I.	4	W. & L.	8
V. P. I.	113	Opponents	77

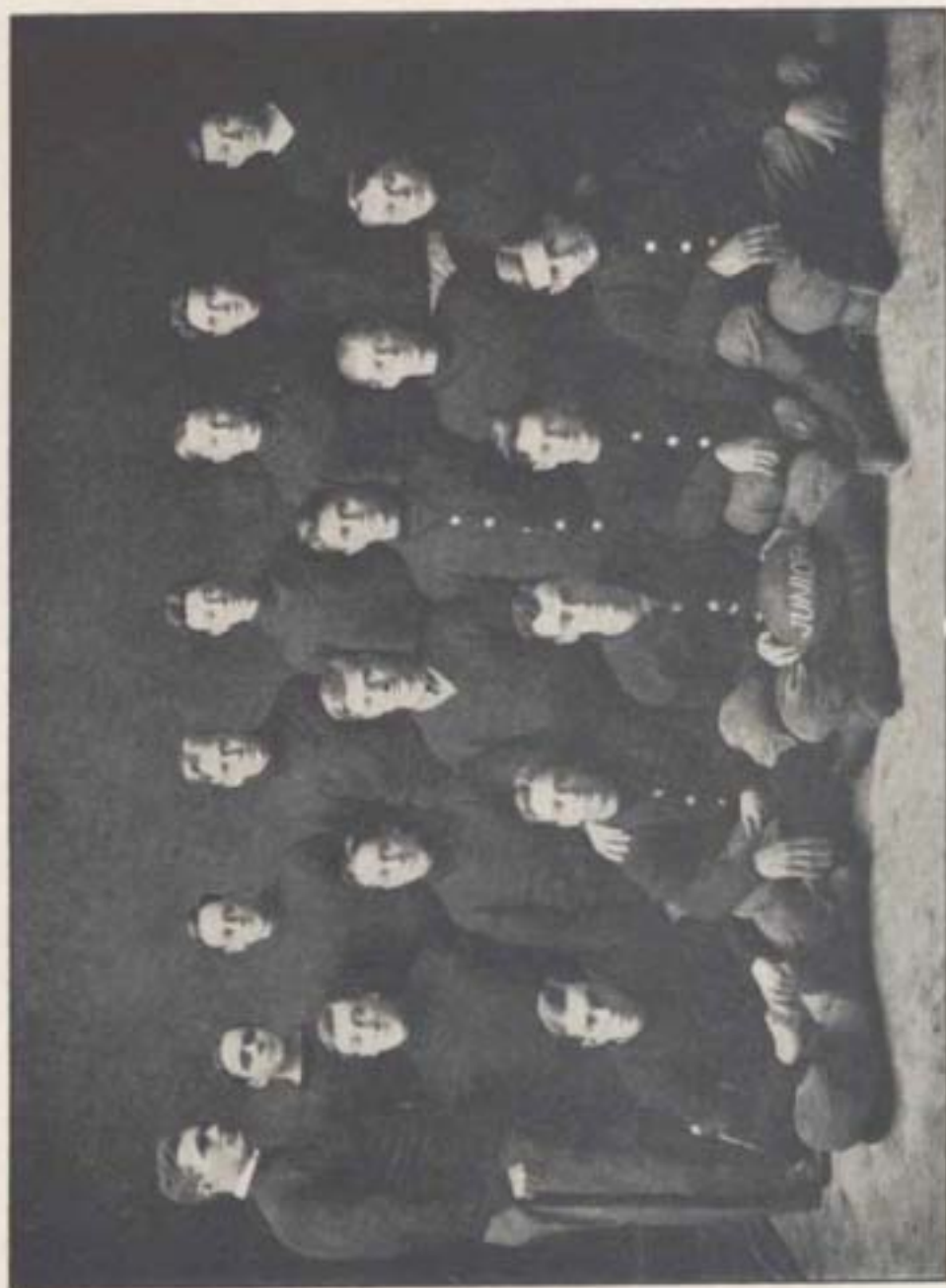
TRACK

V. P. I.	63	U. N. C.	53
V. P. I.	35	W. & L.	10
V. P. I.	98	Opponents	63

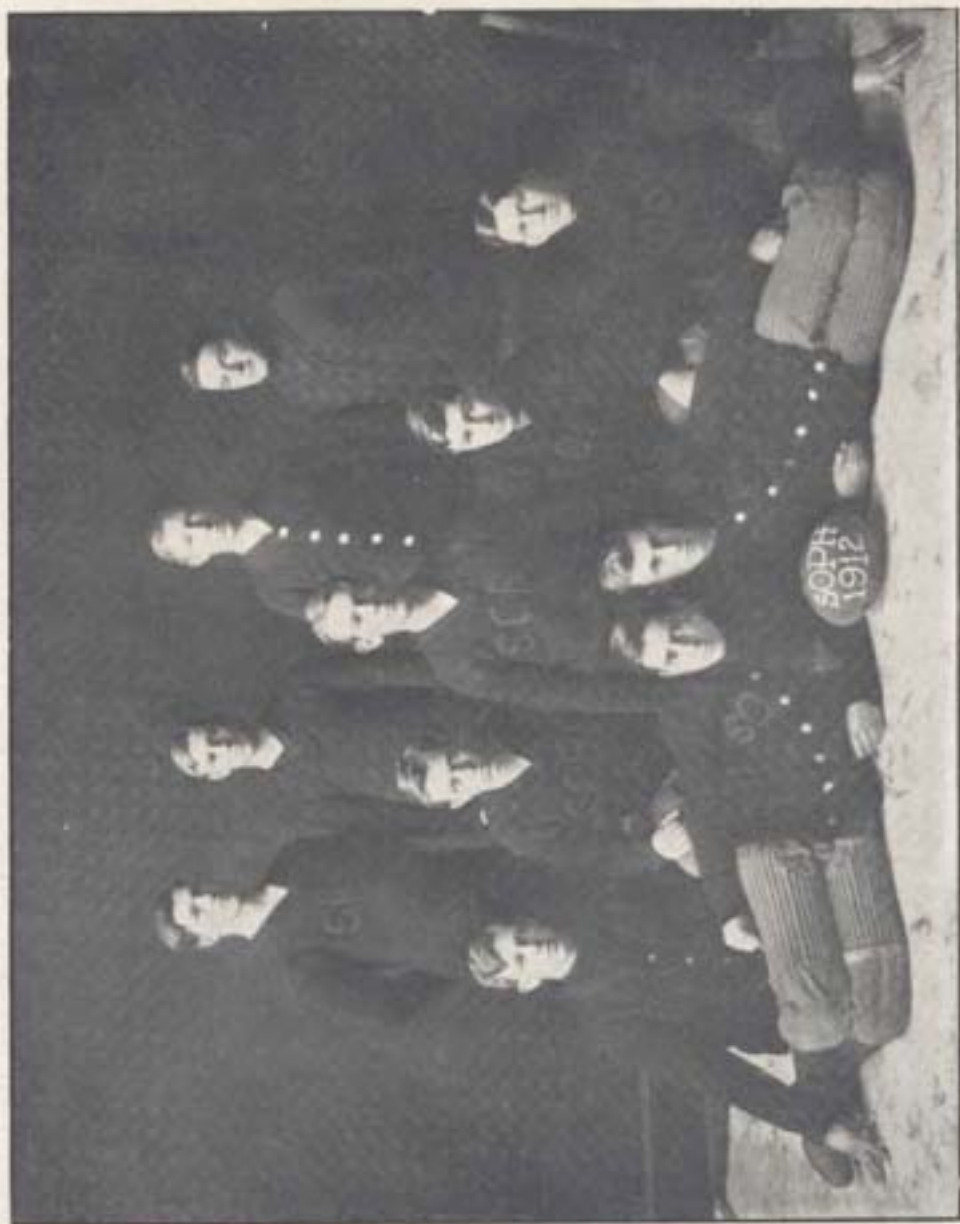




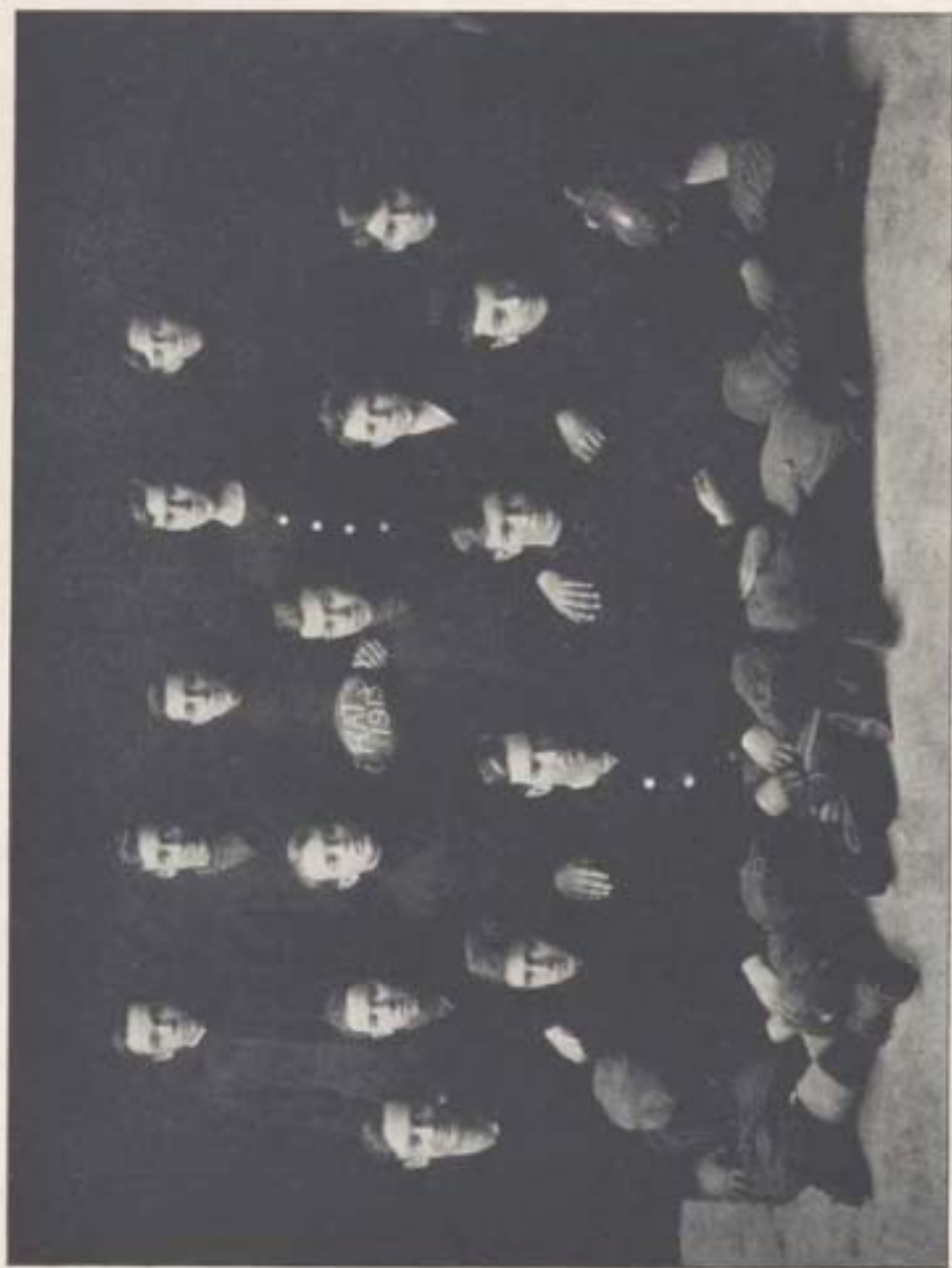
SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



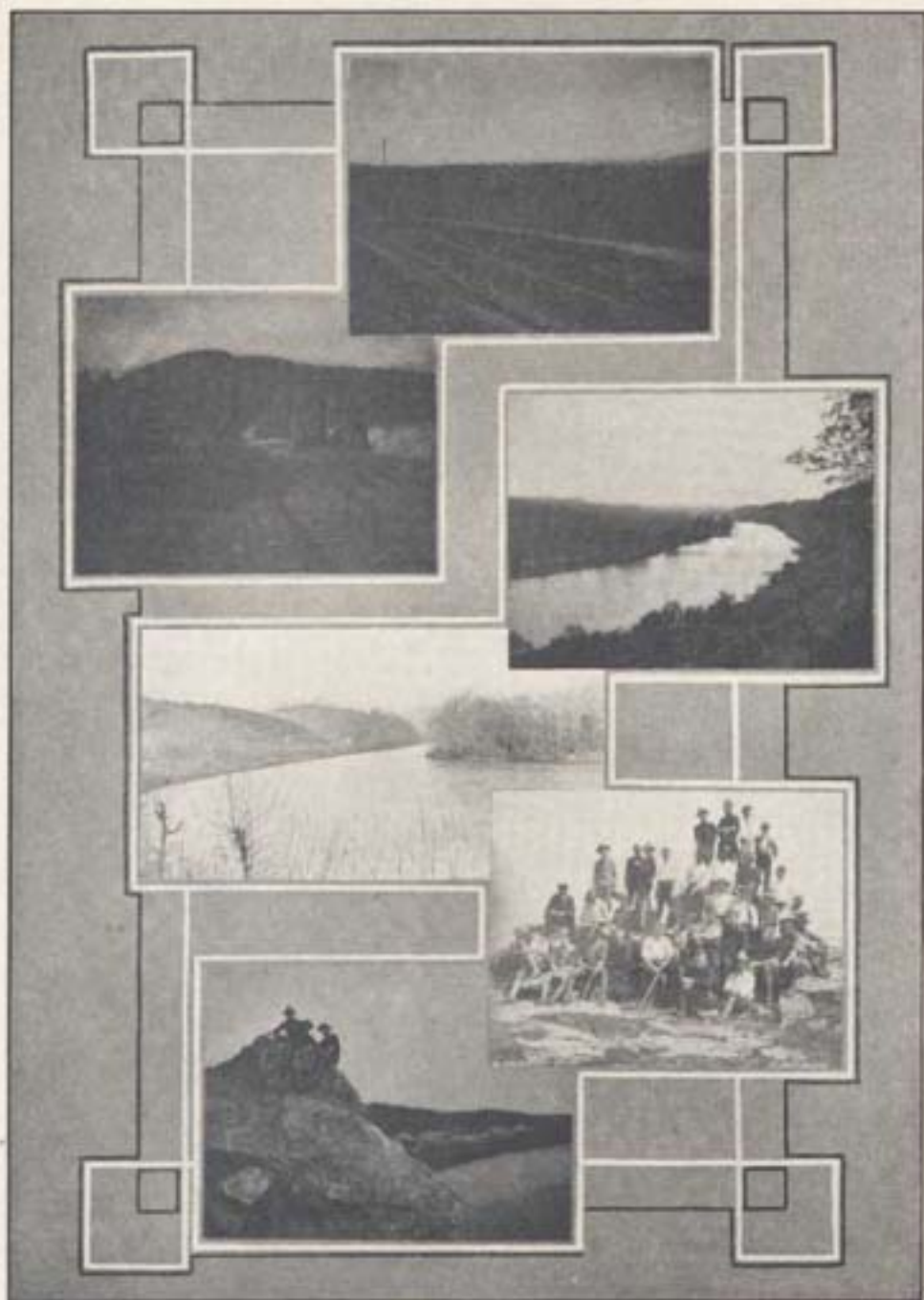
JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL TEAM



FRESHMAN FOOTBALL TEAM







THE BATTALION



LIEUT.-COL. W. M. BRODIE



MAJOR F. S. HOLMES



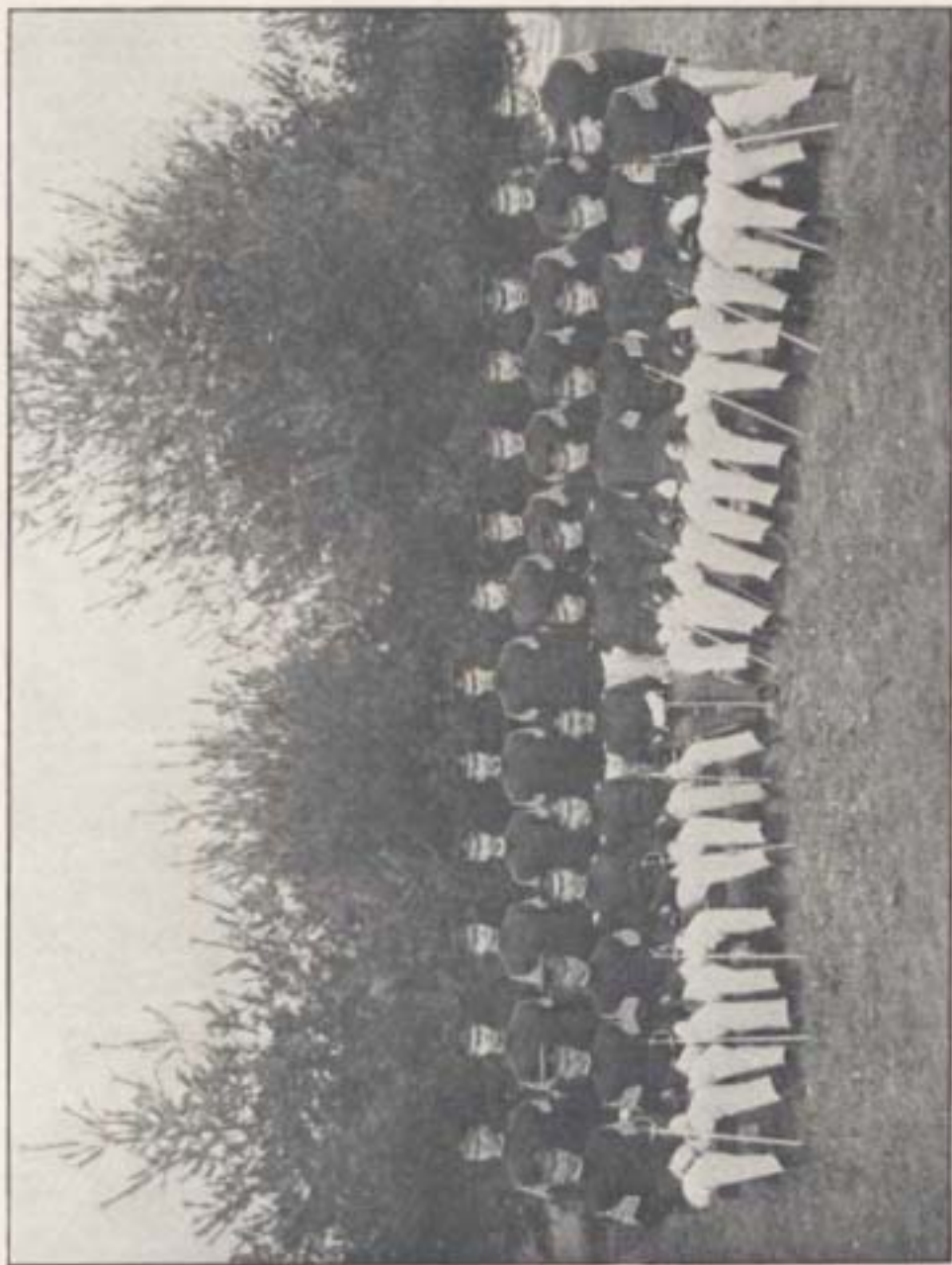
COLONEL W. R. DASHIELL
Captain 24th Infantry, U. S. A.



MAJOR C. B. WALKER



MAJOR H. H. HUTCHINSON



BATTALION OFFICERS

Staff

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF

E. E. STAFFORD, Sergeant-Major
W. T. HARVEY, Quartermaster-Sergt.
E. L. KENNER, Color Sergeant
P. H. THOMPSON, Color Sergeant



H. B. HAWKINS
Captain and Adjutant



E. B. LEWIS
Captain and Quartermaster



MISS JENKINS
Sponsor

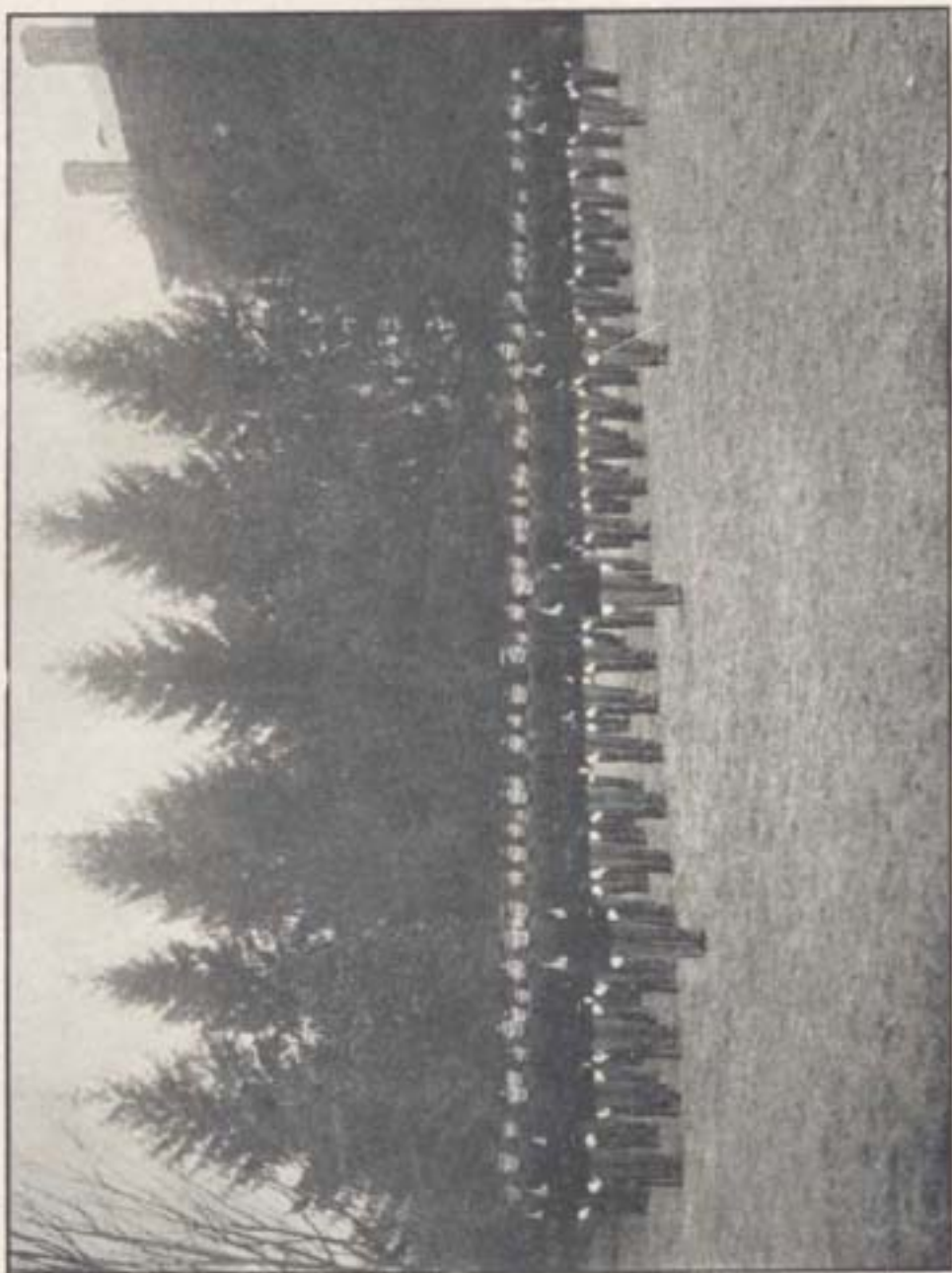


L. V. SUTTON
Captain and Adjutant



F. P. COLEMAN
Lieutenant and Quartermaster

*Resigned



COMPANY A

Company A

SERGEANTS

J. M. MORRIS, First Sergeant
W. C. HARRIS, Quartermaster
E. C. HECKMAN
A. N. HODGSON
R. H. CHILTON



O. M. BISHOP
Captain



M. W. FRANKENFIELD
Lieutenant



MISS FIGGATT
Sponsor

CORPORALS

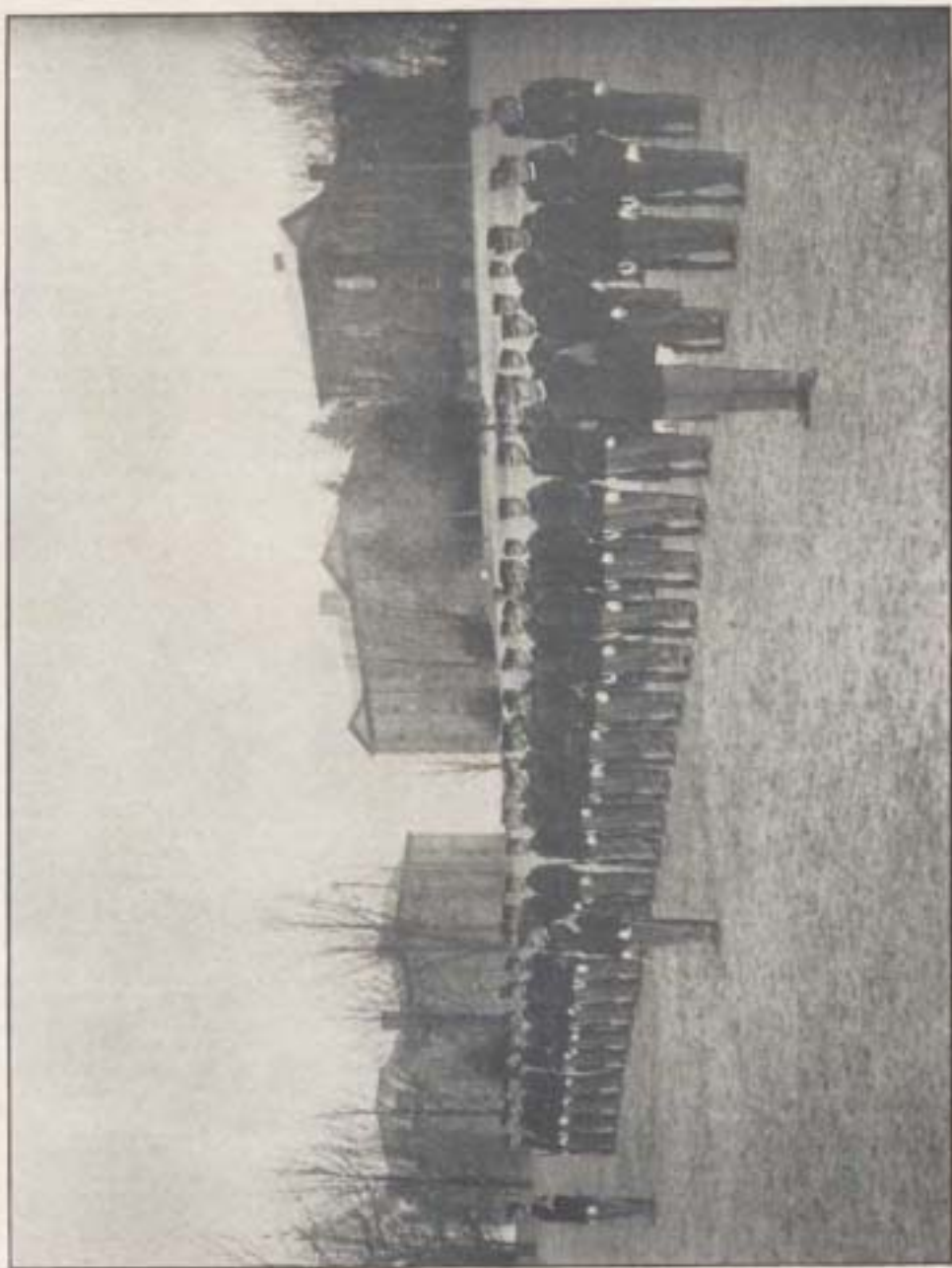
G. G. GARRISON
W. C. DIXON
L. L. HOLLIDAY
P. A. WARNER



G. C. BROOKING
Lieutenant



E. B. HODGSON
Lieutenant



COMPANY B

Company B

SERGEANTS

R. C. SYFAN, First Sergeant
R. J. COUSINS, Quartermaster
H. P. BURGESS
L. G. CARTER
J. R. HALL



D. C. WYBOR
Captain



F. C. STONEBURNER
Lieutenant



MISS BELL
Sponsor

CORPORALS

D. D. HOWE
E. A. LIVESAY
S. A. MANN
M. J. GROVE
J. G. MCGUIRE



H. A. WOMACK
Lieutenant



D. P. CLEMMER
Lieutenant



COMPANY C

Company C

SERGEANTS

J. A. HALE, First Sergeant
C. H. CRAHILL, Quartermaster
A. A. FLETCHER
J. R. WINSTON
H. ROGERS



H. M. TRENOR
Captain



H. H. HOLMES
Lieutenant



MISS LUGAR
Sponsor

CORPORALS

C. H. MCKNIGHT
J. W. FALCONER
C. H. CHILTON
G. W. CHAPPELEAR
C. A. BLANKENSHIP



L. A. PORTER
Lieutenant



W. H. JACKSON
Lieutenant



COMPANY D



E. J. W. HULTMAN
Captain

Company D

SERGEANTS

W. T. DABNEY, First Sergeant
J. B. WATKINS, Quartermaster
W. M. HERRIN
J. C. DABNEY
P. H. LEGGE



H. M. ROBINSON
Lieutenant



MISS SMITH
Sponsor



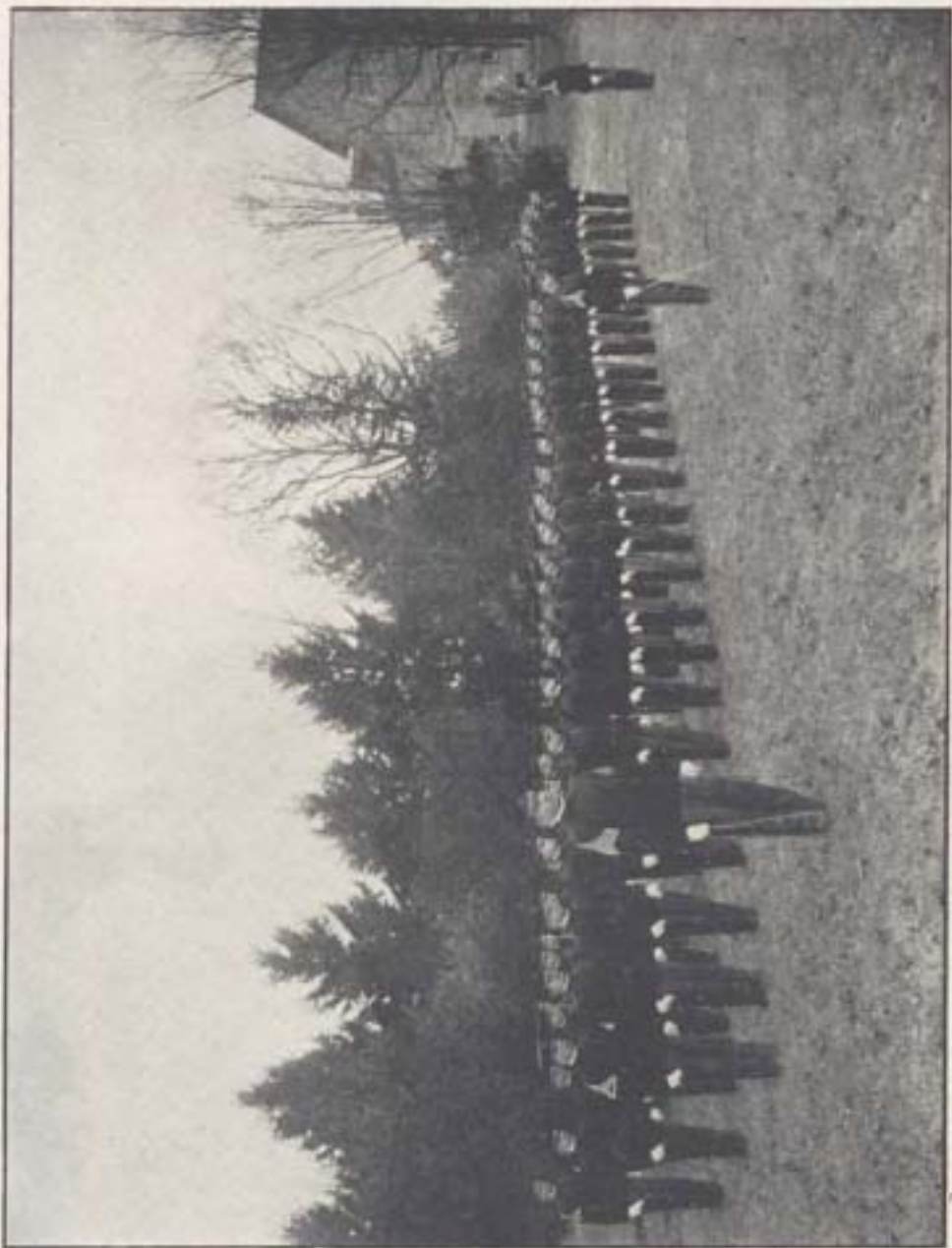
W. Y. JINKINS
Lieutenant

CORPORALS

J. G. OLIVER
W. G. JONES
L. H. ENSLOW
R. N. HARDY
B. S. WILLIAMS



H. E. BILLUPS
Lieutenant



COMPANY E



C. P. MASSEI
Captain

Company E

SERGEANTS

G. B. BRIGHT, First Sergeant
W. B. DAVIS, Quartermaster
A. G. JEFFERY
W. W. HOWARD
M. L. DAVIS



F. B. LAMB
Lieutenant



MISS HULCHER
Sponsor



G. G. VIA
Lieutenant

CORPORALS

J. C. HOLMES
O. S. SMITH
M. S. HILL
W. J. LIFFERT





COMPANY F

Company F

SERGEANTS

J. O. BEARD, First Sergeant
G. I. BERKLEY, Quartermaster
F. T. WYATT
C. HANKINS
E. W. SCOTT



D. W. FRY
Captain



R. M. ROBINSON
Lieutenant



MISS SWART
Sponsor

CORPORALS

W. M. WIENER
N. O. MOSES
J. P. GOODMAN
S. B. PURCELL
C. W. MASSIE
P. T. WALL



J. B. SKINNER
Lieutenant



J. B. LUCAS
Lieutenant



BAND

Cadet Band

MAJOR H. D. MCTIER	Director
A. A. WALDROP	First Sergeant
R. H. CRUMMETT	Sergeant
J. M. BLACKBURN	Sergeant
J. P. RICHTER	Sergeant
H. C. GIVENS	Corporal
W. C. DIXON	Corporal

S. ARPIA
V. C. BARRINGER
J. H. BOTZ
R. A. CALVERT
J. R. CARSON
A. A. ESKRIDGE
C. T. GRISSOM
J. T. GRISSOM
V. B. HODGSON
E. K. HENLEY

E. A. ISBELL
H. W. LEWIS
A. H. MCTIER
R. E. MINSHALL
D. W. READ
M. C. SMITH
W. H. SMITH
H. B. VAUGHAN
H. R. WACHTEL
W. N. WALLACE

F. H. YANCEY



BATTALION MARCHING TO MESS

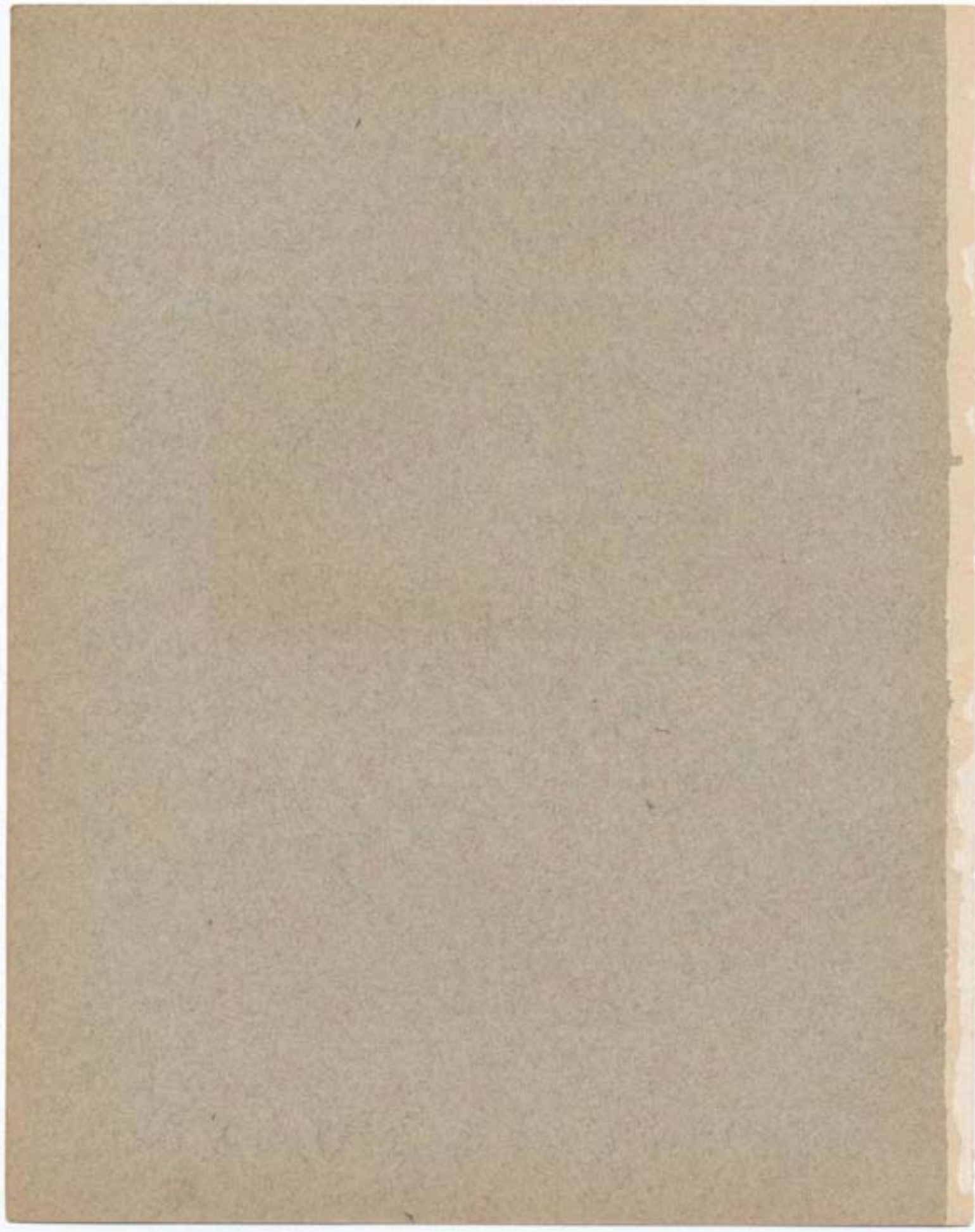
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1872 - by the Military Devils
Published Weekly at V.P.L. in - the Boney Days of Spring, by Dixon.





QUBS





Roanoke Club

MOTTO: "Acorn to Oak; Watch Roanoke"

COLORS: Gold and Black

FAVORITE DISH: Date with a Peach

FAVORITE SONG: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"

OFFICERS

G. E. BRINKLEY	President
P. KIRKBRIDE	Vice-President
J. N. GREGORY	Treasurer
H. K. TICE	Secretary
W. S. GRAVELY	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

A. D. AUSTIN, '10	J. P. GOODMAN, '12	E. K. MARSH, '11
L. S. BARBOUR, '13	C. M. HOBART, '13	J. C. ROBERTSON, '12
G. B. BRIGHT, '11	W. N. HOBBS, '13	R. D. ROYER, '13
G. E. BRINKLEY, '12	E. C. HECKMAN, '11	W. SCHOLTZ, '13
B. A. CUNNINGHAM, '11	W. L. HODGES, '13	E. W. SCOTT, '11
G. F. GRAYATT, '11	R. E. HODGES, '13	L. R. STEWART, '13
W. S. GRAVELY, '11	E. L. KIRKBRIDE, '13	H. K. TICE, '13
J. N. GREGORY, '12	P. KIRKBRIDE, '11	S. W. WELCH, '12
	B. S. WILLIAMS, '12	

German Club

OFFICERS

J. E. VAWTER	President
W. B. DAVIS	Vice-President
W. C. RATHELL	Secretary and Treasurer
D. H. SPINDLE	Leader

MEMBERS

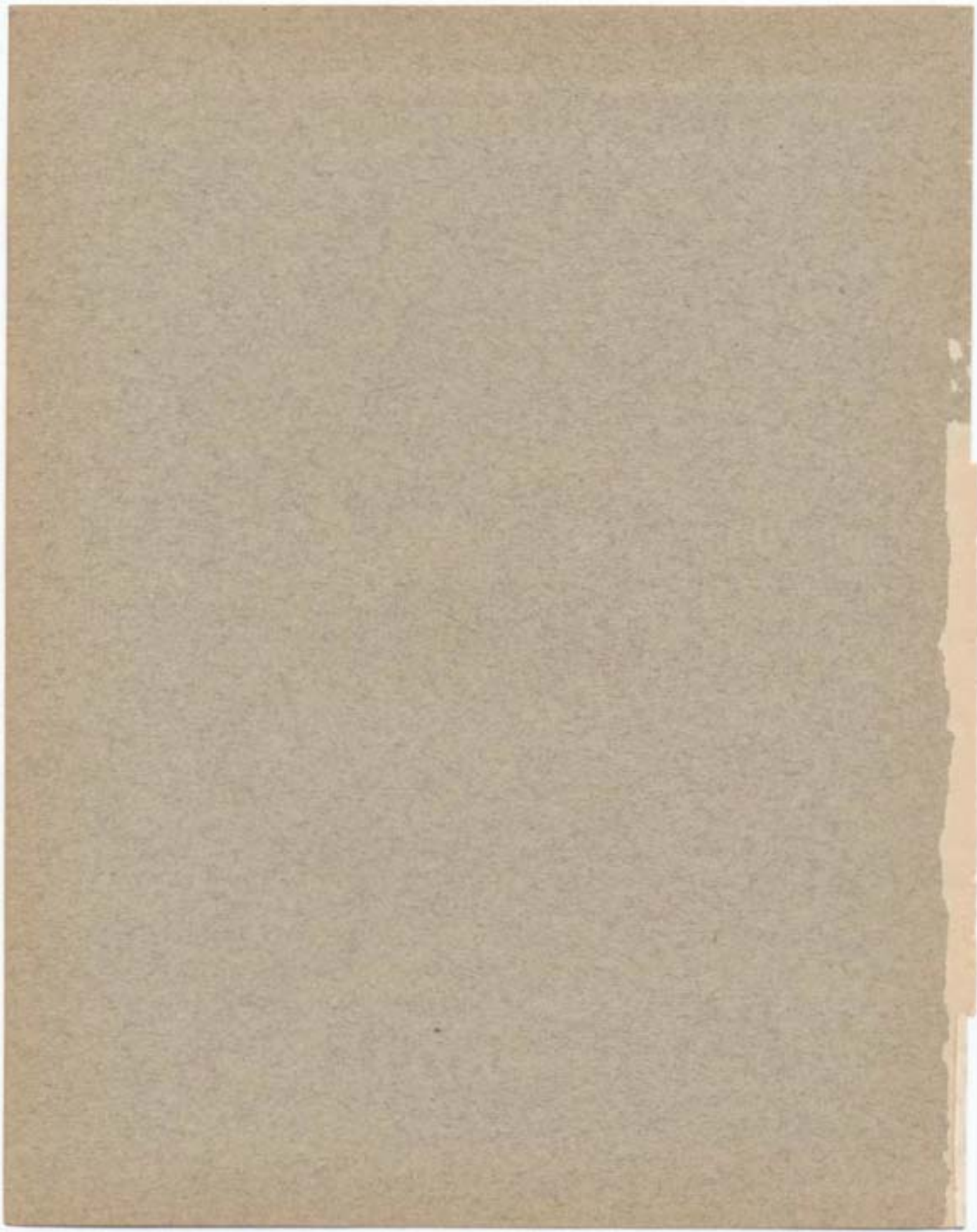
ASHBY, B. T.	JEFFRIES, M. H.
AUSTIN, A. D.	LEWIS, E. B.
BARRINGER, V. C.	LIPPERT, W. J.
COOPER, J. H.	MUSGRAVE, J. S.
CLEMMER, D. P.	MIDYETTE, R.
DAVIS, W. B.	RATHELL, W. C.
DENIT, G. B.	SAUNDERS, R. E.
EVANS, P. R.	SAUNDERS, F. E.
GRAVELY, W. S.	SKINNER, J. B.
HAWKINS, H. B.	SUTTON, L. V.
HUTCHESON, T. B.	SHACKLEFORD, R.
HUTCHINSON, H. H.	SHILES, J. W.
HODGESON, E. R.	STEELE, R. E.
HURT, G. W.	VAWTER, J. E.
HOWE, D. D.	VAUGHAN, H. B.

WILLIAMS, E. A.

HONORARY MEMBERS

J. DE LA COVA	F. H. ARBOT	C. E. VAWTER
W. C. ELLETT	R. T. ELLETT	H. S. WORTHINGTON
W. B. ELLETT	R. B. NELSON	JOHN DAVIS
W. M. BRODIE	STOCKTON HEATH	BRANCH BOCOCK





The Bone Club

C. T. ADAMS
J. D. HAMILTON
H. B. HAWKINS
R. SHACKELFORD
D. H. SPINDLE
J. M. THORP
J. E. VAWTER
L. S. WALKER

Big Richard from Boston.
Little Joe.
Crap.
Phoebe.
Aces up.
Natural.
Sixty Days.
Seven-Eleven.



Bugle Corps

Instructor, WILLIAM C. TWITTY, Chief Trumpeter U. S. Army, Retired.
First Sergeant, W. T. HARVEY

TRUMPETERS

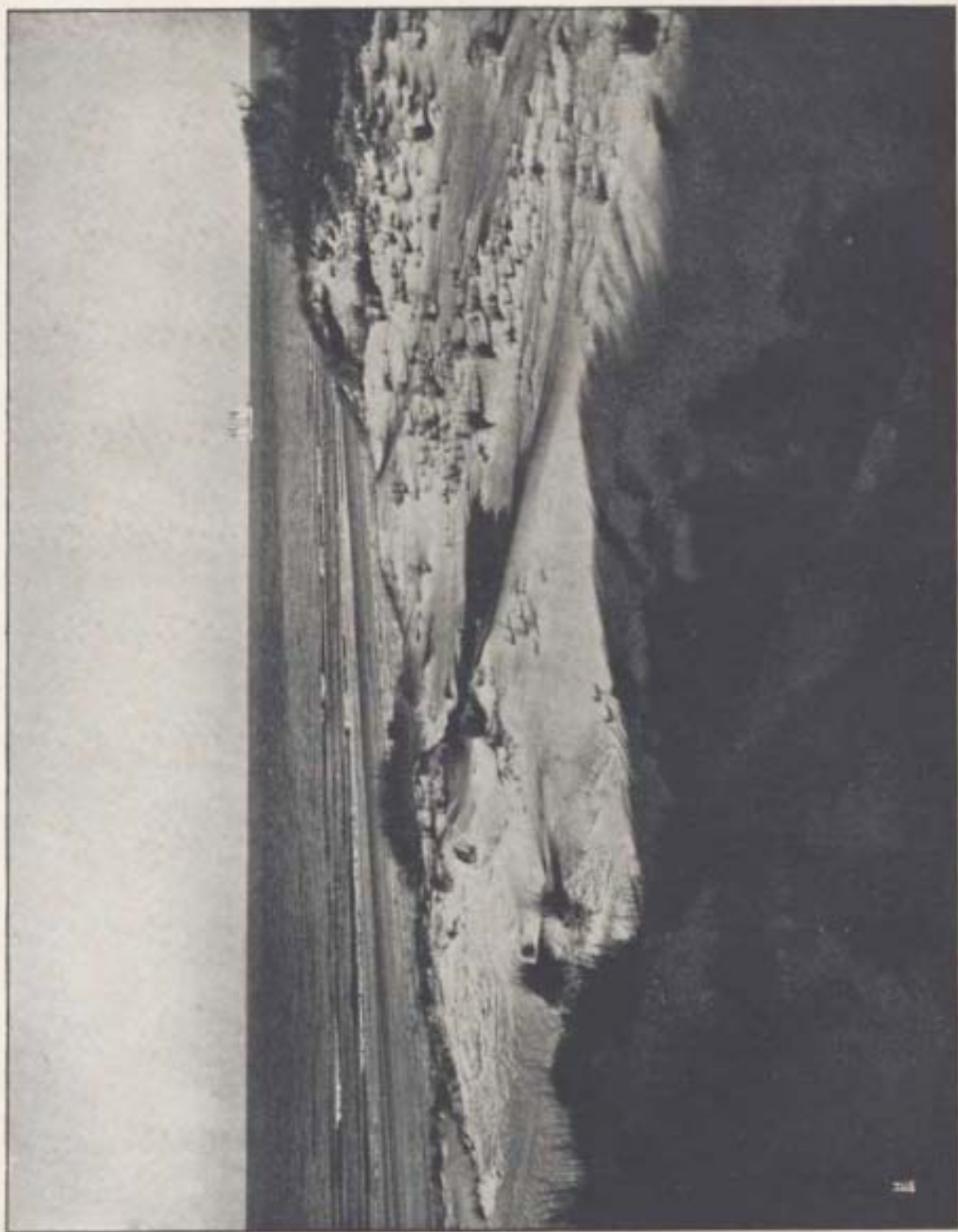
ANDERSON, E. R.	RICHARDSON, M. H.
ASHBY, B. T.	SHIELDS, R. D.
BELL, J. H.	**SIERRA, R.
FOSTER, C. S.	TOMPKINS, G. P.
HARRISON, T. R.	*WADE, R. T. M.
MOORE, J. R.	WEISIGER, C.
**MORTON, D. P.	WRENN, J. R.

DRUMMERS

*LAND, G. W.	SMITH, W. E.
BURTON, A. A.	

**Transferred to Company.

*Left College.

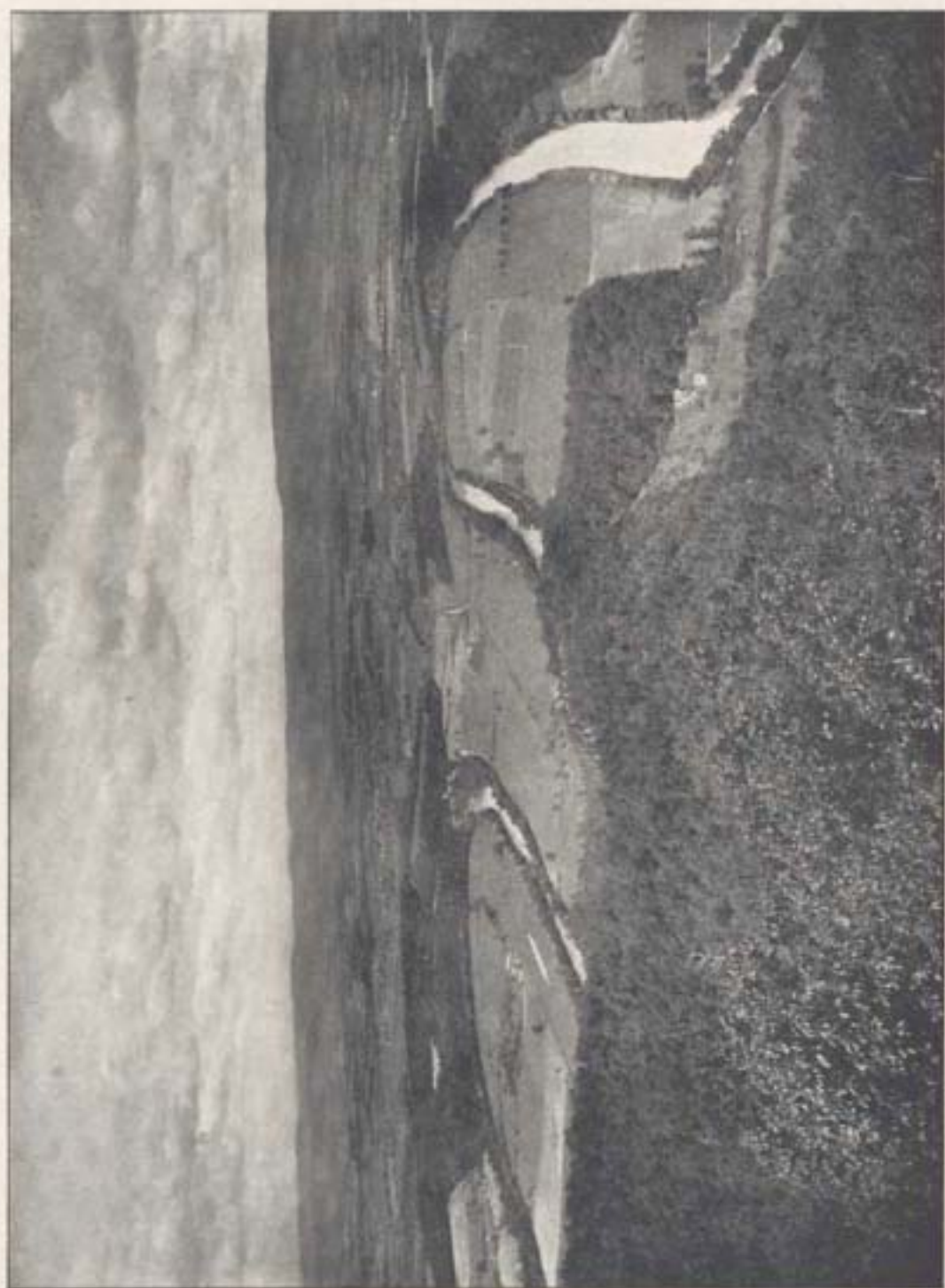


Norfolk Club

H. E. BILLUPS, '10	President
C. S. FOSTER, '11	Vice-President
R. R. UPTON, '12	Secretary and Treasurer
W. P. DODSON, '13	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

R. H. BARRETT, '12	E. K. HENLEY, '11
H. E. BILLUPS, '10	V. B. HODGSON, '11
C. P. DERRY, '13	E. H. PALMER, '13
W. P. DODSON, '13	P. T. PEAKE, '12
C. S. FOSTER, '11	C. E. TOWNSEND, '12
J. B. FOSTER, '13	R. R. UPTON, '12
G. G. GARRISON, '12	H. B. VAUGHAN, JR., '10



Shenandoah Valley Club

P. C. STONEBURNER, '10	President
L. S. WALKER, '11	Vice-President
R. P. LANKFORD, '11	Secretary
E. L. KENNER, '11	Treasurer
G. B. HOLTZMAN, '13	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

J. M. BLACKBURN, '11	W. M. MONTGOMERY, '10
J. O. BEARD, '11	C. T. MONTGOMERY, '13
B. F. BEGOON, '13	N. O. MOSES, '12
W. H. BELL, '13	R. L. NEWCOMB, '13
D. P. CLEMMER, '10	J. C. PETTIGREW, '13
G. F. CALE, '12	L. M. RICHSON, '11
M. M. CRAIG, '13	R. M. RUBUSH, '13
A. A. ESKRIDGE, '11	C. B. STICKLEY, '12
L. GRAHAM, '13	W. C. SEARSON, '13
E. B. HUMPHSTON, '12	J. R. SEARSON, '12
E. W. KYGER, '13	B. D. SPANGLER, '11
J. H. LAREW, '13	W. M. WIENER, '12
E. A. LIVESAY, '12	W. L. WRIGHT '10

HONORARY MEMBER

MAJOR H. H. HUTCHINSON



D. P. MORTON	President
R. C. SYFAN	Vice-President
F. C. COOPER	Secretary and Treasurer
J. E. BURKE	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

J. E. BURKE	C. F. JOHNSON
F. C. COOPER	D. P. MORTON
W. P. FUNSTON	R. C. SYFAN
B. F. JOHNSON	J. R. WINSTON

HONORARY MEMBERS

REV. R. B. NELSON	L. WASHER	W. D. MOSS
-------------------	-----------	------------



V. P. I. Glee Club

PROF. F. H. ABBOT, Director and First Bass

First Tenors

J. H. B. FOGLEMAN
I. R. JOHNSON
H. W. LEWIS

Second Tenors

V. B. HODGSON
F. H. YANCY
M. C. SMITH

First Basses

R. G. TAYLOR
W. M. OTEY

Second Basses

R. E. MINSHALL
M. W. LOVING
W. B. DAVIS
G. G. VIA

CONCERTS

Faculty Reception	V. P. I. Chapel	January 28, 1910
Home	V. P. I. German Club Hall	January 29, 1910
Bedford City, Va.	Belmont Theater	February 4, 1910
Sweetbriar, Va.	Sweetbriar College Chapel	February 5, 1910
Home	V. P. I. German Club Hall	March 19, 1910
Christiansburg, Va.	Christiansburg Theater	April 5, 1910
Roanoke, Va.	Baptist Church Auditorium	April 8, 1910
Richmond, Va.	Jefferson Hotel Auditorium	April 9, 1910
Lexington, Va.	High School Auditorium	April 15, 1910
Buena Vista, Va.	Southern Seminary Chapel	April 16, 1910



Portsmouth Club

L. A. PORTER
R. J. COUSINS
W. J. OVERMAN
J. M. PEAKE

President
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

H. K. ARMISTEAD
F. R. BENSON
S. W. BRINSON
M. L. CLEATON

R. M. CODD
R. M. COX
R. J. COUSINS
T. H. FRIEDLIN
W. V. H. WILLIAMS

G. C. MAYNARD
W. J. OVERMAN
J. M. PEAKE
L. A. PORTER





Hampton Roads Club

OFFICERS

G. GUY VIA	President
W. W. HOWARD	Vice-President
J. H. KERLIN	Secretary and Treasurer
J. WILLIAMSON	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

J. A. BUXTON, '10	H. B. HUGHES, '13
H. COPLAN, '12	A. G. HUGHES, '13
W. B. DAVIS, '11	J. H. KERLIN, '10
W. E. GROVES, '12	C. P. A. MALM, '10
J. D. HAMILTON, '10	C. E. SEARS, '13
P. C. HAMILTON, '12	R. F. TAYLOR, '12
W. W. HOWARD, '11	G. G. VIA, '10
J. L. HUGHES, '10	J. WILLIAMSON, '11



Bill of Material

OC Draking Long column, pin connected	GA R. A. May, C.E. Center of Gravity System	EA Bevil Redundant member
JABuxton Lean mixture	 Miss Cary, Engineer	HG Jones Tank design
WSCowart O U carriage?		JHKerlin Trial batch
DWTry I beam	C.H. Moorefield, C.E. Miss Satchels	CP Massel Rising moment
H.H. Holmes Upper lateral strut		HMBishop Elastic limit
JL Hughes False work		HMTrenor Very wet mixture
		HRVaughan Cath-haver?





Our Motto ~ Use good hard common horse-sense.
Favorite Light ~ Moonshine.
Usual Occupation ~ Living in the "sticks".





The Senior Juice Pushers

OFFICERS

G. GUY VIA	President
H. A. WOMACK	Vice-President
M. W. FRANKENFIELD	Secretary
L. A. PORTER	Treasurer
L. V. SUTTON	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

V. E. AYRE	H. P. MUSSER
H. E. BILLUPS	L. A. PORTER
F. P. COLEMAN	W. C. RATHELL
M. W. FRANKENFIELD	R. SHACKLEFORD
H. B. HAWKINS	L. V. SUTTON
W. H. JACKSON	G. G. VIA
W. Y. JINKINS	A. H. WARDEN
P. B. LAMB	H. A. WOMACK
K. W. MACKALL	W. L. WRIGHT
W. M. MONTGOMERY	H. C. YEATON

HONORARY MEMBERS

PROF. S. R. PRITCHARD	C. LEE
-----------------------	--------

SENIOR MECHANICAL ENGINEERS



J. HAMILTON, PRES.
 W. STOREBAKER, V. PRES.
 H. B. STEBB, SEC. & TREAS.

MEMBERS
 A. H. CROWYER
 P. F. CLIFTON
 W. B. LEWIS
 C. F. HALL
 S. H. WHEELER
 J. FOTTAGE
 V. H. SLAYTON



FRANK RANDOLPH

HONORARY MEMBERS
 MAJ. HUTCHINSON



COL. JOHNSON



Montgomery County Club

OFFICERS

O. M. BISHOP	President
Q. W. STUART	Vice-President
D. D. HOWE	Secretary and Treasurer
W. B. PRESTON	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

O. M. BISHOP	D. D. HOWE
J. B. LUCAS	J. R. RANDOLPH
C. G. CROWDER	W. B. PRESTON
D. H. SPINDLE	W. L. PIERCE
J. E. VAWTER	J. T. SHELBORNE
Q. W. STUART	W. J. WALTERS
B. G. PHLEGAR	J. M. HENDERSON
J. E. JOHNS	

Agricultural Club

OFFICERS

A. D. AUSTIN
C. T. ADAMS
R. W. FUGUA
G. W. CHAPPELEAR

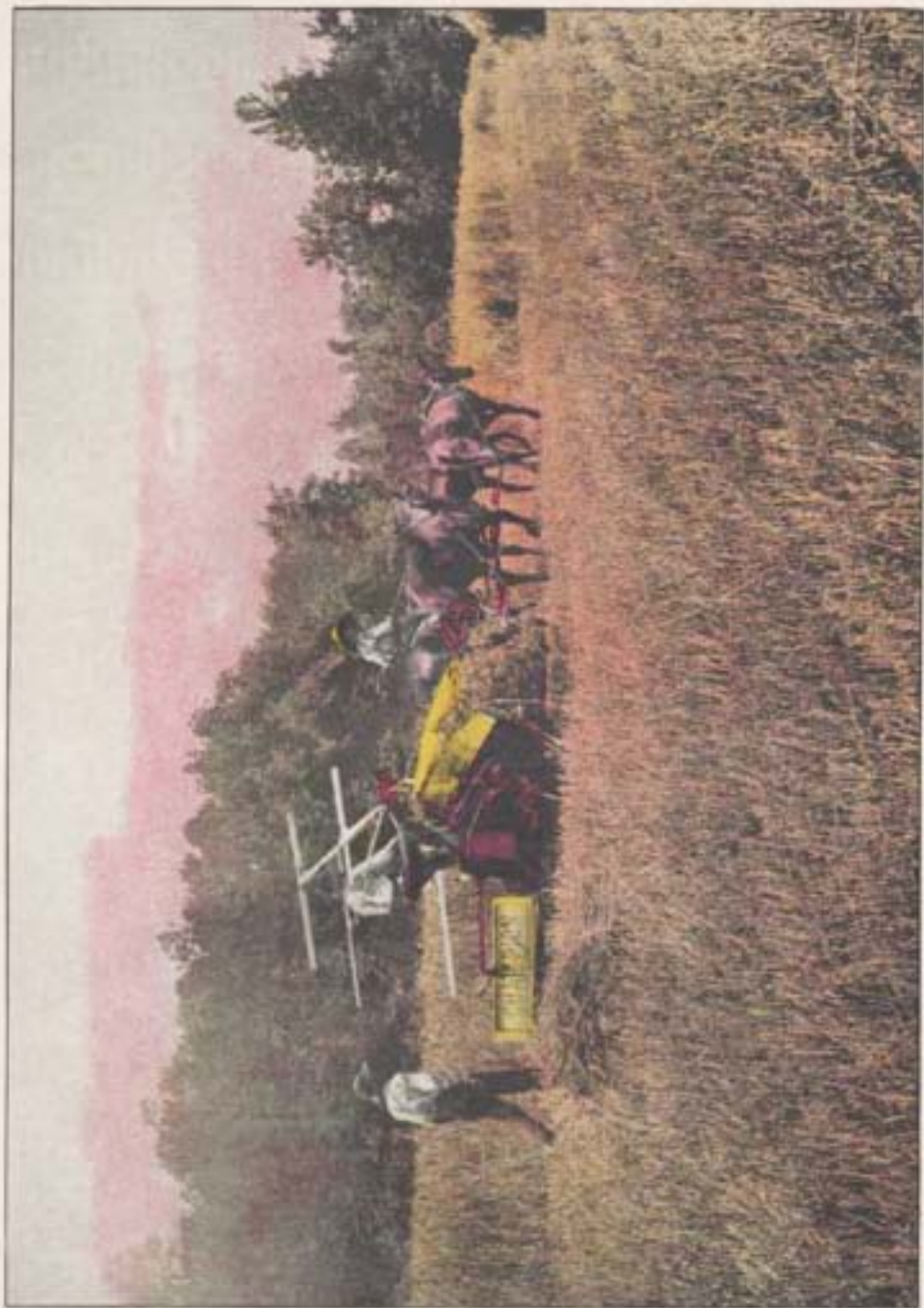
President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

MEMBERS

ADAMS, C. T.
AUSTIN, A. D.
ASHBY, B. T.
BARBOUR, J. S.
BARRINGER, V. C.
BEARD, J. O.
BELL, J. H.
BELL, J. V. E.
BONDAM, J. R.
BOWMAN, J. J.
BROWN, F. R.
BROWN, H.
BURRUS, W. H.
BURTON, A. A.
CALE, C. F.
CHAPPELEAR, G. W.
CHILTON, C. H.
CIDD, R. M.
COLE, S. L.
COOLEY, J. L.
CRABILL, C. H.
CRUMMETT, R. H.
DICKINSON, H.
DUENAS, F.
ELLETT, W. H.
FLORA, C. C.
FOGATE, S. S.

FUGUA, R. W.
FUNSTON, W. P.
GILLESPIE, F. O.
GILLETTE, W. P.
GRAVATT, S. F.
HARGROVE, N. D.
HERRIN, W. M.
HIGGIN, F. N.
HIX, R. H.
HODGSON, A. N.
HODGSON, E. R.
HODGSON, V. B.
HOLLADAY, L. L.
HOLMES, J. C.
HOLZMAN, G. B.
HOWELL, O. S.
HUBBARD, C. W.
HUDGINS, R. B.
INGHAM, A. G.
JEFFRIES, M. H.
JONES, W. G.
LOCKHART, A.
LUKE, H. A.
MCGUIRE, J. G.
NEWCOMB, R. L.
NOTTINGHAM, S. C.
OSLIN, H. W.
PAYNE, B. H.

PITTS, D. M.
POWELL, M. L.
PRICE, G. W.
PUNCELL, M. B.
QUANTZ, K. E. E.
RAIFORD, R. W.
RANDOLPH, O. R.
SCHWALBER, A. G.
SHOLTE, W. S.
SCOTT, E.
SEARSON, J. R.
SIDOLD, S. P.
SKINNER, J. B.
SMITH, O. S.
SPENCER, W. S.
STICKLEY, C. B.
TAYLOR, C. E.
VAUGHAN, C. P.
WALTERS, J. W.
WHITE, A. N.
WHITLEY, M. T.
WILSON, M. O.
WINSTON, J. R.
WOOD, J. M.
WOOD, R. P.
WRIGHT, C. P.
REYER, S. C.
STEELE, R. E.





L. F. C. Club

OFFICERS

J. B. SKINNER	President
V. E. AYRE	Vice-President
J. M. MARSHALL	Secretary and Treasurer
C. B. TEBBS	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

AYRE, V. E., '10	PURCELL, S. B., '12
CHAPPELEAN, G. W., '12	SKINNER, J. B., '10
DEAHL, H. T., '12	TEBBS, C. B., '13
JONES, W. G., '12	TURNER, H. S., '13
MARSHALL, J. M., '11	WARNER, P. A., '12

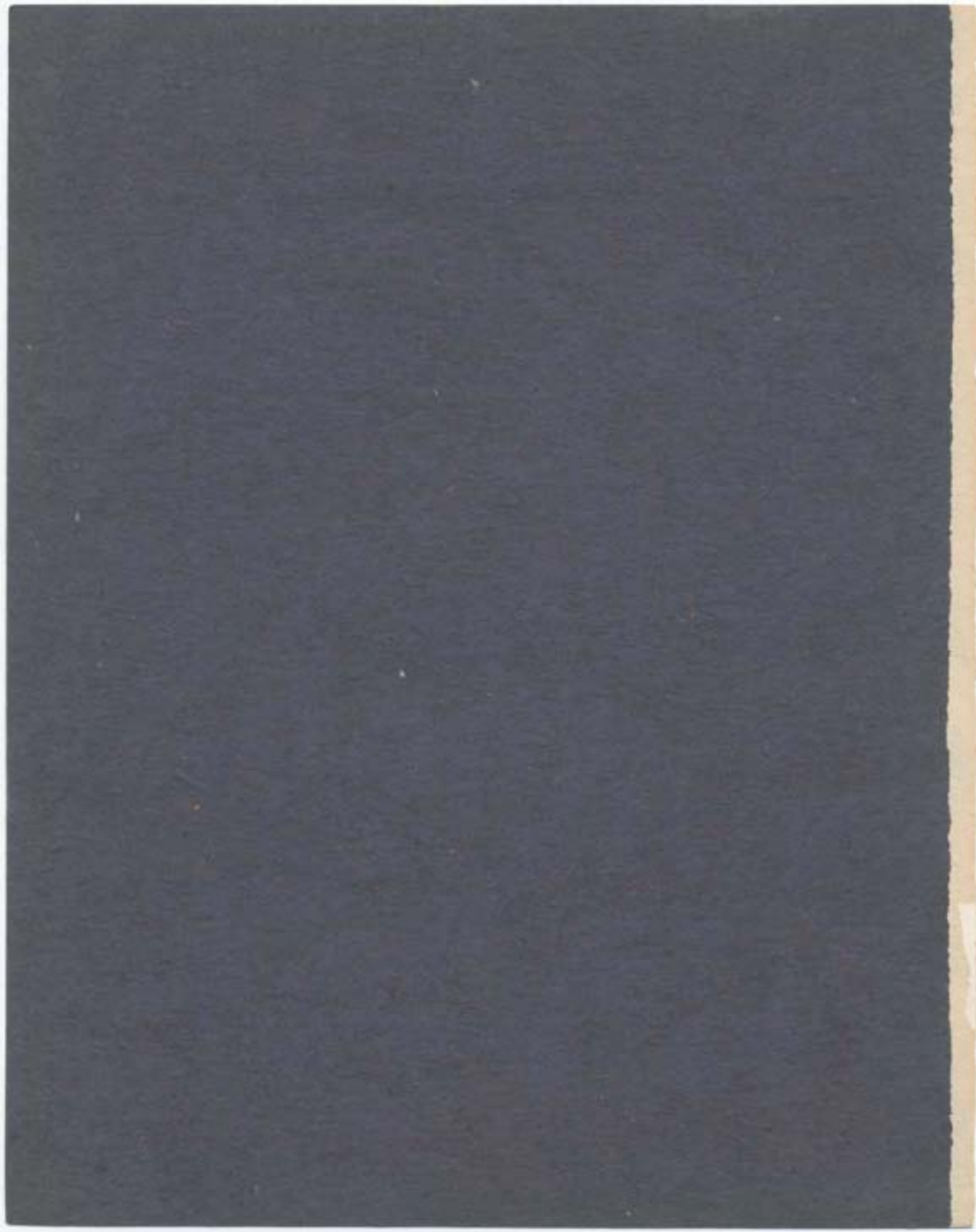
HONORARY MEMBERS

SAUNDERS, F. E.	STAHL, H. S.
-----------------	--------------

H H Holmes E
R M Robinson F
F C Stoneburner B

MS

M W Frankensfield D
L A Porter C
C H Slayton A





Pulaski County Club

OFFICERS

H. M. ROBINSON	President
D. C. WYSON	Vice-President
J. R. HALL	Secretary
J. C. HOLMES	Treasurer
E. H. HARMAN	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

J. R. HALL	R. T. JAMES
E. H. HARMAN	H. C. PAINTER
H. H. HOLMES	H. M. ROBINSON
J. C. HOLMES	D. C. WYSON

J. W. A. HOLMES

HONORARY MEMBERS

MAJOR F. S. HOLMES
 MR. WIRT DUNLAP
 *PROF. GEORGE WALKER

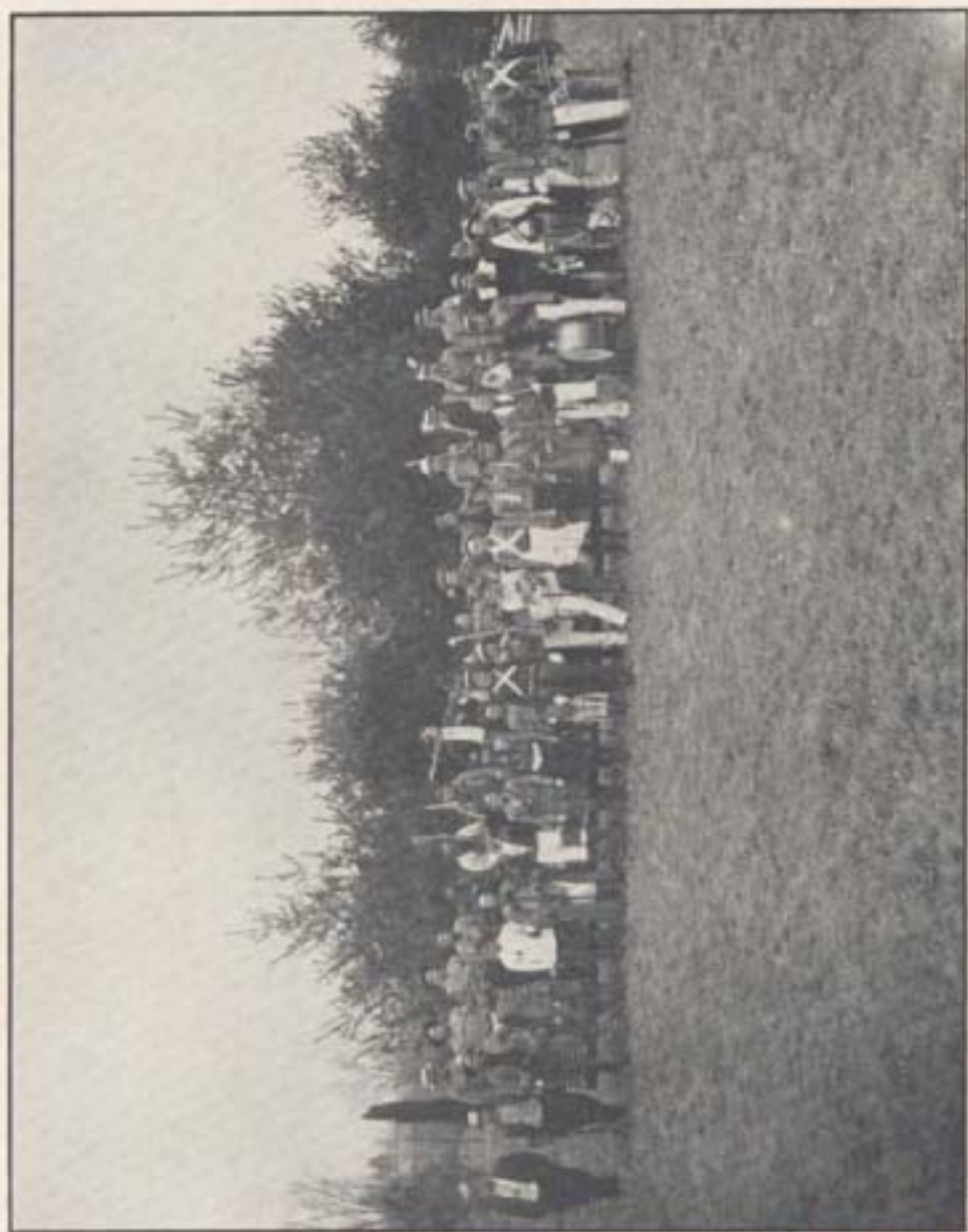
*Deceased



TO PULASKI'S



FAIR



Fallen Angels

COLORS: *Black and Red*

MOTTO: *Down with Military*

FAVORITE DRINK: *Red Lemonade(?) with Cherry*

OCCUPATION: *Cutting Formations and Grit*

OFFICERS

P. K. PROSSER

Satan

H. C. MINTON

Beelzebub

R. E. MEADE

Belial

C. WEISIGER

Mammon

L. S. WALKER

Hell Hound

MEMBERS

"Dusty" ASHBY
"Horse" AUSTIN
"Skinney" BURTON
"Pookie" BARRINGER
"Skillet" BELL
"Fritz" BENSON
"Moose" BERKLEY
"Billy" BOWLES
"Slinger" BOWMAN
"Deacon" ENDERS
"Bunks" EVRANK
"Jinks" ESKRIDGE
"Happy" FARTHING
"Sea Foam" FONTER
"Burley" FUNSTON
"Rube" FUGA
"Goody" GOODWIN
"Hart" GRAVELY
"Serg" HARRIS
"Teddy" HARRISON
"Beef" HENLEY
"Bubbles" HODGSON
"Hury" HURT
"Wrinkles" JEFFRIES
"Bride" KIRKBRIDE
"Grace" LEHR
"Turboed" LOCKHART
"Rbody" LUSBY
"Baldy" LANKFORD
"Cupid" LARD
"Sadie Salome" MALONEY

"Rooster" MARCHANT
"Runt" MARSHALL
"Joy" MEADE
"Chuck" MINTON
"Big Chief" MOGMAW
"Dream" MORTON
"Mother" NEWBILL
"Fats" OMOHUNDRO
"Kanode" PROSSER
"Down Town" REAGAN
"Dopey" RICHESON
"Crane" ROBERTS
"Kid" SHIELDS
"Slim" SATTIERWHITE
"Hiram" SAUNDERS
"Grandpa" SAVAGE
"Cuba" SIERRE
"Hunk" SMITH
"Rat" SMITH
"Monk" SPANGLER
"Quack" STUART
"Pat" TANNER
"Hyp" TAYLOR
"Racker" WAUGH
"Lady Agnes" WAUGH
"Doc" WEISIGER
"Nuts" WILLIAMS
"Nannie" WILLIAMSON
"Grouch" WOOD
"Reddie" WREN
"Growley" WALKER

"Mike" YANCEY



Cosmopolitan Club

MOTTO: *Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit*

FAVORITE DRINK: *Anything*

FAVORITE STUNT: *Wearing citizens' clothes*

TOAST

*Here's to a long life and a merry one,
A quick death and a painless one,
A pretty girl, and a loving one,
A cold bottle, and another one.*

OFFICERS

First Half-Session

C. H. SLAYTON
F. J. LUSBY
R. G. TAYLOR

Demagogue
Assistant Demagogue
Scribe and Pharisee
Warden
Guardian Angel

Second Half-Session

R. A. CALVERT
R. G. TAYLOR
F. J. LUSBY
K. W. MACKALL
C. J. SHARP

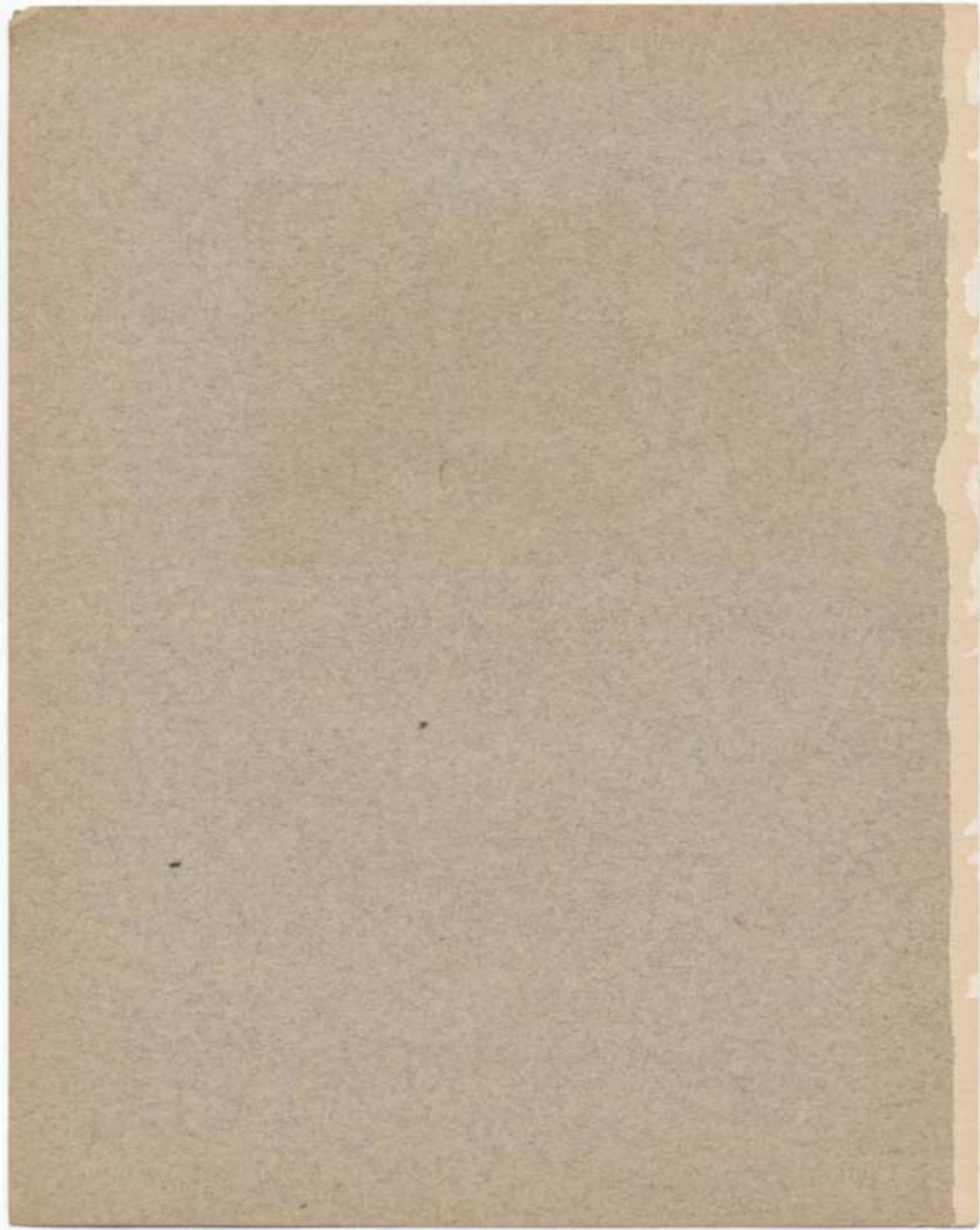
REPUBLICANS

W. P. FUNSTON
H. E. LEAR
J. C. QUINTERRO
W. L. EPLER

B. SEDDON
A. OROZCO
M. B. THOMAS

A. H. WARDEN
C. H. SLAYTON
R. E. MINSHALL
E. M. JONES







Southside Virginians

Charlotte, Halifax, Lunenburg, Mecklenburg, and Pittsylvania Counties.

OFFICERS

F. P. COLEMAN	President
M. O. WILSON	Vice-President
P. H. THOMPSON	Secretary and Treasurer
G. L. OLIVER	Sergeant-at-Arms

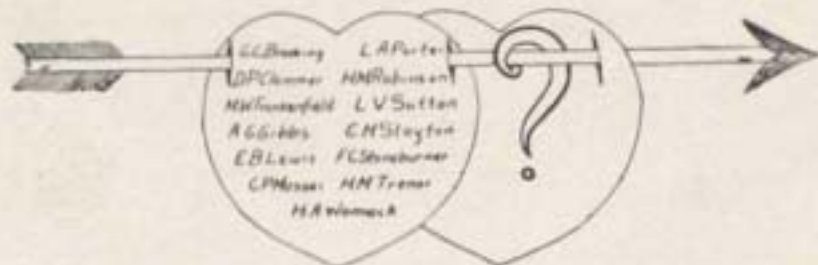
MEMBERS

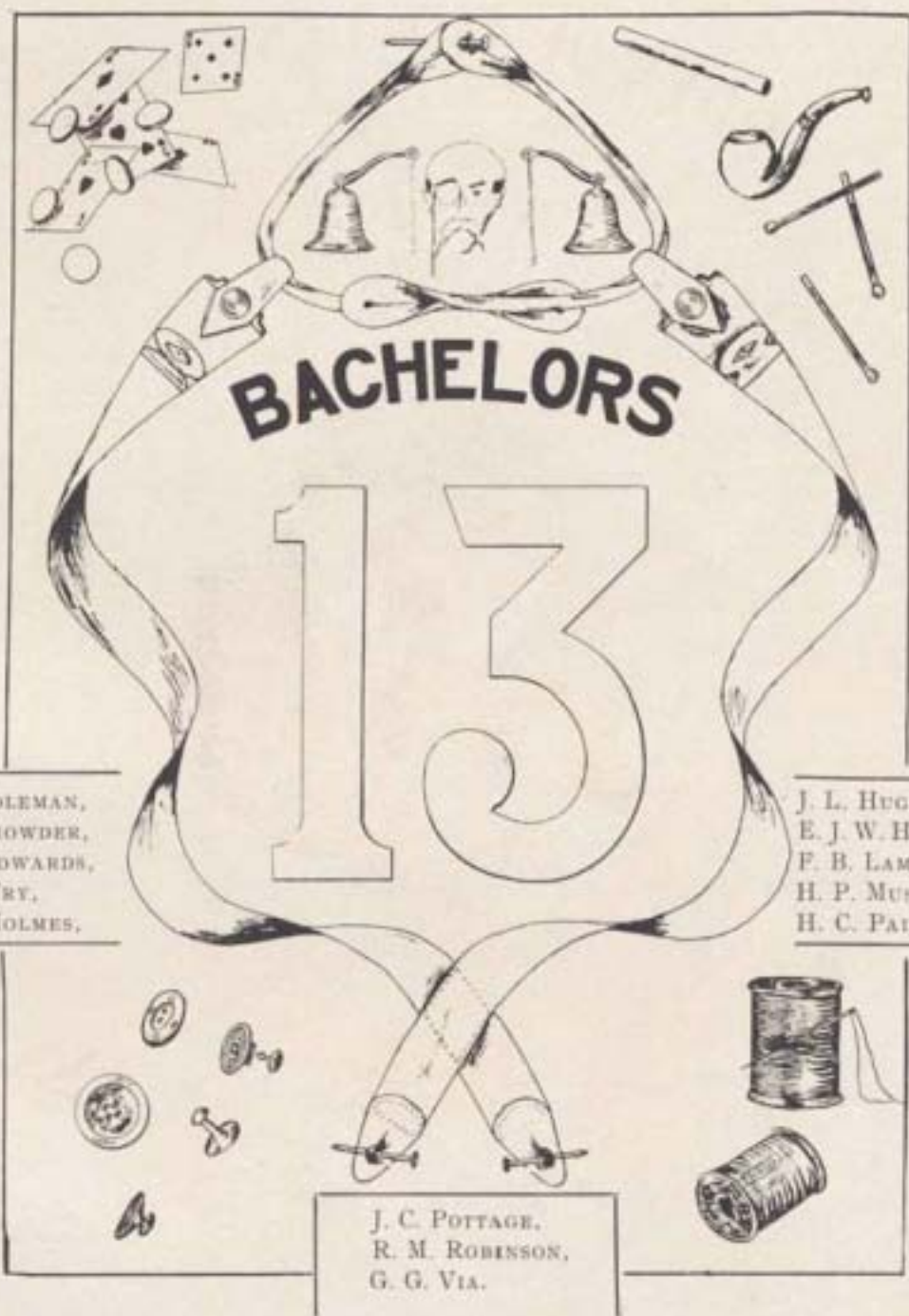
J. C. BERKELEY, '11	H. W. OILIN, '12	W. M. SCALES, '12
F. P. COLEMAN, '10	G. L. OLIVER, '13	P. H. THOMPSON, '11
D. D. DIGGES, '13	J. C. POTTAGH, '10	M. O. WILSON, '10
R. N. HARDY, '12	H. REAGAN, '11	S. B. WILSON, '13
J. P. MALONEY, '11	W. H. SMITH, '11	G. C. WILLIAMS, '13
R. M. MAST, '13		F. H. YANCKY, '11

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. J. E. WILLIAMS	DR. F. D. WILSON	PROF. CLAUDEN LEE
C. H. MOOREFIELD	C. B. WALKER	T. B. HUTCHISON

ORDER OF THE BENEDICTS







Albemarle and Orange Club

ORGANIZED 1878

FAVORITE DRINK: *Pippin and Orange Cider*

FAVORITE SONG: *"I Hate to Get Up so Early in the Morning"*

OFFICERS

E. B. LEWIS	President
J. M. MORRIS	Vice-President
M. D. PURCELL	Secretary and Treasurer
O. J. SCHWALBE	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

G. C. BROOKING	M. W. LOVING
V. C. BARRINGER	J. M. MORRIS
J. J. BOWMAN	M. D. PURCELL
O. P. ECHOLS	J. E. VAWTER
F. W. HIGGINS	E. L. VAWTER
E. B. LEWIS	A. N. WHITE

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. P. B. BARRINGER	PROF. J. S. A. JOHNSON
DR. J. M. MCBRYDE	PROF. W. M. RASCHE
PROF. C. E. VAWTER	PROF. J. M. JOHNSON



Young Men's Christian Association

OFFICERS 1909-1910

J. O. BEARD	President
J. L. HUGHES	Vice-President
J. B. WATKINS	Recording Secretary
R. C. SYFAN	Corresponding Secretary
J. B. SHANKS	Treasurer
D. H. LUTTRELL	Physical Director
ROBT. B. WEAR	General Secretary

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

H. P. MUSSER	Bible Study
J. L. HUGHES	Mission Study
J. O. BEARD	Religious Meetings
J. B. LUCAS	Membership
J. B. SHANKS	Finance

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

PROF. L. S. RANDOLPH	PROF. A. W. DRINKARD
DR. H. S. REED	COL. J. S. A. JOHNSON
DR. F. D. WILSON	MR. ALEX BLACK
J. O. BEARD	M. L. DAVIS
J. B. WATKINS	

Yells

HOKIE

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



TEXAS

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



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



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



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



With a veevo, with a vivo,
With a veevo, vivo, vum,
It's just as plain as plain can be
That we've got A. & M. up a tree,
With a veevo, vivo, vum.



Songs

Tune: Friendship March.

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

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



Tune: "My Wife's Gave to the Country"

Our boys are playing football,
Hooray, hooray!
It is the team that has the steam,
That's why we'll win today,
We played the game at Princeton,
Hooray, hooray!
It ain't no bluff, we've got the stuff
We'll win this game today.

We put it on old Clemson,
Hooray hooray!
With W. L. U. and Clemson too,
We had a walk-away,
We're the best team in Virginia,
Hooray, hooray!
'Gainst V. P. I. you're bound to die,
So I—a—de away.

Tune: "Yip i addy i ae."

Yip i addy, our team, hooray!
Yip i addy i ae,
We are all for old V. P. I.,
And for her we will all shout and cry,
Yip i addy i ae i ae,
We feel just like shouting,
Hooray! hooray!
So all come along,
For the Techs sing a song,
Yip i addy, hooray!

Tune: "I Remember You,"

We remember you, we remember you,
Say, aren't you the "Giants"?
Who flung us your defiance
When we met a year ago upon a gridiron now,
We remember you, yes, indeed, we do,
We're awful glad to meet you,
But your life we're going to beat you,
We remember you.



CHARLOTTE R. TITUS
C. VENABLE
I. STIFF
JANET McSHERRY
PEARLE GRUBB

CONSTANCE ENLOW
F. T. WALL
R. M. ROBINSON
R. F. UNDERWOOD
G. G. VIA

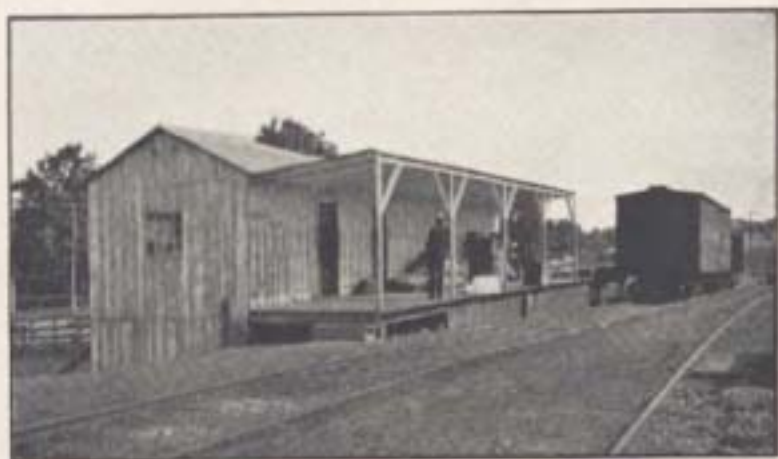
LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS

ILA R. LEWIS
C. T. ADAMS
O. M. BISHOP
R. M. ROBINSON

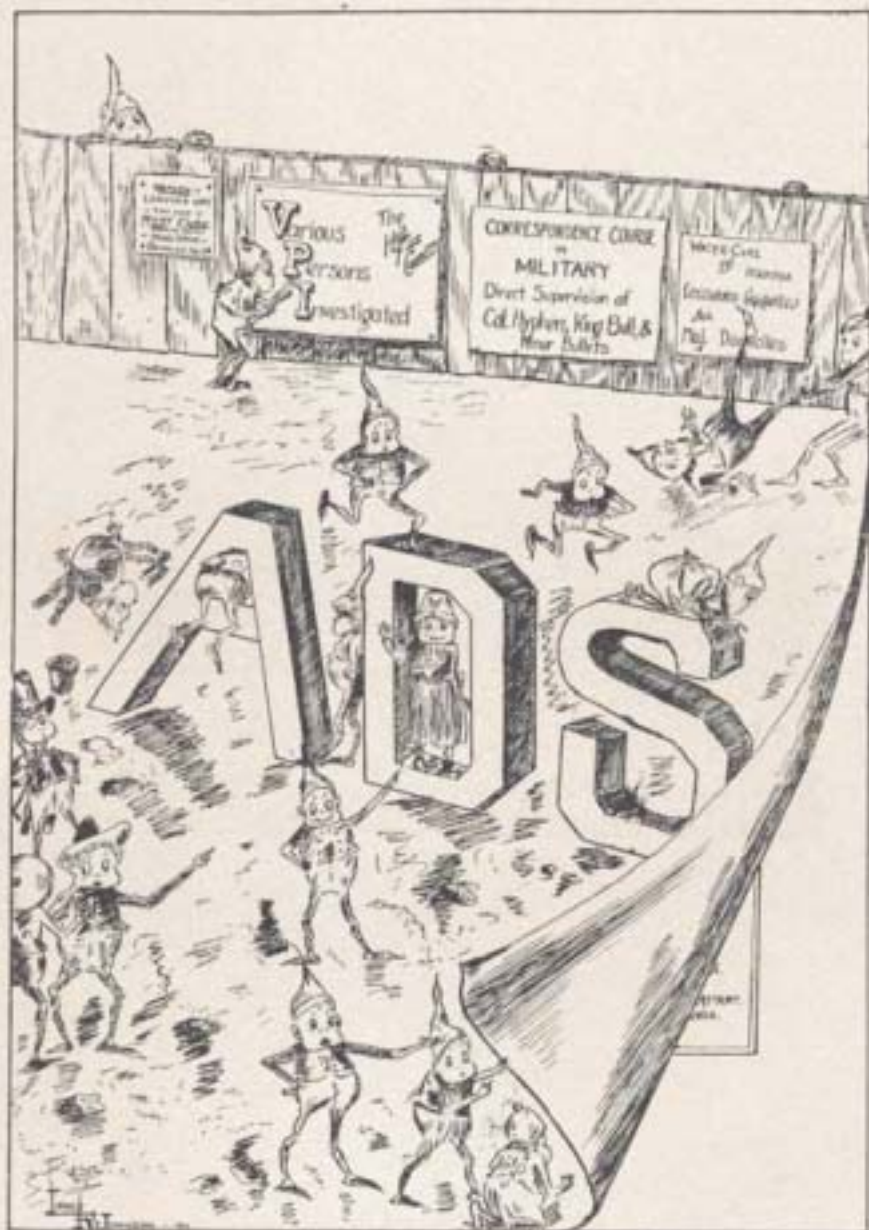
J. L. HUGHES
S. C. BERKELEY
J. WEYMOUTH
C. B. POWELL



?



THE HUCKLEBERRY DEPOT





THE BLACKSTONE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Has since 1894 given "Thorough instruction under positively Christian influences at the least possible cost."

RESULT: It is to-day, with its faculty of 32, its boarding patronage of 300, and its plant worth \$140,000,

The Leading Training School for Girls in Virginia

\$150 pays all charges for the year, including table board, room, lights, steam heat, laundry, medical attention, physical culture, and tuition in all subjects except music and elocution. Early application should be made for catalogue and application blanks to

JAMES CANNON, Jr., M. A., Principal, Blackstone, Va.

State Female Normal School

Twenty-seventh Session
begins September 7th. ::



For Catalogue and information concerning State Scholarships, write to ::

J. L. JARMAN, PRESIDENT
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Mary Baldwin Seminary

For Young Ladies

Term begins September 8, 1910. Located in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate, beautiful grounds and modern appointments. 298 students past session from 33 States. Terms moderate. Pupils enter any time. Send for catalogue

MISS E. C. WEIMAR, PRINCIPAL
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Virginia Polytechnic Institute

The State Agricultural and Mechanical College

Offers nine distinct undergraduate courses, each of four years' duration, and leading to the Bachelor of Science degree, as follows:

- I. AGRICULTURE
- II. HORTICULTURE
- III. APPLIED CHEMISTRY
- IV. METALLURGY AND METALLOGRAPHY
- V. APPLIED GEOLOGY
- VI. CIVIL ENGINEERING
- VII. MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
- VIII. ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
- IX. MINING ENGINEERING

For catalogue and other information, write

DR. PAUL J. BARRINGER,
BLACKSBURG, VA.

GET THE BEST

A Good Spray Pump earns big profits and lasts for years

THE ECLIPSE



Is a good pump. As practical fruit growers we were using common sprayers in our own orchards—found their defects and invented the Eclipse. Its success led us to manufacturing on a large scale. You take no chances. We have done all the experimenting.

Large Fully Illustrated Catalog and Treatise on Spraying FREE

MORRILL & MORLEY

BENTON HARBOR, MICH.

THIS SPACE

Belongs to

OAKES & BURGER

Cattaraugus, N. Y.

Equippers of UP-TO-DATE
DAIRIES, CREAMERIES and
CHEESE FACTORIES : : :

EDITOR'S NOTE—No use trying to describe their line here. There are other things we are obliged to print in this ANNUAL. If interested, better write for their new catalog. They will be glad to send it.

W. B. Montgomery

J. T. Kinnier

**Kinnier, Montgomery
& Company** ❁ ❁ ❁

IMPORTERS AND
JOBBER IN

China, Glassware, Tinware,
Plated Ware, Cutlery, Fruit
Jars, etc. : : : : :

We make a Specialty
of furnishing Hotels
and Schools. : : :

LYNCHBURG - VIRGINIA

Hotel Richmond

FIRE PROOF

V. P. I. Headquarters

AMERICAN AND
EUROPEAN PLANS

RICHMOND VIRGINIA

Wm. H. Horstmann Co.

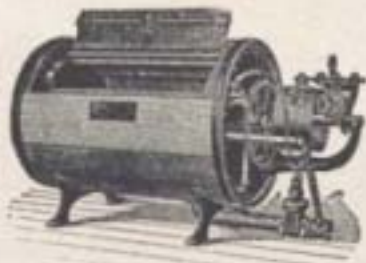
SUPPLIES FOR

Military Schools and Colleges

Uniform Clothing, Caps, Shoulder
Straps, Swords, Belts, Gloves
Leggings, Etc. : : : : :

Philadelphia - - - - - Pennsylvania

V. P. I. Laundry Outfit



Furnished by

**Troy Laundry
Machinery Co.**
Limited.

Our line is the Largest, Best and
Most Complete. Write for Catalog.

TROY NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

W. N. McANGE CO.
Oyster Growers

LARGEST PLANTING GROUNDS
ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

WE SHIP DAILY

From Water to Table in
Clean, Neat Packages from
One to Twenty-five Gallons

SUPFOLK - - VIRGINIA

CORTRIGHT



METAL SHINGLES

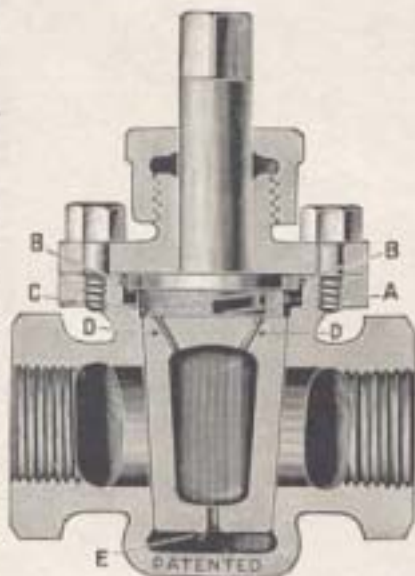
Last Indefinitely
and make the most desirable roofing for the
Church, School or Home

Because—they avoid the heaviness and fragility of the slate roof, they overcome the buckling and rattling of the plain tin roof, they will outlast several wood shingle roofs, they are easily laid and need very little care. Catalog, prices and samples will be cheerfully furnished on request.

Cortright Metal Roofing Company

38 North Twenty-third Street
134 Van Buren Street

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
CHICAGO, ILL.



Homestead Valves

Most durable, easily and quickly operated valves made, equally successful on

FEED WATER LINES

or for most difficult service on Steam, Air, Hydraulic or other pressure.

"The World's Best Blow-Off"

Why? Because the pressure does not come in direct contact with the seat. 2—Leakage is prevented by our patent cam which forces the plug to the seat when closed, at the same time releasing the plug in opening, allowing it to turn easily. 3—It has a straight opening through the valve. A quarter turn opens or closes the valve, the groove on the top of the stem indicating at a glance whether valve is opened or closed.

GET OUR BOOKLET

Homestead Valve Manufacturing Co.

Works: Homestead, Pa.

Pittsburg, Pa.

COLE & MILLER

ARE

College Photographers

1st. Their work pleases the engraver.

2nd. It pleases the printers. "Last, but not least," it pleases you, and your book pleases the public.

In 1910 they did the work for the R. M. W. C., Lynchburg, Va.; The Virginia Christian College, Lynchburg, Va.; the V. P. I., Blacksburg, Va.; Salem Academy and College, Winston-Salem, N. C.; The Southern Seminary, Buena Vista, Va.; State Normal School, Farmville, Va., and many other schools and colleges.

Quality counts with us. If you want the best, write for special prices, No. 377 Main Street, DANVILLE, VA. Phone No. 382.




**Waterman's
Ideal**

For sale
by the best
Dealers
Everywhere

is the Trade Mark name
of the World's Standard

The Pen
you will
eventually
buy

Fountain Pen



Waterman Co., 173 Broadway N.Y.

Arthur Johnson & Co.

112 West 42nd Street, New York



We have been making

ATHLETIC WEAR

for the colleges and schools for many years, Sweaters, Jerseys, Caps, Football, Basket Ball, Baseball and Gymnasium suits.

Send for catalog No. 9-W and get posted

RECOGNIZED SUPERIORITY

is what we have earned for

Taylor Athletic Goods

and not only do we claim to make first quality goods but Athletes know that we sell them only the best and never anything else. Don't accept any substitute for Taylor Full Fashioned worsted "Jerseys," the kind that look and wear best.

Alex. Taylor & Co.

Athletic Outfitters

16 East 42nd Street
Opposite Hotel Manhattan
New York

Heinz 57 Varieties

Try some of our new varieties

Peanut Butter
Euched Sweet Pickles
Tomato Relish
Sauer Kraut with Pork

We know they will please you

H. J. Heinz Company

ESTABLISHED 1857

National Cornice Works

CHAS. WINCHET & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF
GALVANIZED IRON
AND
COPPER CORNICES
BUILDING TRIMMINGS

OFFICE AND WORKS
SOUTH CANAL STREET, NEAR 3RD.
DAYTON, OHIO

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

BROADWAY COR. TWENTY-SECOND ST.
NEW YORK.



**MORARA
COFFEE**

25c. lb.

MORARA COFFEE
IS ALL COFFEE

a pleasing beverage at a popular
price

In one and four pound **NAT**
WEIGHT SEALED CANS —
whole bean, ground medium,
ground fine or pulverized.

*Ask your grocer or write di-
rect giving your grocer's name*

C. W. ANTRIM & SONS
RICHMOND, VA.



If it's a perfect uniform, it is a

Lilley Uniform

The majority of Colleges contract for Lilley Uniforms, because of their high quality and reasonable price. We manufacture uniforms, equipments and supplies of every description. ::

Badges, Banners, Pennants, Class Pins, Etc.

Write for Catalog

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Charlottesville Woolen Mills

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

MANUFACTURERS OF

High Grade Uniform Cloths

for Army, Navy, Police, Letter Carrier and

Railroad purposes. *Largest Assortment and Best Qualities.*



CADET GRAYS including those used at the United States Military Academy at West Point and other Leading Military Schools of the country. ∴ ∴

Prescribed and used by the Cadets of the V. P. I.



ENGRAVINGS
BY
ELECTRIC CITY ENGRAVING CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fleischmann's

COMPRESSED
YEAST

*Nothing is
Better Than*

Louney's Candy

For Sale at First-
Class Retail Stores

Harris-Woodson Co.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS

H A S N O E Q U A L

RAILROAD AND ALL KINDS
OF CONCRETE WORK

PAVING, SEWERS AND
WATER WORKS

R. M. Bibb & Co.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

ESTIMATES FURNISHED AND
BIDS SUBMITTED

R. L. LINDSAY, ENGINEER
ROANOKE, VA.

WITH THE YEARLY INCREASE OF COST ON ALL FOOD PRODUCTS
THERE IS A NATURAL INCLINATION TO PRACTICE MORE
RIGID ECONOMY IN THE DAILY PURCHASES



NOTHING WILL AFFORD MORE SATISFACTION AND SAVING THAN THE
USE OF OUR **FAULTLESS FIRST QUALITY BUTTERINE**, WHICH
WE GUARANTEE FOR FANCIEST TABLE USE, AS WELL AS
FOR COOKING, BAKING, PASTRY OR ANY OTHER
REQUIREMENT. *WRITE FOR BOOKLET
AND NAME THE NEAREST DEALER*

The Capital City Dairy Co., :: *Columbus, Ohio* ::

H. W. Anness &
Company's

*Pennants,
Banners, Etc.
Are the best made*

College Book Store
BARRACKS No. 1

The Chas. H. Elliott Co.

The Largest College Engraving House
in the World

*Commencement Invitations, Class
Day Programs and Class Pins*

Dance		Fraternity
Programs and Invitations		and Class Inserts
Menus		for Annals
Leather Dances		Fraternity
Cases and Covers		and Class Stationery

Wedding Invitations and Calling Cards
WORKS—17th St. and Lehigh Avenue
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A. H. FETTING

Manufacturer of
Greek Letter
Fraternity Jewelry



213 N. Liberty Street, Baltimore, Md.
Factory, 212 Little Sharp Street

Memorandum package sent to any
fraternity member through the
secretary of the Chapter. : : :
Special designs and estimates fur-
nished on Class Pins, Rings,
Medals for athletic meets, etc.

Blacksburg Tonsorial Parlor

STUDENTS' WORK SOLICITED

Everything kept absolutely
Clean and Neat

RAZORS HONED

Black & Warren

TIM THE PRESSER, Next Door

First-Class Work and Satisfaction
Guaranteed

LADIES' WORK A SPECIALTY

All Work Called for and Delivered

ESTABLISHED 1881

EIMER & AMEND

203-211 THIRD AVENUE
COR. 18TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

HEADQUARTERS FOR
CHEMICALS
CHEMICAL APPARATUS
MINERALS, ETC.

SCHOOLS DESIROUS OF IMPORTING SUPPLIES
DUTY FREE FOR NEXT TERM SHOULD
PLACE ORDERS EARLY
NOW, IF POSSIBLE

WE CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK OF
LABORATORY SUPPLIES
IN THE UNITED STATES

J. H. Woolwine

The
College Boys'
Store



THE ONLY STORE IN TOWN THAT GIVES
ITS ENTIRE ATTENTION TO COLLEGE
BOYS' TRADE. THEIR PATRONAGE RE-
SPECTFULLY SOLICITED. : : : :

EVERETT WADDEY CO.

Photo-Engraving, Designing, High-
Class Printing and Bookbinding

Visiting Cards
Wedding Invitations
Society Work
Menus
Programs
and
Engraved Work
of
Every Description

Largest Engraving Establishment in the South

1105 East Main Street
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

EVERY TECHNICAL MAN

WILL FIND THE FOLLOWING PAPERS
OF INTEREST AND VALUE IN HIS WORK

They will keep you posted on the latest developments in your chosen profession. They will tell you what the leading engineers in your line are doing. They will also keep you informed of the openings in your profession, of opportunities for advancement throughout the field.

ELECTRICAL WORLD. Weekly: \$3.00 a year. The foremost electrical journal of the world. Covers the entire electrical art and industry.

ENGINEERING RECORD. Weekly: \$3.00 a year. Devoted to civil engineering and allied subjects. Covers municipal engineering, industrial engineering, railway civil engineering, bridge and structural engineering, power plants, public works, etc.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY JOURNAL. Weekly: \$3.00 a year. The accepted authority everywhere on the construction, operation, maintenance and management of electric railways.

Special rates to Students.

Send for sample copy.

McGRAW PUBLISHING COMPANY
239 West 39th Street :: :: :: :: :: :: New York

