Foreword

Because we aren't real witty,
Because we print sad jokes,
Because we cannot argue
In ways to suit you folks,
Don't sigh and cuss and knock us
And heave us on your shelf:
Just grab a pen, sweet reader,
And try to write yourself.
Volume XVI.  Number 1

THE BUGLE

1910

Published Annually by the Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Blacksburg, Virginia

RICHMOND, VA.
EVERETT WADDEY CO.
1910
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To

Captain George H. Jamerson

Captain 29th Infantry, U. S. A.

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

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

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

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

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

Ecce opera nostra!
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John Henry Aaron
BRISTOL, VA.
Chemistry.
Retire within thyself, and thou wilt discover how small a stock there is.
Private, Company D

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

Horticulture.

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

Member German Club.
Member Athletic Council.
President Richmond Club.
Vice-President of Agricultural Club.
Managing Editor of "The Tech.," '99.
Editor-in-Chief of "The Tech.," '10.
Associate Editor of the "Gray Jacket."
Defending Attorney of the Corps.
Class Historian.

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

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

Horticulture.  

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

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

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

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

Private, Company A
Sergeant-at-Arms of the L. F. C. Club,
'07-'08.
Class Football Team, '09.

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

"GAS"
Henry Evans Billups  
NORFOLK, VA.  

Electrical Engineering.  

A devil abroad, and a saint at home.  

Lieutenant, Company D  

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

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

Captain, Company A
Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society, '07-'08.
Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary Society, '07-'08.
Winner Declaimer's Medal Maury Literary Society, '07-'08.
Sergeant-at-Arms Maury Literary Society, '08-'09.
Local Editor of the "Gray Jacket," '07-'08.
Local Editor of the "Gray Jacket," '08-'09.
Class Representative "Bugle," '08-'09.
Vice-President Montgomery County Club, '08-'09.
President Montgomery County Club, '09-'10.
Literary Editor "Bugle," '09-'10.
President of the Corps, '09-'10.
Chairman Executive Committee of the Corps, '09-'10.

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

ORANGE, VA.

Civil Engineering.

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

Lieutenant, Company A

Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.
Class Football Team, '09-'10.
Treasurer of Orange and Albemarle Club,
'07-'08.

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

"SHORTY"
James Arnold Buxton
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
Civil Engineering.
Lean as the fork with the wind whistling through the prongs.

Private, Company A
Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.
Class Football Team, '09-'10.
Secretary Newport News Club, '07-'08.

Buck is always under a cloud. You see, he's got a head like a brass tack and knows the deuce of a lot, but he's so chary about imparting his knowledge, that the Profs. don't see it that way. Then, too, his tongue has a way of laying down on him and bailing him all up, which isn't a very nice thing for a fellow's tongue to do, but which happens, just the same. So Buck keeps his mouth shut and uses his head instead.
D. Preston Clemmer
MIDDLE BROOK, VA.
Mechanical Engineering.
How much a dunce who has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce who has been left at home.

Lieutenant, Company II
Sergeant-at-Arms Shenandoah Valley Club.
Member German Club.
Captain Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.
News Editor of "Tech", '09-'10.

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

SOUTH BOSTON, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

Remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow.

Lieutenant, Staff

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

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

Rifle Team, '08-'09.

President Halifax County Club, '08-'09.

Class Football Team, '09-'10.

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

"Fred"
William Slater Cowart

COWART, VA.

Civil Engineering.

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

Private, Company F

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

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

Private, Company A
"Mouse" Football Team, '06-'07.
Class Baseball Team, '06-'07.
Class Football Team, '08-'09.
Scrub Baseball Team, '08-'09.

Behold another of Blacksburg's famous sons!
Or is this the first? Well, there are more
coming, which would seem to show that the
village doesn't run to Friths and yaller dogs all
the time. Now and then you get a real, live
man—a man who ought to be doubly patted, be-
cause he has overcome such obstacles in life.
Some of these days we'll hear about Crowder, of
Jonesville, or Smithtown, but not of Blacksburg.
Harry Edward Early
GALAX, VA.
Electrical Engineering.
The bookful block-head ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.
Private, Company A

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

Chemistry.

You look wise;
Pray correct the error.

Private, Company C
Class Baseball Team, '05-'06, '06-'07, '08-'09.
President Senior Class, '09-'10.

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

PAGETON, W. VA.

Electrical Engineering.

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

Lieutenant, Company A
Secretary West Virginia Club, '06-'07.
Treasurer West Virginia Club, '07-'08.
President West Virginia Club, '08-'09.
Secretary Electrical Engineering Club, '09-'10.

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

Civil Engineering.

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

Captain, Company F
Secretary Orange and Albemarle Club, '08-'09.
Vice-President of Civil Engineering Club, '09-'10.

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

"Stew"
Aubrey Gravatt Gibbs
PORT ROYAL, VA.
Mechanical Engineering.
A mighty pain to love it is,
'Tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all the pains, the greatest pain
Is to love and love in vain.

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

Uncle Aubrey is the hub of the 'varsity wheel-center, you know, and Spalding says he's a mighty good one. He's always falling over stubs, and is in love, but he can't get the fair ones to look at things his way. Aubrey don't sound just right as a handle to him, though. Aubrey, you remember, was once such a nice, soft-spoken, curly-haired youth. Our Aubrey is there with the horse laugh and the go-easy method of inserting himself hintecin.
John Donald Hamilton
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
Mechanical Engineering.
The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.
Private, Company F
Secretary Class, '06-'07.
Treasurer Class, '07-'08.
Executive Committee, '08-'09, '09-'10.
Vice-President Newport News Club, '07-'08.
Assistant Manager Tennis Team, '08-'09.
Assistant Business Manager "The Tech," '08-'09.
President Camel Club, '08-'09.
Manager Tennis Team, '09-'10.
Member Athletic Council, '09-'10.
President Mechanical Engineering Club, '09-'10.

The canny Scot—Hoot, mon—come awa! Hammie ought to make a kien caddie, not a tea
caddie, Eveline, but one of those braw laddies
who tote the cleek and brassie. He's also one of
those deceptive people who keep their mouth
shut, and because they say nothing, get up an
awful "rep" as to what they could do if they
would. That is, until you come to know them.
But John can appreciate a joke, and he was a
good foil for Mike Yancey in the Executive
Committee.
Behold Porthos—worthy Porthos, who could throw Englishmen out the windows and drink Maitre Jacques under the table. Piggy used to be able to level out all sorts of things on his good right arm, but since he got to writing transcontinental epistles, his strength has dwindled. It is an even bet that Piggy would rather sleep than eat, but that's about all he ever does—sleep and eat. Of course, he goes to a class now and then, mostly when Doc Henderson is away, however.
Bill was raised on peanut butter coming from Suffolk; that is, Bill came from Suffolk. Of course, the butter came from Suffolk, too. Some of it came in Bill. Bill is long and distinguished looking, and made a fine adjutant, until heart trouble gave him the kibosh. Bill’s got it bad—daily letters, telegrams and all that. That heart trouble is going to get Bill in bad, too, some day. Some fellows do have awfully soft hearts, though.
Emory Ridding Hodgson
FALLS CHURCH, VA.

Agriculture.
Thou shouldst eat to live: not live to eat.

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

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

"Ole Hoss"
Henry Hart Holmes
PULASKI, VA.
Civil Engineering.
"Comparisons are odorous."
Lieutenant, Company C
Secretary Pulaski County Club, '07-'08.
Treasurer Pulaski County Club, '08-'09
Class Football Team, '09-'10.

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

"Plucker"
John Leyburn Hughes
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
Civil Engineering.

Not owned a smile, if oft observed and near,
Waned in its mirth, and withered to a sneer

Private, Company F

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

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

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

Captain, Company D
Assistant Business Manager "Bogle," '09-'10.

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

RICHMOND, VA.

Civil Engineering.

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

Private, Band.

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

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

Electrical Engineering.

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

Lieutenant, Company C
Rifle Team, '08-'09.

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

Electrical Engineering.

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

Lieutenant, Company D
Vice-President Ashland Club, '07-'08.
Rifle Team, '08-'09.

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

"Jinks"
Harry Guilford Jones
DOE HILL, VA.

Civil Engineering.

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

Private, Company A

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

Big Hal, from Doe Hill, that's him. However, when they named him they got the right play but the wrong character—Hal. "Nay, nay, Geraldine"—say Falstaff, and you've hit it. Ben Greet is simply crying for Griz, but Griz is also crying for something—his little doggie. The canine was lost in the lobby of the Jefferson Hotel, and Griz has never recovered. My, what a butt of Malmsey it would take to drown this "fat Jack of the Bonehouse!"
Jacob Harry Kerlin
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
Civil Engineering.
A little, idle, good-for-nothing
And mischief-making monkey from his birth.
Private, Company C

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

"Jake"
Frank Beverly Lamb
RICHMOND, VA.

Electrical Engineering.

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

Lieutenant, Company E

Highest Shot on Rifle Team, '08-'09.
Class Baseball Team, '09-'10.
Class Football Team, '09-'10.
President Omicron Club, '09-'10.

Lord Chesterfield must be turning in his grave these days. The polish, politeness and suavity of Beverly is of a greatness. Polish! Why, if Lummy goes out in a windstorm, he comes back all scarred, so great is the polish. He's President of the Omicron Club, too, and in many other ways a real, high-toned, distingue chap. And he wears chamois skin gloves so he can preserve the polish. Polished? Yea, Bo, that's the cue.
Edward Bathurst Lewis
HOWARDSVILLE, VA.
Mechanical Engineering.
So perfumed that the winds were love sick.
Staff Captain and Quartermaster.
Secretary Albemarle County Club, '07-'08.
Vice-President Albemarle County Club, '08-'09.
Vice-President Episcopal Church Club, '08-'09.
President Junior, Senior German, '08-'09.
Vice-President Class, '08-'09.
German Club.

Square—that's the word. They lay off the U. S. G. S. triangles by E. B.'s shoulders, and then he's pretty square otherwise. Don't say much, y'understand, but thinks a heap—and is right on the level always. Lewis don't even let love ruffle the calm tenor of his way. When we were Rats, we used to think he used T squares in his shoulders, but we have since found out that it is his natural squareness.
"The plowman whistled blithe." 'Way back in Milton's time there used to be a plowman. And what would we have done in Revolutionary days if Farmer Starke hadn't been plowing? So, you see, plows are pretty important articles. What's all this got to do with it? Why, Jim Burleigh Lucas used to be the "champyun" plowman of Montgomery County, and they say that when you put your hand to the plough share you shouldn't turn back. J. Burleigh might take notice.
Kenneth Walker Mackall  
BALTIMORE, MD.

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

Private, Company C

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

When Mr. Mackall blows in as he always does, there is something fearfully breezy about him—and blows out again, you feel as if a young-sized tornado had passed. You read in picture books about men who have "an air of importance" about them. That’s Mr. Mackall. The air of importance is so thick that you could cut it with a knife. It’s mostly air, however, and what isn’t air is cigar smoke.
Here's another of these three-initial chaps. Funny, isn't it, how peculiar three letters before a man's name will make you feel. Carl—that's German; Paul brings up visions of Tarsus and Asia Minor. Alfred—that's Saxon. You can almost smell the cakes burning. But how to correlate such diverse diversities? Hum—ah, we have it! Malm—Marmalade—that's the idea—one of these tutti-frutti marmalades. And yet they say Malm is a Swede.
Caesar Pancratius Massel

RICHMOND, VA.

Civil Engineering.

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

Captain, Company E
Class Football Team, '06-'07.
Class Baseball Team, '07-'08.
'Varsity Football Team, '09-'10.
Sergeant-at-Arms C. E. Club, '09-'10.

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

"BLACK TURK"
Monty isn't exactly retiring or unassuming—he's just plain modest. He hasn't any good reason for being even that, but he is, just the same. You know you generally expect a modest fellow to be real scribey and smart. On the other hand, you shouldn't judge a fellow by the splash he makes, so we will withhold judgment on Monty. Stay on the fence, so to speak. He's a pretty boy, however, don't you think?
Harry Plaine Musser
SALEM, VA.
Electrical Engineering.
Flatterers are but the shadows of professors' bodies.
Private, Company D
Censor Lee Literary Society, '07-'08.
Chaplain Lee Literary Society, '08-'09.
Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '08-'09.
Exchange Editor "Gray Jacket," '08-'09.
Local Editor "Gray Jacket," '08-'09.
Chairman Bible Study Department, Y. M. C. A., '09-'10.

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

"MOORE"
Sterling Rives Neblett
McKenny, VA.
Mechanical Engineering.
There is nothing more frightful than active ignorance.
Private, Company C

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

"GIBLETS"
Heath Campbell Painter
PULASKI, VA.
Chemistry.
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Private, Company C
Mouse Football Team, '06-'07.
Mouse Baseball Team, '06-'07.
Mouse Football Team, '07-'08.
Mouse Baseball Team, '07-'08.
Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.
Vice-President Pulaski County Club, '08-'09.

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

"MOUSE"
David Marion Pitts
ELK HILL, VA.

Agriculture.
Arise and shake the hayseed out of thine hair.

Private, Company A

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

Electrical Engineering.

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

Lieutenant, Company C
Mouse Football Team, '06-'07.
President Portsmouth Club, '08-'09, '09-'10.
Secretary Class, '08-'09.
Class Football Team, '09-'10.
Treasurer E. E. Club, '09-'10.

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

"KNEE-DEEP"
John Cooper Pottage
NEWS FERRY, VA.
Mechanical Engineering.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run rippling all the way.
Private, Company C,
Secretary Halifax Club, '08-'09.
Class Football Team, '08-'09.

Now, of course, you are thinking that we are going to say something about Jacob and Esau, but not you first and aren't. Anyhow, if Pat had figured around the days when history was still in the baking stage, there'd be his finger prints all over the whole business. John's always in on anything in the way of devilment, and he's a good Canadian to have along. That is John—but deliver us from his pipe.
Hoch mit der Kaiser—Grumpebschwatt! Gee!
Don't we wish we had a German band to do the
honors. Yes, ladies and gents, this is a real,
live Teutonic extraction, raised on bier and pret-
zelskopf. But we shall lay aside persiflage for
once and take off our hats to a real man. If
you, gentle reader, knew of the hardships, the
setbacks, the discouragements which this gentle-
hearted Teuton has undergone, and how nobly he
has overcome all obstacles, finally winning the
goal of his ambition, you wouldn't find heart to
guy him. Karl Quantz, here's to you.
Rathell thinks so much and so hard that his hair is getting gray, and the sad part about it all is that he thinks in a circle always—he never gets anywhere. Of course, he passes Thermo and Mechanics, but they aren't such pumpkins, you know, as compared with some other things. Neither is Rathell—speaking relatively. He's a great shot and a most ravishing dancer—you understand, we are speaking relatively again—and that's all there is to Rathell.

“Rat-Hell”
Heath is in a class almost by himself. It is tough luck, that "almost," especially when Bud Wyssor is the other one who makes the almost. Bud and Heath are the only two applied Geologists in the class. Wait a minute—we’ll take back that first sentence, for Heath is the only Geologist in the class; Bud, you see, stands for the applied part of the stuff. Heath will get there, just the same; watch and see if he doesn’t.
Altitudinously, he's of an elevation, but volumetrically, the factor is almost negligible, so that when you average him up, he is just about ordinary. This is as to stature, you understand. Otherly he is some scenario, which, you remember, we said was to mean a sign and scenery painter. He used to letter suit cases with his brother, until he was elected Art Editor of "The Bugle," whence he now draws a fat stipend letter alone. Did you catch that last?
Randolph Shackelford
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Electrical Engineering.
Nothing but himself can be his parallel.
Associate Editor "Tech," '09-'10.
Class Football Team, '08-'09.
German Club.

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

Electrical Engineering.
One may smile and smile and still be a villain.

Private, Company D
Vice-President Randolph-Macon Club, '08-'09.
Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '09-'10.

Such a variety of accomplishments should require a card index, and Shanks would be the first man to fix it up. Business methods have been brought down to four decimal points in Shanks. He's the last word in things commercially. Some of these days he's going to own a big department store or a railroad. Why? Man, he's got a typewriter and he can use it, and he's the most awfully persistent fellow with "follow-up" letters you ever saw. He generally gets what he goes after, though, so we recommend him to your admonition.
Shades of Cincinnatus, what a specimen of country gentlemen have we here! If you'd dress Buck in red-top boots and a long-tailed coat of red, and a beaver hat, you couldn't tell him from a cartoon of John Bull to save your life. That's Buck all over. He's the best dancer and the finest judge of horse flesh and the hardest lover of them all, and when he gets back on the farm he's going to make Sir Roger de Coverly and his life look like a cheap and shoddy imitation. For Buck is the only original and genuine article in country gentlemen.

James Benjamin Skinner
HALF WAY, VA.

Agriculture.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.

Lieutenant, Company F

Class Baseball Team, '06-'07.
Class Football Team, '08-'09.
Secretary and Treasurer of L. F. C. Club, '08-'09.
Assistant Business Manager Agricultural Journal, '08-'09.
Assistant Manager Track Team, '08-'09.
Manager Track Team, '09-'10.
Athletic Council, '09-'10.
German Club.
President Senior Prom, '09-'10.
Leader of Final Ball, '09-'10.
President L. F. C. Club, '09-'10.

"Buck"
Clarence Harvey Slayton

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Mechanical.

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

Private, Company C
Treasurer Junior Class, '08-'09.
Vice-President Cosmopolitan Club, '08-'09.
Assistant Business Manager Virginia "Tech," '08-'09.
President Cosmopolitan Club, '09-'10.

Clarence Harvey Slayton, better known as "Dutchie," hails from Missouri, and, as usual, has to be shown. A friend once took "Dutchie" to Pulaski to show him the beauties of the place, and now he can't be kept at school longer than twelve days at a time; seems as if he fell in love with one particular beauty of the place, at any rate. There seems to be a pretty good joke out on him in connection with an advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post of the Union Pacific Railroad, and it is also rumored that it bears directly on his monthly telephone bill, which, by the way, is something frightful. But "Dutchie" is as silent as the hills about the matter, and when questioned, simply laughed and looked foolish. He'll get there, just the same, however, and we predict for him a very happy future. Here's luck, "Dutchie," and may all your troubles be little ones.
Daniel Hoag Spindle
CHRISTIANSBURG, VA.
Chemistry.
Tell the truth once and shame the devil.
Class Football Team, '07-'08.
Treasurer Montgomery County Club, '07-'08.
Assistant Leader German Club, '08-'09.
Leader Junior-Senior German, '08-'09.
Class Baseball Team, '08-'09.
Leader German Club, '09-'10.
Leader Senior Prom, '09-'10.

"The noblest Roman of them all"—Dingee Spindle, of Christiansburg. What a name to conjure with! Even the bones back to Dingee's calling. Dan is another of those well-beloved sons of the South who can dance well, ride well, fight well, and who can go into everything with a happy-go-lucky, care-free laugh, which puts the devil and his works at naught. There isn't anything in anybody's heart but love for Dingee, save now and then when the luck goes his way and he goes through a crowd.
Frank Curtis Stoneburner
EDINBURG, VA.
Mechanical Engineering.
An empty vessel makes the greatest sound.
Lieutenant, Company B
Class Baseball Team, '06-'07.
Captain Scrub Baseball Team, '07-'08.
President Class, '08-'09.
Assistant Manager 'Varsity Football Team, '08-'09.
'Varsity Baseball Team, '08-'09.
Treasurer Shenandoah Valley Club, '08-'09.
President Shenandoah Valley Club, '09-'10.
Manager 'Varsity Football Team, '09-'10.
Athletic Council, '09-'10.
Vice-President Corps, '09-'10.
Advertising Editor "Bugle," '09-'10.
Secretary and Treasurer Senior Prom., '09-'10.

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

"STONEY"
Louis Valvelle Sutton
PETERSBURG, VA.
Electrical Engineering.

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

Captain and Adjutant

German Club,
Class Football Team, '08-'09,
'Varsity Football Squad, '09-'10.
Leader Omicron Club, '09-'10.

We said "Lummy" Lamb was polished. Well, Louis Valvelle is courtly, also captain and adjutant. He's a good adjutant, too, and very good in the courtly line. Fact is, he's courting most of the time—all save when he is being courted. You know from his name in a minute that he's real polite and graceful, and has charmingly nice manners. We surely do regret that Prince Charley curls and lace collars have gone out of style in men's haberdashery. Poor Louis, how becoming they'd be to him!
Henry Milton Trenor
NEWPORT, VA.
Civil Engineering.
Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples,
for I am sick of love.
Captain, Company C
President Civil Engineering Club, '09-'10.
Class Football Team, '09-'10.

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

NORFOLK, VA.

Civil Engineering.

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

Librarian, Band
'Varsity Football Squad, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10.
Class Football Team, '07-'08.
Captain Scrub Football Team, '08-'09.
Manager Class Track Squad, '09-'10.
Vice-President Senior Prom, '09-'10.
German Club.

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

[Doney Image]
James Elliott Vawter
BLACKSBURG, VA.

Mining Engineering.

What the weak head with the strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Business Manager "Bugle," '09-'10.
President German Club, '09-'10.
Class Football Team, '08-'09.

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

Electrical Engineering.

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

Lieutenant, Company E

Editor-in-Chief "Bugle."
President Newport News Club, '08-'09.
President Hampton Roads Club, '09-'10.
President Electrical Engineering Club, '09-'10.
Glee Club.

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

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

Private, Company D

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

"MOSE"
We might say of Doc that he reminds us of the mistletoe clinging to the oak anent his affection for Bishop, but Doc would get mad at us for saying he is so green, and someone might misunderstand us as to what we meant by likening Bishop to an oak. Of course, we could refer to his head, but we really refer to his name—Oakley. But Doc and Bishop have more of a clinging, gummy sort of attachment, something like that of an urchin for an all-day sucker. Now, you can fix up this last to suit yourself; we leave it to you.
Henry Archer Womack
DARLINGTON, S. C.
Electrical Engineering.
We are such stuff as dreams are made of.
Lieutenant, Company B
Treasurer Maury Literary Society.
Corresponding Secretary Maury Literary Society.
Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society.
Critic Maury Literary Society.
Literary Editor "Gray Jacket."
Secretary and Treasurer South Carolina Club.
Secretary of Corps, '08-'09.
Captain of Class Football Team, '09-'10.
Vice-President Presbyterian Brotherhood, '08-'09.
President Presbyterian Brotherhood, '09-'10.
Vice-President Electrical Engineering Club, '09-'10.

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

Electrical Engineering.

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

Private, Company E

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

*Geology.*

What can't be cured, must be endured.

Captain, Company B

Secretary Pulaski County Club, '07-'08.
Vice-President Pulaski County Club, '09-'10.

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

"Bud"
Harold Clark Yeaton
RICHMOND, VA.
Electrical Engineering.
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool.
Private, Company E
*Varsity Track Team, '07-'08.
Treasurer Camera and Kodak Club, '08-'09.

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

“SHUNT”
To V. P. I.

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

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

JOHN WEYMOUTH.

Auf Wiedersehen

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

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

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

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

S. C. B.
Senior Class History

In the Rathood of Great Jamie,
In the year Old Prexie passed,
When the Harvest Moon was Shining,
When the haze hung o'er the mountains,
Came there to the Polytechnic.
Lo! The Class of Nineteen Ten.
Came with lunches packed in boxes;
Came with bedclothes, Bibles, boose,
Great coats, admonitions, kisses,
Fearing muchly, looking greenly, saying naught.
Packed and jammed in antique coaches,
Sad and sore and open-mouthed;
Saw the Tank upon the hillside,
Saw the crowd upon the platform,
Felt the queerful Huckleberry,
'Neath the hand of Cap'n Fagg,
Gliding smoothly, softly sliding,
Down the gently sloping steel.
Stepped they off the broken coaches,
Stepped on Blackburg's fateful soil.
Saw about them many shanties,
Each adorned with football scores,
And there woke within each corner
Pride of Alma Mater first.
Heard about them old boys greeting
Firmly, fondly, last year's friends.
Heard the dreadful, fearful branding
Of their shame, "Just see the Rats!"
Grabbed their handbags, stumbled dumbly
Out across the open space,
Down the long, lone lane of Blacksburg.
Past the shop of Charley Campbell.
Past the negroes playing marbles
In the yard by Woolwine's store;
Through the queer, cow-catching stile,
Down the long, green aisle of maples
To the place where all is lost,
To the deanery, where one forfeits
Name, and fame, and shekels dear.
Stood there in long lines of waiting,
Marshaled by a corps or two
Harkening to the cheerful comments
Of the old boys, boil'ring near.
After hours of silent standing
Came there to each man his turn;
Was admitted to the sanctum,
Stood before the Lord-of-All.
Gazed upon the face of Jamie,
As upon some demon dire,
Tried to say a chirp, "Good morning,"
Or essayed a poor salute.
Furtive, looked about the office,
Saw the campus map there hung,
Saw the piles of rifles standing,
Saw the safe, the order book,
Saw the charts of barrack floors.
In the distance, beaming, smiling,
Rubbing hands and looking sere,
Stam'mring, hemming, as it were,
Saw the form of Steve the hireling—
Looked upon his gainly form.
Had no lunch that in the future
Paths of his and yours should cross.
Questioned, measured, duly given
Ticket, room and company;
Sent adown the winding hallway,
Where you entered circumspectly
Other rooms—and stood before
Men of learning, deeply solemn.
Giving out certificates.
Then they placed you in your classes,
Told you what you knew or not;
Bluffed you into Freshman English,
Held you back for half a point.
Unless, perchance, you had been lucky,
Knew before an old boy wise,
Who had coached you on the quiet;
Put you on to all the ropes.
Bluffing happened just the same,
But 'twas you who bluff'd the pros;
Squeezed your way past Junior English,
Hunked 'em for a Sophomore.
For 'tis here as 'tis with every
Other game of give and take—
Someone's got to do the bluffing,
Someone's got to get the hook.
So, at last you wriggled forthly,  
Missus money, mind and manners;  
Armed with sundry slips of paper,  
Feeling more at sea than ever—  
Wandered o'er the drear quadrangle,  
Saw the stoop of Number One.  
Strangely hazy, unfamiliar,  
Piled with trunks—the trunks of others—  
Yours got left at Christiansburg.  
Found a face or two familiar,  
(Friends form fast in days of stress,)  
Got your mattress, bowl and bucket,  
Found your room—went in—and then—  
Sat you down in lonely sadness—  
In the dreary, dusty bareness  
Thought of home, perhaps—of dinner,  
Wondered what your fate would be,  
Till there came a knocking, calling,  
From without your chamber door.  
Fled the thoughts of home and mother,  
Went you out and did fool stunts—  
Rooted pennies, toted water,  
Sang a song, got beaten up—  
Days of Rathood stood before you,  
Days of careless joy and fun,  
Days when ideals smashed and sundered,  
Days you'd love to live again.

1906-1907

In the fall the pig-skin spheroid  
Occupied the minds of all—  
Many battles, hard and heavy,  
Gave the Techs full chests of pride.  
W. L. and Georgetown Uni.,  
And the doughty A. & M.,  
Old North State's own lusty 'varsity,  
V. M. I.—the arrogant,  
All went down in sore defeat.  
Only did the Navy, battling  
As they ne'er had fought before,  
Stem the rushing, surging tide.  
Mind you of the trip to Richmond?  
Band and banners—bouquets, beer—  
Jumbled now—kaleidoscopic,  
As the big day mem'ries do.
Then—the ten upon the Tank,
And the bucking hulk which followed—
And the bonfire—roaring high.
Glares, flares, singing praises
To the team that ne'er said die.
Boxes on Thanksgiving—bursting—
First the box—and then yourself—
Caddling, fighting, sometimes—thirsting.
For the blood of fellowmen.
Cutting classes, working sick call—
Ah! the mem'ry of those days.
Came there Christmas; joyful season,
Then the dreaded second term—
Sickness, shipping, dire blue devils,
Rotten weather, naught to do.
Till some brilliant-minded genius
Thought of firing bombs—and then,
Reign of terror—pandemonium—
Spite of wrathful watch of Jamie,
Spite of slenthy, lynx-eyed Steve,
Spite the guards in hall and stairway,
Grew the terror—spreading.
Veloped all in noise and smoke,
Till the pent-up ire was spent.
Many men they shipped for doing,
What they had to do—or bust—
Not a gym to work off surplus,
Not a drill to tire one out.
Boys aren't saints—they're merely creatures,
And they've got to raise the dence,
Then the sad days came upon us—
Days of silence, awe and calm—
When there went out from amongst us
Classmate—to his last long sleep.
Flag at half-mast; snare drum muffled,
And the moaning dirge was heard
As we took him to the station;
Took him softly, took him sadly,
With the flag upon his breast,
For the long, long journey home.
Home, to far-off Hispanola,
Where the palm trees softly sing,
Where the moon tips wavelet silver
By the grave of Alvarez.
Turned we from deep introspection,
With the coming of the spring.
Took up gaily ball and bat,
But Dame Fortune frowned upon us,
Scores were small, or negative.
Came exams—the Seniors packing,
Talk of Jamestown, summer, home,
Rumors vague, and lowly whispers
Then began to creep about
Of a deep, dark plot and project
For the night before we left.
On that night—Can we forget it?
Hell arose and stalked about,
Bursting bombs—the crack of rifles—
Burning hays—and powder stench.
Rising, flaming, from each barrack
Came the roar of demon wrath,
Cursing, sweating, firing, shouting,
Toiled as imps in Satan's path.
Twenty thousand rounds of cartridge—
Property of Uncle Sam—
Bags of powder—floors of barracks—
Up in smoke—Who gave a damn!
Came the dawn—and Jamie—crying,
Reveille at half-past three.
Grimy, bleary-eyed, tired and sleepy,
Fell in ranks they could not see.
Breakfast o'er—no time for chapel;
Marched down to the Huckle track;
Board the puffing, waiting special;
On to Jamestown—Ne'er come back!

1907-1908

Came we back as Sophomores;
Came as lions, lusting blood;
Came upon the cow'ring rodent;
Came with thunder; came with buckster;
Came with supercilious air.
Found we many, many changes;
Saw old Prexie's face no longer;
Saw Oom Paul the slave, the shrewd one,
Ladling out the mush of power.
Greeted Jamie, greeted Steve
Frankly, as old friends should do,
Hands grew tired with constant shaking,
Faces wore a constant grin—
As became lords of creation,
As became the Sophomore.
Yet the year was uneventful,
Big things happened few and far.
Many discords rose among us;
Party schisms opened wide.
Thinner were our ranks than last year—
Classmates could not—classmates would not
Come again to V. P. I.
Football once again embraced us
In its wild, enthused arms.
Stood we breathless on the bleachers,
Keyed to keenest, highest pitch.
Felt the laurel wreath of vict'ry,
Felt the bitter sting—defeat.
Journeyed to the Magic City,
Where we played the cute tin soldiers—
Played them twenty-two to naught.
Other rivals fell before us.
Rivals strong and full of craft.
Passed the year as many others—
Christmas—Mid Term—Easter—June—
And again did fortune frown
On a luckless baseball team.
In the spring the mighty leaders
Met in conclave, solemnly
Drafted up the Constitution;
Organized the student body.
Wrote they many laws of wisdom
For the guidance of the corps.
Honor to these men of foresight,
Lab'ring, building for the future.
Well they builded, and the structure
Point we to with seemly pride.
Came again the longed-for Finals,
Came with mirth and revelry;
Came the banquet of the Soph'mores,
Bringing fear to heart of Rat.
Sang we "Auld Lang Syne" for Cagle;
Packed again—and journeyed home.

1908-1909

Autumn came and found us Juniors,
Steady, staid; with wiser heads;
Found us now a potent factor
In the congress of the students,
In the councils of the college.
And the roarings of the Soph'more,
And his joyous, blust'ring ways,
Fell from off us as a mantle,
As the winter snows in spring.

For there now awoke within us
Longings for the gleaming goal;
Turned our thoughts and ideals upward,
Labored long, and hard and sore.

Labored through the year of college,
Called by all men hardest far,
Called the turning point of college,
Called the long, the serious year.

Came not often down to practice
When the 'varsity met the scrub,
Yet, when need was, found us standing,
Cheering, swearing, rooting hard.

Shiv'ring, cheering—on the bleachers—
Saw old 'varsity struggling hard.
Saw them bend in sore defeat.
Saw them bend—and bending, break;
Saw the tide roll o'er them;
Saw with bitter tears of anger;
Saw triumphant G. W. U.

And again—the foe man found us,
When we could not lay him low,
By the sad sea waves in Norfolk.
A. & M. the vict'ry won.
Went we cheering, singing, laughing,
Down to slow old Lynchburg town;
Raised the hair on many heads;
Raised the dough for many bets;
Raised the douse before we finished;
Razed the team from Lexington.

Then arose the hazing movement—
"Down with hazing," was the cry.
Met in chapel, hall and stairway,
Talked and talked—both pro and con.
Met again in solemn conclave;
Voted—counted—and there rose
Out of all the chaos—order;
Hazing was to be no more.

Better things were sure to come,
And the move could not be stopped;
Bitter words there were, and many
Said we'd done a heinous thing,
But it has not proven so.
More are the ones who come here—

Proud we are that bearing—yet

It is not long since such a time.

From the old school, which they had.

But from the school, which they had.

The old school where the student's pride

Carried the victory or defeat—

Then the team, then the team.

Said the student, then the student—

And then the student, then the student.

Now the school's memory lasting long.

In the old school's pride.

But from the school, which they had.

Basket ball was organized.

The victory or defeat—

That the student, then the student—

And then the student, then the student.

Now the school's memory lasting long.

In the old school's pride.

But from the school, which they had.

Basket ball was organized.

The victory or defeat—

That the student, then the student—

And then the student, then the student.

Now the school's memory lasting long.

In the old school's pride.

But from the school, which they had.

Basket ball was organized.

The victory or defeat—

That the student, then the student—

And then the student, then the student.

Now the school's memory lasting long.

In the old school's pride.

But from the school, which they had.

Basket ball was organized.

The victory or defeat—

That the student, then the student—

And then the student, then the student.

Now the school's memory lasting long.

In the old school's pride.

But from the school, which they had.

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

1909-1910

Seniors now and nearly finished;  
Visions of the goal ahead;  
Visions of a sheep-skin gleaming.  
Squred us on to efforts new.  
Quickly passed the year, and many  
Fell beneath the telling pace—  
Fell and finished not amongst us,  
Finished late or not at all.

Seasons passed, and passing, saw us  
Boning, cramming, mincing naught,  
Looking sadly—looking brightly.  
At the dreaded posted marks.  
Bocock marshalled now athletics,  
Greater year was never known.  
Football—Techs—the Southern Champions—  
Undefeated save by Princeton.

Basket ball—unbroken record—  
Not a foe was there who won.  
Baseball, Track—the games went with us;  
Drank we of the winner's cup.

When the springtime buds were opening  
Came there sorrow to us all.

For there passed Professor Walker,  
Friend, preceptor, greatly loved.  
Full of years and honors was he,  
Straight and true, and always kind;  
Living rightly—helping others.

Stood we silent at his death.  
Also 'peared the Welfare bunch,  
'Peared with papers—armed with charges—  
Tried to hall old Prexie out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Likewise, certain others gathered together missiles of all descriptions in
order that they might destroy the windowlites, and thus make clear the opening for the refreshing streams.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thus peace and joy reigned in the land of the Polytechs for many days. Selah!
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Freshman Class

MISS DRIVER
Sponsor

P. Q. Wingfield .................. President
C. B. Terbs ...................... Vice-President
M. W. Gilliam .................... Secretary
P. W. Higgins ................... Treasurer
M. H. Richardson ................. Historian
A. G. Hughes ................. Sergeant-at-Arms
# Freshman

<p>| Anderson, Edward Randolph, (M. E.) | Blackstone | Nottoway |
| Anderson, Harvey Black, C. E. | Marion | Smyth |
| Armstrong, Henry Kirk, M. E. | Churchland | Northampton |
| Baker, Robert Ernest, Hort. | Burke | Wythe |
| Barnes, Clinton Newberry, Agr. | Pounding Mill | Tazewell |
| Bates, Harry Howard, M. E. | Kerneysville | West Virginia |
| Beegin, George Florio, E. E. | Penn Laird | Rockingham |
| Blair, Montgomery McLean, C. E. | Richmond | Henrico |
| Bonham, Joseph Park, Agr. | Chilhowie | Smyth |
| Boyce, James Harold, Hort. | Bon Air | Chesterfield |
| Bowler, Roland Tomlin Evans, M. E. | Washington | District of Columbia |
| Brinson, Stanley Wood, E. E. | Portsmouth | Norfolk |
| Brown, Houston, Agr. | Wytheville | Wythe |
| Burke, Joseph Edwin, C. E. | Richmond | Henrico |
| Burton, Augustus Allen, A. C. | Petersburg | Dinwiddie |
| Chaplain, Russell William, E. E. | Princess Anne | Princess Anne |
| Clark, Edward Franklin, E. E. | Newport News | Warwick |
| Cocke, Alexander Reed, M. E. | Petersburg | Dinwiddie |
| Cook, Richard Marshall, Agr. | Portsmouth | Norfolk |
| Colaw, Joseph Marvin, C. E. | Monterey | Highland |
| Cooper, Joseph Harvey, A. C. | Bristol | Washington |
| Cox, Clarence Edward, M. E. | Amherst | Amherst |
| Cox, Feels Mack, Agr. | Independence | Grayson |
| Craig, Milton McCoy, Agr. | Deerfield | Augusta |
| Crockett, Marvin Franklin, C. E. | Suffolk | Nassawadox |
| Crockett, Alexander Graham, Agr. | Max Meadows | Wythe |
| Dalton, Heath Ashley, E. E. | Hillsville | Carroll |
| Dalton, Pleasie Samuel, M. E. | Front Royal | Warren |
| Dearholt, Horace Theodore, A. G. | Berryville | Clarke |
| Deruy, Claude Palmer, C. E. | Norfolk | Norfolk |
| Dickson, James Newton, E. E. | Organ Cave | West Virginia |
| Diggins, Dudley Dice, E. E. | Mecklenburg | Lunenburg |
| Domen, William Pettit, Jr., A. C. | Norfolk | Norfolk |
| Downey, Julian O'Kane, C. E. | Alexandria | Fairfax |
| Duffy, Sevren Parker Costin, E. E. | Shady Side | Northampton |
| Evers, William Franklin, Agr. | Blacksburg | Montgomery |
| Eskridge, Alfred Armstrong, A. C. | Staunton | Augusta |
| Evans, Peetion Randolph, C. E. | Amherst | Amherst |
| Finks, Garnett Holstein, E. E. | Saltville | Smyth |
| Foster, John Brooks, A. C. | Ocean View | Norfolk |
| Fowler, Bernard Hubis, Jr., M. E. | Washington | District of Columbia |
| Gardner, Charles Stewart, Agr. | Bluefield | West Virginia |
| Garnett, Walter Raleigh, C. E. | Buckingham | Buckingham |</p>
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(Special Agriculture)

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**Special Students**

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Dr. George W. Walker, A. M.
Died March 10, 1910.

George W. Walker, Professor of Latin and Head Master of the School of Apprentices at V. P. L., was born October 5, 1843, near Martinsburg, Va. He was educated at the Martinsburg Academy and at Hampden-Sidney College; enlisted in the navy at the age of eighteen and belonged to the Stonewall Brigade;
was married in 1872 to Miss Emma Wysor, of Pulaski; taught for twenty-three years in public and private schools of Pulaski County, and for twelve years at the V. P. I., and was a member of the Board of Visitors of the State Female Normal School at Farmville. He died near Ashland, N. C., March 16th, 1910, and two days later was buried in the Blacksburg Cemetery. A wife, five sons and six daughters survive him and mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

C. T. A.
A Double Shuffle

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

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

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

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

Just as Bob, the Youthful, crept as silently as might be, through the window of his room and proceeded to plaster back, where practicable, that skin which
his unaccustomed scaling of the porch pillars had displaced from his shins and elbows, Bob, the Elder, nodded off into rosy dreams of a life no longer lonely, but shared and blessed by the now perverse but charming widow, Betty, whose winsome daughter, with loving remonstrance, should calm down and at last conquer that obstreperous youngster, Bob, the Youthful.

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

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

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

The Widow Betty glanced from her window at the careless, fickle-minded, nineteen-year-old offspring, animatedly entertaining no less than eight beardless youths at one time, and smiling with equal graciousness upon all. Truly, matrimony and all other serious considerations looked far distant. The dreary length of six interminable years stretched in vista before her mind’s eye. The Widow Betty sighed. Indeed, and in truth, this life is hard. Then she read her note again. The audacious daring of it fascinated her; its reckless romance appealed to the youth of her. With one last gasp, prudence and common sense died, and the Widow Betty, gazing in the mirror at her own flushed and still youthful face, rejoiced in their death.
It was very dark in the garden and the Widow Betty, with a feminine fear of all creeping things, held her skirts high with one hand, while she groped her way along with the other. She had barely reached the gate, when her free hand was seized, and, without waiting for a word from her, a firm voice directed:

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

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

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

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

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

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

I. R. I.
Last Taps

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

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

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

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

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

P—'07
Rasco's Waterloo

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

SCENE ONE—Rasco's Lecture Room

Characters: Prof. Rasco, the Wild Man (He eats 'em alive.)
Griz Jones, the Football Hero.
Reddy Runt, the Rambunctious Rat.
Rest of Section B, in Descriptive Geometry.

Time: Third Period, Tuesday Morning.

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

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

RAMBUNCTIOUS RAY: “You can hike if you don’t like it here. You’re not tied.”

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

GRIZ: “Here it is, ’Fessor. Found it way down under the front steps.”

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

Characters: Griz Jones.
            Reddy Runt.

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

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

R. R.: "Hello, Griz, how'd you like to make five dollars?"
Griz: "Five dollars! Whew, lead me to it!" (Grabs his hat and starts toward the Rat.)
R. R.: "Wait a minute, Griz. No use rushing into the thing headlong. Now, how'd you like to play a joke on Rasco?"
Griz: "Who? Me?"
R. R.: "Yes, you and me too. I've got a dandy scheme."
Griz: "Well, let's have it. (They sit down and talk in low tones for quite a while. Finally Reddy gets up and turns to leave.)
R. R.: "Then it's a go, Griz? I get five and you get five."
Griz: "Yes, it's a go all right, but I don't see much nourishment in it for Rasco."
R. R.: "O, well, he gets the experience. So long." (Exit R. R.)

SCENE III—Rasco's Lecture Room

Characters: Same as before.

Time: Third period on Thursday morning.

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

Griz: (Pointing to Reddy, who is sullenly taking a back seat.) "Well 'Fessor, have you got that ten dollars handy?"
P. R.: "Well, I guess yes! I only wish I could make it more."

GRIZ: (Aside) "So do I."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

P. R.: "Yes, sir. With pleasure, and I don't care if you never come back."

(EXIT R. R.) "Now to the lesson."

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

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

GRIZ: "How's that?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

KEESLING: "Nothing."
P. R.: "Ah, Mr. Keesling, that's a fine game of basket ball you put up, a fine game. Wish you could put up as good a game at descriptive. Mr. Legge, what do you know about this problem?"

LEGGE: "Nothing."

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

YAN: "No, sir."

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

Massei: "Nothing."

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

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

(Tableaux.)
I Wonder

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

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

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

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

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

Chemistry, steers,
Dairying, breeds,
Appie Engineers' From near-by zoos.

Furnace and smelter,
Alloy and slags,
Hercs when they smelter,
Clad only in rags.

Test-tubes, glasses,
And retorts, fell
United gases,
A horrible smell.

Minerals, ores,
Fossils, stones,
"Rocks" by the score,
Also some "tones."

Diagrams, loads,
Engines and grease,
Baker explodes,
Then we're at peace.

Horses and cows,
Piggies and pets,
Cause many rows
Among the young vets.

Transit and tape,
Level and rod,
Hope we escape
Carrying the hod.

Ampere and watt,
Misfortune it spells,
Hope that we'll not,
Be familiar with cells.

Ampere and watt,
Misfortune it spells,
Hope that we'll not,
Be familiar with cells.

Picks and shovel,
Iron and coal,
Live in a hovel,
Work in a hole.
"Oh, you kid!"
I am not yet built.

Therefore is the man camouflaged, not your.

Both interesting doors of the Duesenberg: rear, front.

Loan: that hands developed it side of a door some and their rear steering.

I am not yet built.

I am not yet built.
designed nor arranged; it was put there to keep out animals. Although effective against cows, horses, etc., it prevents in no way the passing in and out of donkeys.

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

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

"We have here on our right the Lyric Theatre, ladies and gents, which was modeled after the Metropolitan, of New York, rivaling in commodiousness and wealth of scenic production the celebrated Milan Theatre, and which is absolutely without a peer in Blacksburg. Here, for the munificent sum of ten cents, one can enjoy every form of entertainment known to the theatrical world, at the same time (no extra charge) listening to a third-hand phonograph reproducing by fits and starts the metallic strains of 'Heine Waltzed Round on His Hickory Limb.'

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

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

"The Infirmary, a place arranged to prove that no matter how badly you may feel, you might be worse off. A musical comedy is enacted here every morning, the 'lyre' (liar) being the predominant instrument. The Recording Angel has to have a special agent present at every performance, showing up very badly for the character of the place.

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

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

"The building on the right is the First Academic. The line of cadets at such a rapid rate have just been kicked out of the Descriptive room by Professor Rasco, who is also responsible for the indistinct bellowing noise, sounding like a bull in a well. The Personal Reminiscences are due to Professor Randolph, of the Huckleberry Railroad, and the Polite Profanity has its origin with Colonel Marr, head of the only civil department of the college. The various noises issuing from the lower parts of the building come from the Mechanical Laboratory, where the mechanical engineers are trying to start a gas engine, and the civil engineers are breaking up chunks of iron and making balls of mud.
"On the second floor of this building, the Second Academic, is the library, containing over thirty thousand agricultural bulletins and some books. The terrible groan from the lower region announces to the initiated that Mr. Buck Abbott has just completed his daily composite lecture on music, art, science, philosophy, his proposed home, and Bettina's pedigree.

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

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

"Who is the little fellow coming down the steps with the self-satisfied smile, armed with a microscope and a fine-toothed comb? No, that is not Sherlock Holmes in military disguise, but Colonel Hyphen, just returning from a round of investigation and trunk inspection. And the tall, spooky-looking individual laden with the bags and belts of ammunition is Mr. Worn, who, before he made himself famous as an assistant detective, was secretary of this
Y. M. C. A., a quasi-religious society of some seven or eight members, who were accustomed to meet here on Sunday mornings in prehistoric times.

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

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

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

"This, ladies and gents, is what is known as company drill. Certainly, madam. Go slow, Bill, while I attempt to explain this company to the ladies. The gentleman in front with an air of importance and a voice of tyranny and the racking gait of a mechanical doll, is the captain of this company. Note him well; some day his fame as a military genius will rival that of the Great Napoleon or Carrie Nation. Behind the line are the file closers. The full-moon-faced young man is the first lieutenant; he of the 2x4 build, engaged in profound reverie, is the second lieutenant; the countrified youth cutting grass with his sword is the third. Notice the privates near the right of the front rank, the mule-faced cadet, the human sloth, the wild and woolly specimen and the humorous gent on the parenthesis. They are all Senior Privates, a class of men characterized by their know-nothingness at drill. The cadet with the haughty voice and the brusque manner engaged in 'bawl-
ing out' the cadets in the rear rank, is known as the 1st 'Sarge,' he it is who keeps the key to the 'dill patch.' The important-looking 'skadet' on the right of the company is known as the quartermaster of the company. Perhaps he was once the master of a quarter. The sergeants can be distinguished by their fierce arrogance and the banana-peel effect on their sleeves. You may pick out the corporals by their scared look. You notice that only one man in the company has his gun on his shoulder; he is evidently an absent-minded Junior Private.

"Just over the River Styx here we have the Agricultural Hall, headquarters of our embryonic agricultural engineers. This is Prexie's hobby, and if you are a tax payer, behold here a monument to your generosity. This building contains the class rooms, laboratories, offices, dark rooms, moving-picture shows, stenographers, dungeons, pedestals for the high dogs of this department, a bulletin library, aviary, creamery, cheese factory, a museum of natural history, a stock-judging arena, and a weather bureau. Drive on, Bill.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. C. B.
Charles Owen
"Uncle Sporty"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

P.. '07.
Professor Mayo was born and raised on a farm in southern Michigan, and there obtained his preliminary education in the common schools. Later he attended both the Michigan Agricultural College and the Chicago Veterinary College, graduating from both institutions. As a graduate student at the Michigan Agricultural College he won the Master's degree. Later he studied as a graduate student in the Veterinary College of Cornell University. His degrees are, therefore, M. S. and D. V. S. In his professional work he has occupied a variety of positions. For two years he was assistant in the Veterinary Department of the Michigan Agricultural College. In the Connecticut Agricultural College, for four years he was Professor of Veterinary Science, Physiology and Bacteriology, and Veterinarian for the Cattle Commissioner of Connecticut. In the Kansas Agricultural College, for ten years he was Professor of Veterinary Science and Physiology; also Veterinarian to the Kansas Experiment Station and ex-officio State Veterinarian. For the past five years he has been Chief of the Department of Animal Industry and Vice-Director of the Central Agricultural Experiment Station of the Republic of Cuba.

Professor Mayo's influence has been felt not only by those in immediate association with him, but by a larger circle through his writings. He is the author of Diseases of Animals in the Rural Science Series, and a contributor to the Encyclopedia of American Agriculture. He is a member of the editorial staff of La Hacienda, the leading Spanish agricultural magazine of the Americas, and a contributor to many other agricultural publications.
William R. Dashiell
CAPTAIN 24TH INFANTRY, U. S. A., PROFESSOR OF MILITARY SCIENCE AND TACTICS AND COMMANDANT OF CADETS

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

During his first service in the Philippines, as quartermaster of the 24th Infantry, he was in charge of a supply line 120 miles long, involving the feeding and clothing of one entire regiment and parts of two others. During the greater part of his last tour in the Island of Leyte, 1905-07, he was in command of the 3d district during an extensive outbreak of Pulajanes. His zeal contributed largely to the successful termination of this outbreak.

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

A. D. Austin ...................... President
G. W. Land ....................... Vice-President
G. G. Garrison .................... Secretary
Prof. H. L. Price .................. Treasurer
Prof. H. S. Worthington .......... Acting Graduate Manager

FACULTY MEMBERS' ATHLETIC COUNCIL
Prof. C. E. Vawter
Prof. J. E. Williams

Branch Bocock, Athletic Director
The 'Varsity

LINE UP

Hicks, T. P.
Left End

Burruss, W. H.
Left Tackle

Jones, H. G.
Left Guard

Gibbs, A. G.
Center

LUTTRELL, J. T.
Right End

Norris, E. R.
Right Tackle

Hodgson, E. R.
Captain

Hodgson, A. N.
Right Guard

Hodgson, A. N.
Left Half

BULUPS, H. E.
Right Half

Hodgson, V. B.
Full Back

DAVIS, W. B.

LEGGE, F. H.

MANSER, C. P.

Substitutes

E. R. HodGson
Captain

F. C. STONEBURNER
Manager
Scrubs

CLEATON, M. L.,
Left End

SMITH, W. E.
Left Tackle

ANDERSON, E. R.
Left Guard

JEFFRIES, M. H., Captain
Center

VAUGHAN, H. B.
Quarter Back

LANGFORD, R. P.
Left Half Back

LEGGE, W. R.
Full Back

GARRISON, G. G.,
Right End

PROSSER, F. K.
Right Tackle

BROWN, W. R.
Right Guard

COOPER, S. M.
Right Half Back
Football, 1909

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

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

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

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

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

To Captain "Hoss" Hodgson, right guard, belongs the enviable honor of being the leader of the 1909 championship team. His punting ability has won for him the distinction of being the foremost kicker in this section. For four consecutive years he has been chosen as an "All-Southern" guard. His high-class work during the 1909 season was a fitting climax to the career of a wonderful player. Many days will pass before his equal will again be seen on the gridiron.
Gibbs, center, was an exceptionally strong player. His passing was faultless, and his ability on defense was of an especially high class. He was considered the best center of the year, and won the distinction of being chosen for that position on the "All-Southern" team. He has one more year of football, and if the same aggressive spirit characterizes his play, his final year should be the best of his career.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hodgson, V. B., full back, was an unusually strong player. His work in the Washington and Lee and George Washington games was of the highest order. As a ground gainer, when within scoring distance, his ability was unsurpassed by any player in the South. His team mates have elected him to the captaincy for 1916, and under his leadership there is every reason to believe that V. P. I. will again have a winning team.

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

Vaughan, Gravely, Anderson, Pitts, Smith, Garrison, Brown, Cleaton, Echols, Sharp, Jeffries and Prosser are men who deserve much credit for the faithfulness and sincerity which they displayed during the season. Day after day these men worked faithfully. Their lives were beset with many hardships, and the spirit with which they played entitles them to the greatest respect and admiration. With the same perseverance, and more experience, their ability will increase, and they should become 'varsity players.
1910 Baseball Team

T. P. HICKS
Captain

E. R. HODGSON
Manager

Hicks, T. P., Captain
Legge, F. H.
Stoneburner, F. C.
Steele, R. E.
Hobbit, W. N.
Hurt, G. W.
Holzman, G. B.
Hodgson, A. N.
Kenner, E. L.
Puqua, R. W.
Renfer
Evans
Jones, H. G.

Left Field
Center
Center
Center
First Base
Second Base
Second Base
Shortstop
Third Base
Center Field
Pitcher
Pitcher
Pitcher
1910 Basket Ball Team

F. H. Legge
Captain

Hughes, H. B.
Left Forward

Legge, F. H., Captain
Left Guard

N. D. Hargrove
Manager

Hughes, J. L.
Center

Hargrove, N. D.
Right Forward

Substitutes
Hughes, A. G.
Langford, R. P.

Keisling, B. G.
Left Guard
TRACK
1910 Track Team

J. L. HUGHES
Captain

J. H. SKINNER
Manager

MEMBERS

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

HUGHES, A. G.
HUGHES, H. B.
HUGHES, J. L.
ISBELL, E. A.
LEEGE, F. H.
LEEGE, W. R.
LEHR, H. E.
LUTTRELL, J. T.
MINSHALL, R. E.
MOSES, N. O.
RICHTER, J. P.
SYFAN, R. C.
TURNER, H. A.
1910 Tennis Team

G. G. Garreton
Captain

J. D. Hamilton
Manager

Members

Barringer, V. C.
Berkley, J. C.
DuVal, S. P. C.
Garrison, G. G.
Hamilton, J. D.

Hawkins, H. B.
Mackall, K. W.
Pitts, C. L.
Shackelford, R.
Vawter, E. L.
What the Fellows Think of Him

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

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

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

"Coach of all coaches—the best coach the South has ever produced."—"Hoss" Hodgson.

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

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

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

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

"Branch Bocock—the truest gentleman that has ever raised blond hair on a bald head."—C. Taylor Adams.

"Mr. Bocock is the best all-around coach I have seen in my fifteen years' observation of athletics. In addition to being a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, he is a wonderful coach, both on and off the field."—Hugh Worthington.
"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

**FOOTBALL**
Champions of the South

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>V. P. I.</th>
<th>Opponents</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6. Clemson</td>
<td>6. Princeton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. N. C. A. &amp; M.</td>
<td>148. Opponents</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**BASKETBALL**
Champions of Virginia

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>V. P. I.</th>
<th>Opponents</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>68. Davidson College</td>
<td>47. Emory and Henry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36. Emory and Henry</td>
<td>40. R. M. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60. Hampden-Sidney</td>
<td>43. Lynchburg V. M. C. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27. Staunton Military Academy</td>
<td>31. Washington and Lee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37. V. M. I.</td>
<td>42. Washington and Lee</td>
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<tr>
<td>70. Hampden-Sidney</td>
<td>513. Opponents</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**BASEBALL 1909**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>V. P. I.</th>
<th>Opponents</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>13. St. Albans</td>
<td>5. Roanoke College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. St. John's</td>
<td>15. V. M. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0. Hampden-Sidney</td>
<td>7. Roanoke College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. Bridgewater</td>
<td>6. Roanoke College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36. Emory and Henry</td>
<td>5. Emory and Henry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. W. &amp; L.</td>
<td>4. Opponents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>113. Opponents</td>
<td>34. ( )</td>
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</table>

**TRACK**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>V. P. I.</th>
<th>Opponents</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>634. U. N. C.</td>
<td>35. W. &amp; L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>984. Opponents</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Staff

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF

E. E. Stafford, Sergeant-Major
W. T. Harvey, Quartermaster-Sergt.
E. L. Kenner, Color Sergeant
P. H. Thompson, Color Sergeant

*H. B. Hawkins
Captain and Adjutant

E. B. Lewis
Captain and Quartermaster

Miss Jenkins
Sponsor

*Resigned

L. V. Sutton
Captain and Adjutant

F. P. Coleman
Lieutenant and Quartermaster

Company A

SERGENTS
J. M. Morris, First Sergeant
W. C. Harris, Quartermaster
E. C. Heckman
A. N. Hodgson
R. H. Chilton

G. M. Bishop
Captain

M. W. Frankenfield
Lieutenant

Miss Figgatt
Sponsor

G. C. Brookings
Lieutenant

E. R. Hodgson
Lieutenant

CORPORALS
G. G. Garrison
W. C. Dixon
L. L. Holliday
P. A. Warner
Company B

SERGEANTS
R. C. Sypan, First Sergeant
R. J. Cousins, Quartermaster
H. P. Burgess
L. G. Carter
J. R. Hall

D. C. Wysor
Captain

P. C. Stoneburner
Lieutenant

Miss Bell
Sponsor

CORPORALS
D. D. Howe
E. A. Livesay
S. A. Mann
M. J. Grove
J. G. McGuire

H. A. Womack
Lieutenant

D. P. Clemmer
Lieutenant
Company C

SERGEANTS

J. A. Hale, First Sergeant
C. H. Crabill, Quartermaster
A. A. Fletcher
J. R. Winston
H. Rogers

H. M. Trenor
Captain

H. H. Holmes
Lieutenant

Miss Lugar
Sponsor

CORPORALS

C. H. McKnight
J. W. Falconer
C. H. Chilton
G. W. Chappell
C. A. Blankenship

L. A. Porter
Lieutenant

W. H. Jackson
Lieutenant
Company D

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

E. J. W. HULTMAN
Captain

H. M. ROBINSON
Lieutenant

MISS SMITH
Sponsor

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

W. Y. JINKINS
Lieutenant

H. E. BILLUPS
Lieutenant
Company E

SERGEANTS
G. B. Bright, First Sergeant
W. B. Davis, Quartermaster
A. G. Jeffery
W. W. Howard
M. L. Davis

C. P. Massel
Captain

F. B. Lamb
Lieutenant

Miss Hulcher
Sponsor

CORPORALS
J. C. Holmes
O. S. Smith
M. S. Hill
W. J. Liffert
Company F

SERGEANTS

J. O. Beard, First Sergeant
G. I. Berkley, Quartermaster
F. T. Wyatt
C. Hankins
E. W. Scott

D. W. Fry
Captain

R. M. Robinson
Lieutenant

Miss Swart
Sponsor

CORPORALS

W. M. Wiener
N. O. Moses
J. P. Goodman
S. B. Purcell
C. W. Massie
P. T. Wall

J. B. Skinner
Lieutenant

J. R. Lucas
Lieutenant
Cadet Band

Major H. D. McTier
A. A. Waldrop
R. H. Crummett
J. M. Blackburn
J. P. Richter
H. C. Givens
W. C. Dixon

S. Arpia
V. C. Barringer
J. H. Botz
R. A. Calvert
J. R. Carson
A. A. Eskridge
C. T. Grissom
J. T. Grissom
V. H. Hodgson
E. K. Henley

E. A. Isbell
H. W. Lewis
A. H. McTier
R. E. Minshall
D. W. Read
M. C. Smith
W. H. Smith
H. B. Vaughan
H. R. Wachtel
W. N. Wallace

F. H. Yancey

Director
First Sergeant
Sergeant
Sergeant
Sergeant
Corporal
Corporal
Roanoke Club

Motto: "Acorn to Oak; Watch Roanoke"
Favorite Dish: Date with a Peach
Favorite Song: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"

OFFICERS

G. E. Brinkley
P. Kirkbride
J. N. Gregory
H. K. Tice
W. S. Gravely

MEMBERS

A. D. Austin, '19
J. S. Barbour, '13
G. R. Bershy, '13
G. E. Brinkley, '12
H. A. Cunningham, '11
G. F. Gravatt, '11
W. S. Gravely, '11
J. N. Gregory, '12
J. P. Goodman, '12
C. M. Hobart, '13
W. N. Hobbie, '13
E. C. Heckman, '11
W. L. Hodges, '13
R. E. Hodges, '13
E. L. Kirkbride, '11
P. Kirkbride, '11
B. S. Williams, '12
E. K. Marsh, '12
I. C. Robertson, '12
R. D. Royer, '13
W. Schole, '13
E. W. Scott, '11
L. R. Stewart, '13
H. K. Tice, '13
S. W. Welch, '12

President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary
Sergeant-at-Arms
German Club

OFFICERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>President</th>
<th>Vice-President</th>
<th>Secretary and Treasurer</th>
<th>Leader</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Vawter</td>
<td>W. B. Davis</td>
<td>W. C. Rathell</td>
<td>D. H. Spindle</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

MEMBERS

| Ashby, B. T. | Jeffries, M. H. |
| Austin, A. D. | Lewis, E. B. |
| Barringer, V. C. | Liipfert, W. J. |
| Cooper, J. H. | Musgrave, J. S. |
| Clemmer, D. P. | Midyette, R. |
| Davis, W. B. | Rathell, W. C. |
| Denit, G. B. | Saunders, R. E. |
| Evans, P. R. | Saunders, F. E. |
| Gravely, W. S. | Skinner, J. B. |
| Hawkins, H. B. | Sutton, L. V. |
| Hutcherson, T. B. | Shackleford, R. |
| Hutchinson, H. H. | Shiles, J. W. |
| Hodgeson, E. R. | Steele, R. E. |
| Hurt, G. W. | Vawter, J. E. |
| Howe, D. D. | Vaughan, H. B. |

HONORARY MEMBERS

| J. de la Cova | F. H. Abbot | C. E. Vawter |
| W. C. Ellett | R. T. Ellett | H. S. Worthington |
| W. B. Ellett | R. B. Nelson | John Davis |
| W. M. Brodie | Stockton Heath | Branch Bocock |
The Bone Club

J. D. Hamilton ..... Little Joe.
H. B. Hawkins ..... Crap.
R. Shackelford ..... Phoebe.
D. H. Spindle ..... Aces up.
J. M. Thorp ..... Natural.
J. E. Vawter ..... Sixty Days.
L. S. Walker ..... Seven-Eleven.
Bugle Corps

Instructor, William C. Twitty, Chief Trumpeter U. S. Army, Retired.
First Sergeant, W. T. Harvey

**TRUMPETERS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, E. R.</td>
<td>Richardson, M. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ashby, B. T.</td>
<td>Shields, R. D.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bell, J. H.</td>
<td><strong>Sierra, R.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Foster, C. S.</td>
<td>Tompkins, G. P.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harrison, T. R.</td>
<td>*Wade, R. T. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore, J. R.</td>
<td>Weisger, C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Morton, D. P.</strong></td>
<td>Wrenn, J. R.</td>
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**DRUMMERS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>*Land, G. W.</td>
<td>Smith, W. E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burton, A. A.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Transferred to Company.**
*Left College.
Norfolk Club

H. E. Billups, '10 .......................................................... President
C. S. Foster, '11 .......................................................... Vice-President
R. R. Upton, '12 .......................................................... Secretary and Treasurer
W. P. Dodson, '13 .......................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

R. H. Barrett, '12 ...................................................... E. K. Henley, '11
H. E. Billups, '10 ...................................................... V. B. Hodgson, '11
C. P. Derby, '13 ...................................................... E. H. Palmer, '13
W. P. Dodson, '13 ...................................................... P. T. Peake, '12
C. S. Foster, '11 ...................................................... C. E. Townsend, '12
J. B. Foster, '13 ...................................................... R. R. Upton, '12
G. G. Garrison, '12 .................................................... H. B. Vaughan, Jr., '10
Shenandoah Valley Club

P. C. Stoneburner, '10 .......................... President
L. S. Walker, '11 .......................... Vice-President
R. P. Lankford, '11 .......................... Secretary
E. L. Kenner, '11 .......................... Treasurer
G. B. Holtzman, '13 .......................... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

J. M. Blackburn, '11
J. O. Beard, '11
B. F. Begoon, '13
W. H. Bell, '13
D. P. Clemmer, '10
G. F. Cale, '12
M. M. Craig, '13
A. A. Eskridge, '11
L. Graham, '13
E. B. Humpston, '12
E. W. Kyger, '13
J. H. Lakey, '13
E. A. Liversay, '12
W. M. Montgomery, '10
C. T. Montgomery, '13
N. O. Moses, '12
R. L. Newcomb, '13
J. C. Pettigrew, '13
L. M. Richeson, '11
R. M. Rubush, '13
C. B. Stickley, '12
W. C. Searson, '13
J. R. Searson, '12
B. D. Spangler, '11
W. M. Wiener, '12
W. L. Wright, '10

HONORARY MEMBER

Major H. H. Hutchinson
McGuire's School Club

D. P. Morton .................................................. President
R. C. Syfan .................................................. Vice-President
F. C. Cooper .................................................. Secretary and Treasurer
J. E. Burke .................................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS
J. E. Burke .................................................. C. F. Johnson
F. C. Cooper .................................................. D. P. Morton
W. P. Funston .................................................. R. C. Syfan
B. F. Johnson .................................................. J. R. Winston

HONORARY MEMBERS
Rev. R. B. Nelson ........................................ L. Washer
.................................................. W. D. Moss
V. P. I. Glee Club

Prof. F. H. Abbott, Director and First Bass

First Tenors
- J. H. B. Fogleman
- I. R. Johnson
- H. W. Lewis

Second Tenors
- V. B. Hodgson
- F. H. Yancey
- M. C. Smith

First Basses
- R. G. Taylor
- W. M. Otry

Second Basses
- R. E. Minshull
- M. W. Loving
- W. B. Davis
- G. G. Via

CONCERTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Date</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Faculty Reception</td>
<td>V. P. I. Chapel</td>
<td>January 28, 1910</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home</td>
<td>V. P. I. German Club Hall</td>
<td>January 29, 1910</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bedford City, Va.</td>
<td>Belmont Theater</td>
<td>February 4, 1910</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweetbriar, Va.</td>
<td>Sweetbriar College Chapel</td>
<td>February 5, 1910</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home</td>
<td>V. P. I. German Club Hall</td>
<td>March 19, 1910</td>
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<tr>
<td>Christiansburg, Va.</td>
<td>Christiansburg Theater</td>
<td>April 3, 1910</td>
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<tr>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
<td>Baptist Church Auditorium</td>
<td>April 8, 1910</td>
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<tr>
<td>Richmond, Va.</td>
<td>Jefferson Hotel Auditorium</td>
<td>April 9, 1910</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lexington, Va.</td>
<td>High School Auditorium</td>
<td>April 15, 1910</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buena Vista, Va.</td>
<td>Southern Seminary Chapel</td>
<td>April 16, 1910</td>
</tr>
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</table>
Portsmouth Club

L. A. Porter .................................................. President
R. J. Cousins ................................................. Vice-President
W. J. Overman ............................................... Secretary and Treasurer
J. M. Peake ................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

H. K. Armistead R. M. Codd G. C. Maynard
F. R. Benson R. M. Cox W. J. Overman
S. W. Brinson R. J. Cousins J. M. Peake
M. L. Cleaton T. H. Friedlin L. A. Porter
W. V. H. Williams

232
Hampton Roads Club

OFFICERS

G. Guy Via .................................................. President
W. W. Howard .............................................. Vice-President
J. H. Kerlin .................................................. Secretary and Treasurer
J. Williamson ............................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

J. A. Buxton, '10  H. B. Hughes, '13
H. Coplan, '12  A. G. Hughes, '13
W. B. Davis, '11  J. H. Kerlin, '10
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<td>Hargrove, N. D.</td>
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<td>Higgin, F. N.</td>
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<td>Hix, R. H.</td>
<td>Hodgson, A. N.</td>
<td>Hodgson, E. R.</td>
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<td>Holladay, L. L.</td>
<td>Holmes, J. C.</td>
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*Decedent

To Pulaski's

Fair

245
Fallen Angels

Colors: Black and Red
Motto: Down with Military

Favorite Drink: Red Lemonade (?) with Cherry
Occupation: Cutting Formations and Grit

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Mammon
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247
Cosmopolitan Club

Motto: Hac Olim Meminisse Juabit
Favorite Drink: Anything
Favorite Stunt: Wearing citizens' clothes

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

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Yells

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

* TExAS
Vip, yip, yi-i-i,
V. P. I., V. P. I.,
Team, team, team.

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

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

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

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

Play ball, play ball,
Play today till it's all over,
We'll all be playing football,
And we'll take the team on our.

Time: "My Wife's Gone to the Countryside."

Our team's in line,
Running once and twice,
We'll all be playing football,
And the team that's got the team is ours.

Our boys are playing football,
It's the team that has the steam,
That's why we'll win today,
It's the team that we've got.

We put it on old Clemson,
Hooray, hooyay, hooyay,
We're the best team in Virginia,
Against V.P.I., you're bound to the.

So I---the array.

Time: "Yip, I ask you, yes, indeed."

Win with our team, hooyay,
We're all for old V.P.I.,
And for her we will all shout and cry,
For the Techa we shout a song.

If we don't like the team,
We don't just like the team,
So all come along,
For the Techa we shout a song.

Time: "I Remember You."

We remember you, we remember you,
We remember you, instead of you,
But your like we're going to beat you,
We remember you.
CHARLOTTE R. TITUS
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