To her who,
when we were strangers,
greeted us with a mother's tender welcome;
who has gathered us as children
to her bosom, sharing alike our sorrows and our joys;
who has viewed leniently our shortcomings and lavished praise
unstinted on our petty virtues;
to her who has
given us freely of her best,
not counted our unworthiness against us;
to her whose watchful eye will
follow us with love as
we plod along life's dusty high road;
whose prayers will rise
unceasingly for our success, whose welcome plaudits
cheer us when we grow faint hearted:

To our Alma Mater,
dear to us now, and doubly dear in the hereafter,
this volume is affectionately
dedicated by
Her Children
Greeting

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

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

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

SIS — ! Sis — ! Sis — !
Boom — ! Boom — ! Boom — !
Ha! Ha! Ha!
V. P. I! V. P. I!!! V. P. I.!!!

WE buck their line, we do,
We buck their line, we do,
When the line is weak
We buck very well,
When the line is strong
We buck like h — !!
We buck their line, we do!!
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Dr. J. M. McBryde

R. McBRYDE was born in Abbeville, South Carolina, in 1841; was educated at the South Carolina College at Columbia, and then at the University of Virginia. He served in the Confederate Army from the very beginning of the war—first on Sullivan's and Morris Islands, South Carolina; and participated in the battle of Vienna, then thought to have been the first battle of the war. In 1862, a severe attack of typhoid fever, contracted while in service on the South Carolina Seaboard, incapacitated him from further active service and he was made chief in the war-tax office in Richmond, where he served with great credit to himself until the close of the war. After the war, Dr. McBryde engaged in farming near Charlottesville, Virginia, devoting himself to the study of Agricultural Chemistry and Botany. He organized a Farmers' Club at Charlottesville, of which he was elected President. His published articles attracted much attention and in the fall of 1879, he was elected Professor of Agriculture and Botany in the University of Tennessee. In 1882, he was offered a chair in the South Carolina College, and upon going there found that, the President having resigned, he had been elected as Chairman of the Faculty. So well did he serve that the Board at their December meeting declined to elect a President, but requested his continuance, and in May, 1883, elected him President. In 1886, Dr. McBryde declined the offer of the Directorship of the Texas Experiment Station. In 1887, he was elected President of the University of Tennessee at a large salary, but yielding to great pressure, remained at the head of the South Carolina College at a personal sacrifice. The latter college was created a university in 1887, and rapidly expanded under Dr. McBryde’s guidance. When, in 1891, the university was reduced to a college, Dr. McBryde was again elected President. In July, 1891, he came to Virginia as President of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, then a moribund institution, with a faculty of ten professors and one instructor, and a student body at the close of the session of 1891-92 of about seventy students. The college buildings consisted of two academic buildings, with a dining-room in the basement of one; a poorly equipped machine shop, one barracks building and one barn building in bad repair; four houses were actually owned by the College as professors’ residences. There were practically no shops or laboratories, no water works, no infirmary or laundry. The Small Campus was used as a meadow, and hay was cut therefrom and sold as a college revenue. There were no well-made roads or avenues.

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

During Dr. McBryde’s presidency, the campus has been extended from ten to one hundred acres, graded, sodded and set with nearly two thousand ornamental trees along the drives and throughout the campus. Three miles of avenues and walks have been made; athletic and drill grounds provided. A complete sewerage system, with one mile of sewer; extensive garden, orchard and nursery grounds developed; large farm improvements in new modern barns and increase in varieties of stock; a well-equipped electric plant, water works, fire equipments, steam heating and power plant; creamery; modern, well-equipped infirmary; steam laundry; veterinary infirmary; four new brick barracks; large brick mess hall; storage and kitchen rooms; new science hall; shops increased to triple their original size; twenty professors’ houses; a magnificent stone agricultural hall, and many other improvements. The attendance of students has passed the seven hundred mark and the faculty numbers thirty-one professors and twenty-five instructors. The Graduate Class of 1892-93 numbered four students; that of 1905-06, seventy-nine students.

Since Dr. McBryde has been President of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, he has steadily refused advantageous offers elsewhere. Thus, in 1893, he was offered the Assistant Secretaryship of Agriculture by President Cleveland; in 1897, he was strongly urged to let his name be used for the Presidency of Clemson College, South Carolina; in April, 1904, he was unanimously elected President of the University of Virginia, which he declined, and in 1906 he declined the Presidency of Sweet Brier Institute, to which he had been elected.

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

It is a matter of great gratification to all of the friends of our retiring President to know that he has been selected by the committee controlling the Carnegie Foundation as one of the beneficiaries under that fund.
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"Who does not know and does not know that he does not know."

ALEXANDER GRAHAM ANDERSON Charlotte C. H., Virginia

Civil Engineering
Private Company F
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“When the stream runneth smooth the water is deepest."
BRUCE ANDERSON ............ Rondo, Virginia

Agriculture
Private Company E

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

DAVID ALEXANDER ............ Petersburg, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Private Company C

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

"Who scatter'd around wit and
humor at will;
Whose daily best made half a
column might fill."
IRVING HORRELL ARMSTRONG  Farmville, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Private Company F

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

JOHN LUCAS BISHOP  Riner, Virginia

Agriculture
Third Lieutenant Staff Ordnance

"Whence is thy learning? Has thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"
GEORGE SCOTT BARNARD
Norfolk, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Third Lieutenant Company D
Class Football Team, '06-'07; President Norfolk Academy Club, '06-'07; Secretary and Treasurer Pandemonium Club, '06-'07.

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

PAUL SAMUEL BLANFORD
Gary, Virginia

Agriculture
Private Company A

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

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

24
WALTER PUTNEY BOATWRIGHT  New Canton, Virginia

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

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

PAUL TOWNLEY BRADLEY  Crewe, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Second Lieutenant Company D

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

135
WILLIAM LEWIS BRANCH
Charleston, West Virginia

Mechanical Engineering
Fourth Lieutenant Staff
Class Baseball Team, '04-05; Class Football Team, '04-05; Second Varsity Football Team, '05-06; Class Treasurer, '05-06; Varsity Football Team, '06-07; Elected Assistant Business Manager BUGLE Board, '06-07; President West Virginia Club, '06-07.

"Better a day of strife than a century of sleep."

WILLIAM CHESTER BRINGMAN
Roanoke, Virginia

Civil Engineering
First Lieutenant Company C
"Gray Jacket" Staff, '05-06, '06-07; Secretary and Treasurer Roanoke Club, '05-06.

"Faithful below he did his duty."
LEROY EDWARD BROWN, JR  Richmond, Virginia

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

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

ARCHER CLINTON BROCE  Blacksburg, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Private Company A

"A man who never tells you his trouble."
GEORGE EDWARD BUSHNELL .............................................................. Salem, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Private Company A

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

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

ALBERT R. BAUMAN ................................................................. Fredericksburg, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering
Private Company B

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

"Patience, and shuffle the cards."
SAMUEL E. CARNAHAN
Hiwasse, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering
First Lieutenant Company E
President Pulaski County Club, '06-07.
"First in the field before the morning sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done."

FRANCES MARION COLLIER
Big Stone Gap, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Fourth Lieutenant Company C
Class Baseball Team, '05-06;
Class Football Team, '06-07.
"Talking is more or less a consumption of energy."
PETER GUERRANT COSBY

Lynchburg, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
First Lieutenant Band
Secretary and Treasurer
Lynchburg Club, '04-05; Vice-President Lynchburg Club, '05-06; President Lynchburg Club, '06-07; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, '06-07; Literary Editor "Gray Jacket" '06-07.

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

THOMAS RICHESON CUNNINGHAM

Buena Vista, Virginia

Chemistry
Private Company D
Mouse Baseball Team, '04-05, '05-06; Vice-President Rockbridge Club, '06-07.

"The Post-master General was he."
ARThUR BLEDSOE CARPENTER

Richmond, Virginia

Electrical Engineering

First Lieutenant Company F

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

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

LEO THOMAS DOWNEY

Alexandria, Virginia

Civil Engineering

First Lieutenant Battery E

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

"You look wise, pray correct that error."
RUPERT NUCKOLLS EARLY
Hilleville, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Private Company A

CHARLES ELLIS FINCH, JR
Norfolk, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering
Private Company D

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

"Perseverance conquers all things."
SAMUEL CALE FONTAINE  
Martinsville, Virginia

Electrical Engineering  
Private Company A

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

GEORGE C. FAVILLE, JR.  
Norfolk, Virginia

Civil Engineering  
Private Company D

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

"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."
EDWIN BROUN FRED

Middleburg, Virginia

Agriculture
Second Lieutenant Battery E
Treasurer L. F. C. Club, '05-06; President Agricultural Club, '06-07; Assistant Business Manager BUGLE, '06-07.

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

RICHARD CLARENCE FRENCH

Sunny Side, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Private Company A

"I fear not loss, I hope not gain, I envy none, I none disdain."
CHARLES JAMES FORD ........................ Round Hill, Virginia

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

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

JAMES HENRY GALT ........................ Columbia, Virginia

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

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

Fredericksburg, Virginia

Electrical Engineering

Private Company F

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

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

FRANCIS WALLER HARRIS

Scottsville, Virginia

Electrical Engineering

Second Lieutenant Band

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

"Where is the man who has not tried
How mirth can into fully glide?"
FRANK GUY HENLEY
Norfolk, Virginia

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

“Just as you value yourself justly, just so much are you valuable.”

WILLIAM MORTON HANNAH, JR
Norfolk, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Staff
Vice-President Mouse Club, ’03-’04; Mouse Baseball Team, ’04-’05, ’05-’06; Mouse Football Team, ’04-’05, ’05-’06; Class Football Team, ’06-’07.

“A small boy can spoil the most favorable circumstance.”
FORREST SHEPPERSON HOLMES  
Pine, Virginia

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

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

NEWTON ORMAND HOLT  
Spring Mills, Virginia

Civil Engineering
First Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Staff

"A book of math my close companion be, 
No other book I ever ought to see."
ROBERT LINWOOD HIGGINS  Orange, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Private Company E
Class Baseball Team, '05-06;
Class Football Team, '06-07;
Vice-President Albemarle and
Orange Club, '06-07.

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

JOHN REDD HUTCHESON  Charlotte C. H., Virginia

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

"Of hair ois he has a large stock
Of hair he has hardly a lock;
Spite of measures heroic, this
beardheaded stoic
Can't make the hair grow on
his block."
IRA TILTON HOLT, JR. 
Norfolk, Virginia

Horticulture

Third Lieutenant Battery E

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

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

HERBERT DAVID HODGSON 
Norfolk, Virginia

Civil Engineering

Private Company A

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

"His singing drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."
ALLEN BURNLEY JOHNSON          Davis Mills, Virginia

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

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

HENRY WOOD KENT          Kent's Store, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Third Lieutenant Company A
Sergeant-at-Arms B.F.C. Club, '05-06; Vice-President F. U. A. Club, '06-07.

"The workings of his brain and of his heart thou canst not see."
JOHN RUSSELL KIRK
Port Norfolk, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Private Company E

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

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

LOUIS LICHTENSTEIN
Richmond, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering
Private Company B

"Whom the vile blows and buffets
of this world have not incensed."
EWING WATERS LAWSON  Burke's Garden, Virginia

Agriculture
Third Lieutenant Ordnance, Staff

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

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

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LANDES  Harrisonburg, Virginia

General Science
Private Company E

"That man must lead a happy life, Who is directed by a wife."
WALLACE B. LIVESAY
Fishersville, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Fourth Lieutenant Company D
Secretary and Treasurer Augusta County Club, '04-05; Secretary Augusta County Club, '05-06.
"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."

WALLACE JOHNSON LAMON
Winston, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Private Company B
"The devil will catch him asleep at his post."
LUTHER ROBINSON MADDOX  Naruna, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Private Company E

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

JOHN BURKE MAJOR  Big Island, Virginia

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

"And I oft have heard defended, Little said is soonest mended."
JOHN BLACKWELL MAYNARD  Portsmouth, Virginia

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

"How sweet sesamee trickles from his tongue."

JUNIUS HARVEY MINTON  Smithfield, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Second Lieutenant Company B
President C. E. Club, '06-07; President Pandemonium Club, '06-07.

"Who severs his arm for life's combat,
And looks the whole world in the face."
JOHN TAYLOE LOMAX MAY

Stannton, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering
Second Lieutenant Range, Staff
Vice-President Augusta Club, '05-06; President Augusta Club, '06-07.

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

CHARLES DELEVAN MONTAGUE

Fredericksburg, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
First Lieutenant Company D
Secretary Rappahannock Valley Club, '05-06; Vice-President Camera Club, '05-06, '06-07; President Rappahannock Valley Club, '06-07.

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

Veterinary Medicine
Private Company C
Mouse Baseball Team, '04-'05;
Mouse Football Team, '05-'06;
Treasurer Albemarle Club,
'05-'06; Secretary and Treasurer
Medical Club, '05-'06; President
Medical Club, '06-'07; Associate
Editor "Agricultural Journal."
'06-'07.
"The man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives and nothing
gives."

HARRY VERNON NEWCOMB

Civil Engineering
First Lieutenant and Quarter-
master, Staff
Vice-President Augusta Coun-
ty Club, '04-'05; Treasurer Au-
gusta County Club, '05-'06; Class
Baseball Team, '05-'06; Class
Football Team, '06-'07; Treasurer
Civil Engineering Club, '06-'07.
"Tis not in mortals to command
success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius;
we will deserve it."
ADDISON KING NUTTY

Abingdon, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Fourth Lieutenant Company B
Secretary and Treasurer Washington County Club, '05-06; President Washington County Club, '06-07; Class Football Team, '06-07; Substitute All-Class Football Team, '06-07.

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

CLAY OSBORNE

Saddle, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Second Lieutenant Company A
Best Athlete, '05-06; Second Varsity Football Team, '06-07.

"One drop of manly blood the surging sea outweighs."
JACOB WISE OLD
Mansfield, Ohio

Chemistry
Captain Band
Exchange Editor “Gray Jack-
et,” ’05-06, ’06-07; Local Editor
“Gray Jacket,” ’05-06, ’06-07;
Treasurer Lee Literary Society,
’05-06; Declaimer’s Medal Fi-
nals, ’06.

He is fond of elocution, “A disease
which breaks out among students,
but which is fatal only to the spec-
tator.”

FREDERICK BYRD PAGE
Coblham, Virginia

Agriculture
Private Company D

“Get me twenty running coaks.”
WILLIAM NOEL PREAS .......................... Kennette, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Fourth Lieutenant Battery E

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

CLARENCE LEE PAUL .......................... Manchester, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering
Private Company D

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

"To be, contents his natural desire."
RICHARD JETER PALMER              West Point, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Private Company E
Class Baseball Team, ’05-06;
President York River Club,
’06-07; Class Football Team,
’06-07; Secretary Civil Engineering Club, ’06-07.

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

JAMES CLARENCE CONWAY PRICE        Blacksburg, Virginia

Horticulture
Private Company A
Treasurer Montgomery Club,
’05-06; President Horticulture Club, ’06-07.

"Man wants but little here below—But wants that little long."
CHARLES BUCHANAN POWELL. .... Fort Monroe, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Captain Company B

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

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

JAMES MICHAEL PURCELL. .... Richmond, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Third Lieutenant Company B

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

"I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent."
ROBERT ACHILLES RUSSELL  Lawyers, Virginia

Civil Engineering
First Lieutenant Company B
Secretary Campbell County Club, '05-06; Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '06-07.

"Faithful digging may discover under-ground treasures."

JOHN TERRILL ROGERS, JR  Society Hill, South Carolina

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

"In my work, or in my fun,
I do my best for number one."
EDGAR SEYMOUR SHEPPARD  Richmond, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering
Private Company B

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

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

JACOB SACHS  Lynchburg, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Private Company C

"His cogitative faculties immersed in cogitundity of cogitation."

55
WILLIAM DOKE SCOTT

Riner, Virginia

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

"A man of wit and brains."

CALDER GILLIAM SMOOT

Langley, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Fourth Lieutenant Company A

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

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

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

HITE PORTERFIELD SHEPPARD

Electrical Engineering
Third Lieutenant Company F

"How long, O Lord, how long."
HORATIO SEYMOUR STAHL
Ashburn, Virginia

General Science
Chemistry

Second Lieutenant, Staff

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

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

HAL KELLY STONE
Godfrey, Virginia

Electrical Engineering
Private Company F

"The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within."
CHARLES MARVIN SMITH  Alexandria, Virginia

Civil Engineering
First Lieutenant Company A

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

FRANK STRINGFELLOW, JR.  Norfolk, Virginia

Civil Engineering
Private Company B

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

Electrical Engineering
Private Company E
Class Baseball Team, '05-06; Secretary and Treasurer Norfolk Club, '06-07.

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

WILLIAM HENRY ULRICH  
Baltimore, Maryland

Electrical Engineering
Second Lieutenant Company F
Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary Society, '05-06; Secretary Lee Literary Society, '05-06; Assistant Business Manager "Gray Jacket," '05-06; Business Manager "Gray Jacket," '06-07; Class Football Team, '05-06, '06-07; Captain Class Football Team, '06-07; All-Class Football Team, '06-07; President Lee Society, '06-07; BUGLE Board, '06-07.

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

Warrenton, Virginia

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

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

JESSIE SAMUEL WRIGHT

Winchester, Virginia

Horticulture
Private Company E
Class Football Team, '03-04; Class Football Team, '04-05; Second Varsity Football Team, '06-07; Medal for Best Drilled Private, '04-05; Secretary Horticultural Club, '06-07.

"And when a lady is in the case, You know all other things give place."
JOEL HILL WATKINS  Charlotte C. H., Virginia

Geology

Private Company B

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

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

JOHN DOUGLAS WALDROP  Norfolk, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering

Fourth Lieutenant Band

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

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

Berryville, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering

Captain Company A

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

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

BERNARD BELFIELD WELLS

Matouca, Virginia

Electrical Engineering

Third Lieutenant Company E

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

"This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation."
JAMES HAMLET WILSON, JR. ................................. Danville, Virginia

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

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

THOMAS JUDSON WRIGHT ......................... Churchland, Virginia

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

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

84
History of the Class of 1907

(A Story of Evolution)

SAVAGE AGE

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

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

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

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

SEMI-CIVILIZED AGE

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

The characteristics of the Class of 1907 at this period showed much progress, but our president, Blair, preferred his savage state, and returned to his native county.
Van Doren, his successor, also soon tired of this semi-civilization and withdrew from College. Henley was the third and last president for the year.

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

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

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

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

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

CIVILIZED AGE

The events to be chronicled in this age bring the history up to modern times. We laid aside the self-importance of the semi-civilized age and became studious and quiet; yet fellows with a jolly good humor, full of fun—philosophers.

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

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

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

Christmas holidays came, and for two weeks we forgot our
troubles in the joy of being at home. Then came the hard part—we must return and delve into the mysteries of Mechanics, Dutch, and other elusive subjects.

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

And now we have entered upon the enlightened age, the last period of our evolution. In other words, we are Seniors. What visions of Senior glory, Senior joys, and Senior happiness crowded before our eyes. How proud we felt of our dignity, and of our Senior honors! We had achieved what we thought would be the crowning glory in our lives, we had passed through the Savage, Semi-Civilized, and Civilized Ages and had reached a point at which there seemed nothing more to be desired. But sometimes that which sparkles most brightly disappoints our anticipations.

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

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

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

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

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

With nothing to break the monotony of military life, the
months passed, and again booming up before us like some terrible hobgoblin were examinations. Again most of us were victorious and—then the race will be run.

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

HISTORIAN.
Illumination Night

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

P '07.
Class of 1908

Colors
Orange and Black

Officers

L. F. SCHROEDER      W. IVES
President          Vice-President

R. S. HOFFMAN
Secretary

A. E. DORSEY      J. T. GRAVES
Treasurer          Sergeant-at-Arms

J. H. HARVELL
Historian
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Schrader, Louis Frederick  Richmond  Virginia
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Sheppard, Cleveland Edward  Rice  Virginia
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Stringfellow, John Stanton  Norfolk  Virginia
Trolinger, Ferdinand Harvey  Riner  Virginia
Walker, Charles Baylor  Danville  Virginia
Wilbourne, Robert Graham  Johnson City  Tennessee
Wood, Cecil  Hampton  Virginia
Yonge, William Kenton  Richmond  Virginia
Class of 1909

Colors
Old Gold and Royal Purple

Officers
J. L. BAUM  F. E. SAUNDERS
President    Vice-President

W. B. MARTIN
Secretary

P. P. HUFFARD  J. W. C. CATLETT
Treasurer    Sergeant-at-Arms

R. C. KENT
Historian
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UPON ARRIVAL AT THE CAMPUS

WHAT SHALL I DO?

ONE CONSOLATION
WE HAVE THE OLD BOYS BEHIND US.
Class of 1910

Colors
Chocolate and Cream

Officers
A. G. ALDER
President

W. B. DAVIS
Vice-President

J. D. HAMILTON
Secretary

E. T. BURR
Treasurer

M. M. GOODWIN
Sergeant-at-Arms

B. Y. READ
Historian
## Members of Freshman Class

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In Memoriam

J. LAWRENCE ALVEREZ
San Domingo, San Domingo
Died February 9th, 1907
The Ter-Centennial of Jamestown

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

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

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

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

It is peculiarly appropriate that Virginia's sons should at this time set high the standard of her ancient prestige and rally around it, determined that her future shall be worthy of her past. A fate that was indeed hard, but perhaps inexorable, has led her for forty years through a sad vale of adversity "out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage." In the effort to assert her ancient sovereign rights she was as ever foremost in battle and bore the brunt of our great Civil conflict. Then, as ever in her past, her sons took their place as leaders, and she attained
the high water mark as mother of soldiers as well as statesmen. She was defeated, but the story of the men and deeds she gave to the world will live so long as men prize valor and constancy among the highest of manly virtues. Just as the part she bore was most prominent, so her burden of penalties for that part was greatest. Her territory was partitioned against her will. Alien authority was established over her. Her slaves were invested with franchise while her best and bravest were disfranchised. Her treasury was left bankrupt, and her people were compelled to work out their problems of recuperation under every disadvantage that folly and malice could suggest. 

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. S. W.

A Dirge

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

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

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

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

E. B. S.
The Whip-Poor-Will

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

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

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

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

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

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

   C. B. PRESTON.
Here rest awhile upon this slope,
The stillness of the scene impress thee;

Let rest the cares that morning brought,
Or dreams of future here molest thee.
Rosa

Pretty Rosa's very fair—
Fair to see.
Eyes she has of azure blue,
Tresses of a golden hue,
Cheeks all dimpled, rosy too.

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

Really.

That she has a lovely face,
All agree.
Sweet eyes nestle underneath
High-arched brows; such pearly teeth
Her gentle, smiling lips inwreathe,

Surely we
Would be under no disgrace,
If almost a rival we planned,
When we find her just at hand—

Don't you see?

Young and old admire the ease
Of her play;
She is fond of outdoor sport—
Walking, tennis, ev'ry sort—
You might find her on the court

Any day.

Did you ever see her tease?
Fond of fun, but not too much,
She would never hurt you—such

Is her way.

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

Truly so.

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

As they go.

But we think her chiefest charm,
After all,
Is her tactful self-control;
Surely she will reach the goal
Set before each striving soul

Since the fall.

May she never meet with harm!
But a long and happy life
Be her portion in this strife,

Ere her call!

ER IkNE H. COm, '82.
Mr. Punkin Talks of Automobiles

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Pres'ny we hit th' big road, an' fuh a stretch ov three mile that warn't a obstickle in sight. I wished thar had ov ben. I prayed befo'. I got home that a stone wall would grow up in th' middle ov th' road. I felt a thousand times on that journey just as I uster feel when I was a boy playin' hookey from school an' had a good lickin' comin' t' me. When we got t' th' brow ov that hill in front ov Billy Rigginses place, Abednego said t' me, 'Hold on t' yo' years, Mr. Punkin, I'm goin' t' let her out.' An' ridiculous as it may seem, I grabbed them organs, too. It didn't seem ha'f so foolish as me a tellin' ov it now. Right thar in front ov Billy's the machine left me; that is, I thought she did. I can't realize I ever got away from thar, because while I was watchin' Mrs. Riggins feedin' her fowl up in th' hen yard they suddenly faded from view, an' I was passin' th' Quaker Meetin' House, two miles away. I didn't have no me' breath than a sponge an' my face felt as clammy as a toad stool. When I left home it was mild an' hamm; now it was cold an' dreary.

'When do we git t' th' North Pole?' I asked Abednego. He bit off a chunk ov air an' laughed. Sez I, 'Ef I freeze up don't let me break in two, because I've never had much confidence in people gittin' t'gether on Judgment Day.' We passed Millville, an' all I seen ov it was th' steeple ov th' Presbyterian Church. I sorter seemed t' be flattenin' out against th' back cushions. My lungs had mo' air than they could manage, an' they didn't seem t' know what t' do with it; they felt as ef they'd ben washed an' hung out t' dry. Jist beyond Perry, a wagon load ov hay loomed up in front ov us. 'We air gone,' I mentally reserved. A bang, a chug, a few squeals, an' we was off, me with my lungs all wrapped up in hay. I tried t' think how I'd like t' be hurried, but I couldn't think. I was a movin', not a thinkin' hein'. We was goin' so fast that I actually couldn't bite off a mouthful ov air t' breathe with. In th' midst ov all my troubles Abednego turned t' me and said, 'It's a beautiful landscape along here, Mr. Punkin.' 'Yes,' sez I, 'I've seen mo' land escape today in th' same length ov time than I ever did befo'. All th' view a man gits in this thing is ov th' sky, an' he feels all th' time as ef he's swallerin' that.' That was th' last language I spoke. Abednego sed, 'We air goin' some,' an' I tried t' answer him, but my head flew off. I lost feelin', hearin', sight, smellin', everything but consciousness; an' I wisht I'd a' lost that, too. I might add
for th' sake ov truth that I still had left th' ability t' feel th' bumps in th' road ev'ry time we struck one; but I was worse than a fever patient in th' delirium. I dreamt I was flyin' from th' North Pole t' th' Equator, an' t' th' Tropic ov Capricorn, an' back agin t' th' North Pole, standin' thar without any closes ov. After that I imagined mysef back in this hyuh store laid out on th' meat counter, an' Ab over thar a-whetlin' his knife t' cut off a pound ov me. Next I seen a vision ov mysef bein' rushed at a man with a long sword as cold as ice that he would ram down my throat, clean through my sarcophagus, ev'ry time I would git within reach ov it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN WEYMOUTH.
An Autumn Day

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

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

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

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

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

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


LILY TYLER.
A Corner on Hearts

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"WILLIAM HAMPTON GANT."

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

"My Dear Miss Gregory."

Her expression portrayed even more astonishment than before.

"Bill couldn't have told," she murmured, but her eyes flashed as she read:

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

"Respectfully yours,

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

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

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

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

"ALDRICH H. TUCKER."

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

As she was dressing for the drive, she revolved many schemes for reforming without confessing her weakness to Tucker, but in all, her hardened little conscience voiced its protest against allowing him to remain ignorantly trustful. Yet it was hard to own up and bear his scorn, as well as that of the others. Imagine the most popular débutante of the season deserted within three months by all of her followers! If Tucker remained faithful, it would be said that she was responsible for their falling off—but if he, too, deserted her there could be but one construction put upon it. She read his note again—yes, it was easy to read between the lines, that during the spin that afternoon, he would ask her for a final answer to his oft-repeated question. That was a most powerful plea for the truth! Cost what it might, she had to tell him. After the first few commonplace remarks, Frances felt that the cutting moment had arrived. All the wide and varied topics of conversation which she endeavored to introduce
had been rejected politely, but finally. Tucker would be put off no longer.

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

"I must tell him," thought Frances, in an agony of indecision.

"It is sinful to deceive him longer—but I will be sincere—I will be all that he thinks me, and I can not ruin his happiness."

"Yes," she whispered, tremulously.

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

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

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

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

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

M. L. H., '07.
My Messenger

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sing to her slowly and sweetly and long,
As, bending her head, she lists to your song.
IN THE COURT OF CUPID,
FOR THE COUNTY OF HOPE, IN THE STATE OF
UNCERTAINTY.

O. I. WANTA  Plaintiff  Proceedings
VS.
C. F. U. GETER  Defendant  Attachment

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

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

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

And the Court doth reserve, etc.

CUPID,
Judge.

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

CUPID,
Judge.

H. F. E.
Daffodils

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

April 30, 1907.       CARY B. PRESTON.
WINTER ON CAMPUS
In Lighter Vein
The First Day at V. P. I.

With Apologies to Mr. Woodrow Wilson

Dim dawn upon the campus—the sky is saffron yellow—
As the "Huckleberry" toots across the hills;
The apples in the orchard have gotten very mellow,
The air is full of pleasant little thrills.
Oh, the sweetness of the dawning,
Of this cool autumnal morning!
Oh, how nice to know that school begins to-day!
And the heart beats merry measure,
For the time is ripe for pleasure,
With a hundred "rats" not fifteen miles away.

Full dawn upon the campus—the sun is smiling gladly—
As the "Huckleberry" creeps around the bend,
And dumps a hundred "new cadets" to gaze around them
sadly,
And to wonder if at last they've reached the end.
Oh, the "Huckleberry's" shaking,
How it starts the bones to aching!
And the "rats" are tired because the train is late.
But if they knew the hacks O,
As well 's they'll know the whacks O,
They'd not abuse the "Huckleberry's" gait.

High noon upon the campus—the sun is laughing madly—
As the "Huckleberry" backs away from town,
And the "rat" who's carried forty trunks, and's feeling rather
had
Finds it hard to keep his home thoughts down.
But the old boy, filled with gladness,
Makes the new forget his sadness,
In a hundred ways that none but he may know;
And the new boy likes it finely,
And bears—almost divinely—
The hundred tests the old boy puts him to.

Gray dusk upon the campus—the lights are burning brightly—
The first school day is drawing to a close,
The "rat"—we shouldn't wonder if he isn't feeling sprightly—
Finds a "hay" and seeks a blessed night's repose.
Oh, the pleasure past all saying,
That a man can get from "haying,"
Even though the "hay" is of the Blacksburg kind!
And the "rat" is lucky—very!
If he doesn't have to worry
And no further cares are forced upon his mind.

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

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

P. '97.
The Colonel, or The Simple Life

An Opera Buff

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Colonel ........................................... The man behind the fun
Smoot, the faithful .................................... Custodian of the “Patch”
Kent ...................................................... Kent
Newcomb ................................................ Also Faithful
Holt, the Genius ....................................... Students of Civil Engineering
Holt ....................................................... Three of a kind.
Harvey ................................................... Simply Cadets. A pair of Jacks
Polly ....................................................... Lord High Keeper of the “rivets”
Maynard .................................................. Follower of the horses
Faville .................................................... Court Jester
Brigham ................................................... Porter
Lamon ..................................................... Magnum of the “Patch,” Workers (?), Skates, Gazelles, Gulpy-Jumpers and other attendants.
Smith, C. M. ...........................................
Osborne ...................................................

SCENE.—HALL OF LEARNING.

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

Harvey (striking a heroic pose)

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

CHORUS.

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

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

COLONEL.—I’m a modern educator,
And a bold prognosticator.
I believe in letting students
Run their classes their own way.
Sometimes they think they bluff me,
Oftimes they thin—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Loud applause from the ushers and the peanut gallery.
Maynard collects the loose eggs, cats and cabbages, and resumes.)

When buried and I with level and rod
Go out into the field,
Burly promises from his heart
From the Colonel's wrath he'll shield.
COLONEL.—Smith, are you a good carpenter?
DEACON.—Pretty fair, Colonel.
COLONEL.—Well, I want you to make me a bench this evening. Wright, are you a good carpenter?
DOC.—(winking at Pally).—Bum, Colonel.
Well, you can do the rough work, then.
(Lamon scratches his head in an attempt to see the joke, and sticks a splinter in his finger. While he is being riveted together by Bringman, Holt enters with a basket. Holt hands his hat and stick gravely to Osborne, the porter, and sets his basket down before the Colonel.)

HOLT.—Sings.
Oh, Colonel, for three long years have I worked,
And "dilled" most faithfully.
And now this basket I have brought
To get what's due to me.
My signature you now have seen
On many a drawing and map;
You surely should remember me
As a good hard-working chap.

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

With my good friends, Kent and Newcomb,
I have burned the midnight oil,
I have worn my fingers to the bone,
With good straight honest toil.
A gallon of "dills" are due to me,
And some are due to us.
We trust that you'll deliver the goods
Before we raise a fuss.

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

COLONEL.—Gentlemen, as I have said before, we are going to design a plate girder such as—
(A small army of hobgoblins dance in at the door, turn cartwheels across the stage and stop before the Colonel.)

COLONEL.—(gaspingly).—Wh-o-o-who are you?
HOBGOBLINS.—(In unison).—We are the ghosts of your famous friends. You have met us and worked with us in San Francisco, Honolulu and Alaska; and we are intimate indeed
since we have become famous. You enticed us to write what books we have written, and goaded us upward to success. Now that we have become famous we do not intend to become cast-offs, simply serving to illustrate the points of your lecture by expressing our intimate relations. What have you to say?

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

HOBGOBLINS.—Oh, no! Why should you?

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

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

G. C. F., '07.
A B C Card, '07

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

is for Osborne and Jacob Wise Old;
When Osborne got in here he surely was sold.

P

is for Palmer, Page, Powell and Paul,
"Pally," and "Free Lunch," who's "sorry that's all."
surely stands for no other than "Queer";
We can class Jacob Sachs nowhere better than here.

Q

is for Russell, a hard-working "Scribe."
And "Write it in Latin" belongs to this tribe.

R

's for Scott, Shepherd, two Smiths and a Stone,
Smoot, Stahl and Stringfellow, forlorn and alone.

S

is for Thompson, the Cinnamon Bear,
His bark's worse than his bite, if he does tear his hair.

T

is for Ulrich, without any more,
A chap who is sure to get in through Fame's door,

U

is for Varner of Bugle Board fame,
Since hairy's his nature, why Harry's his name.

V

Williams and Johny, "Bunny," Judson and Joe,
Wilson and "Dan" too, Good Lord! What a show.

W

Y, Z, behold unknown quantities three!
Sachs, Mallory and Bringman they surely must be.

&
c. means June, Nineteen hundred and seven,
When the ties that have bound us asunder are riven.
When the banner of life for each is unfurled,
And the men of '07 go out on the world.

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

G. C. F., '07.
AFTER my visit to M. the President Roosevelt, I have left Washington. I had heard much of a city American that was even larger, more busy and more interesting than New York or Chicago. This city it was Blacksburg. A desire irresistible did consume me to see this wonderful metropolis. Mon Dieu! I would go. My voyage American would not be complete if I saw not Blacksburg and the Institute Polytechnic of Virginia. En avant! I am departed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Two hours later M. the captain did enter again and cry "Blacksburg." I was all excited. In haste the most great I did descend from the train which had stopped. Not a single habitation was in sight. It was not Blacksburg. It was the junction Huckle-
berry. I stepped into the mud. One has told me to follow the mud. Finally I did arrive at the Rue Main.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These Plat Experiments they are extraordinary. There is a student agricultural who names himself Jacques Hutcheson.
His large head it is bald. This surface enormous has one divided into a hundred plates. Upon each plate has one planted a different tonic for the hair. Already one could distinguish the shoots of one hundred hairs, different colored, white, red, green, blue, beginning to sprout. When this crop is ready for harvesting, the effect variegated will be dazzling. Diable! The department agricultural, it is progressive.

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

Upon the first floor a professor was expounding an example amazing, simple. “If the Battle of Hastings was fought in 1066, when will M. Whitehurst graduate in English? Add 1,000 to 1066. Two is one-fifth of ten. Multiply 2 by one-half of 66. Subtract from the sum of the first two numbers: 2066–66 =2000. Answer, 2000 A. D.” The discoverer of this method surprising, it was M. the Professor Dates. The Building Second Academic, it is scholarly, philosophical.

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

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

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

“Bony jury,” quoth he with an excellent accent Dutch. “M. Clam, wooly voo me to show you around our barracks?”

His gas it was irresistible; I could not, like the gas, escape him. I did follow him in silence. He talked without cease. We did enter the barracks.
In that which they call a room, that is to say a barn, I did see a young man standing with the cheeks pink, the eyes brown, soft, beautiful, the heart palpitating. They have told me it was M. the Major Snead. He never seats himself. He might destroy the crease in his trousers. He might wrinkle his uniform M. the Major, he is a lover, he is a winner of the calico.

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

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

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

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

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

Then the crowds immense upon the benches have raised themselves and shouted: "Out! Out! Robber! Au Voleur!" They did look all at me. In an excitement feverish I was demanding of myself, "Comment? Out where? Que faire? The
robber am I it?" All at a blow something did strike me on the head.

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

Dieu me pardonne! I am now in the hospital. I have a pain violent of the head. M. the Doctor Henderson has prescribed for me two pills the half of a minute. Helas! I have fear that I may not die. Oh, that I were in the dear native land. Au revoir, my countrymen. Come to America if you can, visit Blacksburg only if it is absolutely necessary, but above all do not regard the baseball. It is a play perplexing, brutal, murderous.
Bugle Election, 1907

The Braniest Cadet .......... (1) W. D. Scott; (2) L. W. Williams.
The Hardest Student .......... (1) J. D. Powell; (2) H. A. Womack.
The Most College-Spirited Cadet .......... (1) C. B. Powell; (2) H. H. Varner.
The Most Dignified Cadet .......... (1) W. P. Boatwright; (2) G. M. Parsons.
The Most Popular Cadet .......... (1) C. B. Powell; (2) J. Cova.
The Best All-Around Cadet .......... (1) C. B. Powell; (2) E. S. Sheppard.
The Handsomest Cadet .......... (1) R. E. Goolrick; (2) J. H. Wilson.
The Best Officer .......... (1) T. J. Wright; (2) L. W. Williams.
The Best Sergeant .......... (1) R. McBurney; (2) R. C. Scott.
The Best Corporal .......... (1) J. L. Baum; (2) W. M. Rogers.
The Best Drilled Private .......... (1) A. R. Bauman; (2) A. E. Dorsey.
Greatest Ladies Man .......... (1) J. Cova; (2) P. H. Noland.
Greatest Lady Hater .......... (1) C. M. Smith; (2) M. H. Eoff.
The Most Fickle Cadet .......... (1) L. T. Downey; (2) W. P. Boatwright.
The Most Popular Professor .......... (1) Col. Marr; (2) Dr. Williams.
The Best-Natured Liar .......... (1) G. C. Faville; (2) A. R. Bauman.
The Biggest Goat .......... (1) J. Sachs; (2) C. D. Montague.
The Biggest Kicker .......... (1) J. H. Thompson; (2) I. T. Holt.
The Greatest Bore .......... (1) J. Sachs; (2) F. O. Cudlipp.
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<th>Award</th>
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<tr>
<td>The Most Conceited Cadet</td>
<td>(1) G. M. Parsons;</td>
<td>(2) M. D. Pritchard.</td>
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<td>(3) C. S. Damson;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(4) G. T. Worthington</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lazziest Cadet</td>
<td>(1) I. T. Holt;</td>
<td>(2) G. E. Bushnell.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(3) C. H. Fisher;</td>
<td>(4) R. E. Glover.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cheekiest Cadet</td>
<td>(1) T. Taylor;</td>
<td>(2) W. F. Francis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tightest Cadet</td>
<td>(1) C. G. Smoot;</td>
<td>(2) W. M. Ellis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Freshest Rat</td>
<td>(1) F. Ramey;</td>
<td>(2) F. G. Henley.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Professor Lover</td>
<td>(1) C. G. Osborne;</td>
<td>(2) C. E. Diffendal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Biggest Eater</td>
<td>(1) F. M. Collier;</td>
<td>(2) J. M. Smith.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Best All-Around Athlete</td>
<td>(1) E. W. Lawson;</td>
<td>(2) R. McBurney.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Most Boastful Cadet</td>
<td>(1) A. R. Bauman;</td>
<td>(2) R. E. Goolrick.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Most in Love</td>
<td>(1) C. E. Diffendal;</td>
<td>(2) R. W. Smith.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The image contains a picture of a landscape with trees and a river.
Grinds

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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J. H. Watkins, '07, Manager and Captain
FOOTBALL
Football Department

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

Team of 1905

R. W. SMITH
Full Back

J. A. NUTTER
Right Half Back

H. D. HODGSON
Left Half Back

E. M. WILSON
Quarter Back

A. B. JOHNSON
Center

H. H. VARNER, Right End

M. M. GOODWIN
Right Guard

G. H. CUNNINGHAM
Left Guard

W. L. BRANCH
Right Tackle

C. E. DIFFENDAL
Left Tackle

G. T. WORTHINGTON
Left End

Substitutes

LUTTRELL
STILES
GRANT
Football Editorial

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hurrah for the football team of 1906!!!
The Scrubs

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

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

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

"U. P." Men of 1906

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

Record of Games 1906

March 30 Roanoke College 4 V. P. I. 17
April 6 Wash. and Lee 2 V. P. I. 4
April 7 Wash. and Lee 13 V. P. I. 4
April 14 St. Johns 7 V. P. I. 5
April 16 Roanoke College 6 V. P. I. 11
April 23 Randolph Macon 1 V. P. I. 9
April 30 Roanoke College 3 V. P. I. 15
May 16 V. M. I. 22 V. P. I. 10
WATKINS

LUTTRELL

Track Department

J. H. WATKINS Captain and Manager
P. H. NOLAND Assistant Manager
H. D. LUTTRELL Coach
### Class Football Teams

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Seniors</th>
<th>Sophomores</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Purell</td>
<td>Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carpenter</td>
<td>Guards</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hutcheson</td>
<td>Tackles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nutty</td>
<td>Ends</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wright, T. J.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnard</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ulrich (Captain)</td>
<td>Full Back</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palmer</td>
<td>Half Backs</td>
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<tr>
<td>Higgins</td>
<td>Quarter Backs</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alexander</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Brown (Manager)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Anderson, H. V.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Newcomb, H. V.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hannah</td>
<td>Substitutes</td>
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<td>Major</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Juniors</th>
<th>Freshmen</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Scott, R. C</td>
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<tr>
<td>Graves</td>
<td>Guards</td>
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<td>Wood, C.</td>
<td>Tackles</td>
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<td>Benson</td>
<td>Ends</td>
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<td>Armistead</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beasely</td>
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<td>Alexander</td>
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<td>Johnson, R. P. A.</td>
<td>Half Backs</td>
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<tr>
<td>Schroeder (Captain)</td>
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<td>Fischer</td>
<td>Full Back</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harvell</td>
<td>Quarter Back</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ives (Manager)</td>
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<td>Parsons</td>
<td>Substitutes</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Substitutes</td>
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**Scores.**

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<th>11</th>
<th>Freshmen</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>Sophomore</td>
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<td>Sophomore</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sophomore</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Freshmen</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

No game between Seniors and Juniors.
Cadet Staff

MISS CATLIN
Sponsor

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

Non-Commissioned Staff

G. L. PARSONS Sergeant Major
J. D. POWELL Quartermaster Sergeant
F. H. TROLLINGER Color Sergeant
C. P. MILLARD Color Sergeant
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F. G. HENLEY</td>
<td>Captain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. T. DOWNEY</td>
<td>First Lieutenant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. B. FRED</td>
<td>Second Lieutenant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. T. HOLT</td>
<td>Third Lieutenant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. N. PREAS</td>
<td>Fourth Lieutenant</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Sergeants**

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

**Corporals**

- W. M. ELLIS
- L. E. WALKER
- P. P. HUFFARD
- D. D. MARTIN
Company A

MISS CAMPBELL
Sponsor

L. W. WILLIAMS
C. M. SMITH
C. OSBORNE
H. W. KENT
C. G. SMOOT

Captain
First Lieutenant
Second Lieutenant
Third Lieutenant
Fourth Lieutenant

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

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

C. B. Powell
R. A. Russell
J. H. Minton
J. M. Purcell
A. K. Nutty

Captain
First Lieutenant
Second Lieutenant
Third Lieutenant
Fourth Lieutenant

Sergeants
R. McBirney, First Sergeant
R. C. Scott
G. S. Bonham
H. C. Beasley
A. M. Crowder

Corporals
A. Harris
W. M. Rogers
A. Evans
E. P. Rogers
Company C

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W. C. BRINGMAN ................................................ First Lieutenant
J. T. ROGERS .................................................... Second Lieutenant
J. H. WILSON ..................................................... Third Lieutenant
F. M. COLLIER ..................................................... Fourth Lieutenant

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

Corporals
A. G. WALKER .................................................. C. L. WATKINS
F. E. CASH ......................................................... A. L. LeSTOURGEON
Company D

MIS PAYNE
Sponsor

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C. D. MONTAGUE First Lieutenant
P. T. BRADLEY Second Lieutenant
G. S. BARNARD Third Lieutenant
W. R. LIVESAY Fourth Lieutenant

Sergeants

J. M. SMITH, First Sergeant
W. F. HELLMUTH
J. A. ARMISTEAD

J. H. JONES

E. S. ALEXANDER

Corporals

H. T. HOWARD
F. O. CUDLIPP

G. R. SCOTT

A. E. WILLIAMS

E. NICHOLSON
Company E

Miss Koeper
Sponsor

F. S. Holmes                   Captain
S. E. Carnahan                First Lieutenant
C. J. Ford                    Second Lieutenant
B. B. Wells                   Third Lieutenant
J. R. Hutcheson               Fourth Lieutenant

Sergeants
R. P. A. Johnson, First Sergeant
T. O. Day                     C. E. Sheppard
J. W. Monteith                W. E. Corr
P. M. Creary

Corporals
J. L. Baum                    H. A. Tillett
L. C. Isaacs                  L. Washer
W. T. Wood

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Company F

MISS CARNEY
Sponsor

T. J. WRIGHT
A. B. CARPENTER
W. H. ULRICH
H. P. SHEPPARD
J. H. GALT

Captain
First Lieutenant
Second Lieutenant
Third Lieutenant
Fourth Lieutenant

Sergeants

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C. H. DEATON
W. S. MARTIN

O. L. ANDERSON
M. A. BENSON

Corporals

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W. D. MOSS

F. P. POOLE
H. D. THOMAS
J. L. PALMER

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Band

MISS LUCAS

Sponsor

Major H. D. McTier (Director)
Major J. H. Shultz
Major L. M. Hale
Captain J. W. Old
First Lieutenant P. G. Coyle
Second Lieutenant F. W. Harris
Third Lieutenant J. D. Waldrep
First Sergeant R. S. Poule
Sergeant J. W. McCulloch
Sergeant R. G. Wilbourne
Sergeant O. R. Jenkins
Corporal H. S. Brown
Corporal R. A. Calvert

Solo "bb" Cornet
First "bb" Trombone
First "bb" Trombone
Drum Major
Third "bb" Alto
Solo "bb" Cornet
Snare Drum
Tuba
Bass Drum
Solo "bb" Cornet
Solo "bb" Clarinet
Second "bb" Clarinet
Helicon Bass

Précatur

R. R. Coyle
A. A. Eskridge
W. S. Jones
H. G. Jordan
R. H. Lee
L. A. Obias
C. H. Jennings
Third "bb" Tenor
Third "bb" Clarinet
Third "bb" Trombone
Second "bb" Clarinet
Solo "bb" Cornet
Solo "bb" Cornet

W. P. Angel
J. W. Carter
R. P. Lott
J. M. McCue
A. H. McTier
W. H. Russell
Slide Trombone
Third "bb" Alto
Solo "bb" Alto
Librarian
Baritone
First "bb" Cornet
Piccolo
Gray Jacket

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The Virginia Tech

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Motto: Virtus Suos Coronat

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Critic

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A. C. DAVIS
Sergeant-at-Arms

H. S. STAHL
Critic

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Orator
J. R. SHEPPARD

Debate
R. C. KENT

Declamation
J. W. OLD
Maury Literary Society

Colors: Pink and White
Object: The promotion of the literary interest of the College

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Debate

Orator
A. W. DRINKARD

Declaration
P. S. BLANDFORD
The Mikado

or

The Town of Titipu

(Given in the old Chapel November 24, 1906, for the benefit of the 1907 BUGLE. A great success from an artistic as well as from a financial standpoint.)

Cast of Characters

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

Chorus of Japanese Ladies

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

Chorus of Japanese Noblemen


Miss Smythe........................................... Pianist

Special numbers by the College Orchestra.
German Club

**Officers**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
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<tr>
<td>R. E. M. Goolrick</td>
<td>President</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. H. Noland</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. W. Lawson</td>
<td>Secretary and Treasurer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. H. Watkins</td>
<td>Leader</td>
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**Members**

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<tr>
<td>A. D. Austin</td>
<td>C. D. Montague</td>
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<td>C. Bauman</td>
<td>P. H. Noland</td>
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<td>W. L. Branch</td>
<td>W. B. Oglesby</td>
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<td>J. Cova</td>
<td>R. J. Palmer</td>
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<td>C. C. Cook</td>
<td>W. Rueger</td>
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<td>G. H. Cunningham</td>
<td>R. C. Scott</td>
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<td>J. J. Davis</td>
<td>C. D. Snead</td>
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<td>H. F. Day</td>
<td>L. V. Sutton</td>
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<td>W. R. Galt</td>
<td>H. H. Varner</td>
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<td>E. G. Giles</td>
<td>J. H. Watkins</td>
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<td>R. E. Goolrick</td>
<td>J. D. Waldrop</td>
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<td>A. M. Goodloe</td>
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<td>O. R. Jenkins</td>
<td>A. D. Williams</td>
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<td>J. P. Jones</td>
<td>C. Williams</td>
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<tr>
<td>Z. R. Lewis</td>
<td>H. C. Whitehurst</td>
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<tr>
<td>M. McCormick</td>
<td>G. T. Worthington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. T. Montague</td>
<td>W. K. Yonge</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Kodak and Camera Club

Colors: Black and White
Pastime: Printing and Developing
Drink: Hypo.
Favorite Saying: How did your pictures turn out?

Officers

L. T. DOWNEY, '07
C. D. MONTAGUE, '07
J. T. ROGERS, JR., '07
J. H. JONES, '08

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Members

W. C. Bringman, '07
G. S. Barnard, '07
J. Carpenter, '08
C. H. Deaton, '08
C. E. Houston, '09
J. H. Jones, '08
J. H. Minton, '07
J. S. Redshaw, '10
L. S. Walker, '10
S. Blocksidge, '09
J. W. Campbell, '08
L. T. Downey, '07
H. H. Hutchinson, '10
W. Y. Jenkins, '10
F. Kiepper, '09
C. D. Montague, '07
J. T. Rogers, Jr., '07
E. O. Williams, '09
O. H. Weiss, '09
Favorite Quotation
"Blessings be on him who first invented sleep."

Motto
Fressen, trinken, und sein
fröhlich.

Members
F. W. HARRIS
Presiding Elder

F. G. HENLEY
Toast Master

J. T. ROGERS
Entertaining Committee

T. J. WRIGHT
Carver

C. D. MONTAGUE
Caterer

A. B. CARPENTER
Chief

N. O. HOLT
Head Waiter

H. V. NEWCOMB
Doorkeeper

T. R. CUNNINGHAM
Leg Puller

J. D. WALDROP
Wasser Knabe
Cosmopolitan Club

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

PROFESSOR F. H. ABBOT, Director

First Tenor
COURTNEY WILLIAMS
WALKER, L. S.
BAUM, J. L.

Second Tenor
PRITCHARD, M. D.
GRANDY, J. W.

Second Bass
HOLT, L. T.

First Bass
JENKINS, O. R.
DAVIS, W. B.

HODGSON, H. D.
LEWIS, Z. R.
Mechanical Engineering Club

Motto: “Grease Forever.”

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

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

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

Officers

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

Members

A. G. Anderson
W. C. Bringman
F. M. Collier
G. C. Faville
N. O. Holt
H. W. Kent
W. J. Lamon
H. R. Maddox
J. B. Maynard
C. Osborne
R. A. Russell
F. Stringfellow
H. H. Varner

L. E. Brown
A. C. Broce
L. T. Downey
C. J. Ford
A. B. Johnson
J. R. Kirk
W. H. Livesay
J. B. Major
A. K. Nutty
W. N. Peas
C. M. Smith
C. G. Smoot
T. J. Wright
E. E. Club

Senior Sparklers Ready Reliable of Puzzling Parallel Problems

Officers

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

Members

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

Mascot
S. R. PRITCHARD, JR.
Agricultural Club

Officers

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

Members

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

Officers

J. O. Mundy, '07 ........................................ President
D. D. Martin, '09 ...................................... Vice-President
J. P. Jones, '09 ......................................... Secretary and Treasurer
J. B. Lucas, '10 ......................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

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

Officers

J. T. ROGERS, JR., '07
M. H. WATSON, '08
E. P. ROGERS, '09
E. A. WILLIAMS, '09
J. R. TIMMONS, '10

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

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

Honorary Members

Dr. J. M. McBryde
Professor S. R. Pritchard
Albert S. Johnston

Professor R. J. Davidson
Professor E. A. Smythe
Pandemonium Club

Colors: Fiery Red, Sulphurous Blue and Smoky Black.
Favorite Saying: Give me a Drop of Water.
Motto: Better to Dwell in Pandemonium than to Rule on "Midway."
Favorite Occupation: Hunting Trouble.

Officers

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

Fallen Angels

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

Officers

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

Members

Ainslie, E. C.  Bowman, L.
Brown, L. E.  Chamlee, R. H.
Carpenter, A. B.  Catlin, W.
Chalkley, T. V.  Clark, J. L.  Cosby, R. R.
Drumeller, W. M.  Giles, F. L.  Ellis, W. M.
Glover, R. E.  Hubbard, M. F.  King, H. McG.
Isbell, E. A.  Lamb, F. B.  Lichtenstein, L.
McCue, J. M.  Massie, C. P.  Moss, W. D.  McGraw, W
Noble, E. W.  Parsons G. L.  Schroeder, L. F.
Paul, C. L.  Purcell, J. M.  Robertson, G. R.
Sheppard, J. R.  Sheppard, E. S.  Woolfolk, C. A.
Smith, B. L.  Walker, L. E.  Washer, L.  Yonge, W. K.
1907

At the city, by the sea
Where the Jimtown is to be
There we go without a fear
As will many from far and near.

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

Even the troops new England's boast
Also a slice of Germany's best
From the ships of Columbus' time
To the Navies now sublime.

The time honored caravan of Timbuctoo
And the mighty, modern, speedy, Choo-Choo.
French—and their old "parlez-vous' français";
Little Jules—and their jinrickshaw.

Chinks and Poles, and others too
If for you, these will not do
Troops to the right and left of us
But they will not make a fuss.

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

All of this and even more still
Can't be seen from our door sill.

So a welcome, to you all
From early in spring to late in fall.
West Virginia Club

Officers

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

Members

E. L. Bailey, ’09 W. L. Branch, ’07 C. H. Deaton, ’08
M. W. Frankenfield, ’10 O. R. Jenkins, ’08
J. L. Huddleston, ’10 J. W. McCulloch, ’08
F. E. Lawson, ’10 R. D. Shields, ’10
R. S. Poole, ’08 C. H. Slayton, ’10
J. P. Shockey, ’10 L. J. Watts, ’10
C. V. Wilson, ’10 C. G. Walker, ’09
J. E. Williams, ’10
Norfolk Academy Club

Colors: Orange and White

Favorite Drink: Cheap Charlie's Lemonade

Officers

G. S. BARNARD, '97 President
J. D. WALDROP, '97 Vice-President
M. H. TILGHMAN, '99 Secretary and Treasurer
E. F. JONES, '00 Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

H. M. Chewning, '09
G. S. Barnard, '07
M. H. Jeffries, '10
E. T. Jones, '09
M. H. Tilghman, '09

M. S. Cleaton, '10
J. G. Ennes, '09
W. T. Jones, '09
F. H. Rives, '10
J. D. Waldrop, '07
Augusta County Club

Officers

J. T. L. May, '07
J. A. Clarkson, '08
L. G. Moore, '09
J. L. Singer, '09
J. T. Smith, '10

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

J. M. Blackburn, '10
W. F. Cale, '08
J. T. Cohron, '10
H. H. Hutchinson, '09
W. M. Montgomery, '10

J. S. Blain, '09
G. F. Cale, '10
A. A. Eskridge, '10
W. B. Liversay, '07
H. V. Newcomb, '07
Truckers Club

Composed of men from Norfolk and Portsmouth Counties.
Motto: On to Jamestown.

Officers

T. J. Wright
J. B. Maynard
W. Ives
J. R. Kirk

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Members

M. L. Cleaton, '10
J. G. Ennes, '09
F. M. Johnson, '09
J. B. Maynard, '07
E. Overman, '10
L. A. Porter, '10
R. E. Wright, '09

L. A. Deams, '10
W. Ives, '08
J. R. Kirk, '07
J. B. Maynard, '07
H. G. Norfleet, '09
J. D. Powell, '08
O. H. Weiss, '09
T. J. Wright, '07

Honorary Member
Miss E. B. Bowen
Newport News Club

Motto: Grab or go Hungry
Favorite Dish: Murphy's Favorite Drink: Adams Ale
Favorite Pastime: Hitting the Hay

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

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

Favorite Pastime: Dancing at Hunter's Alum.
Favorite Drink: Hunter's Alum Water

Officers

S. E. Carnahan, '07 President
F. S. Holmes, '07 Vice-President
F. H. Jordan, '08 Secretary and Treasurer
S. Blockside, '09 Master of Ceremonies

Members

F. S. Holmes, '07 S. E. Carnahan, '07
F. H. Jordan, '08 S. Blockside, '09
H. C. Painter, '10 H. H. Holmes, '10
D. C. Wynn, '10
Lynchburg Club

Colors: Sky-blue and White.
Motto: Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow.
Occupation: 
Cure for Homesickness: Climbing Stairs.

Officers

P. G. Cosby, '07
President
R. A. DuVal, '08
Vice-President
F. A. Schaefer, '09
Secretary and Treasurer
H. M. Ford, '10
Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

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

Honorary Members

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

359
Wythe County Club

Colors: Sky-blue and Pea Green.
Favorite Food: Persimmons.
Motto: Never let a good thing pass.
Favorite Song: "I'd rather be a Sausage than a can of Boston Baked Beans."
Favorite Drink: Cod Liver Oil.
Favorite Occupation: Pressing Brick.

Officers

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

Members

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

Honorary Member
W. B. Oglesby
Washington County Club

Officers

A. K. Nutty, '07  President
W. B. Martin, '09  Vice-President
R. M. Boggs, '09  Secretary and Treasurer
A. H. Warden, '10  Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

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

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

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

Debits
B. Kerna
C. G. Taylor  J. Redd
S. C. Brown  C. L. Bailey
G. C. Fitzgerald  E. T. Burr
Montgomery County Club

Officers

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

Members

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

Honorary Members

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

Officers

C. D. MONTAGUE, '07
G. R. SCOTT, '09
R. E. M. GOOLRICK, '07
A. G. GIBBS, '10

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

Members

A. R. Bauman, '07
W. D. Flagg, '09
A. G. Gibbs, '10
C. D. Montague, '07
R. M. Robinson, '10
G. R. Scott, '09

J. H. Crismond, '10
R. E. M. Goolrick, '07
W. P. Hunter, '09
Albemarle and Orange Club

**Officers**

Motto: "Faire Sans Dire."

Chief Occupation: "Dear Hunting."

Favorite Drink: Orangeade and Pippin Cider.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F. W. HARRIS</td>
<td>President</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. L. HIGGINS</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. O. MUNDY</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. D. MARTIN</td>
<td>Treasurer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. H. STRATTON</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Members**

G. C. Brooking
J. W. Hall
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Editor’s Note.

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

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

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

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

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

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

EDITORS
Farewell

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

P. '07
Blow, Single, Blow

The years will fly, the present fade,
And though we owe all we are.
Our aims and aims will fade away.
And when the years have passed the days,
We find but one fact, the call.
And where the sun we take the call.
And where the sun we take the call.
And where the sun we take the call.
And where the sun we take the call.

Blow, bugle, blow,
Men of the forest, blow,
With marching in our ears.
To be the days of then, when
We may be glad to hear.
The shallows from the forest,
With trumpets on the wind.
The shallows from the forest,
With trumpets on the wind.
The shallows from the forest,
With trumpets on the wind.
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