Mr. H. F. Henderson
Compliments of
"The Rand"
The Bugle

1902

Published Annually
By the Corps of Cadets
Of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
Dedication

To our alumni and former students, whose success in various paths of life—success as deserved as it has been complete—has done so much towards upholding the reputation of our alma mater and promoting its rapid growth, this volume is dedicated with esteem and affection.

Board of Editors.
Some of Our Alumni and Former Students

H. L. Maynard, '80, member of Legislature.
S. H. Graves, '89, formerly member of the Board of Visitors.
R. H. Prive, '87, filling the chair of Botany and Agriculture in the Texas A. & M. C.
R. T. Bray, '87, professor of Mechanics in the same institution.
F. M. Payne, '82, in the wholesale shoe business in Charleston, W. Va.
R. E. L. Aylor, '85, in charge of the Baptist Church in Chatham, Va.
W. G. Cooker, '92, pursuing advanced course at Cornell.
J. A. Massie, '92, City Clerk, Newport News, Va.
C. G. Porcher, '92, Assistant Engineer, U. S. Revenue Service.
A. W. Drinkard, '93, Assistant in English, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
E. P. Mixer, '93, Instructor in Mathematics, Suffolk Female Collegiate Institute.
J. W. Stell, '93, formerly Assistant in Mathematics, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
K. E. Wright, '93, Assistant Engineer, U. S. Revenue Service.
W. B. Elliott, '94, Assistant Chemist, Virginia Agricultural Experimental Station.
A. T. Esringle, '94, Assistant Chemist, Virginia Agricultural Experimental Station.
F. D. Wilson, '94, Assistant Professor of Mineralogy, Geology and Analytical Chemistry, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
J. B. Carper, '95, Engineer in charge of South Africa Diamond Mines.
G. T. Surplice, '95, Chair of Economics, Emory and Henry.
W. E. Dono, '95, formerly Assistant in History, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
C. A. Wheeler, '95, Assistant Engineer, U. S. Revenue Cutter Service.
C. S. Charlton, '96, resident Civil Engineer, Huntsdale, N. C.
W. L. Pierce, '84, Judge of County Court, Christiansburg, Va.
C. W. Cochran, '98, Assistant Engineer, Big Four R. R.
F. Powell, '01, Claim Agent, Seaboard Air Line R. R.
F. Wilson, '99, Assistant Chemist, Carnegie Steel Co.
E. V. Jones, '97, Draftsman in Trigg Ship-Building Offices.
W. C. Bernett, '00, Assistant in Road Material Laboratory, Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.
J. B. Lipscomb, '95, Clerk for American Locomotive Co.
J. E. Bonham, '99, Chemist at Bessemer, Ala.
R. H. Price, '88, Professor of Horticulture and Mycology, Texas A & M College.
C. C. Tutwiler, '97, Chemist for Gas Company.
F. W. Smith, '95, in Drug Business, Nashville, Tenn.
W. Wilson, '89, Farming in Westmoreland County, Va.
J. G. Guinn, '97, Lawyer in Christiansburg.
J. H. Tark, left in '97, is with the Illinois Central R. R.
J. F. White, Class of '98, is at Montgomery, W. Va.
H. O. Locher, Jr., is engaged in building an immense dam in the Nassau River, Massachusetts.
Benjamin Cochrans is Cashier in Bank at Lynchburg.
J. R. Page, Class of '00, in charge of Electric Plant, Christiansburg, Va.

[Note.—We had intended to have a full and complete representation of the alumni and former students; but, through the failure at the last moment of one of the alumni who had promised to prepare this representation for us, we have been forced to substitute what we realize to be totally inadequate and insufficient.]
Greeting

We are men of warlike training,
And of manners somewhat brusk;
We are taught that things worth gaining
Are the grains and not the husk;
Therefore we salute you, reader,
With the hand and not the bow;
But will give you (as a leader)
Smile for smile in "how d'ye do."

Scan our lines with lavish feelings,
For 'tis youth that speaks to you;
Censure not our crude revelations,
Since at least our aim is true.
Give us your large heart and we will
Empty all our life in it;
Yet—and yet, oh, keep your free will—
No one pleads for Holy Writ.
BOARD OF EDITORS

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EDITORIAL

We have endeavored in this issue of "The Borel" to get out an annual that differs as much as possible from all previous "Borel"s." Not because we were dissatisfied with the old, but because we believe in Progress. Also, "variety is the spice of life." Holding to our policy of differing from old methods, we refuse to offer the customary apology for our work; but present it, O, readers, plain and unvarnished. We do not even express the hope that it may find favor in your eyes; for, if it does not, we pity your lack of taste. It has been our aim to publish a volume which will please our friends, the Faculty, who have always so liberally supported college athletics and publications; and we trust we have done it. We have also endeavored to provide military officialdom with the means of passing a pleasing hour; and we believe we have done it. We have tried to correct certain faults in different members of the student body by gently calling their attention to those faults; and we hope we have done it. And lastly, we wished to provide a "Children's Page" at the end for the amusement of the "minnows;" we are very sorry to state that lack of time prevented us doing it. We have presented our purposes in writing this volume, and have stated that we believe we have accomplished those purposes. Now, we leave the book in the hands of its readers. Not "with fear and trembling," but with justifiable pride, we present you the work of our hearts and hands. May it be as pleasing to you as it is to us; and may it be as profitable to you as the experience of human nature we have gained in preparing it has been to us.

The Editors.
YELLS

Hokie, Hokie, Hokie, Hi,
Techs! Techs! V. P. L!
Sola-Rex, Sola-Rah,
Polytechs—Vir-gin-i-a!!
Rae! Ri! V. P. L!!!

We buck their line, we do,
We buck their line, we do,
When the line is weak we buck
very well,
When the line is strong we buck
like hell,
We buck their line, we do.
BENEATH THE OAKS

How dare you ask me if 'tis solitude
To wander in the many-peopled wood,
And that alone! This wide ancestral hall,
Where roamed the giants of old, though musical
No more save by the woodthrush and the wind.
Is full of echoes that the subtle mind
Can feel, and doth contain a quickened soul,
Towards the morning and the human goal
Groping blindly. Oh, to be alone.
And with a heart to catch the voiceless tone
Of the deep underworld, and know and feel
That we are one with God's great Commonweal!
Then will we sink our petty jealousies,
And, as the mighty oaks and mountains rise,
With elbow-room a-plenty, jostling not,
When we with God unite in this deep thought.
RECTOR

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(Term expires January 1st, 1903.)

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Superintendent of Public Instruction (ex officio.)
(Term expires January 1st, 1903.)

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(Term expires January 1st, 1903.)

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Instructor in Animal Husbandry.

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Instructor in Mathematics and Surveying, and First Assistant Commandant of Cadets.

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H. S. FAULKNER,
Assistant in Forge Work.

T. G. WOOD, B. S.,
Assistant in Botany and English.
THE SENIOR GIRL

The Senior Girl! We know her;
We know her winsome smile,
Our life lies in her favor,
And life is worth the while.

We know her and we love her;
We revel in her glance;
For her we play with fortune,
And love is worth a chance.

Her heart is pure and tender,
Her innocence makes ours.
How cunning as she deftly
Plays tricks with "hearts and flowers"!

I know her, yes, this Senior,
Her eyes are deep and true;
Her laugh is oh! so charming!
E'en when it is on you.

Her head is crowned with glory;
Fair locks, where sunbeams play,
Make merry with those tresses,
And softly float away.

O., if I could but clasp her,
And breathe this heart's desire!
For her my yearning spirit
Hath braved love's living fire.

Yes, Senior Girl, we greet you,
Adore you while we may,
For life hath many changes,
And evening follows day.

Then, Senior Girl, dear fairy,
Speak! That I hear your voice;
In it lie "joy and gladness."
Then I, too, can rejoice!

E. C. H.
Class of 1902

Herbert Granville McCormick ........................................ President
William Percival Tams, Jr. ........................................... Vice-President
William Thomas Young ................................................ Secretary and Treasurer
Frank Donalsen Brown .............................................. Sergeant-at-Arms
William Frazier Tams ................................................. Historian

COLORS
Garnet and Black.

MOTTO
Primus Inter Pares.

YELL
Rip, Rap, Ri! Ripety, Rapety, Roo!
Graduating Class, Naughty Two.
We are the stuff! Win or Bust!
To keep our Rep, try we Must.

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MEMBERS

ARVIN, ADRIAN OTIS..........Double Bridge
Mechanical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Staff.
"No man has a right to be idle if he can find
work to do."

BARTON, RANDALL McGAVOCK.....Dublin
Civil Engineering.
Captain, Company A.
"He is a soldier fit to stand by Cesar and give
direction."
BEVERLEY, ROBERT BLAND .......... CARY
General Science.
President Rappahannock Valley Club, '01-02.
"We live to eat, not eat to live."

BLAND, JAMES MUNCUR .......... SHELKELSTON
Prep. Medicine.
Captain, Company D; Local Editor Gray Jacket, '01-02; President Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '01-02.
"They always talk who never think."
BOLTON, JAMES

Civil Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Battery E; Manager Football Team, '01; Secretary Maury Literary Society, '01; Treasurer Maury Literary Society, '01; Executive Committee Athletic Association, '00-01.

"Make not such extravagant statements and then wilt be more believed."

BROOKE, ROBERT THOMAS

Electrical Engineering

First Lieutenant, Company A; Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Secretary and Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '00-01; Exchange Editor "Gray Jacket," '01-02; President Pittsylvania Club, '01-02; Vice-President Pittsylvania Club, '00-01; Treasurer Pittsylvania Club, '08-09.

"Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up."
BROWN, DAVID TUCKER............BRIERFIELD
Electrical Engineering.
Vice-President Bedford Club, '01-02.

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard,
I hear him complain,
You have waked me too soon,
I must slumber again."

BROWN, FRANK DONALDSON, BALTIMORE, MD.
Electrical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Company A; President Maryland Club, '01-02; Secretary and Treasurer Theopian Club, '00-01; Local Editor Gray Jacket, '00-01; Secretary Maury Literary Society, '00-01.

"His looks do argue him replete with modesty."
BROWN, HENRY PERONNEAU...BROOKFIELD
General Science.
Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps; President Bedford Club, '01-02; Secretary and Treasurer German Club, '01-02.
"Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy."

BROWN, JOHN THOMPSON...BALTIMORE, MD.
Electrical Engineering.
First Lieutenant, Signal Corps; Editor-in-Chief Eagle, '02; Associate Editor Eagle, '01; Class Historian, '94-'00; President Engineering Club, '01-02.
"Silence is wisdom—at the proper season."
BRYANT, JOSEPH MORTIMER  MARTINsville
Civil Engineering.
Assistant Manager Football Team, '01.
"Ich bin schon da."

BUCHANAN, ROBERT HUTCHESON,
BROWNSTED
Mechanical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Staff; President Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Secretary Lee Literary Society, '01-02; Historian Rockbridge and Augusta Club, '00-01.
"If you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies."
Burrall, John Dickinson  Richmond
General Science.
President Class, '89-00; President Richmond Club, '00-01; Vice-President Athletic Association, '00-01; Captain Baseball Team, '01; Baseball Team, '00, '01, '02.

"Happy alone is the soul that loves."

Carpenter, Caius Hunter, Clapton Forest
Civil Engineering.
Full-back on All-Southern Team, '01; Substitute on All-Southern Team, '00; Captain Baseball Team, '02; Baseball Team, '00, '01, '02; Football Team, '09, '00, '01; Best Athlete, '00-01; President Alleghany Club, '00-01; Vice President Alleghany Club, '01-02; Captain Football Team, '02.

"Self-contemplation is apt to end in self-conceit."
CHEWING, WALTER LEWIS  Richmond
Mechanical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps; Associate Editor
Bagle, '02; Vice-President Richmond Club,
'01-'02.
"In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too."

COOK, CLARENCE LA FAR Bee Aes
Mechanical Engineering.
Captain, Company C; Vice-President Maney Literary Society, '02; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '00;
Y. M. C. A. Editor Gray Jacket, '02.
"Let us have peace."
DAVIDSON, ARCHEK...FARMVILLE
Mechanical Engineering.
First Lieutenant, Band; Assistant Business Manager Argus, '02; Football Team, '01; Chairman Field Day Exercises, '02.

"I am not at all frightened, you understand, But if I am called on to fight for the land, I want to be ready to play in the band."

"There is no use arguing with him."

DAVIDSON, HARRY LEMUEL, FARMVILLE, Md.
Chemistry.
Captain, Staff; Literary Editor Gray Jacket, '01-02.

"Pride makes some men ridiculous."
DANTZLER, JULIUS CLARENCE,
COLUMBIA, S. C.
Electrical Engineering.

Captain, Band; President South Carolina Club, '01-'02; Vice-President Camera Club, '01-'02.

"And I pray you let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."

FRENCH, CHAPMAN JOHNSTON, Jr.,
BETHLEHEM
Civil Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company B.

"A jest loses its point when he who makes it is first to laugh at it."

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HARRISON, CHANNING WILLIAMS,
CARTERVILLE
Chemistry.
"Some have found thee stubborn."

HASKELL, ADAM LEOPOLD...COLUMBUS, S. C.
Mechanical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Staff.
"Behold the child by nature's kindly law, 'Pigged with a rattle, tickled with a straw.'"
HOLLISTER, REGINALD EARL, 
HILLBURN, N. Y. 
Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Band; President Class, '00-'01; 
President Camera Club, '01-'02; Literary Editor 
Gray Jacket, '01-'02; Second Vice-President 
Engineering Club, '00-'01; Vice-President Camera Club, '00-'01.

"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

JOHNSON, ARCHER PHLEGAR, 
CHRISTIANSBURG: 
Special.

"Who called thee handsome?"
JONES, PAUL TUDOR, JR. .... CORINTH, MISS.
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company C; Assistant Business Manager *Raggle*, '02; President Maury Literary Society, '01; Exchange Editor *Gray Jacket*, '02; Secretary Maury Literary Society, '00; Chaplain Maury Literary Society, '00; President Y. M. C. A., '01-02

"We love peace as we despise palillanimity."

KEY, JAMES FRANCIS ......... LEONARD TOWN
Mechanical Engineering.

"Many things have I invented."
MILLER, BOYCE  Greenville, S. C.
Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Band; Editor-in-Chief Gray Jacket, ’01.

"Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right."

MILLER, GEORGE COLEMAN  Lynchburg
Electrical Engineering

Football Team, ’01; Secretary and Treasurer Lynchburg Club, ’01-02.

"For ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinee is peculiar."
MISH, HARRY BELL
Mechanical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Staff; Secretary Lee Literary Society, '99-00; Vice-President Augusta and Rockbridge Club, '01-02.

"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; Bye and bye it will strike."

MURRILL, PITT SAMUEL
Chemistry.
Second Lieutenant, Band.

"Flatterers are but the shadows of professors' bodies."
McANGE, WILLIE NORMAN, Jr.......SUFFOLK
General Science.

"But still his tongue ran on."

McCORMICK, HERBERT GRANVILLE,
FAIRFIELD
Civil Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Battery E; Tackle on AllSouthern Football Team, '01; President Class, '01-'02; President Athletic Association, '01-'02; President Final Ball, '02; Baseball Team, '00-'01; Football Team, '98, '99, '00, '01; League German Club, '01-'02; Assistant Leader German Club, '00-'01; Vice-President Class, '00-'00; President Rockbridge and Augusta Club, '00-'01; Secretary Athletic Association, '00-'01.

"He hath a soldier's swagger."
NEALE, WILLIAM WIRT
Bowlers Wharf
Mechanical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps; Secretary and
and Treasurer Rappahannock Valley Club,
'01-02.
"Curiosity is lying in wait for every secret."

NEWMAN, CLARENCE DEARBORN,
Mechanical Engineering.
Captain, Company B; Vice-President Class, '00-01;
Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '01-02;
President Final Celebration, '02; Business
Manager Gray Jacket, '01-02; Assistant Busi-
ness Manager Gray Jacket, '00-01.
"Some are born great, some achieve greatness;
and some have greatness thrust upon them."
NEWHAM, EUGENE .......... COLUMBIA, S. C.
Electrical Engineering.

"And still be sayeth naught."

OBENSHAIN, SCHUYLER ANTHONY,
Fincastle
Civil Engineering.

"Wen by waitting."
PALMORE, JULIAN IVANHOE... CARTERSVILLE
Chemistry.
First Lieutenant and Adjutant; Local Editor Gray
Jacket, '01-02; Vice-President Lee Literary So-
ciety, '01-02; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '00-01.

"I have done the State some service and they
know it."

POE, NELSON CARTER, JR..... GREENVILLE, S. C.
Electrical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps; President Ger-
man Club, '01-02; Vice-President German Club,
'00-01.

"I have thee in my power;
Then canst not resist me."
PROCTOR, CARROLL LEIGH... Branch
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Battery E; Business Manager Eagle, '02; Vice-President Athletic Association, '01-'02; President Lee Literary Society, '01-'02; Local Editor Gray Jacket, '00-'01; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '00-'01; Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '00-'01; Treasurer Final Ball, '02.

"Deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat and public care."

SAYERS, ANDERSON HOWARD,
Barkley Springs
Applied Chemistry.
(Modified Course.)

First Lieutenant, Battery E; Football Team, '00-'01; President Wythe County Club, '01-'02; Secretary Athletic Association, '01-'02.

"Stern was his look and dignified."
SEAGLE, CUSTIS BROWN .......... Wytheville
Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff.

"I pray thee, be not so satirical."

SPILLER, FRANK MARKHAM ....... Wytheville
Electrical Engineering.
First Lieutenant, Company D; Director Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well, craves wit."
SPILLER, STUART MAGRUDER ... WYTHEVILLE
Electrical Engineering.

Secretary and Treasurer Wythe County Club, ’01-02.

"Crowned with a flaming auricle."

TALCOIT, GEORGE RUSSELL......... Boy Air
Civil Engineering.

First Lieutenant Company C; President Maury Literary Society, ’01-02; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, ’01-02; Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary Society, ’03-01; Secretary and Treasurer Camera Club, ’00-01.

"Perseverance conquers all things."
TAMS, WILLIAM FRAZIER ............. STAUNTON
Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company B; Historian of 
Ragle; '02; Vice-President Engineering Club, '01-02,
Secretary and Treasurer Mandolin and Glee 
Club, '01-02; Secretary and Treasurer Staunton 
Club, '00-01; Vice-President Staunton Club, 
'01-02.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

TAMS, WILLIAM PURVANCE, JR., STAUNTON
Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff; Vice-President Class '01-02;
Associate Editor Ragle, '02; Historian of Class; 
'00-01; Vice-President Staunton Club, '00-01;
Secretary and Treasurer Engineering Club, 
'01-02.

"Know when to speak—for many times it brings 
Danger, to give the best advice to kings."
TURNER, RICHARD CARTER......THE PLAINS
Mechanical Engineering
Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps,
"You Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."

WEST, JOHN WILLIAM CASPER, PORTSMOUTH
Civil Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Company B; Local Editor
Gray Jacket, '01-'02.
"But heaven defend me from the friend who
comes—but never goes."
WILLIAMS, COURTNEY ............................ LYNCHBURG
Electrical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Company A; Class Historian, '98-99; Vice-President Lynchburg Club, '00-01; Secretary and Treasurer St. Andrew's Brotherhood, '00-01; President Lynchburg Club, '01-02.
"Humanity is constitutionally lazy."

WILSON, WILLIAM THOMAS, WILLIAMS MILL
Mechanical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Company D; Secretary Lee Literary Society, '01-02.
"Be silent always when you doubt your sense."
YANCEY, THORNTON McDUFFEY,
BUFFALO JUNCTION
Mechanical Engineering.
First Lieutenant, Staff.

"I would the gods had made thee poetical."

YOUNG, WILLIAM THOMAS......CORINTH, MISS.
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company D; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '00-01; Vice-President Manry Literary Society, '01; President Manry Literary Society, '01-02; Local Editor Gray Jacket, '01-02; Editor-in-Chief Gray Jacket, '02; Class Secretary and Treasurer, '01-02.

"Such a person can no more see his own folly than he can see his own ears."
YOWELL, WILLIAM ANDREW........CULPEPER
Civil Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff.

"Thy wit might pass in a crowd."
Senior Class History

It is often observed that a class history forms the most uninteresting part of a college annual. The reason is obvious. To the outsider it does not commend itself, because it deals with events which do not concern him, and with a phase of life with which he is unfamiliar. To the class itself it means nothing more than a narration of events in which they participated, and recalls scenes in which they were the principal actors, and of which they are, therefore, already as well informed as they would be after reading the history.

To the former class of readers the historian does not deem any apologies due, since the history has not been written for their criticism. But to those of us the class of '02, who, for four long years, have worked together in the class-room, struggled on the gridiron and diamond—not has it been in vain—to uphold the reputation of the Institute; who have drilled side by side and have experienced the pleasures as well as the hardships of cadet life, the historian apologizes for the many faults and deficiencies of this narrative. If in the future, when the cares of business shall have driven from our minds many of the events of our life at the V. P. I., we may, by reading this history, recall once familiar scenes and friendly faces, and in imagination live again the years of '98—'02, the historian will feel that he has in part, at least, accomplished his purpose.

When we arrived in Blacksburg, which was during those never-to-be-forgotten days from the 20th to the 25th of September, 1898, the welcome we received was demonstrative if not as reassuring as might have been wished. The harsh, long drawn out cry of "r-e-rat," coming from a hundred old boys, as they crowded around the hacks to inspect the new-comers, is not apt to make the freshman feel instantly at home. Nor does he then fully appreciate the benefits derived from "trunk exercise" and such services as the upper classmen may require him to perform.

During the day we were sent on errands after imaginary articles and at night were pillowed, turned over and made to realize that it was indeed of no importance what became of us. However, we learned rapidly many things not included in any of the courses of study in the catalogue, and in a short while some of us were regular attendants at sick call and proficient in the arts of dodging inspectors and bluffing professors.
A realization of the uncertainty of life was forced upon us when, on May 14th, our class was organized, with "Nick" Thurman as president, Chadwick vice-president, Sam,secretary and treasurer, and Beal Williams, historian. Better results obtained a position on the second team.

The season, as usual, we were only represented on the second team in Carpenter, McConnell, Montgomery and Hardway. Christmas holidays were over, and many of the boys went into the second team. On the more hands, easily proving our superiority to the other classes in athletics. On the diagonal line, the boys who had, like the "Old Guard," had been considered invincible. By the time we won the class rugby, and most of the points went into Sprecher, McConnell, Montgomery and Hardway. Our class was organized, with "Nick" Thurman as president, Chadwick vice-president, Sam, secretary and treasurer, and Beal Williams, historian. Better results obtained a position on the second team.

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death took from us our friend and class-mate, Hall. He was a faithful, patient worker, a credit to the Institute, and an honor to his class.

Our trip to the Richmond carnival will be recalled with pleasure by us all, and the splendid impression which the corps made did much to quicken the growing interest taken in the V. P. I. by the people of Virginia. Our Sophomore banquet, which was held during Commencement week, was a most successful and enjoyable affair, and will long linger in our memories as one of the most pleasant events of the year.

On our return to college as Juniors we found our roll had decreased to about seventy. Quite a number whose loss we could ill afford did not return, and many familiar faces were absent from our class-meetings that session.

Again we find McCormick, Carpenter and Hardaway on the foot-ball team, while many substitutes were chosen from our class. The success of our class foot-ball team must be noted, and also our glorious victory over the Sophomores, whom we defeated by a score of 11 to 0. This year intermediate examinations did not catch many of us napping and the class came off with greater honor to themselves than ever before, though calculus and mechanics proved too difficult for a few.

Once again, the heavy hand of death was laid upon one of our most beloved classmates, Wylie Pope Hill, who died April 2, 1904. We had learned to love him and esteem him for his true worth. To say that he was a conscientious and devoted worker, an unselfish and generous friend, cheerful, though a great sufferer, were indeed an insignificant tribute to such a character as his. His death left a void which time has not been able to fill, and we mourn his loss as irreparable.

During the spring we held many class meetings to decide the style of uniform which was to ensnare the hearts of the fair sex during the ensuing summer and Christmas vacations. We succeeded, after much deliberation and debate, in devising what we consider is a great improvement on the old style Senior uniform; but whether feminine hearts have proved susceptible or not is another matter.

After the final examinations came the trip to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, where we were quite an attraction, as is evidenced by the press notices of that date. "The great cadets from Virginia"—as we were called—gave either a dress parade or battalion drill every evening, which was witnessed by large and appreciative crowds. Of course we all took in Niagara Falls and the far-famed power plant. At the end of a week's stay we were all loath to leave, the whole corps being unanimous in proclaiming it a most instructive and enjoyable trip.

As Sophomores we returned to college with thoughts only of exercising our authority over the rats, cutting classes, putting up class flags, and giving the commandant and his assistants as much trouble as possible; as Juniors, with an over-
estimated idea of the importance of our position; but as Seniors—how different. We realized, to some extent at least, that upon us lay the responsibility of seeing that the military department was run in the proper manner. We have been granted many privileges, hitherto denied Seniors, which we fully appreciate and for which we are duly grateful.

This fall we find our class ably represented on the famous foot-ball team of 1901 by Carpenter and McCormick, who also made the all-Southern team, while "Military" Davidson, "Son George" Miller and Sayers proved themselves worthy of wearing the V. P.

After the intermediates it was noticed that the rats had grown exceeding "fresh," and on the night of February 18th they were relieved of such superfluous locks as they possessed. Strange to say, the faculty did not fully appreciate the kind intentions of the upper classes, and were greatly grieved, and demanded that the Senior class investigate the charges against certain of their number. However, all were triumphantly acquitted from lack of charge or evidence, and peace reigned once more.

Our trip to Charleston was looked forward to with great expectations, which were fully realized. The Citadel cadets, who did much toward making our visit a pleasant one, gave a dance in our honor, a courtesy appreciated by us all. Since our return to the Institute we have settled down to hard work for finals, which is interrupted now and then by free concerts given by the "sub-marine band," whose motto seems to be, "Discords make the sweetest airs." Though such a rare aggregation of musical talent is seldom found, strange to say the "minor (and major) officials" regard these concerts as a nuisance.

It is with mingled feelings of thankfulness and regret that we see our four years' work slowly drawing to a close; with thankfulness because we have accomplished our purpose in coming here; with regret, because bonds of friendship, closely knit during four years of college life together, are about to be severed. We have stood together for four years, through trouble and through pleasure, through failure and through success, and have come out with honor. And though we are about to part, some of us never more to meet, if that same spirit of comradeship that has caused us to stand together through the trials of college life pervades and prompts our actions during after life, our success is assured; and some day, not so far distant in the future, maybe, we shall be proud to say "I was a member of the class of 1902 of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute."
Class of 1903

OFFICERS

W. R. Crute........................................President
H. B. Goodloe...................................Vice-President
E. W. Whissant................................Secretary and Treasurer
W. J. Walsh, Jr................................Sergeant-at-Arms
L. O'Shaughnessy............................Historian

COLORS

Navy blue and white.

MOTTO

Age Quod Agis.

YELL

Chee! Chee! Chaw!
Chaw! Chaw! Chee!
Chucker, buckar rat,
Nineteen three.
Members Class of 1903

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Junior Class History

The time-worn expression that "history repeats itself" is never more true than when applied to a class history.

The courses of study, coupled with the military duties, create a ceaseless routine; a digression from which is most heartily welcomed by the most studiously inclined.

Happily, we of the V. P. I. have had the pleasure of two very enjoyable excursions during the past year.

Our trip to Buffalo, last June, was both entertaining and instructive; while the side trip to Niagara Falls will remain as an occasion long to be remembered; for the ride around the Gorge route, and the view of the mighty falls, can but leave the most lasting impressions.

Our second trip, in April, 1902, to the Charleston Exposition, was much more enjoyable from a social standpoint, and quite as instructive from a technical view; the trip down the bay, our successful part in the Presidential escort, and the very exciting adventures on the Midway, must remain as important incidents of the session of 1901-1902.

Because of the success of these visits, we are anticipating another treat in the way of a trip to the St. Louis Exposition, which, owing to its magnitude, will doubtless eclipse both the Pan-American and the Charleston Expositions.

With the exception of these diversions, the occurrences of the year, as regards the class, have been much the same as for former years.

Of course we felt some little pride in being Juniors, in September, but as time wore on the pride gave way to the realization that a Junior's life is not altogether easy.

The various contests with E, the problems of bodies on frictionless planes, the innumerable slide valves to be studied, and the electricity with which we had to contend, made the approach of intermediates the foreboding of bad results to many.

Luckily the majority of the class were successful, and as a class we can stand a very favorable comparison with past records.

As is usually the case, many familiar faces were missing at the opening of the session; Clagett, Dickerson, Richmond and Van Doren were unable to return; and since then we have lost Abbott and Newland, while Adams, Jones, Knepp, Koop and Wilcox were with us for but a very short time.

These losses have been greatly lightened by the new members whom we have with us. Davidson and Osterbind, who had been out of school for a year, returned, and were most heartily welcomed as members of our class.

Several new faces greeted us, Campbell, Girault and Neely, being new members by whom the welfare of the class will always be promoted, and of whose membership we are justly proud.
After the opening excitement had subsided, the military authorities made many well deserved promotions.

The new Sergeants were: Ware, Osterbind, Archer, and Werth; being followed very soon by Graber, then Cobbs, Wilson, Nelson, Sykes, Stabler, and Karnes were promoted, until the first of April found the roster complete.

By the withdrawal from college of first Sergeant Catherell, the genial Whisnant was promoted from the line to the list of first Sergeants.

In athletics the class has been very successful, winning the baseball championship in the spring of 1901, and having many members who made excellent showings in the field-day contests.

To our class, as much as to any, belongs the credit of furnishing good men for the victorious foot-ball team of the past season.

With "Rusty" Steele at center, and Abbott a guard, the opposing team never came through the line; and, with Ware and Campbell at the ends, the opposing backs were downed in their tracks, while with Counselman at full back, the number of our touch-downs was limited only by Mr. Shultz's pastry supply.

Among other occurrences were: the pleasures of the always-welcomed holiday vacation; and the happily concluded incident of the night of February the nineteenth.

The saddest thing of the session has been in the matter of holidays, which always fell on either Saturday or Sunday; and it is believed by many that the Julian calendar would have been better suited for this session; however, we do not doubt but that the apparent mistake will be righted next year.

In college as well as in private life the social adventures of many create excitement for the casual on-looker, and during the year we have had several who very suddenly came to the conclusion that a change of habitation would be for the better, and consequently by some mysterious (?) means their personal effects were conveyed some distances; the chief trouble with such arrangements is that the many fail to see the joke.

Altogether, from the time the inquisitive Freshman makes his debut until the calm (?), dignified Senior gives his parting greetings, the way is difficult.

The endeavors of the faculty to make student life more pleasant is highly appreciated by all, and we can have no better news than the notice of the coming of Mr. Robert Harper, whose two visits have given us the opportunities of hearing lectures, the value of which cannot be over-estimated, and we only hope that his visits may become annual occurrences.

To add to our gratification at the last visit of Mr. Harper, Dr. McBryde notified us that our annual appropriation has been increased $10,000, and a special sum of $25,000 given for extraordinary expenses. Now, we all know what this means—needed improvements, the endowment of new chairs, and the general advancement of the Institute.

We, as Juniors, and coming Seniors, must do our utmost towards making ourselves deserving of these benefits, for to us the other classes will look for the initiatory in every new step tending to the betterment of the college.

So let us be up and doing, realizing all the time that in helping the college we are helping ourselves, by the upbuilding of an Alma Mater of which we shall ever afterward be proud.

And now as nothing but the thought of finals can mar the pleasant anticipations of vacation, we should bear in mind that next year's work is our most important session's work, and endeavor each for himself, and all for the class, to make next session the most profitable of all the pleasant, well-spent sessions at the V. P. I.

68
SOPHOMORE
1904
SOPHOMORE SPECIAL STUDENTS
Class of 1904

OFFICERS

E. A. Halsey ........................................ President
B. Chambers ........................................ Vice-President
H. Tiffany ........................................... Secretary and Treasurer
V. P. Paylett ....................................... Sergeant-at-Arms
R. L. Linisay ....................................... Historian

COLORS

Navy blue and gray.

MOTTO

"Upward, Onward."
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History of the Class of 1904

The pathway of life is not strewn with roses, nor the tasks thereof accomplished without much labor. To the class historian especially is this truth evident after spending many weary hours trying to dodge the rocks of repetition, and to present at least some slight degree of originality. But to write the history of the class of '04 should be indeed a pleasure—a pleasure because it is the largest sophomore class ever enrolled at V. P. I.

Not large in numbers only—for that would mean nothing unaccompanied by the necessary qualities of manhood—but large in that noble spirit which tends to elevate the standard of college life. It should be a pleasure, because no class ever had a more complete record, or one more worthy of remembrance.

It is with a feeling of genuine pride that we review the work done in the short period of time which we have been at V. P. I.

The first year passed in the customary manner—our trials being somewhat less severe than those of Pharaoh, but they were borne patiently (for had not all members of the class read the book of Job?) and we came out pure gold tried in the furnace.

This training developed us wonderfully, and created that spirit of humble obedience which is rarely found nowadays. After finals, and the summer vacation, almost all of the old members returned, together with several new members. These were heartily welcomed into the class, and given the full benefit of all its many advantages. The status of the class was very much increased on passing from the state of 'rat-hood' to something more desirable. No longer did we seek for some one "to show us the back way" to our rooms, but walked boldly up the front way. It is needless to say that the spirit, "it is more blessed to give than to receive," pervaded the very atmosphere. Strange to say, the old adage, "one stitch in time saves nine," was changed by some mischievous fellow into "one lick in time saves nine."

But we cannot linger longer with such trivial things. Mixed with this amusement came work in earnest. The easy work of the first year was replaced by hard work. "The milk of childhood" had indeed become "the meat of manhood." Those who had won promotion were somewhat engaged in military duties for some weeks. However, the entire class soon realized that all fond fancies of "snaps" were but air castles, and hard work supplanted idleness. We had now arrived at the period where
study is pursued because of the love for it. Each man seemed to realize that now his success or failure depended upon his own efforts; for Emerson says, "There is a time in every man's education when he realizes that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or worse for his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, 'no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil, bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till.'"

Early in the season it became evident that the class of '04 was to be well represented in athletics. Several members of the class made either the "varsity" or substitutes on the football team. We cannot soon forget the magnificent work of Wilson, who, as guard, won the praise of all. Turner also did some excellent work as substitute. Those who took no active part contributed loyally—with their influence, with their presence on the field, and also with their financial support.

Soon the Xmas holidays broke the monotony, and how pleasant it was to be home again, where "the girl I left behind me" lives! With dancing and other pleasures the two short weeks passed all too rapidly, and, ere we realized it, the conductor "put us off at Christiansburg." But no time was now to be wasted idly dreaming of the past, for intermediates were drawing near. "In time of peace prepare for war," hence all possible preparation was made for the ordeal. The "midnight candle" burned in many a room whose occupants resolved not to be caught "napping." How glad we were when at last the grades were posted! Tiffany, as usual, Hardesty, Robeson, Cordley and others too numerous to mention, deserve hearty commendation for their good work. Such was highly gratifying to the class as a whole, for we like to see the standard high intellectually, morally and every other way.

Our class, like all others, has its full quota of "ladies' men." Foremost among these comes Grandpa Drinkard, who seems especially susceptible to the charms of the fairer sex, followed by Coney and Ferneyhough, with Grandpa Cordley a possible rival in the near future. We cannot but commend them in this.

Early in the spring baseball became the subject of our thoughts. In this, as well as football, the class of '04 did not fall behind. Howell, "the boy pitcher," and Kelly as substitute, did good work. Poindexter's work was admirable. Perhaps the most notable event in the history of the class was the delightful trip to Charleston. The beautiful exhibits, buildings and grounds of the exposition occupied our time profitably for ten days. The pleasure of the trip was greatly increased by the presence of several "female college" students. But everything must come to an end, and once again we returned to take our respective places in the play of life at V. P. I. better prepared than ever before for work, which, after all, is the only way to contentment. But a few short days had been spent in work when we experienced the
sadlest period in our history. This was occasioned by the death of our classmate, Benjamin Chambers. His gentle ways, manly bearing and strength of character had won the love and esteem of all with whom he was associated. Though but entering the threshold of manhood, we feel that no words could better describe him than those of Shakespeare: "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

So fully did his class trust him, and such confidence had it in his abilities, that it chose him as its chief officer—president. No one ever discharged his duties in a more conscientious, straightforward manner. His death left a vacancy which cannot be filled. Though he has been taken from our midst, yet his memory will ever remain as a shining light.

As the year is drawing to a close we begin to think again of examinations, and after they are over, vacation. How happy will we be when the year’s work is finished! Although the time has not been spent as profitably as it might have been, yet it is with a feeling of satisfaction that we contemplate the closing of our labors. With pardonable pride, may it be said that no class ever did better. As the years go by may each member of the class realize more and more his calling in life; and may each one attain the highest degree of success. May we realize that only he who does most good in life is truly successful.

Historian.

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FRESHMAN CLASS '05
Class of 1905

OFFICERS

J. HARRY BECKETT ...................................................... President
D. GRAHAM ROBSON ...................................................... Vice-President
J. E. CLELAND ........................................................... Secretary and Treasurer
A. P. GRAVBILL ........................................................... Historian
R. S. ROYER ............................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

COLORS

Old gold and royal purple.

YELL

Rickety! rex! rex! rex!
Rickety! rex! rex! rex!
Hullabaloo! Howdy do?
We are well! How are you?
Long thrive, naughty five!

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### Members Class of 1905

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Freshman Class History

The date of September the 21st brought to many of us the breaking of home ties for the first time. It was then that we launched our little craft on the wide and untried sea of college experience. Then it was that life began to face us as a reality, and new problems and conditions presented themselves for our solution. And it was very natural, too, that our first impressions should have been so lasting, and especially as they were presented in such a forcible manner. When we first found ourselves on the campus we were greeted by that affectionate and endearing term of T-a-t. That word means so much to every new boy. After being catechized as to who we were and from whence we came, and after passing through several new experiences, we were formally received into the barracks and college life. The next day we were ushered into the portals of academic precincts, where we were introduced to a pleasant pastime known as entrance examinations. And while surprised and delighted with this, we were at the same time informed that on the following Thursday all new boys would report for regular academic and military duties.

Gradually after this, our timidity began to wear off as we became more accustomed to our new environments.

About three weeks after our arrival we were invited to a reception given by the Young Men's Christian Association in their new building. At this time a welcome was extended to us in behalf of the Y. M. C. A., and by representatives of the faculty of the College and citizens of the town. Also, in this connection, mention might be made of the consideration always received at the hands of the military authorities, even thoughtful enough to often call at our rooms to see if we were in, and if all was well.

By this time we were becoming more familiar with the geography of the place, and finding the "Old" orchard very inviting, volunteered to assist in gathering the fall apples (for our rooms, however). Realizing how pleasant as well as profitable this work promised to be, practical experiments were soon undertaken in the vineyard and with very satisfactory results. Thus almost unconsciously the year's work was begun.

Realizing the fact that we were no longer school-boys, but young men and the material out of which the dignified Seniors of '95 were to be formed, we decided to organize ourselves as a class. A meeting was called for this purpose on the night of October 11th, resulting in the election of J. H. Beckett, President; D. G. Robson, Vice-President, and J. E. Cleland, Secretary and Treasurer. This election of officers was completed by electing R. S. Royer Sergeant-at-Arms.

Thus it was that the organized class of '95 came into existence, the largest class that ever matriculated at the V. P. I. We trust, however, that in this fact does not lie our chief characteristic. But because of the hundred and twenty-eight men represented in our class, we cannot deal with them individually. In fact, the great deeds accomplished by our men as individuals have not as yet been very numerous. Time alone will reveal the latent energies and lofty aspirations. There are, however, many little instances that would doubtless be edifying to the reader, but in this brief sketch we must withhold much of this interesting and useful information.
We venture, however, a few remarks. Being encouraged by the brilliant playing
and splendid achievements of the first foot-ball team, a class team was organized.
The close of the foot-ball season, however, prevented a test of their skill on the
gridiron.

Our college has no fraternities, but the two literary societies, the Maury and the
Lee, took many of our class within their walls, and assisted much in smoothing over
the rough places in the aspiring freshman's oratory. And so it was that, with our
collegiate duties and these other things to do and think about, the fall days came and
went as a dream. Almost before we knew it the "old boys" were reminding us with
an emphasis that was clearly heard and distinctly realized, that the Christmas holidays
were at hand. And, as a spring in a desert and a fountain by the wayside, Xmas
came, with all of its home goings. Thus our drooping spirits were revived and we
ook hope again, only to come back and find those long-looked-for and much-talked-of
intermediates presenting themselves as a reality.

The next occurrence of special interest to us was on January 20th. This was the
day on which the famous snow ball battle was fought. It was declared to be a great
success by the many onlookers. And, from the number of halt, lame and blind that
wandered around the barracks for the next few days, it evidently was.

Another date long to be remembered is February 18th. It was on that night,
while all were resting peacefully in the arms of "Morpheus," there appeared to each
of us a terrible nightmare, culminating in a surprising reality. It was that of a body
of men, not armed with flaming swords and terrible banners, but with a woman's
weapon, the scissors. This was the little instrument that proved in this case to be
mightier than either the pen or the sword. Thus was the foundation laid for what
might be known as the second story of the "Rape of the Lock."

Then it was not long until our attention was turned to the trip to Charleston, with
its many plans and preparations. And certainly the days of April 1st to 7th will
always be connected with one of the most pleasant and profitable trips of our college
days. Upon returning we soon realized the fact that our freshman year was rapidly draw-
ing to a close. And, while we see mistakes as we look back upon the closing session,
yet we trust that next year's work may be a revelation of good seed sown. So let us
enter upon our Sophomore year with a new zeal and ambition to make it even a
greater success than the past year has been.

However, as we undertake its arduous duties, we may often say:

"Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in thy flight;
Make me a "rat" again just for a night."
ZONES

A ribbon girdles my lady's waist,
And the world it weareth a zone more free,
Yet were my arm for that ribbon placed
'Twould compass the world for me.
So mine is a grasp that could zone the world
(A marvelous reach hath the arm of a man!)
Yet only a ribbon so daintily curled
Holds all of my world in span.

C. W. Coleban.
My Grandfather's Christening

It was spring time, and Easter with its joys and tenderness had come to gladden mankind. Each tree was ready to burst forth into leaf, each bud was burnished and glistening in the soft spring air, while a shimmer lay silently over all nature, tinging the yellow twigs along the water ways, and deepening the blood-red tassels of the maple. Among the velvet blossoms of an aspen could be seen the nest of the robin red-brest, but lately come to haunts of other days, and now brooding over her five blue eggs in silent hopefulness. There are sounds distant and near, over meadow and hill; sounds that come on the evening air when wild geese seek a camping ground, and cattle slowly loiter home. Along the water's edge comes the soft, low lapping of the tide, and on its receding wave the placid fisherman steers toward his nets, far out in the deep. His morning haul depends upon his evening labor, and, lingeringly, the sun goes down. Its last rays light up the pillared house upon the water's edge, making the small window panes to glisten in the western light, and speaking of that hope, the very same that told of the lifting of the cloud which hovered over the ark when the dove was the messenger.

It was on Easter Sunday morning, long, long ago, when the nursery door opened and Mammy Jane entered, bearing a bundle of something very queer in appearance. She took her seat before the big log fire, and rocked from side to side her new-born treasure, mumbling all sorts of blessings on its head. "At last, at last, Marster done have his wish—yes, sir—as fine a boy as ever I done see. Come here, chillun, an' see yo' baby brother, what done come dis Easter morning. He gwine to put you all to shame, gwine to break yo' noses and yo' heads, too, I say, fore you done. Hi, Mary, what de matter? Look here, what I got for you. Is Mammy's baby's nose broken dis mornin'? Come here, lemme kiss it for you. Mammy's lap is big enough for two. Don't cry; I kin hol' you and brother too. Mammy's little lamb musn't cry."

There was a mighty jubilee that morning when the good news spread from kitchen to quarters, that Richard V, was born to inherit his father's name, acres, and silver porringer. The bright-eyed daughters, one by one, had been loved and appreciated; for there were three, all sweet tempered and lovable. But the father's heart longed for an heir, for he had the old Englishman's desire, and his acres were entailed. So when the eventful day came, and this heir was born on Easter Sunday, the servants counted it a happy plantation.
"The barn that is born on the Sabbath day,
Is bonny, and lucky, and wise, and gay."

They knew he would be bonny, and lucky he already was, and as to the wisdom, surely it would come with years; for his father was counted as one of the statesmen of the colony, and a Burgess, and a member of everything. So Richard's star was in the ascendant, and no child ever began life under brighter skies. Mammy had the piece of fat bacon ready for his tiny mouth. She had the steel yards brought from the store-room, and there, with father and children and servants, they saw the scale move down to twelve pounds! What a splendid child! His head was broad and full of brains, "as an egg with meat," they all said. His eyes were blue, of course, for all the Richards had deep blue eyes, wide set, betokening honesty. Already Mammy had measured his length of limb and pronounced him a "six footer." Elizabeth and Jane were silent admirers, wondering, thinking and adjusting circumstances, feeling a little resentful that Mary should cry at seeing her Mammy's lap monopolized; and yet the situation was new, so they only looked. Mary still clung to her mammy's other knee, and tears still rested on her fat little cheeks as she leaned her curly head on Mammy's ample bosom. Her little bare toes peeped out from the long gown and held themselves up to the blazing fire. She wanted comfort, and found it just here, lingering, sobbing in her own place, to be contended for inch by inch.

Ah! mystery of mysteries,—a child's thoughts—as yet instinct only, but instinct striving to reach to understanding.

Another grief came to the tiny maiden when she was laid to sleep in a rockerless crib, while the little brother was soothed to rest in the family cradle. Many human frailties had been brought to light by this disastrous advent, and it seemed she bore the whole weight of woe, for all others rejoiced. Such is the misery of a jealous nature; even in baby form 'tis misery genuine and deep. This brother had stolen, unconsciously, her Mammy, her parents, her cradle, her very nature, from her. Poor little heart!—but Mammy's love is strong, and equal to greater emergencies than this, and so she clings for comfort where she knows she will find it. Is this instinct?

Never was fairer baby head laid upon downy pillow; never had the ancestral cradle rocked a more precious morsel of humanity. He seemed as the flower upon the century plant, the union of family graces, the fulfilment of ages of hope. And they loved him. Unconsciously he lay upon his Mammy's lap, and little cared that on the spoon that pressed his tiny lips the hall-mark of a nation, king and century were stamped. His grateful senses discerned not the honor, as the ancient porringer was again brought out, to minister to his frequent needs. Contentedly he dreamed the days away.

* * * * *

York river is deep and wide, but only forty miles long. Upon its banks cluster the early homes of many illustrious men. Beautifully situated were these homes, with green lawns sloping down to the water's edge.

From the top of the house, about which I write, could be seen, long before it touched at the wharf, the vessel which brought the year's supply of goods and clut-
etl. This vessel was the bearer of wealth, and of news from the old world; and
drew the welcome as the neighbors learned of its arrival. Masters and servants,
ladies and children, flocked to the landing to see the vessel unladen. There were
boxes of glass and fine china; there were silks, fine fabrics, and dresses; there were
high-heeled slippers for the ladies, and gay dress-coats and ruffles for the gentlemen.
Each planter was his own importer, and kept his account across the water. Chests
of tea and good coffees; barrels of wine and strong drinks; supplies of spices and
sugars; of linen and clothing; of bonnets and books. Few libraries existed, but
with each cargo came something to add to the collection. All things came direct to
the homes along the river, and great was the occasion of the ship’s arrival. We can
readily picture the anxiety about dresses and bonnets, and the flutter and delight of
the first opening and “trying on.”

The store room of a country home would put to shame the minute affair of to-day,
with its little bags of flour and sugar, and small round box of table salt! A room
of goodly proportions was lined with shelves up to the ceiling. There were great tin
boxes for coffees and teas, holding bushels. There were big red canisters, all in a
row, labeled “mace,” “nutmeg,” etc. There were barrels and boxes and china in-
umerable—all carefully arranged upon the store-room shelves. Days and weeks
were necessary to store, and properly arrange, the ship’s load, to await necessity.
When we think of the foresight and labor with which such treasure had to be pro-
cured, we do not wonder at the excitement and joy “when the ship comes in.”
The improvident housewife of to-day sends a penny with which to purchase a box
of matches, or a cake of yeast. Had she lived two centuries ago what perplexity
would have been hers!

Among the sundries this ship-load bore across the seas, were bolts of fine lace
and mahsook, with which to make young Richard’s christening robe. The time of
his baptism drew near, and the deft fingers of the colored seamstress worked lovingly
upon the long garment for the baby master. The little girls had each in their turn
worn the same dress on such occasions, but now things were changed. Nothing was
quite good enough for this little one, and all knees bent to do him homage. In the
House of Burgess, which sat in the quaint old town of Williamsburg, near by, the
members gathered round the squire to offer their congratulations. Proudly he bore
his honor, and no child in the colony was watched with greater interest.

And now the christening day drew nigh, and the neighbors gathered from far and
near. This was a grand occasion. A dinner of state was served, and the grey-
headed negro butler stood ready to fill and refill the glasses of the visitors. The
highest in station came, with ladies of rank and beauty. The coach and four depos-
ited its burden before the door, while the smiling master greeted them all with wel-
come. The parlors were thronged with visitors who moved their fans in stately digni-
ity to stir the heavy summer air. At last the family party entered, Elizabeth and
Jane leading the way in their long, quaint dresses and caps, the father proudly holding
his beloved son and heir, and at his side the radiant mother. Next followed the spon-
sors, and last, but not least, came Mammy Jane, bearing upon her arm little Mary,
still jealous, still clinging, still unreconciled. Her arms were locked closely around her Mammy's neck, and the high white turban was bent and twisted out of shape. Her large hand rose and fell with soothing power upon the little one's head, as baby eyes glanced furtively from beneath the yellow curls. No one dared speak to her for fear of rousing the old Adam, supposed to be dead in her—but only sleeping. Upon a table in the center of the room stood the silver bowl from which each member of the family, for ages past, had been christened. The minister came forward and received the laughing child, pure, innocent, and beautiful, his liquid blue eyes full of surprise and joy when he looked up into the minister's face. As the water touched his snow-white forehead, a sudden wail filled the room, and Mammy's voice rose above all,—"Thank de Lord, thank de Lord, dis chile gwine live to be de honor of dis house and country." The servants in the hall took up the cry,—"De best sign, de onliest sign; yes, honey, true as de gospel." And now followed a scene, as Mammy bore the two wailing infants from the room, and in the mystery of the nursery, soothed and crooned them both to sleep, signing her orders to the other servants.

In the parlor congratulations still went on, and Elizabeth and Jane sat in dignified silence upon the knees of great men, and studied their greatness with demure satisfaction. The baby's health was drunk; and master, mistress, and children, all in their turn, were the subjects of countless toasts, all drunk from the great punch bowl; for wine flowed freely. In the soft summer daylight, with heavy green blinds placed ajar, and vines clinging lovingly about each window, and the air filled with the breath of roses, great bowls of which adorned each spot and corner, the company sat and discussed the affairs of the colony. They spoke of the coming dissatisfaction; of England's overbearing attitude towards the colonists who once, in rash sympathy, had offered a home and a kingdom, fair to see, to that country's wandering monarch, Charles II. Here was the Old Dominion, offered him before he became king of the New. But English cavaliers, transplanted to Virginia soil, needed not a century in which to change from loyal royalists to independent thinkers. Their fealty was strong, but their pride and self-respect were stronger. The Virginian's soul rebels at oppression and injustice now, as then. The 18th century was rich in statesmen for this new world. Many homes were gladdened by the childish prattle of tongues soon to sway and form a nation. Whence their wisdom, who shall say, but drawn from the channels of England's proudest blood?

In thinking of their greatness, we do not attribute to these statesmen a very common failing of mankind, but one peculiarly Virginian; and this is the love of "dining." Owen Meredith tells it powerfully in his lines, that we may live without poetry, music, and art—but where is the man who can live without dining? Surely this man was not to be found in colonial Virginia. The baptism of the young heir was but an excuse to call the neighbors in. Appetites were whetted by waiting and discussion, and soon the grey-headed butler swung wide the folding doors, when followed the entrance of the company.

The great mahogany board groaned beneath its weight. Tidewater Virginia has always furnished its people with high living for the seeking. There was game then, as now, and oysters fit for kings grew along its water's edge. Rich bowls of roses, placed upon silver waiters, adorned the table, set with India china everywhere. Silver and cut glass glistened in the soft summer light, and the clink of the glass was heard above the rich, deep voices of the guests. Wine, laughter, and good cheer flowed as the hours went by, and evening settled softly, silently, upon a company whose names are nameless, but whose deeds are done. The nation owes a debt to such dinnings, and fancy hangs a picture in halls where history dares not tread.

Maria Pendleton Duval.
THE BROKEN HARP

Oh, touch not the harp when 'tis broken!
Oh, let not the hand sweep it o'er!
That its sorrows may still be unspoken,
Oh, leave it alone as before!

Hang it not on th' sad weeping willow,
But give it full gently to me,
And I'll take it down by the hillock,
And bury it there by the sea.

For memory hath fingered too often
This harp and its sensitive strings,
And now I shall take it and coffin
It here where the sea new sings.

Oh, touch not the harp when 'tis broken!
For, O world, it belongeth to me!
And I'd rather its griefs were unspoken,
So I bury it here by the sea.
THE UNIVERSALIST

Why do ye rivet on the past
Such reverential eyes?
Do not the mountains rise as vast
To westward, and the skies?
If this be evening, aren't they fair
As when Aurora lit the air?

If prophets were, then prophets are,
And many more shall be;
If Christ be God, man has his share,
For Christ was man as we.
Do ye not know that human creeds
Are children all of human needs?

Oh! purge your faith of all its crudeness
And worship nothing said;
Let your hebdomadary goodness
Go with the passing dead,
And footstool all the things that are
That ye may see the things afar.

The sparrow and all creeping things,
The maple and the man,
Alike in their dull sufferings
Do share the largest plan.
We have no fear; we feel and trust
That what'er is, is right and just.
The Mystery of Britton Ranch

STOOD on the veranda of Britton Ranch, waving my handkerchief with questionable cheerfulness, as my husband turned in his saddle, bowed a last good-bye, then passed from sight. The road stretched white and dusty before me, and unpeakingly lonely! A heavy stillness pulsed and throbbed about me, broken only by the harsh cry of the grasshopper, or an occasional sound from the farm yard at the back of the house. Early morning on a lonely Texas ranch, with a fortnight before me in which to enjoy the delights of solitude! Small wonder that I felt slightly depressed and verging on tears! Then Mammy’s voice broke the stillness, rich, full and melodious yet, in spite of her fifty-odd years, but words and tone were alike dirge-like and mournful to a degree:

“This time next year, 
Good Lord, what shall I be? 
In some kowmose grave yard, 
Good Lord, remember me.”

Over and over she sang, with evident relish and good cheer, until the entire situation “got on my nerves,” as Harold would express it, so I turned and entered the dining room, where Mammy was moving softly back and forth, timing her movements to her music, as she washed and put away the breakfast dishes.

“Miss Lil,” she said, as her eyes fell upon my rather woebegone visage, “you ain’t gwine ter mope, is you? I hear you tell Mars Harold you got such a heap o’ work you didn’t have no time to mope, but you look powerful sad and sorrowful jes’ now.”

“What’s the matter with your eyes, Mammy? Mope, indeed! Not I, bless you!” I said briskly, as I picked up a tea-towel, and began to assist at the solemn function of “washin’ dishes” after two people not blessed with abnormal appetites. However, it was something to do for a little while, and, therefore, served its purpose.

I had been married just six months, but the first had been spent in “ole Virginny,” where, visiting among our numerous relatives, the time sped by as rapidly as the day came when I bade farewell to home and loved ones, and came with Harold to his Texas ranch which was a recent purchase, and one in which he had ventured many hopes, and also much good coin of the realm.

Four months spent in the heart of the Texas prairies had taught me the priceless value of congeniality between those thrown together in remote places. I could imagine a very frenzied of boredom, but I had not experienced it. No! Harold and I had many tastes in common—we read and studied together—discussed the prospects of “The” Ranch, took long, delicious gallops over the limitless prairies on our tough little Texan steeds, and altogether lived a wholesome, rational, cheerful life, and not devoid of joys, by any means.

Naturally, there were hours when Harold had to leave me, in the interest of his business, and then I was thrown for companionship chiefly upon my old nurse, who had come with me to Texas, largely imbued with the sentiments of Ruth, with a secret belief that she had come to die in the land of the stranger. But the dear soul never let her placid cheeriness—loving me best in all the world. She was staunchly fortified to live or die with me, as the case might be. She taught me much of the housekeeping lore of my mother, and told by the hour stories
the dear home, so many weary miles away. I would close my eyes, while Mammy's voice droned, peacefully on, and see once more the stately pil- lared house on the tree-crowned hill—the vivid green of the lawn, the silver glint of the little stream that crossed it, and smell the fragrant mint growing thickly on both sides—then open my eyes to the vast immensity of the prairies with a heavy sigh and a great heart-hunger for the home we had forsaken. But I did not tell Harold of these dreams, and they did not pre- vent my being a happy and contented woman.

The usual round of morning duties accomplished, Mammy betook herself to her various associations in the back portion of the house, where she reigned supreme. "giving out," supplies to farm hands, attending to the poultry, overseeing the meals—in short, her days were per- fectly rounded periods of work faithfully and capably performed.

After Mammy's departure, I settled myself in the cool, shady parlor, to write home letters. It was a task I dearly loved, and one in which I was soon happily absorbed.

Britton Ranch was a long, low, rambling building, quite old, additions having been made by various inhabitants, until it presented a rather incongruous appearance. Vines covered the long, wide veranda, however, and Harold had expended taste and money in furnishing it attractively before our marriage. Cool matings, green and white, covered the floors of the large rooms, wicker chairs and sofas, plenty of potted plants and books, served to make it such an attractive "Lodge in the Wilderness" as any one might enjoy. It was a sweet, restful spot, and one that grew daily dearer to me.

I wrote on, in peaceful enjoyment of the task, oblivious to outside things, until my mind was brought back to the present by a singular, whispering noise, that seemed to pervade the whole room. The sound was unusual and rather eerie. I sat quiet, waiting for its recurrence, and it came directly, a shivering, ghostly sort of rattle. I could imagine piles of dead leaves were drifting, wind-swept, across the floor. But the polished glare of the matting was all I could see. Again, and again, I heard it, sometimes more positive, more as if some stately dame were dragging her stiff brocade across the floor. It seemed everywhere, yet nowhere. It pervaded every nook and corner of the room. Yet nowhere was there any apparent cause. To say that I felt decidedly uncomfortable is to own to weakness, yet I must plead guilty. There was something inexpresibly weird in continuous sound of such a strange, intangible nature. I stood it for a while, then fled precipitately to the kitchen, where among its comforting domestic surroundings I was able to cast aside the disagreeable impressions made upon me by the noise.

I decided not to tell Mammy anything about the strange sounds, but late in the afternoon, I asked her to look into the parlor for a missing handkerchief. After a few minutes absence she returned to the kitchen, and looking at me rather strangely she said,

"You been in de parlor near all day, Miss Lil?" "Why, yes, Mammy, you knew it," I replied.

She looked at me very earnestly, "You ain't byyard nothin' in thar, Miss Lil?"

"Why, Mammy, what should I hear that I don't hear every day?" I asked cautiously.

"I don'no, honey, I don'no, but I tell you dia, right now, dia here place ain't right, deed it ain't."

She spoke with unusual solemnity, and I saw she was deeply agitated by something, of course I knew by what.

I hesitated a moment, and then said to her soothingly:

"I know what you mean, Mammy, I heard the noises in there to-day, but you could see as well as I, that there was nothing there, absolutely nothing. This is an old house, and it may be rats and mice or a hundred commonplace things. Don't let it frighten you."

Mammy looked half convinced.

"Mebbe its and mebbe taint, but I done tol you dia place ain't right. Mars Harold knows I done tol him so."

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"Marc Harold," I said, in surprise, "why, what do you mean? He has never heard these noises, has he?"

"Deed no, Miss Lil, taint that. I don' know as if he's in this place ain't right."

I could not help laughing at the dear old woman's tragic utterance, and the pomposity with which she repeated again and again that the place "ain't right," but I did my best to diep all superstitious fancies, and after an early tea, decided upon an equally early retiring. While my situation was an extremely lonely one, there was in reality quite a large number of farm hands, with their families, near the house. The ranch was built to form a hollow square, the house forming the front side, the barn and stabling the back, and on either side was a row of small houses for the laborers—six each side. In the centre of the square was an artesian well, and some attempts at flower-raising had been made, but beyond the grass, which was kept green by constant watering with hose and spray, the square could boast few flowers beyond some orange and lemon trees, and a superb passion flower vine which almost covered the entire wall of the house on the back side.

Mammy and I had protections galore should we need them, all of which I did not fail to bring to her remembrance, and feeling mutually comforted, we made our simple preparations for the night. These consisted in the removal of Mammy's bed or pallet to the floor of my room, together with a great presence of collecting silver, locking doors and the like, after which labors we quietly went to bed.

It must have been an hour or two later that I was awakened by a sense of oppression, of terror, and the consciousness that I had been roused by some sound. I lay quite still, my hand clasping my throat, which throbbed so violently I could scarcely breathe. Then there came a slow, heavy, labored, dragging noise, such a sound as would be produced by the dragging of a soft, heavy body across the floor. It continued for what seemed to me ages, then ceased. Then, as I lay there trying to quiet the fierce throbings of my laboring heart, there came again the mystery of the morning—light, rustling, evanescent, shining, whispering—such a sound as I never heard before that dreadful day, and pray God I may never hear again, I bore the horror as long as I could, then called Mammy. She was at my side in a moment.

"For Gawd's sake, chile, what's de matter?"

I clung to her, hysterically, too filled with abject terror to command myself.

"Oh, Mammy, I am so terribly frightened. Those sounds—those dreadful sounds—"

"Like them we hyerd to-day, honey, in de parlor?"

"Like that, and worse—oh, ten thousand times worse! Like a heavy body being dragged straight across the floor, while I, looking at the sound, could see nothing on earth." I giggled in sheer, nervous demoralization, and clung to her as tho' I could never let go.

"Dar now! I done tol' Marc Harold he better tar down de hantred old place, and he jes' don' like to nuttin'.""

"Haunted, mammy? But why haunted?" I asked with a very shaky attempt at a laugh.

Mammy looked excited, as she said, "Why, Miss Lil, ain't you never hyerd 'bout de ranchman who got kilt in de very room?"

"No, I didn'." I cried. "What nonsense! I don't believe a word of it."

"It's true all de same, but I done tol' de Rachman way my tongue go too fas'."

"You aint told too much not to finish, Mammy," I said, with authority. "Go on, please, I want it all."

"Law, Miss Lil, all I knows is, de man who owned de place befo' Marc Har'd bought it was a low-life, no-count somebody what jist set here and kep' all his money hided up, and wouldn't give nothin' to nobody. He was a mighty mean man, and one time somebody broke in and kill him and got all de money. Why, dhis mattin' was tore up you c'n see de blood, what day drug him 'cross de floor."

Mammy was warming to her subject! I shuddered. In spite of my up-to-date and com-
mon sense education, superstitious fears were fast taking hold of me. I resolutely sprang from bed, and "This will never do!" I cried. "Why, Mammy, we'll scare each other to death! Let's go the rounds once more, and if there seems the least thing wrong I'll ring the bell for Baker." Harold had had a large bell fitted to the stable, and it was connected with the house in order that it might be used as an alarm in case of an emergency. The remembrance of this fact braced me up tremendously. All the while we were making our useless and essentially feminine hunt in all sorts of impossible places, I was doing my best to rally my reserve force of courage and self-possession. Consequently, when we were once more in my room, I turned to Mammy. "Go to bed, Mammy," I said resolutely. "Leave the lamp burning, and try to sleep. You see there's nothing to hurt us."

Mammy replied, *not in words*, but her silence was sufficiently eloquent. However, she obeyed with alacrity, and once again quiet reigned. I nestled back in my luxurious bed with a weary sigh, feeling too tired for even light. Bright moonlight flooded every nook and corner of the quiet room. The air was full of the fairest, sweet odor of the yellow jessamine, the shadows casting a delicate tracery over the snowy matting. A fair and peaceful place—fit temple for the goddess of sleep and rest. If a flitting remembrance assailed me of the red terror lying so darkly underneath the fair exterior, I put it firmly aside, and with grim determination "counted sheep jumping through a hedge," repeated poetry—resorted, in fact, to all the time-worn methods of beguiling dozy sleep. Gradually Mammy's snores lost their poignant sharpness—began lower and lower, seemed to blend with all the simple, restful voices of the night, then ceased. I slept. How long I cannot tell; only waking this time from a dream of horror unspeakable. The threatened danger was upon me. I felt it—knew it. The air palpitated with that awful sense of an unknown, living presence near you, and malignant. I lay there panting—waiting—for what? It seemed to me for some horrible fate that had been creeping upon me all day. Upon the deadly darkness came again that sound—that awful, awful sound. A heavy body was being dragged over the floor slowly, relentlessly, and ever nearer to me. I could not speak. I could only lie there with fainting heart and dying breath; to await my coming doom, shrouded as it was in a horror of great darkness. For the moon shines no longer, and even the lamp had died out. I was alone and in the power of Evil. Another drag, a dull thud, the bed shook and shook again; *something* was moving one of the tall posts at the foot—what it was, whether man or ghost or devil, I knew no more than did I dream of any hope of succor. What was that light?—brilliant, scintillating, sharp as a lightning flash above my head? My eyes fastened upon it, as it grew nearer and larger and ever more brilliant. Then the light seemed to move in a rhythmic way, to sway in gradual, graceful waves back and forth, back and forth, yet ever with my own eyes fastened to it with relentless force. Nearer yet, and then—oh! then, I saw what from the very life blood in my veins. I saw that I was gazing into living eyes, and in those lambent, luminous, deep orbs glowed the very essence and embodiment of all *Evil*! What it was I knew not, nor did I strive to. All my soul was drawn into the gaze which drew me surely, surely nearer and yet nearer, until the awful eyes, blazing like flaming worlds, searched my very face. I gave one mortal gasp—one cry of anguish—and I knew no more.

When I opened my heavy eyes, they fell upon Harold's face, but so strangely changed and drawn, I scarcely knew it to be his. I tried to speak, but he shook his head, and smiled. I was too weak to resist, and presently, when he held a glass to my lips, I drank its contents unquestioningly, and gradually drifted off to quiet, restful sleep.

I woke feeling so strengthened and refreshed that Harold felt he could let me hear the terrible story without risk, and after wheeling my couch in a cool and shady place, he said:

"I left home feeling perfectly satisfied, knowing you to be amply protected; but the farther I rode, the more I regretted not having taken you with me. The arguments that had seemed imperative when we discussed the matter, seemed trivial and valueless now; once, I even turned my horse's head to go back, but the urgency of the case forced me on, and I went
C. B. Phipps.
A PLEDGE

"Je vous aime
Je vous adore—
Que voulez vous encore?"

By thy dimpled cheek I swear,
Lady mine, no chains I wear
Save thine own—then do not blame
If I whisper soft "Je t'amie!"

By thine eyes so deep and blue,
Dear! believe I will be true!
When suns shine or tempests roar—
For, dear heart, "Je vous adore!"

All I am and own are thine;
Wilt thou, sweetheart, then be mine?
Since I worship, love, adore,
Ah! "Que voulez vous encore?"
I WOULD FORGET

Oh, why's the past a part of us,
All thoughts but strangers that have met?
For memories multitudinous
I would forget!

While in the bird-enchanted wood,
Where Spring to Winter pays her debt,
I hear a name that, if I could,
I would forget.

Down where the river gushes blue
In chrysoberyl channels set,
There often comes a dream of you
I would forget.

And when beneath a holy night,
The stars the firmament do set,
There shines of other days the light
I would forget.

Oh! when my heart is sore distressed,
And longs for sympathy as yet
Unfound—ah, love, by you caressed,
I would forget.
V. P. I. Athletic Association

OFFICERS

H. G. McCormick, '02 .................................................. President
C. L. Proctor, '02 .................................................. Vice-President
A. H. Sayers, '02 .................................................. Secretary
G. A. Chaleley, '03 .................................................. Treasurer

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

C. E. Vawter, Jr., from the Faculty. J. M. Sample, from the Post-Graduates.
A. Davidson, from the Senior Class.
J. F. Ware, from the Junior Class. H. McCormick, from the Sophomore Class

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

C. E. Vawter, Jr., Football. J. M. Sample, Tennis.
J. F. Ware, Baseball.
H. McCormick, Gymnasium. A. Davidson, Field Day
Field Day Department

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE, 1902

A. DAVIDSON, '02, Chairman.

J. R. WERTH, Jr., '03.

W. R. CRUTE, '03.

BEST ALL-ROUND ATHLETES

F. SAUNDERS ........................................... 1896
J. L. INGLES ........................................... 1897
C. G. ROREBECK ....................................... 1898
C. C. OSTERBIND ....................................... 1900
C. H. CARPENTER ..................................... 1901
C. H. CARPENTER ..................................... 1902

Field Day held in May of each session.
C. E. VAWTEN, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE IN CHARGE.

OFFICERS
A. B. MORRISON, JR., Cornell, '01 ......................................................... Coach
C. J. B. DE CAMPS, '02 ................................................................. Captain
JAMES BOLTON, '02 ................................................................. Manager
J. M. BRYANT AND G. A. CHALKLEY ...................................... Assistant Managers

TEAM OF 1901
COUNSELOR ................................................................. Full-Back
DE CAMPS ................................................................. Quarter-Back
CARPENTER ................................................................. Right Half-Back
HUFFARD ................................................................. Left Half-Back
STEELE ................................................................. Center
ABBOTT ................................................................. Right Guard
WILLSON ................................................................. Left Guard
McCORMICK ................................................................. Right Tackle
MILES ................................................................. Left Tackle
WARE ................................................................. Right End
RAMFY ................................................................. Left End
CAMPBELL

SUBSTITUTES
DAVIDSON  MILLER  SAYERS  TURNER  WILCOX

RECORD OF 1901
September 28. At Salem ................................................................. V. P. I., 16; Roanoke College, 0
October 12. At Blacksburg ................................................................. V. P. I., 11; W. and L. University, 0
October 19. At Georgetown ................................................................. V. P. I., 32; Georgetown 6
October 26. At Blacksburg ................................................................. V. P. I., 0; U. of Va., 16
October 31. At Columbia, S. C. ................................................................. V. P. I., 17; Clemson College, 11
November 16. At Richmond ................................................................. V. P. I., 18; U. of Maryland, 0
November 28. At Norfolk ................................................................. V. P. I., 21; V. M. I., 0
Baseball Department

J. F. Ware, Chairman of Committee in Charge.

OFFICERS, 1902

C. H. Carpenter .......................... Captain
J. M. Sample ............................ Manager
S. M. Almond ............................. Assistant Manager

TEAM OF 1902

Miles ........................................ First Base
Ware ......................................... Second Base
Glenn ........................................ Third Base
Huffard ...................................... Pitcher
Carpenter .................................. Shortstop
Poindexter .................................. Left Field
Shaver ....................................... Center Field
Freeman ..................................... Right Field
Walsh ........................................ Catcher

SUBSTITUTES

Campbell
Kelly
Howell
J. M. SAMPLE, '01, Chairman of Committee in Charge.

WINNERS OF CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES

May, 1900
J. R. BROWN .......................................................... Singles
J. R. BROWN, C. E. VAWTER, Jr .............................. Doubles

May, 1899
P. B. BELCHES .................................................. Singles
FRED WILSON, C. F. BROWN ................................ Doubles

May, 1898
C. F. BROWN .......................................................... Singles
C. F. BROWN, FRED WILSON ................................ Doubles

May, 1896
J. R. CRAIGHILL .................................................. "Singles
J. M. McBRYDE, Jr., F. SAUNDERS ...................... Doubles

May, 1895
U. HARVEY .......................................................... Singles
U. HARVEY, A. T. ESKRIDGE ................................ Doubles
LOVE REJECTED

I've given heart and soul and word,
    Yet art thou passionless;
Oh! nothing I have said hath stirred
    Thy wonted quietness.

Why dost thou seem subdued with me,
    When others light thine eye?
Give back, give back what I gave thee,
    Oh, thou sweet passery.

I do not wish thee harm in this,
    Mine is the fault, not thine;
For others be the perfect bliss,
    For me—ah! what is mine?
The Acts of the Haircutites

CHAPTER II.*

1. And lo, during the night of the eighteenth day of the second month, of the year nineteen hundred and two, there again arose, in the peaceful land of the Polytechs, the mighty band of Haircutites.

2. Arise did they, as do the locusts, and they smote upon their breasts and cried out in voices loud and in great tumult, saying:

3. “Are not the Rhats again growing as Freshness, as did they in the time of our forefathers?”

4. And forthwith with one accord they did make answer, “Eliphas,” which is, “Truly, they wax as thou sayest.”

5. Straightway after these marvelous words had been uttered, a council was called, and the Cutites went nigh unto their temple to worship, which is hard by the Cave of Death.

6. So it came to pass that the secret council was held, the owl did screech, the bones of the dead arose, the earth trembled, but the Elders, Mates, Drakeus, Stephenus, and Musie slept, for they knew not what was to be, and Adolphus the Magnus turned upon his couch and yawned.

7. And in the castle of the great ruler the watch dog barked, but the moon did shine bright.

8. Now while these sages slept, the gigantic host of the worshippers of the scissors were active.

9. Yes, active were they as are the fires of the lower regions.

10. From tent to tent went they, and did visit the damndrats, which is the new students, which had waxed fresh, into the soul of the old boys.

11. For it was said in the cave that the hair was to be cut from the heads of the Rhats, and truly was this stunt done.

12. The Cutites went unto the tents, and entered therein, and awoke the Rhat and spake unto him, so that his bones did tremble.

13. But truly he had been bad and fresh, and now had his time come, and he did yell and yell like hell, that the pledge of the Rhooters might be fulfilled.

14. Thus as the Rhat did yell, the worshippers of the scissors came upon him and took from his head thrice three scores and twenty hairs.

15. And as he lay prostrated before the Cutites a wee small voice spake unto him, saying words of wisdom.

16. Such as, “Let calmness upon you come or Hellsfire will cut your ears off,” which is, “I will comfort you.”

17. Thus spake the Knights of the Clippers unto the Rhats, and verily did they come to rest.

18. And verily did it come to pass that the hair was cut and the old boys did raise.

19. And as a sacrifice to the goddess Sissorva, did they heap upon the parade ground the sandals of the Rhats.

20. When the humbled children saw these things they did call on the prophet Mates, but he was asleep, and hard not their cry and came not.

21. Neither came the Corporis of the Guard, as he was chained, and the Sergeant of the guard was sick, nigh unto death, and came not.

22. So were the wiser Rhats made humble—humbled were they as age maketh man’s hair to fall out, and he doth proceed among his fellows baldheaded.

23. And about this time the moon hid her face and darkness settled upon the land.

24. So passed the eventful night and with it did vanish the Haircutites.
25. And the morning of the next day did dawn, the sun arose in his glory and you verily was the land in upear.
26. And upon the parade ground, the Ilhat did scarp with each other in order to find their sandals.
27. But according to the law, all strife was laid aside; because unto the temple of Polytech or the chapel they were marched, and there they did worship.
28. Now it came to pass that Prexie and his elders knew not what had taken place, and when his new children came before him and his men they were amazed, and among themselves did they grow sad.
29. Prexie wept.
30. But as they were in the temple naught was said, so after the ceremony each and every man did leave the synagogue and did return unto his tent.
31. Now about this hour, which was the seventh or the 9th hour, Mateo, Drahens and others of the watch did wake.
32. And when they saw that which had during the night happened they grew afraid and sad, and sad did they feel.
33. For verily they were like unto stringed instruments that had been played upon at night.
34. And when they were fully awake and did find that they had been played upon did they hold a council.
35. And the chief of the watchers spake to his followers, saying, "I know them all, a clue have I," which is, "verily the Haireutics have worked upon us a trick, but we must punish them."
36. Then they held a secret meeting and they did think of many clues, and Musies, who was wise, looked unto Stephens and he unto Drahens and he unto Mateo, but they could find naught.
37. Then disheartened, they went unto the tent of the great Militarius Scribus, and they did find him seated before his desk, and he, too, was red with anger.
38. Then did Adolphus assemble unto him his assistants, and they were at sea, as unto them the trick of the night appeared aslackness.
39. And when he heard that his Sergeant of the Guard was sick and the Corporal chained, he did to himself call them, and did say, "Immiserates whithomeone for this," and then did he humble these just ones.
40. So it came to pass that Sallus and Linkedin were humbled, and from them was cut their insigna, which was of gold.
41. After this was done did Adolphus again speak unto his "Majors and Minors" in a voice full of compassion, for he pitied them, for 'twas seen that the worshippers of the Clippus had outwitted them.
42. And after gaining what knowledge he could from these, which was nigh unto naught, he then arose and went unto the King Prexie.
43. And when Prexie saw him, he commanded his servant to approach; he became calm, and together did they reason.
44. And Adolphus did bring many clues unto Prexie as gifts, and upon these clues were the names of many old boys.
45. But our king was a just man and he thought naught of the clues, as he knew that his watchers had slept during the night and knew nothing.
46. So he caused himself to be alone. Then did he call unto him his servant, a "barrack orderly," and had him to go forth and summon unto him the different rulers of the different classes of the land.
47. And when these Presidents did appear before him he did speak unto them, telling them to have meetings, and to investigate these men to know if among them were Cutties.
48. And the study of Academic was put aside and all did look for Cutties, but they found none in their midst.
49. Then were the guards, Mateo and all, questioned, but they were laying in the night before, and were dumb.
50. So after all these things were done, and many other such affairs, were there four large committees appointed, representing the four tribes that inhabit the land of Polytechs.
51. And unto Prexie did they send mes-
sages assuring him that not again during this year would the hair be cut.

52. Then when the Faculty and all heard these things they did rejoice, and the old bhoys did make merry and cry Selah.

53. And so it came to pass that the god and goddess Clippi became satisfied, as well had they feasted upon the hair of the Damrhat, and they went again for a season to rest.

54. So was freshness again put away in the kingdom of Polytech, and so were the unwise riats punished and humbled, and again peace did reign.

55. And many of the old bhoys did cry, Selah, "verilywillweutnitnextyear," which is, "the will of Clippi and Scissors shall be done."

56. And among all there was rejoicing, because of the success of the reign of the mighty Cutites.

57. So endeth the second lesson.

*Note: Chapter 1. of the Acts of the Haircutites did appear in the '97 issue of the Boole, and here we may remark en passant that other chapters will appear in the future issues, but no authentic date can be given, as the worshippers of the god Clippi or Scissors scorn the Gregorian and Julian calendars, their feasts being celebrated according to the Plinian scale or calendar delivered unto them by the prophet Selah.

† A secret order of scribes, the meeting place being in Skeleton Cave.
A BLACKSBURG WINTER DAY

[With Apologies to Kipling.]

Dim dawn beneath a leaden sky,—the wind is cold and hissing—
With the companies falling in at break of morn,
And the sergeants calling o'er their rolls to find poor devils missing,
Shows that day, the chilly Blacksburg day, is born.
Oh, the white drifts in the highway! Oh, the frosty, sleety byway!
Oh, the snowy pall that's lying o'er the earth!
And at home they're making merry, by the fire so warm and cheery—
What part have Blacksburg's exiles in their mirth?

Full day beneath a leaden sky—the scene is one of hurry—
As the student to his classes takes his way,
There to wrestle with his problems and to study and to worry
O'er the things which fill the cheerless winter day,
And when sounds "release from classes," from the "labor of the masses,"
From the toil that makes the muscle and the bone,
In the afternoon so dreary, when our work has left us weary,
Comes the solitary hour we call our own.

Black night beneath a starless sky—the wind still cold and hissing,—
As the bugle echoes fall and die away,
And as taps' sad notes are sounding, let us hail the call with blessing,
For it ends the toil and labor of the day,
Then we seek our rest so gladly,—though the day has passed so sadly—
Though the reveille is coming in the morn,
For if daylight brings us sorrow, when it ushers in the morrow,
We are richer by one Winter day that's gone.
Battalion Organization

Col. J. S. A. JOHNSON ........................................ Commandant of Cadets
Maj. JOSEPH A. WADDELL, Jr. ......................... First Assistant Commandant
Maj. J. M. HICKS ........................................ Second Assistant Commandant
Maj. W. M. BRODIE ....................................... Third Assistant Commandant
Maj. J. P. HARVEY ....................................... Musical Director

CADET OFFICERS

STAFF

CAPTAIN H. L. DAVIDSON ..................................... Quartermaster
FIRST LIEUTENANT J. L. PALMORE ........................ Adjutant
FIRST LIEUTENANT T. M. YANCEY ........................ Ordnance
FIRST LIEUTENANT C. B. SEAGLE ....................... Range Officer
FIRST LIEUTENANT W. A. YOWELL ....................... Quartermaster
FIRST LIEUTENANT W. P. TAMS, Jr. ....................... Quartermaster
SECOND LIEUTENANT C. M. DUNKLER ................. Color
SECOND LIEUTENANT H. R. MISH ....................... Ordnance
SECOND LIEUTENANT A. L. HASKELL .................... Quartermaster
SECOND LIEUTENANT A. O. ARVIN ....................... Special Duty
SECOND LIEUTENANT R. H. BUCHANAN ................ Hospital Steward
W. R. CRUTE ........................................... Sergeant Major
W. T. FOWLIES .......................................... Quartermaster Sergeant
C. L. BALL ........................................... Ordnance Sergeant

COMPANY A

R. M. BARTON ........................................ Captain
R. T. BROOKE ........................................ First Lieutenant
C. WILLIAMS ........................................ Second Lieutenant
F. D. BROWN .......................................... Third Lieutenant
E. W. WHISNANT ....................................... First Sergeant
G. S. STOKELY ........................................ Second Sergeant
J. GRABER ............................................ Third Sergeant
J. J. COBBS ........................................ Fourth Sergeant

W. WILSON ........................................ Fifth Sergeant
P. P. NELSON ........................................ Sixth Sergeant
R. L. LINDSAY ......................................... First Corporal
C. C. HETH ........................................... Second Corporal
R. A. HAISLIP ......................................... Third Corporal
P. G. LIGON ........................................... Fourth Corporal
W. H. LANE ........................................... Fifth Corporal
D. M. CLODY ........................................... Sixth Corporal

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### COMPANY B

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<tr>
<td>C. D. Newman</td>
<td>Captain</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. F. Tams</td>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. W. C. West</td>
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<td>C. J. French</td>
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### COMPANY C

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<td>C. L. Cook</td>
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### COMPANY D

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<td>C. C. Osterbind</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. N. Hyde</td>
<td>Eighth Corporal</td>
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BATTERY E

C. L. PROCTOR .................. Captain
A. H. SAYERS .................. First Lieutenant
J. BOLTON ..................... Second Lieutenant
H. G. McCORMICK .............. Third Lieutenant
G. A. CHALKLEY ............... First Sergeant
L. O'SHAUGHNESSY ............. Second Sergeant
R. L. FARMER .................. Third Sergeant
J. C. STEELE .................. Fourth Sergeant

J. F. WARE .................... Fifth Sergeant
R. R. STABLER ................. Sixth Sergeant
F. W. KARNS .................. Seventh Sergeant
H. L. CORRELL ................. First Corporal
H. TIFFANY .................... Second Corporal
S. T. HUGHES .................. Third Corporal
F. M. YOST .................... Fourth Corporal

BAND

J. C. DANTZLER ............... Captain
A. DAVIDSON .................. First Lieutenant
B. MILLER ..................... Second Lieutenant
R. F. HOLLISTER ............. Third Lieutenant
H. C. MICHIE .................. First Sergeant
H. R. KEISTER ............... Second Sergeant

W. E. VAUGHT ................ Third Sergeant
C. H. KEARFOOTT ............. Fourth Sergeant
G. C. SYKES .................. Fifth Sergeant
H. H. HILL .................... First Corporal
C. D. GRIFFIN ............... Second Corporal
R. B. THORPE ................. Third Corporal

SIGNAL CORPS

J. T. BROWN .................. First Lieutenant
N. C. POE ...................... Second Lieutenant
R. C. TURNER ................. Third Lieutenant

W. L. CHEWNING ............. Third Lieutenant
W. W. NEALE .................. Third Lieutenant
H. P. BROWN .................. Third Lieutenant
BATTALION AT THE PAN-AMERICO
Our Chemetron Trip
The trip was uneventful, except for the stop at Lynchburg, where a large and enthusiastic crowd was waiting to greet us. After a night of very doubtful rest we awoke—those who had been able to sleep—to find ourselves near the South Carolina boundary, and proceeded to look in vain for the fields of snowy white cotton. Later we heard that cotton did not bloom until fall. About 11 o'clock the conductor announced Charleston. After backing and filling for some time around the station, and then running through a portion of the city where, for ten blocks, we didn't see a white man, the train ran into the Exposition grounds. We were then formed, checked off and passed in—through the cattle gate. When we had been assigned tents, and the guard posted, we were at liberty to go where we pleased, and most of us proceeded to inspect the city and hunt for restaurants. That afternoon we held dress-parade in front of the Mines and Forestry building. Everyone in the grounds assembled to witness it, and, according to our press representative, who accompanied the corps, the crowd numbered fully five thousand, an item of information which must have astonished the Exposition authorities. The News and Courier immortalized us the next morning by the statement that we were "cheered to the echo;" upon reading which a member of the corps inquired, "where was that echo building?" adding that it couldn't have been far, or else the cheering he had heard couldn't have reached it.

Though the crowds were thus rather small, yet it seemed that after our arrival they increased largely. Modesty prevents us assigning the cause, but our friends on the Midway assured us that we deserved the credit. Did not the peanut men amass a fortune by advertising V. P. I. peanuts and popcorn? Were not many souvenirs of Egypt purchased in the streets of Cairo, where the visitor to the Exposition could, at any time, see numbers of the cadets studying the ancient history of Egypt in the light of its modern representatives? We were there for educational purposes, and tried to improve our knowledge of ancient languages by conversations with the retiring, modest women of the mysterious East. We also learned the mysteries of the broadsword combat; learned by seeing the wild, untamed, savage Bedouins (buck niggers in disguise) scrapping in "the Streets."

Thursday afternoon we played the Citadel baseball. According to the usual Charleston procedure, the game was not advertised until the day after, so that very few people witnessed the contest. This, however, proved fortunate, as we were beaten by a score of 11 to 5. We revived our drooping spirits by Saturday and went out to play Clemson. Let us draw the curtain of charity over the rest. The score may be found on a baseball in the Clemson exhibit in the South Carolina building; we are trying to forget it. Here endeth our baseball lesson.

That same morning the Citadel cadets gave the Winthrop College girls a boat ride.
around the harbor, and invited our Senior class to accompany them. This was one of the many courtesies shown us by the Citadel boys; courtesies which we heartily appreciate. Monday found us again preparing—the whole corps this time—for an excursion around the bay. We were pretty nearly "strapped" by now; but our wise and thoughtful commandant, with characteristic foresight, saved us much embarrassment by reminding us, after announcing when the steamer would leave the wharf, to "be sure and,—er-r-r keep,—that is, not exactly keep, but save,—er-r-r save a nickel to ride down town with." The Citadel cadets and many Charleston girls accompanied us and added to the pleasure of the occasion.

On Thursday night we were given a hop by the Citadel, which was, to all of us, the crowning event of the trip. Too much cannot be said in praise of our hosts, or of the Charleston girls, who treated us in such a way that we forgot we were strangers. President and Mrs. Roosevelt were given a reception the same night at the St. John; but, compared to our dance, it was a secondary affair.

Next morning the corps was marched down to the St. John, where the President was staying, and formed for the street parade which was to escort him to the Exposition grounds. Upon reaching the grounds the troops were reviewed by the President and party. As our corps approached the reviewing stand, our band struck up Dixie, and the crowd (for there was a real crowd then; not a News and Courier crowd) went wild. The ladies of the Presidential party waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands, and the Presidential mouth expanded to a hearty smile. When the corps had passed, Mrs. Roosevelt remarked, "That certainly was nice." We agree with her. For the remainder of the day the Presidential party shared with us the curiosity of the crowds. That evening at 5 o'clock the President's special left the Exposition grounds; and fifteen minutes later our corps marched down to the station, knapsacks on back, with the band playing, the people cheering, and the girls crying and waving farewell. So we left, trailing clouds of glory,—and broken hearts. And our hearts were heavy, but our pocketbooks were light.

We will omit the description of the journey back to Blacksburg, for there was little pleasure in it. However, we have become reconciled to fate, and are looking forward to the gigantic St. Louis Exposition.

"But we'll not forget old Charleston,
Be it fifty times as fair."
The Maury Literary Society

OFFICERS, SESSION 1901-02

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<th>OFFICER</th>
<th>FIRST TERM</th>
<th>SECOND TERM</th>
<th>THIRD TERM</th>
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<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>P. T. Jones</td>
<td>W. T. Young</td>
<td>G. R. Talcott</td>
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<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>W. T. Young</td>
<td>G. R. Talcott</td>
<td>C. L. Cook</td>
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<tr>
<td>Critic</td>
<td>W. E. Vauhgt</td>
<td>W. T. Fowlkes</td>
<td>H. B. Goodloe</td>
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<td>Recording Secretary</td>
<td>H. B. Goodloe</td>
<td>C. E. Miller</td>
<td>P. P. Nelson</td>
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<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>J. Bolton</td>
<td>G. W. Gilmer</td>
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<td>Corresponding Secretary</td>
<td>C. E. Miller</td>
<td>M. Cuthrell</td>
<td>G. H. Scott</td>
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<td>Sergeant-at-Arms</td>
<td>A. L. Abbot</td>
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MEDAL WINNERS, 1901

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<tr>
<th>ORATOR</th>
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<tr>
<td>W. S. Moffett</td>
<td>P. T. Jones</td>
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PUBLIC DEBATE TICKET, MARCH 21, 1902

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OFFICERS FOR SESSION 1901-1902

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President ............... C. L. Proctor
Vice-President .......... R. T. Brooke
Critic ................. J. L. Palmere
Treasurer ............... J. M. Bland
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Chaplain ............ R. E. Whitterer
Censor ................. J. M. Bland
Sergeant-at-Arms ...... J. R. Harvie

MEDAL WINNERS, 1901

BOYCE MILLER, Orator
C. B. KEARFOTT, Declaimer

S. P. POWELL, Debater
R. T. BROOKE, Best Society Worker

FINAL CELEBRATION, 1902

President, C. D. NEWMAN
Declaimer, to be decided by contest

ORATORS

R. T. BROOKE        C. B. KEARFOTT

DEBATERS

J. M. BLAND, Affirmative
H. L. DAVIDSON, Negative
A literary magazine published monthly by a joint board of editors from the Lee and Maury Literary Societies.

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H. B. GOODLOE, '03 ............. Maury
Assistant Business Manager.
Scene in Literature Class

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dr. H-d-l .................................................. Our popular professor
Towerhead Brown ................................. Leader of the snoring gang
Beast Williams, McAnge, Miss Thompson Brown, Squire Newman ................................. Members of the snoring gang
Military .................................................. Another snorer
Rex .................................................. Who sleeps (when present)
Keedy .................................................. Sleeper
Tom Young .................................................. Who asks questions
Oom Paul .................................................. Who tries to answer questions
H. L. Davidson .................................. Who admires the Doctor
Shorty Murrill .................................. Who robs the berry patches

Other sleepers and snorers.

PLACE—Dr. H-d-l’s lecture room. TIME—8:30 A. M. Monday.

Curtain rises. Dr. H-d-l seen sitting by stove. Windows closed. Temperature 93° F. As the first ten men enter their names are written down and they are called on later. Second bell rings. Doctor calls roll.

Dr. H-d-l.—“Gentlemen, for next time we will go as far as line 32, page 98.”

(Several members enter late. Doctor eyes them with disapproval as they take their seats in a dead silence, broken by preliminary snores.)

“Now, young gentlemen, I want to say a few words in regard to this habit of coming in late. Three men come in late. There are fifty men in the class. These three take a minute to seat themselves. Three times fifty is one hundred and fifty. Thus one hundred and fifty minutes are wasted.”

(Continues in gas for twenty minutes. The snoring gang is awake.)

“But to proceed with our recitation. Mr. Brown, when was Julius Caesar written?”

Towerhead (practiced and practised, invades confused).—“About 55 B. C. He then came to Rome, and —.”

Dr. H.—“That will do, sir.”

(Towerhead again slumbers.)

“Now, young gentlemen, this won’t do. We must remember dates. It is very easy to remember dates. (Grows. “D—n dates,” from back of room.) For example, Shakespeare was born in 1564. Add one, five, six and four. Sixteen is obtained. Add another sixteen and we have 1616, the year of his death. Could anything be
simpler?" (H. L. Davidson, Murrill and a few lambs hastily take notes, exchanging admiring glances. Groans from those of the opposition who are awake.)

"But before we go farther, let us treat of poetry in general. Poetry may be divided into lyric, didactic, epic and dramatic poetry. Mr. McAnge, was Shakespeare a lyric poet?"

McAnge (Confidentially). "Yes, sir."

Dr. H. (with superior smile). "Name one of his most famous lyrics."

McAnge (not so confidentially). "Er, aw, er——" (Chorus from rear. "They have shifted Willie's grave to dig a sewer.")

Dr. H. "Mr. Davidson, H. L., will you answer the question?"

Davidson "Shakespeare was not what would be called a lyric poet, sir; although with his great genius he probably would have rendered himself famous in any field of intellectual effort; but I would consider him, so to speak, more of a dramatic poet."

(Annoyed cat's groans, from the rear.)

Dr. H. "Very good, indeed, sir. Mr. Williams, give the evidence that Julius Caesar was written in 1601."

Brant "Doctor, I was sick Saturday night, and yesterday I had to study electricity."

Dr. H. "On Sunday, Mr. Williams?" (Shakes, amazed. Brant knows he has failed for the term and goes to sleep. Doctor lectures on the Sabbath for fifteen minutes. Quiet reigns, broken by snoring.)

"But to return to our recitation. Mr. Davidson, A."

Military "Here, my lord." (Voice appears to come from under the floor.)

Dr. H. "Mr. Davidson, give the dramatic personage of Julius Caesar."

Military "Julius Caesar and, er, Julius Caesar, and, er——"

Dr. H. "Mr. Hollister."

Rex "Julius Caesar and Brutus and Ben Jonson and Macbeth, and——"

Dr. H. "Mr. Spiller."

Rex "I believe that's all, sir."

(Dead silence, except from the snorers.)

Tom Young "Weren't there some more, sir?"

Dr. H. "Can anybody give them?"

Oom Paul "I believe he left out Cleopatra and Queen Elizabeth and——"

Dr. H. "Nonsense."

(Oom Paul looks squelched. Prospective volunteers hesitate. Snoring gang numbers peacefully.)

"Mr. Mish, will you answer the question?"

Mish (stares at the doctor for some time and then asks question). "Who was Julius Caesar, doctor?"

(Chorus of laughter, in which everyone but Dr. H. joins.)

Dr. H. "Gentlemen, this is terrible. I won't have it. There must be an improvement. Mr. Mish, this ignorance is inexcusable in a senior classman of the V. P. I. (Applause, led by Mish). Young gentlemen, I am deeply touched and gratified to see that, in the stand I take in this matter, I am seconded by the sentiment of the class. (More applause. Whispers of "get him started going"). It is a source of pride to me to see you——" (while continuing in this strain, the bell rings. Fervent "thank God" from rear benches. Sleepers come to life.)

Dr. H. "Young gentlemen, I hope that Wednesday's recitation may be even better than today's. That will do for this morning."

(H. L. Davidson and Shorty Murrill hasten to the doctor's desk. The rest go out.)

Chorus Final. "Goodbye, doctor, we must leave thee; tho' it breaks our heart to go."

Curtain Falls.
Mr. Dooley: On D. O. Matthews.

R. DOOLEY put down his newspaper and wiped his glasses.

"Hinnissy," said he, "'tis wunnerful how th' brain iv wan ma-an can, be th' procisses iv logical ra-asoin', as Hogan says, pinnitate th' wickedness iv so many schournrels."

"What are ye talkin' about?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"What is the civilized wurld discussin'?" said Mr. Dooley.

"Ye've heard me spake iv that gra-aate detective, Sherlock Homes, and maybe ye've seen me frind Gillette act him——"

"But he was mur-dered in th' last par-ty," interrupted Mr. Hennessy.

"Tis only wan more proof iv th' divilsh injinioity iv thot ma-an," said Mr. Dooley. "I'll tell ye how 'twas. His inimies were on his tail an' th' ma-an was desparate. No choice was left him but total distruasion, or th' town iv Bla-acksburg.

He was just about to commit soociide, whin his logical ra-asoin' suggested to him that in Bla-acksburg he wud be safe. Not even his wurst inimies wud come there f'r him. But jamius, Hinnissy, ca-an't be hid. Whin he ra-ached Bla-acksburg, he was at wance made chief detective an' Lar-nd High Watch dor-eg iv the V. P. L., with his na-ame-plate ingraved D. O. Matthews, an' th' bon'ary title of Old Sleuth. Since thin, Hinnissy, he has pr-roved a blessin' to the Institoot; but, iv coarse, hein' a detective, 'tis a blessin' in dishguise. His procisses is different fr'm th' rest iv th' sleuths. Ye remember th' gra-aate Burrell case iv several years ago. There was a shrill whistle in the second division, followed be a tremendous explos'n. Gra-aate was th' damage. Wan fly an' wan big musquiter was mur-dered. Iv coarse there was an inquest. The gra-aate Matthews ins inspircted th' fly an' th' musquiter. Thun he ins inspircted th' rooms. An' thin he began to ra-asoin, 'The fly was big, an' was on th' floor whin mur-dered; th' musquiter was on th' window; therefore some wan in th' second division done it. Th' explos'n followed th' whistle; therefore th' whistle was a signal. Be means iv me ears I recognized that whistle; it was Mr. Burrell's. Furthermore, he rooms in th' second division. Th' villium is caught. Major Johnson, arrist that ma-an. 'It was dischovered afterwards that th' disstruasion was done be means iv a whistlin' bum, an' Burrell pr-roved an alibi; but th' ra-asoin' Hinnissy,
was all right. So grade is the terror he inspires that he is called be th' la-a-a-a-s, th' Matthews Express. He is posted on th' bulletin board. 'Due to arrive at 4:30 a.m.; expected to arrive at 6:30 a.m.'

'Ye recollect th' grade V. M. 1. football game iv last fall. 'Some iv th' la-a-a-a-s calibrated th' victory be paintin' th' shcore on th' buildin's. Th' Old Sleuth was turned loose on th' trial iv th' shcoolmats. He followed the trail with all speed. At th' Mess Hall the trial run into th' wall, an' so did th' sleuth. Then he reasoned as follows: 'Th' paint is red, so twas a battery man; therefore Mr. Richardson done it. Mr. Wilcox has always treated me with disrespect; so in course he helped. Dr. McElroy, expil those two men.'

'Some years since, when the cannons was fired at 2:00 o'clock, th' sleuth was in bed. In tin minutes the Matthews Express was on th' scene. But, be that time, he was the only thing that was on th' scene. Again that wunderful man used his logical reasoning: 'There was sivin echoes, an' I was tin minutes late; therefore sivin men brought th' guns, an' tin fired them. I know every man that was in it, an' didn't nobody tell me nothin', says he; 'but I feel sorry for the poor, misguided la-a-a-a-s, says he, an' I'll not ratport them.' The ginrosity iv th' man, Hinnisy, is astounding.

'An' so it goes. Nothin' is done that he don't know all about before 'tis planned. But he's ginrious, an' contints himself with catchin' th' rogues. An' he's not a bit conceited, though Hivins knows, he's cause to be. 'Tis th' height iv his ambition to be what he is, a model detective officer. Dr. McElroy says, 'He has his faults, but he's a fine man-an', when you take him all around.' 'Tis a pity, Hinnasy, that th' la-a-a-a-s don't take him all around more. But thin, if they did, they wad sure drop him somewheres, an' lose him. He's a grade ma-an, an' deserves to be poplar.'

'But,' objected Mr. Hennessey. 'How can he be poplar when he catches so many iv th' la-a-a-a-s?'

'That's th' secret iv his success,' said Mr. Dooley; 'he's niver caught the right ma-an yit.'
Latest Dispatches from all Parts of the World

Berlin.—Professor Rasche, of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, reports having seen a bevel gear-wheel moving with such relative angular velocity that it resembled a comet. He has gone in pursuit.

Paris.—It is currently reported here that Dr. R. H. Huddall while at work yesterday in the laboratory of his literature manufacturing establishment discovered a new "date." Reporters have been sent to interview him on the subject.

London.—A man hushing near Goldsmith's jewelry store last night was arrested as a suspicious character. When taken to station house he gave his name as Waddell and stated that he was in the detective business. Has not yet been released, as he tells too many conflicting stories.

Vienna, April 16th—2 a. m.—Man passed through to-day on Orient express, carrying safe of Bank of Blackburg in his suit case. Several hours later, Mr. Matthews, of the Lime Star detective agency, arrived in pursuit. Excitement intense.

Later—6 a. m.—By an unfortunate accident, Mr. Matthews took wrong train, and is now at Paris instead of Constantinople. Robber has escaped.

New York, Feb. 1st—4:30 p. m.—Professor Pritchard has been arrested for riding bicycle over four miles an hour.

Later, 6 a. m.—Upon explaining that he was riding down hill when arrested, Professor Pritchard has been released.

Charleston, S. C.—Papers have been filed in the breach-of-promise suit brought against Col. J. S. A. Johnson by a young lady from the Streets of Cairo. The case has aroused great indignation in the Streets, and it is feared Colonel Johnson will be lynched.

St. Petersburg.—The great inventor, Francis Key, was blown up this morning by the explosion of a new form of dynamite with which he was experimenting. His assistant, George C. Miller, has been arrested by the Imperial police as an anarchist.

Chicago.—A man was discovered this morning in Springfield who could tell a bigger lie than Mole. He has been preserved in spirits of alcohol and shipped to the national museum.

New York, Dec. 28th.—A youth, who gave his name as Pitt Murrill, residence Blackburg, Va., fell down the elevator shaft of a hotel in Mott street and sustained severe injuries. An exploring party went down into his right shoe and found that his ankle was sprained. It has been set, however, by means of a derrick, and the verdant youth from the South is recovering rapidly.
Young Men's Christian Association
Organized in 1873

OFFICERS

1902-03

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M. CUTHEREEL .................................................. Vice-President ............................................. J. L. KABLE
C. B. KEARFOFT .................................................. Treasurer .................................................. R. S. ROYER
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JAMES BOLTON .................................................. Physical Director ........................................

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OBJECT

The salvation of our students through faith in Christ, and the promotion of their welfare by furnishing mutual support and encouragement in well doing and correct living; the stamping out of vice and the development of higher morals.

STATISTICS

Membership, Active ........................................ 75
Membership, Associate ..................................... 91
Bible Classes ................................................ 5
Number of Members of Bible Classes .................. 60
Tri-Weekly Gymnasium Classes ......................... 2
Night Classes in Gymnasium ............................. 1

DELEGATES

To Summer School ........................................ 4
To State Convention ...................................... 3
To Toronto .................................................. 1

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Brotherhood of St. Andrew
Chartered April 16, 1895

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F. M. SPILLER, ’02, Director
R. SALE, ’03, Vice-Director
B. BOLLING, Jr., ’03
Secretary and Treasurer

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E. V. JONES, 1895-97
E. A. SEARK, 1898-99
S. F. CHAPMAN, 1899-1900
W. L. MANN, 1900-01

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C. W. PURCELL
G. R. TALCOTT
F. K. TYLER
C. WILLIAMS
R. C. TURNER
F. C. THOMPKINS

ST. ANDREW'S DAY—November 28th.
PERIODICAL—St. Andrew's Cross.
CONVENES—Sunday Afternoon.
HYMN—'Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumulus.'

OBJECT

The sole object of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men, and to this end every man desiring to become a member thereof must pledge himself to obey the rules of the Brotherhood as long as he shall remain a member. These rules are two: The Rule of Prayer and the Rule of Service. The Rule of Prayer is to pray daily for the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men and for God's blessing upon the labors of the Brotherhood. The Rule of Service is to make an earnest effort each week to bring at least one young man within hearing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the services of the Church and in the young men's Bible classes.
"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man."

SHAKESPEARE

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BOYCE MILLER, '02
STEPHEN T. HUGHES, '04
*BENJAMIN CHAMBERS, '04

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

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EUGENE NEWNAM, '02
NELSON C. POE, '02
BOYCE MILLER, '02
JULIUS C. DANTZLER, '02

STEPHEN T. HUGHES, '04
BENJAMIN CHAMBERS, '04
NORMAN E. SALLEY, '05
GEORGE E. SALLEY, '05
DAVID A. HENNING, '05
FREDERICK T. SISKRON, '05

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Prof. S. R. PRITCHARD

Prof. R. J. DAVIDSON
Prof. E. A. SMYTHE, Jr.

* Died April 23rd, 1902.
Mechanical Engineers

MOTTO
Always use the slide-rule

COLORS
Coal black and iron gray

SONG
"Shovel in a little more coal."

PLACE OF EATING
Steam table

UNIFORM
Steam jacket

FAVORITE DRINK
Feed water

OFFICERS

W. F. TAMS—GOVERNOR. Thesis: "Tensile Strength of Mandolin Strings."


P. T. JONES—INSPIRATOR. Thesis: "Acetylene Gas as Balloon Juice."


MEMBERS


H. B. MISH—CROSSHEAD. Thesis: "Feed Water as a Temperance Drink."

W. P. TAMS—PISTON. Thesis: "Transportation of Compressed Air in Milk Cans."

W. L. CHEWNING—STEAM CHIME. Thesis: "The British Thermal Unit as a Unit of Exchange."


C. L. COOK—CRANK-PIN. Thesis: "Design of a Cold Storage Plant for the V. P. L in Which Turkeys May Be Preserved for Half a Century."


V. P. I. German Club

OFFICERS

NELSON C. POE, Jr., '02 .......................................................... President
FRANK W. KARNES, '03 .......................................................... Vice-President
H. PERONNEAU BROWN, '02 .................................................. Secretary and Treasurer
HERBERT G. MCCORMICK, '02 .............................................. Leader

MEMBERS

D. T. BROWN ................................................................. R. B. BEVERLEY .................................................................
J. M. BRYANT ................................................................. C. H. CARPENTER .................................................................
S. T. HUGHES ................................................................. J. R. HUFFARD .................................................................
J. H. GIBBONEY ............................................................. J. W. GLENN .................................................................
G. C. SYKES ................................................................. H. R. MISH .................................................................
W. N. McANGE, Jr. .......................................................... J. E. CLELAND .................................................................
W. F. TAMS ................................................................. W. P. TAMS, Jr. .................................................................
F. D. WEBB ................................................................. R. B. SLOAN .................................................................
F. D. BROWN ................................................................. C. M. DUNKLEE .................................................................
J. BOLTON ................................................................. W. L. CHEWNING .................................................................
R. T. JOHNSON ............................................................. A. P. JOHNSON .................................................................
R. E. HOLLISTER .......................................................... C. L. PROCTOR .................................................................

R. T. BROCKE, Jr. .......................................................... R. C. PONDEXTHER ..........................................................
B. MILLER ................................................................. A. L. HASKELL .................................................................
W. C. MOODY .............................................................. J. M. SAMPLE .................................................................
C. E. VAWTER, Jr. ........................................................ C. WILLIAMS .................................................................
H. C. MICHIE .............................................................. D. F. GILL .................................................................
C. D. NEWMAN .......................................................... M. F. WOLTZ .................................................................
The Norfolk-Portsmouth Club

OFFICERS

WILLIAM J. WALSH, Jr., '03................................. President
E. WILLIAMS WHISNANT, '03............................... Vice President
GROVER C. SYKES, '03................................. Secretary and Treasurer
H. DOUGLAS PEED, '03................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

NORFOLK

J. J. DAVIS, '04
D. F. GILL, '03
E. S. GRUBB, '05
T. B. SHELDON, '04

O. S. SHAFER
W. J. WALSH, Jr., '03
L. W. WEBB, '05
I. H. WILLIAMS, '04

PORTSMOUTH

W. N. COLBERT, '05
J. T. NEELY, '03
C. L. MARTIN, '05
F. L. MARTIN, '04

H. D. PEED, '03
G. C. SYKES, '03
J. W. C. WEST, '02
E. W. WHISNANT, '03
Albemarle Club

MOTTO
No palms without labor.

FAVORITE DISH
Roast pig with apple sauce.

COLORS
Orange and Navy Blue.

FAVORITE DRINK
Pippin cider.

OFFICERS
H. B. GOODLOE...........................................President
H. C. MICHIE...........................................Vice-President
B. BOLLING............................................Secretary and Treasurer
M. R. JOHNSON...........................................Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS
H. B. GOODLOE
H. C. MICHIE
B. BOLLING
M. K. JOHNSON
G. W. GILMER
H. H. HILL
W. A. DUNN
J. A. WADDELL
M. J. JOHNSON
C. W. PURCELL
A. M. KENT
P. M. SHUEY
T. H. WOOD
E. P. WOOD
K. R. WATTS
S. SCOTT
R. B. BOLLING

HONORARY MEMBERS
DR. J. M. Mc-BRYDE
PROF. R. C. PRICE
PROF. C. E. VAWTER
PROF. W. H. RASCHE
COL. J. S. A. JOHNSON

MAJ. J. A. WADDELL
PROF. J. M. JOHNSON
MR. H. S. PEYTON
MR. T. G. WOOD
MR. S. B. ANDREWS
The Richmond Club

MEMBERS

OSTERBIND, President       BOLTON
CHEWNING, V. President       BLAIR, H.
MILLER, Sec'y. & Treas.      BATES
THORPE, Serg't-at-Arms       BLAND
WERTH, Historian            CAMERON
ARCHER                      COOK, D. J.
BURRALL                     CORDLEY

DEANE
FLEET, B.
HARVIE
JOHNSON, B. T.
MILES
MOSCHETTI
NELSON, P. P.
PRETLOW
STRAUS
STERN
ROUTTEN
REGISTER
WILLSON, G. C.
WHITE, F. L.

HISTORY

On October the third, '01, the first meeting of the Richmond Club of '01-'02 was called to order. A representation in our annual was discussed, and rat-members were initiated, the great honor being imposed upon certain parts of their anatomy by means of a healthy looking paddle.

Since three years previous this had comprised almost everything done in the Club, from the opening of the session to finals. But this year, due mainly to the efforts of Osterbind as president and Miller as secretary and treasurer, our organization began to boom.

A certain hungry rat member suggested that we have "supper good to eat," and the idea of a banquet was immediately adopted. It took place in the spacious dining hall of Shades Inn, decorated for the occasion with V. P. I. pennants and orange and maroon bunting. The banquet was voted a great success in every way, especially the after-dinner speeches of Moschetti, Osterbind and Chewning, which were cheered to the echo.

But the relations between the members of our Club were not always happy. Owing to the death of his father, "Billy" Bates was withdrawn from College Xmas. He was always popular, both with his college and classmates and it was a sad blow to us to see his hopes of graduating destroyed.

When our corps decided to attend the Exposition everybody approved of another banquet in Charleston, but before it took place we had to decide on the question of colors. A lady friend of our president thought that "violet and white would be real sweet," and of course everybody else thought so, too, so they were adopted.

For the first part of the evening the Charleston event appeared to fall short, owing to the absence of Cameron, Register and Johnson, who had fallen off the water wagon and as a result could not find the hotel. However, the presence of Joe Ware, invited guest, more than made up for their absence.

Although the members were slightly embarrassed by the superabundance of nigger waiters (half nigger to each cadet), it did not affect their appetites, and after the fourth "boss" had been devoured we betook ourselves to the parlor of the Calhoun to have our pictures taken by a photographer, hired for the occasion.

After grouping us in a most artistic manner he placed on top of a step-ladder about five times too much powder for flash-light purposes. The little excitement of an explosion which knocked him off his ladder and set the parlor on fire was a fitting close for the history of the Richmond Club for 1902.

HISTORIAN.
COLORS
LEMON AND BLACK.

DRINK
STEPTOE'S CHOICE.

Motto: "Avoid doing today what can be done tomorrow."

Occupation: ____________________

Hangout at Moose's Fountain
"MEET ME AT THE FOUNTAIN."

OFFICERS

President.......................... COURTNEY WILLIAMS, '02
Vice-President....................... SAUNDERS M. ALMOND, '03
Secretary and Treasurer............. FREDERIC V. GANTT, '04
Sergeant-at-Arms.................... EDWARD C. GLASS, Jr., '04

MEMBERS

SAUNDERS M. ALMOND, '03
J. ROBERT CLARK, '05
JAMES E. CLELAND, '05
JOSEPH CREST, '05
FREDERIC V. GANTT, '04
EDWARD C. GLASS, Jr., '04
J. BRYANT HEARD, '04
GEORGE C. MILLER, '02
R. CLYDE POINDEXTER, '04
RICHARD A. THOMAS, '05
COURTNEY WILLIAMS, '02

HONORARY MEMBER

Prof. A. H. FLEET

168
The Bedford Club

OFFICERS

President..........H. PERONNEAU BROWN
Vice-President.....D. TUCKER BROWN

Secretary and Treasurer...HENRY I. GUY
Sergeant-at-arms...J. OVERTON FREEMAN

MEMBERS

H. PERONNEAU BROWN
JOHN M. BRODIE
GILMER T. LEE

D. TUCKER BROWN
J. OVERTON FREEMAN
J. MARSHALL VEST

J. WILLCOX BROWN, Jr.
HENRY I. GUY
R. EARLE WRIGHT

HONORARY MEMBER..........................MAJ. W. M. BRODIE

169
The Virginia Polytechnic Society

OFFICERS

L. S. Randolph .................................................. President
C. E. Vawter .................................................... Vice-President
F. D. Wilson .................................................... Secretary and Treasurer
J. W. Jacocks .................................................. Assistant Secretary and Treasurer

GOVERNING BOARD

E. A. Smyth  D. O. Noerse
J. B. McElrath  W. H. Rasch

Program of Lectures 1901-1902

Knights

They Who Are

D. T., the Towhead
F. D., the Thespian
J. T., the Buglede
H. P., the Perk
JOE, the Schweinigel
JoNnIE, the Pot
HUNTER, the Captain
WALTER, the Dago Tamer
MILITARY, the N. Y. Barber
HARRY, the Hired Man
W. F., the Weeze

A. D. 1902

They Who Will Be

Scribe
MICK
JIMMIE
SIM
Mr. MUCKINFUSS
ANGELO
BILL

They Who Are Yet to Come

WINTHRO
BUNKER
LITTLE MAC
J. D., the Bluff
G. C.
JAKEY
SKINNEY
H. P. T. B., deceased

Press Correspondents

WILLIAMS C., for the Bugle
MATEO, for the Faculty

Honorary Members

Appointed by "Minor Officials"

WOLTZ
LYON
TIFFANY
SPELLE, F. M.
OSHAUGHNESSY

Description of Arms

Crest—A ratte, skynnye-headed.
Shield, Finer and Second Quartriers—Three saddle boys rampant about a ratte dormant.
Third Quartrier—On a field frosty over a sandal-dirty, two ratses squirelling.
Fourth Quartrier—Regarding a pile of boote-ware, a major ensuant.
[Note—The canton sable in the first quarter represents the condition of our Marshal's mind the morning after, i. e., nothing in it.]
MANDOLIN- GLEE CLUB

J. L. Horner .................................................. Manager
R. C. Poinkxtex ............................................... Musical Director
W. F. Tams .................................................. Treasurer

First Mandolins
Poinkxtex Hollister Tams Paulett Cleland

Second Mandolins
Ped Harellson Michie

Violin
Edw

Guitars
Bell Scott Lewis Anderson

Quartette
First Tenor .................................................. Heard
Second Tenor ............................................... Griffin
First Bass .................................................. Freeman
Second Bass ............................................... Fulton

172
ORGANIZED
1894
OLDEST OF
EM ALL
PITTSYLVANIA CLUB

MOTTO
Steal for a living

FAVORITE TRIP
Across the line to Pelham

FAVORITE AMUSEMENT
Not drinking and joking,
But chewing and smoking

YELL
Yell! yell! yell like hell!
Pitsylvania is doing well

FIRST DEGREE
Imps

SECOND DEGREE
Devils

THIRD DEGREE
Demons

OFFICERS

High Arch Fiend, .................................................. R. T. BROOK
Junior Arch Fiend, ............................................... W. T. FOWLKES
Recording Angel .................................................. A. G. PRITCHETT
Judas, the Watch Dog of the Treasurer ....................... W. L. BLAIR

IMPS
O. W. ANDERSON .................................................. S. A. CLEMENT
F. C. SIVITER ...................................................... L. B. COX
J. T. WHITE

DEVILS
R. T. BROOK ...................................................... W. L. BLAIR
H. C. LEWIS ........................................................ A. G. PRITCHETT
J. J. COBBS ....................................................... J. T. COX
W. WILSON

DEMONS
Dr. F. D. WILSON .................................................. C. LEE
J. T. MARSHALL

174
The Maryland Club

COLORS
Orange and black

In former "Bugles" no tribute has been paid to the much loved and admired State of Maryland. Therefore, we, a small body of V. P. I. students, have mutually decided to present to the "Bugle" of 1902, in honor of our State, this little memento.

OFFICERS
F. D. BROWN .................................................. President
R. R. STABLER .................................................. Vice-President
J. W. TALBOTT .................................................. Secretary and Treasurer
M. N. LYON .................................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS
F. D. BROWN     J. T. BROWN     H. L. DAVIDSON     J. F. KEY
A. A. GIRAULT   W. T. HARRIS    M. N. LYON
C. D. ROGERS     R. R. STABLER   G. H. SYKES     J. W. TALBOTT
Camera Club

OFFICERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>R. E. Hollister</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>J. C. Dantzler</td>
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<tr>
<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>D. T. Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>C. E. Miller</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sergeant-at-Arms</td>
<td>G. C. Willson</td>
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MEMBERS

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<th>Name</th>
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<td>J. M. Bland</td>
<td>H. H. Gary</td>
<td>F. L. Robeson</td>
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<tr>
<td>D. T. Brown</td>
<td>R. E. Hollister</td>
<td>D. G. Robson</td>
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<td>J. B. Cameron</td>
<td>H. C. Michie</td>
<td>R. B. Sloan</td>
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<td>J. E. Cleland</td>
<td>C. P. Miles</td>
<td>G. R. Talcott</td>
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<td>J. C. Dantzler</td>
<td>C. E. Miller</td>
<td>C. Williams</td>
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<td>J. J. Davis</td>
<td>C. C. Osterbind</td>
<td>G. C. Willson</td>
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<td>C. J. French</td>
<td>W. O. Peale</td>
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To the

ASYLUM

The STANUTON CLUB.

COLORS
Pea Green and Turkey Red

MOTTO
Get all that's coming to you

FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Deck on that Ham

YELL
Hobble gobble, turkey gobble,
Hobble gobble grub!
We are the members of
The Staunton Club.

OFFICERS

F. W. KARNEs .............................................. President
W. F. TAMS .................................................. Vice-President
F. M. YOST .................................................. Secretary and Treasurer
F. D. WEBB .................................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

D. M. BAXTER .........................................................
R. A. HAISLIP .....................................................
L. P. BELL ........................................................
F. W. KARNEs ..............................................
W. A. BOWLES, Jr. ............................................
J. L. KABLE ....................................................
W. E. GILKESON .............................................
W. F. TAMS ....................................................
W. P. TAMS, Jr. ................................................
D. S. WEBB ....................................................
F. D. WEBB ....................................................
F. M. YOST ....................................................
Mouse Club

FAVORITE DISH
Sour Grass and Peppermint

CAUTION
Beware of the Bayonet

YELL
Pussy is on a spree,
Don't you see,
She don't know what to do.
For we're the mice of 1902.

COLORS
Turkey Red and Gosling Green

OFFICERS
F. W. Butler .................................. President
G. F. Nettleton ................................. Vice-President
F. H. Irving .................................. Secretary
R. B. Minnis .................................. Treasurer
W. A. Bowles .................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS
H. H. Adair ................................. E. W. Butler
F. L. Gibboney ................................. A. T. Kidner
G. T. Lee .................................. R. S. Bidaux
W. W. Melton ................................. C. D. Rogers
A. H. Rosenfeld ................. F. C. Wilson
J. A. Wilson ................................. G. E. Nettleton
L. Stern .................................. W. A. Bowles
J. W. Brown ................................. J. B. Harvey
J. D. Huddins ................................. L. G. Lloyd
H. V. Strayer ................................. R. B. Minnis
L. B. Rucker
MOTTO
"Ich bin schon da"

FAVORITE DISH
Spare Ribs and Mustard

COLORS
Evergreen

FAVORITE OCCUPATION
"Helping David Allison"

OUR DRINK
Gooseberry Cordial

OFFICERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Office</th>
<th>Officer</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>A. H. Sayers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>C. R. Seagle</td>
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<tr>
<td>Secretary and Treasurer</td>
<td>S. M. Spiller</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sergeant at Arms</td>
<td>J. S. Counselman</td>
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MEMBERS

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F. M. Spiller</td>
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<td>C. R. Thomas</td>
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<td>J. R. Rich</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. L. Gibboney</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. W. Williams, Jr.</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. A. Fisher</td>
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POST GRADUATES

<table>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E. G. Thorne</td>
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<td>J. B. Huffard</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. H. Gibboney</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. S. Bralley</td>
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DECEASED MEMBERS

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>H. B. rowegey</td>
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<tr>
<td>David A. Newland</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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The Midway

Inhabited by tribes gathered together from the four corners of the earth, the doors of many stunts and their tents are respectively:

- **McCORMICK, H. G.**—Master of Ceremonies.
- **Karnes, F. W.**—Keeper of the White Elephant.
- **Burrall, J. D.**—Guardian of the Dispensary and Samples.
- **Mills, H. F.**—Most Mighty Assistant and Bottle Washer.
- **Cheyney, W. L.**—Master of the elevator to the Lower Regions.
- **Williams, C.**—Guide of the Plutonian Domain.
- **Tanks, W. F.**—Most Wonderful Worshippers of the Mandolin which produces slumber.
- **Tanks, W. P.**—Most Mighty Conservator and Sage of the Land.
- **Brown, F. D.**—Animal Trainer and Chief Coconut Gatherer.
- **Brown, J. T.**—Most Mighty and Potent Protector of the Great Desert.
- **Chute, W. R.**—Stoker on the Airship "Luna."
- **Davidson, A.**—Sky Pilot and Bell Boy of the ship.
- **Brown, D. T.**—Creator of the condition of the shack.
- **Brown, H. P.**—Most Elaborate Gigantic Component.
- **Proctor, C. L.**—Grand High Lord of the Palace.
- **Chalkley, G. A.**—Treasurer and Keeper of the Gate.
Alleghany Club

MOTTO
Do others or they will do you

BY-WORD
Me first

COLORS
Gray and black

OFFICERS

J. C. STEELE .................. President
W. C. MOODY, Jr ............ Vice-President
F. R. BUTLER ................ Secretary and Treasurer
J. E. SMITH .................. Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

C. H. CARPENTER .................. J. D. TURNER .................. F. R. BUTLER
J. E. SMITH, Jr .................. P. W. MCKENNY ..................
L. G. LLOYD .................. W. W. MELTON .................. F. W. BUTLER
G. F. NETTLETON .................. W. C. MOODY, Jr. ............
J. C. STEELE ..................
OFFICERS

J. T. BROWN, '02 .................................................. President
W. F. TAMS, '02 .................................................. First Vice-President
W. R. CRUTE, '03 .................................................. Second Vice-President
W. P. TAMS, Jr., '02 ............................................ Secretary and Treasurer
J. C. STEELE, '03 .................................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

A. DAVIDSON, '02 W. L. CHEWNING, '02 H. G. MccORMICK, '02
W. R. CRUTE, '03 J. F. WARE, '03

MEMBERS

A. O. ARVIN, '02 F. D. BROWN, '02 D. T. BROWN, '02
J. M. BRYANT, '02 G. M. BUHRMAN, '03 C. L. COOK, '02
G. A. CHALKLEY, '03 J. C. DANTZLER, '02 J. GRABER, '03
A. L. HASKELL, '02 P. T. JONES, '02 B. MILLER, '02
G. C. MILLER, '02 H. R. MISH, '02 N. C. POE, Jr., '02
C. L. PROCTOR, '02 G. K. TALCOTT, '02 W. T. WILSON, '02
C. WILLIAMS, '02

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OFFICERS

R. B. BEVERLEY .......................................................... President
R. SALE ......................................................................... Vice-President
W. W. NEALE ............................................................... Secretary and Treasurer
J. R. PIERSON ............................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

C. F. BAUMAN ......................................................... L. C. CHOWNING
W. M. CHILTON ............................................................. W. H. LATANE
F. C. PRATT ................................................................. F. SMITH
H. L. TAYLOR .............................................................. W. L. VANSANT

187
OLD STONE CHURCH ERECTED 1740

Augusta County Club

MOTTO
Go way buck and eat.

FAVORITE DISH
Turkey and Pickle

COLORS
White and Purple

FAVORITE DRINK
Lithia Water

OFFICERS

W. F. S. LILLEY .......................... President
WILLIAM E. WINE ........................ Vice-President
D. G. ROBSON ................................ Secretary and Treasurer
W. O. PEALE ................................ Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

R. M. BYERS  S. BOLLING  G. W. COOK  C. E. COYNER
G. A. HARPER  C. K. HILDEBRAND  W. F. S. LILLEY
W. O. PEALE  D. G. ROBSON  WM. E. WINE
Drags & Gags
The Bugle Election

The Bugle election has become an established institution and the Annual would seem incomplete without it. It seems to be the opinion of the whole school that, once a year, we should "see ourselves as others see us," and certainly, if taken the right way, the results of the election ought not to produce any hard feelings. We have only one objection to make, and that is that the "old boys" have left most of the voting to the "rats." Of course, the members of the election committee are duly thankful for having less votes to count, but some of the contests were very close and we feel as though the results may not voice the sentiment of the whole corps. However, we submit the results of such votes as were turned in, and assure the voters that they were given a perfectly square deal, and that the contest was characterized by none of the frauds which Mr. Depew ascribes to most Southern elections.

Popularity is not always deserved, nor does it always reflect credit on its possessor, but in college life it can safely be said to be merited, and the "most popular cadet" must possess many good qualities ere he receives such an overwhelming majority as Burruss'. This is the second time the honor has fallen to him, so it must be deserved.

The honor of "best officer" is one particularly valued at a military school. In this line Captain Barton is the lucky—and deserving—man. Among the other candidates Captain Bland made the best showing.

The college-spirited cadet is not always appreciated, so we are glad to see that G. A. Chalkley's efforts in behalf of various college organizations are fully recognized by all, as is evidenced by his large majority.

The "most conceited cadet" brought forth several candidates. South Carolina carried off the day, however; Hughes, fortified by last year's good race, winning, with Miller second and T. C. Watkins third. This contest was very close.

We have several "beauties" among us, and so the race for "ugliest man" was neck to neck. Bryan won, followed by Hughes and R. C. Turner.
There seemed to be a universal concensus of opinion as to the "laziest man." "Si" Graves and C. E. Miller were the only candidates who received any votes worth mentioning. "Si" won.

E. G. Baldwin was found to be the "bore" of the school, with B. T. Johnson second.

The largest majority attained by any candidate fell to Mish as "biggest liar." His vote was to the next candidate's as the sun to some star. We refrain from publishing the next man's name, as he must necessarily feel bad at having fallen so far behind his leader.

There were fifty-one candidates for the title of "greatest growler," and the winner received only twenty-seven votes. Therefore the more credit is due Walsh for his victory.

The reputation of being the hardest student is an honorable one, and Robeson is to be congratulated on his election to this position. Lindsay comes second.

Page easily won the title of "most dignified cadet," having, like Napoleon and other "little great men," much dignity in a small body.

There were a great many candidates for the honorable position of "biggest bum," and the voting was close. B. T. Johnson won, with Gill one vote behind, and Chilton one vote behind Gill. The fifth division must be a bad place to live in.

E. G. Baldwin heads the list of cheekiest men, with Friddy, who inherits it from his brother "Rip," second, and Gibbs third.

The title of "best-all-round" cadet falls to Ware. This is sure to prove a satisfactory choice to everyone.

Turner, J. D., was a lone star as "biggest bluff," his vote nearly equalling Mish's as "biggest liar."

The cadet who shows the greatest fondness for professors was found to be Corell. Almond, who was heralded by his backers as a wonder and record breaker, made a rather poor second.

Among the fifty-four candidates for "growley snatcher," Glenn stood first, with Barnes second. An honor, indeed.

As "most sleepy headed cadet," Pack laid all rivals low. We hope he will awake long enough to rejoice over his victory.

O'Shaughnessy is honored by the title of "most intellectual cadet," with W. P. Tams as his close second.

Whitmore is the "freshest rat," and it is to be hoped that he will be dealt with in the same manner as his predecessors.
“Hoo! Hoo! Taking indicator cards on pilot of locomotive and ——”

“Who burned out that (d)ammeter?”

“Come here, Doc.”
"Make twenty inspections—that is, not exactly twenty—maybe nineteen, maybe twenty-one, etc., etc."

"I've got 'em on my list."
Wanted to Know

Why "Big Mac" was detailed for duty downtown?
Why the Colonel and Staff moved out of their quarters?
Why "Wee" was kicked out of the Home of the Orient?
Why White, F. L., didn't get off at Lynchburg.
Why "D. O." didn't report "every man that was in it?"
Why Joe Steele prefers swimming at night?
Why Anderson, W. A., took vaseline for lâ-grippe?
The address of the director of the "Submarine Band?"
Why the minor majors were late at (1 a. m.) dress parade?
Why Davidson, H. L., doesn't wear a mackintosh while on O. D.?
What "Military" meant by the "Ideas of March?"
Whether Poe's theory of hypnotism is superior to Moschetti's.
What Rev. Groseclose thinks of the Staff?
Why "Fish" didn't win the hurdle?
FAREWELL

Not in the spirit write we,
As we wrote our "greeting" proud;
But with a tear-dimmed sight we
Pen these lines and sigh aloud.
Now old College we must leave you
And the happy years behind;
May we never, never grieve you
In the battle with our kins.

Thou hast taught us many lessons,
And we take them all to heart—
All the things we learned from comrades,
All the things we learned from art.
Oh! how many are thy teachings,
And how potently they tell
On the workings and the teachings
Of the soul—but now farewell.

Larger is the life and broader
That we enter manfully;
Stretches far the world before us,
And we go with thoughts of thee.
We shall fight for the ideal,
And the vision that leads on,
And shall spurn what is not real,
Though we live and die alone.

Though of all the words the saddest
Is now mixing with our hope,
We have faith, believing all things
To the fearless bosom 'ope.
Shines the glorious sun before us,
Memory rings the college bell,
Blue spreads heaven's beauty o'er us—
Alma Mater, fare thee well.
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