From the Library of
Carol M. Newman
A Pipe Dream
Published Annually by the Corps of Cadets of the
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Dedicated by the Students
of the
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
To the Memory of

Col. William Macfarland Patton,
Distinguished as an educator, engineer, author; honored as patriot and citizen; beloved as a man whose generosity was equalled only by his honesty; whose courage was surpassed only by his tenderness; and in whose heart gentle courtesy reigned as undisputed queen of all his virtues.
Colonel Patton.

Colonel William MacFarland Patton was born in Richmond, Virginia, August 22nd, 1845, and died in New York City, May 26, 1905, being the youngest of a family of nine children, consisting of eight sons and one daughter.

His father was John M. Patton, a leading member of the Virginia bar and a member of the lower house of Congress from the Richmond District; his mother was Miss Margaret Williams of Culpeper.

He, and three brothers, John M., George S., and W. Tazewell, were educated at the Virginia Military Institute; the latter three were colonels in the Confederate States Army, Geo. S. being killed at Malvern Hill, and the last named in Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg.

The subject of this sketch was educated in private schools until he entered the V. M. I. in 1862; he was with the battalion at the battle of New Market; resumed his studies at the V. M. I. in 1867 and graduated with the degree of E. M. and C. E. in 1869.

In 1869 Colonel Patton went to Spanish America where he remained until 1873, engaged in engineering work, chiefly in Cuba, San Domingo and Central America and this varied experience contributed greatly to his future ability.

He became adjunct Professor of Civil Engineering at the V. M. I. in 1873, full Professor in 1874 and as such was commissioned by the Governor as a Colonel of the State Militia, remaining in this position until 1882.

In 1875, Colonel Patton married Miss Annie G. Jordan of Lexington, daughter of the late Samuel F. Jordan of Rockbridge County.

From 1882 to 1887 he was engaged in such important work as the construction of the B. & O. bridge across the Susquehanna river at Havre de Grace, Maryland; construction of the Point Pleasant bridge across the Ohio river at Point Pleasant, West Virginia, and was engineer in charge of bridges across the Schuykill, Warrior, Tombigbee and Mobile rivers. During this period he was chief engineer of the Mobile and Birmingham and the Louisville, St. Louis and Texas Railways.

He was re-appointed to the chair of Civil Engineering at the V. M. I. in 1887 remaining there until 1889.

During the period from 1889 to 1896, his chief work was the writing of his two books: A Practical Treatise on Foundations and a Treatise on Civil Engineering; The former appearing in 1893 and taking rank with the very best works of its kind in Engineering Literature, is given a place, by most engineers, in the Ideal Library of Engineers and commands the unqualified approval of such eminent authorities as the Trautwines and others.

The preface to the great work, A Treatise on Civil Engineering, was written in July 1894; this work is an excellent volume, consisting of nearly 1700 pages of the most valuable information on all branches of the profession, and although primarily intended to be used as a book of reference yet it has been adopted as a text-
book in many colleges and universities filling a long-felt want in Engineering Literature; namely a work on Civil Engineering; that would cover the subject in one volume, and as such, it stands to-day without an equal in America.

After using this book both as a text-book and as a work of reference for some five years, the writer often finds himself completely surprised by the discovery of valuable information that he had not supposed it contained. Finally, it is an Encyclopedia of Civil Engineering, taking each subject, dealing with it in a more lucid way than does Rankine himself, and furnishing an almost exhaustless source of study and of investigation.

During a part of the period, 1889 to 1898, or from 1894 to 1896 he was a consulting engineer in the city of Chicago, and, as such, did some work in connection with the Chicago Drainage Canal.

In 1896 Colonel Patton was called to the chair of Civil Engineering at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, which position he filled at the time of his death, having been Dean of the Department of Engineering since the time of the creation of this office in 1904.

He left in the publishers' hands at the time of his death a text-book on Civil Engineering, condensed from his Treatise on Civil Engineering also the manuscript for a revised edition of his Treatise on Foundations, besides having in his own possession a valuable collection of data to be used in the writing of a handbook on Civil Engineering.

His last practical work was the installation of the Bluefield, W. Va. sewer system. He was also called into consultation in regard to the design of the gas plant at Dubuque, Iowa and directed the work on the water supply and roads for the Sweetbriar Institute.

In conclusion we cannot refrain from quoting from the special orders issued by Dr. McBryde, at the time of Col. Patton's death:

"He was a man of exceptional ability, an accomplished engineer of wide and varied experience, a successful author and great teacher, having but few equals and no superiors in his own chosen field of work in this country.

"Admired and valued by his friends for his lovable disposition, his high character and fine judgment, and beloved by his students, his death 'brings a sense of deep personal bereavement to us all. His loss to the college is irreparable.'"

His body attended by deputations from the Faculty, from the corps as a whole, from the students in his individual Department at the V. P. I., and escorted by the entire Faculty and Corps of Cadets of the V. M. I. in line and by many of the Faculty and students of Washington and Lee University as well as by a great concourse of the friends who have known and loved him, was laid to rest in the historic old town of Lexington, Va., close beside the monument of his ideal commander "Stonewall Jackson," and in sight of the walls of his Alma Mater, the V. M. I.

His soul in its ennobling influences still lingers in the halls and about the grounds of the V. P. I. to uplift, to strengthen, to encourage high aspiration and lofty endeavor in the professors and students alike for years to come.
In offering you this little book
We feel some honest pride
In knowing that wherever you look,
You'll see how hard we've tried
To make it pleasing to the eye,
And interesting to thee throughout;
That we have tried, you can't deny,
Tho we have often failed no doubt.
To the Final Girl, with her skirts all awhirl,
And eke to our own college lassie;
To the faculty grim that's death on him
Who'd make the Bugle "sassy,"
To the Visiting Board, with wisdom stored;
To our friends in the Legislature;
To Alumni, too—how we envy you
And the honor that awaits you!
To the Junior grand (he owns the land),
To the Sophomore complacent,
To the timid "Rat," who fears the cat,
Nor loves to be to "bay" sent;
To our readers all, both great and small,
Met before, or whom were just meeting,
With bow profound that sweeps the ground,
We hereby give our Greeting.
YELL:

Hokie! Hokie, Hokie, Hi!
Tecks! Tecks, V P I
Sola Rex! Sola Rah
Polytechs-Virginia
Rae! Ri! V P I.
One, two, three, four,
Two, four, three, four.
Who in the hell are we for?

V! P! I!
chart
The Bugle Call

The Bugle notes break the quivering air
To waves of grace and beauty,
But every sweet melodious sound
Is but a call to duty.

At morn the sun climbs over the hills—
A blast, bold, loud and free,
Awakes the soldier to his work—
It is the Reveille

To each and every daily task
Are certain bugle calls,
As welcome or unwelcome sound
On the listening ear it falls.

It cheers us to our daily food,
And, as the setting sun
Goes slowly down behind the clouds,
Proclaims that day is done.

The monotony of camp is o'er,
Our Bugle-call to-day
Denotes the hour for us to depart—
We march—and march away.

And now we stand with muscles braced,
And wait for life's sweet story,
For a Bugle-call to sound again
The charge for death or glory.

And may each call to life's great work,
Inspiring hopes and fears,
Sound sweetly as those Bugle notes
Fall on a soldier's ears.
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MARGARET SPENCER, Secretary to President.

MAUDE NEEDHAM, Clerk to Executive Department.

VIRGINIA M. PAYTON, Stenographer to Commandant.

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and J. M. KILLIAN, Chaplains.
Class of 1906

Colors
Maroon and White

Yell
Rickety! Rickety! hullabaloo!
Tip! Boom! Hip-de-do!
Can they beat us? Nixey nix!
We're the boys of naughty six!

Officers
A. D. Williams ........................................... President
T. H. Wood ................................................. Vice President
P. Hoffman .................................................. Secretary
H. H. Ferrell ............................................... Treasurer
E. A. Morris ............................................... Sergeant-at-Arms
J. W. Grandy .............................................. Historian
BERNARD GUTHRIE ANDERSON

FARMVILLE, VA.

Horticulture

Captain, Company "B"

Treasurer Horticultural Club, '04-'05;
Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '05-'06; Presi-
dent B. F. C. Club, '05-'06; Vice-
President Horticultural Club, '05-'06.

"He is a military animal, glorious in gunpowder and
horse parade."

CEACIL CHARLES ASHTON

CHICAGO, ILL.

Electrical Engineering

Private, Company "C"

Class Football Team, '05-'06.

"Thus saith an unimportant thing in such a solemn
way."
ALBERTO BELTRAN
Oviedo, Spain.
Electrical Engineering
Private Company "F"
German Club

"And dreams of castles in Spain, that wave before the half shut eyes."

ARTHUR VAUGHAN BISHOP
Riner, Va.
General Science
First Lieutenant, Ordnance Staff

"Trust me, you'll find a heart of truth within this rough outside."
GARNETT BLOCKSIDE
Pulaski, Va.
Electrical Engineering
Second Lieutenant, Company “A”
"Short of stature, long of head."

EDWARD BOOTH
Ellenville, N. Y.
Mechanical Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Company “C”
(Retired)
Class Baseball Team ’04-’05
"Who seeketh, and will not take, when once he offered shall never find it more."
ROBERT DORSEY BRIDGES
Leesburg, Va.

Civil Engineering

Private, Company "A"

Secretary and Treasurer Maury Literary Society, ’04-’05; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, ’05-’06; President L. F. C. Club, ’05-’06; Vice-President Tennis, ’05-’06; German Club.

"It is better to have loved and lost,
Than to have never loved at all."

JAMES HUBBERT BROCE
Blacksburg, Va.

Horticulture

Private, Company "E"

"Shall, I like a hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell?"
JOHN BARRY CARY
RICHMOND, VA.
Civil Engineering
Private, Company "A"
Class Baseball Team, '04-'05; Fraternity Club; Literary Editor Bugle, 1906; German Club.

RANDOLPH PRESTON COCKE
BON AIR, VA.
Agriculture
Private, Company "E"
Vice-President Chesterfield Club, '05-'06.
"The tongue which never reveals."
GASTON HENRY COULON
Thibodeaux, La.
Electrical Engineering
Private, Company "E"
"Je Crie Louisiana
Mais j'aimerai Virginie."

JOAQUIN DE LA COVA
Mechanical Engineering
Private, Artillery
Class Treasurer, '02-'03; Assistant Manager Football Team, '04-'05; Vice-President German Club, '04-'04; Captain Class Baseball Team, '04-'05; Manager Junior-Senior, '04-'05; Vice-President Mechanical Engineers' Club, '05-'06; Leader German Club, '05-'06.

"A Cuban by birth, an American by adoption, and a Virginian by choice."
GEORGE HAMILTON CUNNINGHAM
CULPEPER, VA.

Mechanical Engineering
First Lieutenant, Company "E"

Class Football Team, '04-'05; Varsity Football Team, '05-'06; Vice-President Delmar Club, '05-'06; Sergeant-at-Arms Mechanical Engineers' Club, '05-'06; German Club.

"It is fine to have a giant's strength."

GEORGE MICAJAH DAVIS
LYNCHBURG, VA.

Electrical Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Band
Art Editor Bugle, 1906.
RICHARD LEE DAVIS, JR.
Newport News, Va.
Civil Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Company "E"
Sergeant-at-Arms Hampton Roads Club, '02-'03; Vice-President Hampton Roads Club, '05-'06; Secretary and Treasurer Civil Engineers' Club, '05-'06.

"What! who! a lion's den!"
"Ah, no, they've enged poor Dick."

PERCY ALPHIN DEACON
LEXINGTON, VA.
Electrical Engineering
Private, Artillery
Class Football Team, '04-'05; '05-'06; Vice-President Rockbridge Club, '05-'06.

"Short, and round, and somewhat fat,
But a man's a man for a' that."
JAMES DENMAN
Ellenville, N. Y.
Civil Engineering
First Lieutenant, Company "B"
President Civil Engineers' Club, '05-'06; Vice-President Cosmopolitan Club, '05-'06; Class Representative Va. Tech. '05-'06; Assistant Business Manager Bugle, 1906.

ALFRED WASHINGTON DRINKARD
Appomattox, Va.
Horticulture
Private, Company "C"
Sergeant-at-Arms Maury Literary Society, '04-'05; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, '05-'06.

"A man of few words; he spends one-half of his time attending to his own business and the other half in letting other people's alone."
HENRY HASKINS FERRELL
CHASE CITY, VA.
Civil Engineering
Second Lieutenant, Company "C"
President Mecklenburg Club, '05-'06; Class Treasurer, '05-'06; German Club.
"With graceful steps he strikes the street
And smiles on all the melancholy crowd."

HENRY CHARLES FROEHLING
RICHMOND, VA.
Applied Chemistry
Private, Company "F"
Sergeant-at-Arms Richmond Club, '02-'03; Vice-President Richmond Club, '02-'04; President Richmond Club, '04-'05; Captain Class Football Team, '03-'04; Class Football Team, '04-'05; '05-'06; All Class Football Team, '04-'05; Captain Class Football Team, '03-'04; Vice-President Tennis Club, '03-'04; German Club.
"A rolling stone gathers no moss."
RALPH JEROME FROST
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Electrical Engineering
Private, Company "E"
"He could distinguish and divide a hair
Twice South and Northern side."

LAURENCE MARYE FUQUA
CHESTER, VA.
Mechanical Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Staff
Treasurer Maury Literary Society, '04-
'05; Secretary Chesterfield Club, '04-
'05; President Chesterfield Club, '05-
'06.
"Job's patient plant and waiting eye
Were doubtless due to such as I."
TAYLOR GARNETT
Mathews, Va.
Electrical Engineering
Private, Company "F"
Class Football Team, '05-'06; Secretary and Treasurer German Club, '05-'06.
"Far from the land of girls he has known,
He 'trips the light fantastic toe-shine."

EDMUND HARRISON GIBSON
Richmond, Va.
Civil Engineering
Private, Company "D"
Class Baseball Team, '03-'03-'04; Captain Second Baseball Team, '03-'04; Varsity Baseball Team, '04-'05.
"What a beautiful reliance on
Providence doth he manifest."
THOMAS DE SHIELDS GILES
Natchez, Miss.
Civil Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Staff, and adjutant
Second Battalion
Treasurer Cosmopolitan Club, '04-'05;
President Cosmopolitan Club, '05-'06;
Manager Class Baseball Team, '04-'05;
Vice-President Civil Engineers' Club,
'05-'06; Assistant Business Manager
Bugle, 1906; German Club.

HENRY GAINES GOODMAN
Louisa, Va.
Electrical Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Staff
Secretary and Treasurer Electrical En-
gineers' Club, '05-'06; Secretary and
Treasurer Tennis Club, '05-'06; Class
Baseball Team, '04-'06.
"He gladly takes the Miller's Staff."

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JOHN WALTON GRANDY, JR.
NORFOLK, VA.

Horticulture

Third Lieutenant, Company "C"

Secretary Norfolk-Portsmouth Club, '03-'04; Captain Class Football Team, '04-'05; Glee Club, '04-'05, '05-'06; Editor in Chief Gray Jacket, '05-'06; Business Manager Gray Jacket, '05-'06; Critic Maury Literary Society, '05-'06; Class Historian, '05-'06; Bugle Historian, 1906; Vice-President Maury Literary Society '05-'06.

ALBERT WESTON GRANT
ANAPOLIS, MD.

Mechanical Engineering

Private, Company "F"

Class Football Team, '04-'05; Second Varsity Football Team, '05-'06; Leader Senior German, '05-'06; German Club.

"All Saint without—all devil within."
ALEXANDER BARCLAY GUIGON
JR.
RICHMOND, VA.
Civil Engineering
Private, Company “E”
German Club

“With heavy heart deplores that
hallowed hour of peace.”

THOMAS JAMES HARRIS
WAKEFIELD, VA.
Civil Engineering
President of the Wakefield Club ’06.

“Conceived by Sol.”
CHARLES FLOYD HENDERSON

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

Electrical Engineering
Private Band.
German Club

"Oh! I am too old to sleep with Pa."

ROBERT ROY HENLEY

NORFOLK, VA.

Applied Chemistry
Captain and Regimental Adjutant

Class Historian, '04-'05; Secretary and Treasurer Norfolk-Portsmouth Club, '04-'05; President Norfolk-Portsmouth Club, '05-'06; Historian Delmar Club, '05-'06; Literary Editor Bugle, 1906.
THOMAS DUNCAN HOBART, JR.
Roanoke, Va.

Electrical Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Band

Vice-President Roanoke Club, '04-'05; President Roanoke Club, '05-'06; Leader Junior-Senior German, '04-'05; Advertising Editor Bugle, 1906; German Club.

PAUL HOFFMAN
Woodstock, Va.

Electrical Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Company "A"

Class Secretary, '05-'06; German Club.

"Hail fellow, well met."
RALEIGH HORTENSTINE
Arlington, Va.
Civil Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Company "B"
Secretary and Treasurer Washington County Club, '04-'05; President Washington County Club, '05-'06.
"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

FRANK MOON HUMPHREY
Paxton, Va.
Horticulture
Third Lieutenant, Artillery
Class Football Team, '03-'04; Class Football Team, '04-'05; Sergeant-at-Arms L. F. C. Club, '03-'04; President L. F. C. Club, '04-'05; Treasurer Horticulture Club, '04-'05; Glee Club, '04-'05-'06; German Club.
If a horse you should hire
That you can't ride well,
Just send him to Frank,
And he'll ride him to b——.
CLAUDE PEGUES HUNTER
Ruthe Glen, Va.
Civil Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Company "D"
"One crowded hour of glorious life."
"I alone—Wake me not."

MORRIS HUNTER
Ruthe Glen, Va.
Electrical Engineering
Private, Company "B"
"I never knew so young a body
with so old a head."
THOMAS BARKSDALE HUTCHESON
Agriculture
Private, Company "A"
Treasurer Charlotte County Club, '04-'05; President Charlotte County Club, '05-'06; President Agriculture Club, '05-'06.
"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."

BERNARD DAXON HYNES
Elgin, Ill.
Civil Engineering
Private, Artillery
Varsity Football Team, '04-'05, '05-'06; Gold Medal for Bravery, Science Hall Fire, '04-'05; Sergeant-at-Arms: Cosmopolitan Club, '04-'05. All Southern Football Team, '05-'06.
"Love to one, friendship to a few, Good will to all."
GEORGE PERCY JACKSON
Fentress, Va.
Electrical Engineering
First Lieutenant, Company "C"
"To form as delicate, as soft a skin,
So fair in feature, as smooth his chin,
Quite to unman him, needs but this,
Put him in skirts and he is a perfect miss."

WARWICK RINER JEWEL
Christiansburg, Va.
Civil Engineering
Private, Company "E"
"I have caught my heavenly jewel."
BERNARD HEWETT KYLE
Buffalo Station, Va.
Preparatory Medicine
First Lieutenant, Company "D"
Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society, '04-'05; Literary Editor of GRAY JACKET, '05-'06; Secretary Delmar Club, '05-'06; President Medical Club, '05-'06; German Club.
"He never, no never, was known to say 'damn.'"

FRED WADDY LEATHERBURY
Eastville, Va.
Civil Engineering
Private, Company "F"
German Club
"Our drink shall be water bright,
Sparkling with glce,
The gift of our God, and the drink
Of the fine."
SAMUEL HUNT LEE
Bedford Springs, Va.
Electrical Engineering
Captain, Company "D"
Class Baseball Team, '02-'03; Varsity Baseball Team, '03-'04, '04-'05; Vice-President Class, '04-'05; President Class, '04-'05; Vice-President Bedford Club, '04-'05; President Bedford Club, '05-'06; Assistant Treasurer Athletic Association, '05-'06; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '05-'06; Captain Varsity Baseball Team, '05-'06.
"Saber as a judge."

FRANK MCKAY LUCAS
Childress, Va.
Mechanical Engineering
Private, Company "A"
President Montgomery County Club, '05-'06; Class Football Team, '05-'06.
"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."
WILLIAM EDWARD MECKS
Chemistry
First Lieutenant, Artillery
Second Varsity Baseball Team, '02-'03;
Varsity Baseball Team, '04-'05, '05-'06;
Class Baseball Team, '05-'06;
Secretary Maury Literary Society,
's05-'06; Sergeant-at-Arms Nelson
County Club, '02-'03; President Nelson
County Club, '03-'04.

"Holy Scriptures 602, 'Blessed are the meek'
But your Meekness is not the kind the angels seek."
WILLIAM TRIPLETT MONTAGUE
NEW YORK, N.Y.
Mechanical Engineering
Private, Company "B"
Class Baseball Team, '03-'04, '04-'05; Second Varsity Football Team, '03-'04; Captain Second Varsity Football Team, '04-'05; Assistant Manager Varsity Baseball Team, '04-'05; Class Football Team, '05-'06; Vice-President Richmond Club, '04-'05; President Richmond Club, '05-'06; President Mechanical Engineers Club, '05-'06; President German Club, '05-'06; President Senior German '05-'06.

"Are you not he
That frights the village maid."

CHARLES HENRY MOOREFIELD
CRYSTAL HILL, VA.
Civil Engineering
Second Lieutenant, Staff
Class Secretary, '04-'05; Class Football Team, '04-'05. Advertising Editor Bugle 1906.
EDWARD ARMSTRONG MORRIS
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

Electrical Engineering.
Second Lieutenant, Artillery
Class Sergeant-at-Arms, '04-'05, '05-'06;
President Electrical Engineers' Club,
'05-'06; Class Football Team, '05-'06.
Morris, Morris,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Captain, Captain,
Ha! Ha! Ha!

GEORGE WATSON MORRIS, JR.
POINDEXTER, VA.

Electrical Engineering
Private, Company "P"
Class Baseball Team, '04-'05.
"These legs, oh, those legs!"
EDWARD MADISON McCULLOCH
Bluefield, W. Va.
Agriculture
First Lieutenant, Band
Sergeant-at-Arms Agriculture Club, '04-'05; President West Virginia, '05-'06.

"A dandy man is not the sort
Who most bewitchingly enthralls;
But it is better to have loved a short
Than never to have loved at all."

MILTON MERCER NEALE
Bowler's Wharf, Va.
Civil Engineering
Second Lieutenant, Company "D"
President Rappahannock Valley Club, '05-'06; German Club.

"He who seeketh to be eminent
Among able men hath a great task."
CHESTER WHITE OGDEN
Berryville, Va.
Civil Engineering
Second Lieutenant, Band
Treasurer L. F. C. Club, '04-'05; Vice-President L. F. C. Club, '05-'06; Class Baseball Team, '04-'05; German Club.

"My heart leaped up when I beheld a /r00."

WILLIAM BOWEN OGLESBY
Draper, Va.
Agriculture
Private, Company "D"
Secretary and Treasurer Agriculture Club, '03-'04; Secretary and Treasurer Tennis Club, '04-'05; Class Football Team, '04-'05; Treasurer Wythe County Club, '04-'05; Manager Class Football Team, '05-'06; President Tennis Club, '05-'06; President Wythe County Club, '05-'06; German Club; Secretary and Treasurer Senior German, '05-'06.

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny."
RICHARD MARIOTT OSTERLOH
RICHMOND, VA.

Electrical Engineering

Private, Company "A"

Class Football Team, '04-'05, '05-'06;
German Club.

"A failure, but not a dunce;
A German, but not a Jew;
Futile and vastness of care.
Energetic and lazy too."

WILLIAM LUDWELL OWEN
TURBEVILLE, VA.

Agriculture

Private, Company "B"

Critic Maury Literary Society, '04-'05;
Manager Class Baseball Team, '04-'05;
Associate Editor Bugle, '04-'05; Class
Football Team, '05-'06; Class represen-
tative to Athletic Association, '05-
'06; Vice-President Athletic Association,
'05-'06; Member Executive Council
Athletic Association, '05-'06; Presi-
dent Maury Literary Society, '05-'06;
Final Invitation Committee, '05-'06;
Editor in Chief Bugle, 1906; German Club.
RICHARD TURNER PRATT
Port Royal, Va.

Agriculture

Second Lieutenant, Company "E"

Secretary and Treasurer McGuire's School, Club, '04-'05; Vice-President Rappahannock Valley Club, '05-'06.

"He keeps his courage screwed up to the sticking point."

WILLIAM BELTON PRINCE
Newsoms, Va.

Electrical Engineering

Private, Company "F"

Class Football Team, '05-'06.

"To be happy is not the purpose for which you are placed in this world."
JOHN DALRYMPLE ROGERS
LEXINGTON, VA.
Mechanical Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Company "D" (Retired)
Vice-President Rockbridge Club, '04-'05; Vice-President Mechanical Engineers' Club, '05-'06; German Club.

"A noisy child, but very kind."

WILLIAM RUEGER, JR.
RICHMOND, VA.
Mechanical Engineering
Private, Company "A"
Vice-President Class, '03-'04; Va. Tech. Representative, '04-'05; German Club.

"Would that this too--too solid flesh would melt."
JAMES LEVENTHORPE SANBORN
Buena Vista, Va.

Electrical Engineering
Private, Company "D"

Secretary and Treasurer Rockbridge Club, '03-'04; Vice-President Rockbridge Club, '04-'05; President Rockbridge Club, '05-'06; Class Baseball Team, '04-'05; Class Football Team, '05-'06; German Club.

"A mischief-making monkey from his birth."

THOMAS WALKER SAUNDERS
Rocky Mount, Va.

Private, Company "A"

Mechanical Engineering

"He is with us again for a time."

56
CHARLES MARTIN SCHAEFER
Lynchburg, Va.

Electrical Engineering
First Lieutenant, Company "A"

"He's good at mathematics,
Can do mean any sum;
Fond on graphic optics,
And stuck on chewing gum."

SAMUEL VENABLE SEDDON
Richmond, Va.

Mechanical Engineering
Private, Company "D"

"I am the man I've been looking for!"
CHARLES DABNEY SNEAD  
Lynchburg, Va.  
Civil Engineering  
Captain, Company "A"  
Vice-President Camera Club, '04-'05;  
President Lynchburg Club, '05-'06;  
President Camera Club, '05-'06;  
Art Editor BULLE, 1906; German Club.

ROBERT TYLER STAPLES  
Harrisonburg, Va.  
Electrical Engineering  
Third Lieutenant, Staff.  
"Fate rush in, it hath been said,  
Where angels oft with caution tread."
ROBERT GREENWOOD SUGDEN
HAMPTON, VA.

Mechanical Engineering

Captain, Artillery

Sergeant-at-Arms Hampton Roads Club '03-'04; Secretary and Treasurer-Hampton Roads Club, '04-'05; President Hampton Roads Club, '05-'06; Treasurer Mechanical Engineers' Club, '05-'06; Class Football Team, '04-'05; All Class Football Team, '04-'05; Manager Varsity Baseball Team, '05-'06.

"And every being thrills and sings;
And sings, 'Oh, why can't I?"

ALFRED WILSON TAYLOR
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Agriculture

Second Lieutenant Artillery, Chief Marshall Finals, '04-'05; Glee Club, '04-'05; Fraternity Club; Critic Maury Literary Society, '05-'06; Exchange Editor, Gray Jacket, '05-'06; Literary Editor, Bugle, 1906; German Club.
EDWARD HOOKER TAYLOR
Greenville, S.C.
Civil Engineering
Captain, Band
Vice-President South Carolina Club, '04-'05; President South Carolina Club, '05-'06.

"A man that can't sing and will sing should be sent to sing-sing."

WILLIAM FRANK TIFTON
Hillsville, Va.
Civil Engineering
Captain, Quarter Master, Staff

"Subject to attacks of love and ridicule."
HARRY A. TREADWELL
ELGIN, ILL.
Civil Engineering
Private, Artillery
Varsity Football Team, '04-'05, '05-'06
Sergeant-at-Arms Cosmopolitan Club, '05-'06.

"Work has been the making of me."

EDWARD CARTER TURNER
FAQUIER, VA.
Agriculture
Second Lieutenant, Company "B"
Treasurer Agriculture Club, '04-'05.

"And in a pipe delightful."
REID ARNOLD TURNER
Lynch's Station, Va.
Civil Engineering
First Lieutenant, Company "F"
Sergeant-at-Arms Campbell County Club, '05-'06; President Campbell County Club, '05-'06; Class Football Team, '05-'06.

"Do I vie the world this vale of tears?
Ah, reverence sir, not I."

JOHN KENT WHITE
Waynesboro, Va.
Electrical Engineering
Private, Band
President Augusta County Club, '05 '06.

"Many things have I invented."
HERBERT CLINTON WHITEHURST
RICHMOND, VA.

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant, Company "F"

Assistant Manager Varsity Baseball Team, '04-'05; Class Baseball Team, '04-'05; Business Manager Bugle, 1906; Final Invitation Committee, '05-'06; German Club.

EMERSON OWEN WHITESIDE
KEYSVILLE, VA.

Civil Engineering

Private, Company "E"

Sergeant-at-Arms Charlotte County Club '04-'05; Vice-President Charlotte County, '05-'06.

"Here keeping yonks have ever homely wins."
HENRY WHITESIDE
Keysville, Va.
Mechanical Engineering
Private, Company "C"
Treasurer Charlotte County Club, '05-'06.
"There is a gift beyond the reach of art,
That of being eloquently silent."

ALFHEUS DANIEL WILLIAMS
Culpeper, Va.
Civil Engineering
Captain, Company "F"
Class Treasurer, '04-'05; Class Football Team, '04-'05, '05-'06; Class Baseball Team, '04-'05; President Culpeper Club, '04-'05; Arbitration Committee, '04-'05; Class President, '05-'06; President Athletic Association, '05-'06; Manager Varsity Football Team, '05-'06; Lyceum Committee Y. M. C. A., '05-'06; Delegate Y. M. C. A. Convention, Nashville, '05-'06; Member Auditing Committee Athletic Association, '05-'06; Executive Council Athletic Association, '05-'06; Final Invitation Committee, '05-'06; German Club.
"May we all travel through the world
and now it think with friendship."
HENRY HARRISON WILSON
RICHMOND, VA.
Civil Engineering
Third Lieutenant, Staff
President A. Y. Club, ’05-’06; German Club.

"Why be idle when one can find work."

THEOPHILUS HUGH WOOD
PRIDDY’S, VA.
Preparatory Medicine
Captain, Company “C”
Mouse Baseball Team, ’02-’03; Sharpshooters Medal, ’03-’04; Class Baseball Team, ’04-’05, ’05-’06; All Class Baseball Team, ’04-’05; Secretary Agriculture Club, ’04-’05; Treasurer Albemarle Club, ’04-’05; Vice-President Agriculture Club, ’05-’06; Business Department Va. Tech, ’04-’05; Class Vice-President, ’05-’06; Vice-President Medical Club, ’05-’06; President Albemarle Club, ’05-’06; President Delmar Club, ’05-’06.

As long as Liddell’s Dog,
That leaned his head against the wall to bark.”
RUFUS JOHNSON WYSOR

DUBLIN, VA.

Applied Chemistry

Captain, Company "E"

Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '04-'05; President Y. M. C. A., '05-'06; President Pulaski Club, '04-'05; Treasurer Delmar Club, '05-'06. Class Vice-President, '04-'05.

"He never drinks or smokes or swears,
And if Heaven is won by fervent prayers,
He'll get there; leaving behind his other ears."

Sarah T. Bushell.
MONUMENT TO '96 CLASS.

ERECTED IN THE MEMORY OF DEPARTED JUNIORS, DECEASED OCTOBER 26.
History

By the thirteenth of September, nineteen hundred and two, there was collected on the campus of V. P. I. as heterogeneous a crowd as the sun had ever shone upon. And who composed this crowd? They were those who four years thence were to constitute the Senior Class of 1906; but who at present were just entering upon the joys of "Ratdom."

We are positive that the majority of our readers possess an intimate and sufficient knowledge of the pleasures of "Ratdom;" however, for the benefit of those who have never experienced a sojourn in this delightful stage, we shall recite a few of our experiences.

Soon after alighting from the hack, we were met by an eager mob of those who had passed through this phase of life, and who were desirous of conducting us through the same. For the purpose of becoming better acquainted with us, they plied us with such questions as: "Who are you?" "Where are you from?" "Who you know I know?" "Can you whistle, sing or dance?" These and other questions having been answered to the (dis)satisfaction of all, we were conducted amidst much rejoicing on our part (?) to the barracks where we were taught how to describe an angle of ninety degrees, to root a penny out of a bowl, to sing a laundry list to the tune of "Home Sweet Home," to catch a flaming bucket
dropped from a fourth story window, and, we shall not mention others. We were given a thorough course in "Domestic Economy," reference to which is not found in the catalogue. (This course covers a multitude of tribulations.)

While the greater portion of our freshman year was spent in attending to the wants of the 'Old Boys', we still found time for other things, which were more beneficial to us, such as attending classes and military formations.

Then too, there was a foot-ball team to which we furnished a goodly share of warriors, while those of us who could not battle for the V. P. I. upon the gridiron, did not fail to breathe many prayful petitions to "Bovine" in hopes that he would most kindly lend victory to our deserving team. (Bovine, Selah)

After foot-ball season, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Intermediates came in rapid succession, all of which brought many joys, especially the latter, which scattered many II's among us.

Two of our men, Rose and Tinsley, made names for themselves on the 'Varsity base-ball team.

June, the time scheduled for the postponed snow battle came, but great was our joy that it brought no snow with it. So the freshman class of nineteen-six came to an end, being one of the few classes of V. P. I. that never fought a snow battle.

CHAPTER II

The fall of '03 found us again among the "classic" shades of V. P. I., where we resumed our pursuit of wisdom and took upon ourselves: the agreeable task of instructing the new arrivals in their varied duties. At this time many of our class-mates first experienced the delight of drilling, instructing and commanding the new cadets, who seemed to think that no greater military geniuses had ever existed than the "corps" of nineteen-six. Yet these "corps" did not fail to make mistakes; some of which bordered on the ludicrous, as was well shown when one of the brightest of them, instructed his squad to hold their feet at an angle of three hundred and sixty degrees, and later on, while drilling them in extended order, gave the command—"Right Face! March!"'

This was the year that V. P. I. first played Annapolis, defeating them by the decisive score of 11 to 0. North Carolina also went down in defeat before our mighty team, but, as heretofore. Virginia's management proved too much for us, debarring Carpenter from the game, thus accomplishing our defeat, for our team without him was like a ship without a rudder. Our class was well represented on the squad, furnishing the following men: Brent Montague, Lewis, Harlan, Tinsley, Hodgson, Ainsley, Byrd, Beale, and Harris.

After returning from the Christmas holidays and safely weathering the storm of intermediates, we allowed our thoughts to dwell at length upon the enjoyable
times, which we expected to have at the great exposition in St. Louis. Not only were our minds filled with such thoughts, but our time was well occupied, in preparation for this mighty event, by special drills. Nevertheless, owing to the heavy rains, while in St. Louis we were denied the opportunity of exhibiting our well-acquired skill in arms.

Those who had the pleasure of accompanying our corps on this trip, and the honor of dining with us in our magnificently appointed dining-hall, will never forget the shy, beautiful, and tidy Western waitresses as they called, in siren-like voices, "Kah-fe."

Much to the regret of everyone our stay of a week drew rapidly to a close, and we again returned to Blacksburg to enjoy the many pleasures of Commencement.

CHAPTER III

There is a great difference between riding in an open hack across the hills of Montgomery County exposed to a biting September sou'wester, and in riding in well-appointed coaches drawn by a tooting, chugging, panting locomotive over the selfsame hills, and under the same conditions of weather. This was our joyful experience upon returning to V. P. I. at the beginning of our Junior year. The appearance of the new, shining, well-equipped "Huckleberry" met our startled gaze as we alighted from that dirty old N. & W. We were soon seated in this wonderful train, and slowly, yet surely, conveyed to Blacksburg, V. P. I., Joy, and Trouble.

Long before the class as a whole reached Blacksburg, foot-ball practice had begun, for the boys had been hard at work since the first of September. On the squad we found several new men, Hynes, Treadwell, and "Yummy" Harris, who entered our class, and later proved honored and trusted classmates.

The classes this year manifested a great interest in foot-ball; as a result every class had a capable and hardy eleven. Many of the class games proved very interesting, especially those occurring during the absences of the Varsity. Our class team was composed of the following men: Williams, Vega, Cunningham, Sugden, Moorefield, Grant, Oglesby, Ligon, Osterloh, McChesney, and Grandy (Capt.) who won their right to wear '06 by hard and earnest endeavor.

A school has often been referred to as a "Fountain." Now, the students are of necessity the drawers of water and the Faculty, for a consideration, supply and direct the flow of water. This year, soon after the foot-ball season, this particular set of water drawers had some trouble with the water source. One of our classmates became mixed up in the "Fountain" while interfering with the source of supply. We, his fellow riders on the water-wagon, endeavored to extract him from his predicament. However, the Faculty objected, wishing to leave him sub-
merged and forgotten. As a result of the failure of our attempts, we decided not
to draw any more water from this old "Fountain"—we left. Soon however, on
finding that other "Fountains" were pretty well surrounded by consumers, we
were forced to return and "take more water."

The Science Hall, one of our most necessary and thoroughly equipped buildings,
was destroyed by fire on the night of February the twenty-second, nineteen-hun-
dred and five. The students worked hard to save this and the adjacent buildings,
but were successful however, only in preventing the fire from spreading to No. 4
Barracks.

Our baseball team was one of the best ever turned out here, but, owing to a
series of accidents, its record was not so good as we had expected. Bruce Timsley,
"Judge" Lee, "Gibbie," Meeks and Harris were worthy representatives of our
class on the 'Varsity nine.

Commencement week with all its gaieties was soon here. The day of the sham
battie was especially memorable, for was it not on this day that the campus
V. P. I. was crowded to its utmost capacity with the dwellers from the hills—
Radfordites, and the inhabitants of that beloved city—Roanoke? Then there
was the Junior-Senior German, and who that took part in that festive occasion
can ever forget its joyful intoxications?

Commencement was soon at an end, and with hearts full of anticipation for a
pleasant summer, and for success during the following session, we left V. P. I.
not to return until three months of a pleasant and much needed vacation
should have passed.

CHAPTER IV.

In the fall of nineteen-hundred and five we returned for the last year's work at
V. P. I., determined to make this the most enjoyable as well as the most
profitable of our college career. We found several changes, especially in the
Faculty, for Col. R. A. Marr was now at the head of the Engineering Department,
having succeeded the late Col. Patton one of our most honored and beloved pro-
fessors. Prof. Holden, of the University of Wisconsin, had been given charge of
the S. L. Rockologists and has not failed to lead them over rugged and rocky
paths.

This proved the most glorious foot-ball season that the College has ever seen,
for we are now the Champions of the South. Many were the teams that went
down before the impetuous onslaught of our mole-clad warriors. For did not
that mighty eleven of the North—West Point, that aggressive team of the South
—North Carolina, and that "Aggregation by reputation shady" of our own
dear state—University of Virginia, realize the over-powering might of an all-
conquering team? Echoes from a thousand rooters answer "YES," while our
eyes turn with pride to V. P. I.—359 Opponents—24. ‘Naughty six furnished Hynes, Treadwell, Lewis (Capt.) Cunningham and Harlan to the ‘Varsity, and Hynes and Lewis to the All-Southern.

It was during this session, that the College Glee Club was firmly established as a College institution under the efficient leadership of I rof. Abbot, and the year also marked the establishment of a track team at V. P. I., both of which were much needed. Our class furnished its full share of men to both organizations.

Immediately after Christmas our class became divided into three distinct clans—Yodelers, Yodel-Busters, and Nonparticipants. The Yodelers, dwelling upon the Alpine Heights of “2nd C” were subjected to frequent attacks from the fierce Yodel-Busters, and though the Yodel song frequently rang out upon the chilly mountain air, still many were the heads taken.

Fossil hunting was also introduced and many of our classmates acquired great ability in this direction, indeed, the attendance at Reveille showed a marked increase owing to the desire of Seniors to obtain the much sought-for fossils. Many seemed to have explicit confidence in the old saw—“The early bird catches the worm.”

* Spring finds us very much interested in baseball. “Judge” Lee, '06, Captain of the team, has a hard task before him in that he had only raw material and up to the present has little help in breaking it in. Yet we all feel confident that our Classmate will turn out a winning team, for which he will deserve the gratitude of the entire corps.

There being three terms this year, instead of the former two, there is much less time between drinks, examinations coming at more frequent intervals, and so we are kept busy swallowing the large doses kindly dealt out to us by our interested professors.

Our College career is rapidly approaching its close, and we soon shall have shaken hands with many of our classmates for the last time. V. P. I. has done much for us, half of which we do not realize. In the future, memories of our College days will serve as an inspiration for renewed effort, and so it should be the aim of each one of us to preserve associations with our Alma Mater, as a first step towards which, let us all be at the Class Reunion in Jamestown in 1907.

Historian.
Class of 1907

COLORS
Blue and White

OFFICERS:

H. H. Varner .................................................. President
J. H. Wilson .................................................. Vice-President
W. P. Boatwright ................................. Secretary
W. L. Branch .................................................. Treasurer
H. M. Kerfoot ........................................ Sergeant-at-Arms
N. Cory ........................................................ Historian
Members of the Junior Class

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The Student Farmer

Here's to the student farmer, fresh from the unturned sod,
Eager for seeds of learning to fill his empty pod.

He hit the trail of knowledge on a warm, bright autumn day,
And went to a technical college, to learn the modern way.

The first frail branch of science at which he had a try,
Was mechanics of the trunk line, and the bucket on the fly.

Then he got his military in regulation style;
A few tattoos upon his pants increased his stock of guile.

He boned on "craps," and "management," and math., both plain and hard
But when results were posted up, he found he wasn't "starred."

He also studied breeds of stock, and judgment of the same,
And when he got inside the mess, he showed he knew the game;

For his appetite was rural, in the worst sense of the word,
And the amount of food that he could eat has never yet been heard.

When he went up against the Dutch, it put him right in bed;
He murmured sadly, "Surely, such is only for the dead."

Upon his entomology he worked both night and day,
Chasing specimens all night within his humble "hay."

At last unto his Senior year he came in very fact,
And "ologies," both great and small, upon his head were packed.

He made out rations for the cow that stood within the stall,
Insecticides of every kind upon her hide let fall;

But when she died he only sighed and held a post exam,
For he had studied microbes according to Koch's plan.

At length the final day arrived; he woke from four years' sleep.
And stepped upon the platform; and seized his side of sheep;

Then asked himself "What can I do to earn my daily bread?"
"I'll not go to the West," cried he, for I have heard it said

That the Indian smoking his pipe of peace, is rapidly passing away,
But the Irishman smoking his piece of pipe has surely come to stay,

So I'll hie me down near Norfolk town, and, raising 'murphies' for Pat,
I'll settle down upon the ground and soon get rich and fat."

A. W. TAYLOR, '06.
Class of 1908

Colors
Orange and Black

Officers
R. McBurney ................................................. President
L. F. Schroeder ............................................. Vice-President
C. E. Diffendal ............................................. Secretary
W. K. Yonge ................................................. Treasurer
R. C. Scott ................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms
J. H. Harvell ................................................ Historian
Members of Sophomore Class

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Our Absent President

COMMENCEMENT Season and Commencement Joys! How eagerly at the beginning of Senior Year do we look forward to the ending of our scholastic labors, to the grasping of that well-earned diploma! As we anticipate that day we seem to see the world at our feet awaiting our triumphant entrance into manhood's estate and our future assured success, and everything is rosy and the future no uncertainty. But the sadness that lies so near the surface at this eventful time, and the sudden realization—it may be only dim—of what life and its responsibilities mean, first come home to many a heart, perhaps, as his name is called and he stands for the last time with his comrades to receive that diploma which now means to him the severance—it may be final—from scenes and friendships dear to him through the four long years of college life; and many a bright eye has dimmed with sudden tears, as our loved President has spoken those earnest, touching words of God speed and Farewell. Simple in manner, unpretentious in oratory, yet chaste and beautiful in substance they came from the heart of an earnest man looking with pity and affection upon the manly young faces before him, so soon to enter for themselves the stern arena of life. The farewell to the graduating class from Dr. McBrayne has always been one of the most beautiful and touching events of Commencement. Since 1862 every Senior Class leaving the V. P. I. has had the memory of these earnest and helpful words to incite him to a noble life even while they brought present sadness to check the flush of Commencement pride. Our class, the class of 1906, is the first to break the chain, and as we contemplate going forth without this last farewell from our President, our hearts silently go out to him in that far-off isle under the Tropic skies, where he lingers in search of health and strength, and we join in earnest hope and prayer for his welfare as we sadly leave the halls and grounds that stand as a monument to his energy and ability, and to a life devoted to the betterment of young men.
FRESHMEN.
Class of 1909

Colors
Old Gold and Purple

Officers

J. C. Walker ........................................ President
R. P. Noland ........................................ Vice-President
M. H. H. Eoff ........................................ Treasurer
J. R. Sheppard ....................................... Secretary
F. H. Rogers ........................................ Sergeant-at-Arms
### Members of Freshman Class

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The Tale of a Rat

Now, this is a tale as was told to me
By the Captain of Company “A”;
As truthful a pirut as ever I see
Who had never sailed the Bay.

A Rat wunst arrived, so the Capting, he said,
With a good six foot of height;
His legs was bent and his head was red,
But his eyes was sharp and bright.

He fust was beheld, so the Adjutant said,
At the bend, a walkin’ the track.
And steppin’ along with a keerful tread,
With his trunk strapped to his back.

He wrote out his name, so the Registrar said,
With a few pothooks and a dash,
The Principal asked him th’ ambitions he fed,
And he spoke up with a flash—,

“I’ve come here to git my noodle filled up,
And to force my legs out straight,
To try me a fling at the foot-ball cup,
And to gin’ rally git up to date.

“I’ve lived in the woods till that’s bark on my shins,
I’ve et raw meat till I’m sad;
I’ve paddled in creeks till I’m chock full of fins.
And I’ve got more scales than a shad.

“So gimme a desk and gimme a book,
And a coat buttoned up to the chin.
And d’rect me jest three times a day to the cook.
And I’m then all right to begin.”

He got down to business, the Commandant said,
With his forefingers right on the seams;
He j’ined the Artillery, his colors was red,
And his baptismal name it was Jeems.
He come out one evenin', the head coach said,
And he loafed way out on the lines;
But fin'ly they got him his jacket to shed,
And he took a few twists at their spines.

He caught a half back, so the Doctor-man said,
And he shoved him waist deep in the ground,
And while the spectators still looked on with dread,
He pawed up the earth all around.

He played all the season, the Manager said,
And he wounded and killed 'em galore;
Whenever the afternoon papers was read,
It was Jeems that had piled up the score.

He stuck to the Battery, the Records will show,
From reveille clear down to taps;
And when he at last packed up his trunk to go,
He was wearing two bars on his straps.

"He was a fine fellow," the President said,
As he ladled out to him his dip;
"His brain has grabbed hold the knowledge we fed
Like a turtle that's once got a grip."

"His legs have grown straight," so the Tailor has said,
And his chist is just forty and five:
That's famine around when his appetite's whet,
For he literally eats 'em alive.

"'Now, some men are born,"' a Philosopher lows,
With their heads brimmin' over with brains;
While others must git 'em by all sorts of rows,
And by scratches and bruises and sprains."

Hampton, Virginia, March 10, 1906.

John Weymouth.
IT was early in November and the day for the great game. A vast crowd had assembled, and the grand stand and bleachers surged with life and color. Smart runabouts drove up bringing eager couples laden with pennants and gay with fluttering ribbons, some for the 'Varsity, some for the Institute, each confident of victory. The teams were on the field indulging in that preliminary practice which, like the tuning of the instrument prior to an orchestra’s burst of music, is so wearing to the spectators, who await with anxious anticipation for the active hostilities. Rival cheers were rending the air, the opposing rooters vicing with each other in lustiness; and the more ambitious among them composing appropriate parodies to be sung along the line. They lauded their own eleven in expressive terms, attributing to them all virtue and strength, while they stripped their opponents of the skill necessary for Jack Straws.

Suddenly the referee’s whistle sounded out, and as the game was called, a belated trap, bright with the 'Varsity colors, dashed up, Bob Cranston jumped out, and assisted his companion, Anne Lomax, to the ground. They quickly sought the grand stand and having found their seats, became at once absorbed in the game which was now waging full tilt.

Anne was a pretty girl. Her dark lashes, and fringed hazel eyes, were at once serious and mocking, her straight, patrician nose was set above a small mouth with red, arching lips, and her hair was a riot of golden curls. When she had been the ‘littlest’ girl in the primer class, the bad boys, who used her ringlets as instruments of torture, had derisively termed them red, but the same time joy of those bad little boys was now their despair, for Miss Lomax’s coiffure was irresistible.

Bob was desperately in love with her, as were half the men on the campus and as he sat drinking in her beauty, watching her dancing eyes and merry mouth, his face sobered, and he felt that he could not wait for the night which
was to bring him his answer. He had adored Anne Lomax for two years, but her moods were so changing he had not dared put his fate to test, and the June before Anne had gone to the sea shore and met the other man, an Institute Senior, who was even now before them on the gridiron working hard for the colors he loved.

A wild cheer, coming from thousands of jubilant throats, aroused him from his reveries, and he returned regretfully from his castle building, to find the first half over and the score six to nothing in favor of the Institute. Anne, in her eagerness, had dropped her 'Varsity colors and was clapping vigorously for the elated rivals.

"Anne," he said in a low, hurt tone, "the six is against us." She blushed, looking up at him with startled eyes.

"Yes, I know, but—Bobby they worked so gloriously for it."

He wondered dully if that was the only reason for the applause, while she, forgetting his pained look, clapped on for brave and skillful men, who had put to rout, on their home field, the 'Varsity eleven.

As the cheering subsided, Anne glanced searchingly down the field. Her look was rewarded by the sight of a man with a tall, spare figure, who emerged from the general melee of hand-shakings and congratulations, and securing a sweater from a near by bench again joined his companions. Her heart suddenly began to beat faster, and half angrily she put her hand up as though to stop it. For why, thought she, should her heart quicken at the sight of a man who was less than nothing to her? True, they had been friends, they had even been lovers, but that was long ago. Her mind went back to those dear June days by the water. She thought of the merry sails they had sailed together, of the wild gallops down the beach, the moon-lit walks, always together, of that golden day Billy had told her. Life would not be worth living without her, and of that miserable evening when he had come to say good-bye. She had been cross, he indifferent, and they had ruthlessly torn down their Love Idol, denied its existence, and all had come to an end. A lump rose in her throat as she remembered they were dreams, dreams to be buried and forgotten for Bobby Cranston had this morning asked her to be his wife, and she had all but said yes, begging him to wait until she could look on Billy once more and be sure he no longer held her heart. And now at the sight of him she forgot the man beside her, she forgot that she wore his violets, held his colors, forgot everything save that Billy was fighting grimly for the victory that would mean so much to the Institute, and that she wished desperately he would win. Suddenly she realized that the second half was about to begin, and turning to Cranston, she said,

"'Bobby I don't believe you have been paying a bit of attention to the game. Do rouse yourself and help me discriminate between a punt and a drop-kick, and to keep the score."

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"I am afraid we are not interested in the same scores," he answered meaningly.

"Why, silly, there is no choice. A foot-ball game isn't like a milliner's shop, they don't send one a half dozen scores to select from," she returned flippantly, wondering if he had guessed her thoughts.

As the game progressed they became silent, watching each play intently. The Varsity was fighting hard, but the elusive runners, the impregnable defence and superb interference of the Institute could not be withstood, the lungs of the winning roosters were in jeopardy, as cheer upon cheer filled the air, while their rivals betrayed with silent throats and saddened eyes, the sorrow they felt, at this defeat. With a glad light in her eyes, which belied the longing in her heart, Anne cried impulsively, "Bobby you have to cheer for those heroes."

"No," he answered sadly, "they are robbers. I am afraid they have stolen the two things I cherish mostly." "Really," said Anne with feigned surprise, "and I wonder what they may be. But come," she added quickly, "it is high time we were off. We are dining early this evening, and after dinner you know you are coming to—to—"

"Yes," he said, "I know."

And a great wave of anger surged over him at the man who stood between him and this dainty creature, and made his answer to-night so uncertain.

As they drove home Anne's mind was a chaos of questions. Did he still care? Would he be glad if she knew that she had renounced the college of her father and brothers and this dear Bobby man who loved her so, to champion the cause of his Alma Mater? Would his love be stronger than his pride, and would he come to-night? If he wasn't there before nine it would be too late, for she had promised Bobby his answer then and no one should ever suspect that she was in love with a man who ignored her. But Oh! if he would come before. If he would forget her harsh words and remember only their happy hours together. But what if he had ceased to care? What if there was another girl? Ah! she thought, how sad it is to have the joy taken out of life when one is so young and not bad looking! And she sighed gently as they drew up at her gate.

"I'll be back at nine," said Bobby, with a drawn look around his mouth and eyes.

"Yes Bobby, and I have had a lovely time and—and Bobby," she faltered for she knew how it hurt this great, earnest boy before her. "I—I—really Bobby you are heap nicer than I am and you—"

"Oh! Anne, don't," he broke in, "let me hope as long as I can." And turning quickly he jumped into the trap and drove off.

As she dressed for dinner that evening, carefully donning her most becoming gown, she tried unsuccessfully to reason herself into a proper state of indifference towards Billy, and to bring her pride to the rescue. But her pains had not the desired fruition, for when she descended to the dining-room she was distraite and
preoccupied, and found it impossible to join in the family's lamentations over the result of the game. She was glad when dinner was over, and she could escape her brother's taunts, which struck so much deeper than he knew. Why indeed, thought she bitterly, should her patriotism to the Varsity suddenly wane? What grounds had she for her lack of resentment against a college which had crushed her brother's fondest hope? And leaving the dining-room she sought the solitude of the parlor.

As she sat at the piano, unconsciously fingering out mournful little melodies, she felt that Billy must hear the whirling of her brain and the tumultuous beating of her heart, and come. She glanced at the clock. It was half after eight. One short little thirty minutes of grace. She pulled herself up sharply and began playing Rubinstein's "Melodie in F". Her heart was not in the music, but she kept resolutely on to the end, wondering why it was wrong to die when one could live. For she realized more fully with each minute that Billy was her life. She tried to keep her eyes from the clock, but the ticking was so insistent that it beat into her brain and seemed to say in a mocking little voice, "He's not coming, he's not coming," until she could stand it no longer and with a defiant turn of her head she looked her tormentor full in the face. Five minutes to nine! Yes, the voice was right. He was not coming, and at the thought her heart stood still, then gave a bound and seemed determined to escape. It danced and fluttered, and jumped into her throat and choked her.

"You might as well stop that, Sir Heart" she murmured, "for you can't get out though you are nothing but a sham. The soul of you is gone." But the heart was not of a logical turn, and so would not be reasoned with. So Anne left the piano, and going to the long window threw it wide open. She could still hear the voice of the clock, and as she stepped out upon the porch, it sounded nine. The frosty air had cooled her somewhat, and she counted the strokes with preternatural calm. As they ceased she re-entered the room with her head high and her mouth set fixedly. She could hear Bobby's quick tread up the walk, and she stood waiting for him, prepared to give him the answer that he wanted so much. As he came in through the window, she half turned, and, with a tired little smile, extended her hand in an impulsive gesture of tenderness. He crossed quickly to where she stood and with an inarticulate cry gathered her in his arms.

"Darling" he murmured, "you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? Why-OH! Billy" she screamed, "it's you."

And with a little sob, she put her head back on his shoulder, and in their amazing gladness they failed to hear the other swift steps which came to the window, and receded slowly as though all aim had been taken from them. "S. S. S."
"Drive me to the Como Apartments," said Brookman, as he stepped hastily into the waiting carriage, it was an interesting day in Brookman's career, unlike anything that he had ever experienced before. He sat very erect on the leather seat, buttoning and unbuttoning his gloves, which were new and spotlessly white. He felt hastily in his pocket; a frenzy seized him. His fingers encountered a long white paper; then he smiled; no, it was there. His heart beats were deep and heavy like a plummet. To make the agony short, he was on his way to be married. The carriage stopped.

"Como Apartments," called out the stupid cabby, indifferent to human happiness and woe, alike.

"I'll run up myself and see if Scott is reading," said the man to himself, "dear, old absent-minded galoot, to leave the ring on the chiffonier." The handsome apartment building was brilliantly illuminated, but he saw no one as he mounted
No one of your longue élèves mistook I've stood enough of dark, yet leaves it as a straight and Verson was the agin the chest. I cried... I'm wedding time. O you—the stopped at the cool moment of Jewels... This as stupid. Some spots; so far, so passing... I was loss—youse from him. Those spots. So far as passing... my certainty in his door. Let me loose, it is time now. You downed pool—man I on my way to be married. Small is my best man...

When does, who do you think I am?

Well, dear, who do you think I am...

Long door...

Down watch at a chain de week. Above an iron chips of money. Down! I'll explain...

The room was a frame around. I press explain this. This until...

This so. I'm blind a process of units let reach you. In look one such—You...

How are you. And then. How are you. This. The room explained indefinably...

I do furnish over the path...

When are you...

We are you...

When are you...

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Her door open.
like er engine spittin sparks. Doan yer dare mobe—suh
I means hit, while I touches dis button. Us had de
techtie heah fur a week waitin fur yer, ebber since de
diamonds shipped las week."

The negro backed to an electric button, the revolver lev-
eled upon Brookman. A glance at the clock showed that
the minute for the ceremony had arrived.

"God!" he exclaimed, the perspiration starting on his
face.

"Doan talk erbout Him now, he doan countenance trick
—littins; He gwine to look de ooder way."

"O—you infernal"—the pistol clicked.

"Doan deal out yer dope so careless boss, I ain't so per-
ticular about so many crimps on yer v'cabulary."

Brookman glared at him.

"Look here I'll give you ten dollars if you will let me out
of here, my wedding is five minutes overdue now. — O my
God what do they think of me?" He pictured the beauti-
ful bride waiting, impatient, uncertain at the church door;
the crowd of curious spectators; the whispering conversa-
tions among the bridal party.

"You doan shrivel me up with no stout
talk—I'm a sticker, I ain't even de kin
ob cole feet dat leabes de gran stan in de
ninth innin ob a losin game, when der is
two out a a hole in de stick. W'en
my sides awinnin I stays to holler. Now
I got de lever on yer, I ain't agoin to lose my Charlie. Doan yer mobe—please
suh—dish blame ting came mighty nig h bustin yer den."

A great sigh escaped the tortured man, he was twelve minutes overdue.

"Ten dollars huh," sniffed the negro. "Ain't I done bin promised twenty-
five for dis job."

"'I make mine thirty," sighed the prisoner. The negro gave a good raw laugh.

"Haw, haw, yer fits de prescription exactly; tall—slick black hair and must-
tache—drest in ebenin rags. Mahred shucks. Marse Scott is gwinteny larf
hissel sick ober dat weddin."

The door was opened hastily and in walked a detective, followed by a bulbous
nose policeman.

"Hyar he be Marse 'ective. I cincehed 'im in de very act ob liftin' Marse
Scott's jewelry."
"Now my fellow, make no resistance," called the policeman in a stentorian voice. "we know your kind and have been on the lookout for you."

Brookman began speaking hastily and gesticulating wildly.

"Here this'll knock your teeth into your blamed throat if you open your mouth."

"But I—but—"

"Didn't I tell, you no wind jammin, you jest shut up," bawled the rough Irishman.

"Maybe he's trying to explain about them diamonds," said the detective sarcastically.

"Let me explain—I'll—I'll—" Brookman jerked himself loose from the officer, his hand raised angrily. He lay on the floor, an ugly mark on his head from which the dark blood trickled in a tiny stream. But he knew nothing until he awoke later in the station house, heard Scott's kind voice asking soothingly.

"Poor fellow, poor Jack—are you better?"

Poor Jack sprang to his feet, but a bit unsteadily.

"Leonore, my God, man, where is she?"

"Here, calm yourself old man, this is a terrible—a frightful mistake. Now brace up, it's only forty minutes delayed; we will go presently."

"No—my God— now."

"Have you a razor, Scott?"

"Yes, sure—at home, why?"

"Lend it to me?"

"Of course. What are you figuring on?" Brookman had taken out a memorandum and a pencil.

"I'm taking that janitor's measurement for the remnant counter."

"Trinity Church."

"Called the cabbie.

"I'll make sausage meat of that stupid Janitor."

"Leonore, where—"

"O she's all right, they are at the Church now, brace up—"

P. P. Poor.
SON

SON was very tired and Oh! so lonesome. You can’t ever tell how lonesome Son could get. It seemed as if Daddy would never come. Son called him Jerry, sometimes, because his mother did. At least he called him Jerry the times he didn’t call him Daddy. It was his very, very own name for his father, and Daddy seemed to like it for some reason better than Jerry. His mother said he was old-fashioned. Son wondered at the time what old-fashioned meant, and he wondered if he would ever be old-fashioned, if he would ever grow big enough and grand enough and serious enough to be old-fashioned. He hoped he would. Son thought it must be a pretty nice thing to be old-fashioned, if it meant to be like Daddy. Son told that to his mother and then he wondered why those funny lines came around her mouth. But then she was busy reading a letter that she kissed when she had finished. Maybe he bothered her. Son didn’t think he would care to be bothered if he was reading a letter he liked well enough to kiss.

Son thought there must be lots of people who wrote letters to her she liked for she got a great many of them that she kissed. And some of these she would cry over and hug just like mothers did little children in picture books. Son would look in wonder at the tears that were lying on the pretty pink cheeks. Son asked her once why she was crying and she told him because she was happy. Son thought that was the silliest thing. Why should one cry because one was happy?

Son felt in his diminutive pocket for something that crackled. He pulled it very carefully out. He eyed it closely. It was an envelope that smelled like his mother’s dress did last Christmas, when she kissed him that time Dad brought him a diamond necklace to give her.

There was something written on it in his mother’s pretty dashing handwriting. Son couldn’t read it but he knew it was for Dad because she told him so, and she told him to be sure and give it to him. Gee, suppose he should lose it. He jammed it back in his pocket seeming to realize that the only way to lose it from there was to take off his coat. Son wandered about the house like a little lost phantom child. Poor Son, who was learning to be a dreamer through loneliness.

It began to grow dusky. Son’s sense of responsibility was beginning to weigh heavily upon him. He had taken out the letter and stared at it in the same gloomy fashion at least ten times in the last half hour, and the rest of the time he had kept his pudgy little fist clasped tight over the pocket wherein it rested.

He was dirty, unkempt and forlorn. The servants had all congregated in the kitchen and he could hear them gossiping. At least Son supposed that was what they were doing. That was what Dad said they did whenever they got together. Pet didn’t pay enough attention to them to care. Son always called his mother
Pet because his father did. Dear Daddy whose hair was almost grey, was ever so much older than Pet, and then, too, because well, because you see Pet, she didn’t like to be called mother.

Why didn’t Daddy come? He struggled down to the hall and sat on the bottom step to wait. He felt for the letter. Son wondered if Daddy would kiss it and cry over it, or if he would just kiss it or just cry over it.

The dusk crept up, and by and by the corners got so big and black that Son was afraid, and he cried. And then in a minute he realized that he was experiencing the wild delights of actually crying over a letter. Of course he did not know what was in it, but it was fun to pretend he did, and he tried to squeeze out a few more drops, but after a while he got tired and put his head down on his arm and went to sleep with the letter clutched tight in his hand.

He was awakened by the rattle of the latch key in the door.

Daddy! His head flew up with a jerk. The door opened and a gust of damp wind blew Daddy’s big figure in. He slammed the door and Son flew at him as only sons can, and Daddy took him up in his arms and tickled him and kissed him as only Daddies can. Then he put him down to take off his coat.

“Well, well, well, Son,” he said, and in some way his cheery voice brightened every dark corner in the hall for Son. “Where’s the light?”

“I dunno?” said Son.

“Where’s Pet?”

“She’s gone out.”

“I didn’t know she was to dine out tonight.”

“She went out with Captain Travers.”

“Oh!”

Daddy was making for his den.

“Can I come too, Dad? I’m so lonesome,” said Son pitifully.

Dad’s big comforting hand found Son’s little one in the dark and held it tight.

“Come along Son.” he said with a little quiver in his voice. “I’m lonesome too.”

They went in to the den and Dad switched on the light. Then Son remembered his trust.

“Pet, she left you a letter, Daddy.”

“A letter. With a ‘phone in the house.”

“Yes, and I was to be sure and to give it to you.”

Son pulled it forth proudly, at least he was proud of it until he saw it. Then he was very much ashamed. It was dirty and thumb marked from his frequent reading, and it was crumpled and tear stained. But Daddy did not seem to notice it and if he did it was all right. They were Son’s thumb marks and tear stains, and it was Son’s dirt and crumples so it did not matter to Daddy.

Daddy was standing by the table when he opened it. Son watched him with round eyes to see whether he would kiss or cry over it. He did neither. He stood and stared at it. What in the world was the matter with Daddy?
Son wondered why he had never noticed how white Dad's face was before. Then something startled Son. He had never heard anything like it before, and he looked around to see where it came from. It was Daddy.

"My God! O my God!" he said hoarsely. Twice he said it just like that, and he was shaking all over, just like Son did when he was cold. The letter was shut up tight in his hand.

"Jerry, why Jerry, what's the matter?"

Daddy did not answer. He strode across the room and rang the bell sharply. Son wondered why he kept his back turned when James came. "Order the carriage, James," he said, and it did not sound like Daddy's voice at all. "At once and I am not to be disturbed."

James went away and Son was frightened. He had never seen Daddy like this before. He read the letter again; then sank in a chair with his head in his hands. Son could not bear to see him suffer so. He edged up to Daddy.

"Brace up Jerry and be a man," he said. They were almost the first words he had learned to say, taught him by naughty Pet, and they had never failed before to bring a laugh from Dad. But now Dad gave the funniest little groan, and did not pay any attention to him. Maybe he did not hear him. Son was scared and his voice was quavery, but he gave him a playful little thump on the ribs.

"Cheer up Jerry and be a man," he said again.

Dad raised a strange sad face. He drew Son gently to him. He idly opened the little hand that would have been like a crumpled rose leaf if it hadn't been so dirty.

"I could forgive anything," he said slowly, "if she only hadn't made him do it. If it had been any other than this little fist that struck that blow."

"Why Daddy," said Son half reproachfully, half penitently. "Did I hurt you when I hit you then? I didn't mean to."

Daddy pushed him roughly away.

"No, Son, no," he said, "it was not your fault. It was not hers. It was mine. All, all mine. What a blind ignorant fool I have been. I might have known. She is so young, boy, and I am already an old man. An old, old man that has been living in a fool's paradise. But O my Pet, my Pet, how can I bear it?"

And then what was Daddy doing? Without a word of warning, he broke down and cried. Son looked about a moment helplessly. He did not know what to do. He forgave Dad for pushing him away. You see, Dad, well, he was not quite himself tonight. Then Son tiptoed to the doorway. He would watch there and if anyone came he would not let them in until Dad had dried his eyes at least. He would not even look somehow, he did not believe that Daddy would like people to know he cried. He crouched in the doorway, and by and by when Dad looked up and saw him there a spasm of pain crossed his face and he held on his arms hungrily.

"Come here, boy," he cried. "Don't you be afraid of me and turn against me. You are all I have left. Son, my Son, and I am all you have out of the wreck."
Son cuddled quietly in his arms. Dad sat still for a long time, but Son could feel the tumult of sobs that shook him inwardly, and down deep in his childish heart he seemed to have a glimmer of realization as to what terrible things are the tears of men. After a while Dad spoke: "You are too little to understand, Son," he said in a grave sort of way. "But I must tell you some of it. Pet, boy, has gone away and left us two together. Just you and me. You haven't any mother, Son, and I haven't any sweetheart. She was so much to me, Son, and she has gone away forever. You must help me to get used to it and not to miss her. She,—she couldn't love an old chap like me or be happy with me. It wasn't natural, I guess, and so she has gone away with some one younger——with my best friend, Travers, to try and find a little happiness." "Why Daddy," said Son with an effort to comfort, though his lips would tremble. Daddy's voice was so awful, awful sad. "Don't you worry. She just loves Captain Travers. She told me so herself, and just squeezed my hand when she said it. And he will love her and be good to her, just like you were too. I know he will. Why, he kissed her just beautiful in the hall to-day. I think he is such a nice man. Maybe he will bring her to see us some time."

Son stopped because Daddy gave such a quivering sigh. It was almost as if Son had hurt him.

"No, no," he said, holding him close, "you are too young, but some day you will know, you will understand. God, yes, Son you will know." He threw the letter in the fire he always insisted on having and after that the room was still. Son was sure he couldn't see what it was all about, or why Daddy should care so much. Outside, he could hear the occasional stamp of the waiting horses. Dad seemed to have forgotten utterly that he had ordered the carriage. Son dropped off to sleep. When he awoke it was with a strange start. The room was oppressively still. Such a funny kind of stillness. The fire on the hearthstone had indeed gone out, and among the ashes was the letter that Son could not read or understand but would some day. A strange fear possessed Son. Of what, he did not know. The bright light and the sudden awakening in an unaccustomed place at an unaccustomed time had more terrors for him than darkness would have had. He was afraid to breathe. "Daddy," he said softly. Daddy did not answer. He waited a moment, then;

"Daddy," again. Still no answer. His little hand crept up, up across the broad shoulder, across the collar, across Dad's rough cheek. The fire must have been out a long time, Dad was so cold. Such an awful funny kind of cold. Son was afraid to look up or move. "Daddy, Daddy." It was the first time that Daddy had ever been deaf to his voice. A noise in the doorway, and then Son looked:

She was standing there, her suitcase in her hand, and penitence on her face. Son seemed to read an awful truth in her startled eyes. He raised himself slowly and gravely and looked at Dad.

Daddy's head was bowed. Daddy's eyes were closed. Yes, and Daddy's heart was broken.

Mary Blake Woodson.
Literary Contributors

Mary Woodson .................. Lucy Bowles
Jennie Hughes .................. Dave Henning
John Weymouth ................. J. W. Grandy
Louis O'Shaugnessy ............. A. W. Taylor
Mrs. M. D. Day ................ C. H. Moorefield
Mrs. P. P. Poore ............... T. P. Campbell
R. R. Henley
Good Hard Common Sense in Civil Engineering

A—Drama From Life.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

_Dramatis Personae._

Col. R. A. M., Prof. of Civil Engineering and Dean in charge.
Dick.     \_ A pair.
Gibby.    \_ John Barry, and Tom and other illustrious young civil engineers.

_One Act only._

_One Scene only._

A lecture room, very comfortable, and permeated by sleep-inviting breezes.

Enter Col. M.—Class is seated and the lecture is turned on, John Barry snoring an accompaniment.

_Col. M._ Mr. Cary, of all the different forms of bridges with which you are familiar, which do you consider the least expensive for short spans?

_John Barry_ (with eyes still closed.) The Natural Bridge, Sir.

_Col. M._ (dissatisfied.) Yes, and I believe nature would construct one across the Mississippi River while you are putting a foot rail across Tom's Creek. Mr. Giles, what is meant by an ideal column?

_Tom_ (scratching his head). A column from the Va. Tech., I guess, Sir.

_Col. M._ Your stupidity is unpardonable, will you kindly guess at the lightest kind of beam now?

_Tom._ The moon beams, Sir, furnish light very conducive to romantic conversation but, I believe, Sir, that the light of the sun beams is generally considered to be the brightest.

_Col. M._ Neither of them can compare with the beams of ignorance that radiate from that head of yours.

_Davis._ Give us your conception of a traveler.

_Dick._ We are all travelers Sir, doing the journey of life.

_Col. M._ Yes, and it is greatly to be lamented that some of us are not made to take the said journey caged.

Enter Gibby. (hurries to seat overturning coal scuttle).

_Col. M._ Addresses him.

_Mr. Gibson, what kind of time do you run on?_ Gibby, "Any old time," Sir.

_Col. M._ Yes, and if you don't get rid of those trifling habits of yours, I am going to give you a hard old time. (Bell rings).

There is the drum! Now, boys, hurry on to your next class and hasten back at the end of the hour. I am anxious to continue my quiz.

_C. H. M. ‘06_
AS WE SEE THEM
General Athletic Association

Officers
A. D. Williams, ’06 .................................................. President
W. L. Owen, ’06 .................................................. Vice President
T. H. Wood, ’06 .................................................. Secretary
Prof. H. L. Price, ’07 ............................................ Treasurer
S. H. Lee, ’06 .................................................. Assistant Treasurer

Athletic Council
J. H. Gibbons, Chairman

Prof. J. B. McBride
Prof. W. H. Rashe
Dr. J. E. Williams
A. D. Williams
W. L. Owen

Faculty Committee on Athletics
Prof. S. R. Pritchard ............................................ Prof. J. B. McBride
Dr. J. E. Williams ............................................... Prof. W. H. Rashe

Prof. H. L. Price

Auditing Committee
Prof. S. R. Pritchard
James H. Gibbons

Capt. A. D. Williams

Football Department
A. D. Williams, ’06, Manager ........................................ T. W. Lewis, ’06, Captain

Baseball Department
R. G. Sugden, ’06, Manager ....................................... S. H. Lee, ’06, Captain

Track Department
C. L. Lyons, ’05, Manager ......................................... J. H. Watkins, ’07, Assistant Manager
Members of Varsity Team

Officers

T. W. Lewis............................................. Captain
A. D. Williams........................................ Manager
E. S. Sheppard........................................ Assistant Manager
C. P. Miles............................................ Coach

Team of 1905

Harlan, Full Back
Carpenter, Right Half Back
Treadwell, Left Half Back
Nutter, Quarter-Back
Stiles, Center

Stickling, Right Guard
Cunningham, Left Guard
Hydes, Right Tackle
Willson, Left Tackle
Lewis, Right End

Webber, Left End

“Suns”

Hanvey Cox Harris Hildebrand Diffendal Lawson
Record of Games of
1905

V. P. I., 86, Roanoke College 0
" 12, Cumberland University 0
" 16, West Point 6
" 56, Gallaudet College 0
" 35, University of North Carolina 6
" 11, University of Virginia 0
" 15, W. & L. University 0
" 34, S. C. College 0
" 6, Annapolis 12
" 34, V. M. I. 0

V. P. I., 305 Opponents, 24
Second Varsity Foot Ball Team

Johnson, Center
Stiles, Walker, Guards
Branch, Varner, Tackles
Shuey, Squires, Ends
Feuerstein, Quarter Back
Smith, Full Back
Hodson, Right Half Back
Grant, Left Half Back
"Subs"

Cahill, McCuen, Sandford, Huffard
J. H. GIBBON, Chairman Athletic Council.

A. D. WILLIAMS, Manager, 1923.

C. F. MILLS, Graduate (Coach) Captain, 1923.

T. W. LEWIS, Captain, Right End.
J. A. NUTTER, Quarter Back, Capt., 1906.

W. S. WEBBER, Left End.

J. C. STILES, Center.

G. H. CUNNINGHAM, Left Guard.
The public

Virginia

Va.3 Player

VIRGINIA ATHLETICS.
Who's 11 and Who's 0 on Lambeth's Field?
Base Ball Department

Officers 1906

S. H. Lee ........................................... Captain
R. G. Sugden ....................................... Manager
H. H. Varner ....................................... Assistant Manager

"V. P." Men of 1905.

Meeks
Cooper
Lee
Sheppard, E. S.

Applicants for Team of 1906

Henley
Squires
Sheppard
Danman
Hall
Carter

Powell
Whitehurst
Christian
Nutter
Jennings
Feuerstein

Boggs
Jones
Bauman
Cox
Bahren
Guy
Track Team

C. L. Lyons, '05 .................................................. Manager
J. H. Watkins, '07 ............................................. Assistant Manager
J. H. Squires, '05 ............................................. Captain

TEAM

J. H. Watkins  E. S. Sheppard  J. H. Squires
H. F. Day  R. J. Wyson  P. P. Huffard
L. E. Brown  H. T. Day  R. M. Osterloh
TENNIS
Tennis Club

Officers
W. B. Oglesby ........................................ President
R. D. Bridges ......................................... Vice-President
H. G. Goodman ...................................... Secretary and Treasurer

Members
W. W. Beverley ...................................... C. A. Houston
W. P. Boatwright ................................. F. W. Harris
P. E. Cash ............................................. J. G. Hart
T. P. Campbell ...................................... M. Hunter
C. S. Fisher ............................................ T. N. Jones
H. H. Gary ............................................. J. B. Metcalf
A. W. Grant ........................................... W. L. Owen
C. P. Hunter .......................................... P. B. Page

W. Rueger ........................................ P. L. Robeson
F. L. Shurey .......................................... J. H. Watkins
H. C. Whitehurst ................................ W. K. Yonge

165
Mr. Dooley

ON COLLEGE ATHLETICS

"Athletics be getting differ' from what it were whin I were a lad," said Mr. Dooley. "There be a gr'eat pecuIarity about th' athletics at some iv th' col-
deges in this country now days."

"An' what d'ye mane by pecuIarity?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"PecuIarity, Hennessy, me bye, manes th' differ' b'tween th' actions of dif-
fe.' pa-able an' differ' things in the wur-ld. Now, be way iv illustratin' th'
wur-ld 'pecuIarity'. I'll show ye wan iv ye own man-ny pecuIarities. Witch
han'd d'ye stir ye cup iv coffee with in the marnin', lad?"

"With me right han', iv course," said Mr. Hennessy.

"An' there y'a-are;" said Mr. Dooley, "that very act iv stirrin' ye coffee with
ye right han' be wan iv ye pecuIarities. Most pa-able stir their coffee with a
tay-spoon.

"However, that be neither here nor there; what I be sayin' were that th' way
athletics a-are conducted at some iv th' colledges be pecuIar, an' so it be. Take
f'r example th' colledges that a-are th' crookedest in their athletics; th' wans that
a-are foriver hiring pro-fessional players f'r th' tames they turn out, an' allus th'
first t' holler 'crooks', 'pro-fessionals', 'chatting', an' sich stuff whin they git bate
be an-other tane an' it's no matther t' thim if they know all th' pa-able in th'
wur-ld know th' other tane be as clane as a church faiL, or if ivry wan knows
they be a lyin' whin they say th' other tane be crooks. An' th' razin' th'
crooked gang howl 'dhirty wur-ld' so quick be that they don't want t' give th'
pa-able a chanst t' catch up with thim thmselvens, an', beside, they ra-aly think
they a-are a foolin' th' pa-able. So whinenever ye hear th' athleti 

colledge iv a colledge a yellin' that they've bin cheatod, just put it in ye poise an' smoke it
that they be also thrin' t' hide some crooked wur-ld iv their own.

"In me day and toime a man that were not legible t' play on his colledge tame
never played; his own colledge wouldn't let him do it. But it makes no differ'
ow days, an' th' wur-ld pro-fessional in th' counthry can allus git a job on some
colledge tame, an' th' wur-ld he be th' higher salary he be paid. Me frin' John
A. McCall resigned th' presidency iv th' Noo York Life Insurance Co., t' take a
higher salariad position of a colledge football tame. Rockefeller an' me cousin,
Pat Vanderbhlit, got their stharts in th' wur-ld be th' money saved f'r playin
football whin they were at Yale.

"An' so it goes on, Hennessy, year after year, each wan iv th' colledges a
thryin' t' outdo th' other, an' th' wan with th' wur-ld pro-fessionals on th' tame
accusin' ivry school that bates thim on th' levil iv dhirty wur-ld, an' all th' toime
they themselves a-are so crooked they'd steal th' wall-paper off'n th' wall if ye
didn't watch him, an' a havin' Phillydelphy Jack O'Brien an' John L. Sullivan galore a playin' on their tame undither consumed names an' drawin' pay checks that'd put Richard McCurdy t'shame. An' with all that they can't take a batin' f'r'm an'-other tame without settin' up a howl of 'dhrity wur-rk' an' man-nufacturin' lies about the character of ivry man on th' other tame. They can't un-derstand' how they can be bate, that's what hurts thim so. Oh! some iv thim be terrible, Hennessy, some iv thim holler on ivry tame that comes along. But th' charmer iv thim all f'r playin' crooks an' accusin' others, the wur-est wan in th' bunch, th' queen iv th' deck, be that University iv Virginny. In their little college-pa-spy an' th' Charlottesville Progress they spind all their toime a callin' pa-able liars, blackguards, crooks, pro-fessionals, thafes, an' th' loikes be th' score. But whin a man takes thim up an' calls their bluff they grow as polite an' accomodatin' as ye plase: they say it be a terrible mistak'tay they've made, an' they'll produce th' criminal that did it at once, but they niver do it. Oh! they're a beautifull bunch iv tin-horn sports down there. T' hear thim talk wan'd think th' intoire college, professors an' all, be about to sprout wings an' fly off angels with little halos a sittin' on th' side iv their heads. Th' University thinks they be a foolin' th' pa-able; they think they're a hidin' their own sins be howlin' agin' th' other colleges, whin, as a matther iv fact, ivry wan knows th' athletics at th' University be as crooked as a fence ra'il, an' that th' intoire tame iv theirs a-are composed iv high paid pro-fessionals an' ex-prize fighters f'r'm all th' walks iv life, a playin' by the name iv 'Smith' or 'Jones.' Oh! they be gr-reat wans, I tell ye. Ivry sayson th' iminent Dother Lambeth, known be th' title iv Medical Advisor, go's aroun' th' counthry a pickin' out his team from the collegdges where they have been playin' f'r th' past twenty or twinty seven years an' have t' leave on account iv th' old age limit, an' he sinds thim t' th' University where they play unhindered f'r about twinty more. I tell ye, Hennessy, athletics be some- thin' else there."

"But why don't they stop their dhrity wur-rk an' play loike gentlemin if they know they ain't a foolin' th' other collegdges an' th' pa-able iv th' counthry?" said Mr. Hennessy

"That's what I dun'no", answered Mr. Dooley. "It's what meself an' ivry wan else have bin a wanderin' f'r years. Maybe it's an iv th' Universities peculyarities."
The Choir

G. E. Bushnell .............................. Organist
I. T. Holt ................................. Leader

Members

Baum, J. W.
Calvert, R. A.
Cary, J. B.
Cary, N.
Hodgson, H. D.
Holt, I. T.
Isaac, L. C.
Jenkins, O. R.
Watkins, C. R.
Kell, J. W.
Lawson, E. W.
Locher, E. H.
Meyer, C. C.
Foole, R. S.
Waldrop, J. D.
Watson, M. H.

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Revised Military Regulations

1.—Any cadet officer giving less than 150 demerits in one month will be put upon honorary military duty—keeping fossils out of Commandant’s office.
2.—No new cadet will be allowed to room in barracks unless he possesses at least one well-padded uniform.
3.—Any cadet unable to withstand the ravages of the mess-hall fare will be required to board at Tutwiler’s.
4.—Any cadet of any rank whatsoever, found with a copy of Tactics in his possession will be severely demerited.
5.—All cadets are hereby urged to provide them selves with “bucksters” from home, as the last year’s demand exceeded the supply.
6.—Cadets are allowed to visit Radford once a week, provided they are chap- eoned while there by Mr. Paul Jones. Cadets must be in proper condition to return to College after three days.
7.—Cadets are urged to render all possible assistance to D. O. M. while he is preventing the entrance of kegs of beer into barracks.
8.—All cadets are advised either to use mattresses or obtain one of Marshall’s Office substitutes, as they will find the slats rather uncomfortable. New cadets should tie down their mattresses before retiring, as otherwise said mattresses may come off before morning.
9.—O. D’s are requested to jangle their swords, or else in some other way serve notice of their approach before inspecting.
10.—It is not necessary for a student to have more than one gallon of Peruna in his possession at one time. Larger amounts will be confiscated by D. O. if obtained.
11.—When sent for by Commandant, cadets otherwise engaged will kindly send their card by B. O.
12.—No cadet who cannot pass a strict physical examination will be allowed to attend sick-call. Cadets in perfect health will be excused from any duty for asking. Cadets will take no pills provided by the Surgeon unless they have them analysed beforehand (and then they will not take).
13.—Snow-battle being the most important formation of the year, any new cadet not attending will be handed over to the proper authorities.
COL. J. K. JOHNSON, Commandant

MAJOR T. G. WOOD, Assistant Commandant

LIEUT.-COL. W. M. BRODIE, Assistant Commandant
Cadet Staff

Capt. R. R. Henley, Adjutant
Capt. W. F. Tipton, Quartermaster
First-Lieut. A. V. Bishop, Ordnance
Second-Lieut. C. H. Moorefield, Ordnance
Third-Lieut. L. M. Fuqua, Ordnance
Third-Lieut. T. D. Giles, Ass't. Adjutant
Third-Lieut. H. G. Goodman, Quartermaster
Third-Lieut. H. H. Wilson (Special Duty)
Third-Lieut. R. T. Staples (Special Duty)
W. P. Boatwright, Sergeant Major
W. D. Scott, Ordnance Sergeant

Miss Creecy
Sponsor
Battery Officers

R. G. Sugden, Captain
W. E. Meeks, First Lieutenant
A. W. Taylor, Second Lieutenant
F. M. Humphrey, Third Lieutenant

SERGEANTS

F. G. Henley, First Sergeant
L. T. Downey, E. B. Fred
I. T. Holt, W. L. Branch
E. W. Lawson, (Ordnance)
W. N. Preas, (Guidon)

CORPORALS

C. H. Fisher, L. H. Carter
C. B. Walker
Company “A”

C. D. Sneed, Captain
C. M. Schaefer, First Lieutenant
G. Blockidge, Second Lieutenant
P. Hoffman, Third Lieutenant

SERGEANTS
C. M. Smith, First Sergeant
L. W. Williams H. S. Stahl
R. W. Smith J. T. L. May
C. Osborne R. A. Russell

CORPORALS
R. S. Hoffman F. H. Jordan
W. K. Yonge W. W. Beverley
Company "B"

B. G. ANDERSON, Captain
J. DENMAN, First Lieutenant
E. C. TURNER, Second Lieutenant
R. HORTENSTINE, Third Lieutenant

SERGEANTS
A. B. CARPENTER, First Sergeant
H. V. NEWCOMB    W. C. BRINGMAN
R. G. DEW       C. J. FORD
J. H. MINTON    L. H. ARMSTRONG

CORPORALS
R. P. MYERS    R. P. A. JOHNSON
R. McBURNEY    J. G. WOOD
R. C. SCOTT    H. C. BEASLEY

MISS CARTER, Sponsor
Company "C"

T. H. Wood, Captain
G. P. Jackson, First Lieutenant
H. H. Ferrell, Second Lieutenant
J. W. Grandy, Third Lieutenant

SERGEANTS
L. E. Brown, First Sergeant
J. M. Purcell          J. H. Wilson
J. T. Rogers          W. M. Hannah
E. S. Sheppard         G. S. Barnard
P. T. Bradley

CORPORALS
W. F. Hellmuth   J. H. Harvell
W. H. Jackson
Company "D"

S. H. Lee, Captain
B. H. Kyle, First Lieutenant
M. M. Neale, Second Lieutenant
C. P. Hunter, Third Lieutenant

SERGEANTS
H. V. Anderson, First Sergeant
C. B. Powell
W. B. Livesay

CORPORALS
J. M. Smith
J. W. Campbell
T. H. Eakle

A. M. Marye
C. Shumate
P. M. Creany

MISS HONEYCUT, Sponsor
Company "E"

R. J. Wysor, Captain
G. H. Cunningham, First Lieutenant
R. T. Pratt, Second Lieutenant
R. L. Davis, Third Lieutenant

SERGEANTS
F. S. Holmes, First Sergeant
L. E. Carnahan    C. D. Montague
J. R. Kirk       B. H. Wells
J. S. Wright

CORPORALS
T. O. Day       F. H. Trolinger
C. E. Sheppard  C. S. Fisher

MISS CLEMENTS, Sponsor
Company "F"

A. D. Williams, Captain
R. A. Turner, First Lieutenant
H. C. Whitehurst, Second Lieutenant
T. A. Miller, Third Lieutenant

SERGEANTS
T. J. Wright, First Sergeant
H. P. Sheppard D. R. Martin
J. H. Galt W. H. Ulrich
A. B. Johnson

CORPORALS
L. F. Schroeder C. H. Deaton
G. L. Parsons G. C. Stone
O. L. Anderson
V. P. I. Cadet Band

Major H. D. McTier, (Director)  . Solo Cornet
Major J. H. Schultz ............... First Bb Trombone
Captain L. M. Hale ............... First Bb Trombone
Captain H. H. Hill, '04 . Baritone
(Assistant Director)
Captain E. H. Taylor .............. Solo Eb Alto
Lieutenant E. M. McCulloch . Solo Bb Cornet
Lieutenant C. W. Ogden ........... Solo Bb Cornet
Lieutenant G. M. Davis ........... Solo Bb Cornet
Lieutenant T. D. Hobart .......... Bass Drum
First Sergeant F. W. Harris .... First Bb Cornet
Sergeant J. W. Old . Drum Major
Sergeant P. G. Cosby .............. Second Bb Cornet
Corporal R. S. Poole .............. Helicon Bass
Corporal L. E. Gay ................ Librarian
Corporal I. W. Leftwich

Privates

H. S. Brown .............. Second Bb Clarinet
R. R. Crosby ............. Third Bb Tenor
J. W. Carter .............. Third Eb Alto
O. R. Jenkins ............. Solo Bb Clarinet
H. G. Jordan .............. Second Bb Clarinet
R. H. Macon .............. Snare Drum
C. C. Myers .............. Eb Clarinet
J. W. McCulloch .......... Third Tenor
I. A. Olias .............. Solo Bb Cornet
C. L. Overholt ............ Second Eb Alto
H. F. Ramsaur .......... Tuba
R. H. Stratton ............ Piccolo
R. G. Wilbourn .......... First Bb Cornet
The Brainiest Cadet
MOOREFIELD
The Most College-Spirited Cadet
W. L. OWEN
The Most Popular Cadet
S. H. LEE
The Handsomest Cadet
GILES
The Best Sergeant
T. J. WRIGHT
The Best Drilled Private
A. R. BAUMAN
Greatest Lady Hater
I. W. LEFTWICH
The Most Popular Professor
DR. WILLIAMS
The Biggest Goat
W. J. GANS
The Greatest Bore
SACHS
The Laziest Cadet
BRIDGEOFORTH

The Hardest Student
WYSOR
The Most Dignified Cadet
KYLE
The Best-All-Around Cadet
A. D. WILLIAMS
The Best Officer
S. H. LEE
The Best Corporal
J. M. SMITH
Greatest Ladies Man
LOCHER
The Most Picky Cadet
A. W. GRANT
The Best-Natured Liar
C. R. WATKINS
The Biggest Kicker
A. B. GUIGNON
The Most Conceited Cadet
J. W. OLD
The Cheekiest Cadet
E. H. GIBSON
The Tighest Cadet
Shumate
The Professor Lover
Fuqua
Best-All-Round Athlete
Pete Sheppard
Cadet Most In Love
E. H. Locher
Greatest Woolwine Lover
Guigon

The Freshest Rat
Cash
The Biggest Eater
C. E. Finch—W. B. Prince, 2nd
Most Boastful Cadet
Sanford
The Biggest Loafer
Guigon
The Nerviest Cadet
Hynes
The 1906 Bugle

Board of Editors
William L. Owen, '06
Herbert C. Whitehurst, '06

Editor in Chief
Business Manager

Herbert C. Whitehurst, '06

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A. W. Taylor, '06
J. B. Cary, '06
C. B. Powell, '07
J. M. Smith, '08

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T. D. Giles, '06
James Denman, '06

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C. D. Snead, '06
G. M. Davis, '06

ADVERTISING EDITORS
C. H. Moorefield, '06
T. D. Horst, '06

HISTORIAN
J. W. Grandy, '06

BUGLE POEM

To-day, this earnest, working band
Has taken literary stand,
Entitled to all kindness at your hand.

Behind them, stretch long days of toil,
Enduring, dull and gray,—
Great men don’t spring from dragon’s teeth
Like those in Cadmus’ day—
Each man has now to work his weary way.

So these have done their very best
To give their annual place
Among the best books of its kind—
Fair may it win the race!
For saying more, there’s neither time nor space.

Jennie Hughes.
Gray Jacket

EDITORIAL STAFF

FIRST TERM

J. W. Grandy, '06..................................Editor in Chief
C. B. Powell, '07..................................Literary Editors
B. H. Kyle, '06..................................Local Editors
H. H. Varner, '07..................................Local Editors
H. S. Stahl, '07..................................Local Editors
W. C. Bringman, '07............................Athletic Editor
A. W. Taylor, '06.................................Exchange Editor
F. B. Mallery, '07.................................V. M. C. A. Editor
I. T. Holt, '07..................................Business Manager
W. P. Boatwright, '07..........................Ass't. Business Manager

SECOND TERM

W. C. Bringman, '07..................................Editor in Chief

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

J. S. Dunn, '09..................................H. S. Stahl, '07

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W. P. Boatwright, '07..................................Athletic Editor
J. W. Old, '07..................................Exchange Editor
R. P. A. Johnson, '08..................................V. M. C. A. Editor
J. W. Grandy, '06..................................Business Manager
W. H. Ulrich, '07.................................. Ass't. Business Manager

200
The Virginia "Tech

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
Devoted to college news; published weekly.

C. P. Miles, Business Manager

'Tech Staff

J. Denman, '06
E. W. Lawson, '07
L. H. Carter, '08
J. L. Baum, '09
H. S. Worthington
T. G. Wood
F. H. Abbot
H. H. Hill

C. M. Newman
J. J. Davis
J. B. McBride

201
V. P. I. Song

VEXATIOUS thoughts would often roll
Into the boy’s quiet soul,
And draw his yearning spirit there,
Where life and living seem most fair;
Virginia.

PRESSED on by fierce ambition’s zeal,
He felt that life must be more real;
So found a place where standards sought are
Always the best, and branches taught are
Polytechnic.

IN time, he won a reputation
That placed him foremost in the nation,
“I owe it all,” with color heightened
He said, “to this, the most enlightened
Institute.”
LITERARY SOCIETIES
Maury Literary Society

Officers

**FIRST TERM**

**Presidents.**
W. L. Owen
R. D. Bridges

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J. H. Wilson, Jr.
T. B. Hutcheson

**SEn.AT-ARMS.**
J. S. Dunn
Lee Literary Society

COLORS
Blue and white.

MOTTO
Virtus suos coronat

OFFICERS

First Term
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G. E. Bushnell
W. H. Ulrich
F. B. Mallery
J. Sachs

Second Term
C. B. Powell
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C. Wood
W. B. Martin
H. S. Stahl

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Critic

MEDAL WINNERS 1905

Oration
C. B. Powell

Debate
I. T. Holt

Declamation
R. H. McNutt
Farewell

Our well-coned tasks are finished now
    Our books are laid aside,
And from these halls we go today
    In mutual love and pride.

Around the college-campus green.
    Its walks, its halls, its trees;
Our memories closely fondly cling
    And swarm like honey bees.

Upon each well-known favorite spot
    We gaze with clouding eyes,
The faces seem to grow more dear.
    The hill-tops touch the skies.

Forgotten are the feuds today.
    For ere the morrow’s sun,
We shall have breathed a last goodbye.
    To friends both lost and won.

Or clasp warm hands in mute farewell
    For on this hither shore,
We part today and part in tears.
    To meet as chums no more.

No more the breeze repeats the sound.
    Our college life is o’er,
And from the blue and misty hills
    The echoes sigh: “no more!”
AND

'IZATIONS'
Young Men's Christian Association

Founded 1873

Officers

T. J. Wright.................................................. President
J. H. Wilson.................................................. Vice-President
L. M. Fuqua.................................................. Recording Secretary
H. H. Varner.................................................. Corresponding Secretary
J. M. Smith.................................................. Treasurer
Chas. L. Lyon............................................... Physical Director
Jas. A. Armstrong......................................... Acting General Secretary

The aim of the College Y. M. C. A. is threefold, being to strengthen students physically, mentally and morally.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute offers its members the privileges of the Gymnasium and baths for bodily development. This is the only gymnasium on the Campus and while comparatively small is well equipped with modern apparatus. Five classes are held per week in Gymnasium work and drills, the exercises being adapted to the needs and requirements of the individual.

The Association offers the privileges of the reading and game rooms to him who seeks mental development. The most popular daily News Papers will be found on the reading room tables, and also the weeklies both secular and religious from all parts of the East. The popular monthly Magazines are also subscribed for.

But the principal object and aim of the association is to develop spiritual side of the student and make him a power for good wherever he goes. The Bible Study Department has enrolled about two hundred and fifty men in Bible Groups this session and although some have not had time to keep it up, the majority are reaping rich benefits therefrom. These Groups are led by students and are helping many a man not only at V. P. I. but all over this broad land to obtain a better knowledge of the "Book." The weekly meetings which are held every Thursday night are led by a member of the Faculty or a local minister.

The membership is not quite as large this year as usual but it is hoped that the quality of the work is making up for what is lacking in numbers.
German Club

Officers

W. T. Montague, ’06 .......................................................... President
R. E. Goolrick, ’07 .............................................................. Vice-President
T. Garnett, ’06 ................................................................. Secretary and Treasurer
J. de la Cova, ’06 ............................................................... Leader

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W. C. Ellett
W. B. Ellett
H. S. Worthington
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Prof. C. E. Vawter
Prof. J. B. McBride
Richmond Club

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E. L. Giles ....................................................... Secretary and Treasurer
P. Christian ...................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

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L. E. Brown  A. B. Guignon, Jr.  S. V. Seddon
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W. M. Ellis  G. L. Parsons  H. C. Whitehurst
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Honorary Members

C. L. Lyons
C. P. Miles
G. C. Wilson
The Camera and Kodak Club

Chas. D. Sneed .................................................. President
Chas. D. Montague ............................................ Vice-President
L. T. Downey ..................................................... Secretary
E. G. Smith ...................................................... Treasurer
J. G. Hart ........................................................ Sergeant-at-Arms

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J. A. McClung          H. C. Beasley
W. W. Beverly          J. H. Jones
N. M. Lee             H. H. Varner
E. A. Williams        R. A. Paine
H. D. Beat            J. T. Rogers
M. H. Tilghman

J. C. Walker
E. P. Millard
M. A. Holliday
W. D. Morse

J. S. Cooke

W. S. Martin
S. Blockside
D. T. Ramsay
J. W. Hopper
Cosmopolitan Club

Favorite Drink: "Beer.
Motto: "Distance only lends enchantment."
Occupation: Rambling
Colors: White and gold

Officers
THOMAS D. GILES, President, Natchez, Miss.
JAMES DENMAN, Vice-President, Ellenville, N. Y.
ALFRED W. TAYLOR, Secretary, Knoxville, Tenn.
CHURCHILL SHUMATE, Treasurer, Aspen, Colo.
HARRY A. TREADWELL, Sergeant-at-Arms, Elgin, Ill.

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G. Bragg, Arlington, Tenn.
H. S. Brown, Everett, Ill.
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L. H. Carter, Heleco, Philippines
J. L. Clausel, Lima, Pa.
L. J. Cox, Corinth, Miss.
C. S. Dammann, Memphis, Tenn.
J. D. Duffey, Battle Creek, Neb.
F. T. Field, Augusta, Ga.
R. J. Frost, Washington, D. C.
M. A. Gonzales, San Jose, Costa Rica.
A. W. Grant, Annapolis, Md.
B. D. Hynks, Elgin, Ill.
J. L. Krell, Evanston, Ill.
L. A. Orsas, Matanzas, Cuba
J. B. Pettijohn, Birmingham, Ala.
A. T. Porehman, Baltimore, Md.
W. H. Ulrich, McDonogh, Md.
K. Villafранca, San Jose, Costa Rica.
G. F. Fitzpatrick, Washington, D. C.
H. W. Godwin, St. Louis, Mo.
A. Gonzales, San Jose, Costa Rica.
C. E. Houston, Baltimore, Md.
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E. Nicholson, Schenectady, N. Y.
J. W. Old, Mansfield, O.
F. Planas, Havana, Cuba
J. C. Skillman, Corinth, Miss.
G. Villafранca, San Jose, Costa Rica.
S. G. Wilbourne, Johnson City, Tenn.

H. F. Young, Corinth, Miss.

Toast
Merry have we met, merry have we been.
Merry may we part, merry may we meet again.
Medical Club

Officers
B. H. Kyle..........................President
T. H. Wood..........................Vice-President
J. O. Mundy.........................Secretary and Treasurer
D. D. Martin.........................Sergeant-at-Arms

Members
P. P. Huffard
W. B. Martin
R. H. Stratton
Z. G. Henderson
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F. A. Schaefer
H. H. Seneker

Honorary Members
Major T. G. Wood

Dr. John Spencer
The Electrical Engineering Club

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H. G. Goodman, Sec'y and Treasurer
T. Garnett, Sergeant-at-Arms

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A. H. Beltran
G. Blockidge
G. H. Coulon
G. M. Davis
P. A. Deacon
R. J. Frost
T. D. Hobart
C. P. Henderson
F. Hoffman
M. Hunter
G. P. Jackson
G. W. Morris
R. M. Osterloh
W. B. Prince
J. L. Sandborn
C. M. Scharfer
R. T. Staples
J. K. White
H. C. Whethurst

S. R. Pritchard
Lord High Controller of the Switchboard

C. Lee
Chief of the Millivoltmeter Department
Mechanical Engineers

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J. D. Rogers, Vice-President
J. de la Cova, Secretary
R. G. Sugden, Treasurer
G. H. Cunningham, Sergeant-at-Arms

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J. de la Cova
G. H. Cunningham
L. M. Fuqua
A. W. Grant
F. M. Lucas

W. T. Montague
J. D. Rogers
W. Ruge
T. W. Saunders
S. V. Seddon
R. G. Sugden

H. Whiteside
Honorary Member
Professor L. S. Randolph
Reveille

(Tune—Tammany)
Reveille, Reveille,
Half past six too soon for me,
Rather sleep 'till half past three
Reveille, Reveille,
Sporty, Sporty, Uncle Sporty,
Reveille.
Agricultural Club

Motto
Omnia ex terra

Colors
Green and Straw

Officers

T. B. Hutcherson.............. President
W. B. Oglesby... Vice-President
E. W. Lawson.............. Secretary
P. S. Holmes...... Treasurer
F. H. Jordan........ Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

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G. Fitzpatrick, '09
W. L. Owen, '06
M. H. Bowley, '09
B. G. Goodwin, '08
W. B. Oglesby, '06
J. L. Bishop, '07
J. A. Hughes, '09
R. T. Pratt, '06
M. A. Benson, '08
O. W. Harris, '09
B. S. Rowan, '09
G. B. Bridgeforth, '07
F. S. Holmes, '07
T. L. Ross, '08
P. S. Blanford, '07
W. E. Hubbard, '08
J. H. Squires, '05
L. J. Brown, '08
T. B. Hutcherson, '06
S. C. Shelby, '09
J. W. Catlette, '09
J. R. Hutcherson, '07
J. F. Shorter, '05
L. H. Carter, '08
F. H. James, '09
P. E. Saunders, '09
J. A. Clarkson, '08
R. M. Johnson, '09
W. D. Sharrett, '09
S. P. Coker, '08
F. H. Jordan, '08
E. C. Turner, '06
J. C. Coleman, '08
E. W. Lawson, '07
A. W. Taylor, '06
R. P. Cocker, '06
A. Manson, '09
L. H. Whitley, '09
E. H. Cox, '06
W. L. Mallory, '08
A. E. Willis, '09

E. B. Fred, '07
E. M. McCulloch, '06

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Prof. W. D. Saunders
Dr. Meade Ferguson
Prof. R. J. Davidson
Prof. A. M. Soule
Dr. J. G. Ferneyhough
Prof. D. O. Nourse
Major T. G. Wood
Prof. W. A. P. M'Nickle
Prof. E. A. Smyth, Jr.
Prof. R. J. Fain
Prof. A. P. Spencer
Prof. H. L. Price
Dr. John Spencer
Prof. P. O. Vanatter
Horticulture Club

Officers

P. M. Humphrey .................................................. President
B. G. Anderson .................................................. Vice-President
A. W. Drinkard .................................................. Secretary
J. W. Grandy .................................................. Treasurer
J. H. Brock .................................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

V. S. Babcock .............................................. J. C. C. Price
J. E. Crafton .................................................. J. H. Rogers
I. T. Holt, Jr. .................................................. G. R. Scott
S. M. McMurrin ............................................... J. S. Wright

Honorary Members

Prof. H. L. Price .............................................. Major T. G. Wood
Prof. A. M. Soule .............................................. Prof. W. A. P. Moncure
Mouse Club

Motto: Eat, drink and be merry
Favorite Drink: Milk
Favorite Dish: Cheese
Favorite Occupation: Eating, drinking and sleeping

Officers
H. F. Young ........................................... President
T. K. Johnson ........................................... Vice-President
J. H. Cochran .......................................... Treasurer
M. H. Tilghman ........................................ Sergeant-at-Arms

Members
E. E. Ainslie ......................................... V. E. Kelsey
J. Beal .................................................. J. A. Milner
E. W. Bowen ........................................... L. G. Moore
S. A. Broughton ....................................... B. S. Rowan
H. M. Chewning ....................................... N. S. Schofield
W. P. Hunter .......................................... A. L. Stigall
W. T. Jones ............................................ J. W. Watson

E. A. Williams
Charlotte County Club

Motto: Live while you live
Colors: Blue and White

Officers
T. B. Hutcheson... President
Whiteside... Vice-President
J. H. Watkins... Secretary
H. Whiteside... Treasurer
J. R. Hutcheson... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members
A. G. Anderson, '07
T. R. Hutcheson, '06
A. F. Shorter, '08
H. Whiteside, '06
J. R. Hutcheson, '07
A. H. Rice, '08
E. O. Whiteside, '06
J. H. Watkins, '07

Honorary Members
J. C. Carrington
G. H. Watkins
W. R. Galt

R. C. Price
J. E. Williams
G. A. Chalkley
W. M. Friddy
Wythe County Club

Officers

W. B. Oglesby                      President
C. R. Watkins                     Vice-President
R. S. Poole                       Secretary
P. P. Huffard                     Treasurer
I. J. Brown                       Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

S. A. Broughton

R. E. Baker                        J. M. Jewett
R. C. Kent
Lynchburg Club

Motto: Eat, Drink and be Merry
Colors: Light Blue and White
Favorite Drink: Pernod

Officers

C. D. Snead, '06 ........................................ President
P. G. Cosby, '07 ................................. Vice-President
R. D. Duval, '08 ........................... Secretary and Treasurer
F. M. Morgan, '09 ........................ Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

P. G. Cosby, '07 ............................. F. N. Morgan, '08
G. M. Davis '06 ............................ F. A. Schaefer, '09
R. D. Duval, '08 ............................. C. M. Schaefer, '06
S. M. McMurrin, '09 ........................ C. D. Snead, '06
J. J. Morrison, '08 .......................... J. Sachs, '07
A. E. Willis, '09

Honorary Members

C. M. Bowman .......................... C. Williams
Glee Club

First Tenors
C. Williams
J. L. Baum
G. C. Maree

First Basses
E. W. Lawson
H. D. Hodgson

Second Basses
I. T. Holt
O. R. Jenkins

Second Tenors
B. C. Tynes
J. W. Grandy

F. H. Abbot ........................................... Director
C. Williams .......................................... Manager
North Carolina Club

Officers
E. S. Alexander ......................................................... President
T. O. Day ................................................................. Vice-President
H. C. Rogers .............................................................. Secretary and Treasurer
R. M. Johnson ........................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members
E. S. Alexander, Charlotte
J. T. Hendrix, Reidsville
C. S. Leftwich, Greensboro
R. L. Ramsaur, Lawndale
A. H. Guion, Charlotte
R. M. Johnson, Charlotte
H. F. Ramsaur, Lawndale

Honorary Members
W. A. Dunn, Wilmington
R. A. Myers, Charlotte
J. H. Squires, Charlotte

T. O. Day, Blowing Rock
J. W. Hopper, Leakesville
H. C. Rogers, Meherrin
MISS BRADLEY, Sponsor.

Washington County Club

R. Hortenstine ....................................................... President
H. H. Seneker ....................................................... Vice-President
A. K. Nutty ....................................................... Secretary and Treasurer
E. N. Lockett ....................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

R. M. Boggs
J. S. Dunn
R. Hortenstine
E. N. Lockett
W. H. Martin
A. K. Nutty
L. C. Fitman
E. H. Seneker
H. H. Seneker
W. D. Sharrett
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C. Hanvey
Sergeant-at-Arms

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H. G. Jordan
C. C. Myers
E. P. Rogers
E. A. Williams
Motto: "Do others, or they'll do you."
Colors: Orange and blue
Favorite Dish: Porterhouse Steak and French fried Potatoes
Favorite Drink: White Rose Champagne

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Pittsylvania Club

Colors: Peacock Green and Yellow
Favorite Drink: Wlison Highballs
Favorite Amusement: Spooing in the Moonlight
Favorite Relish: Limberger Cheese
Favorite Occupation: Killing Time
Motto: Do others before they do you

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C. E. Diffendal .................................... Junior Arch Fiend
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Object: Some harmless fun every little while.

Motto: Thou shalt not take "head."

Colors: White for the snow which caps the Alpine summits and green for the grass that grows in the valleys.

Favorite Drink: "Skull oil."

Favorite Meeting Place: Mont Blanc.

Phrase of the "Faithful:" Hilee! Hilo!
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Cecil C. Ashton ....................................................... Vice Exalted Yodler
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A. Harris
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Colors: Blue and Buff
Favorite Saying: Any Mail? Nothing doing
Motto: Better to smoke here than hereafter
Colors: Green and Gold
Favorite Dish: Green Persimmons
Favorite Pastime: Smoking

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M. T. Patterson
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J. H. Watkins
B. Rand
Margaret M. Rover
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I. T. Holt
Lucy Bowles

Anna Reaves
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J. B. Wier
Sarah Bushnell
Pearl Payseur Poore
Chas. D. Snead
G. M. Davis
A Word In Parting

As we sit down to write this, the most difficult part of our work has been accomplished. We have worked hard and worked well. In a short time the Bugle, the creation of our own endeavor, will be in the hands of the student body for whom it is primarily intended. Our work has been long and arduous. We are proud of its result. May our fellow students appreciate it as we do!

From the very beginning we adopted an open and above board policy by which we have secured the hearty cooperation of the Faculty, and so we would recommend this policy to all who follow.

We do not deny that we have derived many of our ideas from other annuals; yet we have always used discrimination with the idea of pleasing the student body; that is, we have taken the best.

Since Athletics is one of the most prominent features of our college life, we have given it a more prominent part in this Bugle. We take great pride in our drawings, having had considerable difficulty in securing such as we desired, since many of them are from the pens of artists of national reputation. Special credit is due to our art editors and artists. In our literary department we have endeavored to place poems and stories of interest to all. Some of our college-mates have pronounced failings—we have noted these—may they profit! The military department has long been in need of revision, and so we have drawn up a new set of regulations, which we now present—may they be adopted.

Many besides (the editors) have contributed to the production of this annual, having aided us in various ways: to these we are greatly indebted, and due acknowledgment of their aid and our gratitude is here made.

Our class has suffered many misfortunes; few of those who were Freshmen now remain. We have for this reason endeavored to present to all its members a Bugle, which will be a lasting memento of college days and college friends, appealing to our absent classmates, as well as to those now here.

Our greatest joy now is that the Bugle will soon be out of our hands and in yours. Read it, examine it, study it, as carefully and as thoroughly as we have labored on its production, and then if it fails to please you, do not expect us to sympathize in your unpardonable lack of taste.
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Club and College Pins and Rings, Gold and Silver Medals

Richmond, Virginia
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quality</th>
<th>Style</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Best</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>$3.50 &amp; $4.00</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Shoes &amp; Oxfords</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Why not wear them?</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>All Leathers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Calwell Shoe Co.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>15 Campbell Avenue, W. Roanoke, Va.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fit</td>
<td>Finish</td>
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